

About the cover:

#### A SENSE OF WONDER

The cover is unabashedly nostalgic, but I make no apology for that. An attempt to paint Heinlein's characters would have turned it into a rather controversial picture puzzle. Since many of his characters were not described in detail, everyone who has read the books has pictured them in their own minds. And the chances of my matching anyone's inner picture are extremely remote. The reaction would have been: "But Podkayne doesn't look like that!" And there would undoubtedly have been those who would have questioned the choice of characters... why the puppet master (which really shouldn't have looked all *that* slimy,) instead of one of the spiders from *Starship Troopers*. And how can he paint a picture of Heinlein's characters and leave out... (fill in the blank).

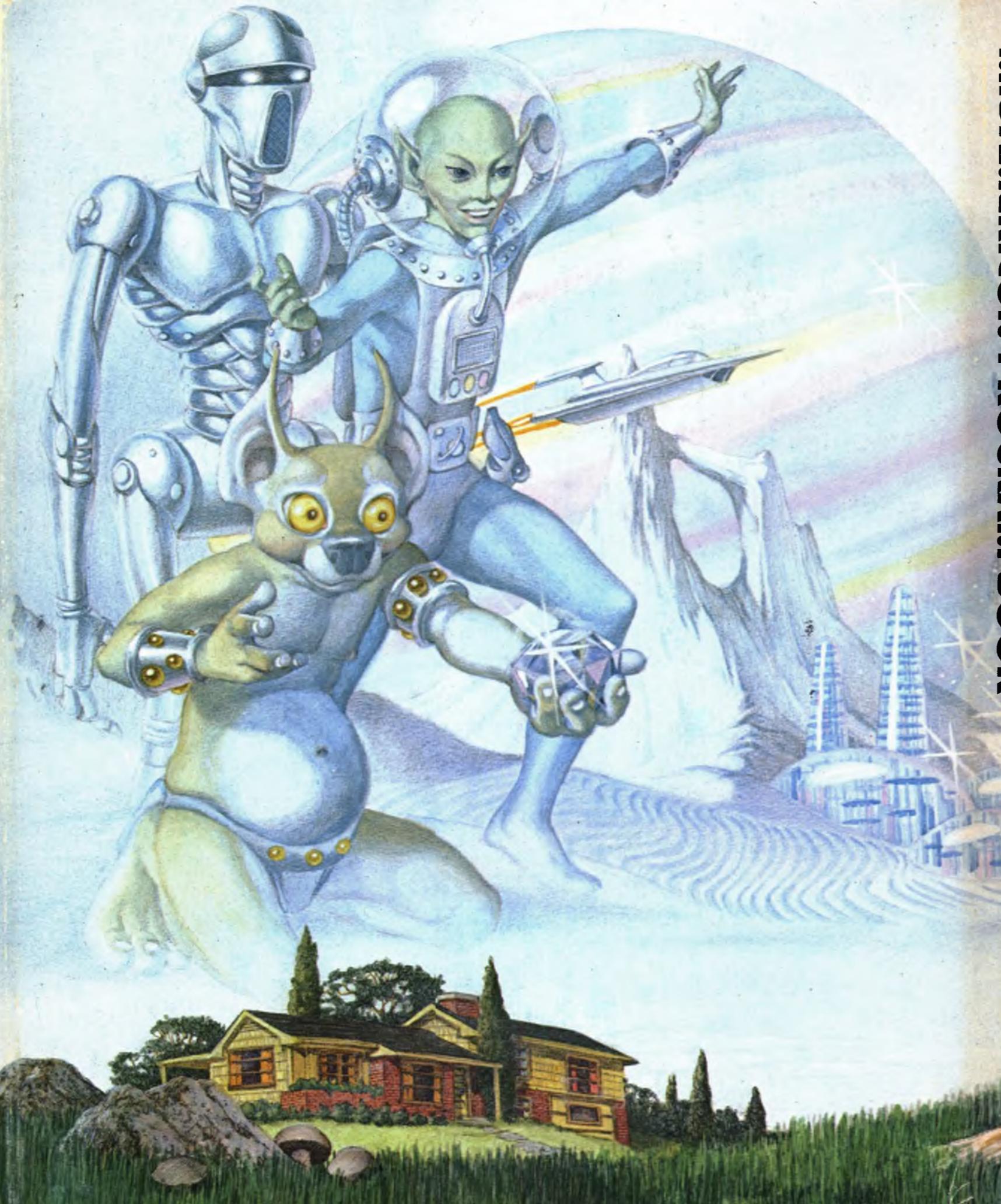
So what I have attempted to paint is a feeling—the lure of the strange, the unknown, and the beautiful, which science fiction offered. Heinlein was one of the first authors I read, and his books opened the universe to me.

The scene is very much of the forties and fifties. That was the Golden Age of science fiction and the pulps, and the time when so many of us discovered it. The boy is not a sophisticated seventies teenager. He's the somewhat naive and incredibly idealistic youth who would find survival difficult in this day and age—were he not hidden in a body grown so much older, and disguised by the years.

The visions he sees are those depicted on so many of the covers of the magazines of twenty or thirty years ago: the heroic captain, the lovely and virginal alien princess, the friendly creature, the impish spaceman, and stolid and invincible robot. They were my teenage friends, and are remembered most fondly.

The painting is called—because that's what it represents: A SENSE OF WONDER.

—George Barr



## MIDAMERICON PROGRAM BOOK



## MIDAMERICON PROGRAM BOOK

The 34th World Science Fiction Convention  
Radisson Muehlebach Hotel/Phillips House  
Kansas City, Missouri  
September 2-6, 1976

Guest of Honor  
**ROBERT A. HEINLEIN**  
Fan Guest of Honor  
**GEORGE BARR**  
Toastmaster  
**WILSON (BOB) TUCKER**

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\$6.00



# **MIDAMERICON PROGRAM BOOK**

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**34th World Science Fiction Convention  
RADISSON MUEHLEBACH HOTEL/PHILLIPS HOUSE**

**SEPTEMBER 2-6, 1976**

MIDAMERICON PROGRAM BOOK  
was designed and edited by Tom Reamy  
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## **THE MIDAMERICON THEME:**

# *Science Fiction & The Arts*

It is certainly without dispute among those of us here that science fiction is a creative artform without equal in the field of written communication. As sf enters into its second half-century (and into its full adulthood) it has become apparent that while its foundations are, and will always be, strongly rooted in the soil of literature, it has had a strong impact on a number of closely related creative areas (film, television, music, theater, audio-visuals, painting and illustration, fashion and costuming, to name just a few). Expanding into these areas science fiction has become much more than just the *literature* of ideas, it has become the *media* of ideas, and has achieved a status as a multi-dimensional artform.

MidAmeriCon wishes to spotlight these new areas of growth, areas that are bringing the pleasure of science fiction to an ever-widening audience, and show their relationship to the traditional sciences and humanities with which sf is more commonly associated. This integration of the artistic with the scientific and the humanistic should clearly demonstrate sf's massive diversity and its ability to be many different things simultaneously, thus living up to its rightful heritage as a total-scope artform.

*Ken Keller*

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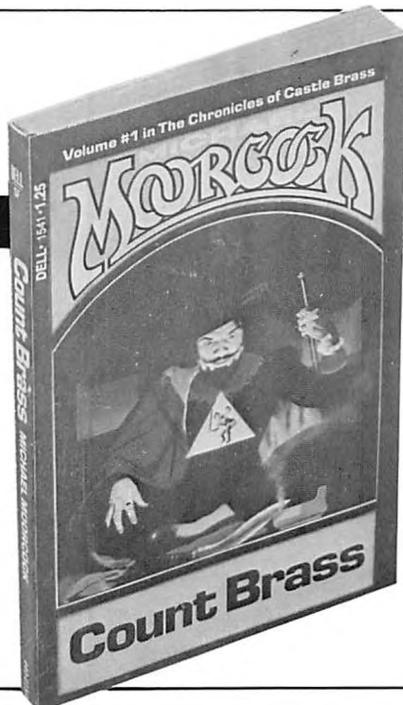
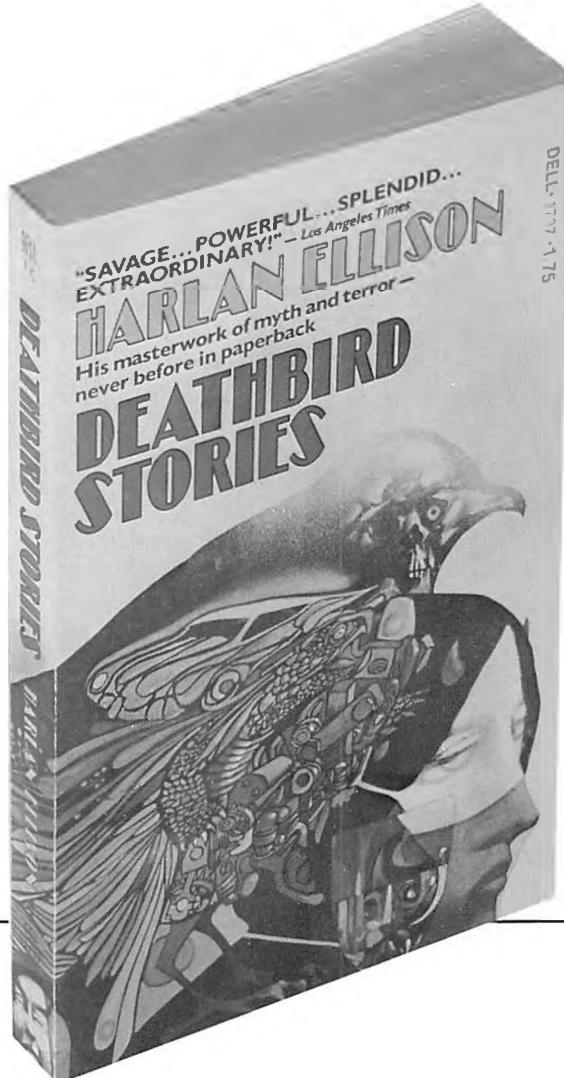
MidAmeriCon is possible because many generous people gave us their help. If we listed all of these fine folks, this Program Book would come in two or even more volumes. To all of these people, to those who helped our successful bid at Discon II, to our agents (Ian Maule, Great Britain; Eric Lindsay, Australia) and supporters around the world, to those who have and will help in the running of this convention, and to the best feature of all here at MidAmeriCon, our members, we give our sincere thanks.

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# CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Welcome to the 34th World Science Fiction Convention!

By an interesting coincidence MidAmeriCon falls on the Golden Anniversary of magazine science fiction—marked just a few months ago with the June issue of *Amazing Science Fiction*, the very first sf magazine. This is an anniversary that we can all be proud of—fifty years, and ghd knows how many millions of words, of the most extraordinary fiction conceived by man. Little did Hugo Gernsback realize what he would start when he launched a fledgling magazine devoted to something called “scientifiction” back in 1926.

I would like to think the world has never been the same since—and there is plenty of evidence to support my wishful thinking: look around you at all the science fictional dreams that have and are becoming realities. James Gunn was right when he said in his monumental sf history, *Alternate Worlds*, that we live in a science fiction world. My world, at least, has never quite been the same since I discovered sf. You've probably felt the same way, I suspect, or you wouldn't be here. We've all felt the undefinable power and magic of sf; we've all experienced it, and we've come away enriched, our perceptions altered, forever changed, better individuals I suspect for the association and involvement—and a bit prideful of it too.

And that is the heart of *why* we have gathered here in Kansas City.

Of course our reasons for being here are many and varied; each of us relates to the Worldcon in multi-faceted and unique ways, much the same way we relate to sf itself, many of us attracted to certain aspects of it and not caring a whit for others. But, though the attraction is individual to each of us, sf is a common thread that binds us together—no matter what “level” we exist on, be it neofan or long-time professional, or anywhere in between, because these levels are forever changing, fluid, and many here at this convention exist simultaneously on many levels in the world of science fiction.

Last year at Aussiecon, the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention in Melbourne, Australia, Ursula K. Le Guin, in her Guest of Honor address, eloquently defined that common thread. I now quote that section of her address as she says it far better and more eloquently than I can:

“I have a question, a serious question to ask you. What on earth are we all doing here?

“Well, I think we have come here to celebrate. This is a celebration; this is what the word means—the coming together of many people, from all kinds of weird places, away from their customary life and ways, often at some trouble and expense, maybe not knowing very precisely why they come, but moved to come, to meet together, in one place, to celebrate.

“And a celebration needs no cerebration, no excuses or rationalization. A celebration is its own reason for being, as you find out once you get there. The heart has its reasons which reason doesn't know, and a celebration such as this has its own reasons, its own strange laws and lifespan; it is a real thing, an event, an entity, and we here, long after, in our separate ways and places, will look back on it and recall it as a whole. And if there were bad moments in it, if some of us got drunk and some of us got angry, and some of us had to make speeches, and others of us got horribly bored by the speeches—still I think the chances are that we'll look back on it with some contentment, because the essential element of a celebration is praise; and praise rises out of joy. When you come right down to it, we've all come here to enjoy ourselves.

“We aren't going to accomplish anything, you know, or establish anything, or sell anything. We're not here in order to make a new law, or declare a war, or fix the price per barrel of crude oil. No, and thank God we're not. There are enough people involved in that sort of rubbish.

“We are here, I think, simply to meet each other, in hopes, and some confidence, that we'll like each other. We're here to enjoy ourselves, which means we are practicing the most essentially human of all undertakings, the search for joy. Not the pursuit of pleasure—any hamster can do that—but the search for joy. And may I wish to you all here that you find it.

“But what is it that brings us, this particular us, these particular peculiar individuals from unearthly places like Canberra and Oregon, together here, all standing on our heads in Melbourne? What is it that we're here to celebrate? ‘Joy’ is a bit vague, after all; we have to specify, and narrow it down, and put our finger on it. I put out my finger, here,

tonight, and what is it that I touch?

“Science Fiction, of course. That's what brought us here. It does seem a rather bizarre motive, but it's certainly no odder than the motive that brings together International Conventions of Manufacturers of Plumbers' Supplies, or Summit Conferences of Heads of State discussing how to achieve parity in overkill. Science Fiction is the motive and the subject of our celebration. That's the one point where all our different minds and souls touch, though on every other subject they may be utterly different, lightyears apart. Each of us here has a button somewhere in his soul, like a bellybutton, but a soulbutton, and it is labelled Science Fiction. Many people do not have a soulbutton, they only have bellybuttons, but each of us does. And if you put your finger out and touch that button, the whole spiritual console lights up and goes *Zzzzt Blink All Systems Go, All Systems Go.*”

And that is the very core of *why* we flock to this end-of-summer madness each year, and why, invariably, we always come back for more: to *celebrate* science fiction and experience the joy of being with our friends and fellow soulbutton-pushers. The Worldcon has given me, you, all of us here and at future Worldcons yet to be, a common experience: the celebration of science fiction.

Science fiction has given us much that we can be proud of, much that we can appreciate and cherish. Look over the field as a whole (and you'd better get out your binoculars) and you will soon realize the *scope* of it, more than we can handle at a glance, broad and multi-layered, with vast potentials and boundaries that have been only partially explored, growing larger even as we try to reach the edge.

Science fiction's first fifty has been... monumental.

I've only seen and experienced a small portion of those years. My sense of wonder is still intact, the surface barely scratched. If what has gone before is any indication of what is to come, the next fifty years should be a wonder to behold. And I don't plan to miss a single minute of it if I can help it; I'm definitely here for the duration.

And, I suspect, so are you.

Ken Keller,  
Chairman  
MidAmeriCon

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Anson Heinlein  
request the pleasure of the company  
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by card  
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Afternoon formal

GUEST OF HONOR

# ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

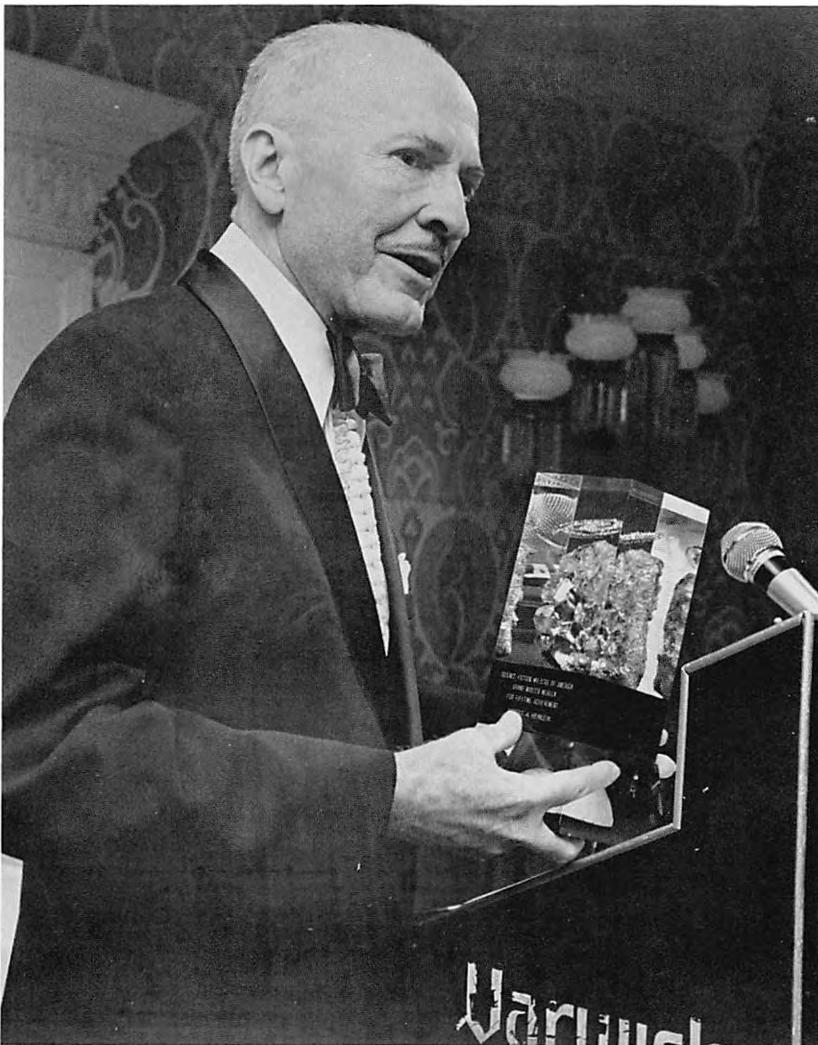


Photo by Jay Kay Klein

BY ISAAC ASIMOV

## ROBERT A. HEINLEIN BY ISAAC ASIMOV

I first collided with Robert Anson Heinlein in July of 1939 when I picked up the August issue of *Astounding* and read "Lifeline." That was Bob's first story, and I am proud to say that my own first story in *Astounding*, "Trends," had appeared one month earlier, in the July issue. And "Trends" had been my third published story, for two others had appeared previously in *Amazing*. So I beat Bob to the punch despite the fact that the old master is nearly 13 years older than I am.

That's where my vainglory stops, however. As soon as I read "Lifeline" I realized that I was in the presence of the kind of talent I didn't have and never would have. I watched without envy, and certainly without surprise, as Bob took off and, in the space of a few months, became the leading science fiction writer in the world.

The proof of it is that when I presented a story to John Campbell which, at his request, I had revised three times, and then found that he rejected it on September 6, 1939, because Bob had just sent in "If This Goes On—" and it completely cut me out, I never



Robert A. Heinlein — L. Sprague de Camp — Isaac Asimov —World War II

Photo: U.S. Navy

dreamed of being resentful. If Bob was in the field, I could only sneak out.

In the October 1941 issue of *Astounding*, both lead novelettes were by Bob, one of them under the pseudonym Anson MacDonald. I didn't resent this monopolization of space. I was just thankful (and flattered) that I was deemed worthy of crowding into the space left between the two blockbusters with my short short "Not Final."

The first time I ever met Bob in the flesh was at John Campbell's home in New Jersey. It was some time in 1940 I believe. John and Bob were there, together with Sprague de Camp and, of course, all three wives. I was still unmarried, very young, very gauche, very scared.

I refused a drink (I had never had anything to drink except a few drops of wine on occasional Passovers) and overcame my nervousness in my usual manner of talking and laughing loudly. Finally, Bob, who detected I was suffering, handed me a glass of something that looked like Coca Cola. I sniffed at it cautiously and said, "What is it?"

"Coca Cola," he said.

"It smells funny," I said.

"No, it doesn't," he said.

Afraid to argue, I drank it as I would drink Coca Cola. Need I tell you it was a Cuba Libre? In five minutes, I was "high." Not that I knew I was high. As it turns out I have some sort of enzymatic deficiency that interferes with my ability to metabolize alcohol. Even a little produces red-purple blotches, shortness of breath, and general wooziness. More scared than ever, I drifted to a corner, sat down and tried, in silence, to recover.

And after a few minutes, Bob whooped, "No wonder he doesn't drink. Alcohol sobers him up."

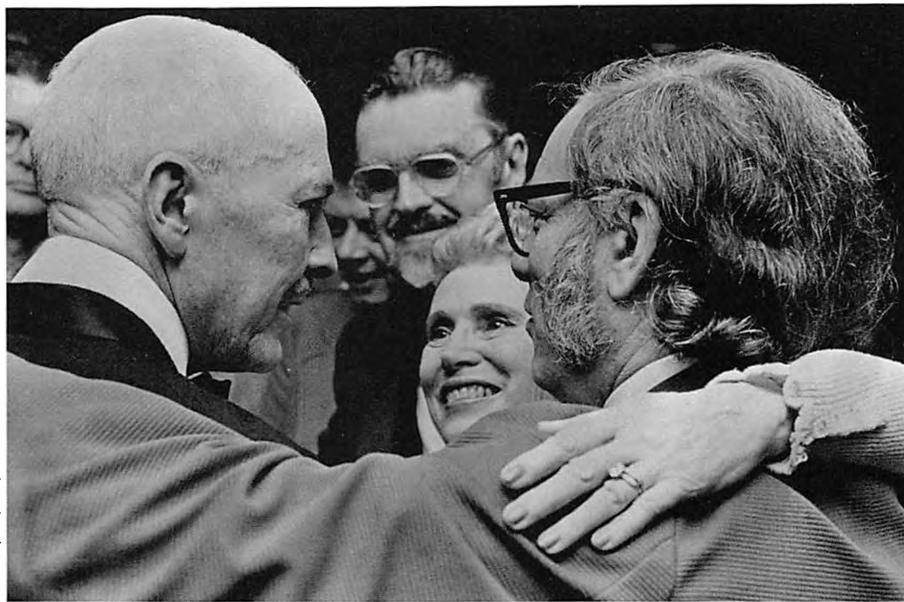
But then came Pearl Harbor. Bob was an Annapolis graduate but had been retired from the Navy because of his health. Not about to allow the war to proceed without him entirely, he made use of his old Navy buddies. One of them was spending a tour of duty as head of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and Bob went on as an engineer. What's more, perhaps thinking of the time at Campbell's, he labored to get Sprague and myself into the organization with him.

From 1942 to 1945, therefore, Sprague, Bob and I worked on the same floor of the same building, and I have a photograph taken in 1944 that shows us all in all the splendor of our incredible youth. (Bob and I have changed enormously since then—slightly for the worse, I suppose—but Sprague, that soul necromancer, has changed scarcely at all.)

I can't say that we performed any wonders at the Navy Yard, and, indeed, one Philadelphia newspaper that found out about us, published a story that was rather mocking in tone. In those days, science fiction had still not become respectable.

Of course, knowing Bob wasn't all gin and roses. In the fall of 1942, the Jewish employees offered to work on Christmas (the one weekday of the year on which we were permitted to have holiday) if they could take off Yom Kipper. I signed the petition and Bob was at me at once. "Come, Isaac," he said, "you know you're not religious."

"Solidarity, Bob," I said. "I can't spoil it for the others."



**The Same Three Men Thirty Years Later.** The Beautiful Blonde surrounded by them is Catherine de Camp. Heinlein and the Good Doctor clearly show the full effects of the Second Law of Thermodynamics but Sprague de Camp shows them not more than half as much. But Catherine de Camp looks exactly as she did in World War II and earlier. So it is Catherine (not Sprague) who bathes in the Fountain of Youth—some drops splashed on her husband. Re “—foul necromancer—”: see *The American Heritage Dictionary*, Isaac Asimov, Consultant, page 878. Neither Sprague nor Catherine would ever touch this black art. Tut, tut, Isaac! These two errors bring your lifetime total up to three.

“Nonsense,” he said. So I came to work on Yom Kippur, the only Jew to do so.

No one objected to my solidarity on Christmas, though. When all the Jews came to work, I did, too. So my friendship with Bob meant that I had no holidays that year. (Bob stayed home at Christmas, of course.)<sup>1</sup>

Bob also made me go to the cafeteria.<sup>2</sup> To reach the cafeteria you had to cross half a mile of badlands, like Death Valley in the summer, like North Dakota in the winter, like eastern Europe in between. Then you had to eat in a crowded cafeteria where the cuisine’s lack of inspiration reached monumental heights.<sup>3</sup>

What I wanted to do was to sit in the labo-

ratory (air-conditioned), eat sandwiches prepared by my wife and read a book. Bob would have none of it, and maybe some people could resist his glittering eye, but I couldn’t.

So I went and relieved my soul by criticizing the food. Until Bob decided I couldn’t do that either and placed a nickel fine on any criticisms uttered thereafter.<sup>4</sup> Since I was the only one who criticized (after all, I was the only one who liked to eat) the fine fell upon me. I argued Bob into agreeing that if I could ever think of a way of criticizing the food without criticizing it he would rescind the fine.

I tried saying things like, “Is there any such a thing as tough fish?” but they wouldn’t let me get away with that. They said it was implied criticism.

Finally someone who didn’t know the game joined us and at the first mouthful, he said, “Gosh, this food is dreadful.”

Whereupon I jumped to my feet, and said, “I disagree with every word this man has said, but I will defend with my life his right to say it.” —And the fine-policy was rescinded.

After V-J day, Bob went back to the West Coast and I have seen him only rarely since then—usually at conventions of one sort or another. He has aged a bit since, but he is still the greatest science fiction writer in the world. □

4. He was beginning to repeat himself and thereby robbing us of his scintillating comments on the myriad shortcomings of dear old Snafu Manor. —R. A. H.

1. I did not stay home Friday 25 December 1942. During ‘42-'45 I held two assignments, one public and one classified. I don't think Isaac knew this. As for Yom Kippur '42, I excused any employee who stated that he/she firmly intended to go to temple service that day—no proof required, simply an oral statement to me. But Isaac is painfully honest and refused the easy way out, for which I am grateful, as we were losing the war at that time, all our work was urgent, and Isaac was our only truly topnotch chemist, worth at least three of any of the others in that laboratory. —R. A. H.

2. I did not use my whip. Flattery was sufficient. —R. A. H.

3. Hogwallow Cafeteria—“Where the Elite Meet to Eat.” (I. Asimov) Isaac understates the poor quality of the food. —R. A. H.

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FAN GUEST OF HONOR

# GEORGE BARR

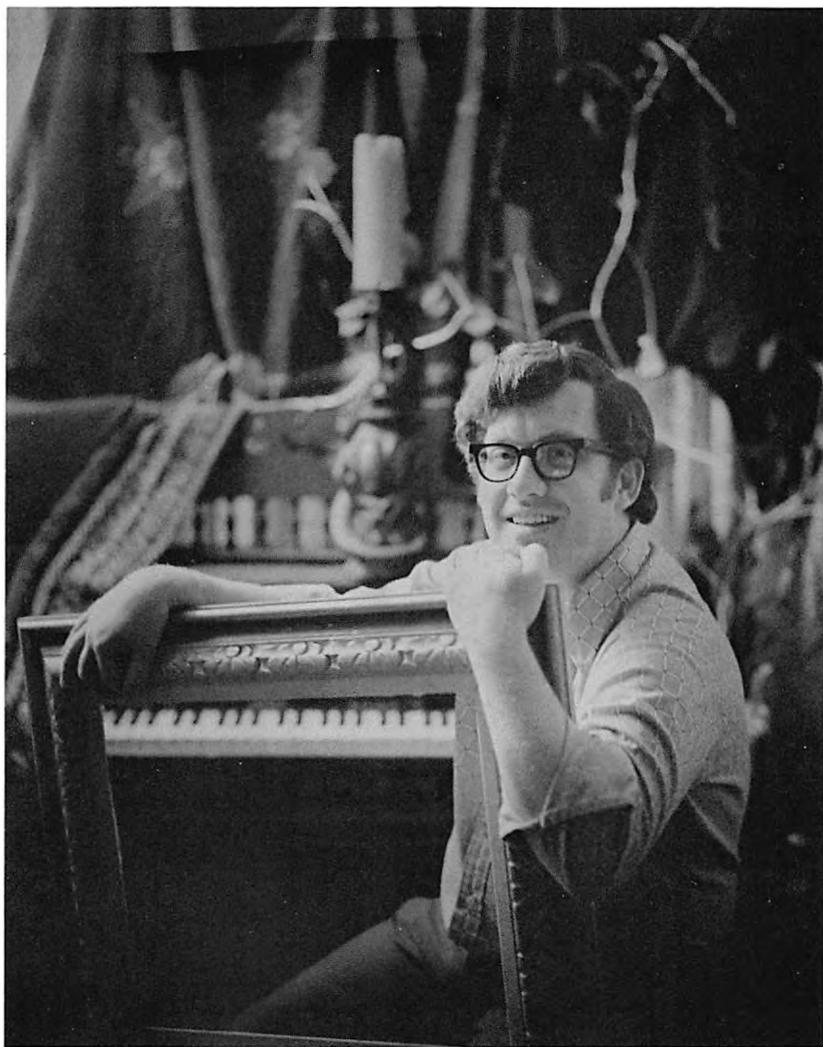


Photo by Jim Thomas

BY TIM KIRK

## GEORGE BARR

### BY TIM KIRK

The man at the console of the Mighty Wurlitzer is not Erik, phantom of the Paris Opera; Nemo, haunter of the lightless ocean depths and nemesis of tyranny; or even Dezso Von D'Antalffy of the old New York *Roxy*. He is George Barr: painter, draughtsman, poet, musician, epistolarian and raconteur.

I first met George at a picnic sponsored by the Mythopoetic Society back in, as I recall, 1968, and he has been a constant source of inspiration and amazement for me. Who else could have introduced me to the music of Yma Sumac, a woman who could imitate birds, earthquakes and volcanoes using only her mouth?

George is a Renaissance Man, if such a creature exists in this over-specialized world. His illustration work, of course, is what he's most well known for: magazine and book illustration, advertising, fanzine embellishments and the like. He is a virtuoso of the ball point pen, wielding it with an apparent ease that seldom fails to awe the proletariat. He designed and executed body paintings for *Star Trek*. He creates lavish costumes, sometimes based on his paintings. He writes and performs his own musical compositions, although he coyly denies any ability to read notes. He writes the longest and newsiest letters I've ever had the pleasure of receiving; my painfully squeezed-out page or page-and-a-half efforts fade into pitiable insignificance beside his gigantic missives. He composes racy limericks. He raises prize-winning mouse-fed lizards.

What does the photo tell us about this Arthur Ashe of the arts, this Salt Lake City Da Vinci? The enigmatic smile seems to promise revelations of untold mystery. George is a fountainhead of arcane Mormon lore; if you want to really get on his good side, ask him to explain to you the true significance of grasshoppers and seagulls in the wresting of Utah from the clutches of the wilderness. He can talk for hours about it!

The empty picture frame may symbolize

the infinite potentialities and cosmic possibilities of the creative arts; or, he might just be trying to sell it. The softly out-of-focus background gives the viewer but a tantalizing hint of the wonders that abound at George's San Jose, California home, an exotic *demesne* that can only be described as a cross between Hearst Castle and the tomb of Tutankhamen, with a bit of Levittown thrown in for the sake of humility. George has a fine theatrical flair for interior decoration, and I believe he could make a

house trailer into Ali Baba's Cave given a few yards of Woolworth rayon and some junk jewelry.

George Barr is a multi-talented artist, a warm and gentle human being and a loyal friend. He is long overdue for a worldcon fan guest of honorship, and now, at last, he's going to get what's coming to him... that is, what he deserves...at any rate, I'm sure it will be an experience he'll never forget, and hopefully one that leaves no (visible) scars! □



From George Barr's letterhead.

TOASTMASTER

# **WILSON (BOB) TUCKER**

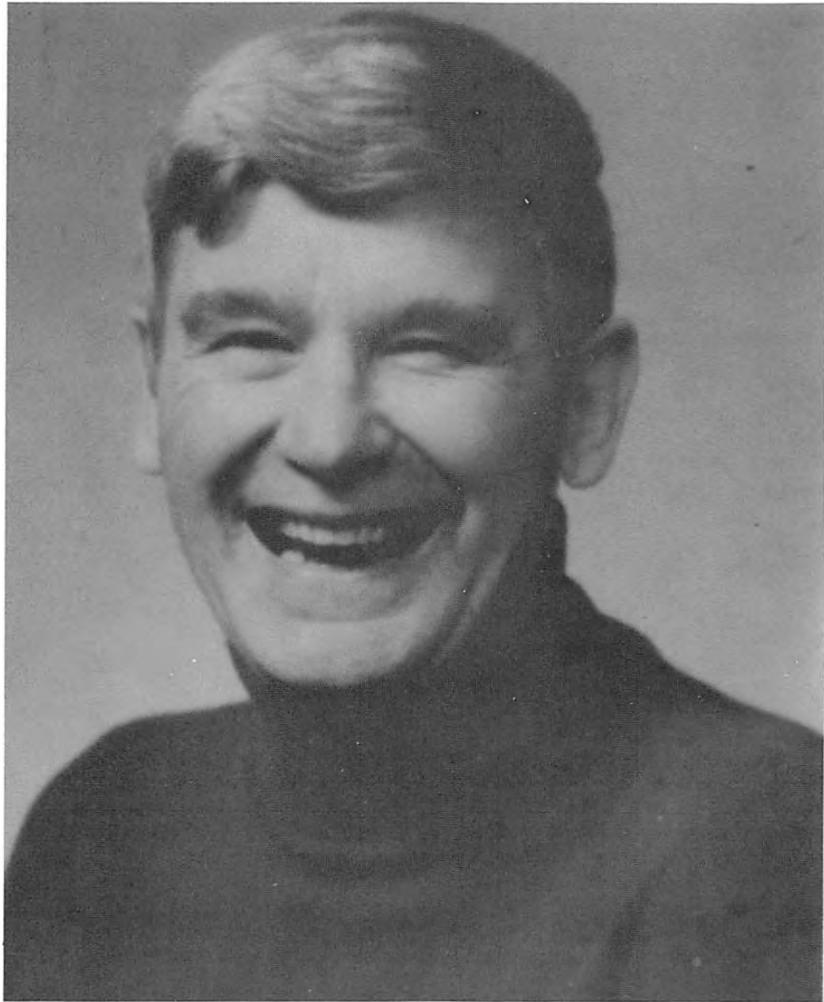


Photo by Bill Ward

**BY ROBERT BLOCH**

## BOB TUCKER BY ROBERT BLOCH

A writer's mail brings few surprises.

Every day the postman deposits the usual items in my mailbox—new bills, old bills, past-due bills and threats to sue. Rejection slips from editors who have seen my work for the first time, and suicide notes from editors who have seen it before. I get requests for my signature from autograph collectors, and requests for my manuscripts from garbage-collectors. Once a woman flattered me by asking for a lock of my hair, but it turned out she was stuffing a mattress. Gallantly, I refrained from telling her where.

Today, however, I got a different kind of request, from Worldcon Vice-Chairman Jim Loehr.

*"Would you consider expanding your piece on Bob Tucker from the BYOB Con 5 program book for the Worldcon program book? I personally can't think of a better choice to give Tucker the treatment he deserves."*

Well, I can think of several people better equipped to give Tucker the treatment he deserves—a doctor, a psychiatrist, a public executioner, or even a good embalmer—but since I'm the victim of bad karma, I'll do my best...

How did it all begin?

In 1933, foolishly ignoring the warning, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," I entered science fiction fandom. And it wasn't too long thereafter that I became aware of one of the very earliest fanzines—*Le Zombie*, aka *The Bloomington News-Letter* in a previous incarnation—published by one Bob Tucker, aka Hoy Ping Pong. Reading this publication I wasn't sure which was the editor's real name; I finally decided it must be Hoy Ping Pong, because he wrote like a Chinaman whose familiarity with the English language was limited to laundry-lists and the type of messages found in stale fortune-cookies.

Nevertheless, this particular (or not-so-particular) fan seemed to be highly-regarded. I learned that he was a motion-picture projectionist who lived in Bloomington, Illinois, presumably in a post-office box lined with plain sealed envelopes containing reading matter for adults only. His observations and aphorisms were widely quoted—usually by himself.

It wasn't until 1946 that I actually encountered Tucker in the flesh (Tucker had been into flesh for years, and was quite famous for it) at the Pacificon in Los Angeles.

To my surprise, I discovered that he was Caucasian and far from illiterate: in fact, a year or so later he published his first mystery novel, *The Chinese Doll*. This, of course, cast doubt as to whether his name wasn't really Hoy Ping Pong after all. It also cast doubts on his literacy. And to compound the problem, his byline wasn't Bob Tucker but Wilson A. Tucker. Under this name he continued to write mysteries, science fiction novels, and short stories. His work was so good that one could only suspect that there was indeed a third *persona*, a real Wilson A. Tucker, who merely masqueraded as a fan-humorist and convention-attendee.

But it was as Bob Tucker that I knew him—and during the years that followed, I came to know him well. In 1948 he was the fan guest-of-honor at the Torcon. As pro guest-of-honor, I shared the platform with him, to say nothing of the contents of various bottles and poker-pots. We got into the habit of meeting at other fannish gatherings—in Chicago, and at the early Midwestcons in Ohio. We foregathered at many later Worldcons, visiting in our respective homes, took automobile trips together, and for a time we even co-edited a fanzine for publisher Marty Greenberg. Now that old fanzines are becoming rare collectors' items, I often regret that my own copies were torn up when I attempted to remove them from the bottom of our birdcage.

During the Sixties and early Seventies, Tucker continued to flourish, fannishly and professionally. I sometimes suspect that Bob Tucker has unwittingly become Wilson A. Tucker's worst enemy—his fannish fame tends to dwarf the recognition he deserves for such novels as *The Long Loud Silence*, *Wild Talent*, *The Lincoln-Hunters* and *Ice And Iron*. Admirers of easy-going, fun-loving Bob Tucker often seem unmindful of the man's serious achievements. If so, it's their loss, for Tucker has made exceptional contributions to the science fiction genre.

And yet it is as a fan that he seems pre-eminent. That is why he has been chosen as Toastmaster here in Kansas City, some forty-odd years after his first entry into fandom. That is why, last year, a special fan-fund was raised to send him to the Worldcon in Australia. It is a measure of Tucker's importance in fandom that the fund was actually over-subscribed. Either that, or fandom was hoping he'd take the hint, and the extra money, and stay in Australia permanently.

But, after a stint of city-hopping and kangaroo-hopping, Tucker returned—like Douglas MacArthur, Godzilla, and the seven-year itch.

Last year both he and I were in Kansas City at BYOB Con 5 which Jim Loehr mentioned in his letter, with me as Guest-of-honor and Tucker as Toastmaster. It was then that I wrote the biographical sketch which follows here. If you didn't happen to see it last year, you can peruse it now. If you've already read it, perhaps you can line the bottom of your own birdcage.

It is as true now as it was then:

Devotees of television's late-night movies can still encounter a 1946 MGM version of the *Ziegfeld Follies*. One of its skits features Red Skelton as a television announcer extolling—and imbibing—a product known as "Guzzler's Gin." Each sip of this concoction brings the grimacing, stoned Mr. Skelton a step closer to a total wipe-out; in the end he topples over and crashes to the floor with a final despairing cry of "Smo-o-o-o-o-th!"

God in his infinite wisdom and mercy knows where Red Skelton ever discovered Bob Tucker's famous bottle-cry. But it is a tribute to Tucker's long-time influence on our culture. Think of it: almost thirty years ago, when Tucker was already well past his prime, his words of wisdom were still being publicly-quoted.

As far as I know, Tucker never took a drink of "Guzzler's Gin" in his life. Jim Beam, yes; Canadian Club, Irish whiskey, Maryland rye, Thunderbird, Ripple, hair-tonic, paint-remover, antifreeze, three-in-one sewing machine oil, Dr. Asimov's Liquid Remedy For Hog-Constipation—I've seen Tucker gulp it all, though not necessarily in that order. Even today, loaded to the eyeballs with Geritol, he is still defiantly cackling, "Smo-o-o-o-o-th!" before crashing to the floor—where he gropes for another bottle.

If the reader surmises that I am picturing Tucker as a lush, let me hasten to correct the impression. Any drinking Tucker may do is undoubtedly a compensation for a deprived youth—after all, what could he have possibly found to quench his thirst in Neanderthal times?

I suppose it was that early lack of alcohol which forced Bob Tucker to turn to other activities. Hugo Gernsback has often been called the Father of Science Fiction, but I wouldn't count Tucker out until I see a paternity-test. Certainly Tucker was one of the first of the Big Name Fans—and, heaven help us all, he still holds that distinction today. He went on to become a Big Name Pro, in mystery-fiction and science fiction both—and again, as anyone who has read his latest work can tell you, he continues to hold his own with the top figures in the field. Bob Tucker has been honored and acclaimed for his manifold achievements, and justly so. But I think, in the last analysis, his greatest reward has come in the form of the genuine love and devotion he has inspired throughout fandom during his lifetime of distinguished effort. Here is a man who commands—and deserves—our admiration.

And so it is that I say to you younger fans who may be attending a convention for the first time—by all means do not neglect this opportunity. Be sure to take advantage of the chance to go up to this living legend and shake his hand.

Just remember, afterwards, to count your fingers. □

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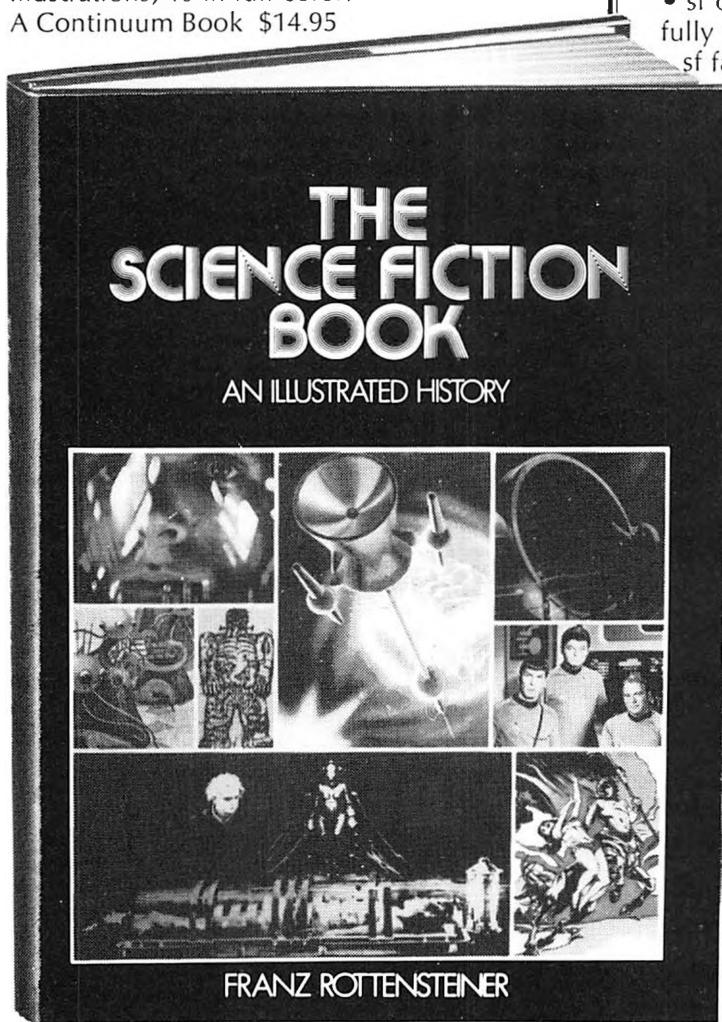
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# NASA ASTRONAUT **WILLIAM B. LENOIR, Ph.D.**



Photo: NASA

William B. Lenoir is originally from Miami, Florida, and graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he received a Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering (1961), a Master of Science (1962), and a Doctorate (1965). From 1964 to 1965, Lenoir was an instructor at MIT; in 1965, he was named assistant professor of Electrical Engineering. His work at MIT included teaching electromagnetic theory and systems theory and performing research in the remote sensing of planetary atmospheres and surfaces and the theory of radiative transfer in anisotropic media. He is an investigator in several satellite experiments and continues research in this area while completing his astronaut assignments.

Dr. Lenoir was selected as a scientist-astronaut by NASA in August 1967. He completed the initial academic training and a 53-week course in flight training at Laughlin Air Force Base, Texas.

Lenoir was backup science-pilot for Skylab 3 and Skylab 4, the second and third manned missions in the Skylab Program. During Skylab 4, he was co-leader of the visual observations project and coordinator between the flight crew and the principal investigators for apollo telescope mount solar science matters.

Presently, Lenoir is supporting the Space Shuttle Program in the area of payload accommodations. His interest in the remote sensing of the earth and its resources continues, with particular emphasis on the role of man.

Since September 1974, Lenoir has spent approximately one-half of his time as leader of the NASA Satellite Power Team. This team was formed to investigate the potential of large-scale satellite power systems for terrestrial utility consumption and to make program recommendations to NASA Headquarters. This work continues. □



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# PROGRAM

This schedule of events is complete as we go to press. Check your Pocket Program for possible changes and for more detailed information on some of the program items. Also check pages 25 and 26 for information on permanent displays and special interest group functions not listed in the schedule below.

