

PROGRAM BOOK

WESTERCON

XXII



TIM  
KIRK

G. Barr

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Westercon XXII is presented through the auspices of CON-FUSION  
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John Trimble-Food Functions	



## "SPECTRE OF TOMORROW"

The movements of the planets were determined at the creation of the universe; the establishment of the Westercos was much later. What a cosmic coincidence it would have been if the first men to set foot on the moon had done so during a major science fiction convention. It didn't miss by much. If all goes well, this month will mark that historic event.

Usually I am pretty blasé about it all. Now and then though, I recall that when I started reading SF (not that many years ago, either), the first flight to the moon was sheer fantasy. Now it is no longer fiction. Neither is global television coverage, an equally impressive technical achievement, which will assure that the astronauts will not travel alone. For most of the viewers this will be a new experience. For us, though, it will be the retelling of an old story. The giant hand pushing us into the acceleration couches, the sudden transition to free fall, the lunar surface looming ever nearer, walking under one-sixth G among the harshly lighted rugged features of the moon - we have experienced these a thousand times.

If the SF of the '50s is the science fact of the '60s, though, it is not enough that we enjoy knowing that we were once ahead of the general public. The stories which we read now may well accurately portray the world in which we will live in the next decade. Many of those visions, too, are not pretty ones.

For this reason we chose, for this year's theme: "The Spectre of Tomorrow," and scheduled among all the good-time events, a few items designed to make you think about today. When you listen to the members of the theme panel discuss their views of the future, remember that they are extrapolating from the events of 1969. Realize that the "Mindbenders" panel is talking about such things as the drug revolution.

A spectre is a ghost. It connotes mystery, and often terror. It is through our actions that the ghost will take body. It is our lives that will determine whether the terror will remain as the mystery becomes our present.

*Charles J. Crayne*

Charles Crayne  
Westercos XXII Chairman

## ASTRONOMICAL ART

Morris Dollens - - 4372 Coolidge Ave.

Los Angeles, California 90066

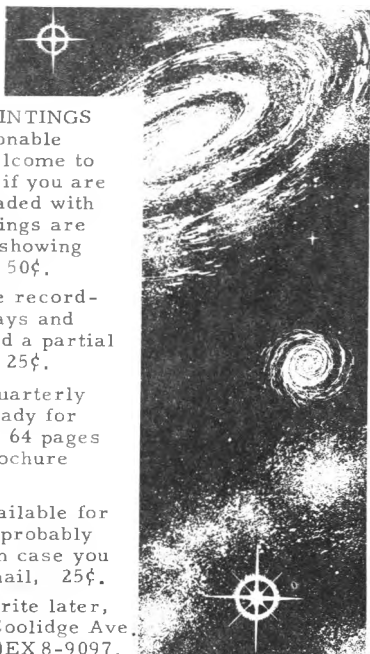
SEE MY DISPLAY OF ORIGINAL PAINTINGS FOR SALE at the FUNCON II. Reasonable prices for 15x20" sizes. You are welcome to browse and look at the display, even if you are overloaded with paintings or underloaded with cash. COLOR SLIDES of many paintings are available, and an illustrated catalog showing 208 of these, with a sample slide, is 50¢.

If you have an interest in trading tape recordings of old classic science-fiction plays and stories, I have a large collection, and a partial list of about 125 plays on 10 pages is 25¢.

I hope to have the first issue of my quarterly magazine, ARTS AND INFINITY, ready for the Funcon, at \$1.00 a copy; at least 64 pages plus heavy covers. A descriptive brochure with sample pages mailed for 10¢.

An illustrated catalog of paintings available for sale will be printed later in the fall, probably in October, after the St. Louiscon, in case you wish to order paintings through the mail, 25¢.

If you are not attending, or wish to write later, contact: MORRIS DOLLENS, 4372 Coolidge Ave. Los Angeles, California 90066. (213)EX 8-9097.

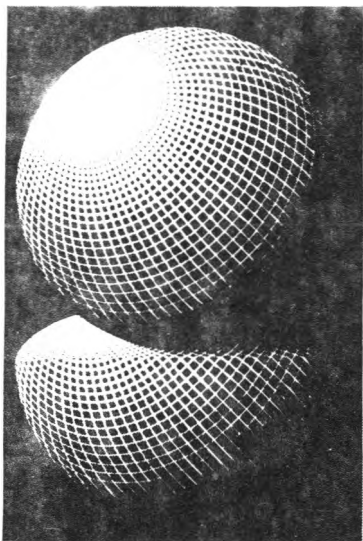


and flights of angels  
THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF  
HANNES BOK

by Emil Petaja

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ROOM. (BOK FOLIOS, TOO!)





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Three-time winner of the coveted Hugo, science-fiction's Oscar; voted the best sf magazine in the world. *IF*'s regular authors include: Keith "Retief" Laumer, Andre Norton, C. C. MacApp, Mack Reynolds, Roger Zelazny, Samuel R. Delany, Philip José Farmer. Features: *The Reading Room*, controversial book reviews by Lester del Rey. *Hue and Cry* where the readers praise or blast the editors, writers and artists—and where the editors, writers and artists blast back.

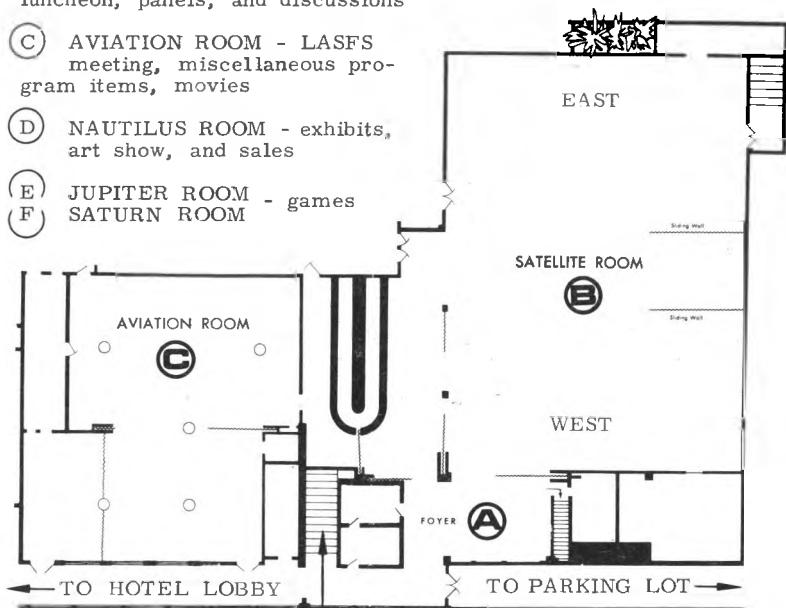
## READ



# EVERY MONTH

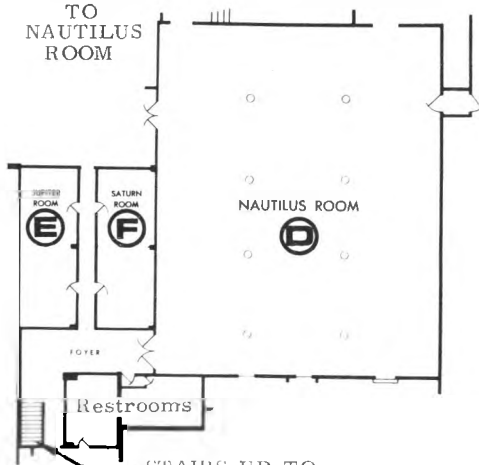
# CONVENTION AREA

- (A) FOYER - convention registration
- (B) SATELLITE ROOM - author reception, opening session, masquerade, banquet, memorial luncheon, panels, and discussions
- (C) AVIATION ROOM - LASFS meeting, miscellaneous program items, movies
- (D) NAUTILUS ROOM - exhibits, art show, and sales
- (E) JUPITER ROOM - games
- (F) SATURN ROOM



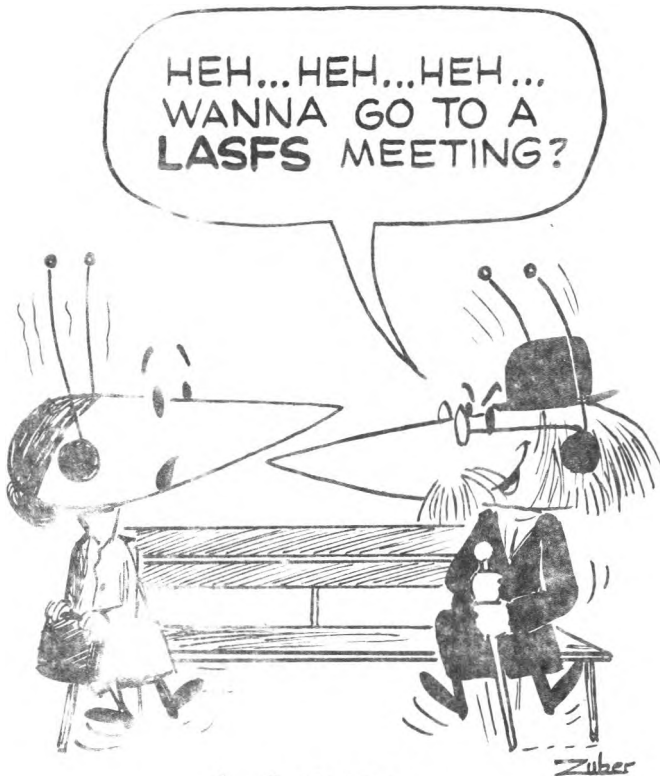
DOWN  
TO  
NAUTILUS  
ROOM

(C) To reach the California Rm, follow the convention area walkway to the main hotel corridor and turn right. The entry to the room will be found to your right immediately after the Villa D' Este restaurant.



