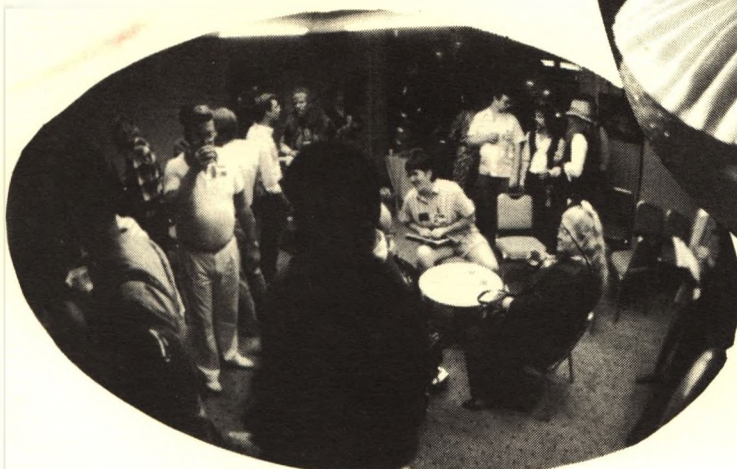
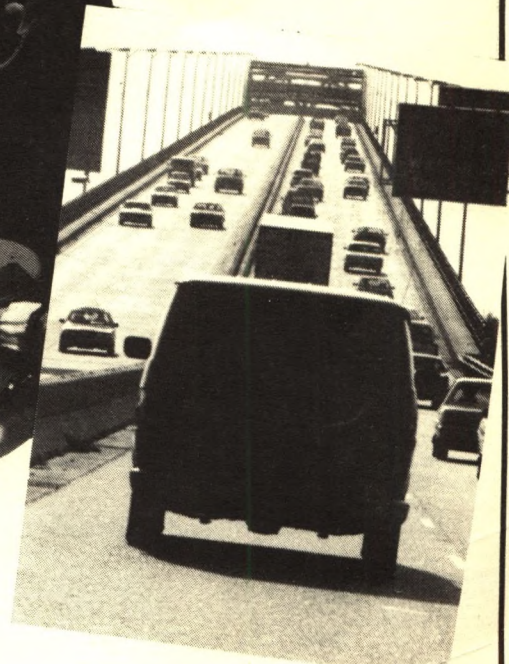


EYE ON NOLA CON

A “fish-eye,” mostly. In this issue, we present several views of Nolacon, the 46th World SF Con, including this pictorial perspective.

The Opening Ceremonies introduced numerous fen to the Guests of Honor as well as the con committee. Someone celebrates dryness with New Orleans style (remaining dry was a common — and often futile — pursuit). The art show (after all, it's against the rules to photograph the *art*) was impressive.



Partiers were sure to enjoy themselves, at or outside of the convention. The harlequin theme seemed popular. Several organizations sponsored parties, including this one in the ASFA suite; your intrepid editor can almost be seen at the very front. But, nothing lasts forever (and in this case, that's probably just as well — see the con reports inside), and before long we're “on the road again.”

A Worldcon for Texas? Let's talk about it.

Come to the original convention about running conventions . . .

14 sessions about convention planning, focused on the question
"Should Texas bid for another major convention? Which one? When?"

January 20-22, 1989 — South Plaza Hotel, Austin, Texas

Instacon 3

Membership is \$20 until January 7, 1989, and \$25 at the door (if available). Membership is limited to 70.

Instacon members will:

Participate in panel discussions starting Saturday at 10am

Enjoy a catered Continental breakfast Saturday and Sunday morning before the program starts

Receive a copy of the Proceedings (a book of notes prepared in advance by the panelists)

Socialize, smof and "network" in the Con Suite Friday, Saturday and Sunday night

Help decide whether Texas should bid for another major convention in the next few years — and if so, which one. Possibilities include Worldcon, NASFiC, World Fantasy Con, Sercon, DeepSouthcon, Westercon (yes, really!) , and others!

Share Your Expertise!

If you are knowledgeable about some area of convention planning, and would like to share your expertise, please contact Steve Jackson immediately at 512-443-3399. FACT wants the widest possible range of speakers for this (and future) Instacons.

Hotel Information

The South Plaza Hotel is located at the Woodward exit of I-35 (northeast corner), in south Austin. Room rate (*be sure to mention that you want the Instacon rate!*) is \$42.00 for up to 4 in a room. Suites are \$63 for one, plus \$5 per person. Remember to make your reservations early; the hotel number is 512-448-2444. The hotel has a pool, though we don't promise you will want to use it in January.

Yes, I want to be at Instacon 3. Please reserve _____ memberships at \$20 each for:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

Print _____ extra copies of the Proceedings for us at \$5.00 each.

I can't attend, but I do want the Proceedings. Please send _____ copies to the above address. I enclose \$6.50 (including \$1.50 shipping and handling) for each.

☐ I am interested in being a speaker or helping to develop program materials.

Total enclosed:

Return to: FACT, the Fandom Association of Central Texas, PO Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766.

THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER

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Asst. Editor and Production: Monica Stephens

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This Issue: *Letters of Comment* — David A. Cherry, Earl "Shiva" Cooley III, Brad Foster, Alan David Laska, T. Jackson King, Ladislav Peska, Susan & Jim Satterfield, Alexander R. Slate, David Thayer, Dennis Virzi, Harry Warner Jr. *Art* — Cl. Crouch, Brad Foster, Jan Sherrell Gephardt, David Martin, Sherlock, Larry Tagrin (photos).

Correction: Last issue, we ran two parts of an illustration by David Martin on pp. 10-11. This illo is copyright Steve Jackson Games, and was used by permission. We apologize for the omission, and again thank SJ Games for the use of the art.

World Fantasy Awards

These are the recipients of the World Fantasy Awards, given in a ceremony at the World Fantasy Con, held in London on October 28-30, 1988. Congratulations to all the nominees!

Best Novel: *Replay* — Ken Grimwood

Other nominees: *Weaveworld* — Clive Barker; *On Stranger Tides* — Tim Powers; *Seventh Son* — Orson Scott Card; *Swan Song* — Robert McCammon; *Aegypt* — John Crowley; *Misery* — Stephen King.

Best Novella: "Buffalo Gals; Won't You Come Out Tonight?" — Ursula K. Le Guin

Other nominees: "The Pear-shaped Man" — George R.R. Martin; "Nesting Instinct" — Scott Baker; "Best Friends" — Robert McCammon; "Shades" — Lucius Shepard; "The Boy Who Came Back From the Dead" — Alan Rodgers; "Hypothetical Lizard" — Alan Moore.

Best Short Story: "Friend's Best Man" — Jonathan Carroll

Other nominees: "Angel" — Pat Cadigan; "In the House of Gingerbread" — Gene Wolfe; "Pamela's Get" — David J. Schow; "Hogfoot Right and Bird Hands" — Gary Kilworth; "Spider: A Cautionary Tale" — Douglas E. Winter.

Best Collection: *The Jaguar Hunter* — Lucius Shepard

Other nominees: *Scared Stiff*; *Tales of Sex and Death* — Ramsey Campbell; *Why Not You and I* — Karl Edward Wagner; *Night Sorceries* — Tanith Lee; *Polyphemus* — Michael J. Shea.



Best Anthology (tie): *The Architecture of Fear* — Katherine Cramer & Peter D. Pautz, ed.; *The Dark Descent* — David Hartwell, ed.

Other nominees: *Night Visions 4* — Clive Barker, ed.; *The Year's Best Horror #15* — Karl Edward Wagner, ed.; *Other Edens* — Christopher Evans & Robert Holdstock, ed.; *In the Field of Fire* — Jack & Jeanne Dann, ed.; *Masques II* — J.N. Williamson, ed.

Best Artist: J.K. Potter

Other nominees: Tom Canty; Michael Whelan; Harry Morris.

Special Award — Non Professional (tie): Robert & Nancy Garcia — *American Fantasy*; David B. Silva — *The Horror Show*

Other nominees: Stephen Jones & David Sutton — *Fantasy Tales*; Paul Mikol & Scott Stadalsky — *Dark Harvest*.

Special Award — Professional: David Hartwell — Arbor House

Other nominees: Tappan King — *Twilight Zone*; Gardner Dozois — *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*; Shawna McCarthy — Bantam Books; Terri Windling — Ace Books/Armadillo Press; George Scithers — *Weird Tales*; Dean R. Koontz.

Life Achievement Award: Everett F. Bleiler

News Notes

The late Robert A. Heinlein was awarded NASA's Distinguished Public Service Medal on October 6, 1988. This award is the highest award that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration can give. The ceremony was held at the Air & Space Museum in Washington, D.C.

Presenting the award to Virginia Heinlein was Astronaut Captain Jon McBride. A discussion of Robert Heinlein's contribution to the American space program was also held as part of the ceremony. This discussion featured Jerry Pournelle, Charles Sheffield, Eric Kotani, L. Sprague de Camp, and Tom Clancy.

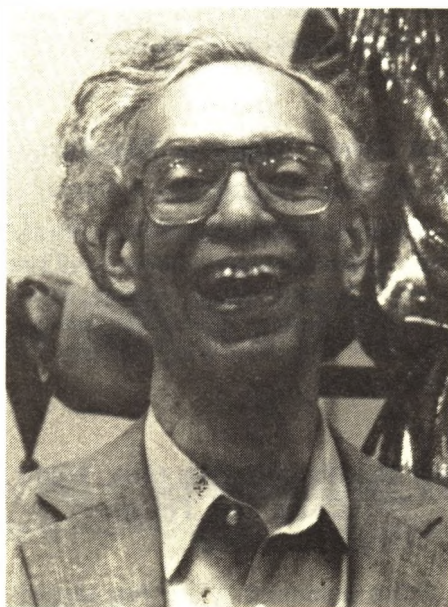
Dr. Yoji Kondo of NASA coordinated the ceremony and regrets that NASA could not complete the arrangements for the award before Robert Heinlein's death.

The 1991 World Science Fiction Convention will be held in Chicago. It will be called Chicon V. The author guest of honor will be Hal Clement; artist GoH will be Richard Powers. Editor guest of honor will be Martin Harry Greenberg; fan GoHs will be Jon and Joni Stopa. The toastmistress will be Marta Randall. The vote at Nolacon was 1217 for Chicon to 198

for Sydney, Australia. Attending memberships are \$50 to 12/31, supporting memberships \$20. Info: Chicon V, Box 218121, Upper Arlington, OH 43221.

Eternacon, an Austin-based club, has registered with the Texas Secretary of State as a non-profit corporation.

Counterprobe by Carole Nelson Douglas is finally out in hardcover from Tor. This is the long-awaited



Donald A. Wollheim,
Nolacon Guest of Honor

sequel to *Probe*. Available at local bookstores for \$17.95.

Ballantine Books is celebrating the 50th anniversary of the US publication of *The Hobbit* with special editions of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, all with new covers.

Bantam will publish a sequel to Hugo-nominated *When Gravity Fails* by George Alec Effinger.

Garrett fans despair not — Glen Cook has sold three more books in this great mystery/fantasy series to NAL.

Lewis Shiner is editing an original anthology featuring stories of "alternatives to violence and war" for Bantam Spectra.

Off Centaur, Inc. is going out of business. Off Centaur has been a major influence in the filk music business. They will be missed.

C.J. Cherryh has sold two fantasies to Del Rey.

Pern fans, rejoice: the latest in the "Dragonrider" series, *Dragonsdawn*, will be on the stands within the month.

Tor Books has brought back the "double novel." Long-time fans remember the old Ace doubles fondly. Look for them at the FACT Sales to Members table at your local con.

It is rumored that Brian Thomsen of Questar Books will be attending a Dallas-area convention over Memorial Day Weekend.

Thor Records, a new filkmusic company, has announced a songwriting contest. Entrants may not have had a song recorded and released for sale within the last five years. Categories are Music only, Lyrics only, and Words & Music. Write Thor Records at Box 40312, Downey, CA 90241 for details.

From the Editor

The FACT questionnaires seem to show that most of you are pretty happy with the *Inquirer*. I've tried to keep the spotlight on Texas fandom/prodom and the Southwest. There are two fine semi-prozines that deliver national news for the field, *Locus* and *Science Fiction Chronicle*. *TSFI* is not intended to compete with them; they have a monthly schedule and we don't. Therefore, while we will always be heavily news oriented, we are not really a newszine. Also, *TSFI* is published by FACT. Since FACT is a 501(c)(3) corporation, we emphasize non-fiction in articles, reviews, con

reports, etc. This helps FACT perform its educational function as mandated by its bylaws and tax status.

This doesn't mean that short fiction might not sneak in occasionally. It's up to you readers to let me know what you want. Stop by my table at local cons, or write me letters of comment. I value all input, both positive and negative. This is not my zine, it's yours.

On that note, we are always looking for material. If you have that urge to "get published," please send us something: reviews, con reports, articles, etc.

A Worldcon Revue

Notes and Tales of What You Missed (?)

Nolacon II Art Show Awards

Peer Vote — Professional Div.

S-F: **The Regiment** David Mattingly
Fantasy: **How the Birds Got their Color** Alicia Austin
Astronomical: **Beta Pictoris** Mark Maxwell
Media: **The White Rider** Lucy Synk
Humor: **Good Thinking** Von Tipton
Macabre: **Necroscope** Bob Eggleton
Color: **Conjure Maitz** Don Maitz
Mono: **Bronze Dragon** Stan Bruns
B&W: **Oceanus Rex** Dell Harris
3D Craft: **Metropolis/Fritz Lang** John Morrison
3D Creat: **Norman Steelgood** Dan Paterson

Best in Show:

Dark Beauty Ingrid Neilson

Peer Vote — Amateur Div.

S-F: **Full Bore** Dexter Dickinson
Fantasy: **Me & You Against the World** Lori Deitrick
Astronomical: **Night Line** Elizabeth Pearse
Media: **Kahn** Jay Harmon
Humor: **Pit Shop of the Volkswarriors** Jonathon Stadter
Macabre: **Burning Bridges Behind You** Paul Clift
Color: **Lady of the Lake** Lori Deitrick
Mono: **Loaded with Options** Ruth Thompson
B & W: **Dark Eyed Night** Ruth Thompson
3D Craft: **Surfacing** Nevenah Smith
3D Creat: **Astro Robot** Barbara McCall

Best in Show:

Dark Beauty Ingrid Neilson

Popular Vote — Professional Div.

