

WESTERCON XXIX:1976
cover by Joe Pearson



**BLEIU MADJIK
SUPPORTS
PHOENIX IN '78.
SO?**

**SO, SHE FEELS THAT PHOENIX HAS A GOOD BID.
YOU WILL, TOO:**

OUR HOTEL: Phoenix's new Hyatt-Regency has 700 plus rooms, full convention facilities, and a bar named 'Hugo's'.

OUR COMMITTEE: The Phoenix Westercon Bid committee has experience. The members have put on two Leprecons and helped with three TusCons and two DesertCons. we're ~~very~~ dedicated, and we WANT to hold a large con in Phoenix—and we think we can do it!

SO DOES BLIEU MADJIK!

WELCOME TO

WESTERCON 29

HORACE L. GOLD, Pro Guest of Honor
GREGG CALKINS, Fan Guest of Honor
ROBERT SILVERBERG, Toastmaster

THE CONVENTION COMMITTEE WELCOMES YOU TO THE HYATT HOUSE HOTEL AND
THE TWENTY-NINTH WEST COAST SCIENCE FANTASY CONFERENCE.....

BRUCE PELZ, Chairman
MILTON F. STEVENS, Treasurer
BOBBI ARMBRUSTER &
RON BOUNDS, Program Development
ED FINKELSTEIN &
BILL WELDEN, Program Coordination
CRAIG MILLER, Hotel Operations
BARRY GOLD, Computer Services
JOHN & BJO TRIMBLE, Art Show

MIKE GLYER, Publications
ELAYNE PELZ, Membership
ALLAN ROTHSTEIN, Hucksters
JEFF PIMPER, Films
SANDY COHEN, Ombudsman
MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY,
Masquerade

THE CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

No two people at a convention ever attend the exact same convention -- a fact that Ted Sturgeon made much of in his Guest of Honor speech at Chicon III. To the person who is used to small conventions where he knows most of the people and can get to meet everyone, this Westercon may seem too large; to the frequent attendee of Star Trek Cons it will almost certainly seem too small. For every member who considers a con overprogrammed, there is one who thinks it is underprogrammed--and three who think it is uninterestingly programmed for their tastes. We haven't tried to please everyone -- that way lies even more complete madness than already afflicts us. We have tried to include something for almost everyone interested in some facet of the science fantasy field. We hope there will be something for you.

One innovation we are trying this year is the establishment of a remedy for the problem of "Who do I talk to on the Committee about X?" Adjacent to the Information Desk in the Mezzanine Lobby is the Ombudsman Office. It is the Ombudsman's job to know whom to see about what -- and where that whom is to be found. This is meant to prevent having to send you from one Committee person to another because "that isn't my department." Let's see if it works.

Another innovation is the absence of a banquet, which will allow everyone to hear the Guest of Honor's speech and see the Awards Presentations without the hassle of a food function. We apologize to those who anticipate banquets as a guaranteed source of anecdotal gripes, but too many people found that banquets are not worth the price and difficulties they engender to hold one if it is not a necessary agreement with the hotel. And this year it is not.

In general, we have tried to be more soft-sell than hard-sell in our planning. There are rooms for fringe activities -- even Dungeons and Dragons, for which I have rather negative feelings, is ensconced in its own room. Somewhere you ought to be able to find something for your own interests.

Bruce Pelz,
Chair, Westercon 29



knights

#13 (\$1.50) - "*Hal Clement: The Alien Engineer*" by Don D'Amassa, "*Bradbury In Depth: 'The Pedestrian' and 'The Murderer'*" by David McDonnell, "*The Return of Dr. X*" by Gary Hubbard, as well as book, movie, and fanzine reviews, and an introductory column by C.L. Grant, "*From The Fire On The Mountain*". Art by Sheryl Birkhead, Barry Kent MacKay, Al Sirois, and other. Much more. Cover by Sheryl Birkhead. 102 pages.

#14 (\$1.00) - "*From The Fire On The Mountain*," a column about the SFWA by C.L. Grant, "*Vertex Survey*," an in depth look at the brief life of Vertex by Keith Justice. Strips by Al Sirois and Phil Foglio. Art by Grant Canfield, Phil Foglio, James Shull, and a wrap-around cover by Al Sirois. 58 pages.

#15 (\$1.25) - "*The Mothers And Fathers Italian Association*," an introductory column by Thomas F. Monteleone, "*From The Fire On The Mountain*," a column on the loneliness of being a writer by C.L. Grant, "*Tenn Has Klass*" by Don D'Amassa, as well as letters from Gregory Benford, David Gerrold, and Barry N. Malzberg. Strips by James Shull and Al Sirois. Art by Phil Foglio, Dave Haugh, Randy Mohr, Joe Pearson, James Shull, Al Sirois, and Mike Streff. Covers by Randy Mohr. 72 pages.

#16 (not yet printed) - Scheduled are: "*A Cognitive Contemplation Of The Formative Influences Of Fannish Peer Group Recognition*" by Mike Glicksohn and Illustrated by Al Sirois, "*The Mothers And Fathers Italian Association*," a long look at how Laser's first novel, SEEDS OF CHANGE, came into being by Thomas F. Monteleone, and "*Exploring Known Space*," a look at the work of Larry Niven by Don D'Amassa. In the lettercolumn Ted White discusses the failure of Vertex and Jerry Pournelle discusses the SFWA. Cover by Thomas Canty.

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WESTERCON 29



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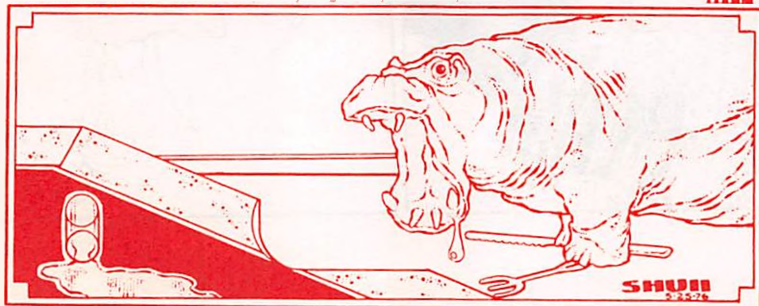
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THE THANKS OF WESTERCON 29 TO:

Sherry Gottlieb and Change of Hobbit Bookstore	Jim Shull
MileHiCon and its Trivia Bowl	Bruce Townley
Phil Foglio	Tim Kirk
Joe Pearson	Arthur Thomson
Stuart Gilson	Alan Frisbie
Hour 25	Fred Patten
...and all our Guests and program participants	



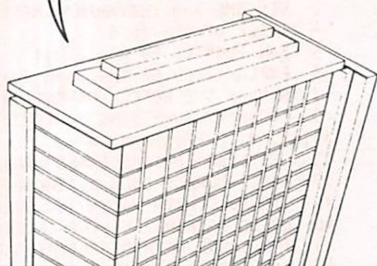
FAN funnies

BY © JAMES SHUII 02/91

HELLO...AND WELCOME TO
THIS LITTLE EXHIBITION.



HERE YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT
S-F: LEARN ITS MYSTERIES,
UNCOVER ITS SECRETS,
FIND ITS GOSSIP.



YOU'LL SAMPLE NEAR-MEAT
AT THE RESTAURANTS &
STUFF PEOPLE INTO
CLOSETS TO SLEEP.



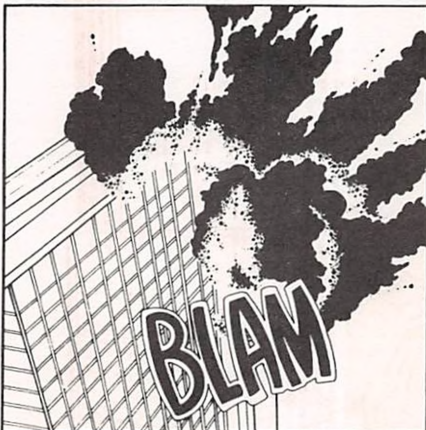
THERE'LL BE PEOPLE TO
TALK TO, AND PEOPLE
WHO WILL TALK BACK.

SCOUT
AROUND...



...AND BE CAREFUL WITH
FIREWORKS?

HAVE FUN?



FAANS

Two years ago, in an unprecedented action, dozens of active fanzine publishers, writers and artists banded together to take serious stock of the state of fannish awards. This Sunday night two years of debate and cooperation will culminate in Charles Burbee's announcement of the second annual recipients of the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards. The winners will come from this corps of nominees:

BEST SINGLE FANZINE PUBLICATION

KHATRU 3/4 (J. Smith)
LE ZOMBIE 67 (B. Tucker)
THE MIMED MAN (M. Feder)
OUTWORLDS 23 (B. Bowers,
PREHENSILE 14 (Glyer & Stevens)
SHAMBLES (Locke & Cagle)
SIMULACRUM 2 (V. Vayne)

BEST FAN EDITOR

Bill Bowers
Donn Brazier
Donn D'Amassa
Mike Glyer
Terry Hughes
Rob Jackson
Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins
Victoria Vayne

BEST FAN ARTIST - HUMOROUS

Harry Bell
Grant Canfield
Ken Fletcher
Phil Foglio
Bill Rotsler
Al Sirois
Dan Steffan

BEST FAN ARTIST - NON-HUMOROUS

Terry Austin
Bonnie Dalzell
Steven Fabian
Connie Faddis
Jim McLeod
James Shull
Al Sirois

BEST LOC WRITER

Don D'Amassa
Mike Glicksohn
Jodie Offutt

Jackie Franke
Ben Iddick
Harry Warner Jr.

BEST FAN WRITER

Donn Brazier
Don D'Amassa
Dave Locke
Susan Wood

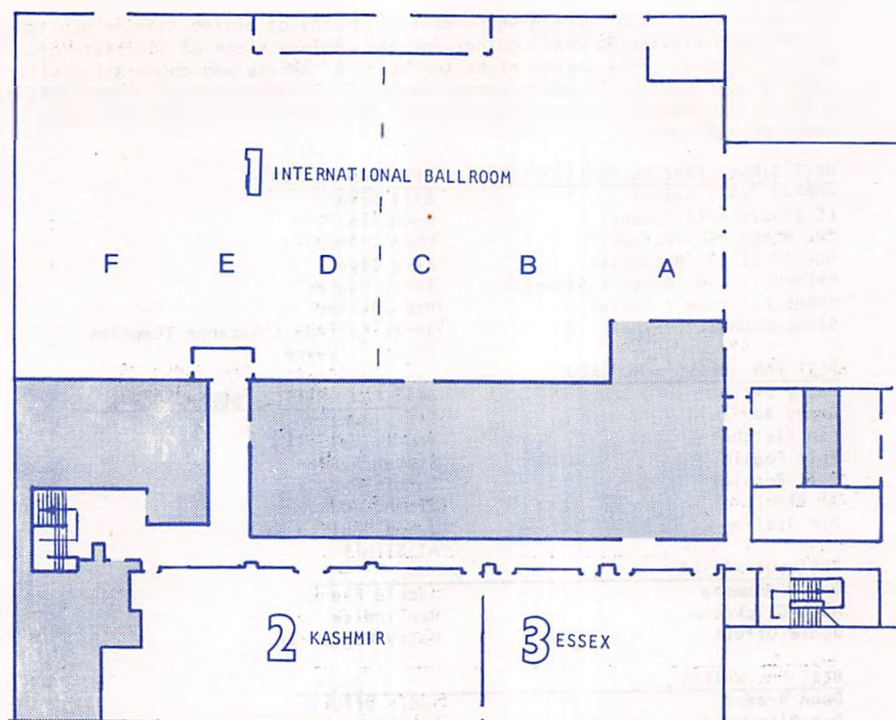
Jodie Offutt
Bob Shaw
Don C. Thompson

Last year's 84 voters picked winners OUTWORLDS, Bill & Joan Bowers, Jim Shull, Harry Warner Jr., Don C. Thompson and Bill Rotsler from a slate of actifans nominated by those active in each area of expertise (artists nominated artists, letterhacks nominated letterhacks, etc.).

WHY THE FAAN?