STAIRS UP TO  
MAIN CONVENTION AREA

# AUTOGRAPHS



## LASFS:

THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY IS THE OLDEST SF AND FANTASY CLUB IN EXISTENCE. EVERY THURSDAY AT 8 PM MEETINGS ARE HELD AT THE PALMS PLAYGROUND RECREATION CENTER, 2950 OVERLAND AVE., WEST LOS ANGELES. VISITORS ARE WELCOME.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT BRUCE E. PELZ, BOX 100, WESTWOOD PLAZA, LOS ANGELES, CA. 90024.



# HEICON 70

Write  
to  
Fred  
Lerner

WE'RE COMING!

HEIDELBERG IN '70

YES!

European  
Fandom is  
Bidding for  
The 28th.  
World  
Science Fiction  
Convention  
In  
HEIDELBERG



Vote  
For Us!  
And  
Come!



EDDIE

# PROGRAM

## DAILY CONVENTION FEATURES

Hucksters, Book Sales, etc.: Nautilus Room, 9:30 AM to 6 PM  
Friday through Sunday.

Kaleidoscope II Art Show: Nautilus Room, 9:30 AM to 6 PM  
Friday through Sunday (Bruce Pelz, Director).

Movies: Aviation Room (Friday and Sunday), California Room  
(Saturday). Times and features to be announced - see Bulletin  
Board in main convention area. One all-night program of films  
will be conducted by Dwain Kaiser and the Valley SF Assn.  
( Eric Hoffman, Director).

Mythopoeic Society Exhibit: Nautilus Room, 9:30 AM to 6 PM  
Friday through Sunday (Glen Goodknight & Bernie Zuber, Direc.)

Registration: Foyer of Satellite Room, opens 5 PM Thursday,  
and 9:30 AM each day thereafter, closing at 6 PM (Larry  
Howorth, Director).

## THURSDAY, JULY 3

- 5:00 PM Registration opens. Foyer of Satellite Room
- 7:00 LASFS, Inc. Meeting. Aviation Room  
Program - High Points of the Many LASFS's, 1934-1969  
(Speakers: Forrest J. Ackerman, Dave Fox, Alva Rogers  
Elmer Perdue, John and Bjo Trimble, Eph Konigsberg)
- 7:30 Satellite Room bar opens
- 8:00 Author's Reception. Satellite Room
- 10:00 Rock band entertainment by TOPAZ
- 1:00 Go Finda Party!

Well, they did say  
I'd have a big fan  
following...



GOT ANY QUESTIONS? THE ANSWERS ARE IN ROOM 770!

# FRIDAY, JULY 4

- 9:30 AM Registration, Art Show, Hucksters and Exhibits open
- 11:00 Opening Session, Satellite Room  
Introduction of Notables  
Keynote Speeches:  
Randall Garrett, Guest of Honor ("Twenty Years of Science Fiction Conventions")  
  
Roy Tackett, Fan Guest of Honor ("The Future, as Applied to Fandom")
- 12:30 Lunch Break
- 1:30 Auction, Satellite Room
- 2:00 Theme Panel, "The Spectre of Tomorrow", Satellite Rm.  
(Panelists: Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, Robert Bloch, Al Lewis, Moderator)
- 3:30 Break
- 4:00 Pageant of Fashion, Satellite Room  
(Cliveden Chew and Maryann Cappa - Directors)
- 5:00 Auction, Satellite Room
- 6:30 Satellite Room bar opens
- 7:00 Masquerade, Satellite Room  
(Fred Hollander - Director)
- 8:00 Masquerade judging begins promptly
- 11.00 Go Finda Party  
(approx)

LOST YOUR BEARINGS?



Buy a FAN HUNTER'S GUIDE! 35¢ at the Registration Desk!

LET'S PUT OUT A ONE-SHOT - IN ROOM 770!

# SATURDAY, JULY 5

- 8:45 AM Registration opens. Foyer of Satellite Room.
- 9:00 Tolkien Society Meeting, Aviation Room  
Program - Tolkien-art slide show and critique (Tim Kirk, George Barr, Bjo Trimble, Bernie Zuber, Bonnie Bergstrom)
- Panel Discussion - "Mysteries in The Lord of the Rings" (John Sadoski, Director)
- 11:00 Mythopoeic Society Meeting, Aviation Room  
(Glen Goodknight & Bernie Zuber, Directors)
- Filksong Session, Satellite Room  
Program - Ted Johnstone, Bruce Pelz and anyone they can shanghai, in a program of SF, fantasy, and fan-nish folksongs.
- 1:00 PM Panel: "The Sexually Explicit Novel in SF"  
(Or, "Do Sex and Science Fiction Finally Mix?")  
Satellite Room (Panelists: Philip Jose Farmer, Jerry Sohl, Theodore Sturgeon, Bill Rotsler, Henry Stine)
- 2:00 Auction, Satellite Room
- 3:00 Panel Discussion - "Whither Worldcons?", Aviation Room  
(Panelists: Al Lewis - Los Angeles, Alva Rogers - Berkeley, Charlie Brown-New York, Tony Lewis - Boston, Elliot Shorter - New York, Bruce Pelz - Moderator)
- Harry Harrison, Satellite Room  
Speech: "SF - The State of the Art in the magazines"
- Dr. Leon Stover, Satellite Room (immediately following)  
Speech: "SF as Media"
- 4:30 Panel Discussion - "Mind-Benders in SF - Their Forms, Use, and Application" (Panelists: David Gerrold, Larry Niven, Jock Root, Len Bailes - Moderator)
- 6:00 Satellite Room bar opens
- 7:00 Banquet, Satellite Room (Harlan Ellison, Toastmaster.  
Speaker - Randall Garrett, Guest of Honor ("Is There Any Future in the Future?"))
- Awards Presentation:  
The Invisible Little Man Award  
Kaleidoscope II Art Awards
- 10:00 Go Finda Party



THERE'S SOMETHING FOR NEARLY EVERYBODY IN ROOM 770!

# SUNDAY, JULY 6

- 9:30 AM Registration, Art Show, Hucksters and Exhibits open
- 11:00 Star Trek Memorial Luncheon, Satellite Room East  
Program - Skit; Rita Ractliffe and the William Shatner  
National Fan Club.  
(Speaker - Jean Aroeste, screenwriter and author of  
"All our Yesterdays", "Is There In Truth No Beauty?")  
Sermon delivered by Kris Neville
- 2:00 PM Business Session, Satellite Room West  
Selection of Site for Westercon XXIII  
Westercon Rules changes to be voted upon
- 3:30 Convention Closing and Critique Session, Satellite Room  
Air your comments and gripes on the convention and/or  
conventions in general
- 7:00 "Dead Dog Party", convention suite  
For those who stay "until the last dog is hung, and then  
even wait around for the funeral."

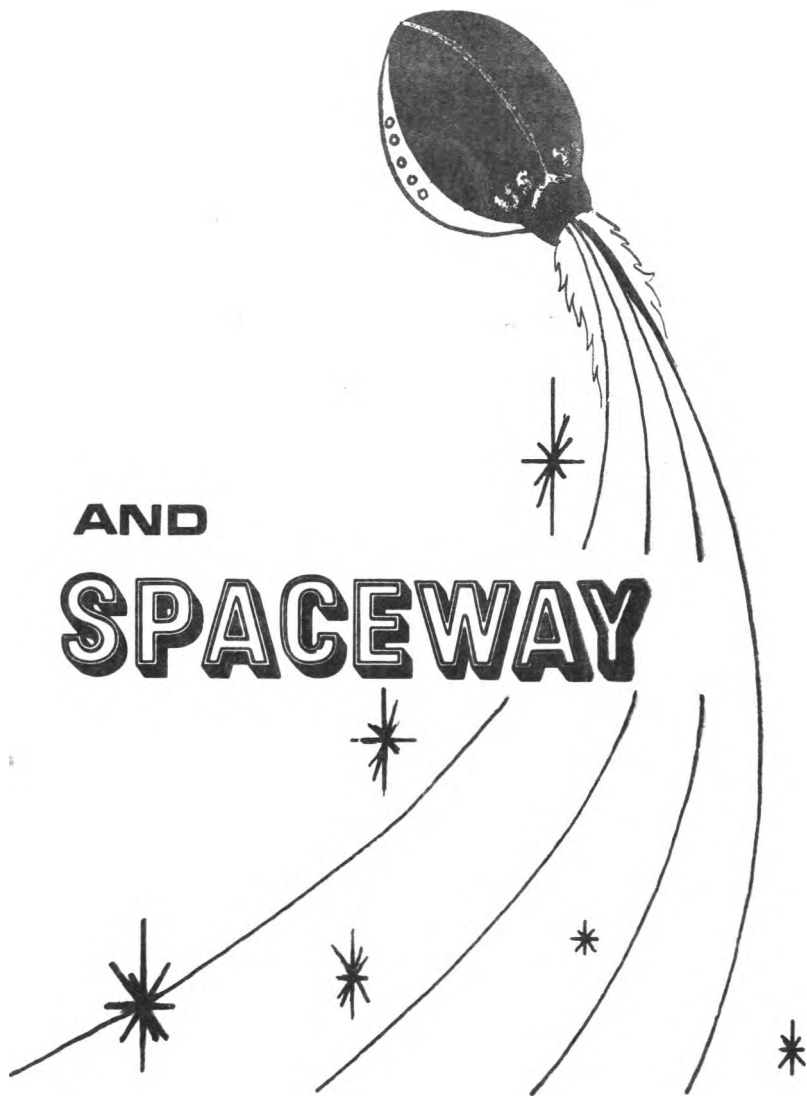


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EVER TRIED BLOG? COME TO ROOM 770!