S-F: **The Smoke Ring** Michael Whelan
Fantasy: **Conjure Maitz** Don Maitz
Astronomical: **Saturn 4** Michael Bates
Media: **Nothing is Ever Forgotten** Lucy Synk
Humor: **The Dino Battle** Mark Rogers
Macabre: **Discussin' Man** Carl Lundgren
Color: **Conjure Maitz** Don Maitz

Mono: **The Lookout** Michael Whelan
B & W: **Closing Time** Val Lakey-Lindhahn
3D Craft: **Brontosaurus** John Fishner
3D Creat: **Time Scape** Vincent Jo-Nes

Best in Show:

Conjure Maitz Don Maitz

Popular Vote — Amateur Div.

S-F: **CD-Class Patrol Ship** John Douglas
Fantasy: **Palfrey** Jennie A. Roller
Astronomical: **Pre-Nova** Michael Henry
Media: **Lt. Worf** Jay Harmon
Humor: **Baby Sittin'** Beth Willinger
Macabre: **Home is Where the Heart Is** Charles Lang
Color: **Thingol & Melian** W.J. Hodgson

Mono: **Sex Symbols of the New Generation** Eleanor Gunderson
B & W: **Kahn** Jay Harmon
3D Craft: **Emerald Haven** Susanne Rosema
3D Creat: **The Divine Comedy — Circle of Lovers** Nevenah Smith

Best in Show:

Soundings Dexter Dickenson

Best Harlequin — Professional
Tempress Von Tipton

Best Harlequin — Amateur
Dark Beauty Ingrid Neilson

Director's Choice

Scalehunters Daughter J.K. Potter

Nolacon Art Show Report

by Elizabeth Pearce

The Best Laid Plans . . .

After carefully opening a U.S. dollar account at my bank, it was upsetting that many artists still had trouble getting their money. For the regional shows we run, I pay U.S. artists with bank money orders, but this method seemed a mite tedious with a Worldcon-sized show. But, if it takes money orders to ensure prompt payment, then next time, money orders it will be [Chicago in '91]. My idea was to get everyone paid quickly, but now I don't know if that happened.

We were supposed to have everything on computer, but the person doing the program backed out at the last minute, and an alternative was impossible. Please bear in mind that the control sheets were reconciled from the bid sheets, the registration

sheets and various memos attached, so if I missed anything please send me a letter and I will check it out.

What Could Go Wrong?

— Go Wrong?
— Go Wrong?

Part One — An "agent" left the art he brought at the far end of the exhibit hall on Tuesday morning and came back Friday evening asking why the art was not hung! (The display company was unloading at the time so the box of art finished up in a storage area.) Please make sure the friend who is only taking your art as a favor knows to check it in with a responsible staff member. We are happy and willing to hang art, but we must know where it is. [This goes for any art show — Ed.]

Part Two — The long lines in the sales area on Monday, caused mostly by the sheer volume of buyers and the lack of enough staff to give breaks. The entire sales staff deserve awards for service above and beyond the call.

Part Three — Some buyers did not pick up their purchases because they were told they did not win the item(s), even after repeated inquiries. They have been contacted and most will honor their contract, but the shipping costs will come from Nola. This is a pain for all concerned, and was another result of staff shortages.

Part Four — Would-be buyers stood for ages insulting us and claiming someone sneaked behind them and wrote their own name on a bid sheet, after the insulting one had been moved on at closeout.

Part Five — The spot voice auctions did not go well at all. We must come up with a better way or close the bidding earlier.

No doubt there were other equally grim happenings but those are the ones that come to mind easily.

So, how'd it go, eh?

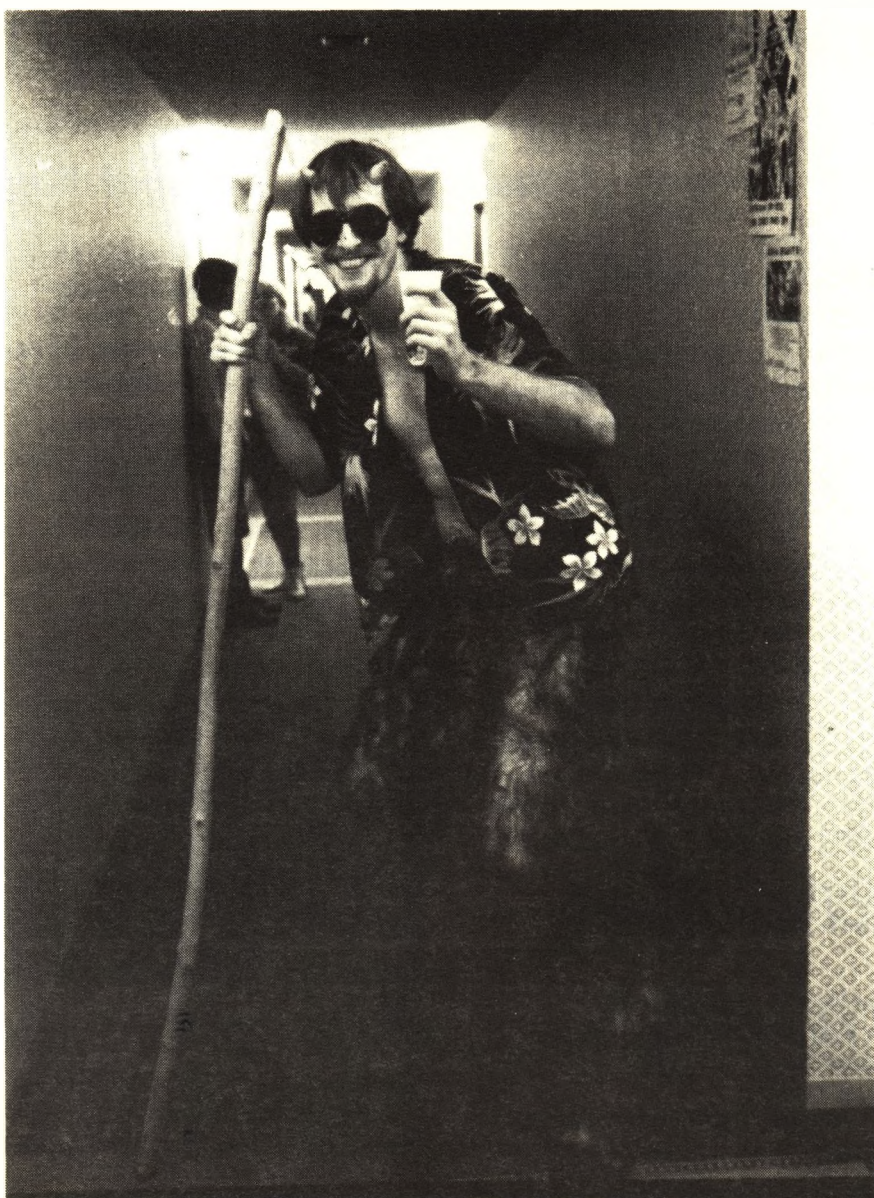
Artists Registered	273
No Shows	19
Total Items Entered	3,406
Total Items Not For Sale	382
Total Sold at Minimum	573
Total by Sheet Bid	338
Total at the Auctions	161

Breakdown of Sales

under \$50.00	70
\$51.00 — \$100.00	19
\$101.00 — \$200.00	28
\$201.00 — \$300.00	19
\$301.00 — \$500.00	30
\$501.00 — \$1,000.00	20
\$1,001.00 — \$6,000.00	21

Total Sales \$84,945.00

These figures are Art Show only; the Print Shop is reported separately.



What the well-dressed partier wears . . . a Hawaiian shirt!

Two artists made total sales around \$6,700 and there were three runners-up near \$3,500. One artist had 22 pieces auctioned! The next greatest were 10, 9, and two 8s. That's one-third of the auction sales between four artists!

We sold 320 panels, 52 tables, filled a display case, had three large free-standing displays and several smaller ones. How about those professionally set-up panels? Way to go, eh?

The trend in sales was a near sell-out in fantasy, humor, and good ol' cutesy-poo. Astronomicals were a decent second and 3-D made a good showing. Some new categories were added to the awards list: Media for the TV- and movie-oriented, Macabre for

the haunted, and the Black-&-Whites were separated from Monochrome to draw more attention to them. For the interested, the Director's Choice is arrived at by discussing my own personal choice with two pro artists and one knowledgeable pro author.

There is so much more I could write about the art show, good side and bad, but there is little time at this point — I have dedicated much time to ensuring that everything was taken care of as quickly as possible after returning home. I hope that all artists were happy with our efforts, and that all buyers excused any problems. Once again, I would like to thank all who helped with the show, because without them, The Team, eh? would be nothing.

Chesley Award Winners

At the recent WorldCon in New Orleans, the Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Artists (ASFA) announced the winners of its annual awards, the Chesleys, named in honor of the late Chesley Bonestell. All ASFA members are eligible to nominate and vote on these awards in all categories. These are the artists' equivalent of the Nebula Awards given by SFWA.

Best 3-D Art

John Longendorfer — *Hawk Mountain*

Best Black & White Unpublished

Dawn Wilson — *Queen of Snows*

Best Color Unpublished

Don Maitz — *Conjure Maitz*

Best Interior Illustration

Janet Aulisio — *Amazing Stories*,
May 1987, page 41.

Best Magazine Cover

Terry Lee — *Amazing Stories*,
January 1988

Best Hardback Cover

James Gurney — *On Stranger Tides*

Best Paperback Cover

Don Maitz — *Wizard War*

Artistic Achievement Award

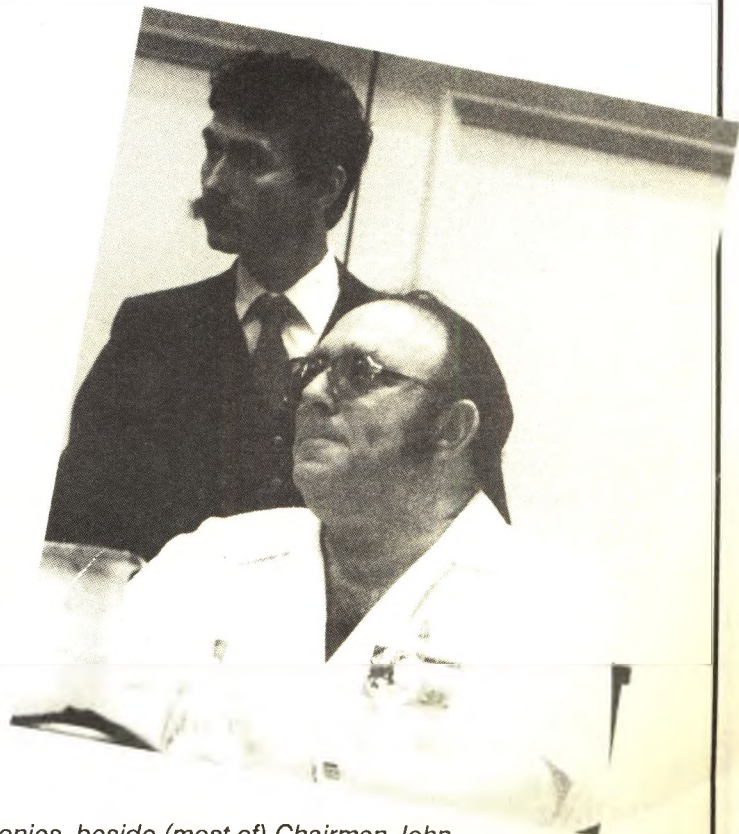
Frank Frazetta — Physical and
Artistic Comeback

ASFA Contributor Award

Matt Fertig for *ASFA Quarterly*



Jan Sherrell Gephardt presents the award for his work on *ASFA Quarterly* to Matt Fertig, with MC David Cherry in the background.



On the left is Nolacon's harlequin mascot at the opening ceremonies, beside (most of) Chairman John Guidry. At right, President Justin Winston watches the ceremonies from behind Toastmaster Mike Resnick.

Remember the Alamo!

Dodging Rain and Bullets, Texans Invade New Orleans

by Edw. A. Graham, Jr.

When September rolls around every year, fans start gearing up for the annual World Science Fiction Convention like lemmings pack their water-wings. This year was no different for myself and many others, except we blew everyone away with the numbers of Texans attending and (**gasp**) helping out.

I arrived Thursday and from then on, every other person (or so it seemed) was someone I knew from Texas. In fact, it got to be so commonplace, I thought I was at ArmadilloCon or Aggiecon. Non-Texans were simply amazed at our presence and the people running the convention were rather taken aback at our willingness to work as volunteers, even those of us just "off the streets."

Anyway, I was asked to report on the tireless and ~~stupid~~ intrepid people who contributed to the success of Nolacon. I was even given all the dirty details. Now to get it in some sort of meaningful order . . . [Our apologies and thanks to anyone we missed; how about dropping us a line? — Ed.]

Art Show and Print Shop: Larry Tagrin, Joy Marie Ledet, Darla Tagrin, Mel. White, Teresa Patterson, John Morrison.

ASFA Suite: Joe DiMaggio, Teresa Patterson, David and Karen Bogen, J. Michael Grimm, Scott Merritt, Samuel Mize.

Con Suite: Judith Ward, Lynn Ward.

Convention Operations: Brooks Griffith, Robert Stephenson, Ed Graham, Jr.

Domino Theory (the twice-daily newsletter): Steve Jackson, Monica Stephens, William Watson, Dan Willems, Scott Merritt, Sharon Kingsford, Casey Karp, Therel Moore, Ken Smith, Bear and Angela Philley, Sharleen and Christine Lambard, Lee Lloyd. Providing

material but not in attendance: Sherlock, Creede Lambard.

Fanzine Lounge: Pat Mueller, David Thayer/Teddy Harvia.

Gaming: Steve Jackson, Lynda Manning-Schwartz, Charles Schwartz, John and Elizabeth Manning.

Green Room: Fred Duarte, Karen Meschke, Beckye Look.

Handicapped Access: Robert Taylor.

Program Operations: Johnny Lee, Therel Moore.

Registration: Shirley Crossland, Gary Giffen.

SFWA Suite: Bear and Angela Philley, Brooks Griffith, Dale Denton, Robert Stephenson, Beckye Look, Joe DiMaggio, Judith Ward, Fred Duarte, Karen Meschke, Ed Graham.

Technical Services: Bill Parker, Lisa Greene, other (unknown) members of S.T.A.F.F., Cliff Davis.