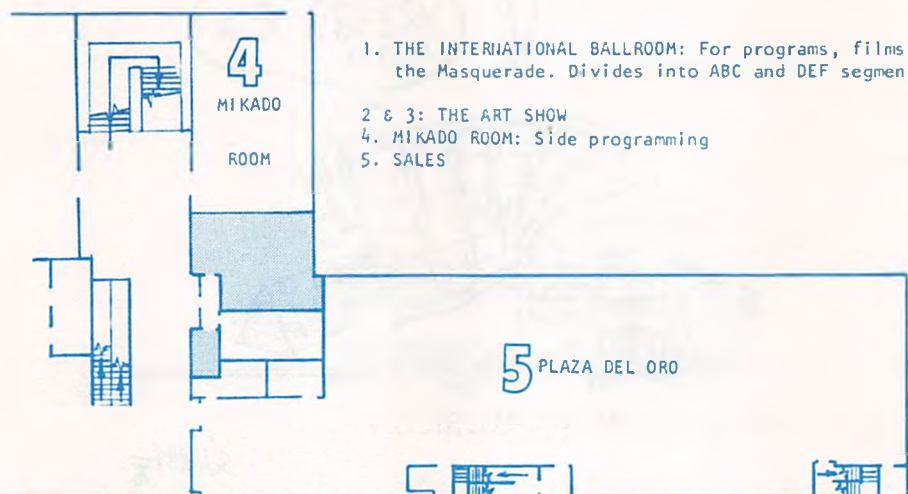
The microcosm of science fiction fandom has grown so large and diverse that it is no longer possible for one person to know all other members of it, or read all other members' publications. The zines eligible for the FAAns are the amateur publications, which do not pay for material. Though the FAAns are meant to supplement rather than replace any other award, the fact remains that one after another Hugo nominee has turned professional, paying for material and publishing for profit, and become indifferent to fannish customs and traditions. The FAAns encourage zinefans who still publish in the "grand old way."

Next year will be our third go at selecting Fan Activity Achievement Awards winners. You'll be eligible to nominate in your peer category if sometime this year you publish a fanzine (including apazines), or if your letters, article or illustration is printed by someone else. You'll be eligible to vote on all the finalists if you've done any of these. For more information, send an SASE to Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Avenue, Flushing NY 11355



WESTERCON LOCAL RESTAURANTS LIST

ANDRE'S Mon-Sat 11-8; Sun 4-8	8823 Sepulveda ITALIAN	776-6767
BRYAN'S PIT BARBECUE Mon-Sat 11-9	8620 Sepulveda AMERICAN	645-8266
BUGGY WHIP Sun-Thur 11-10; Fri-Sat 11-Midnight	7420 La Tijera AMERICAN	645-7131
CAVALIER Sun-Sat 11-2	5912 Manchester AMERICAN, BAR	645-6175
COL. LEE'S MONGOLIAN BAR-B-Q Tues-Fri 11:30-9:30; S&S 4-9:30	5608 Manchester ORIENTAL	641-6868
* D N K DRIVE-IN Sun-Sat 9:30-9	5600 Manchester GREEK-AMERICAN	641-8473
* HOUSE OF PIES Sun-Sat 8:30-Midnight	8629 Sepulveda COFFEE SHOP	641-8228
* ITALY'S LITTLE KITCHEN Sun-Sat 11:30-Midnight	8516 Lincoln ITALIAN	670-9992

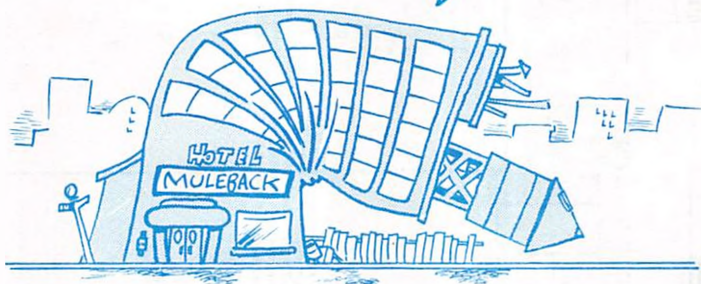


* LITTLE INN	8343 Lincoln	670-9938
	Mon-Thurs 11-8; Fri 11-9; Sat 3-9; Sun 12-8	SMORGASBORD
LUM'S	8813 Sepulveda	670-8858
	Sun-Thurs 11-8; Fri 11-9; Sat 3-9; Sun 12-8	
* PARADISE COFFEE SHOP	9100 Sepulveda	645 3976
	Sun-Sat 8-7:30	ORIENTAL-AMERICAN
* PIZZA KAT	8442 Lincoln	670-2174
	Mon-Sat 11-11	TAKE-OUT
PROUD BIRD	11022 Aviation	670-3093
	Sun-Sat 11:30-10:30	AMERICAN, BAR
QUON'S GARDEN	5630 Manchester	645-1021
	Sun-Sat 11:30-9:30	CHINESE
RED ONION	6212 Manchester	670-5588
	Sun-Thurs 11-10 Fri-Sat 11-11	MEXICAN
* ROYAL SMORGASBORD	9149 Sepulveda	641-2318
	Tues-Sun 11-9	
* SIZZLER	5856 Manchester	641-1167
	Sun-Thurs 11:30-9 Fri-Sat 11:30-9:30	STEAK HOUSE

* INDICATES RELATIVELY INEXPENSIVE -- many items for \$2.50 - \$3.50

GET SOME OF THOSE
FANS OUTTA THE BALL
ROOM AND PUT THEM
IN THE MEZZANINE.

OK, THEN THE
TOILETS'LL FLUSH
AGAIN.



MEANWHILE, AT MIDAMERICAN.....

SCHEM 76

.....
+++++ TOM DIGBY +++++
.....

Probably Something, BUT NOT ISSUING SLAVES TO MEMBERS OF A CONVENTION
AS "CON BADGES"

The system would be fairly simple -- Each member would have a personal slave to follow that member around and vouch for said member to security guards, etc. A competent slave would be fairly hard to lose, even if the member gets careless, so long as the slave does not want to be lost. Stealing wouldn't be much of a problem either as the slave would run away from the thief back to the member the slave belonged to. As for the security guards, concom, etc., being able to recognize the slaves, the logical thing to do is to have them all look alike. Perhaps they could all be cloned from some minor flunky on the concom. Since the time required to clone a slave is longer than most cons counterfeitin shouldn't be a problem so long as the secret of who the slaves are cloned from isn't leaked. For that reason it would not be a good idea to clone the slaves from the Pro GoH, a high-ranking committee member, or other obvious sources.

As a minor side advantage, this system would mean the hotel gets twice as much business (in the form of meals, rooms, etc.) which should make them treat the con with more respect. A few fans can be expected to creeb at the added expense of maintaining a personal slave throughout the con, but then every great idea has its detractors. And think of how useful slaves would be after the con for such busywork as collating, retyping rough drafts onto master, standing in line for stuff, qualifying for the Diamond Lane, etc. etc.

Reprinted from APA L 569

April 8, 1976



WESTERCON 29

FRIDAY PROGRAM



JULY 2, 1976

PM

2:00 REGISTRATION OPENS

7:00 OPENING RECEPTION

all

12:00 FILMS

all

REST ROOMS



SHUII 52576

WESTERCON 1978

MIKE GLYER

ED FINKELSTEIN

CRAIG MILLER

If you're disinterested in Smutz and Putz, and will cast your vote on the 1978 Westercon site based on the committee's experience, its plans for operating the convention, the city and the prospective program, consider MIKE GLYER, ED FINKELSTEIN and CRAIG MILLER's bid. Two of us are new to convention administration, but none of us are strangers to the planning for and daily operation of a 1000+ person convention. Mike Glycer, chairman, is the 1976 Westercon publications committeeman, and served part-time in the same capacity the past two Westercons. Ed Finkelstein, used to working under pressure as procedural treasurer of LASFS, has assisted in the day-to-day operations of several Westercons. Craig Miller, our Hotel Liaison, is last year's Westercon co-chairman, and with a dozen conventions behind him probably has more hotel experience than anyone. Even our opposition has sought his advice.

CITY OF THE ANGELS

Our facility, the Los Angeles Marriott Hotel, is one you know if you were at NASFiC. Walk up the street and look it over when you're at the Hyatt. The Marriott's spacious function rooms and myriad sleeping rooms speak for themselves. And we will be speaking for ourselves -- we will have a policy of complete financial disclosure. CONVENTION PROFITS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED BY A VOTE OF THE ATTENDEES, if profits there be. Please support our bid -- when you buy your '78 voting membership, vote Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES MARRIOTT



WESTERCON 29

SATURDAY PROGRAM

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1976

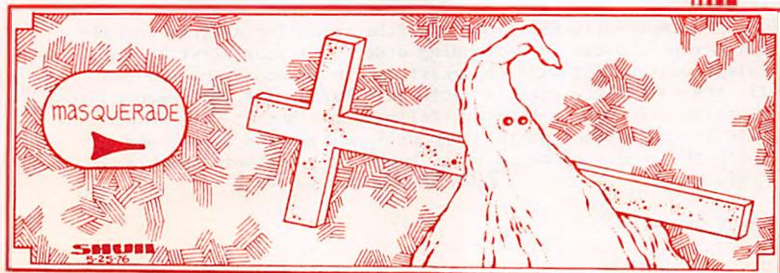


AM

- 11:00 BAILING WIRE, VELVET & PEANUT BUTTER:
def A COSTUMERS' WORKSHOP
Marjii Eilers, moderator.
Katherine Kurtz, Angelique Trouvere, Kathy Bushman,
Nancy Lee Kidd, Fran Evans
- 11:00 THE FANTASTIC, ALWAYS NEW, NEVER BEFORE PRESENTED
abc WRITERS PANEL
Debbie Notkin, moderator

PM

- 12:30 JUST SUPPOSE
abc Larry Niven Responds to Audience Ideas
- 12:30 AS THE CAISSONS GO ROCKETING ALONG
def THE MILITARY MIND IN SCIENCE FICTION, PART TWO
Ken Butler, Moderator
Jerry Pournelle, William Tuning, Poul Anderson,
Dick Eney
- 1:30 A WALK THROUGH ART SHOW HISTORY
abc Alicia Austin & Terri Gary, moderators
- 2:00 THEODORE STURGEON: AN INTERVIEW
def
- 2:30 SURVIVAL WITH STYLE:
abc A TALK BY DR. JERRY POURNELLE
- 3:30 ATTACK OF THE OSMIROIDS: ARTISTS DUEL TO THE DEATH
def Bill Rotsler, moderator
Linda Miller, Marc Schirmeister
- 8:00 THE MASQUERADE 12:00 FILMS



WesterCon XXIX Business Rules

The Business Meeting and Site Selection of the 29th Annual West Coast Science Fantasy Conference will be held on Monday, July 5th, 1976 at 11 a.m. The order of business will be nominations for the site of the 1978 Westercon first, followed by any other motions. The Meeting will be conducted according to Robert's Rules of Order, Revised, as interpreted as the Parliamentarian except where contravened by the following Special Rules:

1. All motions, resolutions, or other items to be presented for a vote of the Conference membership must be submitted in written form, together with a second, also written. These must have been received by the Westercon 29 Committee not later than 6 p.m., Sunday, July 4th 1976. Nominations for Conference sites are excepted from these provisions.
2. No motions submitted after the above deadline or from the floor during the Business Meeting will be considered.
3. In any and all cases, the decisions of the Parliamentarian will be considered as final.

Any city located in the Southwest Region according to the Standing Rules is eligible to submit a bid for the 31st West Coast Science Fantasy Conference, to be held over the July 4th weekend of 1978. Any city in the Northwest region which wishes to enter a bid for this date may do so, but it must receive a 3/4 approval of the voting membership at the Site Selection Session in order to set the rotation system aside. The winning site will be chosen by a majority vote.

In order to be eligible to vote, one must: (1) Be a member of Westercon 29; (2) Pay \$4 toward one's membership in Westercon 31. The fee will be collected by the Westercon 29 committee and held for presentation to the winning bidder. For your \$4 you will 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 Site Selection Session), and a record, giving your name, address, date of purchase, and the amount paid, which both you and the Committee member will sign, and which will be retained by the Committee member to be given to the winning bidder along with your money. This is to ensure that you are entered in the rolls of Westercon 31 as a fully paid member, no matter which site wins.