**BEST WISHES FROM...**

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**AND  
SPACEWAY**



# WESTERCON-23 Berkeley 1970

COMMITTEE:

BILL DONAHO

ALVA ROGERS

BEN STARK &

QUINN YARBRO

THE TIME HAS COME TO GET DOWN TO THE NITTY-GRITTY, TO STOP FAN DANCING, TO TAKE OFF THE KID GLOVES - NAME YOUR OWN CLICHE. WHATEVER THE CLICHE, WE'RE ASKING YOU FLAT-OUT TO PUT YOUR MONEY (ADVANCE MEMBERSHIP: \$3) ON BERKELEY AND TO VOTE FOR US AT THE BUSINESS MEETING.

WHY SHOULD YOU?

BECAUSE WE BELIEVE -- NO, WE KNOW WE CAN GIVE YOU THE KIND OF CON YOU WANT, IN SURROUNDINGS IDEAL FOR A WESTERCON. WE HAVE EXPERIENCE PUTTING ON CONS ACQUIRED FROM THREE SUCCESSFUL CONVENTIONS -- MORE TOTAL KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE THAN ANYONE OR GROUP COMPETING AGAINST US. WE HAVE ADDED QUINN YARBRO TO OUR COMMITTEE TO GIVE US GREATER VARIATION, AND A BALANCE OF YOUTH, A FEMININE VIEWPOINT, AND NEW IDEAS.

ARE WEST COAST FANS TROGLODYTES WHO WISH TO SPEND FOUR GLORIOUS SUNNY JULY DAYS IN A DANK HOTEL IN THE CANYONS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES?

WE DON'T THINK SO. CONSIDER, INSTEAD, WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER. WE OFFER THE CLAREMONT HOTEL, A PICTURE BOOK HOSTLERY SET IN TWENTY ACRES OF GRASS AND TREES, FAR REMOVED FROM THE NOISE, CONFUSION AND DIRT OF THE CENTRAL CITY. IF YOU WISH YOU CAN SPEND ALL FOUR SUNFILLED DAYS IN AND AROUND THE OLYMPIC SIZE POOL, LUXURIATE IN THE WHIRLPOOL, SWEAT OUT YOUR HANGOVER IN THE SAUNA BATHS.

WE PLAN A RELAXED, FUN-FILLED CONVENTION. WE WILL PRESENT A VARIED AND INTERESTING PROGRAM, OF COURSE, AND AUCTIONS, AND A BOOK ROOM, AND AN ART SHOW. IN ADDITION TO THE TRADITIONAL MASQUERADE AND BANQUET WE WILL ALSO HAVE A CHAMPAGNE WELCOME PARTY THURSDAY NIGHT, A WINE TASTING FEATURING PREMIUM CALIFORNIA WINES, EVENING PARTIES, MOVIES, AND ONE ENTIRE AFTERNOON DEVOTED TO THE EXCITEMENT AND COLOR OF A MEDIEVAL REVEL AND TOURNAMENT ON THE FRONT LAWN OF THE HOTEL.

IF ALL OF THIS APPEALS TO YOU LOOK UP BILL, BEN, ALVA, QUINN AND IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR ADVANCE MONEY RECEIVE A NEW, SHINY MEMBERSHIP CARD FOR WESTERCON TWENTY-THREE IN BERKELEY-1970.

*join the bandwagon to berkeley '70!*



# RANDALL GARRETT

## GOH

BY  
ROBERT SILVERBERG

I doubt that it's possible for anyone to write objectively about anyone, but I certainly don't propose even to attempt an objective assessment of Randall Garrett. He and I have been too close for comfort, he is my altered ego, the jovial Santa Claus of science fiction that nature and genetics did not intend me to be, my opposing self. When we began collaborating on science fiction stories in 1955, it was chiefly a marriage of convenience, for it made more sense under the existing circumstances for us to work together than to work apart. But a fundamental law of physics governed that collaboration: opposites attract. Which is how the thin quiet man with the literary education, and the bulky rumbustious one with the scientific education, the die-hard civilian and the ex-marine, the compulsive worker and the compulsive conviviator, managed to work together at fiction so productively and so successfully for two or three years. While the geography of the situation dictated the arrangement, it was, I think, the fascination of working with a wholly alien mind that kept each of us drawn to the other. The curious thing is that now, looking back at the works of Robert Randall, Gordon Aghill, Clyde Mitchell, and the rest of that raffish crew of a decade ago, I find great difficulty knowing whether Garrett had written a certain passage, or I. There's a lesson in that: beware of symbiosis. Or syzygy.

I know Randall Garrett's writing style down to its last blessed semicolon -- Garrett's alone, that is, not our collaborative style -- but I'm somewhat hazy on his biographical details. (So is he.) I can tell you that he was born in New Mexico or Texas or Ohio or one of those frontier outposts, somewhat more than 30 years ago; that he comes from a military family; that he has a kid brother who could have modeled for Kimball Kennison; that he saw action in the rump months of World War II, and got out of it more or less intact, but not entirely; that he first appeared in a science fiction magazine with a Probability Zero contribution to Astounding in 1944; that he started selling s-f to John Campbell in 1948; that he is not really the incarnation of Henry VIII, but frequently thinks he is, and may be right; that he is a master of mosaic rhyme; that he may, if all goes according to plan, be Archbishop of Canterbury one day; that his taste in choosing wives is demonstrably excellent, though one sometimes wonders about Milady Alison's taste in choosing husbands; that he has written such stories as "The Hunting Lodge", "The Surgeon's Knife", and "What's Eating You?"; that his Lord Darcy novel, TOO MANY MAGICIANS was a Hugo nominee; that he will without much prodding sing you the whole of Princess Ida or Ruddigore, taking all the parts; that he is a formidable wielder of the quarterstaff and no mean hand with the tankard; that he is, so to speak, uniquely Garretesque.

Such is the nature of our Guest of Honor. And I think all will agree that the choice was sound, for certainly Randall Garrett is a modern titan of science fiction.

# A CONVENTIONAL TALE<sup>y</sup>

by *Randall Garrett*

Rising early, after drinking 'till an hour after dawn  
We discover we're still stinking, and our appetite is gone.  
Though our nerves are in a mess, we proceed to try to dress.

Then, about an hour later, we get to the elevator,  
And go down to breakfast feeling nearly done.  
Sitting at the breakfast table, we discover we're still able  
To enjoy a clever crack or pithy pun.

At the table we discover we are with  
The ingenious and witty George O. Smith,  
And, across from us, a fellow named Del Ray  
And that super rocket expert, Willy Ley.

Suddenly without preamble, we meet up with Mr. Campbell  
Who is telling Isaac Asimov how cultures should be steered.  
From a group of fans emergin' we discover Teddy Sturgeon,  
And we think he's H.J. Campbell just because he has a beard.  
Then we see the time is fleeting, so we go down to the meeting.  
There to stay for half an hour and some knowledge to receive.  
Then we meet with Gordy Dickson and we find that he is fixin'  
To adjourn down to the bar -- and it is noon before we leave.

Oh, the public always pans all the science fiction fans,  
For they think we're adolescent and we haven't any sense,  
But we pay them no attention, for, when we're at a convention,  
All the talking is delightful and the pleasure is immense.

After luncheon, making merry on a double Tom and Jerry,  
We are sitting at the bar with David Kyle,  
And along comes Phillip Farmer, with his wife, who's quite a  
charmer,

And we chew the fat with Bixby for a while.  
To the meeting we return at two o'clock  
Just in time to hear a speech by Robert Bloch.  
Then a final lecture winds it up at three  
Done by Edward Elmer Smith, the Ph. D.

In the hall we speak to Mari Wolfe, or maybe Olli Saari,  
Say "Hello", to Tony Boucher and to Judy Merrill too.  
And then by a stroke of luck or something else we meet Bob  
Tucker,

He and Marty Greenberg drag us to the bar to have a brew.  
Then we follow Bob and Marty to a room where there's a party,  
Everybody starts to drinking, and at half past three or four,  
With a pleasure that's emphatic, we retire to our attic,  
For they've run all out of liquor and there isn't any more.

Oh, the public always pans all the science fiction fans,  
And the magazines and papers think we're probably insane.  
But we pay them no attention, for, when we're at a convention  
We are having so much fun that we can laugh at their disdain.