Willie Siros and Dennis Virzi were also rumored to have had a hand in somewhere, but I'm not quite sure what they did. However, knowing these guys, I'm pretty sure it was something relatively important.

Looking at the list, you will notice that several people apparently had a hard time sitting in one spot. Also, I purposely left out titles and such-like nonsense (even such creative ones as "Door Nazi") because everyone worked like a demon, no matter their position or department. And I would like to make a special mention of Jon Green. All of the people mentioned above did their damndest in the specialized departments, except for Jon. He did something many of us may dimly remember from our first days in this wonderful thing called "fandom": Jon was a gofer.

Thank you, Jon, and thanks to all.



The partying was certainly hearty. This impressive shindig was held in the ASFA Suite.

Midnight Excursions

On The Persistence of the Small Press and Other Periodic Horrors – Part II

by Lawrence Person

This is the second installment of three about the small-press horror field.

The next group of magazines are more noticeably products of the small press than their slick brethren. Physically, the “large format” horror zines are 8½x11” and feature heavy, colored-paper covers. There are at least two small-press magazines that fall into this category.

The first is *2AM*, a quarterly edited by Gretta M. Anderson. Of all the publications received, *2AM* offers the most comprehensive package of features. There is a regular book review section by pro J.N. Williamson, a movie review column by Jon Holsinger, and — perhaps the most needed of all — a small press review column by Irwin M. Chapman. In addition, *2AM* frequently features the work of one illustrator throughout a particular issue, a nice way to get readers acquainted with the range and style of an artist’s work. And despite the paper-stock covers, the interior layout is fairly clean and well executed.

As for fiction, issue #5 was fairly weak, containing only Richard Taylor’s “The Visitor” (a fairly good and new execution of an old idea), and Randy William’s “Intersections,” notable for its non-twisted ending just when you were sure that it was going to conclude with another obvious and hackneyed shocker. Issue #6, however, was a considerable improvement, including two character-driven stories — Elizabeth Engstrom’s “The Old Woman Upstairs” (a sort of soft-peddled inversion on Marsha Norman’s *Night, Mother*) and Joan Vander Putten’s “When You Wish Upon a Corpse.” Both are fine, and, above all, human tales. David Sutton’s “Waking” and Doug Benson’s “Final

Exam” are both dark, skillful mood pieces. Jack Creek’s “Showdown” is a moderately interesting story ruined by an opening illustration that removes what little surprise there was from the ending.

Though a bit light on both fiction and pages (46), *2AM* largely makes up for these oversights with its wide array of columns. If you like the mix of features in *The Twilight Zone*, then you’ll like *2AM* — sans color, it’s about the closest you can come in the small press to a general-interest horror magazine. You can try it for \$3.95 an issue or \$15 for a one-year (four-issue) subscription. (*2AM* Publications, P.O. Box 50444, Chicago, IL 60650-0444. Make checks payable to Gretta M. Anderson.)



The other periodical to consider in this category is *Twisted*, edited by Christine Hoard. More obviously a member of the small press (including wonky graphics and uneven layout), *Twisted* seems to have a somewhat “flexible” (read: irregular) publishing schedule, with #3 coming six months after #2, and #4 a full year after #3. True, delays are nothing new in the small press, but annoying all the same. It also lacks many of the features *2AM* has, though it does contain Jean Claxton’s Small Press Review. However, *Twisted* tries to overcome these flaws both with sheer size (96 pages last issue) and a more laid-back, humorous approach to the entire affair. These people are here to have fun, and they want you to as well. However, that does not keep them from publishing some damn fine stories.

In Issue #2 we find a number of worthwhile tales, including David Bruce’s skillful but bizarre, auto-

erotic tale “Pillowmen’s Lover” (another story to make the list in the Williamson book); Billy Wolfenbarger’s unoriginal but brilliantly atmospheric “The Dead Returning”; John Broadus’s chilling “The Sheet”; and William H. Williamson’s innovative “The Pipe.” Also worth a looking are Rod Little’s “Hunger in the Desert” and John Rosenman’s predictable but fun “Paradise Lost.”

Issue #3 isn’t quite as good as its predecessor, but still contains Del Stone’s sharp and tension-filled “Telephone Call,” d.e. smirl’s humorous “Such a Deal,” another bizarre sex story from regular contributor David Bruce entitled “Head Mistress” (with a name like that . . .), and John Broadus’ competent character study “Winner Lost” (complete with requisite twist ending).

Issue #4 contains still another weird smut tale from the pen of David Bruce, “Paper Doll” (which uses the same back-of-the-occult-supplies-shop setting as “Head Mistress” — a replacement for inter-dimensional bars and disappearing magic shops, perhaps?), Elizabeth Massie’s original and amusing “Slip of the Mind,” Robert Randolph Medcalf, Jr.’s wry “Passionate Persuasion,” Joe Faust’s interesting but melodramatic twist on the vampire story in “The Silent Vector,” and David Starkey’s well done “Phantom Pain.”

Though *Twisted* tends to be more uneven than *2AM*, there are still a number of good tales here and there, and *Twisted* wins hands-down on quantity. In addition, it contains more poetry per issue than just about anyone else. Though the regularity of publication is still a concern, *Twisted* will be a pretty good deal as long as Hoard keeps the page count high and the price low. It’s sort of like the all-you-can-eat salad bar at Bonanza — it

may not be steak, but it's cheap and it sure fills you up. This is well worth \$4 an issue. (Christine Hoard, 6331 North Lakewood Avenue, Chicago, IL 60660.)



The next set of magazines to look at is the smaller paper-bound fiction digests, most of which are printed in a 5½x8½" format. Though not as professional-looking as their slick brethren, more often than not the smaller demands (both financial and size-wise) of the format allows a breed of much more specialized zines to grow and prosper.

However, you can find a few general-interest horror magazines in this format, one of the most well known of which is *Doppelganger*, edited by John Benson. This innovative magazine has a wide array of features, some found nowhere else in the small press — a film review column, "Moribund History and Practice" (a generally fascinating column by Benson and associate editor Anke Kriske about the practices, rituals and festivals pertaining to death and the dead), and Musikstick, a music review column by Thomas O'Conner dedicated to (of all things) art rock! Manna from heaven for true believers (this reviewer included), but perhaps a bit eclectic for the masses. Still, it's nice to see somebody publishing on the principle that "It's my magazine and I'll print what I want" and surviving as long as *Doppelganger*, which is now up to issue "Ate" (#8).

In *Doppelganger* "666" (#6), we find Jeffery Bullock's interesting "Tarantella" (a story that concerns both the spider and the dance), and two minor but amusing tales, Mary Elizabeth Counselman's "The Eagle Tattoo," and Ralph Baisley's "The Value of Pretty Penmanship." Issue #7 contains Stephen Brody's "The Well," a somewhat uneven tale but one marked by a fine attention to detail; Dan Crawford's amusing "The Skulls of 11,000 Virgins"; and Randy Chandler's fairly good "Fungoid." Issue #8 (or "Ate") contains Barry M.

Radburn's wry look at a beginning writer's struggles in "The Writer's Touch," John Eric Homes' richly textured "The Cenote," and Austinite Robert Bostick's dark-humored reworking of the Christmas legend in "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town." Pros J.N. Williamson and John MacLay are also in attendance with a well-written but strangely incomplete story, "The Better Half."



Another interesting paper-bound digest put out by Benson is *Not One of Us*, originally intended as a one-shot and now a series. Of course, right off the bat I'm inclined to like anything that takes its name from a Peter Gabriel song, but *Not One of Us* has a lot more to recommend it than that. The general theme of the magazine is alienation, and the stories in it tend to display an unusual range of power and skill. Although Benson has stated that he wants stories of alienation from outside the horror genre, genre works comprise the majority of the first two issues.

Issue #1 is of high quality throughout and contains a number of fine stories. Among the best are Wayne Allen Sallee's "Take the A-Train," a sequel of sorts to his well-received "Rapid Transit" (a story that made Karl Edward Wagner's *Year's Best Horror Stories*) and a well-drawn and chilling plunge into the mind of a psychopath; Dan Crawford's bizarre and amusing "Tens Around and Both Nine of Trump"; G. Wayne Miller's "A Process of Change"; Erskine Carter's dark "The Lupi"; Albert Manachino's gloriously silly "Coupon Special" (how many of you would buy a supermarket package marked "Dried Nightmare"?); and Bobby Warner's "Mr. Murgh." In fact, the only weak story in the entire batch is Ronny P. Kaye's "9,814,185,565.9 A.D.," a bad science fiction tale made worse by the pointless xerox art of John Del Goizo. A stark reminder that some literary experiments just don't work.

NOoU #2, though not quite as

good or as tightly focused on the theme of alienation as the first issue, still contains a number of fine works, including Jeannette Hopper's interesting and original tale of descent into madness, "The Truth Will Out"; "New Year's End," Gary Biggs' innovative approach to that hoariest of horror clichés, the ventriloquist's dummy; Delia Shiflet's dark, demi-Cthulhoid "Strange Affliction"; and D. Singleton-Richard's fascinating but strangely incomplete "Black Blood, Black Tears."

Even though it is the younger magazine, *Not One of Us* rates as the superior of these two Benson publications, mainly for the power of its thematic focus. Both are among the few general-interest digests found in the paper-bound format, and are priced just about right — \$3.50 an issue for *Not One of Us*, \$3.00 for *Doppelganger*. (John Benson, 44 Shady Lane, Storrs, CT 06268.)



Another distinctly different publication is *Fantasy and Terror*, edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson. *F&T* is an eclectic mixture of short, reprinted (and mostly overlooked) horror stories from more than half a century ago (i.e., those on which the copyright has expired), and surreal horror vignettes from modern writers. Since all of the pieces are short (most under a page and the longest just over three), the works in *F&T* are rather like horror cornnuts for the mind. A strange mixture it is (with amateur writers and literary legends appearing side by side), and one that may or may not be to your tastes.

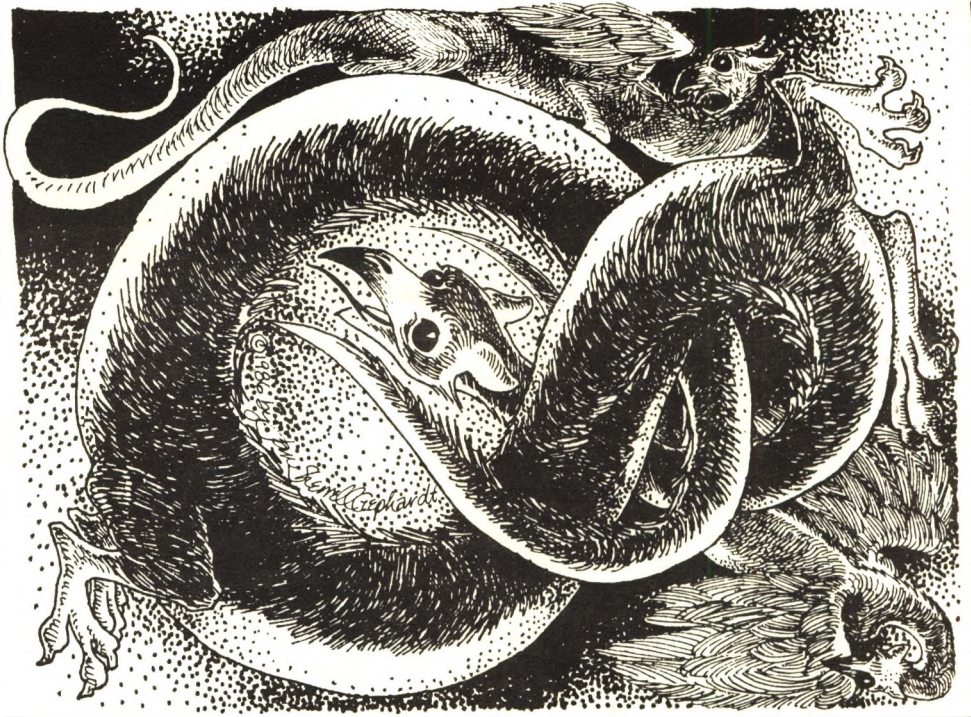
Of the new prose material in Issue #7, some of the best includes "Cats," a brilliant and hysterical piece of surrealistic filler from editor Salmonson, and Tom Ligotti's dark tale of ghostly revenge denied, "The Scream: From 1800 to the Present." And there is an amusing reprint from Robert Louis Stevenson entitled "The Distinguished Stranger." Other than these few gems, however, there is little to recommend *Fantasy and Terror*. Its

problem, like cornnuts, is that it's fine as an occasional snack but not very filling as a main course; its space limitations prevent it from presenting all but the most banal and eclectic of famous authors' works. However, one man's famine is another's feast, and \$2.50 an issue is not much to risk to see if it's to your tastes. A subscription is \$8 for four issues. (Richard H. Fawcett, 61 Teeconwas Drive, Uncasville, CT 96382.)

How About That Cthulhu Mythos?

Before we look at the next batch of digests, now is perhaps a good time to point out yet another idiosyncrasy of the small press. Although the most popular writer of horror fiction in the known universe today is, of course, Stephen King, his style is not the one most imitated by today's up-and-coming crop of pulp writers. That honor is instead reserved for one who was himself an avid contributor to the small press of his time. You see, the writer whose work is most often imitated in the pulps of today is none other than that gracious and stately gentleman from Providence himself, Mr. H.P. Lovecraft. The small press is just chock full of Cthulhu Mythos and Lovecraftian-styled stories, both homages and pastiches, despite the fact that Lovecraft has been dead more than fifty years.

Now, there are both good and bad points to this adulation. Among the good is the fact that most (if not all) of today's writers have a firm grounding in the classics of the genre. However, the most glaring problem with this imitation is the confining effect it has on a writer's own style. Now, it is true that many a modern giant of the field (Ray Bradbury and Robert Bloch both come to mind) started a career by imitating Lovecraft. However, all of them (save the dubious exception of August Derleth) only began to achieve lasting success when they dropped Lovecraft's style (one that was already — and deliberately — antiquated when Lovecraft originally



wrote his stories) and developed their own. Further, the stories they imitated were, at the time, only a few years old. A lot of changes have swept the world in the half-century that lies between Lovecraft's age and our own, and any writer whose world-view is stuck in 1934 must inevitably fail to craft a story that rings true to a modern reader's ears.