The ballot will have three lines. Should there be more than two bidders you will vote an Automatic-Runoff ballot (the so-called Australian ballot), listing your choices in descending order. If your first choice is eliminated, your ballot will be recast for your second choice, and so on until the majority winner is declared. Failure to list second and third choices, in such a case, forfeits your right to vote in a runoff. The three sections of the form will be numbered alike, and compared with the record of memberships bought before the winner is finally declared.

((CONTINUED ON PAGE 15))

WESTERCON 29

SUNDAY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1976



AM

11:00 MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! -- COLLECTING SCIENCE FICTION
def Fred Patten, moderator
Forry Ackerman, Marty Massoglia, Jim Webbert

11:30 FUTURE SLEUTHS: SCIENCE FICTION MYSTERIES
abc Len Moffatt, moderator
Larry Niven, Randall Garrett, June Moffatt, Tom Whitmore.

PM

12:30 WITHER THE WORLDCON...
def Ron Bounds, moderator
Larry Propp, Jack Chalker, Craig Miller, Milt Stevens

1:30 WHAT'S OPERA, DOC SMITH? SPACE OPERA AND ITS DEVELOPMENT INTO MODERN SCIENCE FICTION
abc Alva Rogers, moderator
Horace L. Gold, Jack Williamson, Larry Shaw

2:00 THE FUTURE, IT AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE
def Ctein, moderator

2:30 DON SIMPSON PRESENTS THE SMITHSONIAN PRESENTS DON SIMPSON

4:00 ROBERT SILVERBERG: AN INTERVIEW
def Mike Glycer, interviewer

7:30 COCKTAIL RECEPTION: SPEECHES AND AWARDS
all

12:00 FILMS
all

((...continued from page 13...))

It is now traditional that the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference (Westercon) shall take place over the July 4th holiday weekend, except in such years that it may be combined with the World Science Fiction Convention.

Any city lying on the North American continent West of the 104th Meridian or in Hawaii, shall be eligible to host a Westercon. Westercons shall rotate on a biennial basis between a Northwest and Southwest region; the dividing line beginning at a point at $35^{\circ}30'$ at the coast and extending diagonally northeastwards to intersect with the 37th parallel at the California/Nevada state border, thence Eastwards along the 37th parallel to the 104th Meridian. Hawaii shall be a part of the Southwest region. The conference shall be held in the Northwest region in odd-numbered years (1977, 1979 etc.) and in the Southwest region in even-numbered years (1976, 1978 etc.) provided that there is a bidder from the appropriate region. If there is no bidder from the appropriate region for a particular year, the other region may bid without affecting its own regular schedule. Any bid for an out-of-turn city may be entered provided that a vote of $3/4$ of the voting membership at the appropriate Business Meeting approves of it. In the event that there are no bidders for a Westercon in any year, or no site is able to obtain a majority of votes, the selection of both a site and a committee to organize and manage the conference will be referred to the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

Bidding Committees are allowed 15 minutes to make their presentation, including speeches, audiovisual supplementation, a question-and-answer session, or any other form of presenting a bid in the time allowed.

Site selection voting is limited to Business Meeting attendees, or those who have cast their ballot in advance, who are: (1) members of the Westercon at which the voting is taking place; (2) pre-supporting members of the Conference being voted upon, by having paid a fee toward their membership in the Conference in question. The amount of such a voting fee is to be established by the Conference conducting the voting, after consulting the desires of the known bidders for the Conference being voted upon. The fee collected will register the voter as at least a full supporting member of the Conference being voted upon, and may register him as a full attending member, depending upon the policy of the winner.

WESTERCON 29

MONDAY PROGRAM



JULY 5, 1976

AM

11:00 THE BUSINESS MEETING AND SITE SELECTION SESSION
def

PM

12:00 THE TRIVIA QUIZ
def



ABOUT HORACE GOLD

THEODORE STURGEON

I was aware of Horace Gold before I met him -- very much so. As a teen-aged merchant seaman who had quit his job and come ashore because he had sold a story (for \$5 on publication), I knew nothing of markets or editors or even what it was I really wanted to write. An alcoholic advertising man I knew slammed a magazine down in front of me one day and said, "This is what you ought to be writing for!" It was Vol. 1, No. 1 of UNKNOWN, Sept. (I think) 1939, it was edited by John W. Campbell, Jr., and it contained a story called "Trouble With Water" by H. L. Gold. I read it and felt that this was home... not home in the sense that I had arrived somewhere and this was my place, but home in the way one sees a picture of a house, or gets a glimpse of fruit trees and a white picket fence as one drives by. "Some day I'll..." You know. Some day, I vowed, I'd write a story as good as "Trouble With Water." Well, I don't know that I have, even today, but that's where it all began; for, timid and terrified and awestruck though I was, I let myself be persuaded to go up to the creaky old building at 79 7th Avenue to meet the Man.

Horace and I got to know one another in a series of brief encounters over the next ten years, and when, with an uncanny instinct (things were not all that great in sf in 1950) he decided to start a new magazine, he did me the honor of asking me to read his "slush pile" -- that's the bushels and bushels of unsolicited manuscripts that crash in through the mail at such times. The other reader was the late, great Groff Conklin. The pile was divided in two; I'd read mine and write comments on each one, and send them to Groff, who would do the same with his and send them to me, the whole heap ultimately winding up with Horace.

We read and we read until everything was a blue haze around us, with dancing spots; but then we were done with it. Horace had to do the same, and then all the incredibly detailed donkey-work an editor has to handle -- bad enough when you have a going book, but just this side of impossible when you're just starting out. But he never lost his cool. At the worst of times you could call and get that resonant voice on the

phone, seemingly relaxed, always ready to listen (not, however, always ready to do what you wanted!) and always with that puckish humor of his.

He was one of the very best editors I have ever encountered. There were times when I disagreed with him violently, and if I was right, he never hesitated to say so and fix the trouble. If he was right, he would, with great patience and unassailable logic, make that clear. After awhile, during the fruitful years in which I wrote for him, the disagreements became less and less violent, and mutated into a fascinating sort of chess, wherein I came to know them man so well that I knew, nine times out of ten, what he was likely to change in one of my stories, and I'd circle this -- a phrase or a paragraph -- and write "stet" in the margin; a printer's term which means "run this as is." Never once did Horace fail to respect that "stet."

I can't tell you how much I admired that man. His health was a problem in those days, yet at the very worst of times, when he was confined to his bedroom and sometimes to his bed, he did his work, made his deadlines, maintained his inventory and his contacts with his authors. No one can ever know what it cost him to get that magazine out, but get it out he did.

There was one other thing about him which will always stand tall in my assessment of him -- his deep caring about the troubles his writers might have. We all have ups and downs, and my personal roller-coaster has some pretty spooky dips and turns. Horace was always there to help -- and sometimes, in ways which profoundly affected everything I did with my life and work. One of these pivot-points does him much honor and credit, and I'll tell you about it at the Con.

Theodore Sturgeon: May 19, 1976

TROUBLE WITH WATER

HORACE L. GOLD

Greenberg did not deserve his surroundings. He was the first fisherman of the season, which guaranteed him a fine catch; he sat in a dry boat -- one without a single leak -- far out on a lake that was ruffled only enough to agitate his artificial fly. The sun was warm, the air was cool; he sat comfortably on a cushion; he had brought a hearty lunch; and two bottles of beer hung over the stern in the cold water.

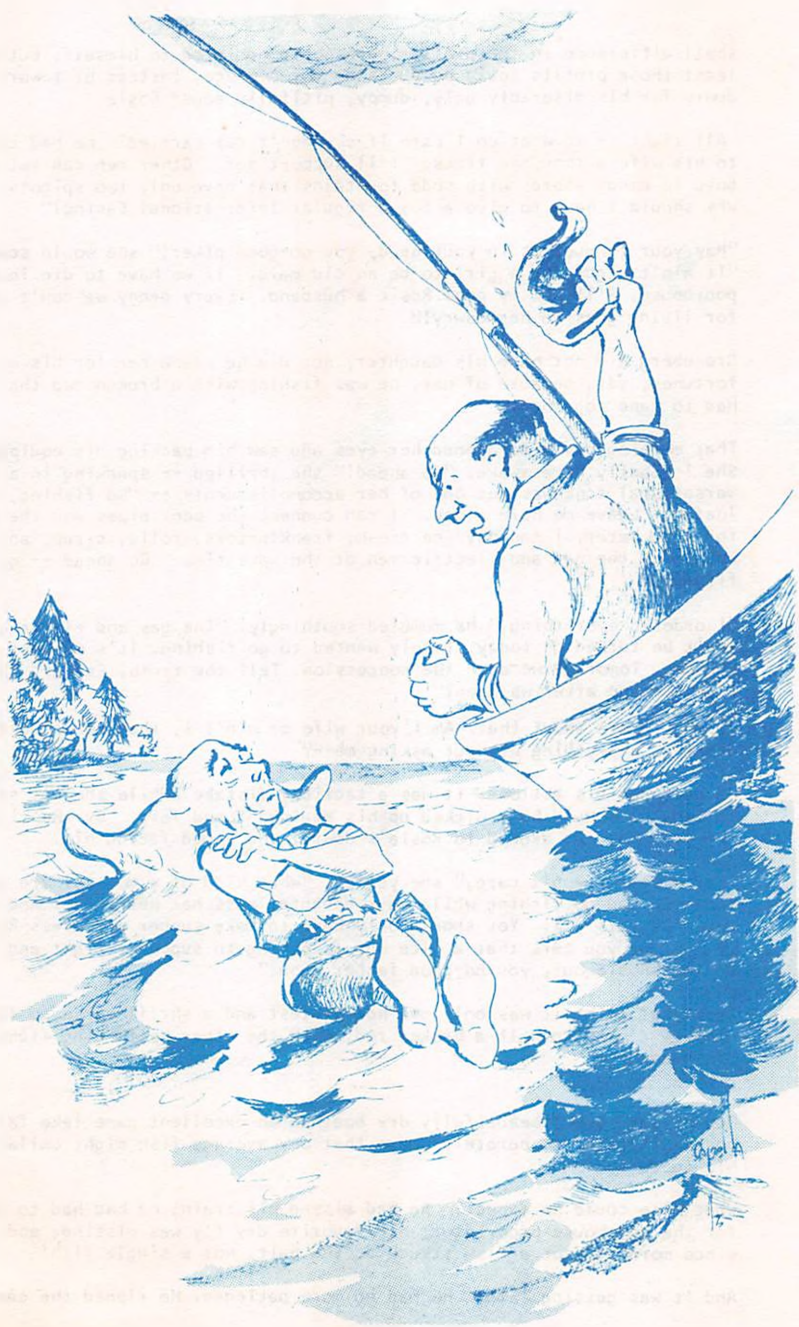
Any other man would have been soaked with joy to be fishing on such a splendid day. Normally, Greenberg himself would have been ecstatic, but instead of relaxing and waiting for a nibble, he was plagued by worries.

This short, slightly gross, definitely bald, eminently respectable businessman lived a gypsy life. During the summer he lived in a hotel with kitchen privileges in Rockaway; winters he lived in a hotel with kitchen privileges in Florida; and in both places he operated concessions. For years now, rain had fallen on schedule every weekend, and there had been storms and floods on Decoration Day, July 4th and Labor Day. He did not love his life, but it was a way of making a living.

He closed his eyes and groaned. If he had only had a son instead of Rosie! Then things would have been mighty different --

For one thing, a son could run the hot dog and hamburger griddle, Esther could draw beer, and he would make soft drinks. There would be

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small difference in the profits, Greenberg admitted to himself; but at least those profits could be put away for old age, instead of toward a dowry for his miserably ugly, dumpy, pitifully eager Rosie.

"All right -- so what do I care if she don't get married?" he had cried to his wife a thousand times. "I'll support her. Other men can set up boys in candy stores with soda fountains that have only two spigots. Why should I have to give a boy a regular International Casino?"