## THURSDAY, September 2

6:30 PM	Address by NASA Astronaut, William B. Lenoir, Ph.D.	Imperial Ballroom
7:30 PM	Da Fred Haskell Song & Slide Show	Imperial Ballroom
9:00 PM	Meet the Authors Party	Pool Deck (Fifth Floor)

### Continuing Events

10:00 AM to 10:00 PM	Registration	Mezzanine
10:00 AM to 2:00 PM	Huckster Room Set-up	Royal Exhibition Hall
12:00 PM to 6:00 PM	Artshow	Trianon Ballroom
12:00 PM to 6:00 PM	George Barr Art Display	Burgundy Room
1:00 PM to 3:00 AM	Film Program	Grand Ballroom
2:00 PM to 6:00 PM	Huckster Room	Royal Exhibition Hall

## FRIDAY, September 3

11:30 AM	Weird & Horror Genre Luncheon	Windsor Room (Phillips)
12:00 PM	Opening Ceremonies	Imperial Ballroom
1:00 PM	Author's Forum (closes 6:00 PM)	Crystal Room (Phillips)
1:00 PM	Fanzine Seminar (Mimeo) Conducted by Linda Bushyager	Music Room
1:30 PM	Preliminary Business Meeting	London Room (Phillips)
1:30 PM	Panel: "SF, Why Bother With this Crud?" Moderator: Alan Dean Foster	Imperial Ballroom
2:30 PM	Neo-Pro Workshop. Conducted by Bob Tucker	Colonial Ballroom
3:00 PM	Panel: "Women in SF." Moderator: Susan Wood	Imperial Ballroom
4:00 PM	Panel: "Life in Outer Space." Moderator: Jerry Pournelle	Colonial Ballroom
6:00 PM	Artist's Reception	Trianon Ballroom
8:30 PM	Dramatic Production: "Sails of Moonlight, Eyes of Dusk." Directed by David Wilson	Music Hall (Municipal Auditorium)

### Continuing Events

10:00 AM to 10:00 PM	Registration	Mezzanine
10:00 AM to 6:00 PM	Huckster Room	Royal Exhibition Hall
10:00 AM to 6:00 PM	Artshow	Trianon Ballroom
10:00 AM to 6:00 PM	George Barr Art Display	Burgundy Room
11:00 AM to 3:00 AM	Film Program	Grand Ballroom
11:00 AM to 6:00 PM	Neo-Fan Room	Towers 21-22

## SATURDAY, September 4

10:00 AM	SFWA Business Meeting	London Room (Phillips)
11:00 AM	Artists Genre Luncheon	Windsor Room (Phillips)
12:00 PM	Artshow Auction	Lido Room
12:00 PM	Author's Forum (closes 6:00 PM)	Crystal Room (Phillips)
12:00 PM	"Image & Emblem in 2001." (Slide Presentation by Alex Eisenstein and Ken Keller)	Imperial Ballroom
1:00 PM	Business Meeting & Site Selection	London Room (Phillips)
1:00 PM	Burroughs Dum-Dum	Colonial Ballroom
2:00 PM	Alfred Bester Interview. Interviewer: Ro Lutz-Nagy	Imperial Ballroom
4:00 PM	Fanzine Seminar (Offset) Conducted by Tom Reamy	Music Room
4:30 PM	Masquerade Set-Up	Colonial/Imperial Ballrooms
8:00 PM	Masquerade	Colonial/Imperial Ballrooms

### Continuing Events

Same as Friday

## SUNDAY, September 5

1:00 PM	Robert A. Heinlein Testimonial Luncheon	Colonial/Imperial Ballrooms
4:00 PM	Artshow Auction	Lido Room
4:00 PM	General Auction	Imperial Ballroom
4:00 PM	Convention Manager's Workshop. Conducted by Don Blyly	Music Room
4:30 PM	Author's Forum (closes 6:00 PM)	Crystal Room (Phillips)
4:30 PM	Belly Dancing Exhibition	Colonial Ballroom
8:00 PM	Hugo Awards Presentations. Master of Ceremonies: Bob Tucker	Music Hall (Municipal Auditorium)
9:30 PM	Robert A. Heinlein's Guest of Honor Address	Music Hall (Municipal Auditorium)

### Continuing Events

10:00 AM to 5:00 PM	Registration	Mezzanine
10:00 AM to 2:00 PM	Artshow	Trianon Ballroom

Others same as Friday

## MONDAY, September 6

11:00 AM	Panel: "Sex in Science Fiction." Moderators: Larry Propp & Joni Stopa. A. Women in SF, Are They Necessary? (Propp) B. Men in SF, Who Needs Them? (Stopa)	Imperial Ballroom
11:30 AM	Heroic Fantasy Genre Luncheon	Windsor Room (Phillips)
12:00 PM	Author's Forum (closes 4:00 PM)	Crystal Room (Phillips)
12:30 PM	Panel: "My Favorite World Tomorrow." Moderator: Jerry Pournelle	Colonial Ballroom
2:30 PM	Rusty Hevelin's AussieCon Slide Show	Imperial Ballroom
4:00 PM	Closing Ceremonies	Imperial Ballroom

### Continuing Events

10:00 AM to 2:00 PM	Huckster Room	Royal Exhibition Hall
10:00 AM to 2:00 PM	Artshow	Trianon Ballroom
10:00 AM to 2:00 PM	George Barr Art Display	Burgundy Room
11:00 AM to 5:00 PM	Film Program	Grand Ballroom
11:00 AM to 2:00 PM	Neo-Fan Room	Towers 21-22

# A CHANGE of HOBBIIT

SPECULATIVE  
FICTION  
BOOKSTORE

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90024



# SPECIAL NOTICE

On this page and the next are explained a number of things you should know about for maximum enjoyment of the convention. Also see your Pocket Program for additional details.

## CENTRAL HEADQUARTERS ROOM

The HQ Room is located on the mezzanine in the ballroom foyer. If you have a problem, that's where you go to get it solved. The HQ Room will be open 24-hours-a-day, manned by members of the MidAmeriCon committee who are there to help you. If they can't help you, they will know how to contact someone who can. No matter what time of the day or night, the committee will be accessible, willing and able to help you.

## BABYSITTING

Babysitting services will be available in the Oxford Room of the Phillips House, 3rd floor. These services are under the supervision of Grace Lundry. Please see your Pocket Program for more details.

## NFFF

Next to the Worldcon, the National Fantasy Fan Federation is probably the largest international group of fans. If you are new to fandom, this might be a good place to start. Throughout the convention the NFFF (also pronounced N3F) will be located in Room 1 on the mezzanine, across from the film room, where there will be an opportunity to meet the officers and other fans as well as play board games, cards, exchange fanzines, etc. The NFFF is primarily a mail-oriented organization with several internal groups for special interests. For more information, write Janie Lamb, Rt. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, TN 37754.

## SFWA

The Science Fiction Writers of America is an organization of professional writers of science fiction. It provides a method of communication between the writers as well as serving to protect their interest. Members of SFWA vote on and present the annual Nebula Awards. If you have sold a science fiction story or novel in the United States, then you are eligible for membership. SFWA will have a hospitality suite for members and guests throughout the convention.

## DUM-DUM

The Burroughs Bibliophiles is an organization of people interested in the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs. Each year at the Worldcon they hold a Dum-Dum as a luncheon. It is mainly for Burroughs fans, but is open to anyone. The Dum-Dum will be held this year on Saturday at 1:00 PM in the Colonial Ballroom. The Guest of Honor will be former Tarzan, Jack Mahoney, and the principal speaker will be Philip Jose Farmer. Tickets may be purchased from Vern Coriell in the Huckster Room.

The Bibliophiles will also have a hospitality room on the 3rd floor, room 365. If you are a Burroughs fan, drop by and visit.

## PROGRAM BOOK

## SFRA

The Science Fiction Research Association is a non-profit organization whose aims are "to encourage and develop a new scholarship in the field; to encourage and develop the teaching of science fiction at all levels of instruction; to promote cooperation and exchange of information among students of science fiction throughout the world; to improve access to published and unpublished materials; to aid in securing for library collections papers and records needed for present and future study; and to aid the publication of scholarly books and works pertinent to the field through a monograph series and direct grants." —*Extrapolation*, v12, n2, p63

At MidAmeriCon, the SFRA will be located on the 3rd floor in room 363. If you teach science fiction or have a scholarly interest in the field, drop by their room for more information. They will be holding seminars throughout the convention. Check with them for times and locations. For additional information on the SFRA, write to Thomas D. Clareson, Chairman, SFRA, Box 3186, The College of Wooster, Wooster, OH 44691.

## DUFF

The Down Under Fan Fund was created in 1972 to encourage closer ties between Australian and American fandom by bringing fans across the Pacific. DUFF exists solely through the donations of fans. The candidates in each election are voted on by interested fans all over the world and each vote is accompanied by a donation of not less than \$1.50. The 1976 winner, Christine McGowan, will be attending MidAmeriCon. We wish to extend her a heartfelt welcome and a hope that she thoroughly enjoys her visit to the U.S.A.

### DUFF WINNERS

1972—Lesleigh Luttrell	U.S.A. to Australia
1974—Leigh Edmonds	Australia to DisCon II
1975—Rusty Hevelin	U.S.A. to Australia
1976—Christine McGowan	Australia to MAC

## "STAR WARS" DISPLAY

The newest film by George Lucas (*THX-1138, American Grafitti*) is an 8 million-dollar production entitled *The Star Wars*. Thanks to the kindness of the Star Wars Corp. MidAmeriCon will be presenting a fascinating display of props, costumes, production drawings, stills, story-boards, etc. The display will be on the 3rd floor, in room 364. The room will be open throughout the convention (check your Pocket Program for exact times) and everyone is welcome to drop in to see the display and talk to Gary Kurtz, the producer, Charlie Lippincott, vice president in charge of advertising and promotion, and Mark Hammil, the star of the film.

*The Star Wars* has completed live-action shooting and is now filming special effects. It is due for release early in 1977. There is a possibility we will be showing a featurette on the film. Check the film schedule in the Pocket Program for times.

## AUTHOR'S FORUM

Each day throughout the convention, authors will be reading from their own works in the Crystal Room of the Phillips House, mezzanine. Check your Pocket Program for the schedule. The Author's Forum is conducted by George R. R. Martin and Gale Burnick.

## NEO-FAN ROOM

The Neo-Fan Room is a project of Ro Lutz-Nagy and Ann Arbor fandom. The room is designed to introduce you to science fiction fandom, with displays, art, and a multi-media presentation that I've heard is one of the most delightful half-hours ever devised by fandom. It doesn't matter how long you've been in fandom, this you have to see. The Neo-Fan Room is in Towers 21-22.

## LIGHTSHOW SEMINARS

The Illuminatus Lightshow people, who will be doing the mind-boggling Opening Ceremonies, will have a permanent display on the 3rd floor, in room 362. If you are interested in lasers, projectors, and other optical devices, drop by for a chat and a look. Check with them on the hours.

## IMAGINATION UNLIMITED

Rick Gellman and Louie Spooner, the proprietors of Imagination Unlimited will set up shop in Room 4, on the Mezzanine near Registration. Imagination Unlimited sells artwork—fantastic, gorgeous artwork. If you are a collector, the art show is only one of the places to get artwork; the other is Imagination Unlimited. Drop by and take a look.

## TV VIEWING LOUNGES

Most of the major programming at MidAmeriCon will be telecast live on closed circuit to the sleeping rooms in the Muehlebach and the Phillips House. This is being done because some events simply will not hold everyone, and those who do not wish to brave the mobs may watch in the comfort of their room. However, those staying in the Dixon Inn, the Continental Hotel, and the President Hotel will not be receiving closed-circuit TV. For the people in those hotels, who can't find a friend with a room in the Muehlebach or Phillips, we have set up three viewing lounges: two in the Muehlebach, 4th floor, rooms 471 and 473, and one in the Phillips, the room just off the lobby where the coffee shop used to be.

## ART SHOW

MidAmeriCon's art show will be directed by the Trimble. It is located in the Trianon Ballroom in the level below the lobby. This is an excellent opportunity to drool over/buy the newest works by your favorite sf and fantasy artists. Each piece that is for sale will have a bid sheet attached. If you wish

The historic Mars landing, in the only interplanetary newspaper published, *Interplanetary New Paper Witness* With gigantic photos from the surface ..... 50¢  
3rd issue, with 22 x 30 photo of Martian hillsides, and an A. J. Budrys column about the universe ..... 50¢  
First 2 issues, .25¢ each.  
INPW, P.O. Box 29093, Chicago, Illinois 60629

to bid on the piece, write in your bid. A voice bid-off will determine the final disposition of the art. See your Pocket Program for the times of the Art Auction(s).

#### HUCKSTER ROOM

The Huckster Room, supervised at MidAmeriCon by Howard DeVore, is located in the Royal Exhibition Hall on the lobby level. On sale there will be all varieties of science fiction and fantasy memorabilia, including books (both old and new), magazines (ditto), film clips, tapes, slides, comics, posters, fanzines, art folios, movie material, and other items too unbelievable to mention. This is the place for collectors to find those missing issues. And, if you are new to science fiction, this is the place to look over its history. Most of the dealers will be happy to talk to you about their wares, but don't get in the way of people who want to buy.

#### AUCTION

A Worldcon auction is an excellent opportunity for the science fiction fan to obtain items not generally available. Paintings, manuscripts, galley proofs, and rare books are among the items that turn up at these auctions. MidAmeriCon's auction is scheduled for Sunday at 4:00 PM in the Imperial Ballroom. Anyone bringing material to be auctioned should drop it off at the Central Headquarters Room. There is no restriction on what may be auctioned.

#### MASQUERADE

One of the highlights of every Worldcon is the Masquerade. We believe that this year's, under the direction of Joni Stopa and crew, will be one of the best ever. The Masquerade will be held Saturday night at 8:00 PM in the Imperial Ballroom. Because the capacity of the hall is limited, those not able to get in can watch it live on closed-circuit TV in their rooms or in the special TV viewing lounges.

Those wishing to enter the Masquerade must register their costumes no later than 6:00 PM Friday. Complete instructions and entry forms are available at Registration.

#### DRAMATIC PRODUCTION

Entitled *Sails of Moonlight, Eyes of Dusk*, the MidAmeriCon dramatic production will be in the Music Hall of Municipal Auditorium (across the street southwest of the Muehlebach) Friday night at 8:30 PM. The play is in two acts and is based on Cordwainer Smith's Lords of the Instrumentality, and incorporates in its structure six stories: "Twig" by Gordon R. Dickson, "Slideshow" by George R. R. Martin, "Deeper Than the Darkness" by Harlan Ellison, "No Woman Born" by C. L. Moore, "Where Is the Bird of Fire?" by Thomas Burnett Swann, and "Going" by Robert Silverberg.

The play will be a completely professional production utilizing the talents of the best professional theatrical talents in Kansas City, with elaborate sets, costumes, and effects. This is something you do not want to miss.

Note: no flash photography or recording will be allowed during the production. Anyone disregarding this rule will be asked to leave.

#### 1978 SITE SELECTION

The site for the 1978 Worldcon will be selected at MidAmeriCon and through the mail ballot sent out with the last Progress Report. Voting at MidAmeriCon may be done at a table in the registration area manned by the 1978 bidders: Los Angeles and Phoenix. Voting will end Friday evening at whatever time the bidders decide to close the table. To vote you must be a member of MidAmeriCon and a member of the 1978 convention. A fee of \$5.00 is required to vote. The \$5.00 will be applied to your 1978 membership. The results will be announced Saturday at 1:00 PM at the Business Meeting in the London Room of the Phillips House, mezzanine. The winner will announce details, Guests of Honor, etc.

#### SPECIAL INTEREST FUNCTIONS

A number of Special Interest Groups will be holding meetings, seminars, reunions, luncheons, etc. during the course of the convention. Check your Pocket Program for times and places.

SCIENCE FICTION RESEARCH ASSOCIATION  
welcomes  
you to  
MIDAMERICON

THOMAS CLARESON, PRESIDENT  
BEVERLY FRIEND, NEWSLETTER EDITOR  
MARSHALL TYMN, TREASURER  
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT  
EASTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY  
YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN 48197

**SAILS OF MOONLIGHT, EYES OF DUSK**  
Costume designs by David Wilson and Vikki Marshall



THE E'TELEKELI



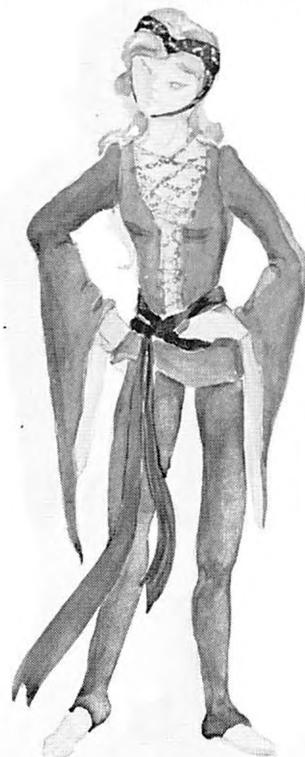
PERMAISWARI



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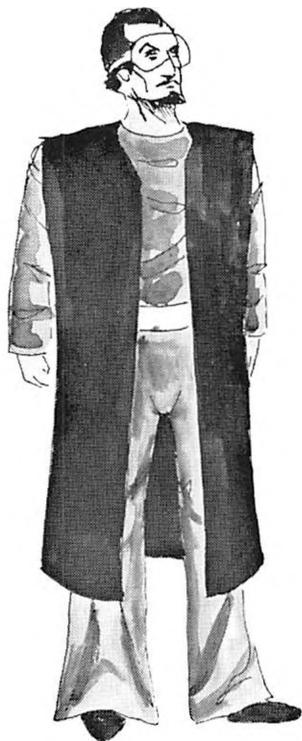
JOHANNA

*Sketch and design  
by Vikki Marshall*

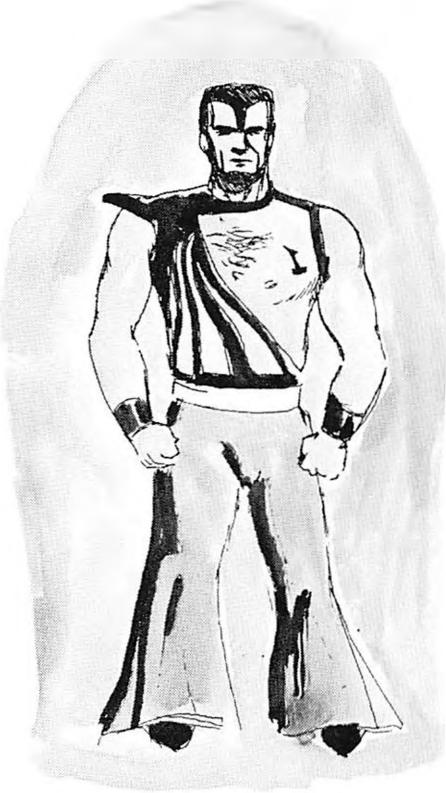


REDLADY

*Sketches and designs by David Wilson*



MALTZER  
"No Woman Born"



BLASTER  
"Deeper Than the Darkness"



DEIRDRE  
"No Woman Born"

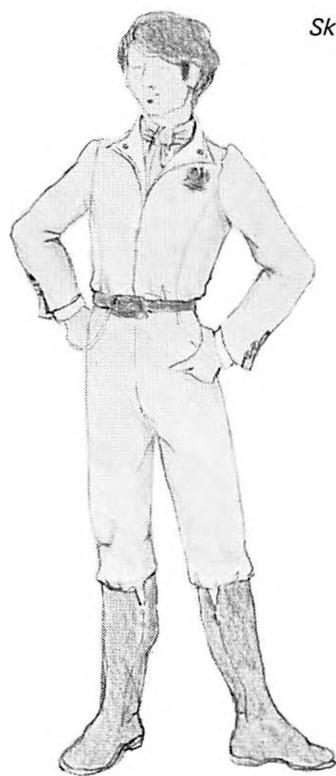


MINDEE  
"Deeper Than the Darkness"



MINSTREL  
"Deeper Than the Darkness"

*Sketches and designs by Vikki Marshall*



BECKER  
"Slideshow"



TWIG



SYLVAN  
"Where is the Bird of Fire?"



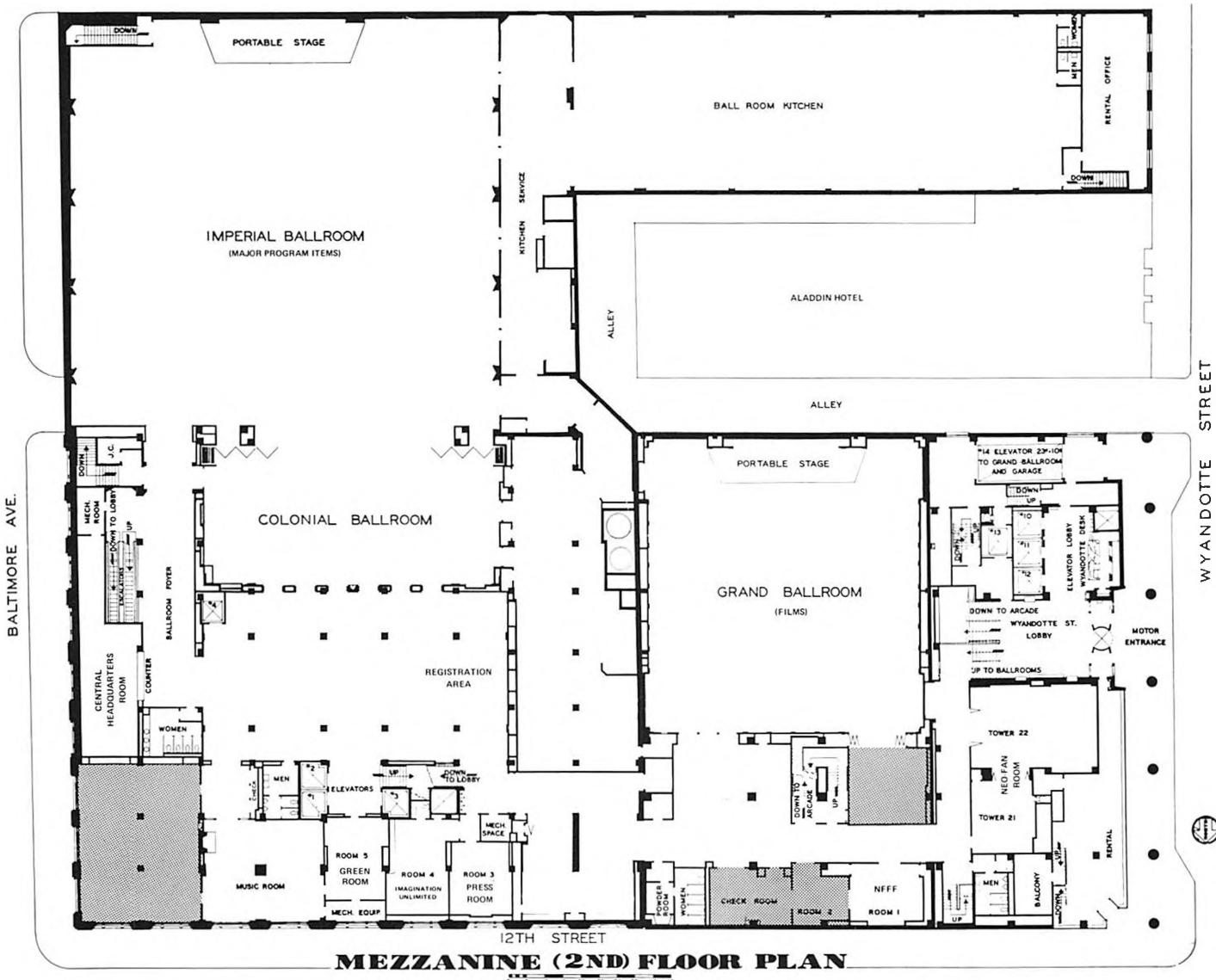
EDITH STAUNT  
"Going"

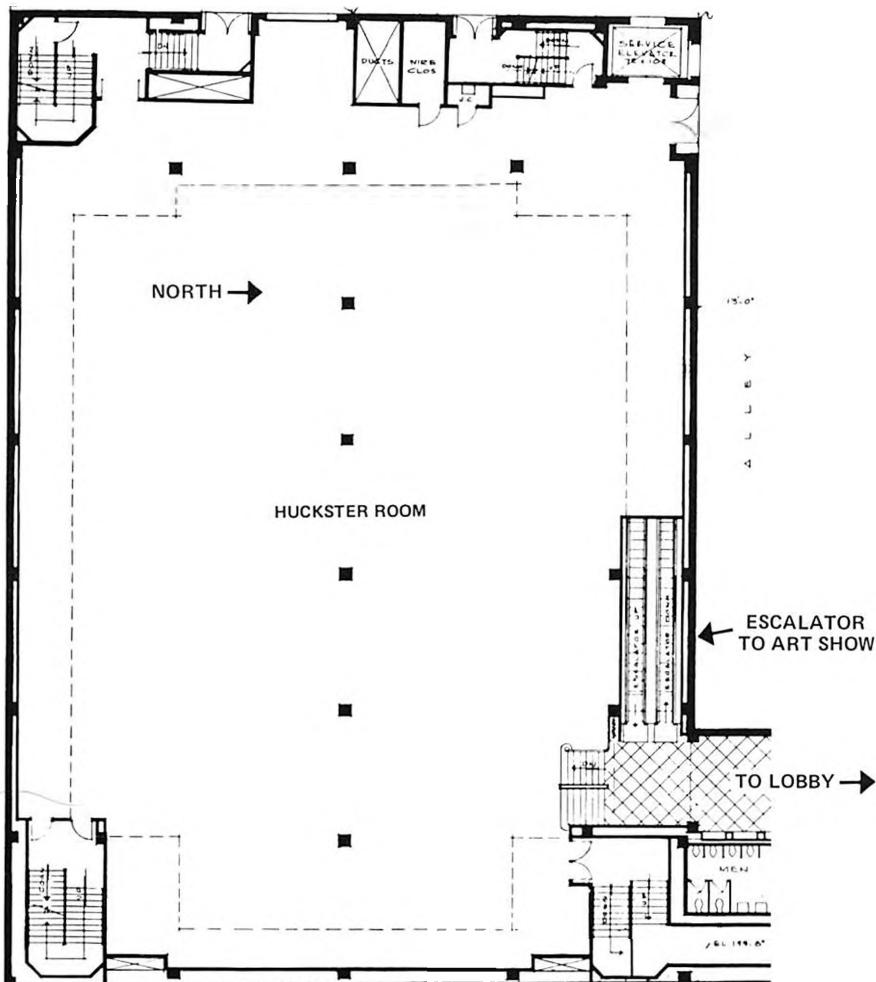


HENRY STAUNT  
"Going"

# The Radisson Muehlebach Hotel

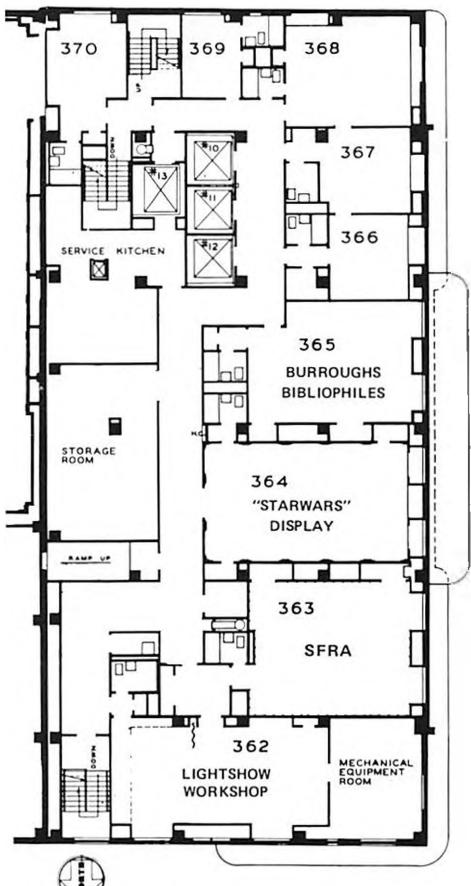
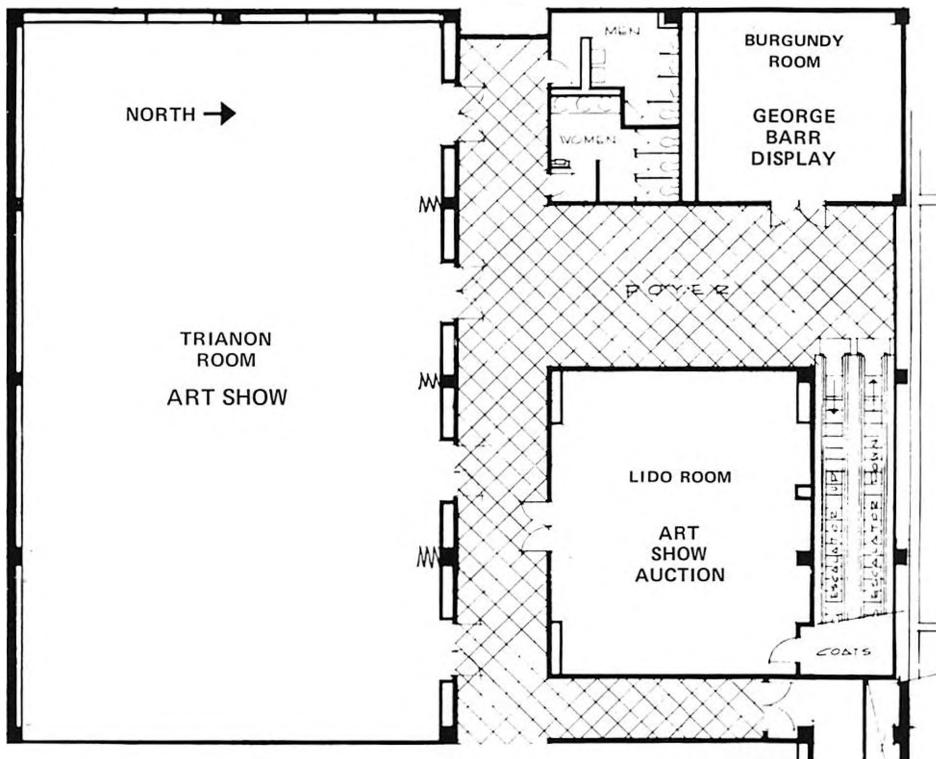
The floor plan below of the main convention area should be fairly self-explanatory. The Imperial Ballroom, the Colonial Ballroom, and the Music Room will contain program items. The Colonial will at times be closed off for separate items and at other times will be opened as a part of the Imperial. The Grand Ballroom will be devoted exclusively to films. The Central Headquarters Room is where you go if you have a question or a problem. With the exception of Room 5 and Room 3 the other rooms on this floor contain permanent displays. Room 5 is the Green Room where participants in programming may relax before going on stage. Room 3 is the Press Room where interviews and that sort of thing will take place. The shaded areas are private and not for convention use. The elevator in the corner of the registration area near the entrance to the Colonial Ballroom will take you directly to the Pool Deck on the fifth floor. That elevator is over there all by itself because it was at one time the private elevator of President Truman when the Muehlebach was "the Missouri White House." The tunnel to the Municipal Garage and the Music Hall can be reached by going down one floor on elevators 10, 11, & 12, or by using the stairs next to elevator 10. We're reasonably sure you'll know every nook and cranny of the hotel in half an hour. Have a good time.



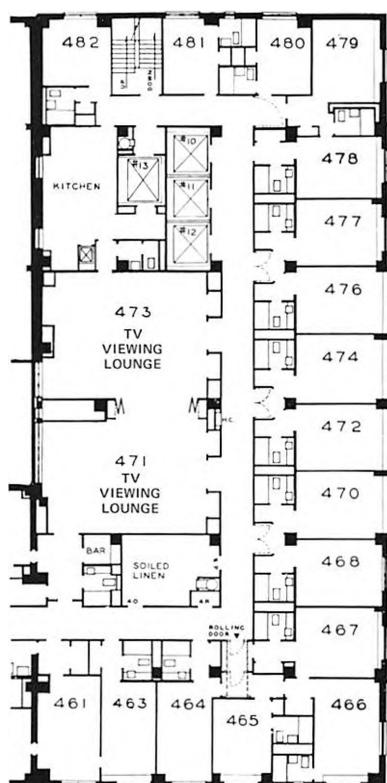


**LOBBY LEVEL:** The Huckster Room is the only convention function on the lobby level. The escalators to the Mezzanine are just to the right of the plan.

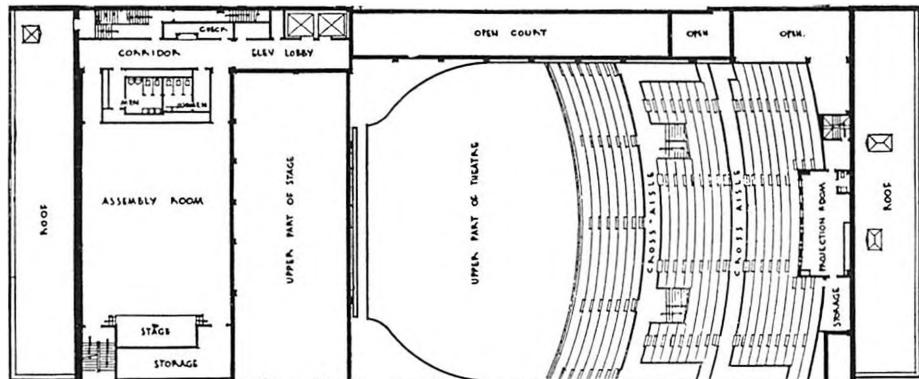
**↓ BELOW LOBBY LEVEL:** This entire level is occupied by the Art Show. It is accessible only by the escalator just at the entrance of the Huckster Room.



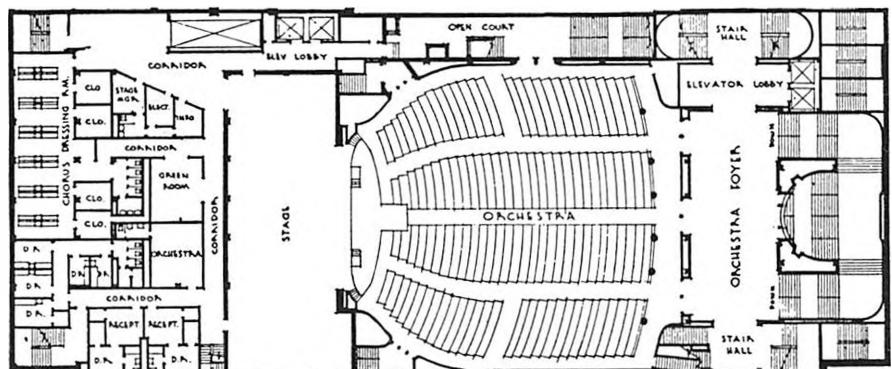
**THIRD FLOOR:** These rooms are accessible only by elevators No. 10, 11, & 12. See the Mezzanine floor plan for their location.



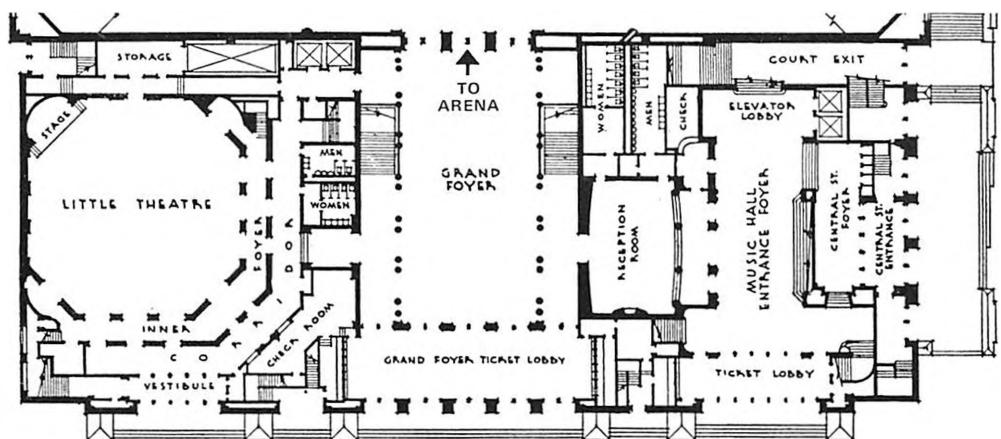
**FOURTH FLOOR:** The TV Viewing Lounges are next to elevators 10, 11, & 12, but can be reached from all elevators.



MUSIC HALL BALCONY



MUSIC HALL (SECOND FLOOR)

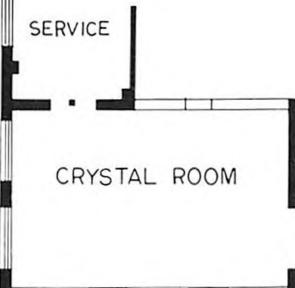


MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM (STREET LEVEL)

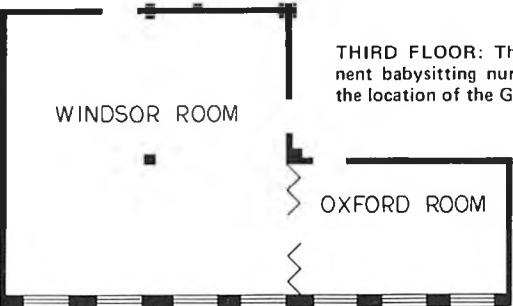
# PHILLIPS HOUSE



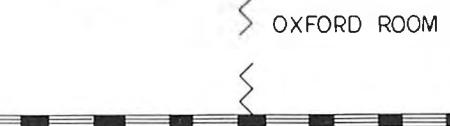
LONDON ROOM



CRYSTAL ROOM

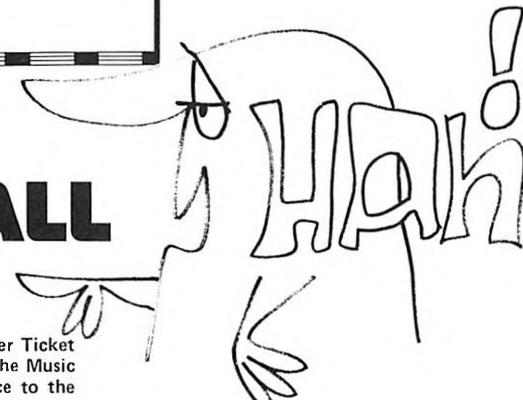


WINDSOR ROOM



**MEZZANINE LEVEL:** These rooms are one floor up from the lobby, accessible either by elevator or by the stairs under the giant Emmy. The Crystal Room is the permanent location of the Author's Forum and the London Room is the site of several meetings.

# MUSIC HALL



**MUSIC HALL:** Please use the Grand Foyer Ticket Lobby entrance when going to events in the Music Hall. From the Grand Foyer the entrance to the Music Hall is through the Reception Room. The auditorium (orchestra) is up one flight of stairs, the mezzanine up one more, and the balcony up yet another. Elevators are available for those who need them.



**radisson muehlebach** *Baltimore at 12th Street Kansas City, Missouri 64105 / (816) 471-1400*

The following forms an agreement between Science Fiction Conventions of Kansas City, Inc., acting for MidAmeriCon, the 34th world Science Fiction Convention (called "committee" or "convention") and the Radisson Muehlebach Hotel (called "hotel"). This agreement is broken down as follows:

General (6 items)	Hotel Restaurants (5 items)
Banquet (9 items)	Operations (23 items)
Function Rooms (9 items)	Sleeping Rooms (14 items)

Supplementary agreements may be made between the committee and the hotel as called for in some of the items following.

Modifications may be made to any or all of the items in this agreement by mutual consent of the committee and the hotel.

Copies of this agreement will be issued to each division manager in the hotel no later than 60 days prior to the beginning of the convention.

#### GENERAL

1. The official dates of the convention will be Thursday, September 2, 1976 through Monday, September 6, 1976.

2. The hotel agrees not to book any other convention or group into the Muehlebach, its convention center or exhibit hall, during the run of the convention.

3. The hotel will detail in a supplementary agreement all special fees, additional rental costs, and miscellaneous charges that will be charged to the convention's Master Account no later than sixty days prior to the convention. If such agreement is not furnished, there will be no supplementary charges of any kind. The committee agrees that it will be responsible for any additional charges from this time which may be incurred for the committee by the hotel that are not noted in the final specification sheets submitted to the hotel by the committee at its pre-convention planning meeting.

4. During the run of the convention, the hotel will notify the committee of any complaints or disturbances, so that the committee can investigate and act before the hotel takes any further action.

5. The convention committee will not be held responsible for any damage done by the convention attendees, or persons unknown, during the run of the convention.

6. The convention's master account will be set up as follows:

MIDAMERICON, 34th World Science Fiction Convention  
Attention: Ken Keller, Chairman  
P. O. Box 221  
Kansas City, Missouri 64141

#### BANQUET

1. The Sales of banquet tickets will be possible up to 36 hours before the banquet.\*

2. Waiters will collect tickets from each person at the banquet. The committee will pay the hotel the number guaranteed or the number actually served (as determined by a count of the tickets collected), whichever is larger.

\*Due to the fact that this is a Holiday weekend and we are unable to obtain deliveries after 3:00 PM on Friday, we ask that a realistic guarantee (which may be increased as late as 36 hours in advance of meal function) be submitted no later than 10:00 AM, Friday, September 3, 1976, for any function to be held on Sunday, September 5, and Monday, September 6, 1976.

3. The committee will select wine to be used from the hotel list.
4. The hotel will place numbers on the tables as indicated in advance by the committee.
5. Each table, other than the head table, will seat 10 people. There will be one (1) waiter for every two banquet tables, and one waiter for the head table.
6. The catering manager (or other responsible official) will be available at mutually agreeable times for discussion, reference, cuisine, seating, and other matters appertaining to the banquet.
7. Banquet prices will be guaranteed to the committee 4 months in advance to the 1976 convention.
8. A pitcher of water will be placed on every table at no extra charge and will be kept reasonably refilled by the serving staff which will be available for a two hour period from the start of the function service.
9. A pot of coffee and coffee cups will be left on the table and all other dishes cleared at the end of the meal.

#### FUNCTION SPACE

1. In consideration of the number of sleeping rooms used and meal functions, there will be no charge for the function rooms. (This is subject to review if the room block is not picked up, based on normal room rentals.) Regardless of this, a one time rental charge of \$750.00 will be required for the Royal Hall.
2. All convention facilities, not including staff, are assigned to the use of the committee on a 24 hour a day basis over the official convention dates of Thursday, September 2 through Monday, September 6, 1976. The committee will supply to the hotel no later than June 1, 1976, the exact needs as to function rooms with the understanding that there may be some minor changes following that date.
3. The Colonial foyer will be made available to the committee by the hotel beginning 8:00 AM, Thursday, September 2, 1976, for registration purposes.
4. Union members shall not be required to operate 16mm film projectors and/or any independent sound system in the function rooms.
5. The hotel will provide all its on premises equipment (microphones, sound system, easels, normal room lighting, staging, tables, chairs, etc.) at no extra charge to the convention.
6. There will be no extra charge for use of the projection screen installed in the Grand Ballroom.
7. The committee can make use of non-union performers in the hotel function rooms, provided they are not paid for their services.
8. Additional green table cloths will be provided at no charge for the purposes of covering exhibits (limited to house inventory of 200 pieces.).
9. The hotel will make available at no extra charge to the committee two of its smaller function rooms from Monday, August 30, 1976, through Wednesday, September 1, 1976 for its various pre-convention planning meetings. The preceding is subject to availability of space.

#### HOTEL RESTAURANTS

1. The hotel's Coffee Shop will be staffed from 6:00 AM until 2:00 AM on Friday and Saturday and from 6:00 AM until Midnight on Sunday through Thursday.

2. Prices in the hotel restaurants and bars will not be increased during the time of the convention.

3. The hotel bars and restaurants will be open on Labor Day.

4. Notification of exact hours of the hotel restaurants and bars during the days of the convention will be sent to the committee at least 120 days in advance of the convention.

5. Dated and signed copies of the menus of the hotel restaurants and bars shall be attached to and be made a part of this letter of agreement listing prices to be in effect for the convention. These are to be forwarded for inclusion in convention program book no later than May 1, 1976.

#### OPERATIONS

1. Room service will be available daily until 12:00 Midnight during the time of the convention.

2. The ice machines and soft drink machines on the guest floors will be properly supplied and maintained for the duration of the convention.

3. All elevators will be maintained in a professional manner. The hotel will make provisions at their own expense for any necessary maintenance over the Labor Day weekend.

4. All escalators will be kept fully operational during meeting and exhibit hours, barring any unusual mechanical malfunctions. The hotel will make provisions at their own expense for any necessary maintenance over the Labor Day weekend.

5. The hotel will augment its Front Office staff to the degree necessary to expedite check-in and check-out.

6. Safety deposit boxes will be made available at no extra charge to the members of the convention while they last.

7. The hotel will arrange for the committee to meet with department heads and managers of all shifts to review the program and make the necessary arrangements in advance of the convention.

8. The hotel's convention center services department will be available for programming setups, as needed, for the duration of the convention during normal working hours (7 AM to 10 PM) at no extra charge.

9. Ice water and glasses will be placed in any function rooms specified by committee. These rooms will be refreshed periodically as needed during normal working hours. (7 AM to 10 PM)

10. The hotel will augment its housekeeping staff to the degree necessary to provide full services for the duration of the convention.

11. Additional linen and towels will be available to convention members on an exchange basis only. (Item 11 added by the Muehlebach.)

12. Trash containers and ashtrays will be placed in the areas of the function rooms as specified by the committee at no extra charge.

13. The committee and the hotel agree that the hotel will arrange for the employ of off-duty Kansas City policemen as security guards in the number and for such times as the committee shall specify. The committee will bear the cost of the security arranged, i. e., the cost of the policemen. The committee will have sole authority to set the hours and locations of such policemen.

14. All function rooms will be locked when not in use by the convention. Duplicate keys to all function rooms will be provided for those function rooms designated by the committee at their cost for re-keying and duplicating. Only the hotel's convention coordinator and the committee will have the keys to those function rooms equipped with these special locks (subject to change due to renovation).

15. All function rooms will be cleaned and straightened up on a daily basis when not in use by the convention. Special arrangements will be made with the hotel for the cleaning of those function rooms equipped with special security locks.

16. The hotel's assigned convention coordinator will be on-call to the committee on a 24 hour a day basis during the run of the convention.

17. A hotel engineer/electrician will be available to the committee on a 24 hour a day basis during the run of the convention.

18. The committee can provide its own manual labor force during the run of the convention, when necessary.

19. The committee will purchase short term liability coverage for the period of the convention. The hotel's insurance broker will be notified of the committee's intention and will contact Mr. Ken Keller direct.

20. Pay bars will be set-up by the hotel when given twenty-four hour notice from the committee. The pay bar rates will not be higher than the rates charged

by the public bar. A labor charge will be assessed the committee if there is not a minimum revenue of \$150.00 per bar.

21. The committee will be allowed to supply its own closed circuit feed into the hotel's TV antenna system and TV monitors. The hotel also requires that any broadcast over said system must first be approved by hotel management in writing. The committee is also liable for any damage to said system, and any additional hookup charges which may occur.

22. Additional soft drink machines will be added to the public space areas, the number and placement to be determined by the committee at a later date. These machines will be refilled as required during the run of the convention.

23. The swimming pool will be available to members of the convention on a twenty-four hour a day basis during the convention. Swimming pool activities will not be restricted except by law or safety requirements. Regardless, the convention committee will be consulted prior to the implementation of any restrictions.

#### SLEEPING ROOMS

1. The Radisson Muelhebach hotel will block all its available sleeping rooms (650) for the convention from Thursday, September 2, 1976 through Monday, September 6, 1976.

2. The following room rates will be in effect for the run of the convention:

Single-\$22.00 per room, per day

(These rates are subject to: 4% Missouri State Tax and 3% City Occupational Tax.)

Double-\$28.00 per room, per day

Triple-\$36.00 per room, per day

Quad-\$42.00 per room, per day

Suites-\$60.00 to \$185.00 per day

3. The hotel has approximately 75 rollaway beds available and can obtain additional beds provided that a minimum of 90 days warning is given. The rate charged for these rollaways will be \$6.00 per bed, per day.

4. There will be no charge for children under the age of twelve occupying the same room as their parents. If two bedrooms are required to accommodate parents and children the convention rate will apply to both rooms.

5. After June 16, 1976, the hotel will take over the coordination of overflow room arrangements from the committee. At this time, the committee will turn over all monies received as deposits to the hotel.

6. All room reservations accompanied by a deposit, as fixed by the committee, shall be binding if the reserver arrives at the time stated. If no time is stated, at 6:00 PM the reservation will be cancelled. If no room is available and the reserver has a valid confirmed reservation, a credit equal to the amount of deposit shall be provided at one of the available overflow hotels.

7. The hotel will honor the convention room rates no matter how the reservation is submitted as long as the proper group identification is provided.

8. The hotel will not overbook its available sleeping rooms over the official dates of the convention.

9. The hotel will accept the following credit cards in payment for rooms: American Express, BankAmericard, and Master Charge.

10. Baby-sitting service is available through the hotel to guests and will be paid for by the guests.

11. Check out time will be extended until 3:00 PM every day during the run of the convention.

12. Individuals are responsible for their own room and incidental charges unless otherwise specified in writing by the committee.

13. The hotel will provide one gratis unit (double or twin) per night for every 50 units actually used per night. In addition to the normal ratio, the hotel will also supply 3 complimentary parlors.

14. The hotel agrees to make available a block of hotel rooms at the convention rates outlined elsewhere in this agreement beginning Monday, August 30, 1976. It is further agreed that the assignment of these rooms is to be made to members of the committee only as specified in writing by the committee to the hotel. The preceding is subject to the availability of rooms.

Agreed upon 3 November, 1975, by,

(signed)

Ken Keller, President,  
Science Fiction Conventions  
of Kansas City, Inc., and  
Chairman, MidAmeriCon

(signed)

Robert L. Lowry, Director of Sales,  
Radisson Muehlebach Hotel

Note: A duplicate agreement exists with the Phillips House except where obvious changes in form or areas that did not apply were deleted altogether.