That's not to say that I don't like Mythos stories — I do! But if I might make a suggestion to the hoard of young, aspiring horror writers out there (one paralleling similar arguments made by Janet Fox in the SPWAO Newsletter, and other places) . . . it would seem to me that you might better spend your time developing your own style rather than writing in someone else's. After you are a professional published author, you can write as you wish. Until then, please, please try something else.

Now, many of the magazines featured above have Lovecraftian stories amidst their pages. For example, *Eldritch Tales* (perhaps the best small-craft market for Lovecraftian fiction) carries a number of them. In issue #9, for example, we find Randall Larson and Loay Hall's fairly well-written "Horror in the Garden," P. Groh's "The Dream Pit," and not

one but two concluding parts to two multi-issue serializations of Mythos stories (P.H. Kanon's "Madness Out of Space" and Glen and Philip Rahman's "Quest for Unknown Amhurst.") (This makes very difficult work for a reviewer who doesn't have the first halves of said tales.) Most of these stories come complete with neo-Gothic imagery, unimaginable horrors, and Professors of the Occult from everyone's favorite institution of higher learning, Miskatonic University (Go, Pods, Go!).

However, it is in the digest form that the Lovecraftian zines teem and thrive. Two that help represent the spectrum are *Crypt of Cthulhu* (the oldest remaining fanzine of its kind) and *Tales of Lovecraftian Horror*, one of the youngest.



Crypt of Cthulhu, edited by Robert M. Price, has put out more issues (currently more than 50) than any other small-press venture examined here. Subtitled "A Pulp Thriller and Theological Journal," *CoC* is dedicated to dissecting, analyzing and celebrating everything Cthulhoid or Lovecraftian. *CoC* contains a wide array of features, including scholarly essays, bizarre and whimsical Mythos

humor (including an "Advice to the Lovecraft-Lorn" column), a good book review section, fiction, and the most extensive letters section seen anywhere.

Although *CoC* does a large number of theme issues (examining a specific aspect of the Mythos or Lovecraft's work), the review issue obtained (#48) is not one of them. Among the non-fiction features is an exceedingly micronized dissection (including a chart, no less!) by Peter F. Jeffery of the question "Who Killed St. John" in Lovecraft's "The Hound"; some in-depth source research on ambiguous, Mythos-related quotes by David E. Schultz and Don Herron; and Will Murray's article on one of Lovecraft's editors. Of the regular features, the "R'lyeh Review" section contains a number of insightful and (for the most part) highly literate book reviews, while Lin Carter's "From the Vaults of Yoh-Vombis" seems little more than padded, time-wasting filler. As far as fiction goes, Tom Ligotti's well-crafted but overly rarified "Vastarien" was worth a look, while another Carter piece (a purported "excerpt" from that well-known tome of Things Man Was Not Meant To Know, *The Necronomicon*) was, for the most part, forgettable.



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Let's face it: *Crypt of Cthulhu* is one of the many small-press publications not aimed at a general audience. If you worship H.P. Lovecraft (or Cthulhu, for that matter), then *CoC* is probably right up your alley. If, however, your interest in the Cthulhu Mythos is not at the obsessive stage, or even only a passing fancy, then this publication is not for you. At \$4.00 for a 56-page fix of pure, uncut Mythos dementia (subscriptions are one year for \$36), hard-core aficionados only need apply. (Cryptic Publications, Robert M. Price, Editor, 107 East James Street, Mount Olive, NC 28365.)



Speaking of worship, another publication lighting a candle at the Temple of Lovecraft is *Tales of Lovecraftian Horror*, a new venture edited W.H. Pugmire (a self-confessed "militant punk rock homosexual who worships death and reads H.P. Lovecraft religiously"). Though published by the same people

who put out *CoC* (Cryptic Publications), *TOLH* is different in thrust from its sister publication. In his introduction to the premier (and thus far only) issue, Pugmire states that his purpose is to publish non-Mythos stories written in a Lovecraftian vein. In addition, *TOLH* has none of the varied features of *CoC*, only stories — for the most part, pretty good ones. Lewis Theobald III's "The Antique Coffin," Peter H. Cannon's "The Pewter Ring," and Charles Garofalo's "Graveyard Roses" are all good, solid Lovecraftian stories. In fact, of all the pieces in this collection, only Bobby C. Warner's "In the Forest" is a complete failure. Though a bit steep at \$4.00 an issue for a 32-page digest, it's of high enough quality for those of you interested in Lovecraftian fiction to look into. (Available from the above Cryptic Publications address.)

The last in this series—that wouldn't die reviews industry newsletters and suggests authors serious horror fans should look for.

Unholy Communion

by Joe Pumilia

Problem: You are a writer of horror and science fiction. Aliens abduct you and perform unspeakable acts on mind and body. How can you make the world believe, especially if you're paid one million dollars to write a book graphically describing your pain and suffering?

That is the fix in which Whitney Strieber finds himself. With *Communion*. A bestseller, his story of alien bondage raises the suspicion that the book was fluffed out from an earlier short story with the same theme.

Thomas M. Disch, who pointed out some embarrassing facts about *Communion* in *The Nation* ("The Village Alien," March 14, 1987), is well known to SF readers. Strieber may also be familiar as the author of *The Wolfen* (1979) and *The Hunger* (1981), and (with James Kunetka) the SF novels *Warday* (1984) and *Nature's End* (1986). He is also the author of the story "Pain" in the anthology *The Cutting Edge*, edited by Dennis Etchison.

Disch found many similarities between "Pain" and *Communion*. Strieber and the protagonist from "Pain" both had "bondage and domination" experiences with aliens. In *Communion*, a "grey and scaly" device "at least a foot long, narrow and triangular in structure" is inserted into and creeps up Strieber's rectum, according to alleged hypnotically released memories. "Apparently its purpose was to take samples, possibly of fecal matter," he speculates. His violators, the Xlom, may be insectoid, but would even intelligent flies buzz across the galaxy to sample fecal matter?

Strieber says he had no knowledge of UFOs before his abduction turned his attention to them. But in "Pain," Disch found "a fairly extensive consideration of 'UFOlogy'." Strieber says he wrote the story after his abduction but before he recovered hypnotically the memory of it, which the aliens had erased.

Disch says that much of what Strieber put in the book looks suspiciously like "padding," and quotes several examples of von Däniken-style UFOlogy.

Strieber told Disch he shouldn't be punished for the big paycheck and pleaded for himself and others who suffered at the hands of aliens. But Disch has relentless recourse to common sense. "For there certainly could be writers who might be tempted for such a price to invent such a tale out of whole cloth and swear to its truth."

Strieber's angry reply to Disch's article said, "It [the article] creates the entirely false impression that I believe I was contacted by extraterrestrials. Nowhere in *Communion* do I finally assert that, although I certainly experiment with the idea. In fact, the entire book is a plea on behalf of an open-minded approach to the strange and as yet unexplained experience that leads people to feel as if this may have happened to them." As the book said, it may have emerged "from the booming labyrinth of the mind."

Disch's reply included a particularly silly excerpt from the book. He charged Strieber with quoting his same not-yet-published letter in another publication shortly before. "Could it be he knows that in the business of selling books, any time in the spotlight is time well spent?"

The article concludes by eschewing rational argument and serving into Swiftian satire from Disch's own booming labyrinth of the mind.

Strieber, while making a show of remaining ambiguous toward the alien hypothesis in the book, trades on it for publicity. He put in at least one appearance at a UFO convention, ac-

cording to an article in *New Republic* ("Closer Encounters," August 10, 1987), where he screamed from the stage at SF author William Tenn (known to consensus reality as Philip Klass, an editor for *Aviation Week*) and brandished a lie detector report supposedly proving he wasn't lying about the Xlom. Playing to the interests of the convention attendees, he read from the polygraph transcript his reply to a question on whether the aliens were physically real: "Yes! Yes! I think they may be, indeed."

Klass was gathering material for one of his anti-UFO books and baiting contactees with his standing \$10,000 offer for proof that UFOs are spaceships. His new book, *UFO Abductions: A Dangerous Game*, points out how hypnotists recovering contactees' "lost memories" can actually plant false memories.

But SF fans (who are slans) may have noticed the best argument of all against Strieber's claims: The "X" in Xlom. Why not "Z"? It sounds like an SF amateur's attempt to sound "X-traterrestrial." Strieber had help on his two SF books, remember. A lack of knowledge of SF caused Strieber to become lost in the "booming labyrinth."

Joseph Pumilia is a longtime Houston fan, a former fan guest at ArmadilloCon, the author of 25 short stories, one of the original "Turkey City" workshop writers, and the editor of the new fanzine Snark, which deals with Fortean, UFOs and other oddities. For a free copy, send a 25-cent stamp (not an SASE) to Joe Pumilia, 110 Annette Ln., Friendswood, TX 77546. Subscriptions are available for \$5/year (4 issues).



The Presidential Debate

by George Bush and Michael Dukakis

review by Samuel Mize

Despite some flaws — most notably, a lack of interesting characters — I would nominate this for the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo.

Like most other TV science fiction, it dealt only superficially with the social and moral issues it raised. Much of the attempt to project from the science of today to the life of tomorrow was woefully inadequate; humorous, really. I believe this humor was unintended, but I can't be sure. This presentation seems an unlikely vehicle for a satire of our political system, but that seems the most sensible interpretation.

The authors of record of this presentation are George Bush and Michael Dukakis. It was clearly ghosted. Unfortunately, the actual writers were not credited.

The show went on for an hour and a half. Like *Amerika*, another depiction of a fictional USA, it could have been greatly compressed without losing any real content or thematic value. Many viewers may have gotten tired after 90 minutes of what was virtually a commercial against the two major parties. Like the movie *Brazil*, it cast an absurdist spotlight on government

control of people, and on government management of anything. Libertarians should have been delighted.

Still, *The Presidential Debate* stands as an unusual television achievement. It has brought to dramatic life some of the darker fantasies of Philip K. Dick, combined with the light touch and self-parody of Ron Goulart's more successful comedies. I expect to see more bizarre comedy from the producers of this special presentation, plumbing the more outré depths of black humor.

Damn it!

Alien Nation

review by Edw. A. Graham Jr.

I wouldn't call being physically dragged from a hotel a dignified way to exit a convention, but several good friends decided I needed to "decompress" after ArmadilloCon 10 and wanted to see *Alien Nation*. (I think another reason was they didn't know their way around.)

The premise is simple enough: The time is now and the aliens, politely referred to as "Newcomers" and impolitely called "Slags," are an escaped race of genetically designed slaves from another star system. They somehow picked the Mojave to land in and the good ol' U.S. of A. has granted them equal rights as full citizens. The Newcomers have totally integrated into American society in all facets, including crime. Enter Detective Sergeant Sikes (James Caan).

He is a bigot and knows it. He is also your typical hard-nosed, loser-type cop: divorced, with a daughter he has not seen in a while and is getting married, etc., etc. He and his partner see an attempted armed robbery in "Slag Town." The partner and Newcomer store-owner get splatted by the robbers, who just happen to

be Newcomers. A nice shoot-out ensues, including a foot-chase and a hint of the true mystery that will lead Sikes on a merry-go-round for the rest of the movie.

One of the cops at the crime scene is a Newcomer (Mandy Patinkin) who casually mentions a possible slaying of another alien. The next day, the Captain of Detectives announces that a newly promoted Newcomer patrolman wants a volunteer to partner with him. Sikes looks in the office and sees the alien from the crime scene. Yep, Sikes volunteers. From then on, they work together to solve the mystery of some apparently unrelated murders and the greater mystery the Newcomers have been hiding from their human hosts. (I know that sounds like the ad hype, but in some cases, there is truth in advertising.)

A lot of the plot is depressingly simplistic and easy to guess what's coming. It holds no surprises, really, even to the final confrontation.

What makes the movie is the look at the human species, mirrored in an alien race so like us, but in some respects so dissimilar. The Newcom-

ers have taken human names, with twists. One punk bad-guy is called "Rudyard Kipling." Sikes' (which resembles two words in Newcomer that mean "excrement cranium") new partner is Samuel Fransisco (ouch!). They get drunk on soured milk (ugh!). They ingest their protein raw (obtainable at fast food stands — and mostly left to the imagination, thank you very much). They are stronger, more adaptable, and learn at tremendous speed ("smarter" is a word I think is not relevant and the writers/producers overused it). They were bred to work in many hostile climates, where men could not.

Hostility? You bet! The racial slurs and envy from their human hosts are almost inevitable. As Fransisco says in a very poignant (and drunken) moment: "You humans have so lofty ideals and so few of you actually try to follow them." And the Newcomers are trying so hard to fit in that the imitation provides some very ironic (and sometimes very funny) comparisons to ourselves ("Here's a picture of my wife and kid . . .").

Caan is superb in the only role he

can really play: the mumbling jock-type who relies on guts and raw animal power to get from day to day and to keep him alive. He gives a touch of sadness and joy in the right places to make the character of Sikes very believable, even one as stereotyped as this. Patinkin plays Fransisco as one of those overly polite, new-guy-on-the-block, so-eager-to-please Joes. And he does so well that sometimes it is down-right sickening. The really great thing about their working rela-

tionship is the way the writer and director allowed it to change gradually, let the actors really feel and show these changes in their portrayals.

The real problem is the lack of depth given the origins of the Newcomers. We only get to see their huge saucer floating over the Mojave. Who were their former masters? How did they get away? Where did they come from? What impact has the advanced technology found in the saucer and from the aliens themselves (even

though they were slaves) had on the Earth? Because of this, the movie has a "missing something" feel about it.

Alien Nation is not another *Cocoon*, nor is it *Star Wars*. I think it's good enough to justify paying full-price admission. But I don't think it's a movie you would want to see more than once, even though some of the lighter moments provide enough one-liners to make any fan's day. It's good SF, but not *great* SF.

The Printed Word

Surfing Samurai Robots

by Mel Gilden

reviewed by Edward Woods III

As you can tell from the title, this is the latest in a never-ending stream of *Lord of the Rings* rip-offs — even to the hero, a member of a short, cute humanoid race, who travels a great distance on a quest and saves the day against powerful non-human forces. How blatant can you get?

However, the book is not just a clone of Tolkien [sic]. It steals from movies, too. It has robots of many kinds, mostly polished and gleaming, spaceships, and funny-shaped aliens. It is too bad when a book just blindly steals from the exciting work of originators like Tolkien [sic] and *Battlestar Galactica* [sic]. If they don't have something original to say, they should leave ideas to the people who made them up.