"May your tongue rot in your head, you no-good piker!" she would scream. "It ain't right for a girl to be an old maid. If we have to die in the poorhouse, I'll get my poor Rosie a husband. Every penny we don't need for living goes to her dowry!"

Greenberg did not hate his daughter, nor did he blame her for his misfortunes; yet, because of her, he was fishing with a broken rod that he had to tape together.

That morning his wife opened her eyes and saw him packing his equipment. She instantly came awake. "Go ahead!" she shrilled -- speaking in a conversational tone was not one of her accomplishments -- "Go fishing, you loafer! Leave me here alone. I can connect the beer pipes and the gas for soda water. I can buy ice cream, frankfurters, rolls, sirup, and watch for the gas and electric men at the same time. Go ahead -- go fishing!"

"I ordered everything," he mumbled soothingly. "The gas and electric won't be turned on today. I only wanted to go fishing. It's my last chance. Tomorrow we open the concession. Tell the truth, Esther, can I go fishing after we open?"

"I don't care about that. Am I your wife or ain't I, that you should go ordering everything without asking me--"

He defended his actions. It was a tactical mistake. While she was still in bed, he should have picked up his equipment and left. By the time the argument got around to Rosie's dowry, she stood facing him.

"For myself I don't care," she yelled. "What kind of a monster are you that you can go fishing while your daughter eats her heart out? And on a day like this yet! You should only have to make supper and dress Rosie up. A lot you care that a nice boy is coming to supper tonight and may-be take Rosie out, you no-good father, you!"

From that point it was only one hot protest and a shrill curse to find himself clutching half a broken rod, with the other half being flung at his head.

Now he sat in his beautifully dry boat on an excellent game lake far out on Long Island, desperately aware that any average fish might collapse his taped rod.

What else could he expect? He had missed his train; he had had to wait for the boathouse proprietor; his favorite dry fly was missing; and, since morning, not a fish struck at the bait. Not a single fish!

And it was getting late. He had no more patience. He ripped the cap off

a bottle of beer and drank it, in order to gain courage to change his fly for a less sporting bloodworm. It hurt him, but he wanted a fish.

The hook and the squirming worm sank. Before it came to rest, he felt a nibble. He sucked in his breath exultantly and snapped the hook deep into the fish's mouth. Sometimes, he thought philosophically, they just won't take artificial bait. He reeled in slowly.

"Oh, Lord," he prayed, "a dollar for charity -- just don't let the rod bend in half where I taped it!"

It was sagging dangerously. He looked at it unhappily and raised his ante to five dollars; even at that price it looked impossible. He dipped his rod into the water, parallel with the line, to remove the strain. He was glad no one could see him do it. The line reeled in without a fight.

"Have I -- God forbid! -- got an eel or something not kosher?" he mumbled. "A plague on you -- why don't you fight?"

He did not really care what it was -- even an eel -- anything at all.

He pulled in a long, pointed, brimless green hat.

For a moment he glared at it. His mouth hardened. Then, viciously, he yanked the hat off the hook, threw it on the floor and trampled on it. He rubbed his hands together in anguish.

"All day I fish," he wailed, "two dollars for train fare, a dollar for a boat, a quarter for bait, a new rod I got to buy -- and a five-dollar mortgage charity has got on me. For what? For you, you hat, you!"

Out in the water an extremely civil voice asked politely: "May I have my hat, please?"

Greenberg glowered up. He saw a little man come swimming vigorously through the water toward him: small arms crossed with enormous dignity, vast ears on a pointed face propelling him quite rapidly and efficiently. With serious determination he drove through the water, and, at the starboard rail, his enormous ears kept him stationary while he looked gravely at Greenberg.

"You are stamping on my hat," he pointed out without anger.

To Greenberg this was highly unimportant. "With the ears you're swimming," he grinned in a superior way. "Do you look funny!"

"How else could I swim?" the little man asked politely.

"With the arms and legs, like a regular human being, of course."

"But I am not a human being. I am a water gnome, a relative of the more common mining gnome. I cannot swim with my arms, because they must be crossed to give an appearance of dignity suitable to a water gnome; and my feet are used for writing and holding things. On the other hand my ears are perfectly adapted for propulsion in water. Consequently I employ them for that purpose. But please, my hat -- there are several matters requiring my immediate attention, and I must not waste time."

Greenberg's unpleasant attitude toward the remarkably civil gnome is easily understandable. He had found someone he could feel superior to, and, by insulting him, his depressed ego could expand. The water gnome certainly looked inoffensive enough, being only two feet tall.

"What you got that's so important to do, Big Ears?" he asked nastily.

Greenberg hoped the gnome would be offended. He was not, since his ears were, to him, perfectly normal, just as you would not be insulted if a race of atrophied beings were to call you "Big Muscles." You might even feel flattered.

"I really must hurry," the gnome said, almost anxiously. "But if I have to answer your questions in order to get back my hat -- we are engaged in restocking the Eastern waters with fish. Last year there was quite a drain. The bureau of fisheries is cooperating with us to some extent, but, of course, we cannot depend too much on them. Until the population rises to normal, every fish has instructions not to nibble."

Greenberg allowed himself a smile, an annoyingly skeptical smile.

"My main work," the gnome went on resignedly, "is control of the rainfall over the Eastern seaboard. Our fact-finding committee, which is scientifically situated in the meteorological center of the continent, coordinates the rainfall needs of the entire continent; and when they determine the amount of rain needed in particular spots of the East, I make it rain to that extent. Now may I have my hat, please?"

Greenberg laughed coarsely. "The first lie was big enough -- about telling the fish not to bite. You make it rain like I'm President of the United States!" He bent toward the gnome slyly. "How about proof?"

"Certainly, if you insist." The gnome raised his patient, triangular face toward a particularly clear blue spot in the sky, a trifle to one side of Greenberg. "Watch that bit of the sky."

Greenberg looked up humorously. Even when a small dark cloud rapidly formed in the previously clear spot, his grin remained broad.



It could have been coincidental. But then large drops of undeniable rain fell over a twenty-foot circle; and Greenberg's mocking grin shrank and grew sour.

He glared hatred at the gnome, finally convinced. "So you're the dirty crook who makes it rain on weekends!"

"Usually on week ends during the summer," the gnome admitted.

"Ninety-two percent of the water consumption is on weekdays. Obviously we must replace that water. The week ends, of course, are the logical time."

"But, you thief!" Greenberg cried hysterically. "You murderer! What do you care what you do to my concession with your rain. It ain't bad enough business would be rotten even without rain, you got to make floods!"

"I'm sorry," the gnome replied, untouched by Greenberg's rhetoric. "We do not create rainfall for the benefit of men. We are here to protect the fish."

"Now please give me my hat. I have wasted enough time, when I should be preparing the extremely heavy rain needed for this coming weekend."

Greenberg jumped to his feet in the unsteady boat. "Rain this weekend -- when maybe I can make a profit for a change! A lot you care if your ruin business. May you and your fish die a horrible, lingering death."

And he furiously ripped the green hat to pieces and hurled them at the gnome.

"I'm really sorry you did that," the little fellow said calmly, his huge ears treading water without the slightest increase of pace to indicate his anger. "We Little Folk have no tempers to lose. Nevertheless, occasionally we find it necessary to discipline certain of your people, in order to retain our dignity. I am not malignant; but, since you hate the water and those who live in it, water and those who live in it will keep away from you."

With his arms still folded in great dignity, the tiny water gnome flipped his vast ears and disappeared in a neat surface dive.

Greenberg glowered at the spreading circles of waves. He did not grasp the gnome's final restraining order; he did not even attempt to interpret it. Instead he glared angrily out of the corner of his eye at the phenomenal circle of rain that fell from a perfectly clear sky. The gnome must have remembered it at length, for a moment later the rain stopped. Like shutting off a faucet, Greenberg unwillingly thought.

"Good-by, weekend business," he growled. "If Esther finds out I got into an argument with the guy who makes it rain --"

He made an underhand cast, hoping for just one fish. The line flew out over the water; then the hook arched upward and came to rest several inches above the surface, hanging quite steadily and without support in the air.

"Well, go down in the water, damn you!" Greenberg said viciously, and he swished his rod back and forth to pull the hook down from its ridiculous levitation. It refused.

Muttering something incoherent about being hanged before he'd give in, Greenberg hurled his useless rod at the water. By this time he was not surprised when it hovered in the air above the lake. He merely glanced red-eyed at it, tossed out the remains of the gnome's hat, and snatched up the oars.

When he pulled back on them to row to land, they did not touch the water -- naturally. Instead they flashed unimpeded through the air, and Greenberg tumbled into the bow.

"A-ha!" he grated. "Here's where the trouble begins." He bent over

the side. As he had suspected, the keel floated a remarkable distance above the lake.

By rowing against the air, he moved with maddening slowness toward shore, like a medieval conception of a flying machine. His main concern was that no one should see him in his humiliating position.

At the hotel he tried to sneak past the kitchen to the bathroom. He knew that Esther waited to curse him for going fishing the day before opening, but more especially on the very day that a nice boy was coming to see her Rosie. If he could dress in a hurry she might have less to say--

"Oh, there you are, you good-for-nothing!"

He froze to a halt.

"Look at you!" she screamed shrilly. "Filthy-- you stink from fish!"

"I didn't catch anything, darling," he protested timidly.

"You stink anyhow. Go take a bath, may you drown in it! Get dressed in two minutes or less, and entertain the boy when he gets here. Hurry!"

He locked himself in, happy to escape her voice, started the water in the tub, and stripped from the waist up. A hot bath, he hoped, would rid him of his depressed feeling. First, no fish; now, rain on weekends! What would Esther say -- if she knew, of course. And, of course, he would not tell her.

"Let myself in for a lifetime of curses!" he sneered. "Ha!"

He clamped a new blade into his razor, opened the tube of shaving cream, and stared objectively at the mirror. The dominant feature of the soft, chubby face that stared back was its ugly black stubble; but he set his stubborn chin and glowered. He really looked quite fierce and indomitable. Unfortunately, Esther never saw his face in that uncharacteristic pose, otherwise she would speak more softly.

"Herman Greenberg never gives in!" he whispered between savagely hardened lips. "Rain on weekends, no fish -- anything he wants; a lot I care! Believe me, he'll come crawling to me before I go to him."

He gradually became aware that his shaving brush was not getting wet. When he looked down and saw the water dividing into streams that flowed around it, his determined face slipped and grew desperately anxious. He tried to trap the water -- by catching it in his cupped hands, by creeping up on it from behind, as if it were some shy animal, and shoving his brush at it -- but it broke and ran away from his touch. Then he jammed his palm against the faucet. Defeated, he heard it gurgle down the pipe, probably as far as the main.

"What do I do now?" he groaned. "Will Esther give it to me if I don't take a shave! But how? ...I can't shave without water."

Gloomily, he shut off the bath, undressed and stepped into the tub. He lay down to soak. It took a moment of horrified stupor to realize that he was completely dry and that he lay in a waterless bathtub. The water, in one surge of revulsion, had swept out onto the floor.

"Herman, stop splashing!" his wife yelled. "I just washed that floor. If I find one little puddle I'll murder you!"

Greenberg surveyed the instep-deep pool over the bathroom floor. "Yes, my love," he croaked unhappily.

With an inadequate washrag he chased the elusive water, hoping to mop it all up before it could seep through to the apartment below. His washrag remained dry, however, and he knew that the ceiling underneath was dripping. The water was still on the floor.

In despair, he sat on the edge of the bathtub. For some time he sat in silence. Then his wife banged on the door, urging him to come out. He started and dressed moodily.

When he sneaked out and shut the bathroom door tightly on the floor

inside, he was extremely dirty and his face was raw where he had experimentally attempted to shave with a dry razor.

"Rosie!" he called in a hoarse whisper. "Sh! Where's Mama?"

His daughter sat on the studio couch and applied nail polish to her stubby fingers. "You look terrible," she said in a conversational tone. "Aren't you going to shave?"

He recoiled at the sound of her voice, which, to him, roared out like a siren. "Quiet, Rosie! Sh!" And for further emphasis, he shoved his lips out against a warning finger. He heard his wife striding heavily around the kitchen. "Rosie," he cooed, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll mop up the water I spilled in the bathroom."