# THE WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

1939	Nycon I Attendance 200	New York GoH: Frank R. Paul	Chairman Sam Moskowitz	1958	SOLACON Attendance 322 Hugos— Novel: <i>The Big Time</i> (Fritz Leiber)	Los Angeles GoH: Richard Matheson	Chairman Anna S. Moffatt
1940	Chicon I Attendance 128	Chicago GoH: Edward E. Smith, Ph.D	Chairman Mark Reinsberg		Short Story: "Or All The Seas With Oysters" (Avram Davidson)	Professional Magazine: <i>Magazine of Fantasy &amp; Science Fiction</i>	
1941	Denvention Attendance 90	Denver GoH: Robert A. Heinlein	Chairman Olon Wiggins		Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas	Motion Picture: <i>The Incredible Shrinking Man</i>	
1946	Pacificon I Attendance 130	Los Angeles GoH: A. E. Van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull	Chairman Walt Daugherty	1959	Detention Attendance 371 Hugos— Novel: <i>A Case of Conscience</i> (James Blish)	Detroit GoH: Paul Anderson (pro) John Berry (fan)	Chairman Roger Sims Fred Prophet
1947	Philcon I Attendance 200	Philadelphia GoH: John W. Campbell Jr.	Chairman Milton Rothman		Novelette: "The Big Front Yard" (Clifford D. Simak)	Short Story: "The Hell-Bound Train" (Robert Bloch)	
1948	Torcon I Attendance 200	Toronto GoH: Robert Bloch (pro) Bob Tucker (fan)	Chairman Ned McKeown		Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas	Professional Magazine: <i>Magazine of Fantasy &amp; Science Fiction</i>	
					Amateur Publication: <i>Fanac</i> (Terry Carr & Ron Ellik, eds.)		
					Most Promising New Author: Brian W. Aldiss		
1949	Cinvention Attendance 190	Cincinnati GoH: Lloyd A. Eshbach (pro) Ted Carnell (fan)	Chairman Don Ford	1960	Pittcon Attendance 568 Hugos— Novel: <i>Starship Troopers</i> (Robert Heinlein)	Pittsburgh GoH: James Blish	Chairman Dirce Archer
1950	NORWESCON Attendance 400	Portland GoH: Anthony Boucher	Chairman Donald B. Day		Short Fiction: "Flowers for Algernon" (Daniel Keyes)	Professional Magazine: <i>Magazine of Fantasy &amp; Science Fiction</i>	
1951	Nolacon Attendance 190	New Orleans GoH: Fritz Leiber	Chairman Harry B. Moore		Amateur Publication: <i>Cry of the Nameless</i> (F. M. Busby, ed.)	Illustrator: Ed Emshwiller	
1952	10th Worldcon Attendance 870	Chicago GoH: Hugo Gernsback	Chairman Julian C. May	1961	Seacon Attendance 300 Hugos— Novel: <i>A Canticle For Leibowitz</i> (Walter M. Miller, Jr.)	Seattle GoH: Robert A. Heinlein	Chairman Wally Weber
1953	11th Worldcon Attendance 750	Philadelphia GoH: Willy Ley	Chairman Milton Rothman		Short Story: "The Longest Voyage" (Poul Anderson)	Professional Magazine: <i>Analog</i>	
		Hugos— Number 1 Fan Personality: Forrest J. Ackerman			Amateur Publication: "Who Killed Science Fiction?" (Earl Kemp, ed.)		
		Interior Illustrator: Virgil Finlay			Illustrator: Ed Emshwiller		
		Cover Artist: Ed Emshwiller & Hannes Bok (tie)			Dramatic Presentation: "The Twilight Zone" (Rod Serling)		
		Excellence in Fact Articles: Willy Ley			Special Award: Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction"		
		New Science Fiction Author or Artist: Philip Jose Farmer					
		Professional Magazine: <i>Galaxy and Astounding Science Fiction</i>					
		Novel: <i>The Demolished Man</i> (Alfred Bester)					
1954	SFCon Attendance 700	San Francisco GoH: John W. Campbell Jr.	Chairman Lester Cole Gary Nelson	1962	CHICON III Attendance 550 Hugos— Novel: <i>Stranger in a Strange Land</i> (Robert Heinlein)	Chicago GoH: Theodore Sturgeon	Chairman Earl Kemp
1955	Clevention Attendance 380	Cleveland GoH: Isaac Asimov	Chairman Nick & Noreen Falasca		Short Fiction: The Hothouse Series (Brian W. Aldiss)		
		Hugos— Novel: <i>They'd Rather Be Right</i> (Mark Clifton & Frank Riley)			Professional Magazine: <i>Analog</i>		
		Novelette: "The Darftsteller" (Walter M. Miller, Jr.)			Amateur Magazine: <i>Warhoon</i> (Richard Bergeron, ed.)		
		Short Story: "Allamagoosa" (Eric Frank Russell)			Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller		
		Professional Magazine: <i>Astounding Science Fiction</i>			Dramatic Presentation: "The Twilight Zone" (Rod Serling)		
		Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas					
		Amateur Publication: <i>Fantasy Times</i> (James V. Taurasi, ed.)					
1956	NEWYORCON Attendance 850	New York GoH: Arthur C. Clarke	Chairman David A. Kyle	1963	Discon I Attendance 600 Hugos— Novel: <i>The Man in the High Castle</i> (Philip K. Dick)	Washington, D.C. GoH: Murray Leinster	Chairman George Scithers
		Hugos— Novel: <i>Double Star</i> (Robert Heinlein)			Short Fiction: "The Dragon Masters" (Jack Vance)		
		Novellette: "Exploration Team" (Murray Leinster)			Dramatic Award: No Award		
		Short Story: "The Star" (Arthur C. Clarke)			Professional Magazine: <i>Magazine of Fantasy &amp; Science Fiction</i>		
		Feature Writer: Willy Ley			Amateur Magazine: <i>Xero</i> (Dick Lupoff, ed.)		
		Professional Magazine: <i>Astounding Science Fiction</i>			Professional Artist: Roy Krenkel		
		Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas			Special Awards: P. Schuyler Miller (for Best Book Reviews)		
		Most Promising New Author: Robert Silverberg			Isaac Asimov (for Distinguished Contributions to The Field)		
		Amateur Publication: <i>Inside &amp; Science Fiction Advertiser</i> (Ron Smith, ed.)					
		Critic: Damon Knight					
1957	Loncon I Attendance 268	London GoH: John W. Campbell Jr.	Chairman Ted Carnell	1964	Pacificon II Attendance 523 Hugos— Novel: <i>Way Station</i> (Clifford D. Simak)	Oakland GoH: Edmond Hamilton & Leigh Brackett (pro)	Chairman J. Ben Stark
		Hugos— Professional Magazine, American: <i>Astounding Science Fiction</i>			Forrest J. Ackerman (fan)		
		Professional Magazine, British: <i>New Worlds Science Fiction</i>			Short Story: "No Truce With Kings" (Poul Anderson)		
		Amateur Publication: <i>Science Fiction Times</i> (James V. Taurasi, ed.)			Professional Magazine: <i>Analog</i>		
					Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller		
					Book Publisher: Ace Books		
					Amateur Publication: <i>Amra</i> (George Scithers, ed.)		
1965	Loncon II Attendance 350	London GoH: Brian W. Aldiss	Chairman Ella Parker				
		Hugos— Novel: <i>The Wanderer</i> (Fritz Leiber)					

	Short Fiction: "Soldier, Ask Not" (Gordon R. Dickson) Professional Magazine: <i>Analogs</i> Professional Artist: John Schoenherr Book Publisher: Ballantine Books Amateur Publication: <i>Yandro</i> (Robert & Juanita Coulson, eds.) Dramatic Presentation: <i>Dr. Strangelove</i>	1971	Noreascon Boston Attendance 1600 GoH: Clifford D. Simak (pro) Harry Warner, Jr. (fan)	Chairman Tony Lewis
1966	Tricon Cleveland Attendance 850 GoH: Sprague de Camp Hugos— Novel: <i>And Call Me Conrad</i> (Roger Zelazny) tie <i>Dune</i> (Frank Herbert) tie Short Fiction: "'Repent, Harlequin!' Said the Ticktockman" (Harlan Ellison) Professional Magazine: <i>IF</i> Professional Artist: Frank Frazetta Amateur Publication: <i>ERB-dom</i> (Camille Cazedessus, ed.) Best All-Time Series: <i>The Foundation Trilogy</i> (Isaac Asimov)	1972	Hugos— Novel: <i>Ringworld</i> (Larry Niven) Novella: "III Met in Lankhmar" (Fritz Leiber) Short Story: "Slow Sculpture" (Theodore Sturgeon) Dramatic Presentation: No Award Professional Artist: Leo & Diane Dillon Professional Magazine: <i>Magazine of Fantasy &amp; Science Fiction</i> Amateur Magazine: <i>Locus</i> (Charles & Dena Brown, eds.) Fan Writer: Dick Geis Fan Artist: Alicia Austin	Boston GoH: Clifford D. Simak (pro) Harry Warner, Jr. (fan)
1967	Nycon 3 New York Attendance 1500 GoH: Lester del Rey (pro) Bob Tucker (fan) Dave Van Arnam Hugos— Novel: <i>The Moon is a Harsh Mistress</i> (Robert Heinlein) Novelette: "The Last Castle" (Jack Vance) Short Story: "Neutron Star" (Larry Niven) Professional Magazine: <i>IF</i> Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan Dramatic Presentation: <i>The Menagerie</i> ("Star Trek") Amateur Publication: <i>Neikas</i> (Ed Meskys & Felice Rolfe, eds.) Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin	1973	L. A. Con Los Angeles Attendance 2007 GoH: Frederick Pohl (pro) Robert & Juanita Coulson (fan)	Chairman Charles Crane Bruce Petz
1968	Baycon Oakland Attendance 1430 GoH: Philip Jose Farmer (pro) Walter Daugherty (fan) Alva Rogers & J. Ben Stark Hugos— Novel: <i>Lord of Light</i> (Roger Zelazny) Novella: "Weyr Search" (Ann McCaffrey) tie "Riders of the Purple Wage" (Philip Jose Farmer) tie Novelette: "Gonna Roll The Bones" (Fritz Leiber) Short Story: "I Have No Mouth, And I Must Scream" (Harlan Ellison) Dramatic Presentation: <i>City on the Edge of Forever</i> (Harlan Ellison; "Star Trek") Professional Magazine: <i>IF</i> Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan Amateur Publication: <i>Amra</i> (George Scithers, ed.) Fan Artist: George Barr Fan Writer: Ted White	1974	TORCON 2 Toronto Attendance 2900 GoH: Robert Bloch (pro) William Rotsler (fan)	Chairman John Millard
1969	St. Louiscon St. Louis Attendance 1534 GoH: Jack Gaughan (pro) Eddie Jones (TAFF/fan) Hugos— Novel: <i>Stand on Zanzibar</i> (John Brunner) Novella: "Nightwings" (Robert Silverberg) Novelette: "The Sharing of Flesh" (Poul Anderson) Short Story: "The Beast That Shouted Love At The Heart Of The World" (Harlan Ellison) Drama: <i>2001: A Space Odyssey</i> Professional Magazine: <i>Magazine of Fantasy &amp; Science Fiction</i> Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan Amateur Publication: <i>Psychotic</i> (S. F. Review) (Dick Geis, ed.) Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr. Fan Artist: Vaughn Bode Special Award To: Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins for "The Best Moon Landing Ever"	1975	Discon II Washington, D. C. Attendance 4000 GoH: Roger Zelazny (pro) J. K. Klein (fan)	Chairman Jay & Alice Haldeman
1970	Heicon '70 International Heidelberg Attendance 620 GoH: Robert Silverberg (U.S.) E. C. Tubb (U.K.) Herbert W. Franke (Ger.) Elliot K. Shorter (TAFF) Hugos— Novel: <i>The Left Hand of Darkness</i> (Ursula K. LeGuin) Novella: "Ship of Shadows" (Fritz Leiber) Short Story: "Time Considered As A Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" (Samuel R. Delaney) Dramatic Presentation: Television coverage of "Apollo XI" Professional Magazine: <i>Magazine of Fantasy &amp; Science Fiction</i> Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas Amateur Magazine: <i>Science Fiction Review</i> (Dick Geis, ed.) Fan Writer: Bob Tucker Fan Artist: Tim Kirk	1976	Aussiecon Melbourne Attendance 606 GoH: Ursula K. LeGuin (pro) Susan Wood & Michael Glicksohn (fan) Donald Tuck (Australian)	Chairman Robin Johnson
	Hugos— Novel: <i>The Dispossessed</i> (Ursula K. LeGuin) Novella: "A Song for Lya" (George R. R. Martin) Novelette: "Adrift Just Off The Isles of Langerhans" (Harlan Ellison) Short Story: "The Hole Man" (Larry Niven) Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas Professional Editor: Ben Bova Amateur Magazine: <i>The Alien Critic</i> (Dick Geis, ed.) Dramatic Presentation: <i>Young Frankenstein</i> Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis Fan Artist: William Rotsler John W. Campbell Award: P. J. Plauger Gandalf Award: Fritz Leiber		Hugos— Novel: <i>The Dispossessed</i> (Ursula K. LeGuin) Novella: "A Song for Lya" (George R. R. Martin) Novelette: "Adrift Just Off The Isles of Langerhans" (Harlan Ellison) Short Story: "The Hole Man" (Larry Niven) Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas Professional Editor: Ben Bova Amateur Magazine: <i>The Alien Critic</i> (Dick Geis, ed.) Dramatic Presentation: <i>Young Frankenstein</i> Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis Fan Artist: William Rotsler John W. Campbell Award: P. J. Plauger Gandalf Award: Fritz Leiber	MIDAMERICON

# 1976 HUGO AWARD NOMINEES

## NOVEL

- \_\_\_\_ THE COMPUTER CONNECTION by Alfred Bester
- \_\_\_\_ THE FOREVER WAR by Joe Haldeman
- \_\_\_\_ INFERNÖ by Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle
- \_\_\_\_ THE STOCHASTIC MAN by Robert Silverberg
- \_\_\_\_ DOORWAYS IN THE SAND by Roger Zelazny
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## NOVELETTE

- \_\_\_\_ The New Atlantis by Ursula K. Le Guin
- \_\_\_\_ "...and Seven Times Never Kill a Man"  
by George R. R. Martin
- \_\_\_\_ Borderland of Sol by Larry Niven
- \_\_\_\_ Tinker by Jerry Pournelle
- \_\_\_\_ San Diego Lightfoot Sue by Tom Reamy
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

- \_\_\_\_ A Boy and His Dog
- \_\_\_\_ The Capture (slide show)
- \_\_\_\_ Dark Star
- \_\_\_\_ Monty Python and the Holy Grail
- \_\_\_\_ Rollerball
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

- \_\_\_\_ George Barr
- \_\_\_\_ Vincent Di Fate
- \_\_\_\_ Steve Fabian
- \_\_\_\_ Frank Kelly Freas
- \_\_\_\_ Rick Sternbach
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## FAN WRITER

- \_\_\_\_ Charlie Brown
- \_\_\_\_ Don D'Ammassa
- \_\_\_\_ Dick Geis
- \_\_\_\_ Don Thompson
- \_\_\_\_ Susan Wood
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

(presented by Conde Nast for best new writer)

- \_\_\_\_ Arsen Darnay
- \_\_\_\_ M. A. Foster
- \_\_\_\_ Tom Reamy
- \_\_\_\_ John Varley
- \_\_\_\_ Joan Vinge
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## NOVELLA

- \_\_\_\_ The Silent Eyes of Time by Algis Budrys
- \_\_\_\_ The Custodians by Richard Cowper
- \_\_\_\_ The Storms of Windhaven  
by George R. R. Martin and Lisa Tuttle
- \_\_\_\_ Arm by Larry Niven
- \_\_\_\_ Home Is The Hangman by Roger Zelazny
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## SHORT STORY

- \_\_\_\_ Doing Lennon by Gregory Benford
- \_\_\_\_ Rogue Tomato by Michael Bishop
- \_\_\_\_ Croatoan by Harlan Ellison
- \_\_\_\_ Catch That Zeppelin by Fritz Leiber
- \_\_\_\_ Sail The Tide of Mourning by Richard Lupoff
- \_\_\_\_ Child of All Ages by P. J. Plauger
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

- \_\_\_\_ Jim Baen
- \_\_\_\_ Ben Bova
- \_\_\_\_ Ed Ferman
- \_\_\_\_ Robert Silverberg
- \_\_\_\_ Ted White
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## FAN ARTIST

- \_\_\_\_ Grant Canfield
- \_\_\_\_ Phil Foglio
- \_\_\_\_ Tim Kirk
- \_\_\_\_ Bill Rotsler
- \_\_\_\_ Jim Shull
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

## FANZINE

- \_\_\_\_ Algol
- \_\_\_\_ Don-O-Saur
- \_\_\_\_ Locus
- \_\_\_\_ Outworlds
- \_\_\_\_ Science Fiction Review
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

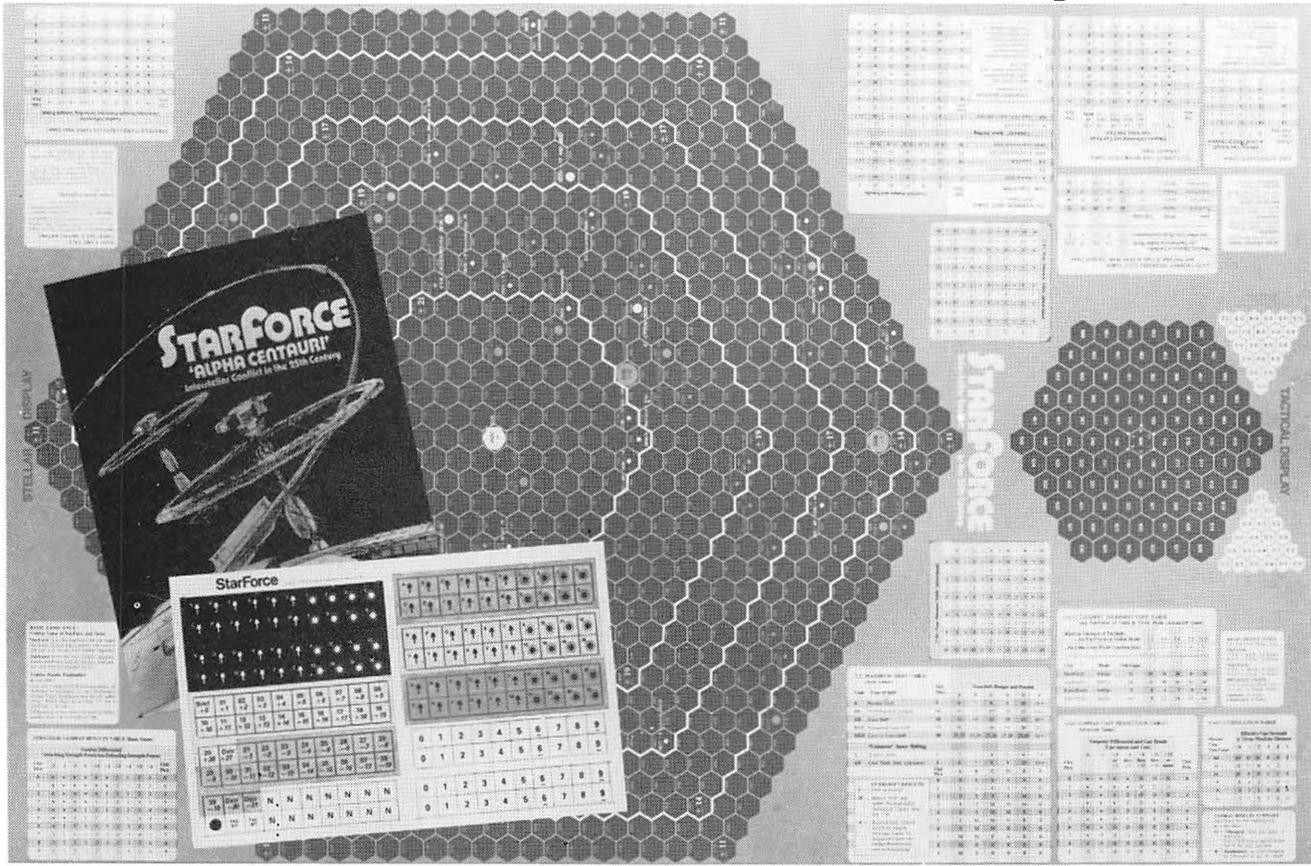
## GANDALF AWARD

(presented by Lin Carter & SAGA for life's work in fantasy)

- \_\_\_\_ Poul Anderson
- \_\_\_\_ L. Sprague de Camp
- \_\_\_\_ Ursula K. Le Guin
- \_\_\_\_ C. S. Lewis
- \_\_\_\_ Andre Norton
- \_\_\_\_ (No Award)

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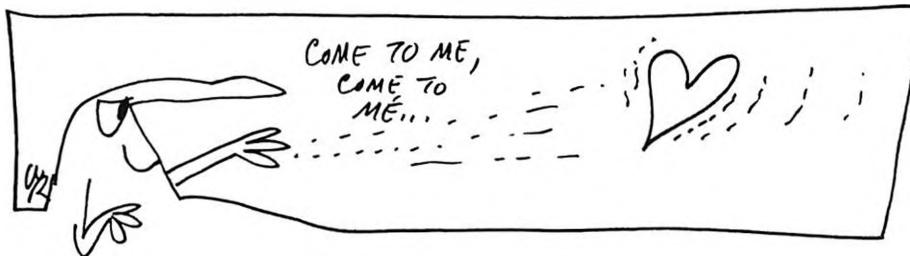
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# THE HUGOS NOBODY KNOWS



## by Howard DeVore

Last week a group of fans dropped by to visit; one of them glanced at a shelf in the garage and commented, "That looks like a Hugo... Mighod it is a Hugo! When did you win a Hugo and why would you keep it in the garage?"

I answered, "Oh, one of the girls must have brought it out here by accident, it should be in the house with the rest of them."

Having impressed them while completely ignoring their question, I got to thinking: How many Hugos are lying around in attics, garages, etc.? Later I looked around the house and started counting. There's the Hugo in the garage (we never did bring it back into the house), three on a shelf upstairs, two dull specimens in a box in the attic, and four in a carton under the eaves. The last four are gold-colored.

You've never seen a gold Hugo? Well, we've had gold Hugos and we've had plastic Hugos. The plastic created a problem (despite the rumors they would not crack) since they were cemented to the base and the glue kept coming unstuck. An author would come home and find his trophy flopped flat on the shelf instead of pointing proudly at the sky.

I assume you are wondering how you can possess a grocery sack full of Hugos. The answer is simple: you just make your own... and I wish you luck—you're going to need it.

The first Hugos were presented at the Philadelphia World SF Convention in 1953. I never got close to them and can't give details, but I am told they were hand-machined by

Jack McKnight and that he spent the night before the con silver-soldering the fins into place. If this is true they came very close to not having anything to present when the convention opened.

Twenty years later, at Torcon 2, the committee wouldn't be quite so lucky.

I don't know, but I think it's unlikely that McKnight made only the Hugos that were presented. I'll bet that somewhere down the line he spoiled one or two and that they're still knocking around Philadelphia somewhere. If so, they'll be the first bootleg Hugos.

I do know when the next one was created. No awards were presented at the 1954 Worldcon. Either the committee didn't consider making them—or they couldn't overcome the problems involved. The second batch was handed out in 1955 and Ben Jason of Cleveland was in charge of manufacturing them.

I was once asked who designed them; this fan assumed that we'd commissioned a design from Kelly Freas, Ed Emsh, or another of the many talented artists in our group... well, it ain't so. Someone over at General Motors designed it and he never even knew it.

The design was lifted from the hood ornament of an Olds 88; Ben went to a junkyard and bought one. The ornament resembles a Hugo except that one fin is missing and the back is hollowed out where it attaches to the car. He redesigned it slightly, making it a bit larger, and took it to a Cleveland firm that does sand-casting. They experimented with casting them in bronze and turned out a half dozen failures.

A year later the New York committee tried and eventually gave up. In desperation Dave Kyle bought a half dozen hood ornaments from GM (or sent someone out nights into the deserted streets of New York to, eh, acquire them) and mounted them on a backboard (like a plaque) to hide the hollow side.

In later years I tried sand-castings. Sand-casting is cheap and it's reasonably simple... unfortunately it's not very good.

Sand castings usually result in miniature bubbles forming in the metal, so you take an assortment of files and emery cloth and start to polish out the bubbles. By the time you've polished out *that* one, you discover that you've exposed a new one over here and then there's a big one up near the top. Eventually you discover one so deep that it can't be removed.

You start out with six, and end up with three good ones and three discards, so you call the foundry and order six more—no, better make that ten more, you may need them.

Ben had some left over when he finished. He doesn't recall how many, but does know that Steve Schultheis and Honey Wood (Graham) bought two of the discards as souvenirs. Now, we know of at least two bootleg Hugos that are in existence.

It's probable that Ben also produced the '57 Hugos, but by this time he isn't sure. The '58 Hugos were again machined, this time by Rog Phillips, using his wife's bootleg Hugo as a model—she probably wound up

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with any additional damaged Hugos. Five years hadn't produced any improvement. It was still largely handwork.

In 1959 it was my turn to fool with the process. Ben was sick of the whole thing, so I started with trophy manufacturers. They kept trying to sell me a Nike rocket which was a bowling trophy. Now, we were not a rich worldcon committee. We'd bid for and won the 1959 convention and the 1958 committee had donated all their profits to us. We started the year with about \$35 cash in hand.

Yes, a worldcon once operated on \$35.

We expected to sell memberships, etc., and would probably take in \$300-400, perhaps \$500 in the coming year. So we figured our expenses and decided to blow the sum of \$50 for Hugos. (That's six Hugos for \$50!) I kept going around getting prices. In one instance I stopped to see yet another trophy dealer and explained what we wanted. The salesman looked down his nose at me and said, "That would be a custom job and quite expensive." I was tired of being pushed around and looked back at him, saying, "We're quite aware of that. Our budget is limited and we can't afford \$1500 for six trophies. Can you produce them for \$50?"

Then I refused to return his phone calls for the next several weeks. I wasn't going to be bluffed by some piddly clerk. In the meantime I'd contacted Rog Phillips, asking if he'd turn out a batch for us. He admitted that he didn't really want to do it but would make them for about \$150, probably paying himself \$2 per hour for his labor. The decision was easy...we didn't have that much money for all our forthcoming expenses.

I went back to Ben Jason and pleaded with him to have a batch of castings made. He shipped us what we needed. They cost \$3.85 each for the rough castings--more in our price range. We gave Martin Alger a total of \$10 to machine the castings and then had them chrome plated for \$1.50 each. Some of the castings were flawed--and that's when I started my collection of Hugos.

We handed them out in September, and since Ben wasn't interested, I decided I'd go into the business of producing them. During the next year I experimented. I read up on the lost art of wax-casting and found that it was supposed to produce a superior product without sand holes, etc. In the next few weeks I wasted perhaps 50 pounds of wax and never did produce a decent casting. I did find out why it is a "lost" art. The nearest I came was one cast in lead. It weighed perhaps 25 pounds, was lop-sided, and not very pretty, but it made one hell of a blackjack.

I melted the wax into candles and gave up.

A local caster suggested aluminum instead of bronze. We tried it. They were an improvement, but not really good (that's the dull ones upstairs). I think Ben made up the castings for the 1960 worldcon; then I had them machined and chrome plated. Neither of us can remember who produced them for the next few years, but I assume that Ben or I did since no one else was making them at the time.

In 1964 the San Francisco committee asked if I would make them up and I agreed. Norm Grenzke, Jr., of Grosse Pointe, heard of

the problems and in his youthful enthusiasm offered to machine a batch from solid stock. The family had a complete machine shop at home and it would be reasonably easy. We bought a bar of a special aluminum alloy in a six foot length. We'd make up ten of them, turn over six that year, then next year machine another batch and have enough left over for a third year. Slowly we'd accumulate a group of spares and the Hugo problem would be solved.

I had them gold anodized and assembled them with epoxy glue; they were beautiful, except for the one that didn't carry the electric current right and would up with three gold and one silver fin.

Our plans were all for naught though for by the time Norm had machined ten he wanted out! I shipped six to California and dropped the four extras in a box upstairs. They're still up there.

I think it's probable that's the last batch of Hugos I worked on. Ben made the 1966 Hugos and quit. Neither of us really want to get involved again...we've got all we need, let the next man get his the hard way.

Nothing connected with the Hugos seems to run smooth. In 1962 the worldcon set up a committee to guide their future. We were to issue a report at Discon I the following year. I got appointed to the committee and, to the best of my knowledge, received exactly one letter from the committee in the following year. Like the others I let the months drift by and then found myself in Washington on Labor Day. On the first day of the convention, Bill Evans found me and asked who would be on stage giving the official report. I replied that I assumed it would be the chairman and that I would look around, see who was there from the committee, and let him know the following day.

Well, it turned out that I was the only committee member present and in a day or so I stood before the assembled convention and dutifully faked the complete report of a committee that hadn't accomplished a thing in the previous year.

That was thirteen years ago and nobody has ever questioned the report I gave.

At Torcon II (1973) Chairman John Milgard opened the program by announcing that his California manufacturer had not delivered the finished Hugos (despite repeated promises, etc.) and that none would be presented at the convention.

When he finished I went to him and told him that I could loan him some for presentation purposes if he could figure out a way to get them from Detroit to Toronto by the following day. We discussed alternate plans. He could locate someone who would sacrifice a day of the convention, drive to Detroit and return with the Hugos...or I'd call home, have someone pack them and ship them by air, and they'd arrive by morning.

We were still trying to decide on some workable plan when John looked at his watch, saying, "It's 3:45. Customs closes in 45 minutes. Can you think of a way to clear them through customs in 45 minutes?"

I thought for a second and said, "Don't cry, John. Let's go downstairs and I'll buy you a drink."



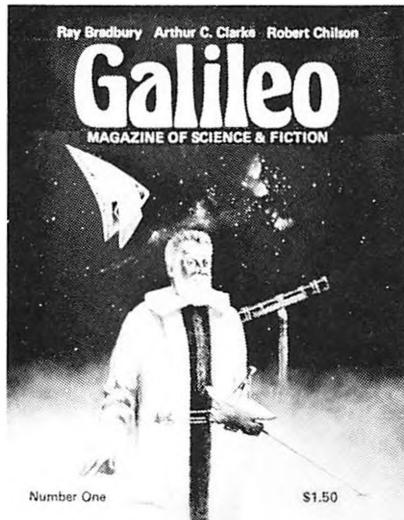
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\*A part of the MidAmeriCon retrospective of difficult/impossible-to-see films of the 1950s (and late 1940s).



**THE LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH.** (British, 1974) A New World Pictures Release. In Technicolor. Produced by John Goldstone and Sandy Leiberson. Designed, written and directed by Robert Fuest. Based on a novel by Michael Moorcock. Director of photography, Norman Warwick. Edited by Barrie Vince. Music by Paul Beaver and Bernard Krause. 89 minutes. Rated R.

Starring: Jon Finch, Jenny Runacre, Sterling Hayden, Harry Andrews, Hugh Griffith, Julie Ege.

The film version of Michael Moorcock's *The Final Programme* received American release under the less esoteric title *The Last Days of Man on Earth*. Eleven minutes were missing from the American release print, but the print shown at MidAmeriCon will have them restored. For even the scant running time of 89 minutes, it is a surprisingly fulfilling motion picture full of familiar faces, brilliant scripting, and delicious art direction.

It is very much a chip off the old block of Fuest's other films: *The Abominable Dr. Phibes* and *Dr. Phibes Rises Again*. Taken sketchily from the Moorcock novel, it follows a superhero of Cockney charm, Jerry Cornelius (Jon Finch), through a series of events which begin at his being informed that the world will soon cease to continue, and conclude with his becoming the New Messiah.

Jerry Cornelius is—in the film—more at home in flirting with the ladies in his humorously clipped way of speaking, exchanging witticisms with his brother in the heat of battle, and asking Miss Brunner, after one of her sexual absorptions, what she "does with the bones?" Jon Finch plays the role of Cornelius to the hilt. He clips beautifully, obviously relishing each word of dialogue and fully realizing his part with a finesse we only expect from Stars.

The world exhibited in the film is at once the world in which we currently exist, yet is beholding to unwholesome scenes of degradation that are so nightmarishly repulsive that they appear and feel comic-bookish. Outrageously large automobiles can be seen stacked upon one another in the streets as if a collage of realism, sexuality has become even more a sign of fashion than it is today, and the characters do not seem to care if they live or die. In one scene in an underground cave, Miss Brunner's lover and bodyguard, Dimitri, hurls a knife into Cornelius' back. Surprised at this taste of his own mortality, he quips, "Oh no! I think I'm going to die! Oh, fuck!" The people living in Fuest's and Moorcock's vision are theatrically decadent in an extreme, yet palatable way. They are pleasant souls, always entertaining as if they actually suspect they are only characters in someone else's play.

Fuest's charming little film is quite unlike past efforts in science fiction filmmaking. Fuest confronts us with a world without religion ("Yes, Rome and I have met. It's not the same without the Vatican."), cleanliness (an outrageous stack of autos and a wine called Industrial Waste—Beaujolais, of course), or seriousness (Cornelius' only words to his would-be assassin closing in for the kill are "Now, Dimitri... now, piss off!").

*The Last Days of Man on Earth* will tend to be a favorite film for genre followers, rather than a best film, although on its own scale it does just as much with its very small budget as *2001* did with its astronomical sum. If the film doesn't become the "in" genre film, it ought to.

Tim Lucas  
condensed from *Cinefantastique*



**DARK STAR.** (USA, 1975) Jack H. Harris Enterprises. A Bryanston release. In Metrocolor. Produced and directed by John Carpenter. Written by John Carpenter and Dan O'Bannon. Production designed by Dan O'Bannon. Director of photography, Douglas Knapp. Edited by Dan O'Bannon. Special effects by Dan O'Bannon, Bill Taylor, Bob Greenberg, John Wash, Greg Jein, Harry Walton, Jim Danforth. Music by John Carpenter. 83 minutes. Rated G.

Starring: Brian Narelle, Dre Pahich, Cal Kulinholm, Dan O'Bannon, Joe Saunders, Miles Watkins.

*Dark Star* was lovingly pieced together over a period of years by some UCLA students who had almost no budget at all, it is not merely an ambitious film; it is a wildly good one. The special visual effects rival those in Doug Trumbull's *Silent Running*. The screenplay is intelligent and inventive.

The *Dark Star* of the title is a five-person spacecraft whose mission involves a quest for intelligent life-forms and the destruction of "unstable" planets which might otherwise fall into their respective suns and trigger super-novae. The ship, we are told, has been in deep space for twenty years, and, even though the crew has aged only three years, thanks to the Law of Relativity, morale has disintegrated. The crew's quarters are a shambles, with pictures from girlie magazines plastered all over the walls and love comics stacked in the corners. The commander has died and is kept in a cryogenic freezer from which, in a splendidly eerie sequence, he dispenses solutions to prickly technical problems and demands to know how the Dodgers are doing.

One member of the crew spends his time by himself in an observation dome. Another all but cackles as he blows up planets and yearns for his surfboard and the waves at Malibu. Sergeant Pinback (very nicely played by O'Bannon) plays lunatic practical jokes on his shipmates and is nagged by the computer, who sounds like Miss America, to feed the *Dark Star*'s alien mascot, a beachball-like thing with Creature From The Black Lagoon feet and an irascible disposition. The computer, too, is on the downhill side, given to arguing with the boxcar-sized thermonuclear bombs which are used to annihilate planets, and to issuing malfunction reports to which the crew's inevitable reply is, "We'll find out what it is when it goes bad." The bombs themselves are cheerful fellows who always say thanks when Pinback bids them Godspeed.

This *Catch-22*-style assortment of cuckoo sails through space, grooving on redneck rock and *The Barber of Seville*, caring little that they're all falling apart.

It is a hilarious, saddening picture of men caught in entropy's jaws, wasting away from ennui and inter-personal friction. More convincingly than either *2001* or *Silent Running*—and this in full view of the fact that *Dark Star* is first and foremost a comedy—it depicts the effects of isolation upon the human spirit, and the ending is a savagely funny comment on the nature of human fulfillment. The science-fiction film is growing up.

Alexander Blade, Jr.  
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**RED PLANET MARS.** (USA, 1952) United Artists. Directed by Harry Horner. Screenplay by Anthony Veiller, John L. Baldwin. Director of photography, Joseph Biroc. Music by David Chudnow. 87 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Peter Graves, Andrea King, Bayard Veiller, Walter Sande, Marvin Miller, Herbert Berghof.

It's been so long since I saw *Red Planet Mars*, and no one else around here has seen it at all, that I have to cheat and quote from John Baxter's book *Science Fiction in the Cinema*. I do remember coming away from the film with a rather stunned reaction, wondering where the Martian monsters were, or, at least, another "first spaceship to Mars" film. Which I imagine, because of the title, was the reaction of most audiences.

But, from the bottomless collection of Wade Williams, we offer it to those of you who enjoy bizarre films and have never had a chance to see this, today, very rare one.

"*Red Planet Mars* [is] probably the most grotesque of all American excursions into the possibilities of divine intervention and an odd parable which may yet become an underground classic. A young American scientist and his wife pick up TV transmissions from Mars, learning that the place is inhabited by a race ahead of us in technology and philosophy. As usual, knowledge nearly destroys the Western world, civilization crumbling at the news of Martian cheap power and non-capitalist industry. In addition Mars is ruled by a 'Supreme Authority' who, it emerges in the course of the film, is none other than God himself. While Earth listens in fascination to the paraphrased commandments and extracts from the Sermon on the Mount that the screen dispenses, an evil ex-Nazi scientist is hurrying from his eyrie in the Andes to take over the communications equipment, most of it based on his inventions. Before he can do so, however, the American couple and the Nazi die in an explosion that the former has engineered to prevent him from convincing the world that the messages were faked. Over their graves, the President of the U.S.A. delivers an oration and God [transmits] from Mars, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servants.'

"It is impossible to suggest in words the nutty character of this film, but some of its quality can be gauged from scenes like those showing Russian Communism overthrown by a group of aged revolutionaries whose Christianity has been kept alive by listening to the Voice of America on secret radio sets. Repairing to a field, they dig up the sacred regalia hidden there and soon manage to place a priest on the throne of Russia. (Significantly this scene has been deleted from most TV prints of the film.) The Nazi scientist (Herbert Berghof) carries on like the Antichrist in his Andean hideout decorated with devil masks, while Peter Graves and Andrea King as the hero and heroine seem only one step removed from the pages of Cope's *Book of Martyrs*. Of the concept that God would intervene in world affairs to destroy the international Communist conspiracy and confirm in power the administration of General Eisenhower one can say little except that it is symptomatic of both the period and the sf films which it produced."

Tom Reamy



### THE LEGEND OF HILLBILLY JOHN. (USA, 1972)

Jack H. Harris Enterprises. In Metrocolor. Produced by Barney Rosenzweig. Directed by John Newland. Screenplay by Melvin Levy, based on the book by Manly Wade Wellman. Music by Roger Kellaway. Songs by Hoyt Axton and Hedge Capers. 80 minutes. Rated G.

Starring: Hedge Capers, Severn Darden, Sharon Henesy, Denver Pyle, Percy Rodriguez, Alfred Ryder.

"It's like ancient Rome and modern Rome," said Manly Wade Wellman after reading the screenplay. "Here and there some of the ruins of the original poke through." And those of us who had watched the movie take shape sadly nodded and braced ourselves for the inevitable. Hollywood had hold of *Who Fears the Devil?* and once again was bringing to bear its awesome talent to hack a brilliant fantasy book into a mediocre movie.

It was ominous from the start. Even if you hadn't read the screenplay with its muddled blend of *L'il Abner* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Even if you hadn't watched the film crew wire cherry tomatoes to dahlia bushes as a stand-in for an abandoned vegetable garden.

No, it didn't look good. Still, those of us who had read and loved Wellman's sensitive and unforgettable tales of John the wandering balladeer, who faces down evil with his silver string guitar as he roams the North Carolina mountains... Well, maybe we hoped for a miracle. Maybe the film wouldn't be as bad as it promised.

Well, it wasn't as bad a film as most of us had expected.

It is a very flawed film, don't mistake me. But there are a few good moments—not surprisingly, these are the few times it comes back to the book. And for its many failings, it is a cut above the brainless monster flicks that other fantasy classics have been transformed into. Brainless, yes—but on a different level.

Melvin Levy's script is arguably the worst thing about the movie. Only two of Wellman's stories are retained in the episodic plot—"Oh, Ugly Bird" and "Desrick on Yandro." Levy adds an "origin" sequence in which John decides to make a career of "defyin'" after his pappy gets zapped by the devil for lip-synching the Hoyt Axton theme song. One isn't sure just what this custom of "defyin'" might be—evidently a quaint old Southern California ritual. Neither is one certain how Grandpappy John went about forging nickle-copper alloy Kennedy half-dollars into silver guitar strings.

Emboldened by these successes, Levy next gives us his interpretation of the two Wellman stories. Not even Hollywood could totally ruin this. The "Desrick on Yandro" sequence comes off very well, and is probably the high point of the film. The "Ugly Bird" segment is also well done, though it's over with too quickly for the suspense it might have generated. And the Ugly Bird—now *that* is an Ugly Bird!

But then, to show that he too understands the mysticism of the South, Levy treats us to a story of his own. This is a thoroughly offensive and degrading version of Hollywood's crusading portrayal of Southern justice and token Negroes. Anyway, John and his trusty guitar save a whole cotton patch of Uncle Toms from their voodoo master, for which he is carried off on the shoulders of singing and dancing darkies.

The movie itself is smothered with heavy-handed moralizing and muddled symbolism. John, you see, is really Jesus. His mother was something *very mysterious*, and he is forever being tossed lines of *hidden meaning* by Mr. Marduke. The latter is another character we can thank Hollywood for. His role seems to be to act as John's mentor and to hold the disjointed film together. Count on him to step out of the sagebrush and greasewood thickets of the North Carolina mountains and explain to you the blatant symbolism of each scene. Really though, he is Marduc-Baal, the Babylonian god of wisdom, or maybe he's Silenus, mentor of Bacchus—or maybe Bacchus. Or is John Bacchus instead of Jesus? From Marduke's final line, John may be Lucifer. Don't worry about it. It's metaphysical, see, and that's supposed to be vague.

Handicapped by absurd dialogue and inane directing, the actors can never really come into their own. Hedge Capers, of course, is not the John of Wellman's book—a hard-bitten, laconic veteran who could hold his own in a brawl or hoedown. Levy's John seems to be a gangling pathetically sincere adolescent, and as such Capers comes across. While Hedge isn't much of an actor, he is a good singer and comes alive in those parts of the film in which he uses his guitar for purposes other than defyin'.

Sharon Henesy, a pert strawberry blonde "discovery" plays at being Lily, John's girl friend. (She was called "Evadare" in Wellman's book, but the movie people were uncertain how to pronounce that.) A typical mountain girl, she wanders the countryside in garishly embroidered bellbottoms and braless tank tops. But she has a cute chipmunk smile, and we see a lot of that. Too bad Rosenzweig decided to be wholesome and deleted the skinny-dipping scene. Any starlet who braves the Shelton Laurel on a foggy October morning deserves more to show for it than the poison ivy she ran into.

The supporting actors (and they have a lot to support) fare better. Severn Darden does a nice, off-hand portrayal of Mr. Marduke—and seems about the only one able to spout the ponderous dialogue without being unintentionally silly. Denver Pyle is convincingly shabby as Grandpappy John. Harris Yulin is perhaps the film's best actor, giving an appropriate air of small town meanness to the role of Zebulon Yandro. In fact, the villains are all well done. Susan Strasberg is an effectively eerie Polly Wiltse, the witch girl. Alfred Ryder plays the sinister Mr. Onseim with ornithic bravura. Even in the unfortunate cotton mill sequence, Percy Rodriguez is fine as the suavely menacing voodoo master, Captain Lajoie H. Desplain IV. Better is Val Avery in the bit role of the white overseer, Shull Cobert.

The photography is superb, and almost carries the film on its own strength. Maybe it would have, if the filming had stayed in Madison County, North Carolina instead of moving to Arkansas, but there are no cotton fields in Madison County. The sweep of the hills, the leaning dignity of hand-hewed log cabins, the lure of gravel roads wandering beneath dark trees—this brings across the spell of Wellman's book despite all the adulteration and nonsense of the Hollywood touch. It even makes Arkansas eerie: Progressive close-ups of the full moon. Blue washed mountain trails wreathed in night mists. The sick barrenness of a strip mine. Even the yellow tinted deadness of the cotton fields. It's well done and impressive—makes up for all the phoniness and forced symbolism of the rest of the film.

The film is badly flawed, but isn't a complete failure. But the sad conclusion is that this is nowhere near as good a movie as might have been made from the book—and most of the failings are so apparent one wonders what was going on in the minds of its makers.

*Karl Edward Wagner  
condensed from Xenophile*



UNKNOWN ISLAND. (USA, 1948) Film Classics. In Cinecolor. Directed by Jack Bernhard. Screenplay by Robert Shannon and Jack Harvey. Director of photography, Fred Jackman, Jr. Special effects, Howard A. Anderson and Ellis Burman. Music by Ralph Stanley. 76 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Richard Denning, Virginia Grey, Dick Wessel, Barton MacLane, Philip Reed.

*Unknown Island* follows pretty much the same path as *King Kong*, *The Lost World*, *The Land Unknown*, and *Lost Continent*—a hitherto unknown area is discovered in which dinosaurs still abound. The dinosaurs are men in dinosaur suits (it may have been the first time this was attempted) and as such are done about as well as it can be done. Though the dinosaurs are plentiful, the major menace is a cinnamon-colored gorilla which eventually proves the downfall of the villain.

It is definitely a film of the 1940s. World War II is very much on the minds of the characters and a number of 40s conventions are in evidence.

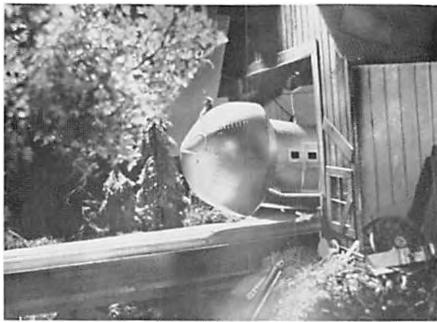
Such as: when the heroine is in love with two men at the same time. When that occurred in the 30s and 40s one of two things always happened: either (a) one of the men gets killed, or (b) one of the men inadvertently reveals an insurmountable character flaw. Thusly, the heroine's decision is made for her by the script. In this case, however, there is a bit of a switch. Richard Denning, who you know simply by the billing will win out, is a dissolute drunk who spends his time swilling cheap whiskey in a Singapore dive. (Don't question where he gets the money to buy even cheap whiskey.) But the heroine sees beneath his bleary and unshaven facade a true hero. Philip Reed, her current romance, who is billed even below the villain and the comic relief, eventually reveals himself to be a greedy, lily-livered coward. It's no great surprise to the audience, but the heroine is always a bit disoriented by it.

Barton MacLane is playing the standard Barton MacLane villain: the primeval man, insensitive, uncaring, and unaware. He does it very well and made a film career basically from the one characterization.

*Unknown Island* is of a more innocent era, after World War II and before the Korean War, and young people today may have trouble understanding or believing the problems of the characters. But to those of us who lived in those days, it is a heavy nostalgia trip; hokey and melodramatic, but a lot of fun.

*Tom Reamy*

*Note: MidAmeriCon will be showing a rare 35mm original release print in Cinecolor.*



**FLESH GORDON.** (USA, 1974) A Mammoth Films release. In Metrocolor. Produced by Howard Ziehm and Bill Osco. Directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. Screenplay by Michael Benveniste and William Hunt. Costumes by Ruth Glunt. Special visual effects, David Allen, Mij Htrofnad, Greg Jein, Russ Turner, Craig Nueswanger. Music by Ralph Farraro. 68 minutes. Rated R.