Anyway, Zoot Marlowe is an alien from a planet where they have learned English from radio broadcasts, and it has become a *lingua franca* [sic] here. I thought it was too bad a fresh idea like this was buried in this book. A few of the big-selling hacks, like whoever wrote *Star Smashers of the Galaxy* [sic], could learn something from this. Anyway, Zoot comes to Earth to be a private eye like his hero from old radio shows, Philip Marlowe. He meets some surfers who surf with surfing robots instead of

Book Reviews

doing it personally, and who have a psychedelic food called yoyogurt.

Their robots get injured, and Zoot tries to find out who broke them. There are several suspects, whom he talks to. Some of the plot complications are straight steals from Plato's *Ovid* [sic]. For example, the famous lines *O sibili, si ergo, / fortibus es inero. / Nobili, demer trux. / Vadis inem? Causendux*. That should end any argument right there.

Anyway, I got completely lost. Anyway, near as I can tell, the bad guys die in a hail of lead bullets, and the good guys (the surfers) already have the girls.

To end on a note of coherence, *Surfing Samurai Robots* is about the book you'd expect from the title. It careens from cliché to plot absurdity, clearly by intent; a quick, fun read, not too original, not too straining on the brain. It's a parody, but not biting enough to be satire. Humor is tough to judge — mixing the clichés of three genres didn't work well for me. However, there are some well-turned phrases and small, clever ideas nestled among the dusty chestnuts. I'd take a chance on another book by Mel Gilden.

Surfing Samurai Robots

by Mel Gilden

reviewed by Larry Tagrin

When I read *Bimbos of the Death Sun*, I did so because I didn't believe the book could be as bad as its title. I was right. I approached *Surfing Samurai Robots* with the same attitude. I was wrong.

SSR seems to be an attempt to recall the great Charles Anderson story "The Butterfly Kid" from the 1960s. It fails utterly.

SSR deals with an alien race that discovers Earth by listening to radio signals. The protagonist of this tale is fascinated by detective stories and determines to visit Earth. He winds up in 21st-century Malibu. He falls in with what I can only describe as "couch potato surfers." It seems that surfing is no longer done by athletes, but by surfer-nerds using joysticks to control surfing robots.

The necessary ingredients for a good story are here: the surfers vs. the bikers, the secret of a new drug, the beautiful rich girl who is also a genius at genetic engineering, and so on. Unfortunately, every time something starts to come together, the author seems to forget about it. The result is a disjointed, incoherent, dissatisfying attempt that winds up being a waste of time. In a way, this book reminded me of the Nolacon II Convention Committee. It was full of

promising beginnings, but had absolutely no follow up.

Druid's Blood

by Esther M. Friesner

reviewed by Larry Tagrin

Signet is a label not as widely recognized in the SF field as DAW and TOR, but they also have a reputation for high quality in their line. Unfortunately, they also have a bunch of turkeys in their marketing department.

Druid's Blood is an excellent book, but you wouldn't know it from the cover. The attractive Pat Morrissey painting features a character looking like Sherlock Holmes next to a modified H.G. Wells time machine. The overall design makes you expect that the book is another Sherlock Holmes rip-off. The designer who specified this picture obviously was ignorant of the field.

The characters in this book have their roots in several places. The influence of Sherlock Holmes is obvious, as is the later influence of Randall Garrett's "Lord Darcy" stories. Druidic legend and magic are featured, as are the observational and deductive powers of the magicless detective Brihtric Donne.

Friesner draws you into her story with these familiar channels and then adds twists and turns of her own. Dr. John Weston is much more than Donne's Boswell.

Eastern magic and its dark side side with an evil force against the essentially defensive powers of the Druidic enchantments, and the underlying antipathy between the traditionalists of magic and the technological advances of the rest of the world are a consistent theme.

Characterization is rich and fulfilling and the author offers a feast for the literate by blending constant references to historical and literary figures throughout the book. Answer some of the following:

Who was Mr. Stoker and why is it funny that he recommends a restaurant run by a strange man named Renfield who has a fly fixation?

Who is John Wellington Wells?

Would it be fun hunting monsters in Mag Mell Park?

What did Lord Byron and Queen Victoria do on Beltaine past and who will do it with her this time?

Why is it funny that Lord Byron's daughter is named Ada and reads binary code?

The answers to these will all be found before you meet mild-mannered Sir Hugo and learn the secret of the Mound of the Baskervilles.

I highly recommend *Druid's Blood* and I'll be looking for other books by Esther Friesner in the future.

Cobalt-60

reviewed by Mike Harris

What is the meaning of the word "Humanity"? In the 72-page graphic album *Cobalt-60*, newly released by Donning Press, Vaughn Bodé tells a grim, violent tale of a post-apocalyptic Earth in which much of mankind has mutated into fierce creatures that outwardly no longer resemble man.

It is in these mutants, however, that we find the noble qualities that we associate as human. The character of General Hisstory, the leader of the most savage, horrible mutants of all, the Crocs, is a study of friendship, loyalty, and honor.

The protagonist, Cobalt 60, is a pure human that has spent his entire life hiding his face behind a white cloth as though he were a marginal mutant covering a deformity. As the true heir to the throne, he is hunted — his identity must remain secret. When the time comes to remove the mask, however, we see that it is Cobalt 60's shame and disgust for his own kind that has made him hide his face for so long.

In *Cobalt-60* Vaughn Bodé invites us to step back and take a fresh look at ourselves, at society, and at comics. He expressed his intentions to George Beham shortly before his death. "On May 6, 1968, I started designing the violent world and characters of *Cobalt-60*," Bodé said. "The full concept of the idea was to create a mutant world of the future that used 'cute' characters in the most awful realism. *Cobalt-60* became a satire not

only of Man and War but of Cartoons as well."

Although the conclusion to *Cobalt-60* seems to resolve all the major conflicts within the story, it is somehow unsatisfying — the hero doesn't seem happy, and the world is a mess. Indeed, Bodé intended for *Cobalt-60* to be an open-ended saga that he would often return to. The richly textured world of *Cobalt-60* is an unfinished chapter in the tragically shortened life of Vaughn Bodé.

Following the death of the Hugo-winning artist, the story of *Cobalt-60* was completed by his son, Mark, with the help of Vaughn Bodé's friend and occasional collaborator, Larry Todd. This is the first time that the entire collection has been available in one full-color volume, and at \$7.95 it's a steal. Even if you never found the heavily stylized works of Bodé to be your cup of tea, give this book a chance. The story and characters will make you glad you did.

The Eyes of the Dragon

by Stephen King

reviewed by Richard Tucholka

The Eyes of the Dragon is the first true fantasy by Stephen King. As a master of horror he is outstanding; as a fantasy writer, he's astonishingly good.

Roland the Good, aging monarch of Delain is horribly murdered and his son Peter is framed for the crime. His younger brother Tom becomes king under the direction of his father's trusted advisor, Flagg.

Flagg is a wizard, outwardly a long-time friend to the kingdom, but in reality, monstrous evil in disguise. He's timeless and patient, feeding on the fear and horror of the imminent destruction of the peaceful kingdom, the downfall of which he has set into motion.

The young, barely competent Tom knows of Flagg's treachery and agonizes over what he has let happen. He loved his father but is afraid of Flagg. Peter, the true and good king, and a few supporters never give up and begin to plot his escape from the high tower where he is imprisoned.

It's a simple if not eloquent book, that rivets you to its pages for the entire length. And it's a good story, action-packed, rich in characterization, fast, heroic, narrated as if an unseen reader is telling you a magnificent bedtime story. As a fantasy, it beats a lot of the classics hands down.

Wild Cards III — Jokers Wild
 edited by George R.R. Martin
 reviewed by Richard Tucholka

Just after the second World War, an alien virus contaminated the skies over New York City. The result was death for most, but a few survived as mutants who became known as Aces or Jokers. *Wild Cards* is the continuing history of the survivors and the few who have become “Super Heroes.”

By the late 1980s, Jokers, second-class citizens, inhabit the slums of Jokertown in New York. Every September 15th, there is a special celebration by the Jokers and Aces, a time to come out of hiding and commemorate the many who died, salute the survivors and the generations since touched by the Wild Card virus. It's a time of love and anger, dancing in the streets, parades, and parties. But this year, something is different — an evil force, The Astronomer, is back to kill Ace and Joker alike.

Unlike the other books, this third in the series is a single story, and a seriously grim one at that. The plot is convoluted and introduces a plethora of new Jokers and a few new Aces. Old characters return with more depth and feeling than you've seen in the other books and you may make a few new discoveries that will amuse you. Other characters you knew and liked die, as the tension mounts into an earth-shattering battle between Fortunado and the Astronomer, over the East River.

If you like superheroes, you'll enjoy this book.

Forest of the Night
by Marti Steussy

reviewed by Richard Tucholka

Another new SF writing talent is Marti Steussy. Her first book is *For-*

est of the Night, an adventure of human and alien contact on a wintry world.

Hashti is a teamster for a logging company on the far world of New Lebanon. Workers are beginning to have problems with tigers, catlike feathered creatures reminiscent of Earth's tiger. These beasts are an enigma; they prove to be intelligent, though only a few dare believe it. Hashti begins to believe after she hears them sing.

and creates a colonial philosophy of back-to-basics with high-tech thrown in. Her style is easy, refreshing and masterful. Her characters are fascinating people with depth. Her aliens are outstanding, charismatic and colorful to say the least. You'll fall in love with the little tigers Big Eyes and Bunny Pouncer.

Above all, *Forest of the Night* is a novel of people and aliens belonging — Hashti to the colony with the hope of becoming a First-In explorer, the



She befriends Kahn, a tiger, and goes on a mission to learn the language of the species. On her return, Hasti is caught in an explosive nightmare of colonists on the rampage. She must save this intelligent species from slaughter. Men have killed tigers and tigers have taken revenge against the “hill beavers” (humans) who have become a serious nuisance.

Steussy spins a believable world

young tigers earning their status and names, and Hashti being adopted as an equal by the tigers. While the novel is slow in the beginning, the pace quickens and eventually speeds you to the climax. My only serious disappointment was the cover art by Barclay Shaw; it just didn't do justice to the magnificent alien tigers she described. A Kelly Freas or a Whelan cover would have been perfect.

Cherry Poptart

reviewed by Mike Harris

The cover looks, quite intentionally, like an *Archie* comic. The panels are drawn in the same style as those in *Archie*. Cherry looks like a very well developed Betty, and a few characters sport the unforgettable (or is it unforgivable?) Jughead nose. There is a Veronica analog named Monica, and a Reggie clone named Biff. The plots follow the trite, familiar *Archie* style, substituting teen lust for puppy love.

And that is *all* that *Cherry Poptart* has in common with *Archie*. A B&W produced by Larry Welz for Last Gasp Comics, the stories in *Cherry* follow a repeated pattern: Cherry is sexually aroused, Cherry gets pages and pages of graphic sex, a satisfied (temporarily) Cherry says, "Tee hee!"

Scattered among the stories are one-page pin-ups, ads for the same clothes that Cherry is shown wearing (briefly) available from Bananaland

Arts, and several fake advertisements that parody the ones found in mainstream comicbooks. My favorite is on the last page of issue number two. At first glance it looks exactly like one of those full page novelty ads that used to appear on the inside cover of *every* comic. A closer look reveals, however, that the familiar "Blackhead Remover" is now a "Zit Picker," the "Atomic Submarine" is real (Navy surplus w/missiles), the "Spy Camera" is a "Midget Camera" (for midgets only) and the description for "X-RAY Glasses" reads: "Weird glasses that make your fingers look all bony. There is always one of these on every bullshit ad page like this that has been done, since Time Immemorial. It's part of American Folklore, like it or not."

Included in the ad are several items that would do *very* well if they were offered in the original *Archie* comics, such as a Fake I.D., a Disintegrator Ray Blaster, Repo Man Tool

Kit, Fake Pot, Fake Pubic Hair, License to Kill, and so on.

The stories are brusquely erotic, funny, and occasionally find new humor while poking fun at tired, clichéd targets in our society. This comic accomplishes everything that it sets out to do, and no more.

Is it worth the two-fifty cover price? That depends on you. If you want three-dimensional characters, real stories, or character development, or if you're offended by strong language, graphic sex, light scattered drug humor, *or* females portrayed as bimbos, then you won't enjoy this book enough to justify its price. Look for Reed Waller & Kate Worley's *Omaha: The Cat Dancer* from Kitchen Sink Press instead.

If, however, all you need to make you feel that your two-fifty was well spent is a few laughs, a lot of sex, and a few more laughs, then you would probably be satisfied with *Cherry Poptart*.

Fanzine Reviews

Unless otherwise noted, reviews are by SM.

Alpha Centura Communicator, #111 and #112

This is the newsletter of the Albuquerque, New Mexico SF club, edited by Jack Speer. The cover of #111 is a good drawing of the "Mirror, Mirror" Spock, but the reproduction is terrible. Inside are announcements, media news, a review of an unnamed *Star Trek* convention in Albuquerque, an article on light speed, a trivia contest, and some cartoons.

Issue 112 starts with a nicely rendered cover by Margaret Schnauf, has local events, various media news, an article on time travel loops, a Trek filk song, trivia answers, a loc, and possibly the sickest interpretation of *ST:TNG* it has been my pleasure to laugh at.

Published quarterly by Alpha Centura, Inc. c/o SF, SUB Box 120, UNM, Albuquerque, NM 87131.

Austin Science Fiction Society Newsletter #6, April, 1988

This issue features a profile of writer Don Webb (guest at the ASFS April meeting), a bizarre cover illo by Sam Hurt, a plug for Sam's new book, *Eyebeam: Teetering on the Blink*, and minutes of their last meeting. It also has a news column, a very strange look at the FACT annual meeting, an explanation of the Austin TV ratings by Robert Taylor, and letters of comment. Typeface is dot-matrix, repro by Xerox, but eminently readable. Available from Iris Wright, 11701-A Kings View Ct., Austin, TX 78750.

Critical Wave

reviewed by Alex Slate

Critical Wave, edited by Steve Green and Martin Tudor, is a fanzine with promise. The particular issue reviewed here, #7 (U.S. Edition), has a near-fatal production flaw: too-light, reduced type on red paper. But hidden in the near illegibility are

some very good articles. *Critical Wave* is primarily a news/gossip zine. The articles are tightly written (or edited), the gossip is nicely chatty. The few graphics and artwork used are appropriate and effective. Barring the reproduction, the book reviews are the weakest part of this fanzine.