"I can't, Papa," she stated firmly. "I'm all dressed."

"Two dollars, Rosie -- all right, two and a half, you blackmailer."

He flinched when he heard her gasp in the bathroom; but, when she came out with soaked shoes, he fled downstairs. He wandered aimlessly toward the village.

Now he was in for it, he thought; screams from Esther, tears from Rosie -- plus a new pair of shoes for Rosie and two and a half dollars. It would be worse, though, if he could not get rid of his whiskers --

Rubbing the tender spots where his dry razor had raked his face, he mused blankly at a drugstore window. He saw nothing to help him, but he went inside anyhow and stood hopefully at the drug counter. A face peered at him through a space scratched in the wall-case mirror, and the druggist came out. A nice-looking, intelligent fellow, Greenberg saw at a glance.

"What you got for shaving that I can use without water?" he asked.

"Skin irritation, eh?" the pharmacist replied. "I got something very good for that."

"No. It's just -- Well, I don't like to shave with water."

The druggist seemed disappointed. "Well, I got brushless shaving cream." Then he brightened. "But I got an electric razor, -- much better."

"How much?" Greenberg asked cautiously.

"Only fifteen dollars, and it lasts a lifetime."

"Give me the shaving cream," Greenberg said coldly.

With the tactical science of a military expert, he walked around until some time after dark. Only then did he go back to the hotel, to wait outside. It was after seven, he was getting hungry, and the people who entered the hotel he knew as permanent summer guests. At last a stranger passed him and ran up the stairs.

Greenberg hesitated for a moment. The stranger was scarcely a boy, as Esther had definitely termed him, but Greenberg reasoned that her term was merely wish-fulfillment, and he jauntily ran up behind him.

He allowed a few minutes to pass, for the man to introduce himself and let Esther and Rosie don their company manners. Then, secure in the knowledge that there would be no more scene until the guest left, he entered.

He waded through a hostile atmosphere, urbanely shook hands with Sammie Katz, who was a doctor -- probably, Greenberg thought shrewdly, in search of an office -- and excused himself.

In the bathroom he carefully read the directions for using brushless shaving cream. He felt less confident when he realized that he had to wash his face thoroughly with soap and water, but without benefit of either, he spread cream on, patted it, and waited for his beard to soften. It did not, as he discovered while shaving. He wiped his face dry. The towel was sticky and black, with whiskers suspended in paste, and for that, he knew, there would be more hell to pay. He shrugged resignedly. He would have to spend fifteen dollars for an electric razor after all; this foolishness was costing him a fortune!

That they were waiting for him before beginning supper was, he knew, only a gesture for the sake of company. Without changing her hard, brilliant smile, Esther whispered: "Wait! I'll get you later--"

He smiled back, his tortured, slashed face creasing painfully. All that could be changed by his being enormously pleasant to Rosie's young man. If he could slip Sammie a few dollars -- more expense, he groaned -- to take Rosie out, Esther would forgive everything.

He was too engaged in beaming and putting Sammie at ease to think of what would happen after he ate caviar canapes. Under other circumstances Greenberg would have been repulsed by Sammie's ultra-professional waxed mustache -- an offensively small, pointed thing -- and his commercial attitude toward poor Rosie; but Greenberg regarded him as a potential savior.

"You open an office yet, Doctor Katz?"

"Not yet. You know how things are. Anyhow, call me Sammie."

Greenberg recognized the gambit with satisfaction, since it seemed to please Esther so much. At one stroke Sammie had ingratiated himself and begun bargaining negotiations.

Without another word Greenberg lifted his spoon to attack the soup. It would be easy to snare this eager doctor. A doctor! No wonder Esther and Rosie were so puffed with joy.

In the proper company way, he pushed his spoon away from him. The soup spilled onto the tablecloth.

"Not so hard, you dope," Esther hissed.

He drew the spoon toward him. The soup leaped off it like a live thing and splashed over him -- turning, just before contact, to fall on the floor. He gulped and pushed the bowl away. This time the soup poured over the side of the plate and lay in a huge puddle on the table.

"I didn't want any soup anyhow," he said in a horrible attempt at levity. Lucky for him, he thought wildly, that Sammie was there to pacify Esther with his smooth college talk -- not a bad fellow, Sammie, in spite of his mustache; he'd come in handy at times.

Greenberg lapsed into a paralysis of fear. He was thirsty after having eaten the caviar, which beats herring any time as a thirst raiser. But the knowledge that he could not touch water without having it recoil and perhaps spill made his thirst a monumental craving. He attacked the problem cunningly.

The others were talking rapidly and rather hysterically. He waited until his courage was equal to his thirst; then he leaned over the table with a glass in his hand. "Sammie, do you mind -- a little water, huh?"

Sammie poured from a pitcher while Esther watched for more of his tricks. It was to be expected, still he was shocked when the water exploded out of the glass directly at Sammie's only suit.

"If you'll excuse me," Sammie said angrily, "I don't like to eat with lunatics."

And he left, though Esther cried and begged him to stay. Rosie was too stunned to move. But when the door closed, Greenberg raised his agonized eyes to watch his wife stalk murderously toward him.

Greenberg stood on the boardwalk outside his concession and glared bleakly at the peaceful, blue, highly unpleasant ocean. He wondered what would happen if he started at the edge of the water and strode out.

He could probably walk right to Europe on dry land.

It was early -- much too early for business -- and he was tired. Neither he nor Esther had slept; and it was practically certain that the neighbors hadn't either. But above all he was incredibly thirsty.

In a spirit of experimentation he mixed a soda. Of course its high water content made it slop onto the floor. For breakfast he had surreptitiously tried fruit juice and coffee, without success.

With his tongue dry to the point of furriness, he sat weakly on a boardwalk bench in front of his concession. It was Friday morning, which meant that the day was clear, with a promise of intense heat. Had it been Saturday, it naturally would have been raining.

"This year," he moaned, "I'll be wiped out. If I can't mix sodas, why should beer stay in a glass for me? I thought I could hire a boy for ten dollars a week to run the hot-dog griddle; I could make sodas, and Esther could draw beer. All I can do is make hot dogs, Esther can still draw beer; but twenty or maybe twenty-five a week I got to pay a sodaman. I won't even come out square -- a fortune I'll lose!"

The situation really was desperate. Concessions depend on too many factors to be anything but capriciously profitable.

His throat was fiery and his soft brown eyes held a fierce glaze when the gas and electric were turned on, the beer pipes connected, the tank of carbon dioxide hitched to the pump, and the refrigerator started.

Gradually, the beach was filling with bathers. Greenberg writhed on his bench and envied them. They could swim and drink without having liquids draw away from them as if in horror. They were not thirsty --

And then he saw his first customers approach. His business experience was that morning customers buy only soft drinks. In a mad haste he put up the shutters and fled to the hotel.

"Esther!" he cried. "I got to tell you. I can't stand it --"

Threateningly, his wife held her broom like a baseball bat. "Go back to the concession, you crazy fool. Ain't you done enough already?"

He could not be more hurt than he had been. For once he did not cringe. "You got to help me, Esther."

"Why didn't you shave, you no-good bum? Is that any way --"

"That's what I got to tell you. Yesterday I got into an argument with a water gnome --"

"A what?" Esther looked at him suspiciously.

"A water gnome," he babbled in a rush of words. "A little man so high, with big ears that he swims with, and he makes it rain --"

"Herman!" she screamed. "Stop that nonsense. You're crazy!"

Greenberg pounded his forehead with his fist. "I ain't crazy. Look, Esther. Come with me into the kitchen."

She followed him readily enough, but her attitude made him feel more helpless and alone than ever. With her fists on her plump hips and her feet set wide, she cautiously watched him try to fill a glass of water.

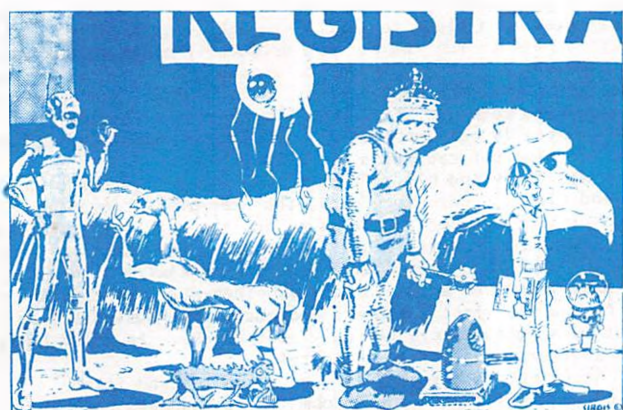
"Don't; you see?" he wailed. "It won't go into the glass. It spills all over. It runs away from me."

She was puzzled. "What happened to you?"

Brokenly, Greenberg told of his encounter with the water gnome, leaving out no single degrading detail. "And now I can't touch water," he ended. "I can't drink it. I can't make sodas. On top of it all, I got such a thirst, it's killing me."

Esther's reaction was instantaneous. She threw her arms around

(CONTINUED ON P. 32)



VOTE FOR PHOENIX

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And we want to make Westercons fannish again, moving away from the tradition of cattle-handling which has dominated recent large conventions. Help us put fannishness back into fandom—vote for us!

TusCon III was a BLAST!



BOY, WHAT A TIME WE HAD!

But unfortunately, almost all of the candid snapshots we took were fogged by the excess radiation.

The only one we could salvage (left) shows Walter W. Lupus, our sergeant-at-arms, aiding Gloria Lee Hoffstetter, who had fainted when the giant spider escaped.

Outside of that, nothing much untowards happened.

We understand that all those picked up in the vice raid did, in fact receive their clothes back, except Rosemary Wigglesworth, who was held as evidence.

Well, no sense brooding on the past. It was fun, but it's over. Anyway, we've got a REAL wingding coming up.

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him, drew his head down to her shoulder, and patted him comfortingly as if he were a child. "Herman, my poor Herman!" she breathed tenderly. "What did we ever do to deserve such a curse?"

"What shall I do, Esther?" he cried helplessly.

She held him at arm's length. "You got to go to a doctor," she said firmly. "How long can you go without drinking? Without water you'll die. Maybe sometimes I am a little hard on you, but you know I love you --"

"I know, Mamma," he sighed. "But how can a doctor help me?"

"Am I a doctor that I should know? Go anyhow. What can you lose?"

He hesitated. "I need fifteen dollars for an electric razor," he said in a low, weak voice.

"So?" she replied. "If you got to, you got to. Go, darling. I'll take care of the concession."

Greenberg no longer felt deserted and alone. He walked almost confidently to the doctor's office. Manfully, he explained his symptoms. The doctor listened with professional sympathy, until Greenberg reached his description of the water gnome.

Then his eyes glittered and narrowed. "I know just the thing for you Mr. Greenberg," he interrupted. "Sit there until I come back."

Greenberg sat quietly. He even permitted himself a surge of hope. But it seemed only a moment later that he was vaguely conscious of a siren screaming toward him; and then he was overwhelmed by the doctor and two interns who pounced on him and tried to squeeze him into a bag.

He resisted, of course. He was terrified enough to punch wildly. "What are you doing to me?" he shrieked. "Don't put that thing on me!"

"Easy, now," the doctor soothed. "Everything will be all right."

It was on that scene that the policeman, required by law to accompany public ambulances, appeared. "What's up?" he asked.

"Don't stand there, you fathead," an intern shouted. "This man's crazy. Help us get him into this strait-jacket."

But the policeman approached indecisively. "Take it easy, Mr. Greenberg. They ain't gonna hurt you while I'm here. What it all about?"

"Mike!" Greenberg cried, and clung to his protector's sleeve. "They think I'm crazy --"

"Of course he's crazy," the doctor stated. "He came in here with a fantastic yarn about a water gnome putting a curse on him."

"What kind of curse, Mr. Greenberg?" Mike asked cautiously.

"I got into an argument with the water gnome who makes it rain and takes care of the fish," Greenberg blurted. "I tore up his hat. Now he won't let water touch me. I can't drink, or anything --"

The doctor nodded. "There you are. Absolutely insane."