\*Originally published in NYCON II Program Book, 1956

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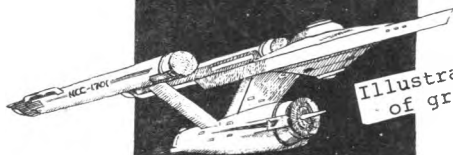
PHOTO-OFFSET!

# STAR TREK

## CONCORDANCE

OF PEOPLE, PLACES & THINGS

Compiled and written by  
DOROTHY JONES



Illustrated by a galaxy  
of great fan artists!

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JB  
George Barr  
Greg Bear  
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Wendy Fletcher  
Greg Jein  
Tim Kirk  
Cathy Hill  
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# LEZROY TACKETT

by *len moffatt*

I remember Roy Tackett when he was known as LezRoy Tackett. As I recall, he gave himself this nom de fan when writing to Bob Tucker's fanzine, *Le Zombie*, back in the early forties. During that same era of fan history, Roy was also writing letters to Ackerman and Morajo's letterzine, *VOM (VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION)*.

He also admits to writing "typical teenage letters" to *STARTLING STORIES*, *THRILLING WONDER STORIES* and *CAPTAIN FUTURE*, and to starting a high school science-fiction club in 1937. It had three members.

Roy says that as a teenager he was rather shy, and that this led to "a certain coldness and aloofness in character". He credits his lovely wife, Chrystal, with "humanizing" him. He claims he is still not overly fond of people, and that he has few friends outside of fandom, due to little or no common ground.

Now those of us who have known Roytac for more years than any of us care to count find it difficult to believe that he was ever a cold and aloof human being. Shy, perhaps -- the theory that most young fans are introverts is well-known and established -- but trying to picture Tackett sans warmth and friendliness is difficult indeed.

True, in recent times, he has signed his editorials for his fine genzine, *DYNATRON*, as "hort", which stands for Horrible Ol' Roy Tackett. This appellation he may have earned in his attempts to spur the NFFF along the trails of activity he felt it should follow, but the various carloads of convention-commuting fans who have had the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of the Tacketts would not be inclined to call him "hort" -- except in fun.

Born on May 8, 1925, Roytac is a young forty-four. When quizzed about his childhood, he said, "Hell, I was never a child. I was born old." However, he has already admitted to once being a teenager, even a typical teenager (whatever that is), so we can assume that he is merely playing "hort" in denying his childhood.

But ask Chrystal, and their two pretty daughters, Diana and Rene, how much of a "hort" he is... Diana is a teenager now, and Rene is getting there -- so beware, young gentlemen of fandom. It just ain't like the Old Days when girls in fandom were few and far between -- and that's one part of the Old Days the passing of which we regret not in the least!

Like most young fans of that era, Roytac's early contact with other fans was primarily through correspondence: letters, fanzines, etc. His first meeting with fans in person was at the first LASFS Fanquet in 1945. By then, he had been three years in the Marines, and was to spend another 17 years with the leathernecks.

He was a Sergeant Major in the Marines infantry, and later re-trained in electronics, at which time he gave up the rank of SM for Master Sergeant. ("No change in pay, but a step down in prestige," says Roy). This was a wise move on his part, as a Master Sergeant in the electronics field is better prepared for work in civilian life than a Sergeant Major of the infantry. He retired from the service in 1962, and settled in Albuquerque with Chrys and the two girls.

Roy has worked in radio and television as a dj, announcer, panel moderator, studio engineer, spot writer, script writer, and likes to list his occupation, in fandom anyway, as "retired Sergeant of Marines", which comes from A STUDY IN SCARLET. ("I am fond of obscure references which mystify 'most everyone.'") Currently, Roy is a member of the following fan groups:

Albuquerque Science Fiction Group (which he founded in 1964)  
SF Club of Japan (he discovered Japanese SF fandom in 1961 and introduced it to the west and vice versa, and was honored with the first Japanese SF Achievement Award presented by the combined Japanese SF Fan Clubs in 1965)  
National Fantasy Fan Federation (director, etc.)  
Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (Sergeant-At-Arms In Absentia)  
Fantasy Amateur Press Association  
Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance  
The Institute for Specialized Literature (director)

He was a member of the Golden Gate Futurian Society, and of the Little Men, from 1949 to 1952. He has also belonged to STOBCLER and to the NFFF's apa, N'APA.

His major contributions to fanzine publishing have been DYNATRON and VOMBIS, as well as an assortment of apazines, mostly oneshots, with titles such as Achernar, Arniekatz O, The Orange Catholic Bible, Futurian Commentator, etc.

He started DYNATRON when he was still in the service. It is one of the few fanzines that takes science-fiction seriously and at the same time provides fannish humor and commentary.

A true westerner, born and raised in Colorado, and now living in New Mexico, Roytac represents the best of western USA fandom. More than that, he is truly an international fan, not just because of his travels in and out of the service (San Francisco to Singapore and all ports in between, Australia, Japan, China, assorted islands, the Caribbean area, and most everywhere in the US except the North-East and the North-West) but because of his genuine interest in s-f and s-f fans all over the world. His contributions to Japanese fandom have already been noted, and if you read his fanzines and his locs, you will soon learn his thoughts on TAFF, Worldcons, and so on, and appreciate his sensible approach to the problems of establishing and developing better relationships with science-fictionists in other lands.

Fandom is still his favorite hobby, and he thinks it is better now than in the early days -- more varied and more interesting. Here is no old fan and tired, longing for the Good Old Days and griping about the present. He may be critical of the doings or writings of some of the younger fans, but his criticism is based on up-to-date knowledge of -- and a lively interest in -- fandom as it is now, and not on a false nostalgia for outmoded "traditions".

Roy also believes that science-fiction itself is better now in some ways. It has always been primarily, juvenile literature, but with better writing and characterizations it is showing signs of "growing up". In other ways, s-f is not as good as it used to be in that current s-f seems to lack the vast concepts of the past. Writers, says Roy, are writing better, but have narrowed their field of view.

In honoring Roy Tackett at this Westercon we are honoring a fan who truly represents the s-f fan of yesterday and today -- and, I believe, of tomorrow. He grew up in our fannish past; he lives and fanacs in our fannish present, and, he is interested not only in what is going to happen next -- but in what is going to happen after that...

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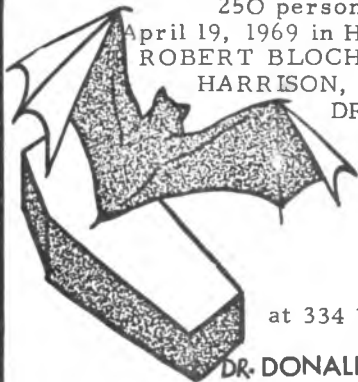
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# SCIENCE FICTION AS RELIGION

by Harry Harrison

Our strongest feelings can many times be found lurking behind our jokes. There are a lot of funny remarks passed about fandom being 'a way of life', but true fans know that there is a period when fanaticism and SF does become the most important thing in the world. And there is more than a little truth -- rarely admitted -- in the remark that 'it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan.'

These would both be true statements if the appreciation of science fiction was classified as a religion. A real, honest to God religion with all the trappings and beliefs and ritual. Because, when the reading and writing and enthusiastic interest in this form of literature becomes more than a casual interest, it assumes the form of a consistent philosophy. And philosophy in this context is the equivalent of religion. The two terms are interchangeable. I firmly believe that young male fans who aren't weak enough of eye -- or fleet enough of foot - to avoid military service should remember this fact when they are inducted into the armed forces. They should see that their dogtags are filled out correctly. The authorities will get the name and blood type right. But they give you a single choice, up there in the corner. There should be no C for Catholic here, or P for Protestant -- but only the resounding SF of the true believer.

We must define our terms. Philosophy according to Third Webster's is, among other things, called "A search for the underlying causes and principles of reality," and "a system of motivating beliefs, concepts and principles."

It is obvious that these definitions could apply as well to religious beliefs. Philosophy or religion, pick your own title, both are attempts to explain reality, and the effect of this reality upon the individual. The two have always been intertwined, borrowing terms and concepts from each other, each denying this and, in the next breath, claiming that theirs is the only true system of beliefs.

Let us go back a long way. We must discuss the origin of all thought. In the beginning there was the curiosity. There was nothing before this that in any way really differentiated proto-man from the other primates. He was a tree dweller like them, and made a lot of noise safe up there hanging from the branches. Then came down to walk on the African plains about 25 million years ago. Then he changed. He scratched the curiosity bump about how things worked. His most important tool was language and the concept of abstractions.

But you can't limit curiosity. If one thing is to be investigated, all things are suspect. And all are on the nasty side. With just one word changed, Shakespeare gets the message across:

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and bad in everything."

It was a pretty rough life. Just as if saber-toothed tigers and cave bears weren't enough, there were hurricanes and earthquakes to deal with. A man could get pretty frightened with all this unknown around. Cave bears were tough -- but they could be dealt with. You ate them or they ate you. But how do you kill the lightning which did such a good job of cooking Uncle Wug? Who is this guy, Lightning, anyway? He's pretty strong. Stronger than a cave bear. Sort of a big, bright Cave Bear in the Sky. Keep out of his way. Buy him off with gifts. Give him things he likes. And Earthquake too. And Flood, he has been coming around pretty much of late. The spirit behind everything.