First, I want to know before I read a review, not after, who wrote it. Second, some of the reviews are critical and some are simply capsule summaries. Consistency would be appropriate here. Third, I don't believe in printing anything where the reviewer has not read beyond the first line of the book (page 12). And fourth, why are there abridged versions of reviews from earlier issues?

But, if the editors can tighten up the reviews so they are as well-written as the rest of the zine, if they can get some darker type, and if they can find a more readable color scheme than black type on dark red paper, Green and Tudor have a winner here.

American subscriptions are \$5/ year, sent to their U.S. agent, Tom Hanlon: 13833 N. Amiss Road, Baton Rouge, LA 70819. News items should be sent to 33 Scott Road, Olton, Solihull B92 7LQ, England, and letters should be sent to 121 Cape Hill, Smethwick, Warley B66 4SH, England.

On the Alex Slate 0-10 scale (10 being the best), *Critical Wave* #7 rates:

Contents: 6.5 (without the book reviews 8.0)

Technical: 3.5

Interest: 7.0

Critical Wave #4

This was my first exposure to British fanzine fandom, and I must say I'm favorably impressed. The layout was two column, the print a little light and small for the colored stock, but readable. The cover was a cute plug for one of the TAFF candidates. Inside were reviews, an excellent news column, a gossip column, con reports, a guide to Liverpool, upcoming events, zine reviews, and one of the most interesting letter columns I've seen in a long time, presenting both sides in the Swedish fan feud. Subscription and correspondence addresses are above.

Nova Express Vol. 2, #1
reviewed by Alex Slate

Nova Express II.1 is a nicely produced zine. Part of their banner reads, "The Best You Can Get for Labor This Cheap," and I don't think, in terms of their production values, that they need more expensive labor. This issue features dark, very readable type on white paper. *Nova Express* is a text-oriented, serious fanzine given over to critical reviews and commentary on literary topics in SF, fantasy, and horror.

The articles are informative and well-written. The articles could be edited a tad more tightly — they tend to be wordy. The reviews are also well done. The fiction piece, however, needed to get a complete rewrite before being published. I don't understand what the poem was trying to tell



me, but then I never do, so I leave that for others to judge. The absolute best piece of writing in the entire zine is the preamble to Lawrence Person's "The Splatterpunk: The Young Turks at Horror's Cutting Edge." In fact, Ronn Brashear, the author of the fiction piece, should consider a collaboration with Lawrence.

The only art is on the cover — unfortunately, it's only as good as the fiction it illustrates. The only graphics gaffe is that the header for the reviews section needs to be more pronounced. It required a double-check on my part to be certain the reviews weren't part of the article.

On the Alex Slate 0-10 scale, Vol. 2, #1 of *Nova Express* rates:

Contents: 7.5

Technical: 9.5

Interest: 8.5

Snark

reviewed by Sourdough Jackson

Ufology is one of those topics that causes many to cringe while gesturing

vehemently against the Evil Eye. The usual reason for this is that far too much credulous bologna has been published on these subjects, which offends the intelligent. *Snark* is not such a publication.

Snark purports to be the bulletin of "Outlaw Reality" — the opposite of consensus reality. The first issue contains articles on several different kinds of Fortean (observed phenomena too weird to be examined by respectable scientists). Its general tone is somewhat similar to Charles Fort, minus Fort's acidic comments about the lack of vision of most establishment scientists. Fort was not especially credulous, just willing to examine any and all odd phenomena reported to him. *Snark's* attitude is similar. The lead article reports an Australian ufo sighting, giving the observed details and making no judgment one way or the other on its validity (although the official explanations get roundly ridiculed; apparently, Aussie slang for "swamp gas" is "dry thunderstorms"). Most of the rest of the reports are similar in their bias, or lack of it. The general idea is "print it all, and let the reader judge."

One exception is the article on Whitley Strieber's latest account of his ufo abduction experiences [reprinted by permission elsewhere this issue — Ed.]. The article reports on Strieber's SF short story done a few years ago with similar plot elements to *Communion*. The article is skeptical of Strieber's reports only, though; it remains neutral on the general subject of ufo abductions.

In short, if you like Fortean, or are curious about them, and want a neutral source of new data, this zine is for you. I admire the publisher for hunting game that the majority of fandom fervently wishes would "softly and silently vanish away."

The Monthly ConFidant, May, 1988

This is the first issue of a very promising new zine. The editorial explains how this zine came to be, and they promise to become a solid sounding board for Southeastern fandom. In this issue, we have fannish per-

sonals, a gaming column, a review of *Beetlejuice*, lots and lots of pictures from area cons, an abbreviated calendar, a novel con rating system, articles on *Willow* and the death of Tasha Yar, comics, a crossword puzzle, and the first chapters of two continuing serials. I hope that this zine can continue and improve. It's printed on good-quality paper and is generally laid out well. Available from The Monthly ConFidant, 297 S. Mendenhall, Memphis, TN 38177, for 75¢.

Time Vortex #6, June, 1988

This zine bills itself as "The Magazine at the End of the Universe." Well, Brunswick, GA might not be the end of the universe, but you can probably see it from there.

This is their "Aliens" issue. But rather than dealing with aliens in a humorous way, this zine deals with a very serious issue — handicapped fandom and access — with a pair of articles by Samantha Jeude. She tells of proper etiquette for dealing with handicapped fans and gives an interesting history of *Electrical Eggs*, an Access system for cons. Also there are a few locs and a review of Continuity. While not the best-looking example of desktop publishing that I've seen, it is a good-looking zine on white stock. The subscription price of \$8 for 12 issues or \$5 for 6 seems a little steep. However, if other issues are of this quality, it'll be worth it. Available from Time Vortex, Box 1271, Brunswick, GA 31521-1271.

Robots and Roadrunners Vol. 3, #1

This is the clubzine for San Antonio's SF club Ursa Major. Edited by Alexander Slate, who also edits *The FACT Sheet*, R&R closely resembles *The FACT Sheet*, right down to the editorial icon. It is well-reproed dot-matrix type in a two-column format. This issue has a couple of editorials, member news, an interview with Howard Waldrop, an article on being a fanzine writer, a profile of the editor, a large fanzine review section and a couple of locs. The cover is cute and there are several interesting illos. The most interesting and probably contro-

versial part of the issue was a loc from Ted White ripping *Lan's Lantern* and media fans in very vitriolic language. I'm looking forward to reading some responses in the next few issues. Available from Robots and Roadrunners, Box 691448, San Antonio, TX 78269-1448, for \$1.50 or the usual.

Norman Natter #2

This is a perzine by the ever-prolific Harry Andruschak (he seems to have locs in almost every zine *TSFI* trades with). He tells what he did to pass the time in Norman, OK while attending US Post Office classes, and also talks about four APAs, one book, AA and a new "Secularist Sobriety" group. Available for the usual from Harry Andruschak, Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309. This is a rare animal, folks — an honest-to-Ghod zine done on a ditto machine. The purple ink brings back memories . . .

Bruzzfuzzel News, Feb./March, April/May

This clubzine is put out by the Baton Rouge SF League. The type is microscopic and reproduction spotty in places. But the contents make it one of the more interesting clubzines around. In the Feb./March issue, we have an editorial, a lengthy report by J.R. Madden on the 45th World SF Convention in Brighton that points out the numerous things that went wrong as well as the things that went right. It also has media reviews, a convention calendar, and locs (actually reduced and reproduced). The April/May issue has the usual editorial, book reviews, interesting observations on fandom by J.R. Madden, part three of a story by Michael Rush, locs, and a fanzine listing. Available from Baton Rouge SF League, Inc., Box 14238, Baton Rouge, LA 70898-4238 for \$10/year or the usual.

Critical Mass, Premiere Issue

This isn't really a fanzine but it isn't really a prozine, either. *Critical Mass* is another small-press entry into the SF field. It looks very professional, though the cover by Jamie Riley wasn't what I'd use for a first issue. I

thought it was a well-done illo that would have looked great inside.

Inside, we have a guide to the cutesy department names: "Critical Mass, Isotropics, Half Lives, Smooth Mutations." We also have a welcoming editorial, a short story by Atlanta SF author Brad Strickland, a very interesting article with Ben Bova that unfortunately is missing an entire page, a story by John Shirley and Bruce Sterling, and a few black-and-white illos.

This isn't bad for a first try, and they've told me that next issue will be a big improvement. Small-press, semi-pro publications seem to come and go; I hope this one can stay the course. Available for \$14 (7 issues and an anthology) from Carlen & Carlen, Ltd., Critical Mass, Box 9905, Atlanta, GA 30319-0905.

The Deadly Toxin #1

This is an interesting zine. Only three pages long, it presents a vitriolic view of the current boom in SF publishing. The focus of this issue is SF Dinosaurs and who the editor considers the biggest of them all, Dr. Isaac Asimov. I don't agree with the majority of what he says, but it is thought-provoking. Available from Deadly Toxin, c/o Glen E. Cox, 5301 Buffalo Pass, Austin, TX 78745, for one stamp per issue.

Mimosa #4

This issue is the transcript of the live fanzine done at Chattacon this January. It features a Ron Goulart cover, and contains a lot of interesting material (this is also available in video format for \$15). We have an explanation of the live zine, an article on neofen by Maurine Dorris, a remembrance of Doc Barrett by Jack Chalcker, an interview with Ron Goulart, a humorous recounting of fen going to restaurants by Charlotte Proctor, Star Trek 101, memories by Bob Tucker, Pat Molloy, Jerry Page and Julius Schwartz, how to neuter your pet at home, and more. Available from Dick & Nicki Lynch, 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, TN 37416, for \$1.50 each or the usual.

The Fannish Connection

Convention Reports

Parcon 88

reviewed by Ladislav Peska

July 15-17, 1988; Ostrava, Czechoslovakia.

What Worldcon means for the world, and Eurocon for Europe, Parcon is for Czechoslovakia. This year's nationwide meeting of SF fans took place in the town of Ostrava in July. About 400 fans and guests, not only from Czechoslovakia but also from Poland and the German Democratic Republic, took part in it. If this number seems small to you, then you must know that other cons have average attendances of 100 to 200 fans.

The very first SF con in Czechoslovakia occurred in 1982 in the town of Pardubice. The name Parcon originates from this town's name. The first five Parcons were held here in the month of April. They failed to uphold this rising tradition, though, so last year Parcon was held in Prague and this year in Ostrava.

Writers Ondrej Neff and Vaclav Kajdos, publishers Ivo Zelezny and Karel Blazek, SF magazine editors Vlastimir Talas and Richard Podany, and artists Teodor Rotrekl and Kaja Saudek were among this year's guests. There were also guests from abroad: writers Eric Simon and Mr. & Mrs. Steinmiller from the G.D.R., and Maciej Parowski, the writer and editor of the magazine *Fantastyka* from Poland, were in attendance.

The opening speech was read by the chairman of the coordinated committee of the Czechoslovak SF clubs, Zdenek Rampas, on Friday evening. Many lectures and discussions occurred simultaneously from Friday to Sunday. Ondrej Neff, the best Czechoslovak SF writer of modern times, talked about writing SF. Teodor Rotrekl had a lecture about the relation between the art and techniques in the Third Millennium. Richard Podany

talked about the development of the French SF of the 20th century.

The best part of the program was the awards presentation. Ondrej Neff won the Ludvik Award for the Best Book of 1987, for his collection "The 4th Day Till Forever." By chance, this author won the Best Nonfiction award at Eurocon in Budapest the previous week for his other 1987 book, "Everything is in Other Ways."

For his great part in the development of SF, painter Karel Saudek obtained the MLOK (the Salamander).

The Kark Capek short story competition is an integral part of Parcon. Eva Hauserova gained recognition with her story "Ať Our Country of Agonia" in this year's competition.

Nolacon II

reviewed by Lynn Ward

I arrived in some trepidation, having heard tales of concom bickering,

hurricane weather and incipient rebellion among con staffers. I can't speak first-hand about the concom wars. The weather through Sunday was miserable; Canal Street lived up its name. Attendance at some panels was based on "It's flooded outside. Let's find a panel in this hotel." At least there were a plethora of good, interesting panels on both sides of the street.

But this "con report" is a round of applause to those staffers, both official and volunteer (some from out of state/country), who pitched in and made things work despite confusion, cold shoulders from top con members, and chains of command tied in Gordian knots. You and a host of "pros" who know all the ramifications of the title made it work.

For example, the hospitality suite staff had little or no prior experience, or prepping from the "powers that be." But, helped mightily by experienced volunteers, they had things well in hand by the end of the con. They

Clubs Around Texas

Austin Science Fiction Society — P.O. Box 1651, Cedar Park, TX 78613. 512-267-4307.

Blake's Several — P.O. Box 1766, Belaire, TX 77401. \$10/year.

Cepheid Variable — Box J-1, Memorial Student Center, College Station, TX 77844. 409-845-1515. \$5/year.

Earth Defense Command — P.O. Box 515942, Dallas, TX 75251-5942.

Eternacon — P.O. Box 18269, Austin, TX 78760. 512-447-5577.

The 1st Bangalore Pioneers — c/o Pat Elrod, Quartermistress, 4800 Kilpatrick Dr., Ft. Worth, TX 76107.

The Gallifrey Connection — c/o Karen Robertson, 6111 Abrams Rd. #1000, Dallas, TX 75231. \$5/year. For a sample newsletter, send SASE to Kat Nickell, 215 E. Park Pl., Lancaster, TX 75134.

Gallifrey Legation — P.O. Box 1485, Hurst, TX 76053. 817-268-6140.

Lonestar, NCC 2121/03 — c/o Lt. Cmdr. Yolanda Contreras, Wilma

Bass Hall, 3616 Worth, Dallas, TX 75246. 214-414-2745.

Lucas' Film Fan Club — P.O. Box 111000, Aurora, CO 80011. \$8/year.

The Nonpareil Club Of Ft. Worth — c/o Susan Beasley, 3712 Venice, Fort Worth, TX. 817-589-2386.

O*R*A*C (Organized Response to Avon's Call) — P.O. Box 566123, Dallas, TX 75366. \$7/year.

SDF Fort Worth — 4928 El Campo #215, Ft. Worth, TX 76107. 817-731-7388.