Starring: Jason Williams, Suzanne Fields, Joseph Hudgins, William Hunt, John Hoyt.

*Flesh Gordon* was a project that grew, not unlike a boil. Originally it was merely a hard-core porno film sort of spoofing the first Flash Gordon serial. Scenes of real copulation between most of the principal players with everything showing were filmed, and some of these remain, but have been cropped. But someone with a hey-gang-let's-hold-the-show-right here attitude expanded the project and ambition grew like a weed.

The result is the best-mounted turd I've seen.

The script is shallow and sophomoric, even though someone pointed out once that sophomores can be pretty funny. Many of the situations, lines and gags are obvious, but some are pretty amusing all the same. However, once you've heard the names and the storyline, you've encountered about all the film has to offer. Some of the effects are good—the muttering Kong-like creature at the climax is interestingly designed but inexpertly animated. The space-craft are handsome and the evil queen's swanship is very impressive visually, but is rather badly handled by the effects crew.

Because of the way the film was made, that more and more money was poured into it from time to time, the effects are extremely erratic. At first the intention seems to have been to have deliberately inept effects, aping the Universal serials. But as more money was spent, more time was spent on the effects and attempts were made to create expert effects work. There are some effects in the film that are excellent, as it happens.

The acting is largely poor—as the actors were for the most part originally cast for their willingness to copulate on camera rather than for thespian abilities. Jason Williams as Flesh and Joseph Hudgins as Jerk-off both look exactly right, but are not exactly accomplished performers. Only John Hoyt, in his brief scene as Flesh's father, exhibits any real professionalism. William Hunt as Wang is reasonably good, in a high-school play fashion.

What's really wrong with the film is the direction. Directors Ziehm and Benveniste seem to choose the worst possible angle, set-up, and staging for every scene.

*Flesh Gordon* isn't funny enough to really matter—except to a crowd of science fiction and horror movie buffs. I found it a lot funnier than would the average film-goer, simply because I recognize more references.

A number of fans were involved in the production, two of them on the MidAmerIcon committee: Bjo Trimble did makeup and Tom Reamy worked props. And another fan, Mike Minor, whose name is strangely missing from the credits, designed the film and kept it from collapsing into chaos. What quality it has is largely his doing. If you haven't seen it, do. It's one of those bloody awful movies that is immensely entertaining—despite everything.

Bill Warren  
adapted from *Cinefantastique*



**INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS.** (USA, 1956) Allied Artists. In Cinemascope. Produced by Walter Wanger. Directed by Don Siegel. Screenplay by Daniel Mainwaring from the novel by Jack Finney. Director of photography, Ellsworth Fredricks. Music by Carmen Dragon. 80 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter, King Donovan, Carolyn Jones, Sam Peckinpah.

At the time of its initial appearance in 1956, the peculiar power of Don Siegel's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* to terrify was the direct result of his having constructed so seemingly realistic a setting and atmosphere for the film that the fantastic elements were thrown into vividly frightening relief. According to Siegel's evocative but spare visuals, Santa Mira, California, was just like so many of the small towns in whose movie theaters audiences sat enthralled. In short, the perfect picture of Eisenhower's America, basking in the full flush of post-war prosperity and determinedly oblivious to threats from without or within.

Viewed two decades later, and judged by 1970s standards of cinematic "realism," it has become unexpectedly Expressionistic with its shadow-laden photography and stylized histrionics. One is somewhat startled to discover that various and subtle ways in which the passage of time has converted the [for their period] understated performances of Kevin McCarthy and the estimable Dana Wynter into coinage of a different, stranger realm: their direct, physical reflections of a steadily growing fear, and their unabashed declarations of faith in the Individual vs. Mass Conformity, now appear and sound more naively innocent than they did in the America of another McCarthy's distorted shadow.

But the change in tone has not curtailed in any way the sheer visual potencies of Siegel's direction or the legitimately disturbing qualities of Daniel Mainwaring's screenplay. Barely has Siegel bettered himself in manipulating actors and actual locations.

As horrendous as the "pod-people" are, the film's profoundest tension derives from the ambivalence with which it surrounds both them and the crucial conflict which they occasion: namely, teaseful emotionlessness as opposed to the imperfect humanity of Man. In a manner reminiscent of Truffaut's in affording a measure of validity to the Fire Captain's harangues against books in *Fahrenheit 451*,<sup>\*\*</sup> Siegel allows the invaders their own curious reasonableness. As explained to the hero and heroine, the attractions of a life without emotional complexity, and thus without fear of any kind, are undeniably alluring. And yet Siegel and the audience remain firmly committed to resistance, and the ensuing spectacle of Man in flight from his demons while in pursuit of his soul are among the most memorable that the American cinema has given us.

Concerning the framing device which Hollywood's timidity forced on Siegel—by means of which Kevin McCarthy tells his unbelievable story to doctors and police before being finally vindicated—its presence mars the power of Siegel's film very little. In fact, the enforced ending not only fails to negate the force of all which has preceded it (the studio may have wanted a "happy ending" by which the pod-people are routed, but the essential impossibility of the "solution" is, if anything, merely reinforced), but also provides, by means of a sustained final close-up of McCarthy's agonized face, a prime icon of Atomic Age Man in all his incomprehension and terror.

Charles D. Leayman



**TALES OF HOFFMAN.** (British, 1951) A British Lion/London Film. A Lopert release. In Technicolor. Written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. From the opera by Jacques Offenbach. Director of photography, Christopher Challis. Designed by Hein Heckroth. Conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. 127 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Moira Shearer, Robert Rounseville, Robert Helpmann, Ludmilla Tcherina, Pamela Brown.

*Tales of Hoffman* can be described in one word—gorgeous! The producers, who did the earlier *The Red Shoes*, have taken Offenbach's opera and turned it into a film, not a filmed opera. Usually, when operas are filmed, a lot of time is spent watching the singers do nothing but stand there singing. The producers realized that a movie is as much, if not more so, something to look at as it is to listen to.

They solved the problem by adding dance, and casting dancers in most of the roles—only Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayers are non-dancers and do their own singing. The lip-synching is generally done expertly, though there are times when they apparently felt the beauty of the dance and the music was more important than mere mechanics.

The story is in a prologue and three acts. In the prologue Hoffman (the opera is based on stories by the possibly insane writer E. T. A. Hoffman) is in love with a ballerina and, while he waits for her to finish her performance, tells stories to the students in the beer hall.

In the first story Hoffman, a young student in Paris, falls in love with a life-like puppet but, in a quarrel over the rights to the invention, the puppet's creators destroy it leaving Hoffman sadder but wiser.

Or perhaps only sadder because in the second story, as a budding young poet in Venice, he falls for a courtesan who is the slave of the devil. She is only after his reflection for her master and when she gets it she spurns him.

In the third story, a successful author in Greece, he falls in love with a consumptive soprano who has been forbidden to sing. Her doctor, a crazed charlatan, says he has cured her. When she believes him and sings, she dies. Hoffman is again alone.

In the epilogue the ballerina, finished with her performance, goes to the beer hall and finds him dead drunk. Disgusted, she leaves with his rival. Hoffman comes to realize that his muse is the only love he will ever know.

Robert Helpmann plays Hoffman's nemesis in each story and is a joy to watch. His characterizations of the wacky puppet-maker, the insane doctor, the devil, and Hoffman's suave rival for the ballerina are superb—and the magnificent make-up doesn't hurt. You may have trouble recognizing him from one episode to the next.

The film is a visual treat and a delight to the ear. Offenbach's music is lilting and glorious. You should recognize many of the melodies, especially the Barcharole. The photographic effects are some of the most lavish and imaginative ever seen on the screen. All in all, it is a joy and a delight.

If you're a lover of wonderful music and beautiful films, you can't miss this one.

Tom Reamy



**IMAGES.** (USA, 1972) A Columbia Pictures release. In Panavision and Technicolor. Produced by Tommy Thompson. Written and directed by Robert Altman. Director of photography, Vilmos Zsigmond. Edited by Graeme Clifford. Art director, Leon Erickson. Music by John Williams. 100 minutes. Rated R.

Starring: Susannah York, Rene Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais, Cathryn Harrison.

At first glance, because of its confusingly busy visual surface, *Images* appears much more complicated than it really is. For Altman has slid his camera into the mind of a nearing-middle-age, much married if less loved authoress Cathryn (Susanna York) who is tragically veering closer and closer to acute schizophrenia and perpetual nightmare. Altman has attempted nearly the impossible in *Images*—the spinning of his tale from the nearly uninterrupted point of view of its protagonist. *Images* is quite simply a recording of the conflict in the mind of the protagonist between real events and the flashes of fantasy jarred into flight by remembered—perhaps disremembered—events in her troubled past. These two shifting planes of past and present reveal an unfathomable third, the on-going process of thought, which becomes, more or less, the reality of the film. It is Altman's premise, and one that many will reject, even those who consider themselves staunchly anti-traditional at least as far as concerns film psychology, that all three are singularly meaningless, even dangerous, to one who cannot differentiate between them. Altman has, indeed, in *Images*, absorbed the psychic dichotomy between the murder in Antonioni's *Blow-Up* and the pair of murderers in Polanski's *Repulsion*.

Thus, it is extremely difficult to describe *Images* in any way even remotely fair to the film itself. Altman's story covers only a short period of real time in Cathryn's life, but within that space are detailed many years of living, in particular, the three relationships with men she has had up to and perhaps beyond her present husband Hugh (Rene Auberjonois). Because of the film's carefully and mysteriously occluded form, not very much plot-wise may be deciphered, a fact that had several reviewers scurrying to their pens because they cannot understand that Altman's plot is simply not important. Instead, Altman presents us with the workings of a mind in the last few hours (or days or years) before its utter collapse.

Altman soon makes apparent his strengths. As with all his films, *Images* offers us moments of magnificently gripping visceral force—the immense, immediate power of film above all the other arts—achieved by an inspired and precise rhythmic fusion of camerawork, acting, editing, and sound. These moments afford us the unique kind of dazzling suspense that comes only out of a solid technical knowledge and an intuitive feel for purely cinematic elements. Even if we do no more than take a filmmaker at his own word, which is usually a dangerous rule-of-thumb, *Images* is a radical and literally stunning knockout.

David Bartholomew  
condensed from *Cinefantastique*

**CAPTAIN KRONOS: VAMPIRE HUNTER.** (British, 1972) A Hammer Film. A Paramount release. In color. Produced by Albert Fennell and Brian Clemens. Written and directed by Brian Clemens. Director of photography, Ian Wilson. Edited by James Needs. Designer, Robert Jones. Music by Laurie Johnson. Fight arranger, William Hobbs. 91 minutes. Rated R.

Starring: Horst Janson, John Carson, Shane Bryant, Caroline Munro, John Cater, Lois Daine.

*Captain Kronos* is one of the most entertaining Hammer films in many years, and one with a strange sort of originality—it's like nothing so much as a Marvel comic come to life.

Captain Kronos (Horst Janson) is an adventurer who was once attacked by a vampire and so is somewhat immune to their bites. He also had a further tragedy connected with vampires, so he roams 18th (or early 19th) century Middle Europe wiping out the Undead. The film depicts one of his "cases."

The vampires in the movie aren't much like the traditional sort—they go abroad by daylight and, instead of blood, drain youth (a la the 4D Man) from their victims. Furthermore, the traditional means of killing them don't necessarily work, so the best method must be discovered. In fact, there's an outrageous scene in which Kronos and his professor friend (John Cater) try various methods of killing a captive vampire.

Unabashedly and cheerfully an exploitation film, the picture is brisk, breezy, and confident.

Although it is a horror movie, its main appeal may be as a swashbuckler. Kronos has swords of several types and is very proficient with each. It was released before *The Three Musketeers* and so perhaps was lost on audiences to which it later would have appealed. There are three major sword-confrontations, two of which are homages to, or imitations of, different conventions in swashbucklerism.

The first, involving a short-lived Ian Hendry, is clearly derived from Japanese samurai films for more reasons than the fact that Kronos uses his samurai sword at this point. The set-up, with over-confident crooks challenging a man the audience knows can easily defeat them, followed by a scene in which he bests them even easier and more amusingly than was expected, is a common sequence in samurai movies.

The final scene is a swordfight between Kronos and the main vampire (John Carson), and while it is not as beautifully staged or as exciting in its inspiration, comes from the Errol Flynn school of climactic battles. It is satisfactorily traditional with a few odd-ball elements thrown in.

In between comes a battle which is either out of Clemens' head or derives from films I'm not familiar with. In this scene Kronos battles an array of men at twilight atop a hill. He handily flicks the swords out of the hands of his opponents, inflicting minimal damage, and the swords land point-first in front of the camera. This knocked me out when I saw it.

There's not much point in discussing the acting or camerawork. They're conventional and serviceable, as with most Hammers. But as with the earliest Hammers, there's an excitement of originality and discovery, like you're in on something new.

The picture isn't a world-beater, but it is full of excitement and fun—and those are good reasons to see any film.

Bill Warren

**SHE.** (USA, 1935) An RKO Radio Picture. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Directed by Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden. Screenplay by Ruth Rose from the novel by H. Rider Haggard. Director of photography, J. Roy Hunt. Special effects, Vernon Walker. Music by Max Steiner. 96 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Helen Gahagan, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, Nigel Bruce, Nobel Johnson.

H. Rider Haggard's novel has been filmed three times, of which this is the second. It is uncontestedly superior to the later Hammer production, though I have never seen the first, silent version.

Well it should be since it was produced by the same man who produced *King Kong*. It isn't quite as spectacular as that film, but it is able to carry its own weight.

*She* was last shown publicly in 1950 and has never been on television. It was the only film of Helen Gahagan, who later became Helen Gahagan Douglas, Senator from Colorado. It was last shown during the height of her bitter Senate campaign against Richard Nixon. Nixon distributed "pink sheets" describing the voting record of "the pink lady." Although Nixon won by 700,000 votes, he had blemished his image as a clean campaigner.

Mrs. Douglas felt the film was not good for her career in politics and succeeded in suppressing it for over twenty-five years. Since her death a few years ago, it has been thankfully "rediscovered."

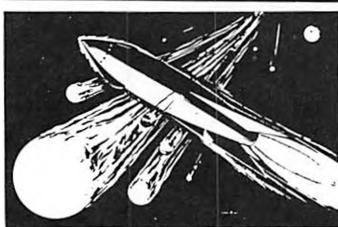
The film strays somewhat from Haggard's original, though not nearly as far as the Hammer production. The locale has been moved from Africa to the frozen wastes of northern Manchuria; even in 1935 Africa was too well explored. Job, Holly's (Nigel Bruce) servant, has been dropped, Ustane, the native girl, has been replaced by a white girl (Helen Mack) who is rather contrivedly joined to the expedition; in 1935 the hero just didn't fall in love with a native girl. Holly is no longer a hunchback. And, too, Randolph Scott may not be your idea of a Leo Vincey. But most of the rest of the book is there, including the "hot pots." The thing from the book that I really missed, that would have been extremely visual and photogenic, was the use of mummies as torches. I guess that was considered a little bit too much for 1935 audiences.

The picture is a true Hollywood epic, characterized by a lush Max Steiner score and immense Art Deco sets. It's an exciting, very visual film with many of the same touches that made *King Kong* the film that it is.

Don't miss it. This may be your only chance to see it.

Tom Reamy

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**DR. CYCLOPS.** (USA, 1940) Paramount. In Technicolor. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. Screenplay by Tom Kilpatrick. Directors of photography, Henry Sharp and Winton C. Hoch. Special effects, Farciot Edouart. Music by Ernest Toch, Gerard Carbonara, and Albert Hay Malotte. 75 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Albert Dekker, Janice Logan, Thomas Coley, Victor Killian, Charles Halton.

Like Don Ameche, George Reeves, Adam West, Leonard Nimoy, and a few other actors who played roles audiences couldn't forget, Albert Dekker was forever remembered as the bald mad scientist who wore glasses like the bottoms of coke bottles. And, if you've read Kenneth Anger's book, *Hollywood Babylon*, you will know that Albert Dekker himself was almost as odd as the famous character he portrayed.

Ernest B. Schoedsack, who was partly responsible for *King Kong*, *She, The Most Dangerous Game*, and other notable fantasies, was also responsible for *Dr. Cyclops*. However, the result was not quite the same. As could be expected from a Schoedsack film, it is loaded with special effects, most of them very effective, but they're substantially wasted on a dumb script.

Dr. Cyclops (he's called that because of his glasses) is living in the jungles of South America fanatically perfecting his shrinking machine. The radiation from the device has almost blinded him—as well as having scrambled his brains a little. When a group of people arrive for some reason which I forget, he shrinks them to 1/10th their original size. Why? Because he's a mad scientist.

The remainder of the film is their efforts to elude him while getting back to the machine to regain their normal size. A lot of opportunities are missed in the film. It could have been much more than it is. The suspense, which could have been intense, is only fragmentary. The laughs, which any film of this sort should use to pace the suspense are scattered and often result from sequences that are supposed to be horrifying.

But, as I said, the special effects make it definitely worth watching, especially if you've never seen it, or have never seen a seldom-shown Technicolor print.

Tom Reamy



**THE THING.** (USA, 1951) RKO Radio. Produced by Howard Hawks. Directed by Christian Nyby. Screenplay by Charles Lederer. Based on "Who Goes There?" by John W. Campbell. Director of photography, Russell Harlan. Special effects by Donald Steward. Music by Dimitri Tiomkin. 87 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Kenneth Tobey, Margaret Sheridan, Robert Cornthwaite, Douglas Spencer, James Young.

The focus of Campbell's story is the monster. The film, however, relegates the space visitor to the role of second-banana and concerns itself mainly with the people involved—which stands as the major reason for the film's overall success. *The Thing* has real people; a human conglomeration of mixed emotions that is missing from its literary counterpart. It is not so much the terrifying monster that frightens us, but the camp dwellers' reactions to this terror. The first reef establishes the snowed-in polar encampment as the viewers' "world" for the next 87 minutes. What might not frighten on a world-wide basis becomes the height of horror in the small microcosm of the camp. Facts and situations are brought down to the subtle and most intimate personal levels, making us that much more aware of the horrible invader in our midst.

One of the most incredible examples of cinematic reality in the film is the quick-paced, overlapping dialogue. Although this type of patter had been done in earlier films by Hawks, Kenneth Tobey believes that it was in *The Thing* that this speech form reached its pinnacle. Taking a bit of credit for this overlapping dialogue himself, Tobey readily admits that, while it did convey a quite natural human feeling to the audience, it took much rehearsal time to attain what seems to be pure spontaneity on the screen.

The story can be—and, in fact, has been—taken to deeper psychological levels. I refer to Margaret Tarrant's article "Monsters From the Id" (*Films and Filming*, Dec. 1970). Ms. Tarrant draws from Freudian theory and weaves interesting parallels between the character of Captain Hendry and the Thing itself. The monster, she maintains, is an obvious representation of Hendry's repressed sexual desires. This can be followed through the repeated motif of "hands," a Freudian symbol of male sexuality. The hands of the creature are its force and also its reproductive center. Nikki refers to Hendry as a sexual "octopus" and, in fact, ties his hands in one love scene. The Captain is continually frustrated in his attempts to make love to Nikki because of his crude technique. Ms. Tarrant writes: "In the struggle against the monster of his id, Hendry is slightly wounded in the hand, which is tended by Nikki. He undergoes a kind of emasculation which makes him acceptable to her. The struggle against the Thing draws them closer together; by conquering the Thing he wins Nikki in marriage. His facing up to the Thing and the desires of unbridled virility which it represents, is a dramatization of Freud's description of the instincts of the id being overcome when brought up to the level of consciousness through analysis."

Whether you choose to look upon *The Thing* as a psychological study, social comment or merely escapist entertainment, you will probably agree that it will take a lot to match the combined force of John W. Campbell's original theme and Howard Hawk's powerful cinematic approach to it.

Jim Wnoroski  
condensed from Photon



**ROCKETSHIP X-M.** (USA, 1950) Lippert. Written, produced and directed by Kurt Neumann. Director of photography, Karl Struss. Special effects, Jack Rabin and I. A. Block. Music by Ferde Grofe. 78 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Lloyd Bridges, Osa Massen, John Emery, Noah Beery, Jr., Hugh O'Brien, Morris Ankrum.

*Rocketship X-M* was immensely popular with the public, but the critics dismissed it as simply a "quickie" rushed out to beat George Pal's *Destination Moon*. That's true, of course, but the movie is much more than that. It quite easily stands on its own and has stood the test of time far better than the Pal film.

From a 1950 point of view, it's easy to see why *Destination Moon* was considered so much better, but from a 1976 point of view, *Destination Moon* looks like quaint *Popular Mechanics* fluff, and the acting is even more cornball than *Rocketship X-M*.

Not that the latter is perfect, but it embodies more timeless film elements; the Pal film was more "timely" than timeless, and suffered the fate of the timely. In *Rocketship X-M* you have to put up with those two necessities of the '50s film: a love interest and a comic relief; not that there's really anything wrong with a love interest though it does seem grafted on here, and Noah Beery, Jr. is preferable to Dick Wesson. Despite the low budget, the special effects are very satisfactory, especially during the opening scenes and the Mars sequence. (One wishes the budget had been large enough to allow them to explore the ruined Martian city.) There is some stunning photography in the Martian sequences, especially several of the degenerate Martians scurrying across the moonlit skyline during a night attack on the Earthmen. There's also a great deal of suspense if you can get into the flow and feel of the film and go along with the acting and inane script.

There are, of course, several absurdities: such as at the beginning—it is three minutes to lift-off and there is no one in the ship; they're all having a last-minute conference. So the countdown starts and they all go running for the ship, without protective suits, mount the steps and manage to strap themselves in just in time. (You also see three distinctly different ships during the lift-off sequence). And naturally there are the freight-train meteorites.

The most interesting thing is the ending. Several members of the party are killed on Mars, and the survivors discover there isn't enough fuel to get them back to Earth. They are all killed when the ship burns up in the atmosphere. That isn't unusual today, but it is strange and interesting in a 1950s film. The survival of the hero was as necessary as the love interest and comic relief.

Jim Loehr

Note: MidAmeriCon will be showing a beautiful tinted print, courtesy of Wade Williams and Fantasy Films.



**RIDERS TO THE STARS.** (USA, 1954) United Artists. In Color. Produced by Ivan Tors. Directed by Richard Carlson. Screenplay by Curt Siodmak. Director of photography, Stanley Cortez. 82 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Richard Carlson, Herbert Marshall, William Lundigan, Martha Hyer, Dawn Addams.

Ivan Tors' films, even his old TV show, *Science Fiction Theater* (and even *Flipper* in its own way) have an antiseptic, non-lived-in look about them. His science fiction films were probably the worst because the interest and focus was always on gadgets, not people, not even monsters which were at least alive. Tors' films (especially the TV show which, with rare exceptions, centered around an invention) were about hardware—*Popular Mechanics* articles brought to semi-life.

*Riders to the Stars* is no exception though it goes for the big gadgets rather than the small ones. A lot of time is spent with the characters lecturing each other about trajectories and similar subjects which are undoubtedly only roughly accurate, looking at oscilloscopes, and fondling models of spaceships. The "gadget" involved here is a "scoop," a stratosphere ship that opens its jaws to snatch up meteorites before they have a chance to burn up in the atmosphere.

The theory is: the meteorites contain an element that will withstand outer space and, if some of it can be captured before being burned up, it can be duplicated and used as a coating for spaceships, so they can, too, withstand outer space.

(It's been twenty years since I've seen this thing, so my memory may have failed me somewhere in there; but I think that is substantially the plot—as bizarre as it may sound.)

Tors was never much of a filmmaker; Curt Siodmak was never much of a writer; and Richard Carlson never much of a director (this may have been his only one). The three of them together was not a happy blend, though the atmosphere of the film is so similar to all other Tors projects that I suspect he practically wrote and directed it himself. Tors never really knew what to do with the people in his films; his attention was always on the gadgets or the cute animal. In this case they, for all practical purposes, went back to the WWII film and told the story of the grounded flier who goes up anyway in an act of foolish heroism, nearly getting himself killed, but accomplishing the mission—one that another flier could have accomplished just as easily, but with far less drama.

Instead of a P-38 he is piloting a "scoop ship" and successfully captures a meteorite after the other "scoop ship" gets blasted to smithereens. If you can survive the first half which is talk, talk, talk, with everyone earnest and serious as hell, the ending is quite well handled and generates considerable suspense. The effects are adequate but nothing to write home about.

This, like a number of others on the program, is a part of the MidAmeriCon retrospective of never-seen films of the 1950s.

Tom Reamy



**THIS ISLAND EARTH.** (USA, 1955) Universal. In Technicolor. Produced by William Allard. Directed by Joseph Newman. Screenplay by Franklin Coen, Edward O'Callaghan, from the novel by Raymond F. Jones. Director of photography, Clifford Stine. Music by Herman Stein. 89 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Rex Reason, Faith Domergue, Jeff Morrow, Lance Fuller, Russell Johnson, Robert Nichols.

After a dawdling introduction the camera looks in on a remote plantation in present-day Georgia, where an international assortment of top scientists have been lured by a strange-looking, smooth-talking world altruist named Exeter (Jeff Morrow). Cal and Ruth (Reason and Domergue), naturally the brainiest and handsomest of the bunch, begin to suspect that maybe things are not quite right down in Dixie. They conclude, erroneously, that Exeter is a scout for an invasion from the unknown.

They sow the seeds of distrust among the rest of the brains and attempt to escape. It turns out that Exeter and the other Egheads are not bent on invasion, but on gaining knowledge to save their planet, Metaluna, from the attacks of a neighboring planet, Zahgon. Metaluna has been so devastated that it's scientists are either dead or unable to cope. Exeter takes Cal and Ruth back to Metaluna with him when it is discovered that there is no more time for reseaches on Earth.

The interplanetary war that follows has Metaluna looking like a giant pinball machine screaming "Tilt!" in seven different colors.

*This Island Earth* is the first color sf film from Universal and it looks as if they cared about what they were doing. The effects range from good to nearly superb. The acting isn't Academy Award material, but considering that it has no stars, only contract players in the cast, everyone does a good job.

Apparently Joseph Newman wasn't giving Universal what they wanted. According to an interview in *Cinefantastique*, Jack Arnold was pulled in to redo the ending. He said that he would have preferred to redo the whole picture, but was confined to giving it a new ending. That's why all the special effects are concentrated in the last twenty minutes. He scrapped Newman's original ending and took the action to Metaluna in an orgy of special effects. He didn't say what the scrapped ending was like, but apparently it followed Jones' book and remained on Earth. Other than being visually spectacular, the ending is something of a departure. The Earth scientists do not rush in at the last minute and save Metaluna (the good guys) from Zahgon (the bad guys—at least, that is the impression we get; we never hear Zahgon's side of the war), but barely manage to escape with their own hides intact as Metaluna is obliterated.

The film has its flaws, to be sure. The half-insect, half-human mutant is a bit farcical, and its claws seem to be inoperative; it never uses them in any way—even at times when it should use them, such as grabbing Faith Domergue. The logic of the "pressure chambers" is a bit shaky, and the "thermal barrier" is utter nonsense. But it is definitely worth seeing and ranks as one of the best sf films of the 1950s.

Jim Loehr



**GLEN AND RANDA.** (USA, 1971) A UMC Pictures release. In color. Executive producer, Sidney Glazier. Directed by Jim McBride. Screenplay by Lorenzo Mans, Rudolph Wurlitzer, Jim McBride. 94 minutes. Rated X.

Starring: Steven Curry, Shelley Plimpton, Woodrow Chambliss, Garry Goodrow.

This is a slow movie, there's no getting around that. Many of you will find it excruciatingly dull and will want to get the hell out of the room. You are cautioned. Each sequence ends with a slow dissolve out to black and begins with an equally slow dissolve in from black. There isn't much movement in the scenes, either. This isn't a rockem-sockem post-WWII thriller, it's a study of a situation. The rhythms set up are deliberate. Jim McBride knew what he was doing when he opted for this, and ran the risk of alienating his audience; I feel it works much of the time. He was trying to ease the viewer into this hopeless future and to make you one with a world with a slower pace (like Kubrick in *Barry Lyndon*). That's awfully ambitious, especially in a genre that usually has action-filled plots. The storyline here is very short on incident—a feeling, a mood, an atmosphere is what were striven for.

Glen (Steven Curry) and Randa (Shelley Plimpton) are post-catastrophe children, now adults. They live on canned goods and read comic books and are as innocent and natural as roses. They decide to go to Metropolis to find Wonder Woman and Superman. They equate Metropolis with Boise, Idaho, a city they've heard of in gossip. On the way, Randa becomes pregnant. There is an inconclusive, depressing ending.

The movie is apparently set after a nuclear war, and humanity was so dispirited by this that it doesn't seem as if men will ever learn to fend for themselves.

The details of the future are bizarre and convincing. People are scavengers, living on cans dug out of muddens, junkheaps that seem to consist primarily of plastic flowers. Small groups are temporarily formed; no one is sure of who their parents are, nor do they care much. No one seems to give much of a damn about anything, except for traveling weirdos like the magician (Woodrow Chambliss) who shows up on a bike and does tricks for food. His biggest trick is turning on some electric lights. The world seems to be on the way out.

Glen and Randa are completely ignorant, and their quest is born out of their ignorance. They don't know where they are going, and meander aimlessly across a beautiful landscape. They eventually reach the Idaho seacoast and discover an old man living in the most gorgeously ruined mobile home you'll ever see, but they still don't learn anything.

The film is pretentious to a degree; it was made completely apart from Hollywood, mostly by New York people who had been associated with *Hair*, and they tried to make a non-Hollywood movie. That's its weakness and its strength, because the director was free to try things he'd be prevented from attempting in Hollywood—and he was also free to try the patience of his audience. It is peculiar and indulgent. It's a completely idiosyncratic film, but for those who can fall in with its strange rhythms, the film can be very rewarding.

The X-rating comes from a few scenes of full-frontal nudity and a number of fairly graphic, though far from pornographic, sex scenes.

Bill Warren



**THE 27TH DAY.** (USA, 1957) Columbia. Directed by William Asher. Screenplay by John Mantley. Director of photography, Henry Freulich. Music by Mischa Bakaleinikoff. 75 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Gene Barry, Valerie French, George Voskovec, Arnold Moss, Paul Birch, Ed Hinton.

*The 27th Day* was released on a double bill with *Twenty Million Miles to Earth*. I didn't go to see it, I went to see the new Harryhausen film, and I haven't seen it again in the intervening nineteen years. My memory of it is dim, very dim, but most any sf film of the 1950s would have paled beside Harryhausen's rough jewel.

Jeff Rovin, in his book, *A Pictorial History of Science Fiction Films*, says, "The 27th Day is a McCarthy-era propaganda about a being from space who gives capsules to a select group of Earthlings. These capsules, if opened, will ostensibly destroy all life on Earth. The Communists get hold of a capsule and are about to open it, when their American counterpart (Gene Barry) figures out how to open his capsule and direct its power to a specific latitude and longitude, destroying the Communists first. At a meeting of the United Nations after the destruction of the Soviet Union, the aliens are invited to settle on Earth and live with us in harmony. The film is well acted and has a strong script; unfortunately, from today's perspective, it is an embarrassing work."

Even after having my memory refreshed by a plot synopsis, I still don't recall much about it. I do remember there are almost no special effects (except for some clips from *Earth vs. The Flying Saucers*), and that it is very talky and ideological, neither of which particularly interested me at that time. (I was much too antsy waiting for the Ymir.)

We're showing it because it has virtually disappeared since its original release; it is a gift to those film fans who want to see everything. Besides, how many times do we get to be ideologically embarrassed by a movie?

Tom Reamy



**THX-1138.** (USA, 1971) Warner Bros. In Technicolor and Techniscope. Executive producer, Francis Ford Coppola. Produced by Lawrence Sturhahn. Directed by George Lucas. Director of photography, Dave Meyers, Albert Kihn. Edited by George Lucas. Music by Lalo Schifren. 88 minutes. Rated PG.

Starring: Robert Duvall, Donald Pleasence, Don Pedro Colley, Maggie McOmie, Ian Wolfe, Sid Haig.

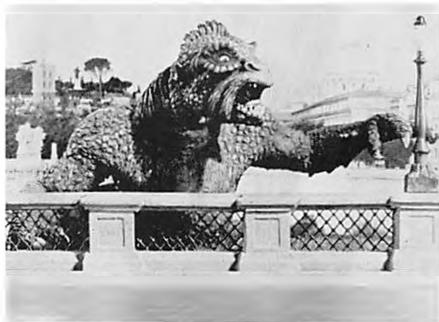
Francis Ford Coppola, in 1969, found Warners euphoric over the possibility of their own easy-riding successes up ahead on the pike, and they liked his plan to produce a series of low-budget, quality films. Thus, the San Francisco-based American Zoetrope company was born—with the \$750,000 *THX-1138* as the initial project. As the "youth market" bottomed out, Warners reneged. They hated the completed *THX* and canceled the entire deal, leaving Coppola with seven incomplete screenplays, \$300,000 in debts and no option other than to direct *The Godfather* (1971) in order to finance his own productions. Warners, meanwhile, not only made mutilative cuts in *THX*, they failed to prepare a poster in time for its opening.

*THX-1138* had its genesis in a shorter film with a longer title, *THX 1138 4EB*, (1967), one of eight shorts made by George Lucas while he was a USC film student. The mini-*THX* depicted a flight from a monolithic future world, and it won Lucas the National Student Film Festival grand prize award. A six-month fellowship at Warners brought him onto Coppola's *Finian's Rainbow* (1968) set as an observer, followed by work as Coppola's assistant on *The Rain People* (1969). After expanding *THX* into a dystopian printout of dehumanized man, Lucas made the more optimistic and autobiographical *American Graffiti* (1973). "I realized after *THX* that people didn't care about how the country's being ruined," said Lucas. In March, 1976, Lucas began shooting *The Star Wars* which he described as "the first multimillion-dollar Flash Gordon kind of movie made with *The Magnificent Seven* thrown in, but I'm also sneaking in a bit of *Triumph of the Will* just so a point is made."

One can hardly miss the conspicuous *THX 138* license plate in *Graffiti*. It signifies that both films, as Lucas puts it, "are saying the same thing, that you don't have to do anything; it still is a free country... I've always been interested in that theme of leaving an environment or facing change."

There are only a handful of films which can legitimately trace their lineage not to prior sf film trends but to sf literature. *THX* belongs in this category, with antecedents in Orwell, Huxley, the numbered conformity of Yevgeny Zamyatin's 1921 "We," E. M. Forster's 1928 "The Machine Stops" and the tankers of Phil Dick's 1964 "The Penultimate Truth." Pointing the way toward an as-yet-unrealized Dickian cinema, the Lucas film is a visual prerequisite before descending into the pages of Dick's "A Scanner Darkly" warning. *THX-1138* reflects the futility and despair of those brutal 1969-70 confrontations when no one needed a Weatherman to know which way the wind was blowing. Yet, in a single shot of awesome science fictional beauty, a lizard presager prowls the conduits, heralding the film's finale of great affirmation and triumph.

Bhob Stewart



**20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH.** (USA, 1957) Columbia. Produced by Charles H. Schneer. Directed by Nathan Juran. Screenplay by Robert Williams and Christopher Knopf. Director of photography, Irving Lippman, Carlos Ventimiglia. Special effects, Ray Harryhausen. Music by Mischa Bakaleinikoff. 82 minutes. No rating.

Starring: William Hopper, Joan Taylor, Frank Puglia, John Zaremba, Jan Arvan.

In this, his final film in black and white, and the first to use his new Dynamation process, Harryhausen had risen to the top of his form and felt pressure to switch to more profitable color film-making. As a final statement, he made one of his best—a science fiction version of the "King Kong" story.

The first manned mission to Venus returns with specimens of life from that world. Upon re-entry the crew is killed in a crash; all that is salvaged from the wreckage is a glass case with a mass of jelly in it. That eventually proves to be an egg which hatches as a small reptilian creature. At first, it seems harmless enough, but it soon becomes apparent that the thing is growing at an alarming rate. It is imprisoned, but escapes to make its final stand on the ruins of the Colosseum in Rome.

Despite the routine plot it is a good film—the special effects take up the slack left by the pedestrian script. Jeff Rovin, in *A Pictorial History of Science Fiction Films*, says of it: "Of all Mr. Harryhausen's monsters, the Ymir [do you find it odd that a film monster has been given a generally-accepted name like this—when the name is not used in the film in any way whatsoever?] has the most vivid and entralling personality. He is a vicious, frightening creature. Unlike King Kong, the Ymir is wholly bestial... Not content with having his monster further destroy the ruins of Rome, Harryhausen pits his Venusian against an elephant in what has to be the strangest, most one-sided battle in film history.

"Of particular interest is the opening sequence, in which the rocket from Venus is shown returning to Earth, pushing through the skies and into the Mediterranean with a bulk and thrust that hardly betray the fact that it is a miniature model. Putting forth the finest animated effort of his career, Harryhausen elevates a second-rate thriller to classic proportions."

Byron Roark

Note: MidAmericOn will also be showing Lucas' award-winning short film, *THX 1138 4EB*.



**THE MAN FROM PLANET X.** (USA, 1951) United Artists. Written and produced by Aubrey Wisberg and Jack Pollexfen. Directed by Edgar G. Ulmer. Director of photography, John L. Russell. Music by Charles Koff. 70 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Robert Clarke, Margaret Field, Raymond Bond, William Schallert, Roy Engel, Charles Davis.

Robert Clarke, newspaper reporter, is summoned by Raymond Bond, a scientist whom he had known during the war, to an isolated spot on the Scottish moors where the latter is conducting world-shattering experiments following the discovery of a new planet rushing toward Earth at an alarming rate of speed.

Clarke and Margaret Field, the professor's daughter (now, you knew there'd have to be one), stumble upon an interplanetary spaceship which has brought a weird inhabitant of the planet to Earth to pave the way for an invasion. He is friendly until William Schallert, power-hungry associate of Bond's, abuses him in efforts to extract scientific secrets. Then he terrorizes the countryside until he and his vessel are destroyed by artillery fire.

The film basically has one thing going for it—atmosphere. The sets and lighting afford an eerie, dank, haunted-castle-approach, and the fact that it was one of the very first films to deal with an alien invader make it of more than passing interest. The film is all but lost; no prints are available anywhere for rental, the negative has been destroyed, and we may very well have the only existing 35mm print—from the collection of Wade Williams. It is still quite watchable twenty-five years later and has a definite historical value to the genre.

For trivia collectors, Margaret Field is the mother of actress Sally Field, Robert Clarke is married to one of the King Sisters, and William Schallert, with his weasel face and slicked-back hair later dropped his bad-guy image and became Patty Duke's father on TV. Try those in your next Trivia Bowl.

Jim Loehr



**INVADERS FROM MARS.** (USA, 1953) 20th Century Fox. In Cinecolor. Produced by Edward L. Alspach. Directed by William Cameron Menzies. Screenplay by Richard Blake. Director of photography, John Seitz. Special effects, Jack Cosgrove. Music by Raoul Kraushaar. 77 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Arthur Franz, Helena Carter, Jimmy Hunt, Leif Erickson, Hillary Brooke.

*Invaders From Mars* was apparently intended for the children's matinee market on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, for included within the picture are all the juvenile clichés common to the "popcorn & soda" set. There's the youthful hero, monsters, guns, action, a 4% love interest, more action, and more monsters. And yet...

Yet through all these obvious production restrictions, *Invaders From Mars* goes beyond just the run-of-the-mill space-opera common to the early fifties.

The last film of director William Cameron Menzies (*Things to Come*), and although it has been criticized and panned by many serious filmographers, *Invaders From Mars* stands as one of the most brilliantly conceived fantasy films of the 1950s.

Now that's a very rash statement, but consider this: the story on the screen is all the product of a child's dream. It can readily be labeled as a nightmarish sf answer to *The Wizard of Oz*, but in that film the audience suspends its belief in reality when Dorothy reaches that fantastic land; yet in *Invaders* the typical viewer is critical of the boy's audio-visual environment because of the closeness of his dream to the concrete conceptions of the everyday world.

But is there really call to consider his dream-world a place of known dimensions? Set designer, Boris Leven (*The Andromeda Strain*) has obviously tried to embody a dream-like atmosphere within the construction of all his scene designs. Take careful note of the long corridors, void of all decoration, that appear in several forms throughout the film. First in the police station, where the walls are bare, sterile while—save for a wall clock with hands that never move. Secondly in the scientist's lab, whose walls portray a forced reality with their antiseptic blue color. Thirdly in the observatory, where again rooms are completely devoid of any objects.

Leven's use of stark outdoor settings also lends a great deal to the film's look of being out of proportion. The dead, branchless trees, the globular bubbles of the subterranean Martian tunnel and the inherently simple look of the invaders' saucer all lend themselves to the progressing air of unreality.

Characters are also brought in and out of the picture without constant rejustification of their existence. People turn up with no explanation; secretaries and army generals disappear with expectations of returning later on—yet are never heard from again. Those who have dreamed can no doubt recall a senseless reverie where people, both known and unknown, have moved from role to role.

To sum up *Invaders From Mars* as a classic would be hopelessly futile. You either enjoy watching it or you don't—there's rarely an in-between. In my estimation it is a good film that bordered on greatness. It must constantly be remembered while watching it that it is all the work of a small boy's imagination, and nothing more. Accepting this, why not take another look—you may be in for a surprise.

Jim Wnoroski  
condensed from Photon

Note: MidAmeriCon will be showing a rare original release print in 35mm and Cinecolor.



**KING KONG.** (USA, 1933) RKO Radio. Produced and directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack. Screenplay by Ruth Rose and James Creelman. Director of photography, Edward Linden. Special effects, Willis O'Brien. Music by Max Steiner. 100 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, Bruce Cabot, Frank Reicher, Noble Johnson, James Flavin.

What can you say about *King Kong* that everyone doesn't already know?

It's a film in which every element works perfectly: the actors, the effects, the music, the settings, even the time it was made.

The print we will be showing is an excellent one, not a seventeenth generation dupe in which you can see a flash of movement in the murk only occasionally. It has all the excised scenes replaced—with one exception they are not "censored" scenes. That one is the scene in which Kong removes Fay Wray's clothes. It was cut in the 1950 re-release as being a bit too suggestive for that bland year. The other scenes, Kong chewing up natives and grinding them under his heel like cigarette butts, Kong tossing away the girl he mistook for Fay Wray, etc., were removed by the producers either before the film's release or after its initial showing—accounts differ. They wanted Kong to be more sympathetic and clipped all the scenes of him killing people. The producers were correct in removing these scenes; it works better without them, but it's nevertheless interesting to see them as curiosities.

If there should happen to be anyone at MidAmeriCon who has never seen *King Kong*, then don't miss it. If you've never seen a good, clear print, then you may be surprised at all the marvelous little details you've missed.

Tom Reamy

From Out of Space...  
came hordes of  
green monsters!

Capturing at will  
the humans they  
need for their own  
sinister purposes!

A General of the Army  
turned into a  
*Saboteur!*

Parents turned into...  
rabid *Killers!*

Trusted police become...  
*Arsonists!*

Told in a panorama  
of fantastic, terrifying

**COLOR**

Starring **HELENA CARTER · ARTHUR FRANZ · JIMMY HUNT**  
With **LEIF ERICKSON · HILLARY BROOK · MORRIS ANKRUM · MAX WAGNER · BILL PHIPPS · MILBURN STONE**  
Production Designed and **WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES** Screen Play Directed by **RICHARD BLAKE**  
Associate Producer **EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR.**

An Edward L. Alperson Production

Screen Play

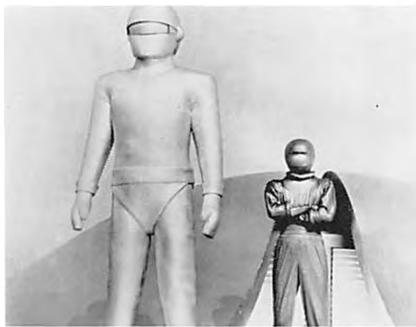
Directed by

Associate Producer

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**THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL.** (USA, 1951). 20th Century Fox. Directed by Robert Wise. Screenplay by Edmund H. North from the story by Harry Bates. Director of photography, Leo Tover. Music by Bernard Herrmann. 92 minutes. No rating. Starring: Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, Billy Gray, Hugh Marlowe, Sam Jaffe, Lock Martin.

Today the fissionable deposits of Koriun lie still undiscovered beneath the polar caps. And the tensions and political anxieties which brought Klaatu to Earth are still unresolved, capable of flaring into war and aggression at any time. Our noble friend would be very disappointed in the progress we have made in the twenty-five years since he delivered his message of warning to the peoples of Earth. For those of us who feel we know him, there is shame in the knowledge that we have come so far and accomplished so little. The feeling is particularly acute for those who were closest to the Spaceman: young Bobby Benson was killed by an exploding mortar shell on the morning of September 2, 1966 near the town of An Loc, Vietnam; his mother, Helen Benson, bitterly opposed to the war in southeast Asia, was convicted on March 14, 1968 of transmitting sensitive documents on the Vietnam war to the news media from the State Department where she worked; and the ambitious Tom Stevens, we all know, embarked upon a brilliant political career which led to the White House, only to become the first President forced to resign from office on August 23, 1974 because of the corrupt abuse of power of his administration. We think back often to that day in 1951 when the flying saucer landed in Washington and wonder, can it be much longer before this Earth of ours is reduced to a burned out cinder?

But it is not history of which we talk here, it only seems so. We have come to know the events and characters in *The Day the Earth Stood Still* even better than history, for its story contains for us a basic truth which we wish to acknowledge, and through repetition is attaining the status of folk mythology. Klaatu, Bobby Benson, Helen and Tom Stevens are no longer merely characters to us—we know and understand them better than ourselves—they have become emblems which illuminate our times as relevantly today as they did in 1951. And so long as there is war, political aggression and social disharmony we will continue to chant their story, recognize its truth, and hope someday that it will not be so.

Steve Rubin  
excerpted from *Cinefantastique*



**WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH.** (British, 1970) Warner Bros. In Technicolor. A Hammer Film production. Produced by Aida Young. Written and directed by Val Guest. Director of photography, Dick Bush. Art director, John Blezard. Special visual effects by Jim Danforth. Music by Mario Nascimbene. 96 minutes. Rated PG.

Starring: Victoria Vetri, Robin Hawdon, Patrick Allen, Drewe Henley, Sean Caffrey, Magda Konopka.

*When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* is the first of its sub-genre to achieve the look and feel of the epic. The direction of Val Guest and Dick Bush's rich color photography create a textured elegance that is sweepingly majestic, and which subsequently pales the interior dimensions of the film's content. The opening scenes of reptile enmasked cavemen, swinging huge bolas over the heads of three golden-haired sacrificial virgins as the blazing sun peeks over the far horizon, is wonderfully evocative of our whole store of misconceptions and stereotypes concerning the existence of our prehistoric ancestors. Whereas *One Million Years B.C.* made a half-hearted attempt at realism based upon these same misconceptions, this film plays upon them, extends and adds to them, until they are almost satisfying in their absurdity. Guest's obvious philosophy in doing the film is that nothing is too fantastic, and so in addition to the usual trappings he sets his tale in a time before the formation of the moon (scientists would date that at about the same time dinosaurs coexisted with mankind, that is, never) and to end his film in true epic form, conclude's with our satellite's formation from a pre-existing gaseous cloud, a truly beautiful scene, albeit nothing but painted matte work.

*When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* is a minor triumph in its own very narrow field: the dinosaur movie. It takes a director of Guest's magnitude to achieve some feeble autonomy from a formula designed to showcase special effects, a formula that has defeated many a screenwriter and director. Dinosaur films, and model animation films in general, outside of a very select few, are bad cinema; take away their effects and you have absolutely nothing of worth remaining. It is a simple case of the tail wagging the dog. But all Guest manages here is a high refinement of concepts and possibilities already fully explored as far back as 1925 in *The Lost World*. To expect anything more would be unrealistic and unfair under the circumstances.