Animism -- proto-religion formulated by proto-man.

That's how it all began. And for the next 25 million years there wasn't much improvement. With a god in every rock and tree, the pantheon got to be a little crowded - so the process of simplification began. Since rocks aren't that important most of the time, the Great God Rock could take care of all of them. Gods came and went as life and fashions changed, and it was a homely, simple universe for a long long time. Right up to the time of the Babylonians, the Egyptians and the Hebrews the universe was a closed system, not much bigger than Rhode Island. The world was an oyster perched on the solid rock of the firmament, with water below and more water overhead. The water above was held back by a not too tight dome, from which the stars hung, and through which some of the water seeped as rain. The sun, moon and planets rushed around under the dome mounted on ships in a canal, riding chariots or other minor variations. All neat and tidy.

Blame the Greeks for changing all that. The first schools of rational thought were emerging there. It must have been a fascinating time to live in, with the solid universe being reestablished every day. As Professor Burnet says, "...no sooner did an Ionian philosopher learn half a dozen geometrical propositions and hear that the phenomena of the universe recur in cycles, then he set to work to look for laws everywhere in nature and with an audacity amounting to hybris to construct a system of the universe." Then, in the 6th century BC, Pythagoras of Samos put together the idea that changed everything. He cooked up the theory upon which all the later philosophers and thinkers built their own theories. The oyster earth now became a sphere, around which greater transparent spheres rotated carrying all the heavenly objects.

The good times didn't last very long. 300 years to be exact. Pythagoras had opened a door of reason with his entire system, which really involved a lot more than these spheres, and Plato and Aristotle slammed it shut. The concepts these two set down became rules for the next 1500 years and the reasoning abilities of mankind dozed all through the dark ages. All the arguments, the theological and philosophical wrangling, were based upon their concepts. All of the Thomian arguments to find a logical reason for religion, religion that was founded completely upon emotional desires, comes from Aristotle. Aquinas's argument from design came from the Aristotilian un-moving mover who first set the wheels spinning.

Arthur Koestler calls the thinkers of these centuries "The Sleepwalkers" and it is perhaps the kindest word that can be applied. They had selected certain parts of Platonic and Aristotilian theory as gospel and cooked over a slow fire anyone who didn't agree. They agreed basically on theory with each other and really just fought over the details. No one ever questioned a thing. And lived. The situation stayed this way right down to Copernicus, who was just as much a sleepwalker as the rest. His system of planetary motions was neither new, interesting, nor correct. He just had a good press and published when the times were ripe. He believed in all the old crackpot spheres and such nonsense, and didn't even bother to look at the sky - but based his calculations on 1500 year old observations by Hipparchus and Ptolemy. But his system did contain the idea that the universe was not geocentric, and that started the wheels of thought turning instead of spheres - for a change.

Tycho Brahe was probably the first scientist of the whole lot, since he made accurate observations. Up until this time it was all theory, not based on reality, following after Plato's disgust with real phenomena. Brahe made instruments -- and with them made accurate observations. When there was a nova in 1572 the other "astronomers" explained it away as being condensed from the rising vapours of human sin and set afire by God, or called it a tailless comet and other such idiot devices. Tycho curled his lip at them and, in fine Danish-Latin,

called them *O coecos coelis spectatores* -- "Oh, blind watchers of the skies." That's what they were.

It must be realized that the old boys worked from fake theory with false data, which makes it a little difficult to get accurate results. Blame Aristotle again, with his emphasis on "qualities" not the "quantities" of measurements. As long as you think of natural forces as "good" and "bad" you are going to get incorrect results.

Kepler, working with Tycho's accurate observations, changed all that. He changed the ground rules. He introduced physical causality into the formal geometry of the skies. He made the theory fit the facts -- instead of the other way around as things had been going on since B.C. in Greece. He was half-cracked, an astrologer, more than a bit of a mystic, but he was a good man, was Kepler. He brought the scientific method into the theoretical sciences. Obvious as that may appear to us now, it was a novel idea in the sleepwalking days. Sailors, who navigated by the stars, had accurate star charts because they had to get from A to B. Astronomers, whose job was only to fit what bits of reality penetrated their shields of ignorance into a preconceived theory, used century old, inaccurate observations -- and it didn't bother them in the slightest.

Kepler sank them all, though he didn't want to and fought very hard to hold onto the old wheels and their circular orbits. This was a divine symmetry, ordered by God, he and everyone else had been taught to believe. The harmony of the spheres was in danger. Yet, after years of work, his mathematics cleared the stable of astronomy of cycles and spirals and left behind only an unharmonious oval. He said of this oval, from the stable of astronomy, "I am left with only a single cart-ful of dung." Or you might say facts are facts -- whether we like them or not.

So 2000 years of error finally came to an end. Not slowly or easily, there were still to be a number of burnings and flayings before truth ruled even a little bit, but truth was on the way. All of the first discoveries consisted of clearing out the old lumber of erroneous beliefs and theory. Galen in the medical schools: he had to go. Aristotle and Plato and those damned spheres -- down the chute. Kepler had introduced a new way of thinking and this technique was penetrating everywhere.

It is easy to visualize the progression from error to error. The first school of philosophy must have evolved from pre-philosophical concepts and attitudes. Animals cannot think abstractly. To them a rock is a rock. A thing is a thing. The label is the thing. A word is a label. The word is the thing. Manipulate the label and you manipulate the thing. This is the way we think in abstractions, and it is a tool we must have, but we must be aware of the possible confusions that arise. If we do not re-apply our abstract manipulations of the word to see if they also work with the thing -- then we are in trouble. We are also in trouble when we start putting capital letters on things. Love and Truth and such. There is no Truth, not with a capital letter there is not.

A lot of deadwood has had to be thrown away. Along with the broken crystal spheres go all the little gods in rocks and in among them, most prominent with his white beard, is their inheritor, the mono-deity, the personal deity whose finger used to come down and poke in human pies. Poor old Yahweh. He is not alive and well in Mexico City as has been rumored. Nor is he dead, as the Bishop of Woolich wants us to think. He was never there in the first place. Or, to put it more simply, there just isn't anyone home upstairs. Carl Sagan, the Harvard astronomer explains what happened.

"One result of these encroachments by science has been that there seems to be less and less for God to do. If he creates some hydrogen at the beginning of the universe, and establishes the physical laws, he can retire."



Now I don't think that anyone can get much satisfaction from peering to a combination hydrogen pump and physics text who retired from active participation in the universe a few billion years back. This is our modern dilemma. There's nobody at home upstairs, the apartment has a for-rent sign on it and the job is vacant. Are there any takers around?

Plenty. It is a big, black frightening universe out there and when the cold winds blow a lot of people like to have someone to lean on. Ayn Rand may look like a pretty thin reed in a storm to most of us, but she has a growing flock of followers. Pretty nutsy stuff that doesn't work any more than the old crystal spheres. But believers will accept almost anything once they are converted. Communists believe. The Minutemen believe. The members of the National Rifle Association believe.

Who doesn't Believe -- with a Capital B? Scientists. The only group that bases theory upon experiment and who changes the theory when new experimental results come up. Science fiction is the literature of science that, most of the time, accepts known science and extrapolates from this base. The people who read SF with more than a casual, passing interest to be entertained, share this basic belief in the correctness of the scientific method. They believe. They are active subscribers to a viable philosophy. And, since philosophies and religions are the same, the SF fan has a religion that he can call his own.

Science fiction is therefore a religion. Perhaps Don Wollheim was getting closer to the kernel of the truth than he realized when he invented the Great God Ghu in his faanish days. If Ghu symbolizes the religious aspect of science fiction this could explain the continued use of the term.

Once we open the door to speculation of this kind there are a number of interesting questions that can be raised. Is this why we have an Order of St. Fantasy, complete with sacred ritual? Can H. G. Wells be identified with the God we worship? If he is -- where does that leave Jules Verne? A preacher ahead of his time speaking of the true religion, in the same manner that Tutankhamen is hailed as the forerunner of monotheism? If Wells is God, then the writers dating to the thirties must be the early church fathers. If they are -- then the Campbell revolution of the forties must be the Reformation, with Campbell playing the role of Luther. In which case the definitive anthology that Silverberg is putting together, of the best pre-SFWA stories will have to be looked upon as the Bible. Or new testament. With some of the writings chosen to be called sacred and the others cast out into the darkness. There is precedent for this too.

Once one starts considering the possibilities there appears to be no end. We could have our true and false books. And perhaps one true book. (Which one?) There will be prophets, both true and false, and much discussion as to which is which. There can be many mansions within this house, and many different groups to fill them. I encourage everyone to think about the parallels.

But just don't go carrying it too far. I know some bright boy is going to start thinking about my role in revealing all this, and casting out the old. Then they will be going out for the tenpenny nails and the four by fours. Just forget about that. Let us just skip ahead to the martyrs period and look about. There are a number of people who are just dying to be martyrs and the least we can do is satisfy them. I'll warrant that the first group that promises an authentic auto-da-fé for a convention will get the next worldcon just like that.