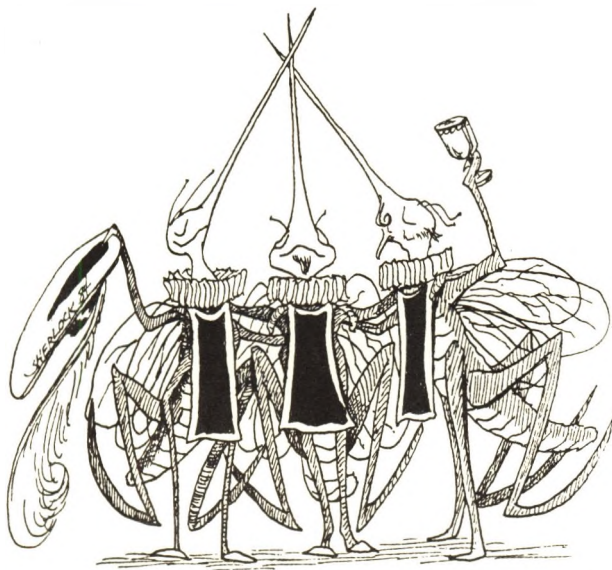
Spotlight Starman — P.O. Box 273440, Houston, TX 77277-3440.

United Earth Space Probe Agency — P.O. Box 1485, Hurst, TX 76053. 817-268-6140.

Ursa Major, PO Box 691448, San Antonio, TX 78250.

Vortex — 2211 Lawnmont #221, Austin, TX 78756. 512-451-4976.

Vulstar/Pegasus — Box 150471, Arlington, TX 76015-6471. 817-572-5547.



even talked of doing something like this again. That's either courage or masochism. Thanks, guys.

Yes, thanks to every staffer who made things work despite everything. And the head honchos, the concom? That's another story to be told by others. Which it will be.

Nolacon II

reviewed by Judith Ward

Nolacon: I came, I saw, I chopped . . . "I'm production, *not* distribution."

Nolacon II

reviewed by Thomas R. Hanlon & Mary Wismer

Janice Gelb has released a writeup of Nolacon from her perspective as a last-minute programming staff addition. Titled "Bring Me the Head of Dennis Dolbear," it is an unfortunately accurate account of the area she was involved in.

The only thing in her article that needs clarification was her difficulty in finding her badge among the various departments. Other fen experienced similar difficulties because John Guidry and/or Justin Winston removed several hundred pre-made, pre-sorted badges from the badge boxes before presenting them — *unsorted and unalphabetized* (all

5500+) — to Mary Wismer, head of Registration for Nolacon.

This callous and inept interference would not have been so bad if John and Justin had not then handed Mary the above mess minutes before Registration was due to open Wednesday. A very special thank you to Sue Francis, Gary Louie, and Cece Terry for sorting help at the 14th hour.

Despite all this highest-level disorganization before, during, and after Nolacon, the financial situation looks good. Official sources that prefer to remain unidentified indicate Nolacon had "at least \$10,000" in the bank at the start of the con and "no big bills outstanding." Registration records indicate \$60,000 came in during the con despite several hundred complimentary memberships authorized by John Guidry.

What has yet to be determined is the extent of the little bills and their total. No official statements have been issued nor have we heard any information about refunds to program participants and/or volunteers. While perhaps it's a little early to say, I feel strongly that these people should get as close to a full refund as possible.

Nolacon, a 501(c)9 non-profit corporation, has no business or moral imperative to provide for an accumulation of funds after Worldcon debts are retired. Based on the financial

records and accounting methods observed in the years before the con, the best thing the Nolacon Board of Directors and corporate officers could do would be to provide full refunds, give away all leftover funds, and dissolve the corporation ASAP.

To be frank, Nolacon was an embarrassment to local fandom; one that is doubly hard to swallow after so many fannish groups in the region were relegated to the sidelines, after repeated offers to help in *any* capacity were ignored. Decisions as to who was in charge of what and who to listen to seem to have been made not on the basis of unilateral support for the bid, or hard work in the years prior to the con, or even on the basis of competence, but simply on how long the individual had known John or Justin. John Guidry certainly did "take care of his friends." What remains to be seen is whether fandom will be willing to forgive that it was at their expense.

Perhaps the group most deserving of sympathy is the one mentioned above. Most of these groups are comprised chiefly of individuals too young or inactive in the mid-to-late seventies when New Orleans unsuccessfully bid several times for a Worldcon. Only a select few were even present at the last DeepSouthCon in New Orleans in 1979. Yet in the intervening nine years, when John and Justin and others were gafiating at the local and regional level, these groups were forming the Crescent City's second wave of fandom. Meeting at "older" cons like VulCon and Coastcon, they gave birth to groups such as the Companions of Dr. Who, Krewe of the Enterprise, Crescent City Con, Event One, Acme SF Corp., Delta Con, The Porno Patrol, Keller's Crusaders for Khaos, The LSU SF & Fantasy Assoc., Star One Delta, Spaceship Earth, The Rebel Alliance, Scottcon and the Scotlandville Magnet High SF Club, as well as a host of others.

Contrary to popular opinion, southern Louisiana fandom did not revolve around the Big Easy. Fans like Baton Rouge's J.R. Madden got involved with general fandom in the

late seventies as Star Trek fandom reached a low ebb. Star Base: Baton Rouge faded as the Baton Rouge SF League (BRSFL) blossomed. They were augmented by an even smaller collection of individuals active in SF, who moved to the region in the late seventies and early eighties. These people brought diverse opinions and unique experiences in fandom and convention running to the Gulf Coast.

Some, particularly those in the Air Force at Keesler AFB, moved on, but some stayed. Among the chief products of their varied viewpoints was the simple fact that Gulf Coast Fandom needed to be willing to work with all the mature and reasonable aspects of fandom, even the so-called fringe groups, in order to amass the numbers of fans needed to book enough room nights to open facilities for successful regional cons on the Gulf Coast. As they gafiated from fandom and were forced to increas-

ingly deal with the real world, some of this balance was lost and Gulf Coast fandom fragmented.

When John Guidry and Justin Winston, along with a small group of others, decided to bring the Worldcon bid to New Orleans, one could have surmised that New Orleans fandom (and Louisiana fandom in general) was simply too disorganized and too fragmented to pull it off. Yet, we did win the bid; and this was in no small measure thanks to the many unsung (and uncredited, thanks to a Program Book with no staff list in it and an incomplete list in the infamous "Real Program Book") and unknown fans who hauled ice late into the night, put up decorations, made beignets, and in general pitched in both with their talents and their hard cash.

The rewards of winning the bid? Most of us got studied indifference . . . although some of us received outright hostility. The worst of it was

that Mssrs. Guidry and Winston, once they had climbed the highest heights of fandom, chose to ignore that very base that enabled them to win — New Orleans and Louisiana fandom.

Many locals, despite two years of being ignored, at the last minute decided to put in herculean labor and hours. They were the unknown faces behind countless registration tables, in the hospitality suite, behind information counters, throwing dances and parties — in general the ones who tried to salvage the disorganization.

The effects on local fandom? We seem not to have profited at all, save for the bitter feeling of being used by "The John and Justin Show."

It is my deepest regret that fandom will come to the unfortunate conclusion that New Orleans and Louisiana fandom doesn't have its shit together. That is not the case; only some of us . . . perhaps only two of us . . . do not and never did.

Convention Listing

Evecon 6 (Dec. 30, 1988-Jan. 1, 1989) National Clarion Hotel, Arlington, VA. Info: FanTek, Box 128, Aberdeen, MD 21001, (703) 360-2292.

Hexacon (Jan. 6-8, 1989) Shawnee Lancaster Resort, Lancaster, PA. \$49 room, \$65 suite. GoH: Nancy Springer. AGoH: N. Taylor Blanchard. Guests: Marvin Kaye, John Betancourt, Darrell Schweitzer. Art show, dealers, parties. Memb: \$10 to 12/15, \$15 at door. Info: Bruce & Flo Newrock, 559 Kingwood-Locktown Rd., Flemington, NJ 08822.

Chattacon XIV (Jan. 13-15, 1989) Marriott at Carter Plaza/Chattanooga Convention Center. SFGoH: Spider & Jeanne Robinson. FantGoH: Stephen R. Donaldson. AGoH: Real & Muff Musgrave. TM: Charles L. Grant. FGoH: Charlotte Proctor. SpecGoH: David Drake. SpecAGoH: Bob Maurus. Info: Chattacon, Box 23908, Chattanooga, TN 37422.

Esotericon 6 (Jan. 13-15, 1989) Holiday Inn Jetport, Elizabeth, NJ.

Guests: Selana Fox, Dennis Carpenter, Jane Sibley, Nybor, Douglas Rosentrater, Sheila Attig, Alexi Kondratiev, Renee Anderson, Leigh Anne Hussey. Tarot, meditation, martial arts, music, pathworking, healing, blessings, more. Info: Box 22775, Newark, NJ 07101.

Confusion (Jan. 20-22, 1989) Southfield Hilton, Greenfield, MI. \$55 flat. GoH: Barbara Hambly. AGoH: Linda Michaels. FGoH: Ted Reynolds. TM: Somtow Sucharitkul. Memb: \$15 to 11/25, then \$20. Info: AASFA/Confusion, Box 8284, Ann Arbor, MI 48107.

Icon XIII (Jan. 20-22, 1989) Roadway Inn, Coralville, IA. \$32 single, \$37 double, \$41 triple, \$45 quad. GoH: Joel Rosenberg. AGoH: Darlene Coltrain. TM: Algis Budrys. Info: Icon, Box 525, Iowa City, IA 52244-0525.

Boskone 26 (Jan. 27-29, 1989) Marriott. GoH: Tim Powers. Info: NESFA, Box G. MIT Branch, Cambridge, MA 02139, (617) 625-2311.

Rebellion (Jan. 27-29, 1989) Hotel TBA. Guests: Mark Ryan, Michael Keating. British Media SF/Adventure convention. Autographs, photos, brunch, masquerade, art show, video contest, Vagon poetry reading, SF Jeopardy, SF Family Feud, more. Memb: \$20 to 12/1, then \$25. Info: Blake's Several, Box 1766, Bellaire, TX 77401, (713) 729-3368 (Jamie Ritchey).

Life, the Universe & Everything (Feb. 1-4, 1989) Brigham Young University, Provo, UT. GoH: David Brin. Info: SF Symposium 1989, 3163 JKHB, Provo, UT 84602.

Confabulation (Feb. 3-5, 1989) Brown County Inn, Nashville, IN. GoH: Buck & Juanita Coulson. FGoH: Michael Longcor. TM: Ruth Woodring. AGoH: Ellen Vartanoff. Memb: \$16 to 12/31, then \$18. Info: Confabulation, Box 443, Bloomington, IN 47402-0443.

Czarkon 6 (Feb. 3-5, 1989) Stratford House, Fenton, MO. GoH: Vic Milan. AGoH: Rick Lowry. TM:

Richard Pini. Adult relaxacon, no one under 18 admitted. Info: Tsarkon, 1156 Remley Ct., University City, MO 63130, (314) 725-6448.

Warcon '89 (Feb. 3-5, 1989) Memorial Student Center, Texas A&M Univ., College Station, TX. Contests, miniatures, live roleplaying, dealers, AD&D, Star Fleet Battles, Champions, Advanced Squad Leader, Battletech, Robotech RPG, Micro-armor, Illuminati, Nuclear War, Nuclear Monopoly, GURPS, more. Memb: \$11. Info: MSC Nova, Box J-1, College Station, TX 77844, (409) 845-1515.

Capricon (Feb. 10-12, 1989) Chicago, IL. Info: Box 608020, Chicago, IL 60626.

Continuity (Feb 10-12, 1989) Holiday Inn Medical Center, Birmingham, AL. Guests: Andrew Offut, Doug Chaffee, Dal Coer, Bill Bryer, Frank Turner. Info: Box 550302, Birmingham, AL 35255-0302.

Gambit (Feb. 10-12, 1989) Newark Airport Holiday Inn North, Newark, NJ. Guests: Paul Darrow, David Jackson, Michael Keating, Terry Nation, Jacqueline Pearce, Janet Lees Price, Gareth Thomas, Sheelagh Wells. Memb: \$45. Info: Gambit Con, 308 W. 30th St., NY, NY 1001.

Circle Ouroboros '89 (Feb. 17-19, 1989) Howard Johnson's Convention Center, Meridian, MS. Info: Box 492, Meridian, MS 39302.

Wiscon 13 (Feb. 17-19, 1989) Holiday Inn SE, Madison, WI. GoH: Gardner Dozois. GoH: Pat Cadigan. Memb: \$15 to 1/15, then \$25. Info: SF3, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624.

Contemplation (Feb. 24-26, 1989) Ramada Inn, Jefferson City, MO. Guests: Mercedes Lackey, David Lee Anderson, Tom Meserole, Dell Harris, Kevin Randle, more. Memb: \$12 to 1/15, then \$15. Info: Box 7242, Columbia, MO 65215, (314) 442-8135.

Future Science/One (Feb. 24-26, 1989) Hyatt Regency, Lexington, KY. Info: SEDS-FS/1, Box 979, University Sta, Lexington, KY 40506-0025.



Letters of Comment

4/29/88

Dear Pat,

I was very sorry to learn that you'll no longer be editing the *Inquirer*. You achieved so much during the years of your editorship and it's a shame that circumstances force you to give it up now. Maybe you can give serious thought to producing a fanzine of your own, one that you wouldn't need to publish according to deadlines or other club pressures. I'm not sure if your reference in the letter to *Pirate Jenny* is a hint that this very thing is about to happen, or if *PJ* is a fanzine you publish for some apa or other which I just hadn't heard about.

In any event, I enjoyed the February issue at least as much as the others you'd edited. The laser reproduction does help considerably, although I can't help worrying about so many fanzines adopting this particular scientific wonder for printing: Suppose the laser suffers a slight malfunction and the fan happens to be in the line of fire?

Ed Graham was enjoyable on a topic that doesn't mean much to me because of my lack of participation in cons and local fan groups, where fan politics thrive. Besides, I've always thought that individuals who try to gain "power" in fandom, whatever that word may mean, engage in a procedure that John Steinbeck once described (in reference to something else) as the flies conquering the flypaper. The ending of this article was a real surprise, something totally unexpected. "We are each and every one of us a human being." I'd never considered such of hypothesis during all of my years of activity in fandom. It bears a lot of thinking about, and I'm sure I'll have trouble getting myself into the proper mental attitude to grant it might conceivably be an accurate statement.