"Shut up." For a long moment Mike stared curiously at Greenberg. Then: "Did any of you scientists think of testing him? Here, Mr. Greenberg." He poured water into a paper cup and held it out.

Greenberg moved to take it. The water backed up against the cup's far lip; when he took it in his hand, the water shot into the air.

"Crazy, is he?" Mike asked with heavy irony. "I guess you don't know there's things like gnomes and elves. Come with me, Mr. Greenberg."

They went out together and walked toward the boardwalk. Greenberg told Mike the entire story and explained how, besides being so uncomfortable to him personally, it would ruin him financially.

"Well, doctors can't help you," Mike said at length. "What do they know about the Little Folk? And I can't say I blame you for sassing the gnome. You ain't Irish or you'd have spoke with more respect to him. Anyhow, you're thirsty. Can't you drink anything?"

"Not a thing," Greenberg said mournfully.

They entered the concession. A single glance told Greenberg that

business was very quiet, but even that could not lower his feelings more than they already were. Esther clutched him as soon as she saw them.

"Well?" she asked anxiously.

Greenberg shrugged in despair. "Nothing. He thought I was crazy."

Mike stared at the bar. Memory seemed to struggle behind his reflective eyes. "Sure," he said after a long pause. "Did you try beer, Mr. Greenberg? When I was a boy my old mother told me all about elves and gnomes and the rest of the Little Folk. She knew them, all right. They don't touch alcohol, you know. Try drawing a glass of beer -- "

Greenberg trudged obediently behind the bar and held a glass under a spigot. Suddenly his despondent face brightened. Beer creamed into the glass -- and stayed there! Mike and Esther grinned at each other as Greenberg threw back his head and furiously drank.

"Mike!" he crowed. "I'm saved. You got to drink with me!"

"Well -- " Mike protested feebly.

By late afternoon, Esther had to close the concession and take her husband and Mike to the hotel.

The following day, being Saturday, brought a flood of rain. Greenberg nursed an imposing hangover that was constantly aggravated by his having to drink beer in order to satisfy his recurring thirst. He thought of forbidden icebags and alkaline drinks in an agony of longing.

"I can't stand it!" he groaned. "Beer for breakfast -- phooey!"

"It's better than nothing," Esther said fatalistically.

"So help me, I don't know if it is. But, darling, you ain't mad at me on account of Sammie, are you?"

She smiled gently. "Poo! Talk dowry and he'll come back quick."

"That's what I thought. But what am I going to do about my curse?"

Cheerfully, Mike furlled an umbrella and strode in with a little old woman, whom he introduced as his mother. Greenberg enviously saw evidence of the effectiveness of icebags and alkaline drinks, for Mike had been just as high as he the day before.

"Mike told me about you and the gnome," the old lady said. "Now I know the Little Folk well, and I don't hold you to blame for insulting him, seeing you never met a gnome before. But I suppose you want to get rid of your curse. Are you repentant?"

Greenberg shuddered. "Beer for breakfast! Can you ask?"

"Well, just you go to this lake and give the gnome proof."

"What kind of proof?" Greenberg asked eagerly.

"Bring him sugar. The Little Folk love the stuff -- "

Greenberg beamed. "Did you hear that, Esther? I'll get a barrel -- "

"They love sugar, but they can't eat it," the old lady broke in.

"It melts in water. You got to figure out a way so it won't. Then the little gentleman'll know you're repentant for real."

"A-ha!" Greenberg cried. "I knew there was a catch!"

There was sympathetic silence while his agitated mind attacked the problem from all angles. Then the old lady said in awe: "The minute I saw your place I knew Mike had told the truth. I never seen a sight like it in my life -- rain coming down, like the flood, everywhere else; but all around this place, in a big circle, it's dry as a bone!"

While Greenberg scarcely heard her, Mike nodded and Esther seemed particularly interested in the phenomenon. When he admitted defeat and came out of his reflected stupor, he was alone in the concession, with only a vague memory of Esther's saying she would not be back for several hours.

"What am I going to do?" he muttered. "Sugar that won't melt -- " He drew a glass of beer and drank it thoughtfully. "Particular they got

to be yet. Ain't it good enough if I bring simple sirup? That's sweet."

He pattered about the place, looking for something to do. He could not polish the fountain or bar, and the few frankfurters broiling on the griddle would probably go to waste. The floor had already been swept. So he sat uneasily and worried his problem.

"Monday, no matter what," he resolved, "I'll go to the lake. It don't pay to go tomorrow. I'll only catch a cold because it'll rain."

At last Esther returned, smiling in a strange way. She was extremely gentle, tender, and thoughtful; and for that he was appreciative. But that night and all day Sunday he understood the reason for her happiness.

She had spread the word that, while it rained in every other place all over town, their concession was miraculously dry. So, besides a headache that made his body throb in rhythm to its vast pulse, Greenberg had to work like six men satisfying the crowd who mobbed the place to see the miracle and enjoy the dry warmth.

How much they took in will never be know. Greenberg made it a practice not to discuss such personal matters. But it is quite definite that not even in 1929 had he done so well over a single weekend.

Very early Monday morning he was dressing quietly, not to disturb his wife. Esther, however, raised herself on her elbow and looked at him doubtfully.

"Herman," she called softly, "do you really have to go?"

He turned, puzzled. "What do you mean -- do I have to go?"

"Well --" She hesitated. Then: "Couldn't you wait until the end of the season, Herman, darling?"

He staggered back a step, his face working in horror. "What kind of idea is that for my own wife to have?" he croaked. "Beer I have to drink instead of water. How can I stand it? Do you think I like beer? I can't wash myself. Already people don't like to stand near me; how will they act at the end of the season? I go around looking like a bum because my beard is too tough for an electric razor, and I'm all the time drunk -- the first Greenberg to be a drunkard. I want to be respected --"

"I know, Herman, darling," she sighed. "But I thought for the sake of our Rosie -- Such a business we've never done like we did this weekend. If it rains every Saturday and Sunday, but not on our concession, we'll make a fortune!"

"Esther!" Herman cried, shocked. "Doesn't my health mean anything?"

"Of course, darling. Only I thought maybe you could stand it for --"

He snatched his hat, tie, and jacket, and slammed the door. Outside, though, he stood indeterminedly. He could hear his wife crying, and he realized that, if he succeeded in getting the gnome to remove the curse, he would forfeit an opportunity to make a great deal of money.

He finished dressing more slowly. Esther was right, to a certain extent. If he could tolerate his waterless condition --

"No!" he gritted decisively. "Already my friends avoid me. It isn't right that a respectable man like me should always be drunk and not take a bath. So we'll make less money. Money isn't everything --"

And with great determination he went to the lake.

But that evening, before going home, Mike walked out of his way to stop at the concession. He found Greenberg sitting on a chair, his head in his hands, and his body rocking slowly in anguish.

"What is it, Mr. Greenberg?" he asked gently.

Greenberg looked up. His eyes were dazed. "Oh, you, Mike," he said blankly. Then his gaze cleared, grew more intelligent, and he stood up and led Mike to the bar. Silently they drank beer. "I went up to the

lake today," he said hollowly. "I walked all around it, hollering like mad. The gnome didn't stick his head out of the water once."

"I know." Mike nodded sadly. "They're busy all the time."

Greenberg spread his hands imploringly. "So what can I do? I can't write him a letter or send him a telegram; he ain't got a door to knock on or a bell for me to ring. How can I get him to come up, and talk?"

His shoulders sagged. "Here, Mike. Have a cigar. You been a real good friend, but I guess we're licked."

They stood in awkward silence. Finally Mike blurted: "Real hot, today. A regular scorcher."

"Yeah. Esther says business was pretty good, if it keeps up."

Mike fumbled at the cellophane wrapper. Greenberg said: "Anyhow, suppose I did talk to the gnome. What about the sugar?"

The silence dragged itself out, became tense and uncomfortable. Mike was distinctly embarrassed. His brusque nature was not adapted for comforting discouraged friends. With immense concentration he rolled the cigar between his fingers and listened for a rustle.

"Day like this's hell on cigars," he mumbled, for the sake of conversation. "Dries them up like nobody's business. This one ain't, though."

"Yeah," Greenberg said abstractedly. "Cellophane keeps them --"

They looked suddenly at each other, their faces clean of expression.

"Holy smoke!" Mike yelled.

"Cellophane on sugar!" Greenberg choked out.

"Yeah," Mike whispered in awe. "I'll switch my day off with Joe, and I'll go to the lake with you tomorrow. I'll call for you early."

Greenberg pressed his hand, too strangled by emotion for speech. When Esther came to relieve him, he left her at the concession with only the inexperienced griddle boy to assist her, while he searched the village for cubes of sugar wrapped in cellophane.

The sun had scarcely risen when Mike reached the hotel, but Greenberg had long been dressed and stood on the porch waiting impatiently. Mike was genuinely anxious for his friend. Greenberg staggered along toward the station, his eyes almost crossed with the pain of a terrific hangover.

They stopped at a cafeteria for breakfast. Mike ordered orange juice, bacon and eggs, and coffee half-and-half. When he heard the order, Greenberg had to gag down a lump in his throat.

"What'll you have?" the counterman asked.

Greenberg flushed. "Beer," he said hoarsely.

"You kidding me?" Greenberg shook his head, unable to speak. "Want anything with it? Cereal, pie, toast --"

"Just beer." And he found himself forced to swallow it. "So help me," he hissed at Mike, "another beer for breakfast will kill me!"

"I know how it is," Mike said around a mouthful of food.

On the train they attempted to make plans. But they were faced by a phenomenon neither of them had encountered before, and so they got nowhere. They walked glumly to the lake, fully aware that they would have to employ the empirical method of discarding tactics that did not work.

"How about a boat?" Mike suggested.

"It won't stay in the water with me in it. And you can't row it."

"Well, what'll we do then?"

Greenberg bit his lip and stared at the beautiful blue lake. There

the gnome lived, so near to them. "Go through the woods along the shore and holler like hell. I'll go the opposite way. We'll pass each other and meet at the boathouse. If the gnome comes up, yell for me."

"O.K.," Mike said, not very confidently.

The lake was quite large and they walked slowly around it, pausing often to get the proper stance for particularly emphatic shouts. But two hours later, when they stood opposite each other with the full diameter of the lake between them, Greenberg heard Mike's hoarse voice: "Hey, gnome!"

"Hey, gnome," Greenberg yelled. "Come on up!"

An hour later they crossed paths. They were tired, discouraged, and their throats burned; and only fishermen disturbed the lake's surface.

"The hell with this," Mike said. "It ain't doing any good. Let's go back to the boathouse."

"What'll we do?" Greenberg rasped. "I can't give up!"

They trudged back around the lake, shouting half-heartedly. The boathouse owner marched threateningly toward them.

"Why don't you maniacs get away from here?" he barked. "What's the idea of hollering and scaring away the fish? The guys are sore --"

"We're not going to holler any more," Greenberg said. "It's no use."

When they bought beer and Mike, on an impulse, hired a boat, the owner cooled off with amazing rapidity, and went off to unpack bait.

"What did you get a boat for?" Greenberg asked. "I can't ride in it."

"You're not going to. You're gonna walk."

"Around the lake again?" Greenberg cried.

"Nope. Look, Mr. Greenberg. Maybe the gnome can't hear us through all that water. Gnomes ain't hardhearted. If he heard us and thought you were sorry, he'd take his curse off you in a jiffy."

"Maybe." Greenberg was not convinced. "So where do I come in?"

"The way I figure it, some way or another you push water away, but the water pushes you away just as hard. Anyhow, I hope so. If it does, you can walk on the lake." As he spoke, Mike had been lifting large stones and dumping them on the bottom of the boat. "Give me a hand with these."

Any activity, however useless, was better than none, Greenberg felt. He helped Mike fill the bottom of the boat until the gunwales were just above water. Then Mike got in and shoved off.

"Come on," Mike said. "Try to walk on the water."

Greenberg hesitated. "Suppose I can't?"

"Nothing'll happen to you. You can't get wet, so you won't drown."