Of chief interest is the fact that *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* is the best example yet of the special effects abilities of Jim Danforth, who proves himself the equal of Ray Harryhausen in every respect. Danforth does a particularly excellent job of combining the live action with the animation. In general, Danforth has given his models something to do, rather than making them just a series of menacing gestures that signify nothing, as is often the case.

Danforth hasn't done much since this film, but he has been offered the opportunity to supervise the effects and direct the film of *Thongor in the Valley of the Demons*, to be produced by Milton Subotsky from a script by Lin Carter. If the project works out, then we'll really see what Danforth is capable of.

Frederick S. Clarke



**LOST CONTINENT.** (USA, 1951) Lippert. Produced by Sigmund Neufeld. Directed by Sam Newfield. Screenplay by Richard Landau. Director of photography, Jack Greenhalgh. Special effects by Augie Lohman. Music by Paul Dunlap. 82 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Cesar Romero, Chick Chandler, John Hoyt, Whit Bissell, Hugh Beaumont, Sid Melton.

*Lost Continent* is almost a remake of *The Lost World*—as well as *King Kong* (without the ape), *The Land Unknown* and *Unknown Island*. Well, put them in chronological order and work it out for yourself.

It is the "other kind" of dinosaur movie from the type Fred Clarke is talking about in his notes on *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*; the "lost island" type rather than the "caveman" type.

The plots are the same—regardless of the quality of the film—with minor shufflings of character types and species of beastie. An expedition goes into an unknown area for whatever reason (in this case to find a runaway missile), finds a lost island (in this case a plateau) and meets up with all those dinosaurs still alive after all this time.

There's nothing inherently wrong with that plot; it all depends on how well it's done. In this case: not-too-bad, but, then again, not-too-good either. The dinosaurs are done with stop-motion animation, which gives it a plus immediately. Trouble is, they aren't done too well. The problem seems to be that the models were too small and they don't really move convincingly. They tend to scoot rather than walk but, at least, it's better than men in rubber suits. You also get to see a number of clips from *One Million B.C.* during the big earthquake/volcano eruption finale. (Remember when half the movies you saw had clips from *One Million B.C.* in them?)

*Lost Continent* was Lippert's followup to *Rocketship X-M* and they used a number of the same gimmicks; such as the tinted sequence. One of the characters even comments on it.

You'll probably get sick to death of Sid Melton's comic relief—he's the character from Brooklyn; it must have been a ruling of the Hays office that all movies had to have them—and will probably cheer when he gets done in by a triceratops.

Hugh Beaumont (made famous as Beaver Cleaver's father) plays an odd character. The producers spare us, at least, the shrieking female who is usually shoehorned into these things for no logical reason. But I have always wondered if the script did not originally have a female along on the expedition. You see, Hugh Beaumont plays this character who is always falling down, getting his foot caught in rocks, wandering off to get into danger, and having to be constantly rescued. There's nothing effeminate about the character, except that he does all the things usually reserved for the heroine in this sort of thing. No explanation is given for why he's always doing this, but one gets the impression he is just a clumsy klutz.

Anyway, it's a pleasant little film, nothing to get excited about, but a good time to rest your feet—at least if you've never seen it.

Tom Reamy

Note: MidAmeriCon will be showing a rare 35mm original release print with the tinted sequence intact.



**A BOY AND HIS DOG.** (USA, 1975) An LQJaf presentation. In Technicolor and Techniscope. Produced by Alvy Moore. Written and directed by L.Q. Jones. Based on the novella by Harlan Ellison. Director of photography, John Arthur Morrill. Edited by Scott Conrad. Production design, Ray Boyle. Music by Tim McIntire and Jaime Mendoza-Nava. 89 minutes. Rated R.

Starring: Don Johnson, Susanne Benton, Jason Robards, Alvy Moore, Helene Winston, Hal Baylor.

Part of the flaws in the film is in the story. Ellison didn't do the screenplay, but it's pretty well known that he approves of the finished product. With certain reservations, so do I. The story is a bit too schematic, in a way. We see Vic's violent world, then we see the underground world, one-two. There's damned little else to the story, and the argument is no argument—few readers or viewers could feel that Vic (or anyone) would be better off underground despite the violence and danger of the surface world. So the conclusion is foregone; the now-famous kicker is a bit of a surprise, but it is in keeping with what has gone before.

So the story isn't the reason to watch the film. But the story *has* had appeal—what is it? The real heart of the film is the relationship between Vic, the boy, and Blood, his dog. Some have claimed that the relationship is a perversion of the traditional boy-dog relation, but that's balderdash. The best master-pet relationship doesn't really resemble a master-slave situation; ideally even with a working animal, it's mutually supportive. And, of course, so it is here—Vic and his friend are mutually telepathic and the dog is more intelligent than the boy. But it's still a boy-dog relationship—a mutation, perhaps, but not a great deal different than Lassie and Timmy. I'm not belittling the film, for it is precisely here that it has its strength. That such relationships have usually been confined to juvenile, sentimental dramas doesn't mean it isn't suited for more sophisticated treatment (albeit still sentimental). Man-animal relationships are important to adults just as they are to children; in fact, it was Ellison's deeply-moving affection for his own dog that provided the kickoff of this story.

Ellison's story and the film have also been thought of as some sort of ribald joke, but it's much more than that. Part of what is being said, as in so much of his work, is that love and sex aren't the same thing and that love is more important. Trite? No. Cliche? Yes—but it's the truth of the statement that has made it a cliche. Mutuality is more important than dominance. Sharing should be without force or coercion, and that brings about the ending of the film.

The major objection I have to the film—and it's minor—is the peculiar makeup on the subterranean people. Is that supposed to be sunless pallor? Are they striving to resemble dolls? Is it so the robots can't be told from the live people? Whatever the reason, no explanation is provided or even hinted at, it's a bad idea. The other elements of the underground civilization are treated pretty well, and it is believably, if not convincingly, underground.

In a sense, it's too bad the superb central idea of the boy and his telepathic dog was used in such a conventional storyline—but it does fit in well. This movie will be a cult classic in years to come.

Bill Warren



**THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN.** (USA, 1957) A Universal Picture. Produced by Albert Zugsmith. Directed by Jack Arnold. Screenplay by Richard Matheson based on his novel. Director of photography, Ellis W. Carter. Edited by Al Joseph. Special photography, Clifford Stine. Music supervision by Joseph Gershenson. 81 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Grant Williams, Randy Stuart, April Kent, Paul Langton, Raymond Bailey.

Unlike many science fiction films, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* has not acquired a Jules Verne quaintness over the years.

What gives the movie added impact today may have been an entirely unintentional side effect when it was made: its bleak portrayal of the conformist 1950s. Viewed from the vantage point of 1976, Carey's dilemma seems more like a welcome escape—a drastic and dangerous one, certainly, but an adventure that not only takes him away from the stale environment (emphasized in the flat lighting, bland characterizations and sterility of the world above the basement) but toward an understanding of himself and an appreciation of the mysteries of the universe: toward a true sense of wonder.

Matheson and Jack Arnold suggest that this may have been on their minds all along, particularly in Carey's scenes with a carnival midget. He confides to her that he sometimes feels that the rest of the world is out of step with him—which may be the turning point in his lonely consciousness-expansion.

But until the ending of the film, Matheson and Arnold give few overt clues as to their ultimate direction. This may be why the ending has sometimes been criticized as a bogus solution, a cop-out that happens too quickly and appears to wrench the film from one plane to another. Having watched an adventure story with a heavy emphasis on spectacle and physical danger for more than an hour, the audience is suddenly confronted with a philosophical monologue that may appear to spring out of nowhere. Yet if one sees the film today, this ending seems less jolting. In fact, it becomes a useful filter which reveals the overriding themes of a film which appears less and less like a conventional fantasy and more like a quest for the meaning and limits of human identity.

Reduced almost to the size of an amoeba, shrinking so quickly that hunger disappears, he gazes in an "ecstasy of elation" at the stars. The camera pulls back to a great height, diminishing Carey even further in our view. He is transformed to a mere dot among other dots—fading into shots of star clusters and galaxies, closing that "gigantic circle." It isn't difficult, in the midst of the emotions the scene evokes, to miss the point that Carey is talking about the acceptance of his own death. What the death will lead to is not more clear than the death of David Bowman at the end of *2001*.

What is clear is that both men die in order to live in a dimension beyond mortal understanding: that each sacrifices a death-in-life to find life-in-death. Both films pose a mystical riddle, and perhaps as long as there are those who cannot take science fiction seriously, the validity of this riddle will be questioned. To me, Carey and Bowman are heroes for our time—men whose physical transformation is a fitting metaphor for the mental transformation of anyone who has learned that he cannot know the world until he knows himself.

John Hartl  
condensed from *Cinefantastique*



**COBRA WOMAN.** (USA, 1943) Universal. In Technicolor. Produced by George Wagner. Directed by Robert Siodmak. Screenplay by Richard Brooks and Gene Lewis. Director of Photography, George Robinson. Special effects, John P. Fulton. Music by Edward Ward. 70 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Sabu, Lon Chaney, Jr., Edgar Barrier, Samuel S. Hinds.

During the 1940s Universal made a series of a half or dozen or so Technicolor fantasies with Jon Hall and the redoubtable Maria Montez; *Sudan*, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, *Arabian Nights*, etc., usually with Turhan Bey as the villain and Sabu as...well, Sabu. Most of them were sword and bur-noose epics with a lot of swashbuckling on the burning desert sands.

*Cobra Woman*, however, is something of a departure—not in content so much, the basic plot of all of them was 'the rightful heir regaining his/her throne,' but in setting and attitude. It is in a mythical South Seas setting and, instead of the usual stock villain whose motive is simple power-hunger, *Cobra Woman* explores, though with no particular depth, a villain who is a genuine sickie.

The story has an H. Rider Haggardish flavor to it, about a peaceful happy "lost world" island that worships a cobra god. The beloved queen gives birth to twin daughters and, according to religious custom, the babies are bitten by a giant cobra to see if they are acceptable to the god. They're peaceful and happy, just not terribly bright. One twin is unaffected by the bite, but the other almost dies. The high priest orders the baby killed because she has been rejected by the cobra god. The queen instead has the baby taken by a trusted servant (Lon Chaney) to the safety of another island.

Twenty years later, the chosen twin has grown up, become the new queen, and is e-e-e-evil. She has instated (or reinstated) human sacrifices to the giant cobra, and is in general a real sick-o. A dissatisfied element of the population brings the other twin (who is sweet and innocent) back to take over the throne.

Naturally, it all comes out okay—after a great deal of action, danger, and adventure. It's all good old-fashioned, unsophisticated hocus, bizarre and totally unbelievable—and I love it.

Those who have never seen Maria Montez on the screen may have some difficulty getting into her rather peculiar rhythms. She was an exotic and, like olives, is an acquired taste. She couldn't act for sour apples, and her accent is thick enough to cut with a knife—but when you see her do the sacrificial dance with the giant cobra, you'll understand why she was a star. She had a powerful screen presence and an overwhelming magnetism, that either fascinated or repelled. Poor Jon Hall fades into the furniture when they are on screen together and Sabu has to mug for all he's worth to keep up with her.

In the dual role of the good twin and the evil twin, she is beautiful as the villainess. She simply generated too much energy to be entirely convincing as the demure heroine.

If you grew up during the 1940s, you probably remember the Jon Hall/Maria Montez films with great fondness; here's your chance to relive your childhood. If you came along later and missed them, this is your chance to see what you missed.

Tom Reamy



**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.** (USA, 1932) Paramount. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Screenplay by Percy Heath and Samuel Hoffenstein, from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson. Director of photography, Karl Struss. 90 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Frederic March, Miriam Hopkins, Rose Hobart, Tempe Piggott, Holmes Herbert.

According to Denis Gifford's *A Pictorial History of Horror Movies*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has been filmed ten times under that title, with a half a dozen or more versions under other titles, gimmicky variations, and meeting Abbott and Costello. The Rouben Mamoulian version, for which Frederic March won a Best Actor Academy Award, has become almost legendary, beside which the Spencer Tracy version is supposed to pale. I suspect a lot of the legend has arisen because the film has been virtually "lost" and unavailable for viewing for many years.

Gifford, in his book, describes the transformation sequences: "Rouben Mamoulian, Russian-born man of the theatre, was obsessed by that legendary full-view transformation by Richard Mansfield [in a stage performance]. He determined to devise a one-take change for his star. March was coated with successive layers of makeup, each more detailed than the last, each in a different colour. By holding colour transparencies in front of the camera and removing them one by one, the change from Jekyll to Hyde filtered through on to the film."

Mamoulian used the 'moving camera' subjective to draw his audience into the picture and the very mind of his monster. In the beginning we are Jekyll, moving through his doctor's day, seeing our face only in the mirror. Later, as he raises the fatal phial to his lips, we again click into his eyes. The laboratory spins about us (Karl Struss tied to the top of his camera was revolved to secure this 360-degree pan); our blood pounds in our ears (Mamoulian ran up and down stairs recording his own heartbeats); until again we see our face, our new face, in the mirror. It is a moment of revenge for every movie monster; we who came to stare see only ourselves."

But Donald C. Willis, in *Horror and Science Fiction Films: A Checklist*, says, "This may or may not be the best version of the tired old story (which wasn't much to begin with), but good it isn't. There are some impressive touches, mainly in the treatment of Hyde, but Hopkins is dull, and there are the usual obligatory time-filling scenes with Jekyll. Better than most of Mamoulian's early 'classics.'"

Willis seems to have an aversion to Mamoulian films in any form—the director was an eccentric who made rather bizarre films that were generally admired or loathed, with seldom anything in between—but I tend to agree with him that Stevenson's story is hardly worth the attention the movies have given it.

Tom Reamy



**MOONCHILD.** (USA, 1972) A Filmmakers Ltd. release. In color. Produced by Dick Alexander. Written and directed by Alan Aldine. Director of photography, Emmett Alston. Edited by Jack H. Conrad. Music by Pat Williams and Bill Byers. 90 minutes. Rated R.

Starring: Victor Buono, John Carradine, William Challee, Janet Landgard, Pat Renella, Mark Travis.

*Moonchild* possesses a kinetic energy of style and a finely honed concentration of narrative that is emotionally and intellectually stimulating and exciting. It is a strenuously wrought nightmare of characters, symbolism, Pinteresque dialogue, and barely comprehensible mysteries.

One is placed in the bewildering predicament of The Student (Mark Travis) as he is bombarded with twisted, riddled conversations by mysterious characters, and reappearing mental visions and flashbacks. The Maître D' (Victor Buono) keeps goading The Student into theological debate and acknowledgement of God, while The Manager (Pat Renella) tries to ingrain into him a militaristic, materialistic philosophy. But they all speak in never-ending circles, and even a kindly old man (William Challee) is little help in finding the key to help him find his way out of a helpless, confusing labyrinth of bizarre, intangible people and words—like a *Grand Hotel* gone mad.

The film is always several steps ahead of the audience, with fast-moving, often confusing, scenes and dialogue. The television-trained viewer, who can grasp a fragment better than a whole, would not understand *Moonchild*, for it is an entity rather than an assortment of pieces. Even at the end, when parts of the mystery have been solved, the film leaves the viewer baffled, yet stunned and exhilarated. Bewilderment is a perfect reaction to the film for, even today, the philosophical questions it poses need answering by each and every individual. However, one has no time to ponder on what the people are saying, or what is happening, but a slower pacing would not only have dulled the impact, but made evident its underlying pretentiousness.

The choice of the actors with a fine eye for the outrageous, theatrical absurdity of the story; the photography that is often lovingly, effectively stylized; the frequently dazzling color quality; Pat Williams' music; all combine in making *Moonchild* the fascinating, uncommon film that it is.

Dale Winogur  
condensed from *Cinefantastique*



**THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW.** (USA, 1975) 20th Century Fox. In color. Produced by Michael White. Directed by Jim Sharman. Screenplay by Jim Sharman and Richard O'Brien. Director of photography, Peter Suschitzky. Original musical play, music and lyrics by Richard O'Brien. Rated R.

Starring: Tim Curry, Susan Sarandon, Barry Bostwick, Richard O'Brien, Little Nell, Peter Hinwood.

Although *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* can be categorized in one word—decadent—it is extremely hard to nail down into a particular genre. In the course of a little over an hour and a half, the eyes and ears are bombarded with every creaky horror/sf film cliché imaginable. As if this wasn't a task in itself, the writers also jump in over their heads and parody virtually every phase of rock music—from the "greaser" rock of the 1950s to the "cosmic" rock of the 1970s.

And it all works. The plot, a fairly skimpy thing at best, starts rolling when Brad, the stoic hero, and Janet, his fiancee are forced to seek refuge in an old dilapidated house from the electrical storm raging outside. Entering the mansion, they find a party going on with a wild cast of characters: Riff-Raff, the menacing servant; Magenta, his incestuous sister; Columbia, a tap-dancing groupie; then the music stops at the entrance of Dr. Frank N. Furter. The good doctor is, in his own lyrics, "a sweet transvestite from trans-sexual Transylvania!" Certainly not your typical Lionel Atwill-type mad doctor. After a suitable introduction, Furter takes them upstairs to his lab where he is currently putting the finishing touches on his latest creation—Rocky Horror. "I've been makin' a man, with blond hair and a tan; he's good for relievin' my tension," as he tells Brad and Janet.

From this point on, film fans will be alternately groaning in familiarity as the film revels in overdone clichés and laughing their heads off. References to nearly every famous horror and science fiction film ever made are worked into the structure of the film, culminating in a bizarre climax which manages to parody the endings of *Frankenstein*, *King Kong*, and a Busby Berkeley Esther Williams movie—with the entire cast decked out in drag.

The cast is superb. Tim Curry plays Dr. Furter to the hilt—and beyond. Richard O'Brien is especially creepy as Riff-Raff. The only one who seems a bit ill at ease is Peter Hinwood as Rocky Horror, but he has little to do but look pretty.

I don't want to slight the score. There are a number of real toe-tappers in here: "(Let's Do) The Time Warp," among a number of others. Singers are parodied along with the music styles—you'll love the "Elvis" and "Mick Jagger" takeoffs.

In short, catch this one—but don't bring your mother.

Byron Roark

*Note: Despite Dale's glowing comments, Fred Clarke writes that Dennis Johnson, the production manager on the film, says it is terrible. I haven't seen it, and neither has Fred, but I gather from Dale's comments that it is pretentious and a trifle artsy-fartsy. As such its appeal is bound to be limited. However, it seems to have gotten no distribution at all and the showing at MidAmeriCon may be your only chance to see it. You can make your own decision as to its worth.*

Tom Reamy



**THE FLYING SAUCER.** (USA, 1949) Film Classics. Produced and directed by Mikel Conrad. Screenplay by Mikel Conrad and Howard Young. Director of photography, Philip Tannura. Music by Darrell Calker. 69 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Mikel Conrad, Pat Garrison, Russell Hicks, Denver Pyle, Philip Morris, Virginia Hewitt.

*The Flying Saucer* is a curious little film, the very first attempt to cash in on the flying saucer craze of the late 1940s.

Mikel Conrad, who made a number of low-budget fantasy films after this one, plays a wealthy playboy who lives in Alaska. He is commissioned by the U.S. government to investigate reports that mysterious "flying saucers" are being launched from a secret location near the city of Juneau. The government fears also that Russia is making an all-out effort to discover the secret of the saucers as well.

Posing as a convalescent, Conrad goes to his father's lodge accompanied by a nurse (Pat Garrison). They are under constant surveillance by a Russian agent posing as a caretaker. Eventually Conrad locates the hiding place from which the saucers are being launched, but he and the inventor are captured by the Russians. An avalanche comes along in the nick of time and buries the enemy agents and the secret of the saucers is turned over to the American government.

The film is made very much in the style of a Republic serial; it is entirely illogical and loaded with pointless heroics—is, in fact, almost childish in its hopeless reach for sensationalism. And the saucers in flight are done by cartoon animation.

If you enjoy Republic serials, you'll probably get a few kicks from *The Flying Saucer*. The primary reason we're showing it is because we had the opportunity, thanks to the collection of Wade Williams, and it is an extremely rare film. I doubt if there are ten people at MidAmeriCon who have seen it. We offer it to those of you who want to see everything—a rarity you'll probably never get a chance to see again.

Tom Reamy



**SCHLOCK.** (USA, 1973) Jack H. Harris Enterprises. In color. Produced by James C. O'Rourke. Directed and written by John Landis. Director of photography, Bob Collins. Special effects, Ivan Lepper. Music by David Gibson. 81 minutes. Rated PG.

Starring: John Landis, Saul Kahan, Joseph Pintadosi, Eliza Garrett, Eric Allison, Enrica Blanke.

This, like *Dark Star*, was an independent production whose completion was aided by money from Jack H. Harris (which explains the clips from *The Blob* and *Dinosaurus!*). John Landis got some of the money from relatives and shot the film in 35mm with a professional crew. His farsightedness made his picture look more professional than the other quasi-amateur films released by Harris, *Equinox* and *Dark Star*, although the latter is a better movie.

A mad killer has been raging through a small California community, leaving behind scores of dismembered bodies and heaps of banana peels. The murderer is eventually revealed as a bemused apeman, who had fallen into a river eons ago just as the Ice Age came along.

Unlike most monsters, Schlock has no real difficulty dealing with the 20th century, taking what peculiar elements he encounters in his stride. He gets plenty to eat—mostly bananas, but he has good luck in a movie theater and messily shares an ice cream pie with some children and a dog. Machines pose no threat—he dismantles a car and plays the piano. He tends to have a hot temper and exults in his power to scare people. But his major failing, just like many monsters since King Kong, is that he falls in love too easily.

The *objet d'amour* here is an insipid teenager; when blind she thinks he's a nice doggy since (in a good scene) he readily fetches the sticks she throws; when the bandages are off, she thinks of him as a monster, to his—to say the least—dismay. Of course, this all leads to a tragic conclusion with the traditional words being spoken over Schlock's bullet-riddled body.

Note: this is a warning to parents of small children. Your kids will love this movie and the main character, probably since he does all the things they would like to do, and does them amusingly, so his death at the end may be somewhat upsetting. They shouldn't *by any means* be kept away from the picture, since it may be their favorite event of the convention—but prepare them if you feel it's necessary.

As a director, Landis seems to have erratic feelings for comedy, which is odd considering his personal wit and ability as a comic actor.

This isn't to say that the movie is bad—it's actually very good. It, like *Dark Star*, is like a first novel—the parts that are good are so very good that the gaucheries of the rest (a minority) can be overlooked without being dismissed. The more you know about movies, incidentally, the more jokes you'll get; like most young directors, Landis is moviemad, and his film abounds with references to older movies. There's even a variation on the necking-teenagers scene, obligatory in monster movies of the 50s.

The best thing about the movie is John Landis the actor—he's nothing less than sensational. His timing is impeccable, he dares broad comedy which works, and his movements are witty and precise. I hope he will do more acting in the future—the picture comes fully to life whenever he's on, and sits there when he's not.

Bill Warren



**IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE.** (USA, 1958) United Artists/Vogue. Produced by Robert E. Kent. Directed by Edward L. Cahn. Screenplay by Jerome Bixby. Director of photography, Kenneth Peach. Music by Paul Sawtell and Bert Shefter. 68 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Marshall Thompson, Shawn Smith, Ann Doran, Paul Langton, Dabbs Greer, Crash Corrigan.

In 1968, the first spaceship reaches Mars but fails to return. Later, another spaceship lands and finds Marshall Thompson the lone survivor with his companions all murdered. During the trip back to Earth for his trial, the crew scoffs at his story about a mysterious creature that killed his companions. But, when a scraping noise is heard in the ship's structure the technician who investigates is found mutilated. Others are killed in an attempt to destroy the invader. Nothing can stop it: guns, hand grenades, booby traps are of no avail. Realizing that they can't kill it, the crew bolts all the compartment doors, but it continues to advance, floor by floor, ripping open the hatches to get to the crew cowering in the main control room.

This is strictly Saturday matinee stuff, a stereotypical double-bill feature, but is it ever good junk. Largely forgotten by film fans, it is chock full of suspense and deliciously bad acting. It's a film you can laugh at and still be frightened to death when it (Ray "Crash" Corrigan in a rubber suit) grabs one of the crew and rips him to shreds.

The method they finally use to rid themselves of the monster will probably be obvious to you from the very beginning. It's so obvious, as a matter of fact, that you assume it to be physically impossible because of the mechanics of the spaceship. It isn't, after all, that it's impossible, it's just that no one thinks of it until the monster is breaking through the last hatch and breathing down their necks. (It makes for good suspense but poor logic.) It would have been much better if it had been impossible and becomes possible only because one of the technicians braves the monster-inhabited regions to rewire the ship's controls to make it possible.

Ah, well...

Nevertheless, once you get past the first few talky scenes, it shifts into high gear with lots of action: dark corridors, glimpses of the monster, screaming, ripping flesh (tastefully of course), guns, grenades, and nail-biting suspense.

"Crash" Corrigan is cast in the type of role he can handle best: all action and no strain of trying to learn lines. He plays a really ugly monster in this one, and if you look closely, you can see the zipper on his suit.

Don't miss this one; it's a lot of fun.

Jim Loehr



**FLIGHT TO MARS.** (USA, 1951) Monogram. In Cinecolor. Produced by Walter Mirisch. Directed by Lesley Selander. Screenplay by Arthur Strawn. Director of photography, Harry Neumann. Music by Marlin Skiles. 72 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Arthur Franz, Cameron Mitchell, Marguerite Chapman, John Litel, Morris Ankrum.

Four men and a girl, with U.S. government backing, take off on a rocket expedition—their destination Mars. The spaceship is damaged while crash-landing, and the expedition's members are immediately contacted by the Martian government leaders, who take them into their underground city (somehow planets always seem to have only one city) and offer them hospitality. It is the secret plan of the rulers of Mars to assist the Earthpeople in repairing their craft, then imprison them and make thousands of duplicates of the ship in an effort to invade Earth because lack of air would soon doom the Martians on their own planet. With the help of a Martian leader who opposes this plan, and the aid of a brilliant Martian girl scientist, the Earth people manage to repair their ship ahead of time and take off safely.

Well, that sounds pretty hokey, doesn't it? It is. Boxoffice Magazine thought a little more of it than I did: "Filmdom's increasingly intensive preoccupation with interplanetary travel and cosmic adventure as the source matter for celluloid fare—varying in treatment and budgetary allocation but pretty much alike in its successful acceptance by moviegoers—brings forth another entry in the out-of-this-world category. This one, ambitiously conceived and projected, employs a pseudo-scientific approach in spinning a reasonably plausible space yarn that has the basic ingredients to divert and satisfy most audiences."

The movie does divert and entertain and was perhaps even satisfying in 1951. It is "ambitious" by Monogram's standards of the day, I expect. And the sets and matte-work are quite impressive, but today it is mostly a curious relic. The strongest point in the film's favor is the rather odd results of Cinecolor. Audiences didn't care for it at the time because it didn't match the three-strip Technicolor they'd been used to seeing, but today when color is used so carelessly, a carefully photographed Cinecolor film (when the rare chance to see one presents itself) can be a pleasure.

*Flight to Mars* is really silly trash, riddled with inanities and Flash Gordonesque villains and situations, but we offer it as a part of our program of rare 1950s films that you just can't see in their original condition anymore.

Jim Loehr



**ONCE.** (USA, 1973) A Communication Design Production. In color. Produced by Marianne and Morton Heilig. Written, directed, photographed, and edited by Morton Heilig. Music by Aminadav Aloni. 100 minutes. Rated R.

Starring: Christopher Mitchum, Marta Kristen, Jim Malinda.

*Once* is an extraordinary allegorical and aesthetic film experience, one of the simplest and most unique fantasies ever. It has only three players: Christopher Mitchum as Creation, Marta Kristen as Mankind, and Jim Malinda as Destruction. It has no dialog, and only one location, an island. A visual experience, both in intellectual and emotional terms, *Once* proves cinema's limitless capacity to tell a story without a strict literary structure.

*Once* is the first feature to be directed by Morton Heilig who has, up to now, concentrated on the production of short documentary films, mainly for television distribution. After twenty-five years in the film business with numerous and successful short films to his credit, Heilig still yearned to do his first feature and conceived *Once* as something he could realistically afford to make.

On the surface, and it is a thin surface, it is the story of a love triangle—two men competing for the affections of one woman. Except here the men represent the forces of creation and destruction. They compete for the attention of mankind. Mankind as shown is but a pawn in the continual struggle between the creative and destructive forces. Given life by Creation, it is lured away and corrupted by Destruction, before being saved, at least for the moment, by Creation. But in the end, Mankind's role is secondary to the powers of the two opposites.

While Heilig's film sounds pretentious in the extreme, in viewing, the potential heavy-handed, simple-minded symbolism is magically transformed into warm, appealing, and strangely moving story-telling. His actors have a graceful, almost balletic intensity. Jim Malinda is especially fine, a dark-haired, animalistic force, conveying a demonic intensity with carefully balanced emoting.

*Once* was screened out of competition at the Cannes Film Festival in 1974 where it was greeted with a standing ovation and shouts of "Bravo!" and "This is cinema!" The film received just praise from French reviewers but has not fared as well in America. It is an artistic American fantasy film vainly in search of an audience in its homeland.

Dale Winogura  
adapted from *Cinefantastique*



**THE UNINVITED.** (USA, 1944) Paramount. Produced by Charles Brackett. Directed by Lewis Allan. Screenplay by Dodie Smith from the novel by Dorothy Macardle. Director of photography, Charles Lang. Special photography, Farcot Edouart. Music by Victor Young. 98 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey, Gail Russell, Cornelie Otis Skinner, Donald Crisp, Alan Napier.

*The Uninvited* is a sophisticated chiller, but the icy elements were all frozen from distilled water, for seldom has a film of this type been produced with so much refinement and subtlety. There isn't a clutching hand, sliding panel, trap door or other generally-standard horror gadget in the picture. Rather, the shivers—and they are plentiful and long—are injected by inference and through touching on the supernatural. The producers also knew when to let up and it's paced beautifully with well-timed touches of comedy.

*The Uninvited* is probably the best "haunted house" film ever made, certainly second to nothing but Robert Wise's *The Haunting*. The general plot-line is fairly standard for this sort of thing. What makes it special is the expert handling of all the elements.

Brother and sister Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey buy a house on the Cornish coast that has a "reputation" for strange occurrences. They move in anyway and soon begin to experience cold spots, a room which induces depression, sobbing sounds in the night, and the scent of mimosa perfume. They begin to investigate the history of the house and find that it was built by an artist and his wife some twenty years before. The wife was killed in a fall from the cliff when she rescued her baby from the murderous attack of a gypsy servant girl. The artist and the servant girl both died later, she from pneumonia and he from drinking. The child now grown (Gail Russell) still lives in the village with her grandfather (Donald Crisp) who idolizes the memory of his dead daughter and refuses to allow the girl to go near the house.

But, during their investigations, they find out a lot of things that don't quite coincide with the general story of what happened, like perhaps the mother was not the angel everyone thinks she was.

The audience can guess quite early that the ghost is that of the mother, and they're right—and they're wrong also. The story isn't as simple as it first seems and the plot takes a number of unexpected twists as it nears the extremely well-done climax.

I read somewhere that the ghost was done by using Hollywood fog manipulated by hundreds of air-jets installed in the floor and staircase; the air-jets were used to keep the mass of fog into a human shape as it descended the staircase. I don't believe it for a moment; I've watched the scene closely several times and it looks like a bizarrely distorted double exposure to me. If they *did* use fog and air-jets, the effect was not worth all the trouble it must have been. Check for yourself and see what you think.

Those who like their chilly graphic and physical, à la Hammer, may find *The Uninvited* a bit slow and tedious, but those who can appreciate the subtle and insidious approach will find the film a definite pleasure to watch.

Tom Reamy

Note: MidAmeriCon will be showing a rare 35mm release print in Cinecolor.

*Note: Once* has not yet found an American distributor. The showing at MidAmeriCon may be your only chance to see it.



**THE TIME MACHINE.** (USA, 1960) MGM. In Metrocolor. Produced and directed by George Pal. Screenplay by David Duncan, from the novel by H. G. Wells. Director of photography, Paul C. Vogel. Special effects, Gene Warren, Tim Barr. Music by Russell Garcia. 103 minutes. No rating.

Starring: Rod Taylor, Yvette Mimieux, Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, Whit Bissell.

One of the most entertaining sf films of all time. A success on several fronts: an Academy Award winner for special effects, an exciting story, believable dialogue, and superior acting.

The story relates a flashback by Rod Taylor on his journey into the distant future, 8,000 years from now. The Earth has evolved into two groups of people, the Morlocks, huge shaggy creatures with ridiculous lightbulb eyes, and the Eloi, a society of pale, fair-haired sheep-like people bred by the Morlocks for food. He leads the Eloi in reluctant revolt and puts them on the path of independence. The major failing is that the film gives the impression that this few acres contains all the human life left on Earth. Perhaps that was the intention, but nothing substantiates the credibility of such an idea.

But the effects are the real star. The time travel sequences were designed by Paul Vogel by putting seven-foot circular shutters in front of the lights. The discs would then be rotated to simulate the effect that each day was passing in just a few seconds.

One effect had the London of the future being destroyed by atomic war. Buildings caught fire while molten lava oozed down the street. Special effects man Don Sahlin said the following: "That was a big fiasco, you know, because it didn't really work. They had built these two bins full of colored oatmeal for the lava. One day they decided to do a take. They covered all the set with polyethylene. Now, they had prepared the oatmeal the night before, and nobody got up to look at it. Then they pulled the straps, with all those high-speed cameras going, and all the oatmeal had fermented and gotten watery. And the sight of all that! If I could have had a picture of the faces on those people! This foul-smelling, fermented mess came rushing down over all the cameras. I just went home. When they did the take again, they put too much stuff together and it was too thick. I believe that's how it appeared in the film. We were busy throwing burning cork and silvery material into the oatmeal, but it didn't really work too well. It was fun though."

In spite of the minor setback the effects were spectacular and were brought in for under \$60,000.

Rumor has it that Pal is now working on a sequel entitled at the moment, *Time Machine 2*.

Derek Jensen



**FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE.** (USA, 1940) Universal. Serial in 12 chapters. Directed by Ray Taylor and Ford Beebe. Screenplay by B. Dickey, G. Plympton, and B. Shipman from the comic strip by Alex Raymond.

Starring: Buster Crabbe, Carol Hughes, Charles Middleton, Frank Shannon.

When a ravaging plague called "The Purple Death" strikes the Earth, it is believed that Ming the Merciless is responsible and Flash Gordon sets off to Ming's headquarters in space to search out and destroy the source of the death dust rays. While in Ming's domain, Flash learns that the only known antidote to the "Purple Death" is available in the land of Frigia and he heads there with some of Ming's men in hot pursuit. Warding off an attack by the "walking bombs," an army of mechanical men, Flash gathers enough Polarite, the antidote, to counteract the death dust, but before the party can return to Earth, Dale and Dr. Zarkov are captured and brought to Ming's palace.

Flash returns to the palace and rescues Dale and Zarkov only to find that they are being attacked by Prince Barin, who mistakes them for Ming's minions.

And so it goes, captures, rescues, recaptures, re-rescues, re-recaptures, etc., etc. until Emperor Ming is defeated for the third and, apparently, final time. The chase leads them into the Land of the Dead, the Land of the Rock Men, the frozen wastes of Frigia, and other equally exotic locales.

This, the last of the Flash Gordon serials, is perhaps the best for costumes, sets and special effects, though the acting and dialogue are hokey and laughable. But there is still something appealing about rooting for the good guy and hating the villain, especially if the villain is as delightfully villainous as Ming. Though it is ultimately a failure, lacking most of the pep and energy of the first two, it is the stuff kid's dreams are made of: high adventure, damsels in distress, fights and chases, captures and escapes. All the things that made Saturday afternoons magical times.

MidAmeriCon will be showing a 35mm print—with the exception of one chapter. It is missing from the extraordinary collection of Wade Williams—but we have found a replacement in 16mm. Don't be surprised when one chapter is titled "Space Soldiers Conquer the Universe" and ends with "The End" rather than "Don't Miss the Next Exciting Chapter at this Theater Next Week." The one 16mm chapter is from the TV print which was, as usual, monkeyed with.

MidAmeriCon will also not be showing the serial in one indigestible lump, but will instead spread it over the entire five days of the convention, two or three chapters a day. Check the film schedule for the exact showtimes of each chapter. That is, if you don't think you can live without seeing them all.

Jim Loehr

# SHORT FILMS

MidAmeriCon will be showing a rather large, carefully selected group of short subjects interspersed with the feature films. We are attempting to acquire a large number of Warner Bros. cartoons, including such gems as "Duck Dodgers in the 24½ Century" "The Scarlet Pumpernickel" and so on.

We'll be running Donald Fox's *Omega* (C, 13m), a dazzling, highly original, optical poem of exhilarating beauty. It deals with the end of mankind on Earth, not death, but rebirth.

*Icarus Montgolfier Wright* (C, 23m), written especially for the screen by Ray Bradbury. Bradbury's story and a series of brilliant illustrations by Joe Mugnaini form a completely absorbing, highly imaginative film.

*The Dove* (B&W, 15m) is an hilariously funny travesty of Ingmar Bergman's thematic and visual style. Based on *Wild Strawberries*, *The Seventh Seal*, and *The Silence*, it is a treat for anyone who has ever enjoyed an arty foreign film.

*La Jetée* (B&W, 29m) is a science fiction "photo romance" by noted French director Chris Marker. It is a story told, with a moment's exception, through the use of stark, grainy, still photographs which powerfully convey the barrenness of existence after a nuclear war.

*Electronic Labyrinth* (formerly titled *THX 1138 4EB*) (C, 17m) is the original short student film produced by George Lucas at USC. He later turned it into the feature film, *THX-1138*.

*Neverwhere*, an award-winning science fantasy film by Richard Corben. Den, an ineffectual commercial artist, finds himself the key to a fantastic power struggle in Neverland. Animated in Corben's highly original style.

*Magic World of Karel Zeman*. The master of cinematic illusion and fantasy at work in the Gottwaldov studio during the making of *Prehistoric Journey*, *The Fabulous World of Jules Verne*, and *Baron Munchausen*. Behind the scenes looks at how puppets, drawings, scale models, and props were brilliantly combined to produce the extravagant special effects.

*No. 00173*. Into the cold, dispassionate atmosphere of a factory run by human automata, comes a small red butterfly. Jan Harbarta's brilliant comment on the dehumanization of life in a technological world.

We'll be running many more short subjects, but many are still tentative at the time the program book has to go to press. Some of the others are: *Closed Mondays*, *Lady or the Tiger*, *Labyrinth*, *Vicious Cycles*, and a selection of quality amateur films. We are particularly happy to have booked a selection of films by Norman McLaren, including *Neighbors*, *A Phantasy*, and *Blinkety Blank*.

In keeping with the total effect of turning the film program into an actual old-time movie theater, we will run throughout the program previews of coming attractions, films that will be shown the next day or later in the program. Between features we will run cartoons, shorts, a serial chapter, previews, maybe a newsreel or two, and we might even take up a collection for War Bonds.

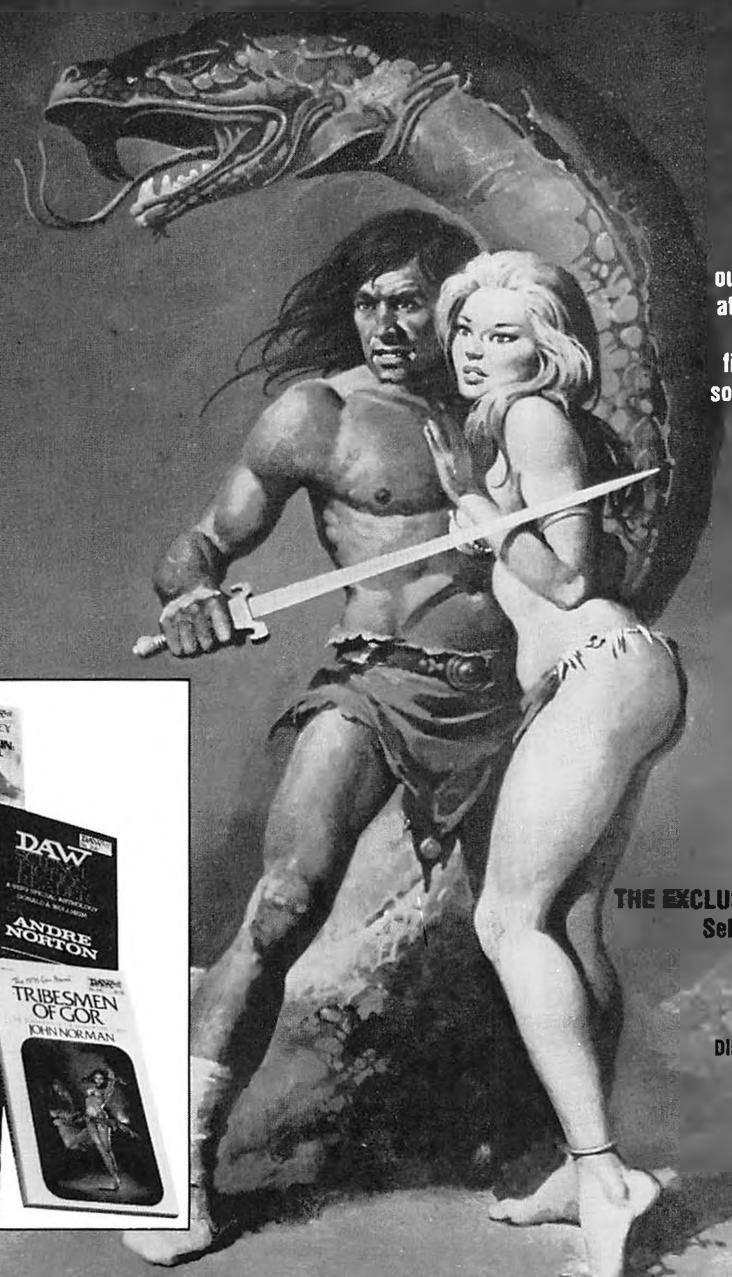
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Illustration taken from The Storm Lord by Tanith Lee

# Moamrath in Hollywood:

## CTHU'LABLANCA and other lost screenplays

**HOWARD WALDROP, Lit.D.**

Mortimer Morbius Moamrath has been most closely associated with the *Depraved Tales* school of weird fiction from the Twenties and Thirties, and best-known for his inept Lovecraft imitations which graced the pages of a variety of pulp magazines.

It is little known that Moamrath, for a period of six months late in life, turned to screenplay writing and lived in Hollywood, hoping to find his fortune in that medium. It is fitting that this information should come to light for the first time for Mid-AmeriCon, which has one of the most distinguished film line ups ever attempted by a convention committee.

The only mention Moamrath biographers make of his interest in film is in reference to his one-sided romance with Marsha Moor-mist during the mid-Thirties. Pumilia and Wallace state that, "He sometimes sent her notes under various assumed names, even enclosing photos of movie stars." ("M. M. Moamrath: Notes Toward a Biography," *Nickelodeon* #1, 1975). The photos sent her include those of Andy Devine, "Gabby" Hayes, and Maria Ouspenskaya.

Research and interviews with residents of both Archaic, Mass. (Moamrath's birthplace) and Hatchet, Conn. (where he com-

posed most of the Moamrath "mythos" tales) turned up the story of the writer's involvement with the film world, and of his western odyssey which matches those of Faulkner, Fitzgerald and Nathaniel West, names unknown to most science fiction fans.

### 1. Puzzlement at First Sight.

Moamrath, contrary to what others would have us believe, was not totally ignorant of the world around him. Though not toilet-trained until the age of seven, he soon after developed an insatiable curiosity about his environment, devouring newspapers (for which his mother severely scolded him), reading books, maps and making drawings of things he didn't understand. Those which remain in his earliest notebooks are bizarre, to say the least. (The drawing, scribbled in crayon, entitled "Where I think Babies Come From" shows a piece of cheese, a pair of nylon stockings, a toothbrush, what looks like a large butterfly, and three dishes of the type in which banana splits were once served at Walgreen's drugstores. Arrows connect them in series; unfortunately the young Moamrath did not indicate his

starting point.)

Film, however, does not seem to have attracted the future writer at all. We know conclusively that Moamrath saw his first motion picture on June 3, 1935 at the age of 39. His notebook indicates that he had intended to go into Hilton's Funeral Parlor to see some interesting fungi purportedly growing in the basement. By mistake he entered the theatre next door; seeing people sitting in darkness, he thought a funeral to be in progress, became entranced and stayed through three showings of the film. Its name, unfortunately, is not indicated in the notebook entry which tells of the event.

The episode seems to have left Moamrath in consternation. His personal diary entry for the day consists of the sentence: "I thought they never would get that guy buried."

The next morning, someone in Hatchet seems to have told him what films were, as his diary entry for the next day, heavily underlined, begins: "It was not until someone informed me that I had been to a motion picture that my mystification over yesterday's events cleared. I could not understand why I had been charged 25c to see a funeral..."



*you want! Will have to recast all movie work for this form. It is sure to sweep the motion picture industry overnight.*

In time, of course, Moamrath learned the error of his thinking, but not before it cost him many hours of revision on his projects. He had, as yet, written not a single word in the screenplay form, but had amassed notes, drawings, scenes and outlines. Believing film to be the most important medium of the century, and the perfect way to present to an unaware world his "mythos," Moamrath made the decision to go to the filmmaking capital of the world and get a job as a screenplay writer.

On January 3, 1936, Mortimer Morbius Moamrath bid fond adieu to his faithful butler, Abner Skulker Stern, and set out on the Wendigo, Dunwent & Gone R.R.'s 19th Century Limited for Hollywood.

### 3. This or That Side of Paradise.

Hollywood, Nebraska had a population of 730 hardy souls on the morning M.M. Moamrath set foot on the station platform. That he had taken a wrong connection at Grand Central Station seems never to have occurred to him, then or ever. He had ridden in a sitting car, taking occasional nips at his cod-liver oil bottle, until the conductor announced the arrival at Hollywood.

Moamrath seems to have made contact first with the owner of the town's other drug-store, where he went to establish credit for supplies of cod-liver oil, hair marcel cream, and Tootsie Rolls. He inquired as to where he might see someone about getting a job in pictures.

The druggist, a good Rotarian, sent Moamrath to the town's mayor, Mr. Halan Hardy, who also ran the newspaper, mortuary, and portrait studio. Moamrath explained himself, and the mayor, a shrewd transplanted Yankee with some conception of business and finance, hired Moamrath to write a promotional film to be shown industrialists in hopes that they would relocate their factories in the township.

For his work, Moamrath was furnished room, board, and \$10 a month cod-liver oil money.

His diary entry for January 5, 1936 shows his concern:

*Thought there was more money in this business. Also thought Hollywood was near the ocean. I asked a native about this. He said there was a WPA lake not far from here, but that the ocean had left sometime during the late Cretaceous. (Will have to use that as setting for the B'ooogym'an stories.) I do get to smell all the fungus in the mayor's darkroom. Hope to be able to flesh out some outlines for other movies while working on this one.*

### 4. Polished Ineptitude.

And work he did, for the next six months, while he struggled with the industrial film, *(Hollywood: Metropolis of the Cornfields)*, like all of Moamrath's other screen works remained unproduced. In the case of this film, it was due to interference of the City Coun-

cil (Fred and Bob), hassles with the state authorities and the mayor's insistence that a part be written in for his daughter, Miss Laurel Ann Hardy.) During the days when he was not in the mayor's darkroom or checking locations, he struggled with the promotional movie. At night, Moamrath continued to write the other classics of inept movie scripting for which he is, until now, unknown.

Some words must be given here about Moamrath's lack of finesse at the screenplay form and his subject matter. He had no idea of the technical end of the business and simply described the effects he wanted on the screen, to the best of his not-too-great ability. (See examples of his scene transitions in the script fragments below.)