In the book reviews, there's an uncertainty about who first thought about a "series set around a central cast of characters, a far-out plot, and a different author each time." It was some long-ago unidentified individual in the television industry who caused a scripting tradition that has undoubtedly inspired the current fad for SF writing of this sort. Hardly any television sitcoms, cop shows, or other continuing series are written by one person;

instead, a precis is compiled with all the basic facts about the continuing characters and sets and props. This is used by the various writers so there won't be serious conflicts of character behavior or favorite weapons or living room arrangements from one episode to another. The television industry in turn probably got the idea from the pulp magazines earlier in this century, which had a number of continuing series of novelettes or novels about the same group of characters farmed out to different authors.

I wasn't on hand to receive in person the two Hugos I won years ago for fanzine writing. To be honest about it, I didn't get as excited about the honor as other winners have done over the years. But I can testify from this distance in time that an award has meaning over and beyond the egoboo that it provides at the moment of acquisition. When I find myself in a gloomy mood over some fannish or mundane circumstance, I can glance at those two Hugos and I cheer up just from the sight of them. This might be the best reason for continuing to award stuff to fans and to pros, even when it's commercialized or involved in fannish politics or creates controversy. It makes growing numbers of fans and pros feel better for the rest of their lives.

Several locs mention the scant attendance at panels during cons. This reminds me of one of my old perplexities: what would happen if the law of averages broke down at a Worldcon, and everyone decided to attend panels and talks and other program items throughout the three or four days. Imagine the awful results: even with three or four tracks of programming, there would be one or two thousand individuals fighting to get into every program item, many of which are held in rooms inadequate to handle a big audience. Each track would fall far behind schedule before the first half-day was over because all those attendees would be besieging speakers with questions or participating in panel discussions. Hotel management personnel would be outraged at the lack of business in the bars. Thousands of fans would be frustrated to such a degree that psychological damage might result because there would be no time to spread all the rumors and slander all the individuals they dislike, with everyone attentive to the program items.

So thanks for being so patient with me when I was so slow in responding to some of the previous issues, and for the giant type copies you provided while you were reducing your typeface, and for giving me a lot of pleasure reading the *Inquirer*. As I urged at the outset, don't stop publishing fanzines as a result of this situation. Fanzines are already an endangered species and we're particularly in need of more good fanzines like the ones you've been publishing.

Yr., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740

6/6/88

Dear Scott,

As usual, I am slow in getting letters off, but *c   la vie!* I both enjoyed and did not enjoy the newest *Inquirer*. I thought the layout was excellent, and the printing was extremely readable. It's just that the articles left me somewhat cold (even my own I wasn't too crazy about). But I realize that was due to the paucity of available material.

I think what bothered me the most is the cover, or lack thereof. The format used for the cover in this issue is more suited to a newsletter than a fanzine. More might have been done with what you had (Real's pic on page 19 would have made an excellent cover illo).

But now the real reason for the letter. How could you ignore Ursa Major when listing the Clubs Around Texas? Ursa Major is the SF/Fantasy club in San Antonio (its former incarnation was the San Antonio Science Fiction Association). Members of Ursa Major include several FACT members, including current and former Board of Directors, officers, and committee chairmen. Ursa Major publishes a fanzine, *Robots & Roadrunners*, of which I am the editor, and sponsors at least one writers' workshop every year. Dues are \$12 a year, and the address is Ursa Major, PO Box 691448, San Antonio, TX 78269-1448.

Well, I look forward to seeing more *Inquirers* in the future.

Best,

Alexander R. Slate
5502 Timberjack
San Antonio, TX 78250

6/17/88

Greetings Scott —

Here ya go, a batch of weird little fillos so you at least have something on hand for those left-over gaps in the *Inquirer*. Some new and some old in here, but even some of the old ones haven't been printed yet, so first come, first served.

Oh, and as a non-FACT member, and

with all the rights and privileges therefor, I vote for full-artwork covers on the *Inquirer*.

Stay happy —

Brad Foster
4109 Pleasant Run
Irving, TX 75038



7/9/88

Dear Folks,

Hi. I'd like to make contact with the fans who read the *Texas Sf Inquirer* and make them a special offer.

My science fiction paperback novel *Retread Shop* is being released August 1 by Popular Library/Questar. It's a good adventure story with lots of aliens in it. I think *Shop* will appeal to those fans and readers who enjoy the novels of James White, Alan Dean Foster, Robert Heinlein, Larry Niven, C.J. Cherryh, and other good mixers of hard and social SF.

Shop has been described by well-known SF author Jacqueline Lichtenberg as "Rich in realistic detail with myriads of nonhuman species . . . vivid and provocative . . . combines the best SF logic and vision with the compelling depth and texture available so far only in the best fantasy such as Katherine Kurtz writes . . . I wish I'd written it myself." The cover art by Thomas Kidd is highly colorful and attractive.

What I'd like to offer *Inquirer's* fans is the following: I promise to mail a signed bookplate to anyone who buys a copy of *Shop* and lets me know by way of a postcard sent to Jackson King, c/o Popular Library, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. I welcome all comments, pro and con. Before I wrote and sold two SF novels (*Shop* is the first to come out), I read SF for 30 years — ever since the fourth grade. I write the kind of SF I enjoyed reading as a young person, and I write it to be read and enjoyed by other folks. I also have a local Texas connection — I was born in Houston in 1948 and lived there the first four years of my life. I still have many Hardy and King relatives living in the Houston area.

If people are interested in how an archaeologist came to write SF, and how I work my foreign travels into my writing, feel free to contact me.

Take care.

Sincerely,

T. Jackson King
Medford, Oregon

7/15/88

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a check to renew my membership to FACT. I received your last edition of *The Texas SF Inquirer* edited by Scott Merritt. I want to be sure that I do not miss any issues.

Alan David Laska
PO Box 832113
Richardson, TX 75083

8/27/88

Dear Scott,

The *Texas SF Inquirer* was a very pleasant surprise for me. I read your fanzine with great interest and liked it very much. The articles and columns, "Star Trek: The Next Generation," fanzine reviews, and the convention reports took me up the most of all. Star Trek isn't very well known in Czechoslovakia. Only the film *Star Trek — The Motion Picture* and some of the TV episodes were possibly seen on the video. Also the nominees for the 1987 Nebula Award were very interesting for me.

I would like to obtain the *SF Inquirer* more frequently but I cannot send you the appropriate amount in dollars. Czech crowns aren't free convertible currency and it isn't possible to get legal US dollars in Czechoslovakia.

I can send you our fanzine *Slan* if you are interested. Unfortunately, Czech will probably be an unintelligible language for you.

I apologize for my late answer, but in July I was with my family on the Moravia. (Czechoslovakia is historically/geographically constituted from three parts: Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia. I live in middle Bohemia.) Then I spent ten days in the Soviet Union. I visited Baku and Leningrad. In July, I attended the most important and largest Czech con, Parcon. I have enclosed a short con report for the *SF Inquirer*.

Yours sincerely,

Ladislav Peska
Na dolikach 503
Slany 274 01
Czechoslovakia

9/26/88

Dear Scott

Just a quick note to your readers about some changes in ASFA since Worldcon. At its meeting in New Orleans, ASFA

adopted an entirely new set of bylaws, creating new membership classes, three in all. Regular membership is open to all people interested in the promotion of quality SF/Fantasy and astronomical art. A Regular Member receives all ASFA notices and publications (including the *ASFA Quarterly*) and can nominate, vote, and hold office.

Anyone who can be a Regular Member can also be an Associate Member, so long as he or she lives with a Regular Member. An Associate Member has all rights and privileges of Regular membership except that he does not receive ASFA publications.

The final category is open to corporations and organizations (and people, too, if they want). It is a Patron Membership, and it entitles the member to receive the *Quarterly* but not to nominate, vote or hold office. Dues rates are \$18 for Regular Members, \$12 for Associate Members, and \$15 for Patron Members. Applications for membership should be sent to Robin Brunner, ASFA Secretary, PO Box 55188, Indianapolis, IN 46205, and should include address, telephone number, area of interest (i.e., painter, sculptor, art show personnel, agent, etc.), and a check made out to ASFA. Those applying for Associate Membership should also give the name and address of the Regular Member with whom they live.

Current projects with ASFA are (1) the setting up of new rules for the annual Chesley Awards; (2) preparation of an ASFA Telephone Directory as part of a membership packet which will also include a copy of the bylaws, a list of the Officers and Directors, a membership card, and a copy of the Chesley Award rules; (3) inclusion of standardized bid and control sheets as part of the ASFA Art Show Guidelines; and (4) establishment of workshops on art appraisal, judging, and auctioneering.

ASFA is also seeking formal IRS determination of its status as a 501(c)(3) tax exempt organization. Once that has been accomplished, it will file an election to lobby, so that it can effectively join with other organizations in addressing issues of interest, such as the work-for-hire question and the capitalization issue.

In short, ASFA is on the move, growing, restructuring, and mobilizing so that it can serve its members and the public as effectively as possible as a clearinghouse for ideas and action which will benefit artists, art show personnel, art buyers, publishers, and the entire genre of SF/Fantasy art.

We got a lot accomplished at New Orleans, and I would like to thank all of our Texas members for your unselfish efforts

and interest which helped make this possible.

Sincerely,
David A. Cherry
1812 Pine Oak Dr.
Edmond, OK 73034

Oct. 10, 1988

Scott,

Just finished issue 25 of the *Inquirer*. I have to tell you, it sure beats the sample copy of *Nova Express*.

Nova, while containing informative, well-written articles, lacks good layout and design. I much prefer the *Inquirer's* look!

Hope the production troubles are behind you and you can produce the issues to meet your schedule. No doubt it looks different, but your editorial imprint gives the zine its own distinctive flavor.

Best of luck,
Dennis Virzi
618 Westridge
Duncanville, TX 75116

Oct. 10, 1988

Dear Scott,

I have several comments about issue 25 of the *Inquirer*. First, and perhaps most important, is the fact that you are quite a bit over quota in the dragon-cuddling/cutesy unicorn fillo count. Mars needs more blasters and things exploding with loud noises; so does the *Inquirer*. At least issue 25 established parity, with one fillo from each category. By the way, Foster fillos are always in order.

I was surprised to find that it was possible to write "an Overview of Today's Comic-Book Scene" without mentioning the impact on the field which the titles *Dark Knight*, *Omaha the Cat Dancer*, and the Hugo-anointed *Watchmen* have provided. That R.A. Jones plugged several of his own efforts instead just made their omission the more glaring. [Perhaps the article was mistitled. R.A. was writing at my request about independents. *Ronin*, *Dark Knight* and *Watchmen* will have their own article in an upcoming issue. — Ed.]

Re the letter from Lloyd Penney: his comment about three-word author names brings to mind the fact that the same goes for serial killers (William Wayne Gacy, Jack the Ripper [Congrats on the Centennial, Saucy Jack!], Walter Jon Williams, et. al). Heh, heh, heh . . .

Barney Rappoport mentions *Cheap Truth* in his LoC, in the futile hope of its "catching up to the new schedule." Unfortunately, *CT* ceased publication after the infamous Vincent Omnia-veritas was slain by ninja assassins hired by Nefarious Forces Unknown. The event made the cover of a recent *Spirit of Ninja* mag-

azine. In any case, all of the issues of *Cheap Truth* are available to the culturally-online public on the SMOF-BBS.

Best Regards,
Earl "Shiva" Cooley III
Sysop, the SMOF-BBS
[(512) UFO-SMOF]
9404-D Grouse Meadow Lane
Austin, TX 78758

October 13, 1988

Dear Editor:

This letter is in response to a rumor that has been brought to the attention of the Hugo Coordinating Committee for Nolacon II, the recent World Science Fiction Convention held in New Orleans. In essence, the rumor states that the Hugo committee received a letter during the balloting process requesting that Pat Mueller's name be removed from the final ballot and, should *The Texas SF Inquirer* win the Hugo, that Ms. Mueller's name not appear on the award. This committee received no such letter before, during or immediately after the balloting process. Even if we had received such a letter, we would have been unable to honor the request. The rules as set out by the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society clearly state that in order to be eligible for a Hugo, the publication of a nominee must have been during the *previous* calendar year, in this case 1987. As Ms. Mueller was editor of *The Texas SF Inquirer* for calendar year 1987, she would be the one the award would be presented to. [And was. — Ed.]

We sincerely hope this clarifies the situation and lays to rest any rumors that this incident occurred. If anyone has any questions concerning the Hugos of the past year, please don't hesitate to contact us. It's always better to ask questions and get the real "poop" instead of listening to people who obviously have no idea what they're talking about.

Yours in fandom,
Susan & Jim Satterfield
Hugo Coordinators, Nolacon II
P.O. Box 1046
Lee's Summit, MO 64063

Oct. 21

Dear Scott,

Thanks for putting me back on the *TSFI* mailing list. I was impressed with the look of the latest issue. I was disappointed Pat chose not to give you my loc to her last issue. I can't remember exactly what I wrote but I'm sure it was articulate and witty.

Best,
David Thayer
7209 DeVille Dr.
North Richland Hills, TX
76180-8257



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This covers two nights and munchies. There will be two to a bed, so to make sure who your partner will be, bring a friend. The area has no facilities for tents or motor homes.

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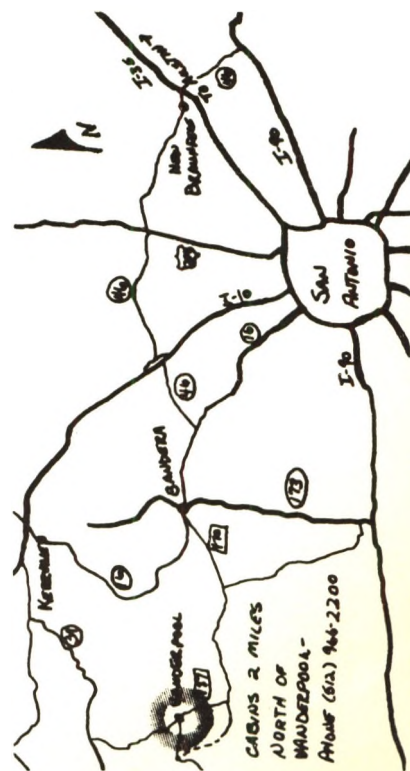
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The Texas SF Inquirer

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