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# BUSINESS

BUSINESS SESSION: 2 PM, SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1969

ORDER OF BUSINESS: SITE SELECTION  
RULE ADOPTION

## SITE SELECTION

In order to be eligible to vote, one must: (1) Be a member of Westercon XXII; (2) Pay \$2 toward one's membership in Westercon XXIII. This money will be collected by the Westercon XXII Committee and held for presentation to the winning bidders. For your \$2, you receive a 3-part form, which includes a Receipt, which the person taking your money will sign after you fill in your name and address; a Ballot, which you will hold until the business session; and a Record, giving your name, address, date of purchase, and amount paid, which both you and the committee member will sign, and which will be retained by the committee member to be turned over to the winning bidder along with your money. The Ballot will have several lines, listing all declared bidders and leaving a couple of blank lines for last-minute declarations. Should there be more than 2 bidders, you will vote an Automatic-Runoff Ballot (the so-called Australian Ballot), listing your choices in descending order. If your first choice receives the least number of votes, your ballot will be cast for your second choice, and so on until a majority winner is declared. Failure to list second and third choices, in such a case, forfeits your right to vote in a runoff. The 3-parts of the form will be numbered alike, and compared with the record of memberships bought before the winner is finally declared.

BIDDERS PRESENTLY DECLARED FOR THE 23rd WESTERCON, FOURTH OF JULY WEEKEND 1970, ARE:

<u>Berkeley</u>	Alva Rogers, Bill Donaho, J. Ben Stark	Claremont Hotel
<u>Los Angeles</u>	Ted Johnstone	Alexandria Hotel

## RULES TO BE VOTED ON

Two-Year Bidding Term : Moved, that beginning in 1970, sites for Westercon's will be selected two years in advance. Therefore, Westercon XXIII will select sites for Westercons XXIV and XXV (1971, 1972)

Westercon Rotation Plan : Moved that Westercon sites shall rotate, on a biennial basis, between a Northwest and Southwest region. The dividing line shall be drawn north of Bakersfield, California, and shall extend as far east as necessary. (That is, Albuquerque would be in the SW zone, as would Dallas, should either of them decide to bid for a Westercon. Seattle, Portland, and Boise would be in the NW zone.) This rotation shall begin with the next site selection after the passage of this rule.

Bidding Presentations : Moved that bidding presentations shall not be limited to speeches of nomination and seconding, but may include audio-visual supplementation, question-and-answer session, or any other form of presenting a bid in the time allowed the bidder.

The Committee of Westercon XXII wishes to go on record as favoring all rules herewith presented.

## BUSINESS DEADLINE

Any other items to be voted on must be presented to the Committee in writing by 6 PM, Saturday, July 5

ROOM 770 -- BE SEEING YOU!

### Credits and Acknowledgments:

The Westercon XXII Committee wishes to thank the following people for their assistance in presenting this convention.

Fred Patten, Patron of the Written Arts  
George Barr and Tim Kirk  
David Gerrold  
Judy-Lynn Benjamin and Galaxy Publications  
Lee Klingstein  
Al Lewis  
Walter J. Daugherty

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## Eddie Jones, TAFFman

Eddie Jones, Knight of St. Fantony and Fan Artist Extraordinary, has won the 7th westbound Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, and will attend the World SF Convention in St. Louis.

## Congratulations!

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No. 1

June 1969

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Ejler Jakobsen, editor of *Universe*, science in the sf January 1949 to *Famous Fantastic* with *Astonishing* specialized magazine *Galaxy* to become the leader.

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Presented as a speech at the 2nd  
International Film Festival, Rio  
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# MEN, MYTHS AND MONSTERS

— ROBERT BLOCH

It has frequently been said that fantasy and science fiction are two sides of the same coin.

There are some writers of science fiction who disagree. I think I can understand why. In this world of ours, the average science fiction writer sees very few coins come his way -- so perhaps he doesn't even realize that a coin has two sides.

But I assure you it does. And the hypothetical coin of which I speak is emblazoned with a face that is turned upwards and outwards, staring into the future and worlds beyond. This is the science fictional side of our coin, heads. Turn the coin over and we find tails -- tails of dragons and monsters and demons disappearing into the past, avoiding our direct gaze, but still visible to us. This is the fantasy side, carrying the same weight and substance as the other; without it, the coin could not exist.

Our coin is counterfeit, of course. For we writers, whether we call our work fantasy or science fiction, are dealing with appearances, not reality.

We are assembled here to examine some of those appearances -- appearances on film. We can learn a great deal about the relationship between fantasy and science fiction by viewing the films scheduled for showing at this festival. In order to supplement that knowledge I intend, therefore, wherever possible, to refer to films that are not being shown here. And of necessity, I shall designate them by the titles under which they were known or released in the United States.

In 1952 a motion picture appeared as a tribute to the British film industry. It was called *The Magic Box*. The title, of course, referred to the motion picture camera itself. And in a way, perhaps it illustrates the strange relationship between science fiction and fantasy.

According to the realistic frame of reference imposed by science fiction, the motion picture camera is a machine. But in terms of fantasy, it is a machine that makes magic. A magic box -- Pandora's Box, if you will; the box of ancient legend which opened to bring mischief into the world. The camera, then, is a reality that creates illusion.

The very first film-makers seem to have ignored this and concentrated on recording reality, documentary-fashion. They photographed parades, civil ceremonies, travel scenes. In one sense they were very modern -- like some of today's film-makers, they merely wanted to "tell it like it is". I wonder if these daring experimentalists realize that their concentration on the unplanned event, their discarding of the traditional story-line and script, their hand-held camera techniques and use of natural lighting represent a bold step that will soon carry motion pictures to the heights -- to 1899?

So much for progress. But who was the first to exploit the other possibilities of the motion picture?

Around the turn of the century a professional magician, George Melies, discovered he could play even better tricks with a motion picture camera. With its aid he could out-perform any stage conjuror -- making objects, people and whole scenes appear and disappear at will. In a tiny, glass-enclosed studio on the outskirts of Paris, he made hundreds of short films. Fascinated by his opportunity to achieve illusions by mechanical means, he began to use fades, dissolves, stop-motion, the speeded-up camera and other devices to create fantasies.

Drawing upon everything from traditional fairy tales to his own improvised science fiction scenarios, Melies pioneered in the field, aided by his actor friends and a corps of ballet beauties. He painted his own sets, used home-made props, designed his own costuming -- and became remarkably successful.

But when he set forth to do such films as *The Impossible Voyage* and *A Trip To The Moon*, the results bore little or no resemblance to today's science fiction. By our standards, his work qualifies only as comic fantasy. Perhaps he can be excused when one considers he had no technological background to draw upon. He was trying to depict space travel at a time before the Wright brothers and Santos-Dumont had made their first flights. When Melies imagined his own means of voyaging through space, there were only two ways man knew in which to get off the ground -- one was by balloon and the other was by rope, at the end of a gallows. Both methods were somewhat dangerous.

So Melien's work -- while fantasy in its presentation of future methodology -- was also science fiction, insofar as it was correct in predicting future efforts to achieve space travel. Let us go further and say that his style was fantastic; even so, his subject-matter was definitely within the province of science fiction. And here we are, viewing again the two sides of the same coin.

Films, and even historical records of films, are perishable commodities. There is no way of knowing what the very first science fiction movie might have been. All that can be said with certainty is that one of the first we know about is the Selig-Polyscope's production, in 1908, of *Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde*.

Here is a title that has been filmed and re-filmed time and time again, in the studios of many countries of the world, and as a vehicle for a number of popular performers. During the past sixty years a great deal has been written concerning these motion picture versions of this famous story -- but I have seldom read any specific mention of it as science fiction.

And yet *Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde*, particularly in its most celebrated motion picture versions -- starring, respectively, John Berrymore, Frederic March and Spencer Tracy -- is quite definitely science fiction, by any interpretation of the term.

It has to do with a scientist; a doctor of medicine who is conducting scientific research in chemistry, and who makes a discovery -- again, scientific, not metaphysical -- which concerns the transformation of mind and body in physical and psychological ways as the result of the effects of swallowing a chemical compound. Psychiatry -- which its practitioners like to regard as a science -- is invoked in the resultant delineation of dual personality; of manifestations which may be said to resemble cycloid or manic-depressive phases, or schizophrenic symptoms. Now this, I submit, is not fantasy; there are chemicals which can indeed induce such symptoms, both physical and mental. On the physical side, I would not go so far as to say that we have yet isolated a drug-product which can produce so extreme a change -- that is to say, we cannot yet turn a handsome, gentle science fiction writer into a monstrous, ape-like publisher. But we do know that certain chemical compounds or derivatives can radically alter appearance, metabolism, motor-reflexes; we also know that such compounds can induce conditions which seem in all ways identical to various forms of mental illness -- and that such manifestations of illness may be subject to sudden and unexpected recurrences. The slight extrapolation necessary to create the film versions of *Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde* most certainly places such pictures under the heading of science fiction. Science fiction, mind you, that deals with the subject of man rather than machines; and this reaching the screen as early as 1908.

Two years later, in 1910, the Edison Film Company released the first film version of *Frankenstein*. A still, a suspicion, and a story-synopsis survive, but apparently no print. The still gives us a glimpse of a rather lumpy monster, the suspicion offers a theory that the role

may have been played by an actor named Charles Ogle, and the story-synopsis tells us that the monster -- though created in the laboratory in a cauldron of blazing chemicals -- later evaporates into thin air. Thus the film apparently progressed from a science fiction beginning to a fantasy ending. The same was true in the second version, released in 1915 under the title *Life Without Soul*, in which the story turned out to be a dream.