Also, all the near-classic screenplays he wrote were intended, not for actors, but for actors dressed as the gods of the "Moamrath mythos." For those encountering this body of lore for the first time, some explanation must be given.

Moamrath had written a series of stories with the prevailing idea that a race of elder beings (The Bad Old Ones) once controlled the Earth and solar system, but, through sheer stupidity and forgetfulness, got lost and wandered away. Meanwhile, another race of elder beings (The Good Old Ones) stumbled onto the Earth and decided it would do as well as anywhere. The Good Old Ones then had a billion year spree and picnic, and then all went to sleep. The Bad Old Ones continue to stumble around in a place beyond time and space (and, we might add, reason and logic).

It was against this background that Moamrath set all his filmscripts, and it was with these elder gods that he peopled them.

It must also be mentioned that Moamrath's screenplays bear a *startling* resemblance to films actually produced by real studios throughout the next decade. It must be assumed that these are sheer coincidences, as no one other than the Moamrath scholars who bought the writer's effects from Sid, the recluse of Pine Barrens, N.J. have ever seen these scripts. Such coincidences *do* happen, and it should not be inferred that later films were plagiarized from the works of Moamrath.

During the spring of 1936, Moamrath saw many movies at the local theatre called the First Street Grand Guignol, and added ideas to his notebooks for movies heavily influenced by current releases. In late January, for instance, he wrote the notes for his series involving two happy-go-lucky elder gods, H'Hope and K'Krozy and their somewhat female companion LL'amo in a series of (for Moamrath) lighthearted adventures called *The Road to Oblivion*. He also thought of a tender view of how one small god can change things through its good works, called *Mr. D'Deeds Goes to Hell*.

He also saw his first Marx Bros. film. He set out to find what was available on the comedy team, and prepared a screenplay of one of the Marx Bros.' best-known works, *Das Kapital*, which Moamrath tentatively titled *Depression Feathers*.

But it was into his mythos screenplays

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that he poured all his inspiration and some of his talent. The screenplay fragments which follow show some of the many guises with which his near-genius masqueraded itself.

## 5. Goodbye to All Them.

It was June 3, 1936 that Moamrath, his hopes dashed by making only sixty dollars in his first half-year as screenwriter, left Hollywood, Nebraska with his packing crates full of screenplays, notes, outlines, and story treatments.

It is presumed that he used the backs of most of these many, many pages for his other writings in the two years of life left to him, as all that remains of that deadly half-year of film work are the following fragments, a few scattered notes, and a memory in the minds of the inhabitants of Hollywood, Nebr. (Those who remember him at all refer to him as "that funny writer feller from the East, or somewhere.")

It will be seen that his filmwork, like the rest of his writing, is for the most part wretched and inept, but that the film work especially contains a certain smarmy charm of its own. To the fragments themselves I have appended dates of composition, some technical data, etc. I hope the reader finds them as fascinatingly dreadful as I do.

\* \* \*

## From GONE WITH THE WENDIGO (Feb. 1936):

(Do the thing where you show R'hett on one side of the door and S'Car'lot on the other side all at the same time.)

R'HETT:

Open this interdimensional gateway, S'Car'lot!

S'CAR'LOT:

Go away! I'm going to have a 106-yard waistline again. I'm never going to have a thousand young at once anymore! Never!

R'HETT:

I can get a divorce for this, S'Car'lot!

S'CAR'LOT:

Go away!

R'HETT:

No non-Euclidian gateway could stop me if I really wanted in, S'Car'lot.

S'CAR'LOT:

Go away! I'm fine the way I am!

R'HETT:

Frankly, my dear, I don't give a malediction.

\* \* \*

## From THE BLACK SLIME OF FALWORTH (March 1936):

(Knights ride up to the slag heap that was the homeland of the noble de Geek family.)

YOUNG SIR GUY DE GEEK:  
Yondo is duh Abominations of my faddah.

\* \* \*

## From THE WIZARD OF OSHKOSH (April 1936):

DUNWITCH OF THE EAST:

Something appealing to the eye, something...red. Poppies. Poppies to soothe them to sleep.

(Camera does the thing where you go to another picture of people but doesn't go black first. Four people come down the road with a little dog. Around the little dog's neck is the Elderly Sign.)

D'ORTHI:

Oh, look, the Green Slime City. Let's go, hurry!

TIN FINGERMAN:

Hurry!

SCARECOW:

Hurry!

COWARDLY ANTLION:

I'm comin', I'm comin'.

TOJO THE DOG:

Arf! Arf! Tekel-li-li!

(They run through the poppies. Then D'Orthi begins to slow.)

D'ORTHI:

Oh, I'm so sleepy!

(She lies down.)

COWARDLY ANTLION:

Come to think of it, forty thousand winks wouldn't be bad.

(He falls. Scarecow does the same. So does dog Tojo. Only Tin Fingerman is left up.)

TIN FINGERMAN:

Help! Help!

(Do the thing where Gimpa, the Good Dunwitch of the North, waves her wand and looks pretty. Snow begins to fall on the poppy field. Tin Fingerman rusts in place. Snow continues to fall, then stops. Nothing moves. Bodies begin to decay. Tojo rots first, then D'Orthi, then Scarecow, then Antlion. Tin Fingerman is still rusted in place. Poppy field withers. Winter comes, then spring again. Bodies are gone. Tin Fingerman has rusted to dark brown. Vines grow up into his leg and out through his head. Seasons pass. Mountains rise in background, then erode away. Tin Fingerman is now only loose collection of rusty parts. His head falls off. Glaciers appear in the background, come forward, recede. Tin Fingerman rusts completely away and disappears. Shallow seas form in background. Huge tentacle rises from the sea, writhes in air, disappears. Southern Cross rises in the night sky. A great arthropod civilization evolves, builds cities near sea, falls in-

to barbarism. Sea dries up. Moon appears in sky, grows larger and nearer. Bad Old Ones return from adjacent dimension and reconquer the Earth. They wander away again. Another sea forms. Vast hulk of moon appears on the horizon. Big Dipper rises in the nighttime sky. Stars move apart, become unrecognizable as a constellation (...)\*

\* \* \*

But it was for none of the above scripts that Moamrath has been forgotten. Nestled among his papers (along with the stirring wartime drama, *Mrs. Minotaur*, and his adaptation of his own story, *The Maltese Trapezohedron*) was what is considered to be Moamrath's masterwork in the form, *Cthu'lublanca*.

During Moamrath's sojourn in Hollywood, Nebraska, Italian troops invaded Ethiopia, the Japanese incurred into China and the Spanish Civil War had broken out. Thinking ahead, Moamrath posited a far-larger war in the future, involving most of the nations of the world. Such a situation was unthinkable to him. So he wrote a screenplay, set in a world outside time and space, against which his banished Bad Old Ones moved in their intertheologic dramas, as a warning of what such a bleak future would hold.

Cthulablanca, a small settlement in a realm adjacent to ours, but outside the dimensional boundaries, has become a refugee center during the time of the ouster of the Bad Old Ones from Earth. Here, they wait, wait, wait until such time as they can reach the safety of Fuggoth, or gain passage to other dimensions.

The principal characters in Moamrath's screenplay are R'ick Yog, saloon owner ("Everybody Comes to Yog's") who was once the demon-lover of Ilsa Chubby-Nirath (now Mrs. Nigel R. Lathotep). Lathotep himself is the leader of the under-planet movement to regain control of the Earth for the Bad Old Ones, and as such his presence in Cthulablanca is resented by Major NoDoz, military attache from the government of the Good Old Ones.

Minor characters are H'Ugar'te Soth, murderer and under-planet figure; F'R'I, leader of all black market transactions in Cthulablanca and owner of the Blue Soggoth Cafe, rival to Yog's; Captain R'eyNoth, temporal authority in the refugee world, and S'am Zann, Nibbian violinist at R'ick's cafe.

All that remains of Moamrath's film are the following tantalizing fragments and a general outline—and one bizarre photograph. I have provided no transitional material or anything else. Everything is just as Moamrath wrote it.

\* \* \*

## C'THU'LABLanca

(F'R'I has come into R'ick's place. F'R'I is a huge corpulent god with many more ten-

\*Ellipsis mine. Moamrath's description goes on for six more closely written pages which become very repetitive.

tacles than one would think necessary to inspire fear and worship.)

F'R'I:

Nyhe-nyhe, R'ick. I want to buy S'am.

R'ICK:

I don't buy and sell the souls of people, F'R'I.

F'R'I:

You should. Mad Arabs are Ct'hulablanca's greatest commodity. Nyhe-nyhe.

\* \* \*

(H'ugar'te comes into R'ick's. He is a thin dry god with a protruding eye. He opens his avuncular fold to reveal shiny objects to the owner of the cafe.)

H'UGAR'TE:

Do you know what these are, R'ick? Trapezohedrons. Trapezohedrons of transit. Free passage to any dimension, cannot be questioned or rescinded. Not even Blazazoth himself can deny them.

\* \* \*

(A few moments later, Captain R'eyNoth's men drag H'Ugar'te away after he has hidden the trapezohedrons in S'am's violin case. Someone mentions that they hope R'ick will protect them should the Good Old Ones ever come for them.)

R'ICK:

I stick my hexapodia out for nobody.

\* \* \*

(R'ick and Captain R'eyNoth sit outside the cafe. R'eyNoth is speculating why R'ick can't return to Fuggoth, why he has come to Cthul'a'blanca.)

R'ICK:

I came to Cthulablanca for the horticulture.

R'EYNOTH:

Horticulture? There's no horticulture here. We're outside the dimensions of the space and time plenum!

R'ICK:

I know. I found you could lead a horticulture, but you couldn't make her take root.

\* \* \*

(Yog's, later the same millenia after R'ick has seen P'lsa for the first time since they were banished from R'ealYeah on Earth. S'am comes in.)

S'AM:

Ain't you gonna sleep, boss?

R'ICK:

Nah! (looks to chronosphere) What time is it in R'ealYeah? I bet it's the Pleistocene in R'ealYeah. I bet they're all asleep.



This photograph was also found among the few remaining scraps of Moamrath's sojourn in Hollywood. From the notations on the back (most of which have been eaten away by mildew) the photograph seems to be part of a series of makeup tests Moamrath made for his projected film CTH'ULUBLANCA in Mayor Hardy's portrait studio. The notes also seem to suggest that he persuaded Mayor Hardy's daughter Laurel Ann and a Burpee Seed salesman stranded in Hollywood with a broken crankshaft to pose for him. No indication is made of the subject of the other photographs.

S'AM:

Well, I ain't sleepy either. (Begins to play screeching howls on his violin which shriek to the nether regions of interdimensional space.)

R'ICK:

What's that you're playing?

S'AM:

Just a little somethin' of my own.

R'ICK:

You know what I want to hear. (Takes drink of cod-liver oil.) I want maddening pipings from the dim recesses of pelagic time. If she can take it, so can I. Play it, S'am. Play, "As Aeons Go By."

S'AM:

(begins to play, singing under his breath) Pn'nguili mgl'wnashk F'nglooie

P'u gngah'nagl Fhtghngnn,

I sing it with a sigh

On the dead you can't rely.

And with weird time even death may die,  
As aeons go by.

Hearts full of worship,  
N'Glalal sets the date,

Bats got to swim,

Blazazoth must have a mate,

Oh that you can't deny.

When stars move into place

Set table and say grace

The meat is gonna fly.

When the islands rise,

The Good Ones we'll despise.

With weird time even death may die,

As aeons go by.

(R'ick's eyes brim over. He buries his head in his tentacles.)

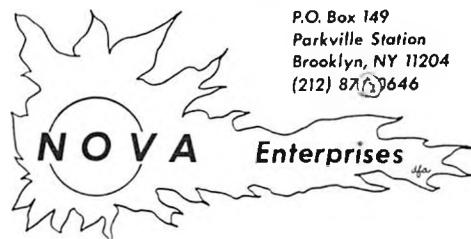
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*(Ilsa has come to explain to R'ick why she abandoned him in R'ealYeah when the Good Old Ones took over. R'ick interrupts.)*

R'ICK:

Is it a good story? Does it have a zowie finish. I remember a story. A god, standing on the C'chu-C'chu platform with a comical look on his mandibles because his thorax has just been kicked in.

I'LSA:

R'ick, I...

\* \* \*

*(Go to the next scene with one of those things where you just see another picture right through the first one. We are at the gate of transit to other dimensions. A huge coleopterous bug sits in the background while R'ick, Ilsa, Lathotep, R'eyNoth and others move in the foreground, slowly and sluggishly. A glistening ammonia fog drifts slowly over the bugport. Two aphidious creatures in uniforms feed the coleopt raw meat of a disturbingly familiar texture. Lathotep goes toward them. R'ick turns to Ilsa.)*

R'ICK:

You're going to get on that beetle!

I'LSA:

But, R'ick...

R'ICK:

You're going with him. You're part of the things that keep him going. What I'm going to start, you can't be part of. It's easy to see the problems of three gods don't amount to a Hill of Dreams in a crazy non-Euclidian universe like this...

I'LSA:

I said I'd never leave you...

R'ICK:

You won't. We lost it in R'ealYeah, but we got it back last aeon. We'll always have that.

*(Lathotep comes back through ammonia fog. Sound: BYYEEEHHHH!! Beetle's left wing begins to flap. Ilsa looks at R'ick, R'ick looks at Ilsa, Lathotep at both. Sound: BYYEEEHHHH!! Beetle's right wing begins to flap.)*

R'ICK:

*(to Lathotep)*

Last millenia, your wife came to me. She tried everything to get those trapezohedrons from me, pretending she still loved me. I let her pretend. She said she'd do anything to get them. Anthing!

LATHOTEP:

And you let her pretend? A god of your stature?

R'ICK:

It was a lot of fun. Anyway, here are the

trapezohedrons. Sealed in your names. Mister and Mrs. Nigel R. Lathotep.

LATHOTEP:

Next time, I'm sure our side will win.

\* \* \*

*(R'eyNoth and R'ick stand in the fog. R'ick is holding a smoking suggoth-prod in his hand. Major NoDoz' uniform lies crumpled on the bugport runway. R'eyNoth's men arrive.)*

R'EYNOTH:

Major NoDoz has been transmogrified.  
*(pause)*

Round up the most loathesomely unusual suspects.

*(The men leave.)*

I think we should go to the Free Bad Ones garrison in the Plateau of S'ing, among the C'chu-C'chu people.

*(Sound of beetle flying away into interstitial space overhead. They watch it go.)*

And the suggoths you owe me should just about pay our expenses.

R'ICK:

Our expenses? Fnglooic, this could be the start of a beautiful pantheon.

\* \* \*

Thanks to Moamrath scholars Joe Pumilia and Ray Files for technical assistance. □

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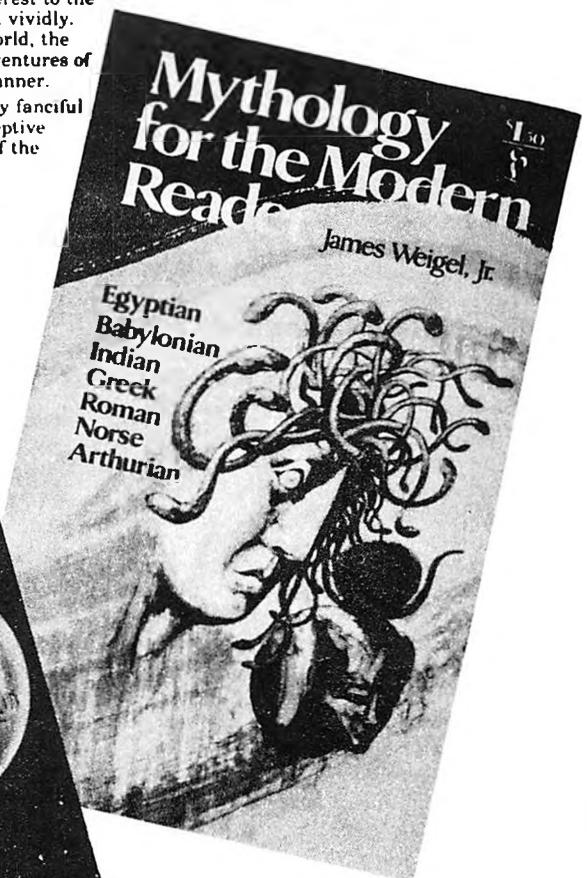
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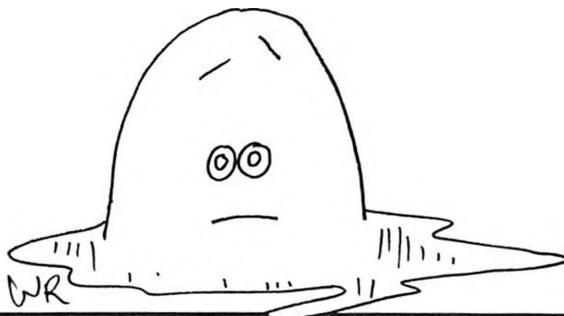
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# RICHARD A. LUPOFF:

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# REJECTION WITHOUT DEJECTION

---

## or what to do when the editor of your dreams says no!

---

There's hardly a science fiction fan, I suppose, who hasn't at least toyed with the notion of writing the stuff. Some of us actually get as far as completing a story or two, send them out to our favorite magazine editors or anthologists, and then—alas, all thinking!—we get back rejection slips.

Sometimes they're personal notes, warm and friendly as a Venerian swamp-pup's kiss. Sometimes they're formal printed sheets, frigid as Pluto's backside. But they all come down to the same one-word essence: *No*. The story didn't make it.

Some writers, upon receipt of a rejection slip, stick the blighted manuscript away in a drawer (or a garbage bin) and that ends the matter; others send it to an alternate market. And some would-be professionals, when a

story misses the mark, decide that since it contains their all, there is little point in trying to write more; others regard rejection as a spur to new effort.

Two questions are implicit in this whole matter. One is, How many rejection slips must a manuscript draw before you decide that it's a hopeless botch and abandon the story? The other is, How many failed stories before you decide that you just aren't going to make it writing fiction, and go back to selling hardware or whatever your mundane occupation is?

Not everybody has to contend with these problems, of course. If you're either incredibly good or incredibly lucky, you may start selling with your first submission and never see the business end of a rejection slip in your career. Both Fred Pohl and Robert A.

THE ANSWER IS



BOSTON IN 1980

Heinlein got started that way, curiously enough as a result of a single incident.

As Pohl tells the story, that grand old pulp magazine *Thrilling Wonder Stories* ran a story-writing contest for its readers, and Pohl wrote up a story and sent it in. Heinlein, also an aspiring sf writer at the time, wrote a story for the same contest. But before he could get his manuscript into the mail, Heinlein found out that another magazine—*Astounding*—paid word rates that would bring him more money for his work, even as a straight sale, than *Thrilling Wonder Stories* would pay for it as a contest winner.

So Heinlein sent his story to *Astounding* and sold it, and his career was launched. And Pohl sent his story to *Thrilling Wonder Stories* and won the contest and his career was launched.

But you can't count on that kind of good fortune, I'm afraid, and if you do start sending out manuscripts and getting back rejections, you are going to have to deal with the two questions I asked above. What are the answers? I'll give you a couple of anecdotes now, to provide you with answers, and at the end of this piece I'll tell you some of my own experiences that I think will bear out my thesis.

At the World Science Fiction Convention in Washington, D. C., in 1963, Doc Smith told me the story of the rejections of his first novel, *The Skylark of Space*. Doc had worked on the novel, on and off, between 1915 and 1919. When it was finished he sent it off to one of the pulp magazines of the day—and it was rejected. He sent it out again—and it was rejected again.

*The Skylark of Space* was rejected by *Argosy*, *Blue Book*, *New Story*. It was rejected by slick magazines. It was rejected by book publishers. Year after year Doc kept sending it out and it kept coming back—rejected. This went on for nine years before Hugo Gernsback finally bought *The Skylark of Space* for *Amazing Stories*, a magazine that hadn't even existed when the book first came on the market. Doc told me in 1963 that *The Skylark of Space* had been rejected over 50 times. He'd actually made a scrap-book of his rejection slips!

But once the novel sold, Doc went on to a brilliant career as the greatest space-opera writer of all time. And as for the *Skylark* itself, it went on in time to no fewer than four hardcover editions and innumerable paperback printings, and is still in print today, nearly 60 years after it was written!

So I ask you, how many rejection slips does it take to prove that a story is hopelessly bad?

Ray Bradbury, the first pulp sf writer to be accepted by general "establishment" literary circles (and whom we all owe a debt for opening the way) tells the story of his own early career. As a youngster he wanted desperately to become a writer, and kept producing short stories and sending them to the pulps. His first hundred stories all failed. Then he got back an acceptance! He'd made it! He was a professional writer!

Fired up with enthusiasm he vowed to write a story a week for the next year and send them all off to the magazines. He lived

up to his resolve, actually produced and marketed the 52 stories, and actually sold—three of them.

But Bradbury in his way, like Doc Smith in his, persevered. And that perseverance led to *The Martian Chronicles* and the screenplay for *Moby Dick*, to *Dandelion Wine* and *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and *Zen and the Art of Writing*...

I ask you, how many failed stories does it take to make a failed writer?

In dealing with editors it doesn't hurt to understand whom you're dealing with. They used to tell us in the army, *Know your enemy*. And while I wouldn't want to think of the editor as the writer's enemy, there is a certain strange compound of opposition and cooperation, enmity and friendship—even love and hate—between the two.

Many of the veterans of the Campbell era of *Astounding* tell incredible stories, funny, sad and profound of sitting around a bottle late at night, dissecting the latest *Astounding* editorial, and planning how to "push Johnnie's buttons." A classic fan cartoon of the day shows Campbell himself lecturing his stable of writers, saying "Does everybody have that straight—Dean Drive and Hieronymous Machines are *out*... we're going over to a straight Flat Earth Theory!"

Of course, clay feet and all, Campbell deserves credit for his great contribution to the field, particularly for the writers he discovered, encouraged, and guided. But an earlier and too-often overlooked editor accumulated similar achievements, and deserves a lot more credit than he has got to date. I'm talking about "Farnie" Wright.

Farnsworth Wright was the great, classic editor of *Weird Tales*, taking control of the magazine in 1924, a year after its founding, and running it until his own (Wright's) death some fifteen years later. As Campbell is credited with bringing along such writers as Heinlein, van Vogt, Blish, Asimov, de Camp, Hubbard and Silverberg, Wright sponsored a similar and even longer list during his editorship at *Weird Tales*.

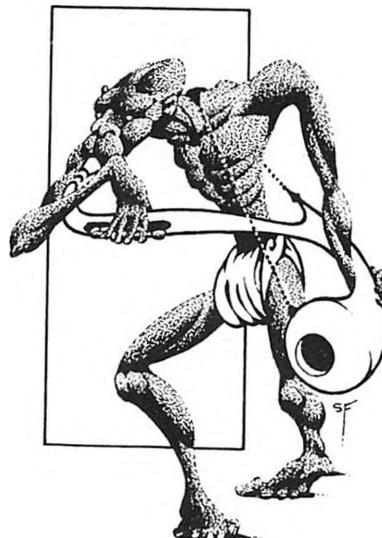
Wright either discovered or heavily influenced such writers as Lovecraft, Howard, Clark Ashton Smith, these three being the great *Weird Tales* triumvirate—plus such others as Frank Belknap Long, Henry S. Whitehead, Henry Kuttner, Catherine Moore, E. Hoffman Price, Vincent Starrett, Seabury Quinn, Otis Kline, Jack Williamson, Edmond Hamilton, and the immortal Robert Bloch (who went on, in later years, to create the unforgettable Lefty Feep).

And bear in mind this difference. Campbell operated throughout his career with the highest editorial budget and one of the strongest, most stable publishers in the pulp industry. Wright operated with one of the lowest budgets in the field and the "backing"—such as it was—of one of the weakest and least stable publishers around. In this regard, Farnsworth Wright was the Doc Lowndes or the Ted White of the 1920s and '30s.

But genius that he was, even Farnsworth Wright had his little foibles. (Perhaps geniuses are more apt to have foibles than ordinary mortals are. At least that's a comforting thought.) Wright's prime quirk was his ex-

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△△△△△	Harry Stubbs	△△△△△
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# FOLIO

# COLLABORATION

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# COLLABORATION

treme literary conservatism. If you sent him a story that contained any innovative concept, plot device or stylistic variation, you can be pretty sure that you'd get back your manuscript with a rejection.

But the *Weird Tales* regulars also learned how to "push Farnie's buttons." An author who got back a story from Wright would simply hold it for six months, then send it in again with a note reading "Here is that story again, with the changes you suggested. Your comments were well taken and I am certain you will agree that it is much improved in the revised version."

And more often than not, Wright would buy the story—which hadn't been changed at all, and which he hadn't even asked its author to change! Wright was a trifle absent-minded, and seeing the same manuscript again, he would find the innovations no longer so unfamiliar, and he could consequently judge the story on its own merits.

I've often wondered if any of the old *Weird Tales* crew ever proceeded to the next logical level of sending in their stories the first time with that magical note attached! Or did they all play fair with Farnie and let him see everything twice?

Yes, our classic editors like Farnsworth Wright and John Campbell had their little quirks. But our editors today are not that different from their ancestors. I promised you a couple of personal anecdotes. Here's a brief one.

In 1973 I wrote a little yarn called "Whatever Happened to Nick Neptune?" I sent it to David Gerrold for an anthology he was editing, and he sent me back a glowing letter telling me how much he *loved* the story—and rejecting it! He suggested that I offer it to Ed Ferman for *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. But, David said, if *F&SF* didn't take the story, would I please send it back to him because he might change his mind and buy it.

All of that became moot. Ed Ferman bought it with enthusiasm, it ran in *F&SF* in 1974, picked up a Nebula recommendation from Bill Tuning and made Honorable Mention on Richard Delap's "Best Magazine Stories: 1974."

Does an established writer ever stop getting rejection slips?

I can't speak for all of my colleagues, of course, but several of them have mentioned getting rejections, and I think that's all for the best. Any time you get so big that no editor dares reject your work, you lose that invaluable objective judgement on your stories, and their quality often declines. Besides, if you're an ambitious writer you don't want "to be published" after a while. That may suffice at first, but soon you should start raising your sights, trying to reach markets that offer greater rewards in pay or prestige (or both) than just "being published." The higher you shoot, the tougher the competition becomes—but don't let that distress you, be-

cause you can always remarket a rejected story to a lesser publication. A lot of the stories you see in the lesser magazines or anthologies are rejects from the slick general magazines and/or the top-paying magazines and anthologies within the science fiction field.

This kind of salvage-marketing benefits both the magazine and the author. The magazine gets a bigger name and presumably better material than it could normally afford, and the author gets at least *some* money and the promotional value of having his story published, even though not in the market of his choice.

Besides, there's always the precedent of Doc Smith and *The Skylark of Space* to hark back to. For me, the lesson of that story is that an author with faith in his manuscript may just be right, and an editor—even a long series of editors—who disagree with the author, may just be wrong. Illustrious authors outside the science fiction field as well as within it, have had to cope with rejection slips. Marcel Proust never could find a regular publisher who would take his stuff, and finally went to a vanity press just to get it in print. J. D. Salinger got *Catcher in the Rye* back once or twice before he sold it. And my near-neighbor, Ann Rice, told me that her million-dollar book *Interview with the Vampire* was bounced from offices all up and down Publisher's Row before her agent finally landed it on the right desk at the right publisher.

Through all of this, you've doubtless noticed, I have coyly avoided telling about my rejection slips, except for the little "Nick Neptune" incident. Well, the fact is that most of my books and most of my short stories have been rejected at least once, many of them several times, before selling. Yet, almost all of them do sell. I've sold fourteen books out of the fifteen I've written (counting non-fiction), and that fifteenth is still out there trying and I expect that sooner or later it will find a home. I've lost track of all my short stories, novellas, and novellas, but I think that I've written about forty or forty-five of the things since I started selling fiction in 1967, and about forty have sold. A couple more are very recent and still out on submission, and only two or three proved total flops.

And even those, I may someday pull out of my trunk and refurbish with a rewrite, and they may yet find a market.

My favorite rejection story, though, concerns a book of mine called *Sword of the Demon*. It's an unusual, surrealistic fantasy, and unconventional works are always the hardest to market despite editors' claims to the contrary. I started work on *Sword of the Demon* in the summer of 1971, and it took me a year and a half to develop the concept into a full-blown proposal. The fantasy background is early Japan, and my viewpoint character flashes through much of time and space, witnessing such events as the arrival of Admiral Perry, the bombing of Hiroshima, and so on.

I sent the proposal (a fragment of the novel and an outline of the remainder) to my agent, Henry Morrison, during Christmas

Week of 1972. He sent me back the following letter:

Thanks for yours of the 19th and for *Sword of the Demon*. I think the material so far is first-rate and I hope I can get you a crazy contract somewhere fast. I want to try Harper & Row, and that's going to take a few weeks, but I think it's worth the gamble of time.

For some reason (my file seems to be incomplete) Morrison apparently didn't send the book to Harper, but to Random House instead. Random House held the proposal until April 16, 1973, then sent it back with the following letter:

Thanks for letting me see *Sword of the Demon* by Richard A. Lupoff. I'm sorry to confess that this is the kind of science fiction that is completely mysterious to me. Some other editor will surely understand it, since you obviously do. Congratulations.

At this point I ran into an editor from a local West Coast publishing house and after a conversation I mailed him a spare copy of my *Sword of the Demon* proposal, plus a proposal for another novel called *Fool's Hill*. On May 11 that editor wrote me:

Enclosed are your synopses. I thank you for sending them to me to read. I enjoyed reading them very much particularly *Sword of the Demon*. Unfortunately neither one of them fit into what we are doing presently.

*Fool's Hill* sold shortly after that to Dell, who published it under the name *The Crack in the Sky*, but *Sword of the Demon* kept up its lonely trek. Morrison sent his copy to Ballantine Books. It came back on May 15 with this letter:

Herewith Dick Lupoff's outline and chapters for *Sword of the Demon*. It's not for us, but thanks for the look.

Next stop, Doubleday & Company, Inc. June 27, 1973:

I'm sorry I don't think *Sword of the Demon* would be good for us. To begin with, it's awfully erotic and not the kind of thing which can or should be changed. Thanks for letting me see this.

New American Library, Inc. August 16, 1973:

Thanks for letting us see *TITLETITLE* by Author X and *Sword of a Demon* [sic] by Richard Lupoff. To be honest, I'm not that crazy about the Lupoff, though he has done some nice things in the past, and I'd rather not get involved with Author X books at all at this time. I'm returning the outlines herewith.

Fawcett Gold Medal books, August 17,

1973 (there were a few copies around by now, and the rejections were coming thick and fast):

We're glad we don't hurt your and Lupoff's feelings when we return his things, because here comes *Sword of the Demon*. He writes strongly and vividly, but we think this is too formless and abstract for us. It's outside mainstream, which is what we're principally interested in. Sorry.

Next batter up was an editor at Avon Books. He held the proposal until November 19th, then sent it back to Morrison with a longish letter, one of those warm, friendly rejection slips I spoke of a few pages back. It still meant one thing: No.

Thanks for sending me Richard Lupoff's portion and outline for *Sword of the Demon*.

I unfortunately read the material the night after I saw the Red Buddah production of *The Man From The East*, which dealt precisely with the holocaust theme of *Sword of the Demon*. I muttered to my companion at the theater, "If I ever see a Japanese bombing work again, I'll vomit."

Of course, Lupoff is too good a writer for such a response from me. Historically, though, your manuscript arrived at the wrong moment for me, and I'm obliged to return it.

Warm and friendly, despite his threat to vomit. It still meant No.

There's a five-month gap in my file after that. Maybe I've misplaced some correspondence, possibly including some more rejection slips. But the next letter, dated April 10, 1974, came from the Nash Publishing Corporation, a Los Angeles firm where I'd sent my copy of the proposal.

We are terribly sorry to have kept you waiting for a response in reference to the publication of the enclosed manuscript. Although the Editorial Board was enthused at the outset, they now feel that Science Fiction is not suited to our list at this time. We thank you for showing us your book and for being so patient.

Warm. Friendly. No.

I don't know what happened next, because there's another gap, this time of almost six months, in my file. Maybe I was getting angry and throwing my rejections away instead of filing them, by then. I do recall that there were some phone calls, some moments of suspense, some discussion of changing the name of the book. But the next letter in my file is from Victoria Schochet, science fiction editor at Harper & Row. So the book had finally made its way there after all. The letter:

Yes, Henry did send *Gone with the Wind*. I don't much like the title and would like to change it to something like

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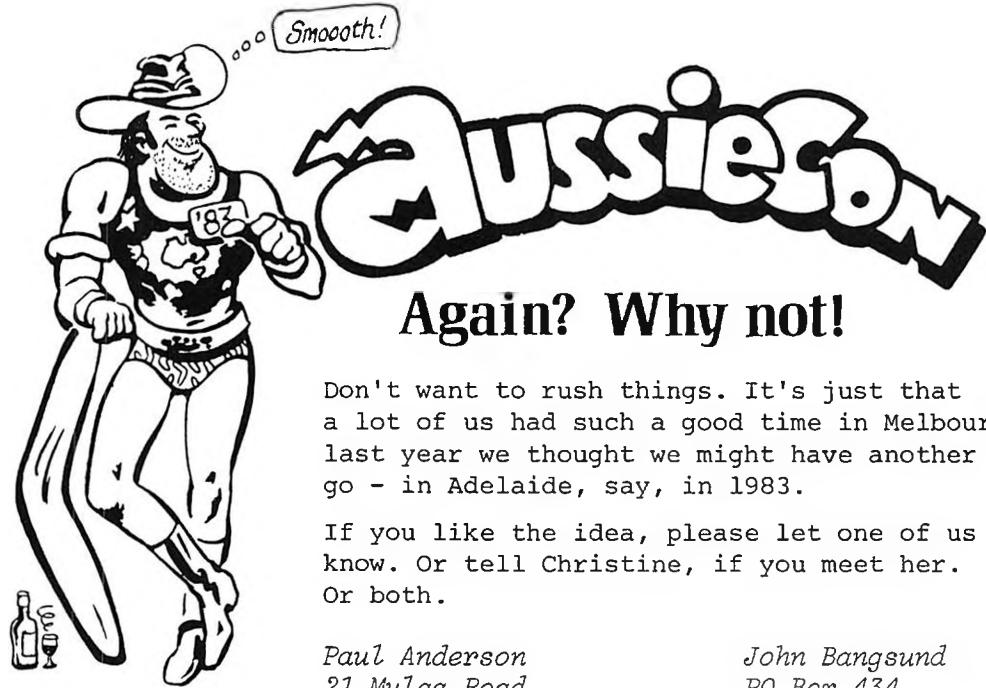
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Don't want to rush things. It's just that a lot of us had such a good time in Melbourne last year we thought we might have another go - in Adelaide, say, in 1983.

If you like the idea, please let one of us know. Or tell Christine, if you meet her. Or both.

*Paul Anderson  
21 Mulga Road  
Hawthorndene  
SA 5051 Australia*

*John Bangsund  
PO Box 434  
Norwood  
SA 5067 Australia*

## Adelaide in '83?

*Sword of the Demon*, but we'll worry about that later. I also decided to request permission to buy it. I must be crazy. I do not know if I will be able to, though, so don't throw that party yet. Things here economically speaking are abominable—I have put through a request for permission to buy 5 books (I tend to buy books on semi-annual binges), and got a big written harangue about return on investment, what's already in the works, etc. I have to go fight it out now. I'll keep in touch with Henry about it.

Talk about suspense. Then, December 2, 1974, letter from Victoria Schochet to Henry Morrison:

Here is Dick Lupoff's contract—all acceptable and correct, I hope.

But then, on January 6, a letter from Vicki Schochet to "Dear Friends and Associates," announcing that she is leaving Harper & Row and that her projects are being taken over by her erstwhile boss, M. S. Wyeth, Jr. (He's vice president and editor-in-chief; no more pimply-faced kid with the rickety desk next to the broom closet!) Scribbled on the bottom of my letter: "How's *Bridge Over the River Kwai* coming along?"

I was busy with other projects during the spring of 1975, but I spent most of the summer researching (or re-researching) *Sword of the Demon*. Wrote it and rewrote it that win-

ter, and mailed it in to Harper & Row in February, 1976.

More suspense!

On March 16, 1976, I had a letter from M. S. Wyeth, Jr. Even before I opened it I felt good—if it had contained my manuscript and a rejection slip it would have had to be much bigger than it was. But—I'd been four months late in delivering the novel; Wyeth would have been well within his rights to say he was too busy to read it now and would let me know when he got around to it. Instead, he wrote:

Several of us have now read *Sword of the Demon*, and I'm delighted to tell you we found it well worth the wait for the final revised manuscript. It's a superb fantasy and the characters and creatures are interesting and sensitively drawn. I've requested the final portion of the advance due on acceptance and will send it along very shortly.

We would like to publish in January or February of next year. The manuscript will be sent to copyediting right away, and I will keep you posted about dates for reading proofs.

It will be a pleasure to add your novel to the Harper list.

Congratulations.

Who was right—all the editors who put thumbs down on *Sword of the Demon*, or my agent for having the faith to keep it on the market, and Vicki Schochet for having

the courage to try an unusual book, and M. S. Wyeth for accepting the final manuscript?

I keep thinking of Doc Smith and those fifty-plus editors who turned down *The Skylark of Space*—and Hugo Gernsback who had the vision to take a chance on the book that became a classic. And I think, also, of Roger Zelazny's novel *Lord of Light*, in which Zelazny turned his back on the usual Graeco-Roman, Norse-Germanic, Irish-Welsh fantasy sagas, and went to Hindu culture for his images. What courage it must have taken to do that! And what courage it must have taken for his publisher to run with the novel!

Of course it won a Hugo, made Zelazny's name and career, and has been in print ever since.

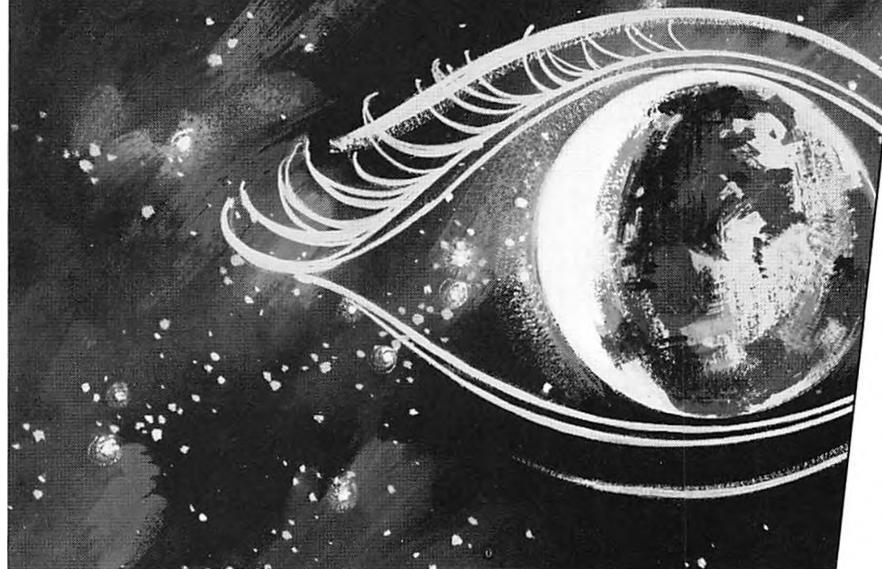
Will *Sword of the Demon* do as well? Neither my faith in it, nor Henry Morrison's—nor Victoria Schochet's and M. S. Wyeth's—will determine that. The readers will determine that.

But if you're contemplating becoming a writer, and if you're afraid of getting rejection slips—or if you've already got one or even a drawer-full—I hope you'll think about...

...Doc Smith and *The Skylark of Space*,  
...Ray Bradbury and his hundred flops,  
...Marcel Proust and his vanity books,  
...J. D. Salinger and *The Catcher in the Rye*,

...And my own *Sword of the Demon*. Is a rejection slip the end of hope? Sometimes, it's just the place you start from!

*When your mind wanders,  
where does it go?*



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Unfortunately we can't be with you in Kansas this year (though watch out for us in Orlando!), but we hope you enjoy the convention, and that when you have recovered sufficiently you will read this ad and decide to give your support to a really international Worldcon in 1979. Come to Britain — the country that gave you H.G. Wells, Monty Python, whisky, the Beatles, Mike Glicksohn, Boris Karloff, and a Bicentennial to celebrate!

After much consideration, the Seacon '79 bidding committee have selected Brighton as the convention site. Brighton is a seaside resort, first popularised by George IV when he was Prince Regent. (Indeed, it was in Brighton, in the 18th Century, that sea bathing first regained real popularity, after a long period when it was considered immoral.)

Through the Prince Regent's patronage, Brighton became the capital of fashionable Regency society, and much of the elegant architecture of that period survives — notably, of course, the Royal Pavilion, which has been described as Britain's most instantly-recognisable building. It's too small to hold a Seventies Worldcon, unfortunately, but we can and will use it to hold the Georgette Heyer Tea, at least.

Brighton has its modern side too, particularly the brand-new Conference Centre we will be using — possibly the most advanced building of its kind in Europe, with every imaginable facility. Its lounge looks out directly on to the English Channel, and it is flanked by luxurious hotels offering all the accommodation we may need.

Brighton is easily accessible by all forms of transport. One of the reasons for its popularity with George IV was that with a coach and horses he could make the journey from London in just 4½ hours. In fact, the record for running the distance is only 5½ hours, and that was accomplished by a 45-year-old man. Not that we expect you to have to make it on foot. The international airport at Gatwick — with direct flights from New York, Los Angeles, and other cities — is only 20 miles away, with direct road and rail links; and frequent trains from London make the journey comfortably in less than an hour.

The bidding committee for the British worldcon now comprises 6 people, with wide combined experience and knowledge of science fiction, fandom, and conventions: Peter Weston (Chairman), Malcolm Edwards, Rob Jackson, Leroy Kettle (Secretary), Peter Roberts and John Steward (Treasurer).

Between us we have a wealth of ideas (backed up by practical experience) about the convention we want to put on. This will be a very special occasion for us, and we intend to ensure that it is equally special for you. Over 600 people have already shown their support for us by sending a dollar for pre-supporting membership. Why don't you join them? (Let's face it: the way the exchange rate is going, by 1979 coming to Britain could well be cheaper than staying at home in bed.)

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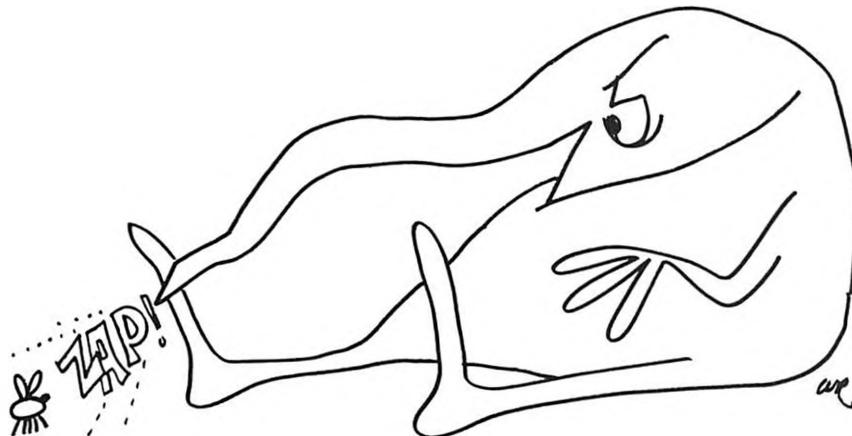
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# I REMEMBER DISCON II

(Confessions of a first-timer)

## BY THOMAS F. MONTELEONE

This is supposed to be a personal memoir of my days and nights at the last U.S. World Science Fiction Convention held in Washington, D.C. in 1974. But before I get into all that, I think it would be appropriate to explain a few things that may add a dimension or two to my impressions of that monster at the D.C. Sheraton.

In terms of fan-activity and all that attends it, I think I am relatively new to the whole game. I am one of those rare creatures who never heard of Fandom before I began writing and selling science fiction. I grew up in a small town outside of Baltimore, Maryland (a town which, by the way, has long since been swallowed up by the urban sprawl of that creaking port city) in which there was one book store that carried any science fiction (mostly Ballantine paperbacks), and one newsstand which carried *none* of the sf mag-

azines. My introduction to sf came to me from my father, who had grown up in Brooklyn reading the old *Astoundings*, *Amazings*, and *Wonder Stories* of the Thirties, and who always let me stay up late to watch sf movies —like *Things to Come*, *The Invisible Man*, *Frankenstein*, and other oldies of that persuasion. My father started buying me Winston juvenile sf novels when I was around nine years old, and I guess that's what set me off.

After that, I discovered the Ballantine paperbacks at my town's only bookstore and I started reading them instead of my school books. I used to hit that bookstore each week to see if any new titles had come in and I would bug my parents for the 35 or 50c it cost to get a few title.

I kept reading all the sf I could find through high school and into college, although my course work cut considerably

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into my leisure reading time—especially since I had acquired this strange inclination to draft beer and long-legged ladies at just about that time. But in all that time, I had never read many of the magazines or even had an inkling that fandom existed. Can you imagine? I thought everybody who liked sf all around the country was just like me: handsome, well-adjusted, talented, intelligent, and things like that.

Well, I learned...eventually.

After I started writing seriously—sending out stories and gathering up the rejection slips, learning, and generally paying my dues—I started to wonder what those “cons” were that used to appear in *If's* “SF Calendar” and one magical evening while I was listening to a local FM station, I heard one of the announcers say that he was going to check out a science fiction convention that was being held that night at the Sheraton Hotel in downtown Washington. The event was called a “Disclave” and the year was 1971.

It was at that '71 Disclave—my first convention—that I was introduced to fandom. Most of the people there (about 400 in attendance) were young, kind of freaky (in the old hippy sense of the word), bearded, and very clique-oriented. I noticed several other groups that did not fit this general description. There were, as a friend of mine calls them, many “pear-shaped people” who wore glasses, had everlasting acne even unto mid-

dle-age, short hair, pants with pleats and glazed-looking seats, those little leather things that you put on your belt to hold your keys, white shirt with fly-away collars, mu-mus that looked like someone's Coleman tent in the process of collapsing, and looking considerably older than the bearded, just-past-adolescence set. There was another group that fancies oddball clothing which approximated early medieval sharecropper, replete with cumbersome, ungainly World War I Dress Swords, chain mail, medallions, pendants, talismans, and buttons with clever sayings and cartoons on them.

In short, there were very few people there like myself.

I wandered about through the party suite for a few hours listening to snippets of conversation here and there, but engaging in very little myself. Every so often, someone would come up to me, staring past my eyes until the last instant, then craning their head forward to read my name-tag, wincing at the many possibilities for pronunciation, shrugging at the utter unfamiliarity of it, and then walking away as if I were some rare botanical specimen sealed behind a glass barrier. Well, this didn't make me feel so good; little did I realize that fans would be doing this for many years to come.

Eventually, I went down to the comforting darkness of the ballroom where sf movies were being shown and I spent the night drinking warm beer and watching *This Island*

*Earth and The Day The Earth Stood Still* for the 8th and 9th times respectively. When I came home late that night, Natalie asked me how it went, and I was tempted to tell her that there had been a great lecture hall filled with serious-looking people in blue serge suits quietly applauding an unending stream of speakers who had been presenting papers on the state of the literary art in the science fiction genre.

But I didn't, and the truth made me feel like shit.

Still, I went back the next day, managed to meet a few people, and finally met some writers at the party that night, and felt very impressed and inspired to continue writing and trying to crack the world of science fiction. I liked the damned convention in spite of the frequent feelings of loneliness and Outsider-ness, and I vowed that someday, plenty of people would know me and would enjoy my company at the goings-ons.

I continued to submit stories, sold a few, continued to go to conventions, enjoyed a few, and kept learning. Years passed and I never managed to attend a worldcon: many reasons cropped up—lack of money, to great a distance to travel, lack of interest, etc.