The logic of Mike's statement reassured Greenberg. He stepped out boldly. He experienced a peculiar sense of accomplishment when the water hastily retreated under his feet into pressure bowls, and an unseen, powerful force buoyed him upright across the lake's surface. Though his footing was not too secure, with care he was able to walk quite swiftly.

"Now what?" he asked, almost happily.

Mike had kept pace with him in the boat. He shipped his oars and passed Greenberg a rock. "We'll drop them all over the lake -- make it damned noisy down there and upset the place. That'll get him up."

They were more hopeful now, and their comments, "Here's one that'll wake him," and "I'll hit him right on the noodle with this one," served to cheer them still further. And less than half the rocks had been dropped when Greenberg halted, a boulder in his hands. Something inside him wrapped itself tightly around his heart and his jaw dropped.

Mike followed his awed, joyful gaze. To himself, Mike had to admit that the gnome, propelling himself through the water with his ears,

arms folded in tremendous dignity, was a funny sight.

"Must you drop rocks and disturb us at our work?" the gnome asked.

Greenberg gulped. "I'm sorry, Mr. Gnome," he said nervously. "I couldn't get you to come up by yelling."

The gnome looked at him. "Oh. You are the mortal who was disciplined. Why did you return?"

"To tell you that I'm sorry, and I won't insult you again."

"Have you proof of your sincerity?" the gnome asked quietly.

Greenberg fished furiously in his pocket and brought out a handful of sugar wrapped in cellophane, which he tremblingly handed to the gnome.

"Ah, very clever indeed," the little man said, unwrapping a cube and popping it eagerly into his mouth. "Long time since I've had some."

A moment later Greenberg spluttered and foundered under the surface. Even if Mike had not caught his jacket and helped him up, he could almost have enjoyed the sensation of being able to drown.

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THE LEGEND OF GREGG CALKINS TERRY CARR FAN BOY

I don't understand why Gregg Calkins isn't a Living Legend. I know for a fact that he's living, because I keep running into him at parties. Well, actually, he runs into me. I'm not sure whether it's because he's a little squiffed -- he drinks sometimes, you know -- or due to his snow-blindness -- he skis a bit too. Maybe it's just failing eyesight brought on by advancing age, for Gregg Calkins is an elder statesman of fandom who published his first fanzine nearly a quarter of a century ago.

That was OOPSLA! #1, published January 1, 1952, the first of thirty issues that Gregg produced between then and 1961. OOPSLA! doesn't always get mentioned when fanhistorians list the great fannish fanzines of the 1950s like HYPHEN, QUANDRY, VOID, and, uh, INNUENDO, but it was a pretty decent little mag nonetheless. There were columns by, among others, Walt Willis Dean Grennell, Bob Silverberg and Harry Warner, and articles by people like Lee Hoffman, Redd Boggs, Bob Tucker, Harlan Ellison, Dick Lupoff and Bob Bloch.

Gregg even made room for pieces by neofans like John W. Campbell and H. L. Gold, when he could.

He used to write a bit for fanzines, too. In 1954 he published a pastiche of Ted Sturgeon's *BABY IS THREE*, titled *BABY IS FIFTY*, in which a guilt-ridden science fiction editor confesses to his psychiatrist that he's brought out the world's first sf magazine priced at 50c (all the rest were 35c or even 25c then). Having unburdened his soul, he leaves the shrink's office "dreaming of the day when baby would be seventy-five."

It may not rank with Robert Heinlein's prediction of the waldo, but it was a respectable example of science fictional extrapolation nonetheless.

Yet is Gregg Calkins regarded with awe for this, or for the seventy-two issues of his FAPazine THE RAMBLING FAP!? Who today can even say how many years Gregg served as Official Editor of FAPA? (Never mind the fact that he extended his last term by getting out the mailing late.) Do today's young fans stare open-mouthed at him because he was a letter-hack for STARTLING STORIES before most of them were born?

No. Gregg Calkins has never been accorded the veneration he is due.

It's not because he's shy and introverted, either. When you meet Gregg -- and you will, if you look under the tables at any of the room parties -- you'll find he's genial, witty, intelligent, and has a remarkable memory for a man his age. He can probably tell you about the days when Roger Zelazny was a neofan just publishing his first stories in a crud-azine called THURBAN I.

I once witnessed a demonstration of Gregg's enviable social graces. He was at a party at our house on an evening when the guests included a number of attractive young women; I heard Gregg say to one of them, "What's a foxy chick like you doing in a place like this?" She bridled just a bit, and explained to him that his question might possibly be offensive. "Ah, you broads just get high-strung when it's the wrong time of the month," he remarked suavely.

Feeling concerned in case the liquor I'd failed to wrench from his grasp had befogged Gregg's judgement, I drifted closer to this conversation. But I couldn't force my way through the crowd of beautiful women who immediately surrounded him, all intent on explaining the error of his ways. And so they did, for two hours, while I and the other males at the party were forced to make conversation among ourselves. Gregg somehow managed to bear up under the onslaught of lovely ladies, and I noticed that from time to time he even smiled faintly. Or maybe subtly is the word.

So I conclude that Gregg Calkins is a man to reckon with. Living Legend or not, he draws his share of attention.

Come to think of it, last New Year's Eve when we had our annual tea-sipping party at our house, Susan Wood was in town ostensibly to attend the Modern Language Association convention, but really, as she confided once, to come to our party and meet all the famous people. The house was packed when she arrived: there by the dips was Robert Silverberg, next to him was William Rotsler, in the kitchen were Michael Kurland and Harlan Ellison, and sprawled before the fire in the living room were Avram Davidson, Poul Anderson and Dick Lupoff. Susan, who teaches a university course in science fiction and has won two Hugos, said to me, "Wow, is that really Gregg Calkins over there? I'd sure like to meet him."

Maybe Gregg is a Living Legend. Why don't you go up to him and ask him?

Terry Carr; April 28, 1976

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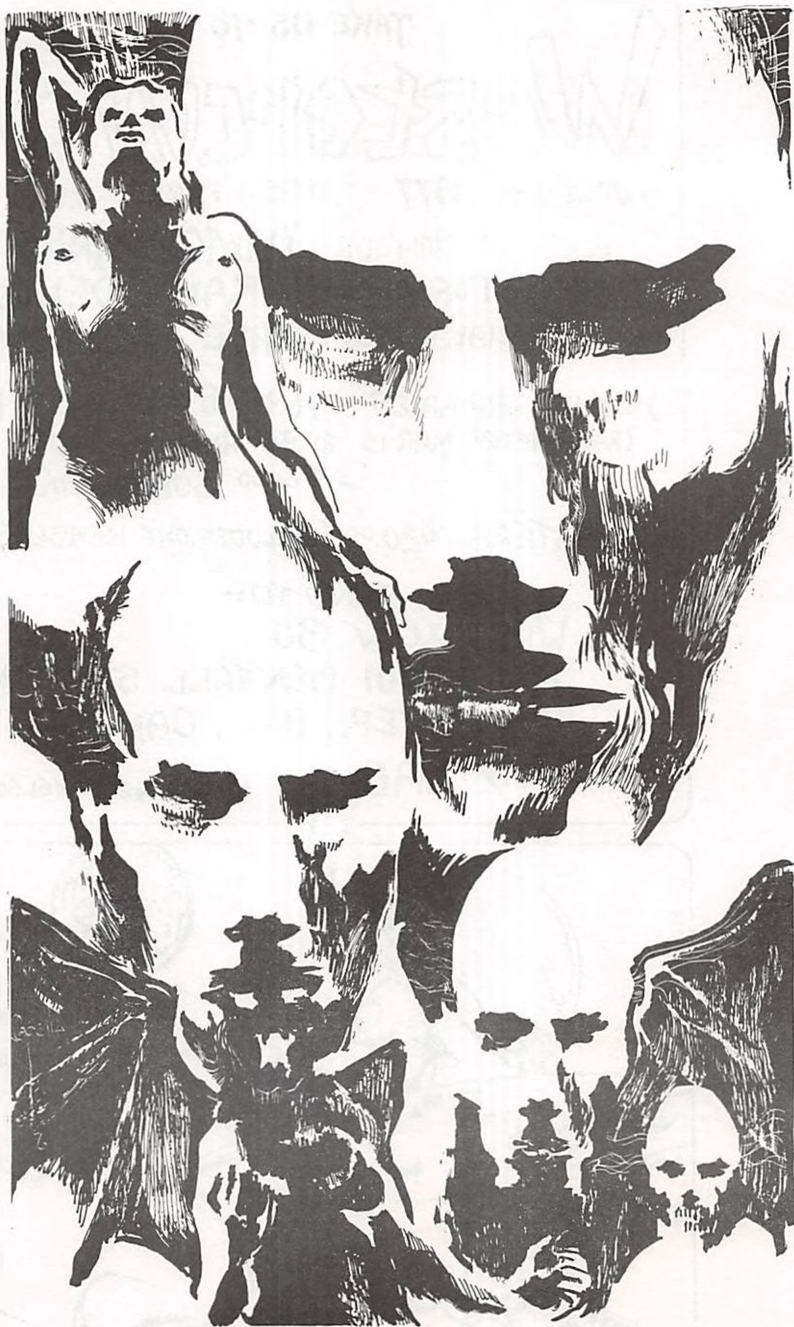
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DAVE LOCKE

THE SOUND OF A DIFFERENT DRUM

This article should have been entitled WHO IS BOB SILVERBERG AND OTHER IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS, but recent Truth In Advertising laws prohibit it. There will not be a great deal in this short article which has anything much to do with Bob Silverberg. But there was supposed to be, you see.

That giant among redwoods, Mike Glycer, in his never-ending struggle for truth, justice, and the Southern California way of filling up fanzines, called me on the blower and asked for an article. The conversation was sort of like this:

"Would you write an article for the Westercon Program Book?"

"Why should I?"

"Because if you don't I'll hitch another ride in your two-seater sports car, and insist you take me someplace that can only be reached by a series of left-hand turns."

"I guess I could see my way clear to writing an article. Did you have a subject in mind?"

"Why don't you write something about our toastmaster, Bob Silverberg?"

"I've never met Bob Silverberg."

"Well, do a piece where you talk about the stuff he's been writing recently. That would be even better."

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"I've been reading only science fiction lately."

"Did anyone ever tell you that you have a very droll, subtle sense of humor?"

I chuckled, "No," I said.

"Well, have you ever wondered why no one has told you that?"

Actually, I have read a Bob Silverberg novel within the current geological epoch. It was called DYING INSIDE, and I bought it because I'm always a sucker for a telepathy story told in a contemporary setting. I had no trouble whatsoever staying with it and finishing the story in one sitting, and when the last page was turned I was immensely disappointed that I had to get off my ass and do something which could only be much less interesting than reading Silverberg's DYING INSIDE. Whatever it turned out to be.

The next day the mailman came toodling down the street and dumped piles of fanzines into my mailbox (piles of fanzines: what an apt collective). At least half of them seemed to contain critiques of Bob Silverberg's DYING INSIDE. These particular fan reviewers did not like the book.

The science fictional gimmick, they said, was unnecessary (the gimmick, of course, being telepathy). They told us that the book was mundane, and that the science fictional trappings should not fool us. They moaned that the mechanics of the telepathic concept were stereotyped and unimaginative. They proclaimed that some other writer had recently presented telepathy as it Really Would Be (this frightens me: how would they know?).

And then these reviewers wound down to a conclusion and told me that this book, which I had vastly enjoyed, was not really worth my attention.

It figures.

I then went back to my copy of DYING INSIDE. It contained sweeping endorsements quoted from LOCUS, ANALOG, LIBRARY JOURNAL, F&SF, the 1973 J.W.C. MEMORIAL AWARD COMMITTEE, SPECULATION, CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, LONDON EVENING STANDARD, and Christopher Priest writing for THE OXFORD MAIL.

I relearned a great lesson with all of this. There are many lessons to be learned while tromping around this spinning ball of mud, but it never hurts to learn some of them three or four or even twenty times. It never hurts, because, after all, we are so forgetful.

In this case, the lesson is that one should never trust a critic when they tell you how great or how terrible they think a book is.