Another man-made monster -- The Golem, created by magical means -- made its first film appearance in 1913, and has been resurrected many times since. Again, and even more definitely than in these early versions of *Frankenstein*, the element of fantasy predominates. But essentially, even in such outright legends as that of the Sorcerer's Apprentice with its magic broom, we can detect the genesis of a common science fictional concept; the machine that runs amok, that turns against its master, man. Call it monster, golem or robot, the theme is the revolt of the machines and this is surely science fiction.

We might find it significant to notice that in the early days of films this idea was generally presented in the form of a legend or dream. The notion that man had anything to really fear from his machines seemed a trifle absurd -- until World War I demonstrated that man's creations were now capable of destroying their creators.

This was something to think about, but when the war ended, people apparently didn't want to think. It's interesting that several more versions of Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde appeared at this time, as though to remind the audience that we ourselves, rather than machines, might be our own worst enemies. Film-goers, however, were tired of enemies and strife, including the strife of inner conflict. They much preferred to see Barrymore as a lover rather than distorting his great profile as the hideous Mr. Hyde.

So in the early Twenties, when science fiction films were made at all, they were apt to be comedies. In 1924, Fox Films made a modest picture called *The Last Man On Earth*. Its title is self-explanatory, and if it presented any message at all, it was merely that of the dangers in a world dominated by women -- a danger which every man is already quite aware of. You don't need to go to the movies to find that out; all you need to do is go home to your wife.

In the same year a Russian director, Jacob Protozanov, was responsible for *Aelita*, also a comedy, with a long dream-sequence laid on Mars. The set-designs for the film were inspired by the earlier *Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari*. In France, also in 1924, the youthful Rene Clair offered another comedy -- *The Crazy Ray* -- which, with its trick camera-work, was really a throwback to the early films of Melies. These films, together with the prehistorical panoply of *The Lost World* was more truly escape fiction than science fiction. The *Lost World*, of course, set the pattern for such later offerings as *King Kong*, *Son of Kong*, *Mighty Joe Young* and scores of other motion pictures depending on special effects, miniatures and trick photography.

Then, in 1926, came *Metropolis*, Fritz Lang's ambitious presentation of a future civilization. Never before, and seldom since, has a "world of tomorrow" been presented to motion picture audiences on such a scale. As many of you know, Fritz Lang came to the making of *Metropolis* after having directed the epic saga, *Der Nibelungen*. And some of you who remember my remark about fantasy and science fiction being two sides of the same coin may believe that in going from one film to the other, Mr. Lang was turning that coin to give us a glimpse of the opposite side. It is my personal feeling that he did not turn the coin over at all; he merely changed the date on its face -- so that instead of presenting us with a legend of the past, he presented us with a legend of the future. For there's more than a hint of yesterday in this tale of tomorrow -- with its imaginative shots of the machine as Moloch, devouring man; its references to the Tower of Babel; its evil robot echoing the concept of the Golem.

Lang's *Frau Im Monde*, together with another European production of a few years later, *F. P. I.*, did show us the reverse image of the coin. This was science fiction as prophecy rather than as a vehicle for warning against legendary perils. And in the United States an early sound film, *Just Imagine*, gave us another comedy of future errors.

But surely the first major science fiction effort in talking pictures was the 1931 version of *Frankenstein*. And here once again, the science fiction theme -- the creation of artificial life in the laboratory was intermingled with pure and impure fantasy. The scientist as sorcerer, the machine giving birth to a monster which in itself had many mechanical attributes -- the concept of dead bodies dismembered and reassembled to create life, which in turn brings death; this is such stuff as dreams are made of. Dreams and nightmares.

Let us remember the year of *Frankenstein's* release, 1931. By this time science had come to play a more important and more immediately recognizable part in the organization of our society. And in the minds of many people, society had failed. We were in the midst of a vast, world-wide depression. We were in search of a scapegoat for our misfortunes and that scapegoat was science. So throughout the decade of the Thirties, most of the science fiction films were in reality anti-science fiction.

Time and time again we were shown motion pictures which predicted and demonstrated scientific techniques that were fundamentally sound; the use of artificial organs and transplants in surgery, the theory of cryogenics, the inducing of mutations. The theories were all sound, but the scientists were all mad. Across the screen stalked an endless parade of paranoiacs -- mad doctors, mad dentists, mad pharmacists. Not only were they mad, they were stingy as well. Or else how can one explain why they all had such a poor grade of assistants, every one of which was usually physically deformed and mentally retarded? Apparently these brilliant screen scientists were willing to spend a fortune on laboratory machinery and equipment but in even the most delicate and dangerous experiments they employed nothing but the cheapest kind of slave-labor. These idiots mixed up their instructions, substituted the wrong brains or organs, bungled their work, and generally made fatal mistakes which brought destruction to the experiments and the experimenters. But those stingy scientists never seemed to learn. Anyone who wants to know how the average worker felt about his wages and his employer during the Depression can find more than a clue in the science fiction horror pictures of that era. Films such as *The Island Of Lost Souls* in which Charles Laughton played H. G. Wells' character, Dr. Moreau, are almost a parable of the class-struggle as seen by many members of the audience in those years. It presents a view of the scientist as ruler and exploiter, to whom his subjects are literally beasts created in the image of man but held in subjugation as animals.

When H. G. Wells' view of the future, *The Shape Of Things To Come*, was presented midway through that dark decade, it included in its prophetic glimpses a world ravaged and reduced to barbarism by war -- but held out the hope that science, employing the proper means and objectives, would prevail and restore a better way of life.

That hope was short-lived. By 1940 we were confronting World War II, and science was allied with the military in the service of destruction. The mad scientist of 1940 was Dr. Cyclops; in his world, people were diminished, reduced to helpless, doll-sized creatures at the dubious mercy of an all-powerful giant who was, significantly, half-blind. As a symbol of the distorted vision of the conqueror, Dr. Cyclops represented the trend of science fiction films in the early Forties. And yet I must return to my image of the coin once more and remind you that his very name, Cyclops, is rooted in our ancient myths, our memories of monsters.

When World War II ended, a mushroom cloud had settled over the world and audiences frantically sought escape. The science they fear-

ed had created this cloud, but it could also create a means of avoiding fall-out through flight. Flight to other planets, other worlds, outer space. Unknown terrors might lurk there, but perhaps they would be easier to conquer and avoid than the known terror of thermo-nuclear destruction. So science fiction films in the late Forties and early Fifties began to take us to the moon and Mars and realms beyond. Even here, however, motion picture audiences did not leave fantasy behind. The magicians and the monsters encountered on distant planets bore a strange resemblance to the creatures of earth's oldest legends. In these motion pictures, scientists created a spaceship which served as a vehicle to transport us to another world of fantasy.

And in the so-called science fiction films with an earthly setting, the past was even more alive -- in the shape of gigantic monsters, rising from our prehistoric past when disturbed by today's atomic rumblings. Godzilla and The Beast From Twenty Thousand Fathoms, and all the others were really monster-films rather than science fiction. Hollywood people seemed to feel at home with monsters -- after all, most of them were no worse than the heads of motion picture studios.

But there were also alien presences in the atmosphere of earth. People began to talk about flying saucers -- and in films, invaders from outside nearly destroyed the world, usually with the able assistance of George Pal. I think finally Mr. Pal succeeded in frightening himself, and decided to escape in The Time Machine, a brilliantly imaginative version of the H. G. Wells' classic. But meanwhile, back in our own time, audiences withstood The Invasion Of The Body-snatchers, coped with the evil inhabitants of the Village Of The Damned, and experienced Panic In The Year Zero.

We were beginning, slowly, to realize that our problems were right here on earth, and they would have to be solved on earth. And that those whom we regarded as aliens among us were not necessarily extra-terrestrials, but human beings who somehow stood outside the pale of ordinary humanity. The beasts and the monsters were not necessarily strangers to ourselves -- and sometimes, even in their most frightening forms, they were all too familiar.

The last time I had the pleasure of visiting with the late great Boris Karloff, we discussed the amazing longevity of the Frankenstein monster -- who died, time and again, only to be resurrected. I spoke of my theory concerning the popular appeal of the monster; that audiences consciously and unconsciously identified with this creature, particularly the adolescent members of audiences. Growing up is always an ordeal in our society, and there are times when most young people think of themselves as monsters -- they feel themselves to be clumsy, inarticulate, unable to communicate with the adult community. They often consider themselves to be ugly, and rejected, they regard themselves as misunderstood, at the mercy of forces beyond their control, at odds with authority. For generation after generation, the Frankenstein monster has served as a self-image to youth.

Mr. Karloff agreed, but wondered aloud why a more modern symbol had not come to supplant the monster for the young people of today. He suggested, in his gentle way, that perhaps his monster was just a trifle old fashioned. Whereupon I reminded him that his was a very modern monster, not only in attitude but even in physical appearance. Consider the shapeless garments, the sweater or the shaggy coat, the drooping lids and the slow movements so similar to those of one in a drugged state; observe the untrimmed hair and the bangs -- is not yesterday's monster the very prototype of today's hippie?