And then came DisCon II in 1974. How could I avoid this one? It was being held about 15 miles away from my house in nearby Maryland, and there were many friends who were planning to be there. In fact, a very close friend and fellow-writer, C. L. (Charlie) Grant, drove down with his wife Debbie to stay at my place during the entire convention weekend.

It has been a few years now since everything happened and since I did not keep a diary of the events (and since I did not know I would someday be called upon to tell such a tale as this), I cannot tell my experiences in anything approaching the chronological. All my recollections from that furious weekend seem to be scattered about in a timeless swirl that refuses to be ordered.

And so... I remember:

Coming out of an elevator leading into the lobby and almost smashing head-on into a short, bespectacled young person with long, curly, yet somehow slick-looking black hair. I glanced down at the nametag and recognized George R. R. Martin, who had recently written me about appearing in an anthology he was doing for Macmillan. “Hey, you're George Martin!” I cried, and he looked at me like I was indeed a jerk. Then he looked at my nametag and said, “Oh, Tom...so you're Tom.” And then we shook hands, walked along and talked over things that I have long since forgotten. The upshot was that George and I have since become friends and keep in infrequent touch, always managing to find a little time at conventions to talk and exchange ideas.

Walking into the program room (actually an amphitheater describes it more aptly) to see Harlan Ellison standing on a thing that looked like those platforms that high school bandleaders climb upon to lead the marchers at halftime, and surrounded by an ocean of perspiring bodies. Harlan held a microphone through which he hurled one-liner insults across the ballroom to Isaac Asimov, who

was far across the other end at a small podium on the front-stage. There were perhaps 1200 people crowded and seething about, laughing and gasping and yelling at the verbal interchange that was taking place. It was, in a word, incredible: two grown men—two famous grown men—acting like complete assholes on a grade-school playground, and the crowd loved it. I admit, even I loved it, although I was a bit taken aback by the sheer spectacle, the *bravado* of the program "item." I looked about and saw every manner of face and attire. This was no ordinary convention. There were young people, college students, mothers and their children in tow, NASA-types, even men in blue serge suits. How they handled the Ellison/Asimov Insultathon was beyond me. My wife, Natalie, was simply amazed.

Meeting Kirby McCauley, my agent, at a party and having him tell me congratulations for making the final ballot for the John W. Campbell Award (for best new writer of 1973) and then giving me the elbow and a knowing glance to whisper: "I've heard rumors that it's between you and Spider (Robinson). Good luck." After I had heard that, I was quite shaken. It was odd; being on the Hugo/Other Awards ballot was a nice honor and all that, but I had given little thought to actually winning. Now, after Kirby had clued me so furtively, I started getting uncontrollably self-conscious. Every time someone new would congratulate me or remark something like: "Say, aren't you one of the guys on the Campbell ballot?" my stomach would turn over a few times.

Walking into the "Meet-the-Authors" cocktail party and getting a straw hat (to identify me as an AUTHOR) and some free drink coupons, along with Grant Carrington. As Grant and I elbowed our way through the crowd, I watched people by the hundreds read my nametag, shrug and walk away. It got so that when someone did recognize my name or actually ask for an autograph that I would have to pause, smile and tell the person how much I enjoyed his attention. At one point, Andy Offut (or as he would prefer it: andy offut) stood upon a small platform and one by one called up all the authors present so that everyone at the party could see which authors were present. When it came my turn, andy looked at me and said: "So you're Tom Monteleone... and here I was thinking all along that you were some old fart." Thanks, andy, I'll always remember you for that.

Taking Natalie through the art show and beaming at the tremendous collections of fantastic painting, sculpture, and craftwork. Natalie is a bit of an art aficionado, but not much on sf, so when she was impressed with the show, I felt especially happy. I recall several times being tempted to blow \$100 or so on one of the fine astronomicals that was available, but realizing at the last moment each time that I was in no position to afford such a luxury. As much as Natalie liked the sf art, I knew she wouldn't like it \$100 worth.

Bringing our son Damon up to the Zelazny's suite to play with their son (and his friend), Devin. Then after leaving both sons

with a babysitter, stealing away with Roger and Judy to have a rare and much-appreciated quiet lunch across Connecticut Avenue away from the convention hotel at a fancy place called "Napoleon's." Judy was her bubbly, vivacious self; Roger quiet, witty and Socratean; Natalie thankful to be away from the fans for awhile, and me very hungry. For some reason, I remember Roger having rainbow trout that was spectacularly good.

Attending a party in the SFWA suite, listening to Jerry Pournelle and Poul Anderson tell travel stories at 130 decibels, trying to compete with a battalion of Scottish musicians in authentic kilts and armed with several tons of bagpipes. Natalie was dancing furiously with Frederik Pohl and Yuri Prizel, although none of them seemed to be doing anything particularly Scottish. There was much booze flowing and I had invited a friend of mine to the party who was not a member of the convention, but who wished to meet some of the writers. (I can tell this, too: I cheated a bit.) I gave my friend my son's nametag for the evening, which read "Damon Monteleone." And so at one point during the evening, my friend was getting another drink at the bar just as Bob Silverberg was doing likewise. Silverberg looked at my friend's nametag, puzzled it a bit, then said: "Say, you're not any relation to the other Monteleone, are you?" My friend, who was around 6'2", 220, thick curly hair and a dark full-face beard, looked at Silverberg and worried about blowing his cover. He paused, alcohol influencing his harried thoughts, and finally said, "Oh yeah, I'm his son."

Attending the World Premiere of Harlan Ellison's movie version of "A Boy and His Dog" with Natalie. There were perhaps 2,000 people in the main ballroom and Harlan was standing up on the front stage hyping the flick before it was shown. The projectionists had trouble with one of the big 35mm projectors—the sound was out of synch and terribly garbled—and the crowd surged restlessly as it waited for the film to finally begin. There were three or four false starts, each separated by Harlan climbing back up onto the stage to kill time and generally amuse the groundlings. Hours passed and still no movie and I was frankly amazed that very few people had left the huge room. I took it to be a tribute to Harlan's charisma and the loyalty of his fans that they were willing to put up with such delays in order to see his film. The World Premiere, by the way, never got off the ground that night, and was postponed until the next evening (which was successful). I eventually gravitated upwards into the maze of hotel corridors and hopped from party to party.

Sitting at the Hugo Awards banquet with Natalie, Charlie and Debbie Grant, Bill Watkins and his wife, Grant Carrington, and a little old lady with her nametag pinned to her hairnet. The menu featured filet mignon, which is probably my favorite fare, but I was so nervous that I barely tasted it. Before the awards were given out, andy offutt performed the toastmaster's functions with elaborate slowness and especially to me, it seemed like several eternities winding down. With each new offutt-joke, I grew more uncontrollably

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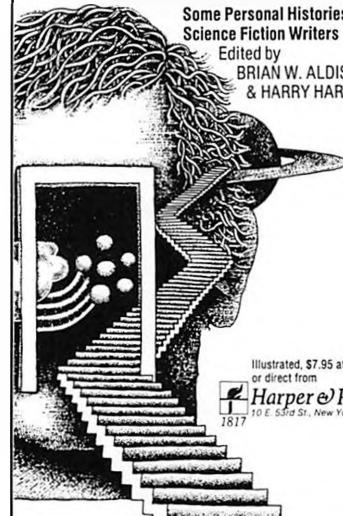
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tense. I could not eat or even swallow plain water. At one point I left the ballroom for the lavatories because I was *convinced* I was going to throw up everything. The feeling passed as I wavered over the john, and I lit a cigarette to steady myself. By the time I returned to our table, the feeling came back stronger than ever. But at that point offutt was preparing to introduce Roger Zelazny as the Guest of Honor, and I knew that the Awards were soon to follow. I wanted to leave the table again, but I was simply too wracked with nerves. Just then, Jay Kay Klein—Discon's official photographer—approached our table and laboriously set up a picture of Natalie and me. The strobe flashed and my mind reeled with the implications: Jay Kay knew in advance that I had won and was getting my picture for the program book. I cut another piece of steak, chewed it without tasting it, began to mentally compose my acceptance speech. When I had gotten through the sixth draft, offutt had begun the Awards presentations and the Gandalf Award had been given to someone but I hadn't been listening. John Campbell's widow had reached the podium and was preparing to announce the winner of the Campbell Award. She stumbled with the envelope and saliva solidified at the back of my throat; she looked at the card saying, "and the winner is...oh my dear!...it's a tie!" Mrs. Campbell paused for a moment and I thought of what my agent had said about it being very close between Spider Robinson and myself. "The winners are," said Mrs. Campbell, "Spider Robinson..." at this point the contingent of New York fans cheered loudly and Mrs. Campbell paused. I, at that point, was almost unconscious from the tension. "...and," said Mrs. Campbell, resuming, "Lisa Tuttle!"

The crowd cheered once more and I felt like I had been caught under the solar plexus with a hockey stick. Suddenly light-headed, seeing but not really comprehending, only repeating mentally to myself that *I had lost*, I turned to see Grant Carrington clenching his fist and rap the table in anger. I felt Natalie clutching my arm, and there was a tear in her eye. She put her head on my shoulder and said something consoling, but I don't remember her exact words. Whatever she said, it had been sweet, and I kissed her at that point. Bill Watkins and his wife also expressed what seemed like true disappointment that I had lost, as did Charlie and Debbie Grant. I was touched by the sincere interest and shared sadness of my friends.

But I still felt like, as the Fugs used to say, "homemade shit."

Just then Spider Robinson had mounted the stage to accept his Award (Lisa Tuttle was not present), and turned to listen. He made a few jokes and to my mind did accept the Award with the dignity that I would have accorded such an occasion. I was disappointed with his short speech and my mouth stung from the taste of very sour grapes.

All through this, by the way, the little old lady with the nametag in her hairnet was oblivious. She had attacked her plate with the elan of a Burgundian warrior, and had spent the last few tension-fraught minutes grubbing Grant's unfinished baked potato and

whatever other leftovers people would throw her way. I offered her my half-eaten filet mignon, which she accepted without a second glance and tore into like a wolf who had not seen a good meal in quite a while. I remember watching that old woman chewing into my steak and thinking that there was a message in that scene somewhere...but I was too sad to puzzle it out.

There were other memorable moments at my first worldcon—one of the gaudiest being the Masquerade. I had *never* witnessed such an incredible spectacle in my life. People by the hundreds parading before a packed ballroom of perhaps 3,000 fans—all dressed in elaborate costumes representing long hours of dedicated labor, or wearing practically nothing at all. There were dramatic presentations that were for the most part boring, although I remember someone playing Merlin the Magician who was very impressive. I remember one girl who came out in a sequin-and-feather nymph's costume that was quite revealing—and she had a nice body—and exquisitely designed. I was a great distance from the stage and when she unfurled these huge, diaphanous wings it was like *Fantasia* come to life. There was all manner of nakedness running, strutting, and bouncing across the stage which was, at various times, entertaining, stimulating, and unappealing. I recall my personal high point of the Masquerade when a young guy crossed the stage wearing a monk's robe with Astronaut insignias on the sleeve, portraying a character from Bishop's "The White Otters of Childhood." The crowd gave him a lukewarm reception and the guy—with great amounts of cool—walked up to the microphone, spread his hands supplicatingly and said: "Hey look, I'm sorry. I thought this was a science fiction convention...next year I'll bring my girlfriend up here and paint her tits green." And with those words, he departed the stage. I loved him.

And then there were what seemed like endless parties, fleeting introductions to new faces, forgotten names, hours of wandering long corridors in the middle of the nights, sitting through boring panels and late-night movies, more talk. By the time it had ended, I realized that although I had attended many regional conventions, there was nothing to match the electric atmosphere of a worldcon. I was a rookie and I was continually given to gawking moments of surprise and joy. I felt like a little kid at his first real carnival after being familiar only with those tawdry bullshit things they set up on shopping center parking lots.

I loved DisCon II and I'll never forget its many moments of personal joy and sadness. The only thing I regret is that I may never again feel that special magic, that inescapable sense of novelty of attending my *first* World SF Convention.

The MidAmeriCon will be my second worldcon. I will be out in the crowds, somewhere, trying to recapture the lost (I shudder to use the word "innocence") joy of earlier years. If you see me, and I look sad, why not say hello and do something that will make me remember Kansas City as fondly as Washington.

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(all sums rounded to the nearest dollar)

Income	\$
Carried forward from Bidding Committee	275
Memberships & Banquet subscriptions	11836
Funds transferred from North America	1034
Art Auction	518
Book Auction	569
Advertising and Display Space	3935
Miscellaneous	1288
	<hr/>
	\$19455
Expenditure	
Southern Cross Hotel: banquet	2880
convention facilities	4670
Printing: Miscellaneous	1533
Programme Book	3249
Daily Con	36
Insurance	125
Security	240
Awards	625
Hospitality	179
Programme support: masquerade	120
photography	50
Sonargraphics	200
Cine Action	25
Film hire	288
Art show prizes	150
Art show: Town Hall hire	191
Board hire	197
Audio/video	613
Refunds	55
Bank charges	172
Postage, stationary, secretarial, telephone & transport charges	1215
Dishonoured cheques	56
Miscellaneous	625
Contribution to Writers Workshop expenses	1300
	<hr/>
	\$18794
Total income	\$19455
Total expenditure	\$18794
	<hr/>
Excess income over expenditure	\$661

This statement is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief, as at 1st April 1976. Several items of income and expenditure have yet to be finalised, and reconciliation of the balance of funds held outside Australia has not been completed.

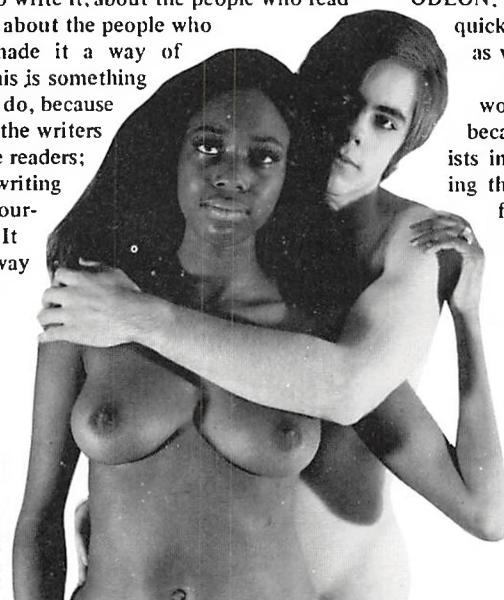
Christine McGowan  
(Treasurer)  
May/20th, 1976

# It's here at last! The fanzine devoted to the things kids like most.

NICKELODEON is the latest chapter in Tom Reamy's quest for the ultimate fanzine. (I just don't want to be around when he finally finds it.)

NICKELODEON is the magazine for people who like science fiction and fantasy. It's a magazine about sf and fantasy, about the people who write it, about the people who read it, and about the people who have made it a way of life. This is something we can do, because we are the writers and the readers; we're writing about ourselves. It is our way of life.

Photo by Jack Stone



## Unclad Persons

Well-known sf fans and pros reveal everything in our centerfolds. Steven Utley, author of "Hung Like an Elephant" appears in the first issue. Future centerfolds will sometimes be female, sometimes male, and sometimes one of each. Who would you like to see?



## Big Names

James Gunn, Poul Anderson, Piers Anthony, R.A. Lafferty, Wilson Tucker, Steven Utley, Howard Waldrop, Joe Pumilia, and that's just the first issue.

In NICKELODEON the writers write about things that couldn't be published professionally—and also about a few things that could—and the readers and fans answer them back. Sometimes it's serious and constructive, sometimes it's purely bananas, but it's always entertaining. You'll find no taboos in NICKELODEON, no revered sacred cows. We are quick to poke fun at our own idiocies—as well as those of others.

But NICKELODEON is not only words. We publish many things simply because they are beautiful. The best artists in the field appear in our pages, doing their best works. We can say without false modesty, NICKELODEON is the most beautiful fanzine you're likely to see—until Tom Reamy goes on to more grandiose realms.



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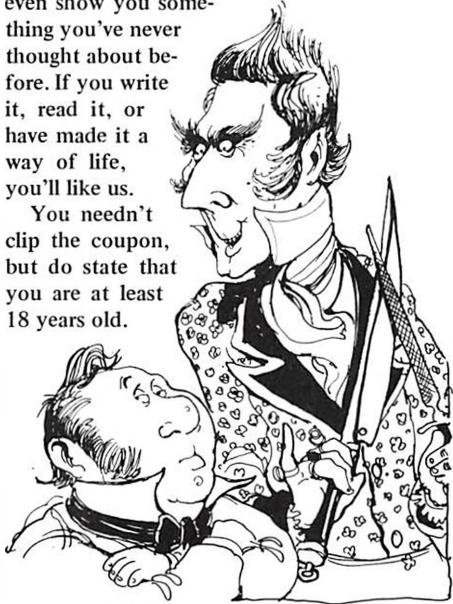
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"You don't understand, Beaufingle," said Lungwort cryptically, "you are dinner."

## Tasteful Humor

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# Susan Wood:



## fan·dom (fan' dəm) n. a way of life

When you were twelve or so, you discovered science fiction. Some of it was well-written, and some of it wasn't, but it all appealed to a sixth sense you never knew you had: the Sense of Wonder. You wanted to share the ideas, and the excitement of discovering them, with other people.

One day, you discovered science fiction conventions. In *Analog*, perhaps, or in *Locus*, you read that some people like you were holding a World Science Fiction Convention, with—gosh-wowboyboy—*Robert Heinlein* as the Guest of Honor. So you became the 4,712th member of MidAmeriCon.

A few days ago, you came to Kansas City and discovered science fiction fandom. You were hoping to find some new friends to talk

to about sf. Instead you discovered several hundred strange people between Joe Haldeman, over there in the bar, and you, over here with your pen and a copy of *The Forever War*.

What do you do now?

You could let Joe finish his drink before you ask for that autograph.

You could also ignore fandom altogether. After all, you're a science fiction reader. You came here to see the professional writers, maybe ask for an autograph and say "Gee, I really liked that story" (or "that cover painting.") You can ignore all that stuff about "Neofan Room" and "Fanartist Hugo" and "Tucker." You can't, however, ignore the friendliness which, by and large, exists at this

# GREETINGS TO ALL OUR S.F. FRIENDS

from

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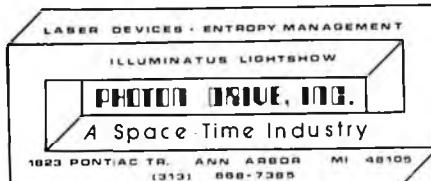
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Stop by and say hello at our display at the Convention. Or send 25¢ for our most recent catalog. It might be a pleasant surprise!



FANDOM IS A WAY  
OF LIGHT



gathering—the fact that there doesn't seem to be a huge gap between the pros and the fans, that it all seems to be one big party...

It might be safest to ignore fandom. Otherwise you could end up like Ken Keller, running a worldcon.

But everyone else (maybe even including Ken Keller, if he ever has time to think about it) seems to be enjoying him/herself so much. They seem to have so many friends.

Aha! You've picked up fandom's self-image: lots of instant friends, a family, a tribe. Well, yes. Welcome. And what are doing sitting alone in your room reading this? Get out to the meet-the-authors party, or the 1978 worldcon bidding parties, or the Neofan Room, or the N3F Room, or the lineup for the coffee shop, and meet people.

At a world convention back in the 1940's, a neofan (new fan, meaning you—you'll pick up the language soon enough) was sitting alone and lonely in the hotel lobby. (Sound familiar?) A Famous Author noticed him, asked him to join his group searching for dinner, asked him to party afterwards, introduced him to new friends. That shy fan went on to become one of fandom's favorite people. He's been a fan for 30 years, he hasn't lost his delight in meeting new people and passing on that kindness, and he's here now wearing a crewcut, a plaid shirt, and a grin. His name is Walt Liebscher. Ask him to tell you the "Rosebud" story.

The name of the pro? Robert Heinlein.

Fandom has grown, though. It's harder to

meet people when you're a stranger among 4,000 strangers than when you're a new face among a hundred friends.

A week has passed. You're back home in Don Mills, Ont., or Flushing, N.Y., reading these pages with cynicism and disappointment. You're still looking for a magic that maybe wasn't at the convention, for you. That happens.

At my first worldcon, I was fascinated by the programme. I also met some fine people. (These days, I usually miss the programme because I'm talking to those people, who tend to live on the other side of the continent.) I even helped hold a Montreal-in-'74 bidding party. That was fun, but it's an expensive way to meet friends, you have to clean up the room afterwards, and you might actually have to hold the worldcon. (It is no accident that the liveliest fan group in North America is Minneapolis, which has been bidding for '73 for years—with the exception of a brief hiatus when it actually came time to put in that bid. Toronto, which won, has recovered and isn't doing too badly either.)

On the other hand, at my first worldcon, I did *not* feel like part of the family. No one wanted to talk to me. Oh, Harlan Ellison attacked me in the art show—but then apologized profusely, because he'd thought I was somebody else. There were all sorts of jokes I didn't understand, all sorts of closed-door parties to which I wasn't invited. Everyone else seemed very excited about a new book called *All Our Yesterdays* by Harry

Warner, Jr., a history of this thing called "fandom." I wondered why anyone would care who attended the 1948 Torcon. At the 1973 Torcon, I organized a display about fandom called the All Our Yesterdays Room. Hang in there, neofan, you'll be helping with a worldcon yet.

I felt confused and isolated from it all, watching all those people who were each other's friends and not mine, until, at a small party near the end of the convention, I met a charming fan who told me the "Rosebud" story. It was Walt Liebscher, and he did make me feel part of his family.

I think that everyone feels like an alien on first discovering fandom, especially at a huge worldcon. In the February, 1974 issue of *Amazing*, Ted White in his editorial called Torcon II "one of the most enjoyable conventions I've been to in many years." Ted, though, is a long-time Big Name Fan and former worldcon co-chairman, as well as a Filthy Pro. He obviously went to a different convention from the one neofan Leah Zeldes attended.

In the lettercolumn of the same magazine, Leah complained that, at Torcon, she had "spent most of my time alone... I offered my help in various things. No one wanted it. I posted a notice asking fans from my area to get in touch with me. No one answered it. This wasn't at all like the 'family of fandom' I'd heard about and was expecting."

Ted offered much the same advice I, or anyone else, would give: talk to people, go

to the open parties, seek out the N3F hospitality room, read other people's messages. And above all, keep trying. "Remember—we all went to our first convention at some point." Three years later, Leah has just helped chair the Detroit Autoclave, a regional convention, and I certainly see her name a lot in the fanzines.

Ah yes. Fanzines. Fandom began in the 1920's with the exchange of letters between sf readers, who soon began publishing their own amateur magazines full of stories, artwork, articles, and other people's letters. Now conventions are gaining a greater and greater importance as more, and more mobile, people join fandom; in fact, if you live anywhere from the east coast of North America to the midwest, it's possible to attend a convention every weekend. Smaller regional conventions are a good introduction to fandom, too; people are more relaxed, and they aren't trying to fight through the faceless crowds (that's *you*) to see 516 old friends in four days.

Another possibility, by the way, is to contact the National Fantasy Fan Federation (the N3F) by writing to John Robinson, 1-101st St., Troy NY 12180. The N3F can put you in touch with other fans, and, especially, tell you if they know of a club in your area.

You may not live near the major fan centers, though; and even if you do, your mailbox is still the best place to meet people on a one-to-one basis.

Fanzine: "the fan magazine, an amateur journal, booklet or newspaper, produced by the fan for his own amusement and for the amusement of others."

That definition comes from an essential fan publication, *The Neo-Fan's Guide to Science Fiction Fandom*, by Bob Tucker, produced by Linda Bushyager and Linda Lounsbury. It's an illustrated glossary of fan terms, and a history of fandom—interesting, fun, and very helpful. If you didn't pick up a copy in the Neofan Room, you can get it from Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076, for 40c; the proceeds go to the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund.

That's how you get any fanzine, initially: you send money for a sample copy. Fandom may be just a goddam hobby, but fanzine publishing is an *expensive* hobby. Please print your name and address. Remember, too, that Australians don't have much use for US quarters, and Canadians can't mail letters using US stamps, and US editors can't cash Canadian cheques or lose 50c or more in bank charges—so for subscriptions outside your country, try to buy a bank or postal money order in the appropriate currency (US dollars are usually fine.) And be patient. Not only is the fanned busy with other things, but he/she has to rely on the postal "service."

The fanzine arrives. You've read it. Now write and tell the editor whether or not you liked it.

The most important part of Tucker's definition is his emphasis on the fanzine's be-

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ing produced for "amusement." It's satisfying to hold a copy of your very own magazine. It's even more satisfying when someone you've never met writes to say "I enjoyed that," sends you money or a contribution. That response is "egoboo," which Tucker defines as "publicity for yourself, kind words to boost your ego." A lot of us are in fandom to receive, and give, egoboo. It may, at times, seem like a closed little world, but it surely does respond to you.

Most fanzines exist to generate egoboo. They start communication between fans, who write letters and articles which generate more letters which... Most are available in trade for other fanzines, for contributions, and especially for a letter of comment, or loc. Even though the large-circulation, semi-professional magazines of recent years exist mainly on paid subscriptions, they are still available for contributions; most print readers' letters; and all their editors thrive on response.

A trufan loves a full mailbox.

So read the fanzines, and then write to the editors—who are not some faceless board of directors, but people about your age (if not, it doesn't matter), with many of your interests. Introduce yourself. Just try not to jump into arguments until you know what they're all about, ok? Printed gaucheness is semi-permanent, and in ten years it may rise like a Lovecraftian monster from someone's fanzine collection to haunt you. (The same warning applies to conventions, of course. Don't try to impress fandom by being loud and obnoxious. We have people to take care of that already.)

By the time you read in *Karass* about the next regional convention, you'll know people you want to meet in person. The fan behind you, in the registration line, maybe.

"Say, you wrote that article in..." "Yeah, thanks, glad you liked it. I've seen your letters in..." "Hey, wanna come to our bidding party?" "Let's do a one-shot!" "Let's liberate the pool!"

As to specific suggestions, here's a list of fan publications which might interest you if you're a science fiction reader new to fandom. They're all well-established, with fairly large circulations and a regular publishing schedule, so you can send money off to the editors with some certainty of receiving an issue Real Soon Now. Moreover, they all contain news and articles about contemporary sf. The "genzines" or general-interest zines all have lively lettercolumns and some "fannish" material—convention reports, personal ramblings, fanhistory and such. It's here you'll meet friends on paper, if you want them.

I haven't listed any purely fannish fanzines, though. I think Terry Hughes, for example, is probably the best fannish editor currently publishing. His *Mota*, though, won't mean much if you're new to fandom and its inhabitants. Since Terry has a low print run, and since he publishes for his friends' enjoyment, I'm sure he wouldn't thank me for sending 400 would-be subscribers his way. Get to know fandom a little, first. For the same reason I haven't listed Don Thompson's Hugo-nominated personalzine *Don-o-Saur*, full of Don's Hugo-nominated fanwriting, because it's really an open letter to Don's friends. If you decide you like fandom, then keep responding to fanzines, and get to know people at a few conventions. You'll soon discover the smaller, more personal zines: *Mota* and *Don-o-Saur*, *Spanish Inquisition*, *Kratosphany*, *Ash-Wing*, *Hitchhike*, *Knockers from Neptune*, *Simulacrum*, *Philosophical Gas*, *Tabebuian*, and all the rest. Not to mention apas, FAAN awards, DUFF, Fabulous Falls Church Fandom, Jim Beam, corflu, Glicksohn locs, Rotsler cartoons, Sydneycove in '88, slipsheets, concoms, and, mercifully, gafias.

Enjoy.

*Algol*, ed. Andrew Porter, P. O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10017. Single copy \$1.50. Quarterly genzine with emphasis on pro field. Regular Hugo nominee.

*Delap's F&SF Review*, ed. Richard Delap. Editorial office 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230. Single copy \$1.00. Monthly review magazine covering new and reprint sf. Useful, especially for libraries.

*Fantasiae*, ed. Ian M. Slater for the Fantasy Association, P. O. Box 24560, Los Angeles, CA 90024. Sample copy free. Monthly newsletter specializing in fantasy books, artwork, etc.

*Karass*, ed. Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076. Subscriptions 3/\$1.00. Fannish newsletter with emphasis on convention news. Linda also edits the once-a-year genzine *Granfalloons* (\$1.00 a copy).

*Khatri*, ed. Jeff Smith, 1339 Weldon Ave., Baltimore, MD 21211. Sample copy \$1.25. Quarterly magazine featuring serious discussion of sf; excellent lettercolumn. Notable especially for brilliant, entertaining personal articles by the elusive James Tiptree, Jr. Intellectually stimulating.

*Locus*, ed. Charlie and Dena Brown, 34 Ridgewood Lane, Oakland CA 94611. Single copy 60¢. Monthly newspaper covering professional sf activities: publishing, films, conventions, etc. Regular Hugo nominee.

*Maya*, ed. Rob Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd., Benton, Newcastle upon Tyne NE12 9NT, U. K. Single copy 40 p. or \$1.00. Irregular genzine, with good articles, fannish humor by the likes of Bob Shaw, Harry Bell cartoons, and a great lettercolumn. One of my favorite fanzines; recommended.

*Mythologies*, ed. by Hugo nominee Don D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Dr., Providence, R. I. Sample copy \$1.00 but response preferred. Irregular serious/personalzine with formidable lettercolumn.

*Nickelodeon*, ed. by Tom Reamy, who's chained to the composer typesetting this. Glossy semi-prozine which Ghu knows if we'll see again. Tom? Information? [Nickelodeon should be out in time for MidAmericaCon, if the creek don't rise.]

*Requiem*, ed. Norbert Spehner, 455 Saint-Jean, Longueuil, Quebec, Canada J4H 2Z3. \$1.00. Le seul magazine de fantastique et de science fiction en français en Amerique du Nord. Stories, articles, reviews, artwork; recommended if you read French.

*S F Commentary*, ed. Bruce R. Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Australia. Sample copy \$1 Australian; \$1.50 US would probably do nicely. Huge, irregular, and challenging; devoted to serious discussion of sf and fantasy, with some personal editor-written material and a good lettercolumn. Frequent Hugo nominee. Essential for serious sf reader.

*Science Fiction Review*, ed. Richard E. Geis, P. O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211. Sample copy \$1.25. Hugo-winning fanzine by Hugo-winning fanwriter, with articles, reviews, interviews, etc. I probably don't need to tell you about this one.

*Starling*, ed. Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison, WI 53703. Sample copy 50¢. Irregular genzine covering all aspects of popular culture (that's the academic term for the stuff you enjoy that isn't "high culture"—comics and sf and such.) Always enjoyable.

*Vector*, ed. Christopher Fowler, 72 Kenilworth Ave., Southcote, Reading RG3 3DN, U. K. Sample copy 50 p. or \$1.50 US airmail. British SF Association journal, more or less monthly, with emphasis on reviews, interviews with writers, and such.

*The Witch and the Chameleon*, ed. Amanda Bankier, Apt. 6, 2 Paisley Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Canada. Sample copy about a dollar Canadian or US. Quarterly feminist-sf magazine.

As I said, this list is far from complete. To any fanned I've left out, or put in, who objects: my apologies. Several of the above, notably *Algol*, *Karass* and *Maya*, have fanzine reviews to watch for more suggestions.

The rest is up to you.

Before you know it, you'll be mimeographing a hundred-page genzine. Or bidding for a worldcon. (Me, I'm an Old Fan and Tired; I'll just sit here watching you fanac, for a change.) Just remember one thing.

Fandom Is a Way of Life. □

# Someday...

MINNEAPOLIS  
IN  
'73!



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-AND MINN-STF-  
PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE

# SF IN DIMENSION:

## A Book of Explorations

### by Alexei & Cory Panshin

ADVENT announces the Panshins' new book of critical studies. Based on pieces published in a number of places over the last few years—and a few not yet published anywhere else—this work shows the talent and insight that have made the Panshins the obvious and worthy successors to Damon Knight in the field of science fiction criticism.

A solid third of *SF in Dimension* is devoted to a deep analysis of the fiction of Robert Heinlein, in an extension and reconsideration of the study begun in *Heinlein in Dimension*. The Panshin team applies a theory of human psychological development to Heinlein's work in a long essay written in anticipation of the publication of *Time Enough for Love*. This piece is reproduced without alteration so the reader can see how close Heinlein came to writing the book the Panshins hoped that *Time Enough for Love* would be.

A few samples from *SF in Dimension*:

- Joanna Russ has characterized science fiction as the Elizabethan theatre after Marlowe, but before Shakespeare. I want to believe it. I can see the empty Elizabethan theatre waiting to be filled with giant magics—and see science fiction as an unknown universe impossible to fill. But Russ's nominations for the part of Marlowe are Asimov and Heinlein and I don't think they qualify. They seem more akin to the morality dramatists who came twenty years before Shakespeare. In the place of Thomas Kyd, who was the first versifier, the last of the moralists and the first of the tragedians, we might name Zelazny or Delany. But science fiction has still to produce its Marlowe, let alone a Shakespeare.
- Even a cursory glance shows that the term "science fiction" no longer can pretend to fit the actualities of the genre. Gernsback was right in 1963. We do misuse his name. We are fantasy-writing frauds. We should acknowledge the fact.  
As Sam Moskowitz has said: "The real 'Father of Science Fiction' is Hugo Gernsback and no one can take the title away from him."  
Science fiction was Hugo Gernsback's dream. We should bury it decently with him.
- Fiction is a construct, a model of the universe made up of our perceptions, our feelings, and our ideas, and used to orient us in the real universe that we must live in but have such difficulty in understanding. The sway between the Village and the World Beyond the Hill that we have been describing is not an objectively existing struggle, with authors enlisted as generals and readers as armies. Changes in literary fashion are a reflection of changes in our minds and in the world we seek to understand. For this moment, then, let us look beyond the question of the fluctuations of literature to the history that necessarily lies behind them.
- After 1980, traditional fantasy will have become comfortably integrated in modern sf—speculative fantasy. The audience for speculative fantasy will be multiply-larger than its present size. Speculative fantasy itself will be radically altered in character. It will be something new and truly serious, and more enjoyable than it has ever been.
- It seems to us that there are two Brian Aldisses. One is a person who received a good conventional high British education, and who accepted its values without question, in particular the prejudice that to be negative is to be more realistic and truthful about the universe than to be positive. The other is the boy who discovered science fiction around 1940, loved it wholeheartedly, and rebelled when he was told that it was trash.
- Our premise is that the imaginary problems that Robert Heinlein poses, the solutions that he envisions, the facts he invents, and the models he presents in his fiction, that all these reveal more about Heinlein's subjectivity, his personal relationship with the universe, than they do about the objective realistic factual universe that Heinlein lays claim to writing about. If we look at Heinlein's imaginary problems and solutions, we will learn what Heinlein believes the universe to be like. Read subjectively, Heinlein is consistent.

- Mimetic fiction presents a universe that is totally known. In mimetic fiction, chairs behave like chairs, Tibet behaves like East Overshoe, Massachusetts, and humans do what humans have always done. And those to whom everything is always different are mad, and are locked up until they see the world like everyone else.

Science fiction presents a universe that is partly known and partly unknown. Because the unknown is unknown, science fiction represents it with symbols like nothing any of us has ever seen: powers that can trisect the atom; unpredictable sentient robots; alien beings like clouds or firestorms or pure intelligence; worlds beyond.

Science fiction presents a truer analog of life. For much in our world is unknown to us.

- Love has never been a Heinlein theme. That is because love is the absence of ego.

It is past time for Heinlein to love.

The title *Time Enough for Love* is intensely meaningful. But does this book merely request even yet more time—as *Methuselah's Children* did? Or does it mean that the time for love is now?

- And to the extent that true order, value and purpose are to be found in fiction—found in the very structure of fiction regardless of its particular content and recommendations—fiction serves as a practical guide to life. To serve as a practical education, it is not necessary that fiction should be about familiar circumstances, or even about people, places or things that have ever existed or are ever likely to exist. Fairy tales are not read to children as reportage of existing fact. They are read to children as essential practical education in the moral order of the universe—as truth.

- The choices a writer makes are an elaborate self-definition, both of himself and of the times of which he is a product. In the mirror of a science fiction story may be seen a reflection of the author. In the mirror of science fiction stories may be seen a reflection of an era. And in our reading of science fiction—the stories we choose and what we make of them—may be seen a reflection of ourselves. We read science fiction to know ourselves better.

- Irrationality was a dirty word in the era that is now closing. Science fiction could not then admit itself to be irrational. But the time has now come when the leading edge of contemporary science has specifically disavowed rationality. It is possible now for SF to come out of the closet and admit to its own irrationality.

- Science fiction has been a strange unpopular popular literature. It has never been accepted by the heirs of the decaying old high literary tradition, who rejected it for its crudity and its low pop-cult appeals. And it has never been accepted by that large portion of the public that did not adopt the new worldview as a practical actuality, but felt alienated from the lofty hyper-intellectuality of contemporary science. Science fiction has found its continuing audience chiefly among engineers and technocrats and among emotionally-repressed male adolescents. But, nonetheless, it is science fiction among all literature that has provided the truest reflection of contemporary beliefs and hopes.

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*The Universes of E. E. Smith*, by Ron Ellik & Bill Evans

*A Requiem for Astounding*, by Alva Rogers

*The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy*, Vol. I, A—L, by Donald Tuck [Volume 2 in preparation for early 1977]

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# AGGIECON VIII

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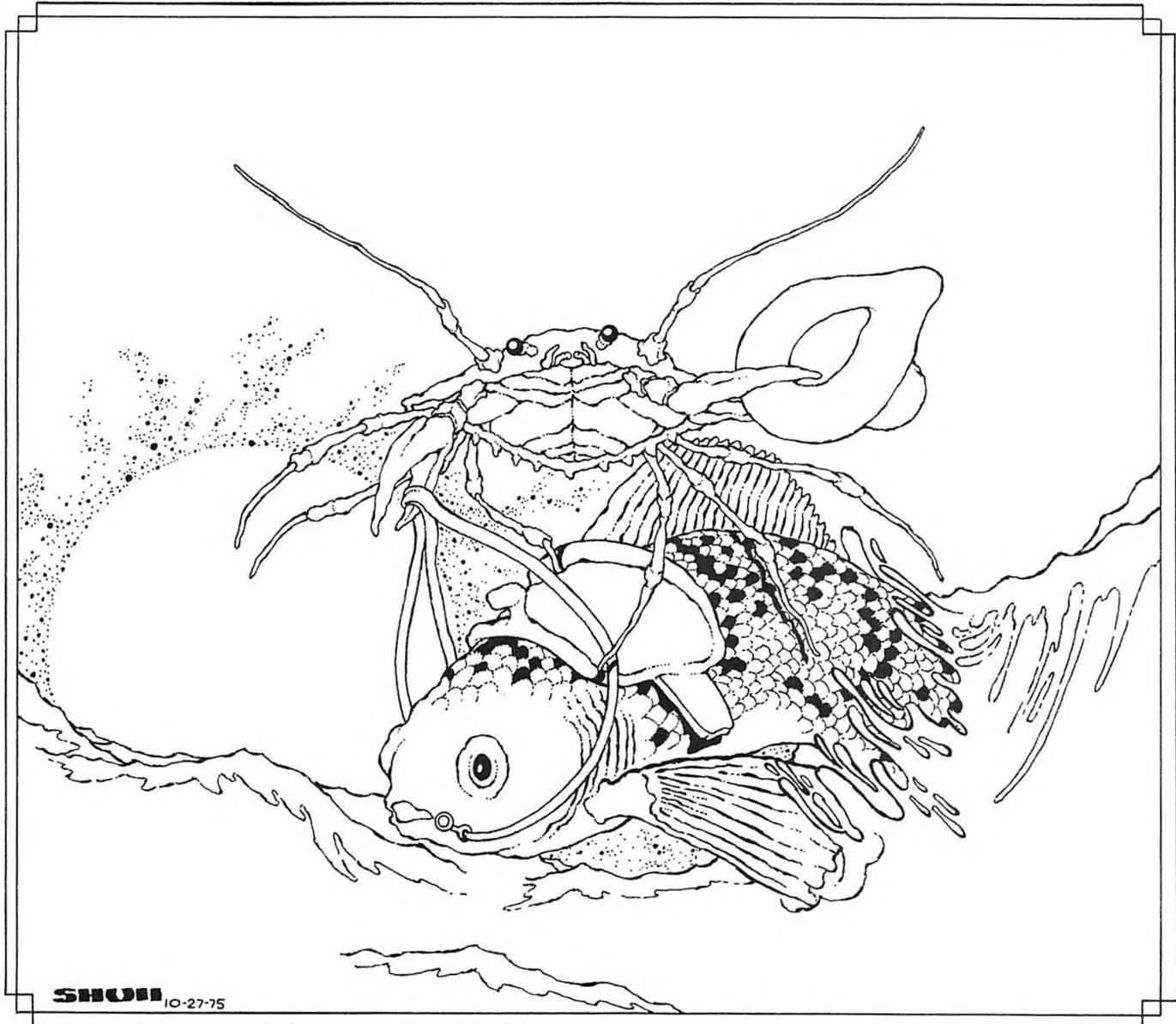
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647	Joni Stopa	723	Lawrence E. Wolfe	800	Johnny M. Lee	876	Gayle Hormats	952	Church of All Worlds
648	Daniel W. Story	724	Lew Wolkoff	801	F. A. Marcotte	877	Carole Karchesky	953	Mike Brockman
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666	Gary Tesser	742	Alex Crippen	819	Ed Meskys	895	Norton S. Savlin	971	Paul Michaels
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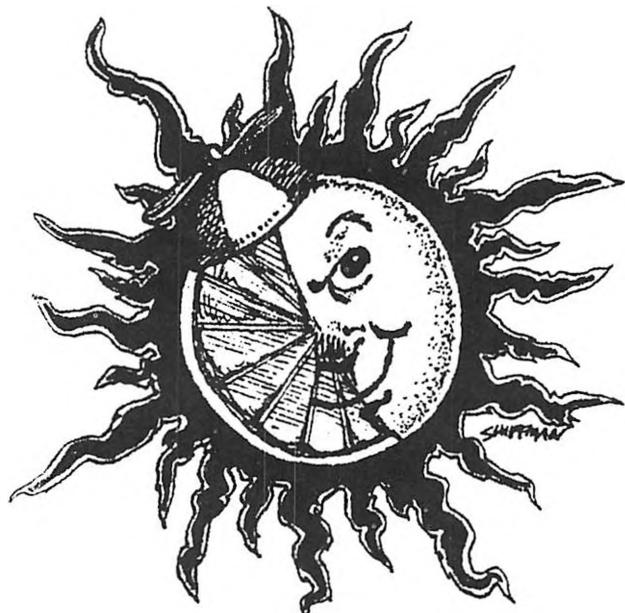
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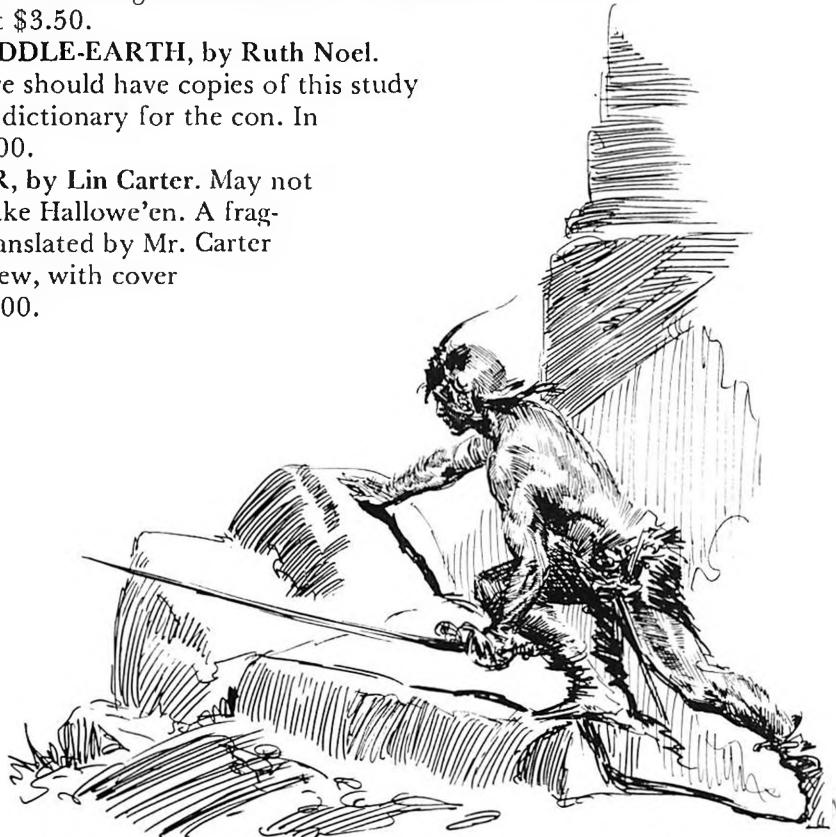
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2531	Gregory Baker	2607	Unassigned	2683	Para Science Inst.	2759	Robert Petrick	2835	Dan Fleming
2532	Rich Kolker	2608	Unassigned	2684	Larry K. Hancks	2760	David Wood	2836	James W. Bittner
2533	Bart Bush	2609	Sue Heifner	2685	Louis J. Duray	2761	Jim Burns	2837	Adam Kasanof
2534	Jan Bush	2610	Patty Peters	2686	Beth Friedman	2762	Hugh Burns	2838	Richard L. Hantz
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2545	Tina Bear	2621	Margaret Presson	2697	M. Marsha Price	2773	William Shepherd	2849	Sally Bangsund
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2548	James Khennedy	2624	Michael Avey	2700	Denny Arnold	2776	Paula Ann Anthony	2852	David J. Evans
2549	Spider Robinson	2625	C. Avey	2701	Darlene Paulsen	2777	Marc Melillo	2853	Unassigned
2550	Jeanne Robinson	2626	James Murray	2702	Lance Paulsen	2778	Jeanette Webb	2854	Bob Ellis
2551	Bob Weber	2627	Ed Watts	2703	Curtis Paulsen	2779	Clay Webb	2855	Allan Evans
2552	Bob Strickler	2628	Michael McFarland	2704	Bradley D. Jones	2780	Sally Y. Shelton	2856	Ken Ozanne
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2556	Unassigned	2632	David T. Alexander	2708	Vicky Smith	2784	Natalie Monteleone	2860	Cynthia Wike
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2577	Philip Lambeth	2653	David Govaker	2729	Teresa Whitehouse	2805	Rosanna Ballance	2881	Pam Mattox
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2581	Karen Steele	2657	Gary L. Plumlee	2733	Hollis Prescott	2809	Corwyn R. Prater	2885	A. W. Knox
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Specifically, I am looking to buy original artwork by the above-named s/f-fantasy artists, as well as comic art originals by the following comic artists:

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Alex Raymond (FLASH GORDON)  
Hal Foster (VAL and TARZAN)  
Burne Hogarth (TARZAN)  
Milton Caniff (TERRY)  
Roy Crane (WASH TUBBS/CAPT. EASY)  
Chester Gould (DICK TRACY)

Percy Crosby (SKIPPY)  
Billy DeBeck (BARNEY GOOGLE)  
Rube Goldberg (INVENTIONS/BOOB McNUTT)  
Frank Godwin (CONNIE/RUSTY RILEY)  
V. T. Hamlin (ALLEY OOP)  
George Herriman (KRAZY KAT)  
Clifford McBride (NAPOLEON)

Walt Kelly (POGO)  
Frank King (GASOLINE ALLEY)  
George McManus (BRINGING UP FATHER)  
E. C. Segar (THIMBLE THEATER)  
Cliff Sterrett (POLLY AND HER PALS)  
Disney Studio artists (pre-1945)  
Frank Frazetta (JOHNNY COMET)

At the very top of my want list is original art by Frazetta, St. John, Hal Foster, and Alex Raymond. I buy (and sell) more originals by these artists than anyone, anywhere. Please send your list of originals for my best offers!!