If you have followed one critic through about ten thousand critiques (give or take a few thousand), and have read the ten thousand or so books which they wrote about, you might possibly develop some value conversion scale which will make the future words of this critic valuable to you. Otherwise, forget it. Unless you find that critiques have an inherent value of their own, you're not going to get anything out of reading them.

And that is our lesson for today.

By the way, be sure and step in the huckster's room to purchase one copy

of DYING INSIDE for yourself and ten additional copies for your friends. It's a great book.

As long as I am being given the opportunity to say something to a convention audience, none of whom are likely to read this until at least two days after the convention is over, I wish to expend a measured amount of wordage in telling you why I don't attend many conventions. It's a story that will bring tears to your eyes.

Broadly speaking, for me there are three types of conventions. Your first convention, your second convention, and all the rest.

At your first convention everything is amusing. All that you encounter is new to you. You lap it up.

Your second convention is frustrating, because you can't locate the people you want to talk to. Most of them you don't know by sight anyway, and the others are like a handful of propellers in a haystack of beanies.

At your third convention, more often than not you are bored to the point of falling off your barstool. The people you want to talk to, who you now know by sight, are running around like chickens and too involved in trying to Experience It All to sit down for an hour over a few drinks and actually get into a conversation.

By their very size, the larger conventions generate a frenetic kind of atmosphere. A small group of people can be standing around and talking, but they're often not paying attention to each other. You will frequently find these people glancing around to see if they can spot another familiar face. I caught myself doing that more than once, and felt rather stupid that I wasn't relaxing and enjoying the conversation I was already in.

The whole scene at a big convention reminds me of the dedicated tourist, of the If This Is Tuesday It Must Be Belgium variety, who is constantly looking around to see if they aren't missing something. No one is enjoying where they're at during the moment at hand, because they're like little kids pawing through a Halloween treasure haul and gulping down things while fingering some other juicy-looking tidbit.

Everyone is trying to cram a month into three or four days. Whenever I do that, I end up not enjoying anything.

What we need to do is bring back the cheap fifty-person convention...

But if anyone is reading this during the convention (I even see people reading science fiction at conventions, so stranger things could happen), I would ask that you consider an experiment. Slow down the pace. Don't try to cram it all into one long weekend; you can't do it anyway, so there's no sense struggling in vain.

Of course, when you march to the sound of a much slower drum beat you'll suddenly realize that the people near you are running around like crazy, and you can't slow them down long enough to have a decent conversation.

At that point in time, go to the bar. That's where I'll be.

Dave Locke: May 15, 1976



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SILVERBERG

A CHECKLIST OF ROBERT SILVERBERG

Compiled by Marty Massoqlia

This list includes all of the Science Fiction published in book form. Information included: psued. key, book #, year of first publication, title, magazine, paperback, and hardcover publishers. Titles without numbers are title changes of the preceding line. Abbreviation and psued keys follow the list. (A note in advance. #45 is not a retitling of #23 as stated in the F&SF Silverberg Special issue, but a separate book with overlapping characters and time.)

	1.	55	Revolt On Alpha C		Crowell	SBS
	2.	57	And The Walls Came Tumbling Down	If		
a			Invisible Barriers		Avalon	
	3.	57	The Thirteenth Immortal			Ace
b	4.	57	Thunder Over Starhaven	SFA2		
b			Starhaven		Avalon	
c	5.	57	The Shrouded Planet		Gnome	
c	6.	57	The Dawning Light	ASF	Gnome	
	7.	57	Master Of Life And Death			Ace, Avon
a	8.	58	Aliens From Space		Avalon	
	9.	58	Starman's Quest		Gnome, Mer	
	10.	58	We The Marauders	SFQ		Bel
			Invaders From Earth			Ace
	11.	58	Recalled To Life	Inf	Dblidy	Lan
	12.	58	Shadow On The Stars	SFA2		
			Stepsons Of Terra			Ace
d	13.	59	The Plot Against Earth			Ace
	14.	59	The Planet Killers			Ace
	15.	59	Collision Course	Amz	Avalon	Ace
	16.	60	Lost Race Of Mars		Winston	SBS
	17.	62	Next Stop The Stars			Ace
	18.	62	The Seed Of Earth	Gal		Ace
	19.	63	The Silent Invaders			Ace
d	20.	64	Lest We Forget Thee, Earth			Ace
	21.	64	Time Of The Great Freeze		HR&W	Dell
d	22.	64	One Of Our Asteroids Is Missing			Ace
	23.	64	Godling Go Home			Bel
	24.	64	Regan's Planet			Pyr
	25.	65	To Worlds Beyond		Chilton	
	26.	65	Conquerors From The Dark		Holt	Dell
	27.	66	Needle In A Timestack			BB
	28.	67	To Open The Sky			BB
	29.	67	Those Who Watch			Sig
	30.	67	The Gate Of Worlds		HR&W	
	31.	67	The Time Hoppers		Dblidy, SFBC	Avon, B/T
	32.	67	Planet Of Death		HR&W	
	33.	67	Thorns		Walker	BB
	34.	68	Hawksbill Station		Dblidy	Avon

35. 68	The Man In The Maze	If		Avon
36. 68	The Masks Of Time			BB
37. 69	Dimension Thirteen			BB
38. 69	The Calibrated Alligator		HR&W	
39. 69	Accross A Billion Years		Dial	
40. 69	Three Survived		HR&W	
41. 69	To Live Again		Dblidy,SFBC	Dell
42. 69	Downward To The Earth	Gal	SFBC	Sig
43. 69	Up The Line	Amz		BB
44. 70	Nightwings		Walker	Avon
45. 70	The Cube Root Of Uncertainty		McMillan	Col
46. 70	The World Inside		Dldy,SFBC	Sig
47. 70	Parsecs And Parables		Dblidy	
48. 70	World's Fair 1992		Follet	
49. 70	The Tower Of Glass	Gal	Scribners	Ban
50. 71	Moonferns And Starsongs			BB
51. 71	The Second Trip	Amz	Dldy,SFBC	Sig
52. 71	A Time Of Changes	Gal	Dblidy	Sig
53. 71	Son Of Man			BB
54. 72	The Reality Trip			BB
55. 72	Dying Inside	Gal	Scribners	BB
56. 72	The Book Of Skulls		Scribners	Sig
57. 73	Valley Beyond Time			Dell
58. 73	Earth's Other Shadow			Sig
59. 73	Unfamiliar Territory		Scribners	
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63. 75	The Feast Of St. Dionysus		Scribners	
64. 75	The Stochastic Man	F&SF	H&R	
65. 76	The Best Of Robert Silverberg			PB
66. 76	Capricorn Games		Random	

a=Psuedonym of David Osborne

b=Psuedonym of Ivar Jorgenson

c=Collaboration with Randall Garrett under psued of Robert Randall

d=Psuedonym of Calvin M Knox

Magazines: Amz=Amazing; F&SF=Mag. of Fantasy & SF; Gal=Galaxy;
 Inf=Infinity; SFA2=SF Adventures(2nd); SFQ=SF Quarterly

Hardcover: Dblidy=Doubleday; SFBC=SF Book Club; H&R=Harper & Row;
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IF THIS IS YOUR FIRST CON

THEN TURN BACK, FLEE, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

But if you've made up your mind to stay, this article is directed specifically to your attention. For, after all, the whole idea of a convention is to help the reader of science fiction get acquainted with other readers. This may not be a unique situation in these days of high school and college sf clubs, nor to a Los Angeles or other urban area resident. But if this is your first convention, then it's a whole new ball game.

Perhaps the first thing you noticed is that among the throng of somewhat aimless wanderers, like maybe yourself, there is quite a large group who seem to know what it's all about and what's going on.

Some of them even do.

But if you are standing in the lobby or registration area, just having signed up, and are reading this there are a few tips, DO's and DON'Ts, as it were, that'll help ease you into this thing known as "fandom." It is, after all, the people who make up fandom that put on such things as WESTERCONS. And, with a few exceptions -- they'll always deny this -- everybody else started out pretty much the same as you, as --

A "neo."

DON'T worry about being called a neo, if during the con anyone refers to you as one.

DO find out what they meant, then worry about it.

Be sure to attend a lot of the program features. One of the best things about a convention is going to hear the authors speak; then ask questions during the question and answer period.

But DON'T ask Harlan Ellison "Where did the jellybeans come from anyway?"

ED COX

to the small hours of the night before. DON'T expect scintillating conversation before noon. Logically, most of you have taken a room of one size or another for this convention. There is the well-known practice of not having your own room and crashing in somebody else's pad. This is done with sleeping bag and isn't something that endears us to the hotel management. DO be circumspect about it if it is your only possible method of affording the con. DON'T parade through the lobby with sleeping-bag or blanket-roll prominently displayed under your arm.

One of the best things about having a room, of course, is the Room Party. DON'T be too taken aback (an old-world phrase) if you find that you're uninvited to such parties as SFWA, First Fandom, etc. DO go to the bidding parties of upcoming concon bidders. DON'T promise to vote for more than one site in the same year for the same con: eg, '78 WORLDCON, '78 WESTERCON, etc.

Room parties usually consist of a large group of people, mostly fans, jamming into a room or suite capable of containing roughly one-third the number. A disadvantage is that it make it difficult to get to the booze/beer and/or other drinkables, and, having done so, to the can, for which you may have to stand in line. An advantage is that the room you're crammed into is at least half-filled by attendees of the opposite sex.

Which brings us to another, delightful topic. The opposite sex. One of the nice things about conventions and room parties and bar fandom is the opposite sex and their enjoying all this talk about science fiction as much as you are. I didn't say "a lot." One of the things that can go on during the above is the practice of the fine old art of snogging. I want to emphasize that this is mainly in fun and in appreciation, that contrary to the old saying in sf fandom sex does mix with science fiction. After all, just ask Phil Farmer.

"Snogging," for the unwary, is merely friendly kissing among a group which tires of discussing science fiction. Or something like that. If any young ladies wish more detailed information, and possibly some direction in technique, my room number can be gotten from the desk. Otherwise I'm in the bar

There are, of course, lot of other spontaneous and fun games that can go on in room parties. However, DON't ask Dave Locke how to make a paper airplane.

There are so many other things at a convention you must be wondering about. One of course is how a fanwriter can end a sentence with a preposition, especially in the program book.

Others are the proper etiquette for using a camera during the costume ball. DO obey the instructions of the costume parade (masquerade) committee re flash cubes and all that stuff. DON'T be obvious by taking pictures of only the female, topless, costumes. This, of course, doesn't apply to the female readers of this article and, conversely, you don't stand much of a chance to reciprocate...

There are so many other bits of information, DOs and DON'Ts that I could add, such as DON'T ask Ed Cox where the doodle came from, DO ask Roy Tackett about it. Isn't that enough to make you wish

DO go to the authors' "tea." And DO buy books to have them autographed. DON'T rush up with a dog-eared paperback with "20¢" grease-pencilled on the cover. DON'T expect to be able to ~~stake~~ drink tea at the party.

Which brings us to yet another part of the convention, dear to the hearts of many of us. In fact some people, say, like Poul Anderson, find that this segment is the heart of a real, good convention. The number is legion that recommends the good "bar" convention. Even if you're underage you can buy coke and Uncola for preposterous prices and ogle the low-cut, panty-hosed attire of the waitresses along with us older types. Yes, "down-in-the-bar" is the byword of the regulars. Here, where table after table is shoved together and a nonstop coming-and-going of attendees keeps the party going for hours is where a lot of the real fun and gabfest at conventions takes place. DO buy a drink for your favorite writer now and then. DON'T try to date the waitress. She may accept.

On the topic of continuous group sessions, there is also the similar, but less fascinating, breakfast group. DON'T expect to find the regulars in the coffee-shop before ten o'clock, if even then. DO try to ignore the greenish cast and puffy eyelids of those who room-partied or bar-partied to find out what "fanzines" are, if you haven't already succumbed? Ask Bruce Pelz about fanzines. He has more than anybody else in the world. But then, I am running out of space and the editor of this sort of thing, or maybe of the whole program book, might leave something out. Which brings us to the last DON'T: ask Mike Glyer about leaving things out....

So despite all this, enjoy the con anyway...

Ed Cox: May 26, 1976

SFINCTOR

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