We laughed, and then we sobered. Because both of us, in our separate ways, had come to recognize the power of the symbol, the curious way in which imagination begets reality. And the old legends still return to life in new forms.

At this moment I think science fiction films are in a state of flux.

The coin of fantasy and science fiction is spinning rapidly, giving us glimpses of both sides. We can see the old fear of machines -- even in 2001, men must do battle against a villainous computer. We still catch glimpses of fear in the future -- in 1984, *The Tenth Victim*, *Planet Of The Apes*. In some of the so-called "exploitation films" the science fictional elements are still thirty years behind the concepts of today's science fiction writers. But gradually, motion pictures are catching up.

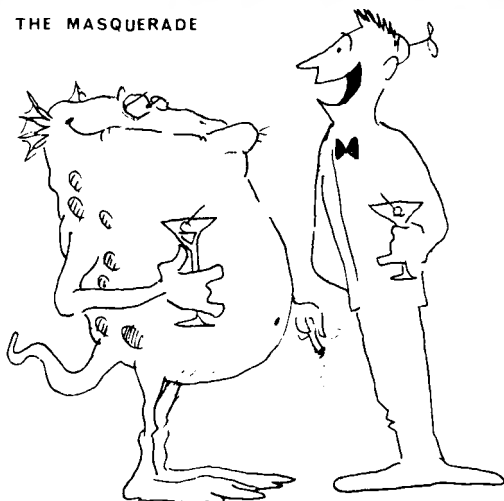
And when movie-makers do catch up with writers, they will find that many of today's creators of science fiction are more interested in people than in technology. They are not afraid of machines, but of the minds of those who make them and sometimes misuse them. They are afraid of the range and reach of those minds, and of our own lack of understanding of their potentials.

Motion picture makers are beginning to understand that the new science fiction deals with social commentary and human problems -- sometimes in flamboyant terms, as in *Wild In The Streets*, and sometimes more thoughtfully, as in *Chariot*. They are considering the power of *The Power*, learning that though the coin they mint has two sides it is still a mingling of the same base metals, many of which have not been properly valued and assayed. They are learning that men and myths and monsters are not separate entities but part of the whole -- men are myths, men are monsters, and gods and angels too. And so the focus of attention shifts from the far-out worlds to the inner worlds of the human psyche. The problems of good and evil are our problems, and as creators we must learn to deal with the destroyers. That is the true goal of science fiction -- the examination of the human condition.

For we are, at long last, beginning to realize, with that old science fiction writer, William Shakespear, that, "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars, but in ourselves." And in ourselves we must seek salvation.

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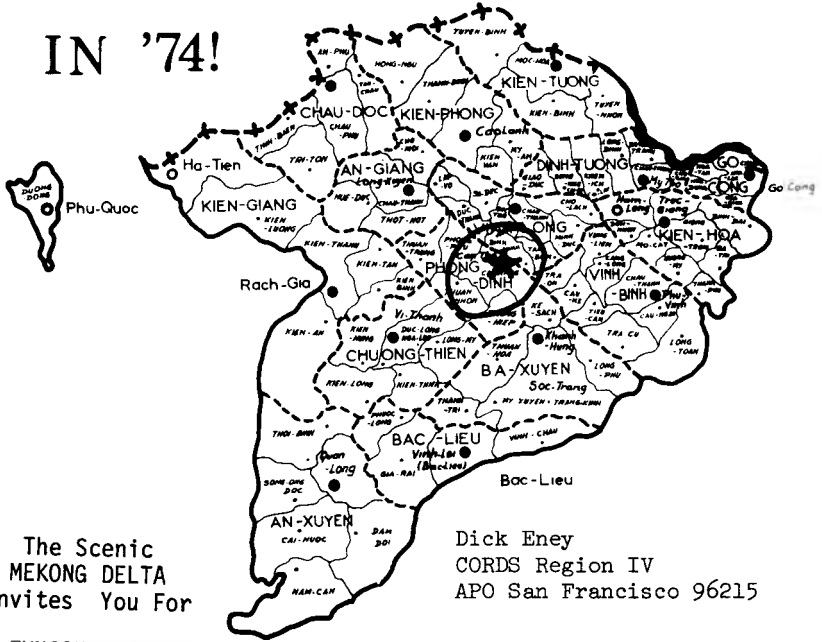
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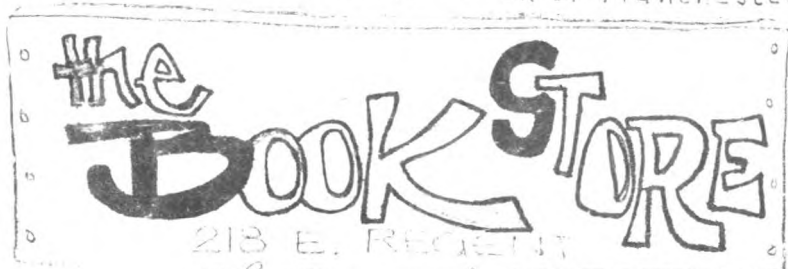
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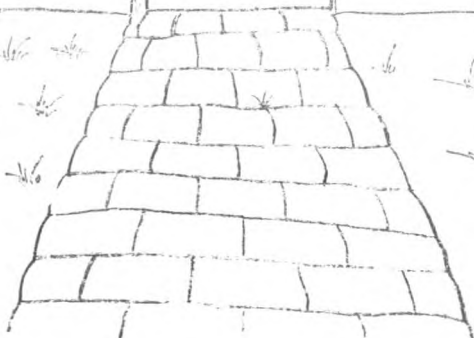
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FAKDOM, REJOICE!! The fanzine of the stars is BACK.....

*CWB* **CINEMANIA**

Ish four features a startling expose, the lead article by David McDaniel, "HOW TO WRITE AN U. N. C. L. E. NOVEL", and also features Commando Cody in "Destroyers of the Sun", part one; Eric L. Hoffman's "Heroes Without Capes" article on Republic's serial Daredevils of the Red Circle; "Guestar #One, Jack Denton", 1st of a series spotlighting the more famous Cinemaniacs; a new, enlarged CinemaStory based on Universal's 1940 Film, The Mummy's Hand, adapted by Charles Jackson; a short piece of fan-fiction, "Tradition", by Jim Korkis; another thrilling chapter of the acclaimed serial, "The Bat Strikes"; plus the Post Mortem features: the Editor's col, "In Memorium", and the fourth CinemaQuiz..

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1952	San Diego	None	Ray Bradbury	Nelson & Nolan
1953	Los Angeles	LASF5	Gerald Heard	Evans
1954	San Francisco	None	Jack Williamson	Stark
1955	Los Angeles	CDF	Mel Hunter	Kovner
1956	Oakland	None	Richard Matheson	Tulley
1957	Hollywood	CDF	Mark Clifton	Kovner
1958	Los Angeles	Outlanders	Richard Matheson	Moffatt
1959	Seattle	Nameless Ones	Alan E. Nourse	Busby
1960	Boise	None	Rog Philips	Terwilliger
1961	Oakland	GGFS	Fritz Leiber	Graham
			Jack Speer(fan)	
1962	Los Angeles	LASF5	Jack Vance	Lewis
			Alva Rogers(fan)	
1963	Burlingame	None	Kris Neville	Haleyv
			F. M. & Elinor Busby(fan)	
1964	Oakland	None	Edmond Hamilton & Leigh Brackett	Haleyv & Stark
			F. J. Ackerman(fan)	
1965	Long Beach	None	Frank Herbert	Toiliver & Trimble
			Anthony Boucher(fan)	
1966	San Diego	None	Harlan Ellison	Smith
			John & Bjo Trimble(fan)	
1967	Los Angeles	None	Marion Z. Bradley	Lamont & Thompson
			Lon Atkins(fan)	
1968	Oakland/Berkeley	None	Philip Jose Farmer	Donaho, Rogers & Stark
			W. J. Daugherty(fan)	
1969	<u>Santa Monica</u>	<u>Con-Fusion</u>	<u>Randall Garrett</u>	<u>Pelz &amp; Crayne</u>
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(SEE KEY ON NEXT PAGE)

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2. package liquor store - corner of Wilshire and 3rd St.
3. Ye Mucky Duck - 257 Wilshire Blvd.  
(English tavern style)
4. The Dog House - 259 Wilshire Blvd.  
(Hot dogs, hamburgers, etc.)
5. Zucky's - 431 Wilshire Blvd.  
(Dinners, sandwiches, gefilte fish)
6. House of Pies - 501 Wilshire Blvd.  
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7. Coffee Dan's - 130 Wilshire Blvd.  
(Coffee shop, 7:30 AM to 10:30 PM)
8. Bob Burns Restaurant - 202 Wilshire Blvd.
9. Penny's - 1202 Santa Monica Mall  
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10. Disco Drug & Pharmacy - 1228 Santa Monica Mall (For the bromo seltzer)
11. Java Time Restaurant - 1212 Santa Monica Mall (Dinners), arcade
12. Horace Heidt's Steak House - 1212 Santa Monica Mall, arcade
13. Siegals Bakery - 1232 Santa Monica Mall
14. See's Candy - 1236-1/2 Santa Monica Mall
15. Newberry's - 1300 Santa Monica Mall  
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16. Butcher Boy - 1239 Santa Monica Mall

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