The Limited Centennial Edition of THE EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS LIBRARY OF ILLUSTRATION

I first announced my plans to publish this expensive, deluxe, three-volume edition at the Burroughs Bibliophiles Dum-Dum at the Washington DC Worldcon of 1974. Since then, I have been travelling to the homes of collectors, photographing original artwork for inclusion in this unique limited edition. This edition is strictly limited to 2000 numbered copies and will be published in three volumes:

Volume One will contain artwork by N. C. Wyeth, Frank Schoonover, and J. Allen St. John (over 90% of Volume One will be devoted to St. John art)

Volume Two will contain artwork by John Coleman Burroughs, Studley Burroughs, Hal Foster, Burne Hogarth, and others of the "middle period".

Volume Three will contain artwork by Mo Gollub, Frank Frazetta, Roy Krenkel, and others of the postwar period in Burroughs publishing.

The basic idea behind this three-volume edition is to reproduce the original paintings and drawings of these fine artists in a permanent, luxurious format, making the plates directly from the originals. Much of the original artwork done for the Burroughs stories still exists, in the hands of the Burroughs family in Tarzana and a few private collectors. Each of the three volumes will contain approximately 32 full color plates and an average of 100 black and white plates, with special attention to quality of reproduction. The edition is primarily a collection of fine art prints and will contain a minimum of text and comment...just enough to set the tone and context of the illustrations.

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This edition is being produced with the collector in mind, with the finest papers and bindings, and very high quality of reproduction. Limited editions such as this possess an unusual investment potential. I invite you to send for sample color prints and for my descriptive brochure, or if you are attending this WorldCon, stop by my table in the huckster's room and take a good look at Volume One. For further information, write to:

**Russ Cochran      Box 437      West Plains, Mo. 65775**



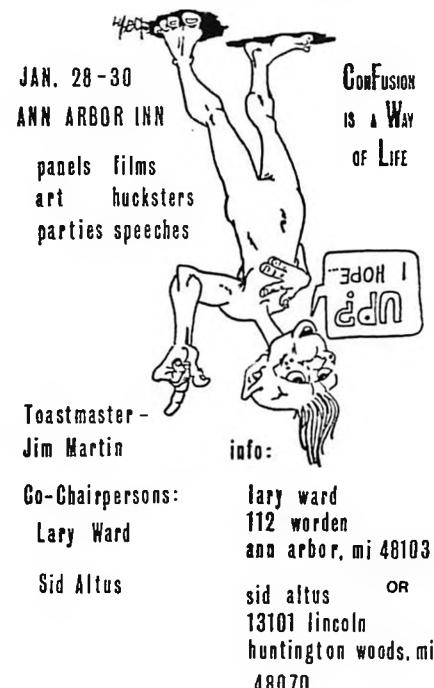
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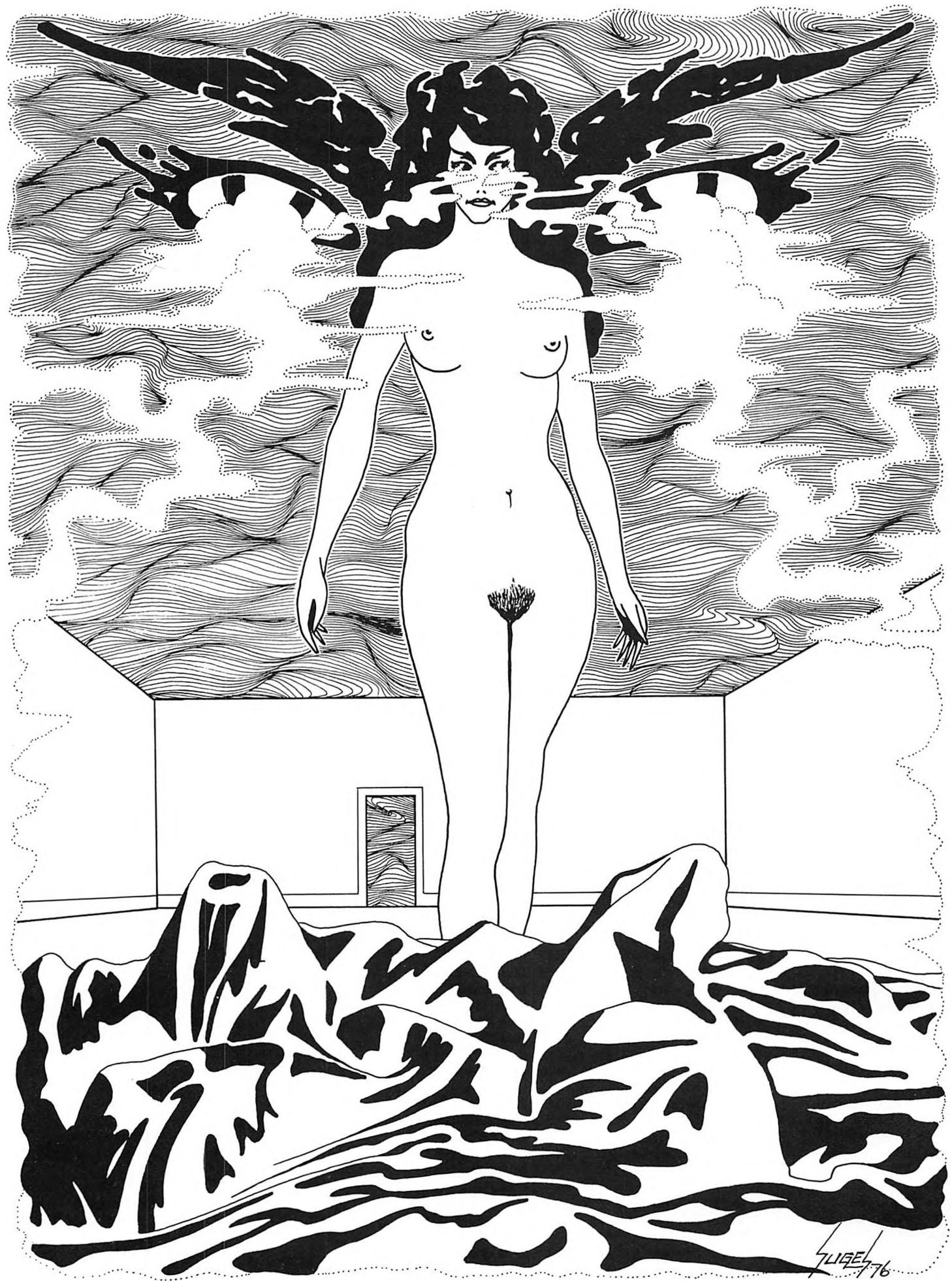
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### CONFUSION 14

- POUL ANDERSON  
pro guest of honor

- RO LUTZ-NAGEY  
fan guest of honor





HARLAN  
ELLISON:  
FICTION

Lonely  
Women  
are  
the  
VESSELS  
OF TIME

Illustration by Raymond Suges

After the funeral, Mitch went to Dynamite's. It was a singles bar. Vernon, the day-shift bartender, had Mitch's stool reserved, waiting for him. "I figured you'd be in," he said, mixing up a Tia Maria Cooler and passing it across the bar. "Sorry about Anne." Mitch nodded and sipped off the top of the drink. He looked around Dynamite's; it was too early in the day, even for a Friday; there wasn't much action. A few dudes getting the best corners at the inlaid tile and stained glass bar, couples in the plush back booths stealing a few minutes before going home to their wives and husbands. It was only three o'clock and the secretaries didn't start coming in till five-thirty. Later, Dynamite's would be pulsing with the chatter and occasional shriek of laughter, the chatting-up and the smell of hot bodies circling each other for the kill. The traditional mat-

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# Science Fiction: The Classroom in Orbit

The author — Dr. Beverly Friend — offers a galaxy of revealing facts about SF writers, movie makers, television producers and professional "science fictioners."

*Science Fiction: The Classroom in Orbit* treats students to a variety of practical exercises and games designed to acquaint them with what's really important about reading and viewing science fiction.

The author, a science fiction writer, teacher and reviewer, escorts readers as they travel through the world of fancy-coated fact. In the process, she unhooks the classroom from its earth-bound moorings. In a series of fascinating chapters, she orbits students into a galaxy of revealing facts about science fiction writers, movie makers, television producers and professional "science fictioners."

ing ritual of the singles' bar scene.

He saw one girl at a tiny table-for-two, way at the rear, beside the glass-fronted booth where the d.j. played his disco rock all night, every night. But she was swathed in shadow, and he wasn't up to hustling anybody at the moment, anyhow. But he marked her in his mind for later.

He sipped at the Cooler, just thinking about Anne, until a space salesman from *The Inquirer*, whom he knew by first name but not by last, plumped himself onto the next stool and started laying a commiseration trip on him about Anne. He wanted to turn to the guy and simply say, "Look, fuck off, will you; she was just a Friday night pickup who hung on a little longer than most of them; so stop busting my chops and get lost." But he didn't. He listened to the bullshit as long as he could, then he excused himself and took what was left of the Cooler, and a double Cutty-&-water, and trudged back to a booth. He sat there in the semi-darkness, trying to figure out why Anne had killed herself, and couldn't get a handle on the question.

He tried to remember *exactly* what she had looked like, but all he could bring into focus was the honey colored hair and her height. The special smile was gone. The tilt of the head and the hand movement when she was annoyed...gone. The exact timbre of her voice...gone. All of it was gone, and he knew he should be upset about it, but he wasn't.

He hadn't loved her; had, in fact, been ready to dump her for that BOAC hostess. But she had left a note pledging her undying

love, and he knew he ought to feel some deep responsibility for her death.

But he didn't.

What it was all about, dammit, was not being lonely. It was all about getting as much as one could, as best one could, from as many different places as one could, without having to be alone, without having to be unhappy, without having them sink their fangs in too deeply.

*That*, dammit, was what it was all about.

He thought about the crap a libber had laid on him in this very bar a week ago. He had been chatting-up a girl who worked for a surety underwriters firm, letting her bore him with a lot of crap about contract bonds, probate, temporary restraining orders and suchlike nonsense, but never dropping his gaze from those incredible green eyes, when Anne had gotten pissed-off and come over to suggest they leave.

He had been abrupt with her. Rude, if he wanted to be honest with himself, and had told her to go back and sit down till he was ready. The libber on the next stool had laid into him, whipping endless jingoism on him, telling him what a shithead he was.

"Lady, if you don't like the way the system works, why not go find a good clinic where they'll graft a dork on you, and then you won't have to bother people minding their own business."

The bar had given him a standing ovation.

The Cutty tasted like sawdust. The air in the bar smelled like mildew. His body didn't fit. He turned this way and that, trying to find a comfortable position. Why the hell

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did he feel so lousy? Anne, that was why. But he wasn't responsible. She'd known it was a frolic, nothing more than frolic. She'd known that from the moment they'd met. She hadn't been fresh to these bars, she was a swinger, what was all the sturm and drang about! But he felt like shit, and that was the bottom line.

"Can I buy you a drink?" the girl said.

Mitch looked up. It seemed to be the girl from the table-for-two in the rear.

She was incredible. Cheekbones like cut crystal; a full lower lip. Honey hair...again. Tall, willowy, with a good chest and fine legs. "Sure. Sit down."

She sat and pushed a double Cutty-&-water at him. "The bartender told me what you were drinking."

Four hours later—and he still hadn't learned her name—she got around to suggesting they go back to her place. He followed her out of the bar, and she hailed a cab. In the back seat he looked at her, lights flickering on and off in her blue eyes as the street-lamps whizzed past, and he said, "It's nice to meet a girl who doesn't waste time."

"I gather you've been picked up before," she replied. "But then, you're a very nice looking man."

"Why, thank you."

At her apartment in the East Fifties, they had a few more drinks; the usual preparatory ritual. Mitch was starting to feel it, getting a little wobbly. He refused a refill. He wanted to be able to perform. He knew the rules. Get it up or get the hell out.

So they went into the bedroom.

He stopped and stared at the set-up. She had it hung with white, sheer hangings, tulle perhaps, some kind of very fine netting. White walls, white ceiling, white carpet so thick and deep he lost his ankles in it. And an enormous circular bed, covered with white fur.

"Polar bear," he said, laughing a little drunkenly.

"The color of loneliness," she said.

"What?"

"Nothing, forget it," she said, and began to undress him.

She helped him lie down, and he stared at her as she took off her clothes. Her body was pale and filled with light; she was an ice maiden from a far magical land. He felt himself getting hard.

Then she came to him.

When he awoke, she was standing at the other side of the room, watching him. Her eyes were no longer a lovely blue. They were dark and filled with smoke. He felt...

He felt...awful. Uncomfortable, filled with vague terrors and a limitless desperation. He felt...lonely.

"You don't hold nearly as much as I thought," she said.

He sat up, tried to get out of the bed, the sea of white, and could not. He lay back and watched her.

Finally, after a time of silence, she said, "Get up and get dressed and get out of here."

He did it, with difficulty, and as he dressed, sluggishly and with the loneliness in him growing, choking his mind and physically causing him to tremble, she told him things he did not want to know.

About the loneliness of people that makes them do things they hate the next day. About the sickness to which people are heir, the sickness of being without anyone who truly cares. About the predators who smell out such victims and use them and when they go, leave them emptier than when they first picked up the scent. And about herself, the vessel that contained the loneliness like smoke, waiting only for empty containers such as Mitch to decant a little of the poison, waiting only to return some of the pain for pain given.

What she was, where she came from, what dark land had given her birth, he did not know and would not ask. But when he stumbled to the door, and she opened it for him, the smile on her lips frightened him more than anything in his life.

"Don't feel neglected, baby," she said. "There are others like you. You'll run into them. Maybe you can start a club."

He didn't know what to say; he wanted to run, but he knew she had spread fog across his soul and he knew if he walked out the door he was never going to reclaim his feeling of self-satisfaction. He had to make one last attempt...

"Help me...please, I feel so-so—"

"I know how you feel, baby," she said, moving him through the door. "Now you know how they feel."

And she closed the door behind him. Very softly.

Very firmly. □

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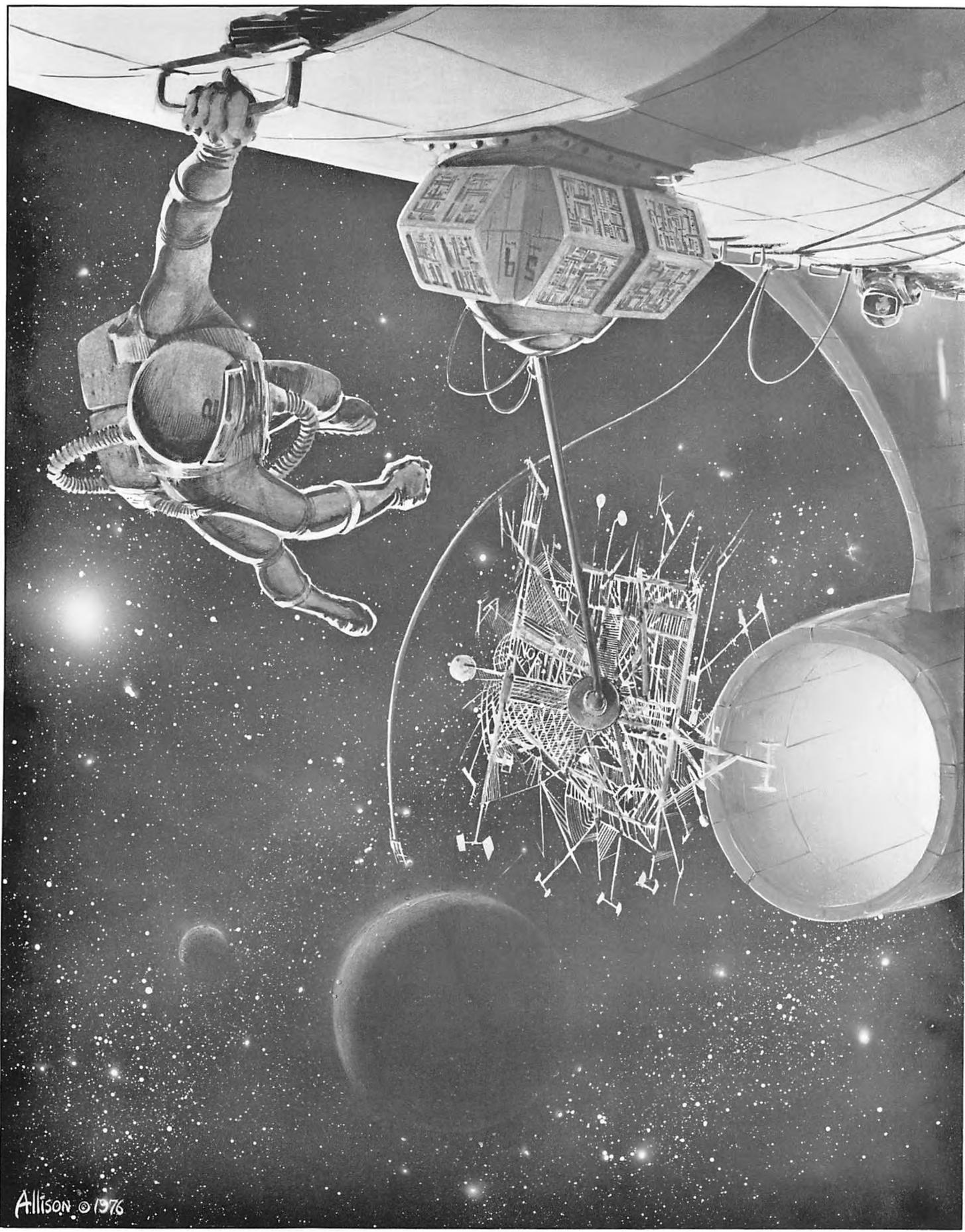
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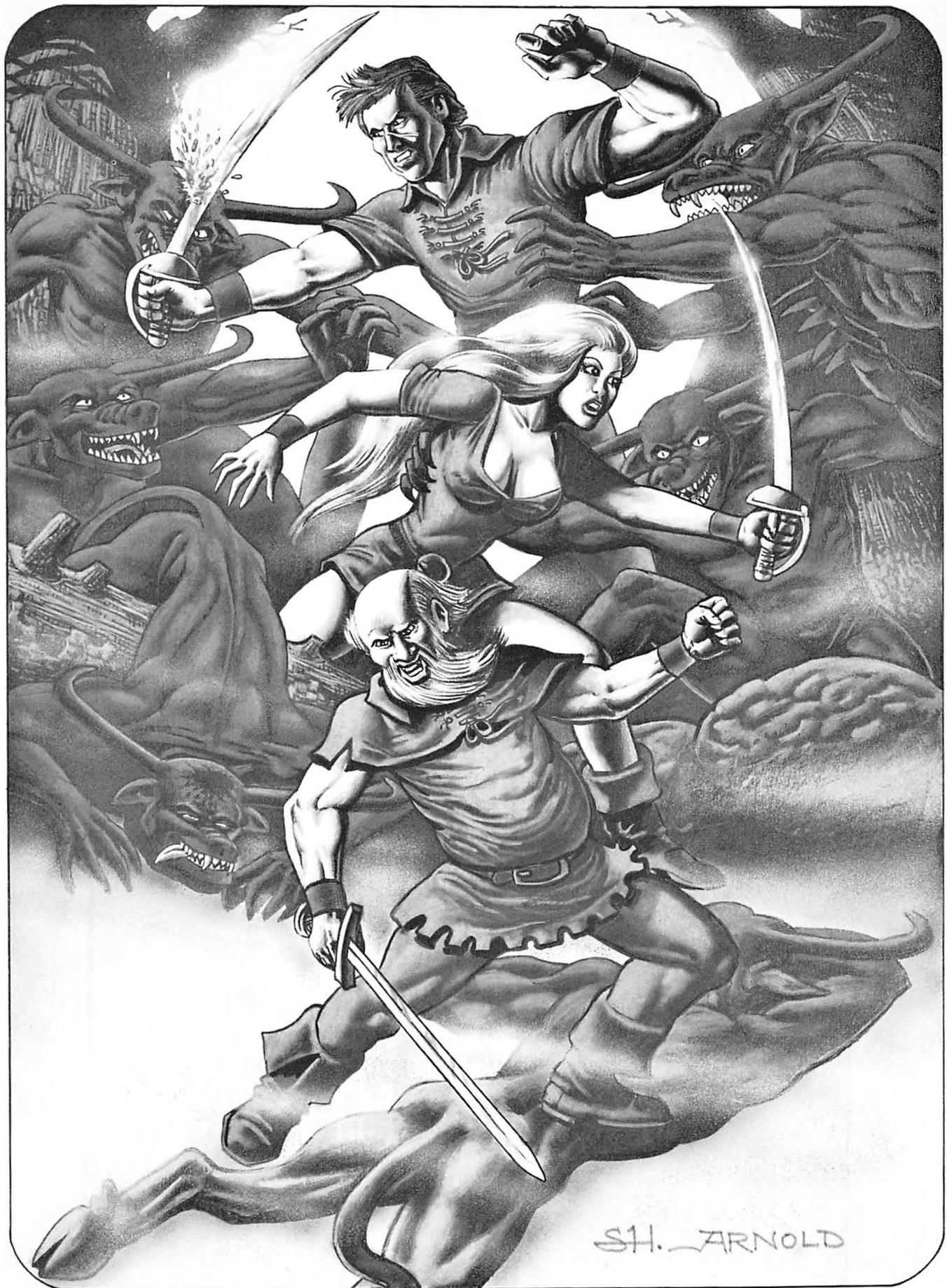
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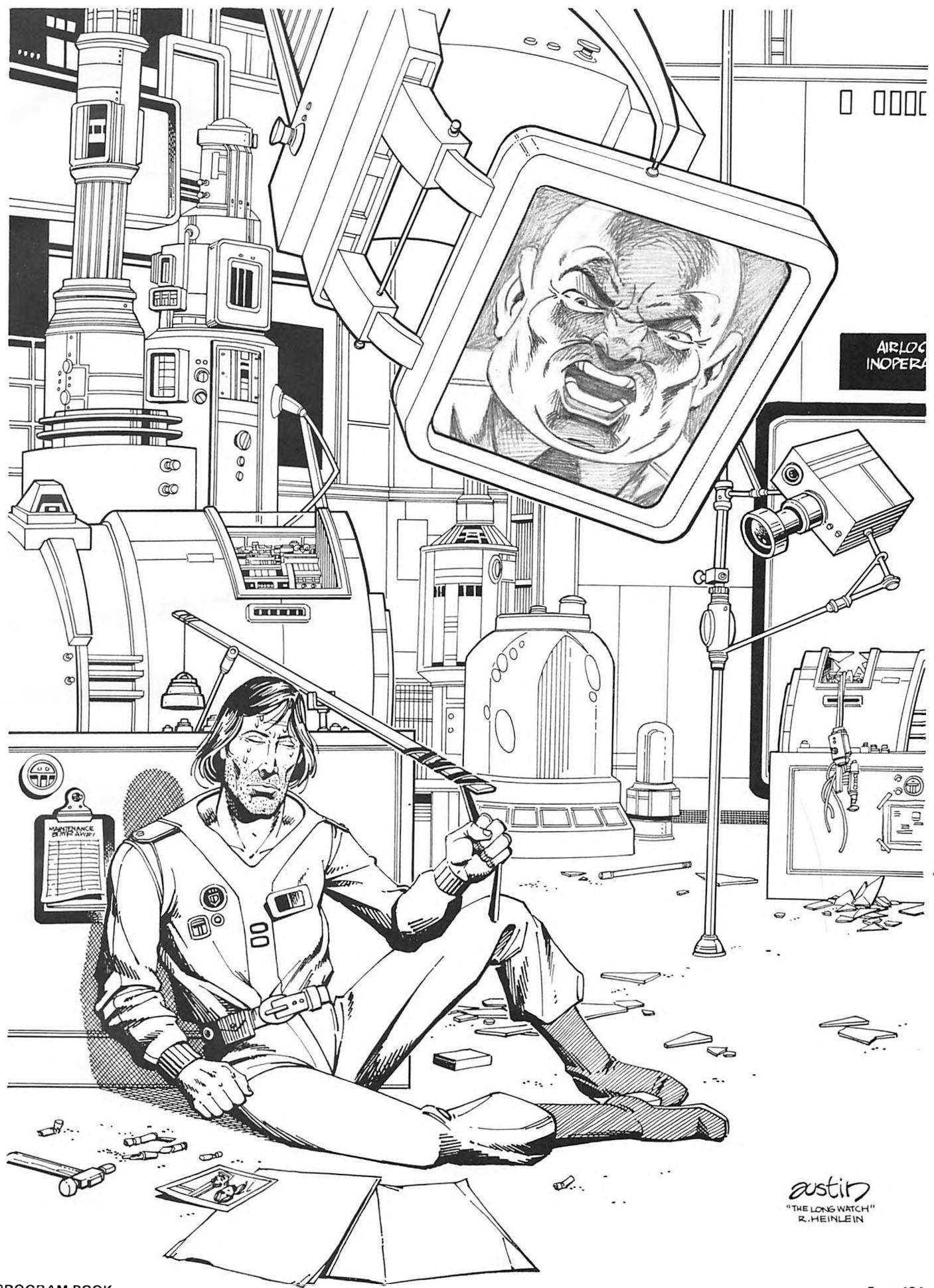


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"He looked down -and regretted it. There was nothing below him but stars, down and down, endlessly." -from "Ordeal In Space."



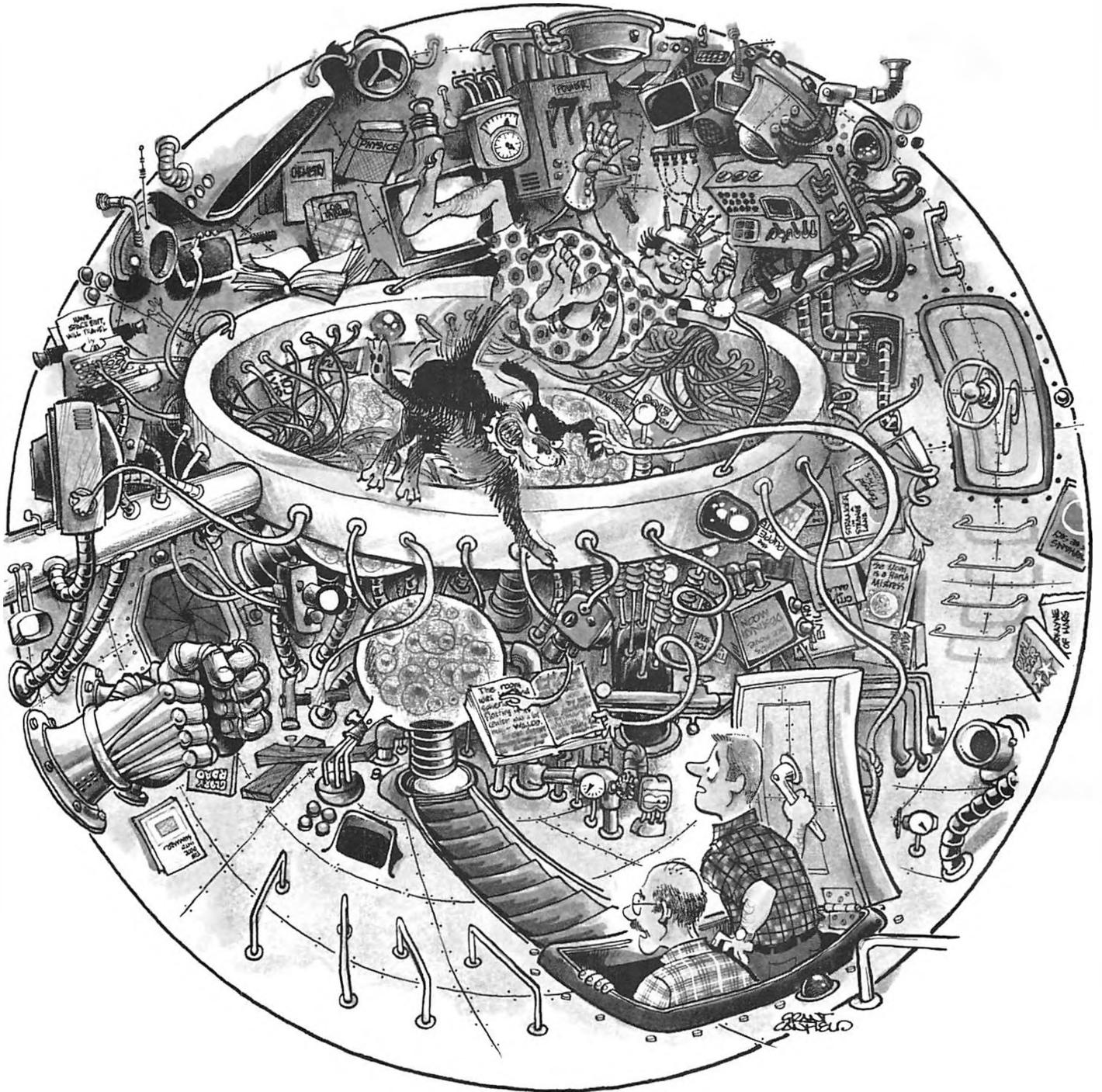
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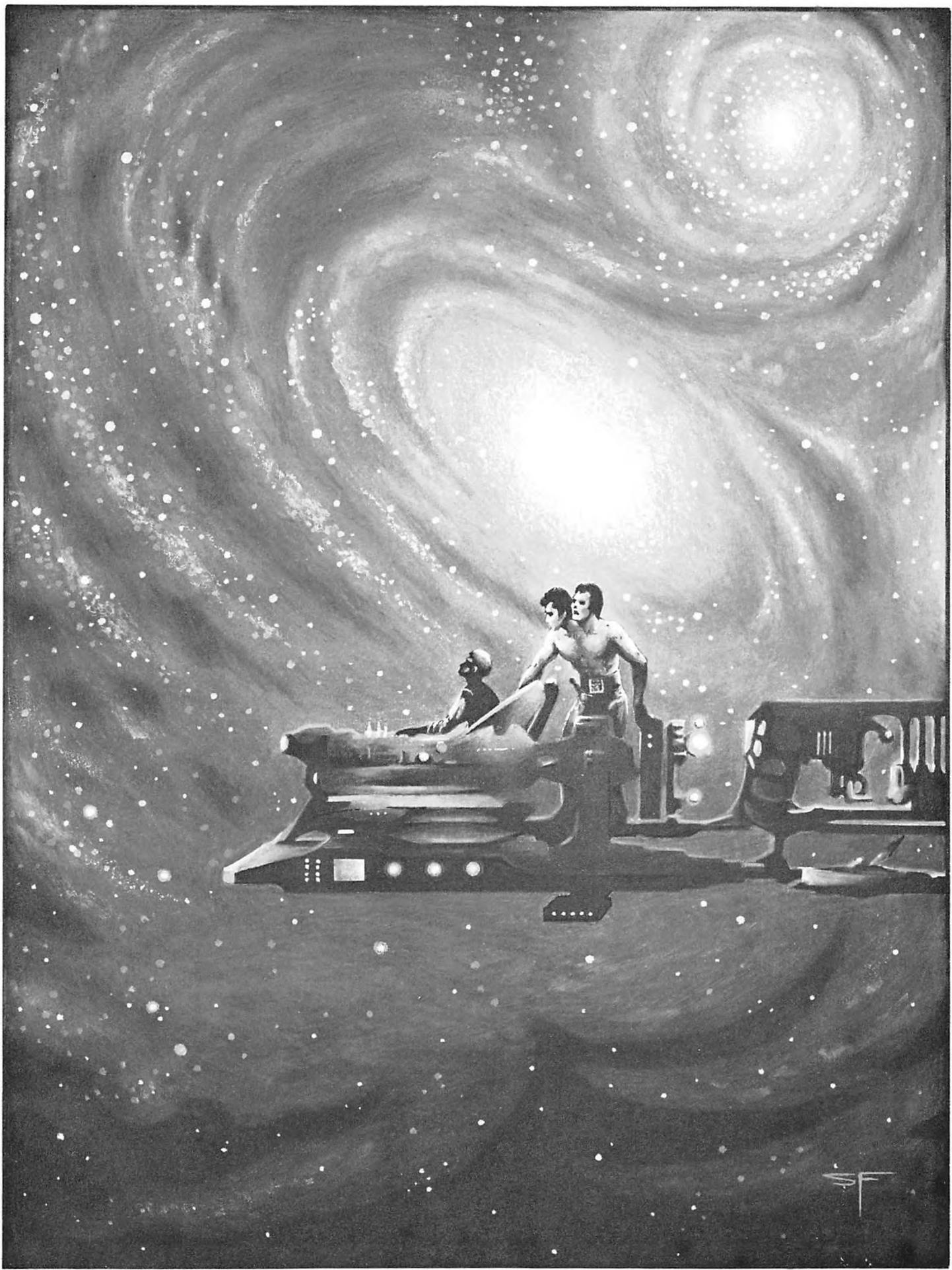
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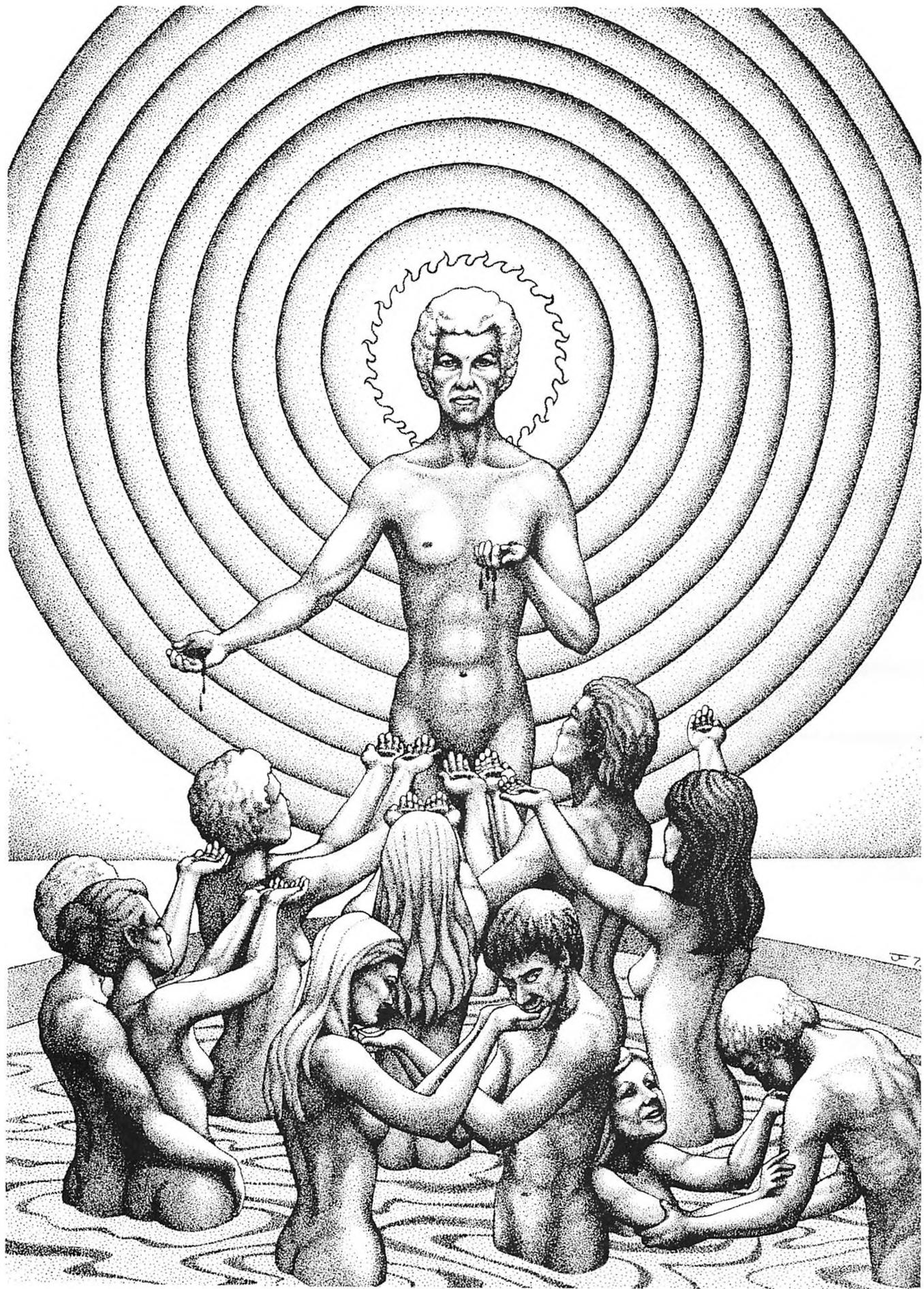


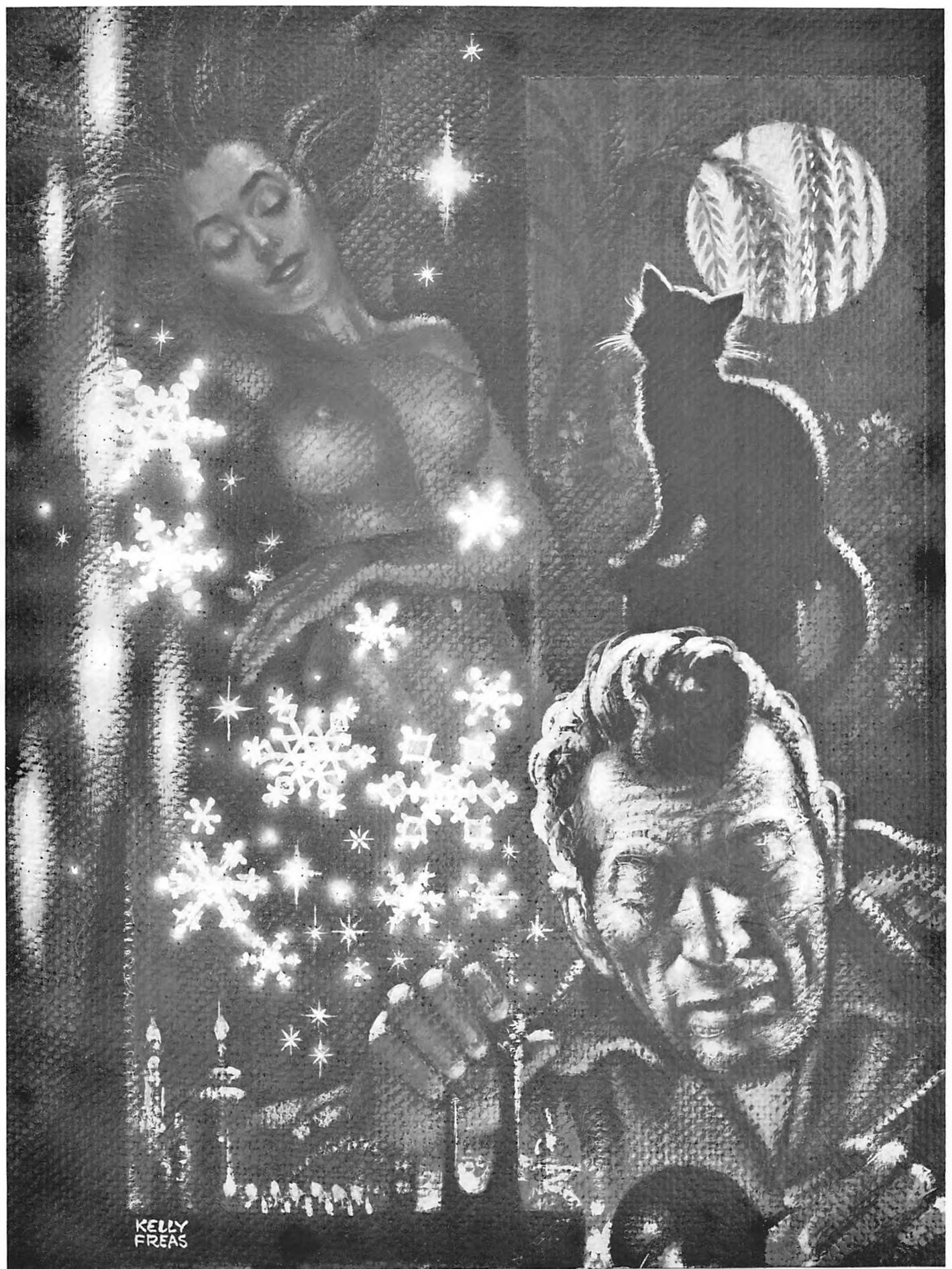




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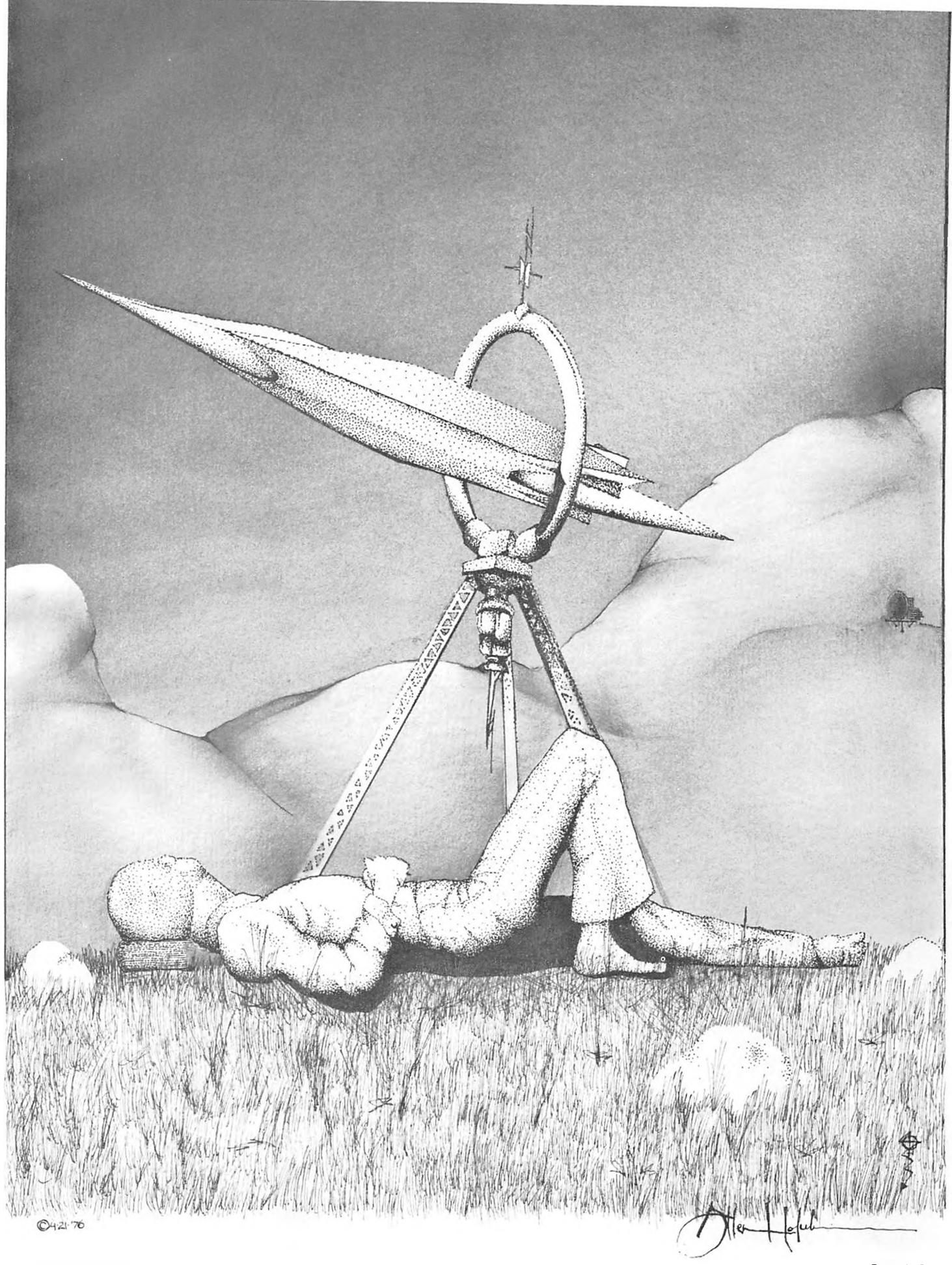




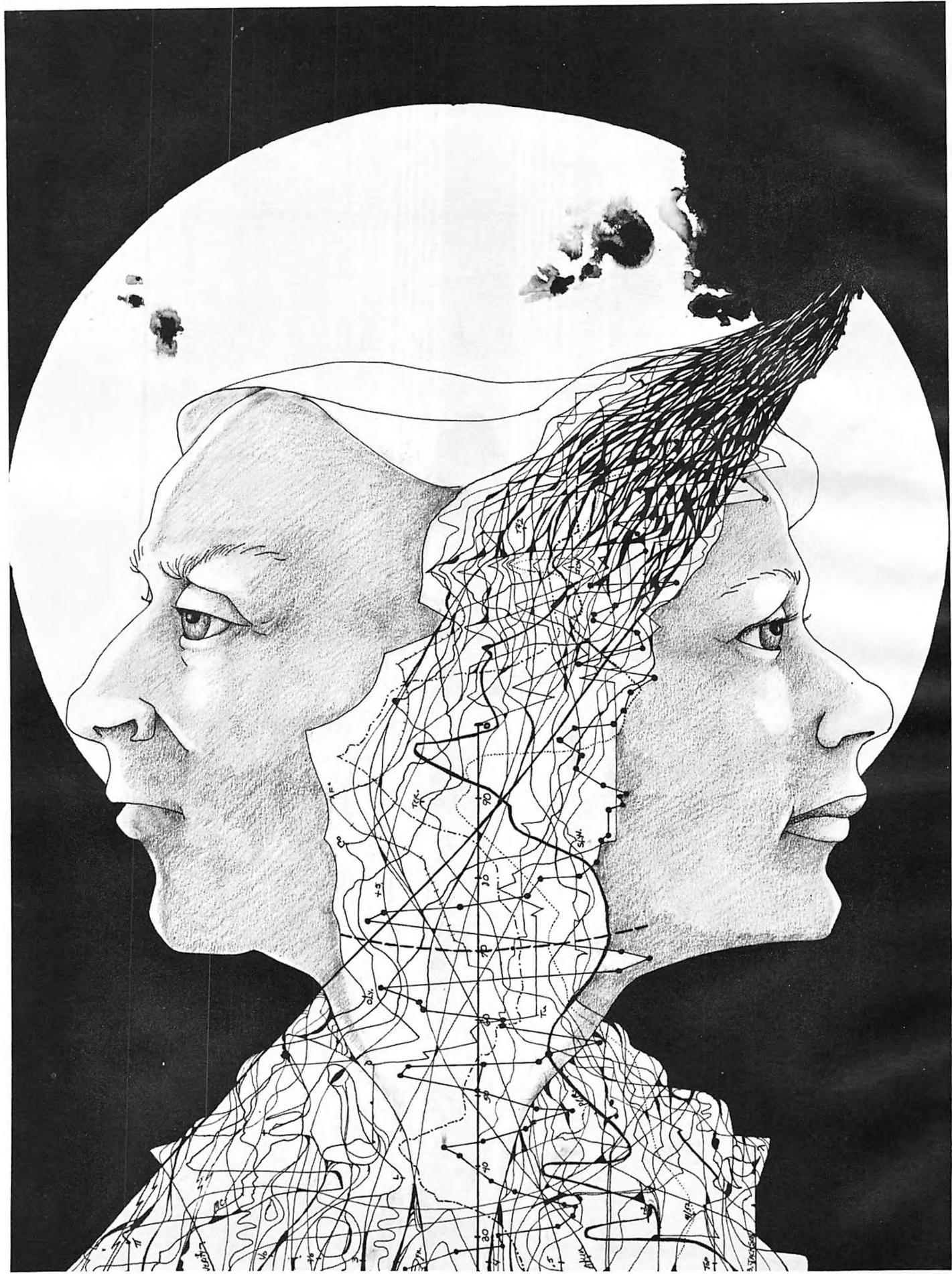


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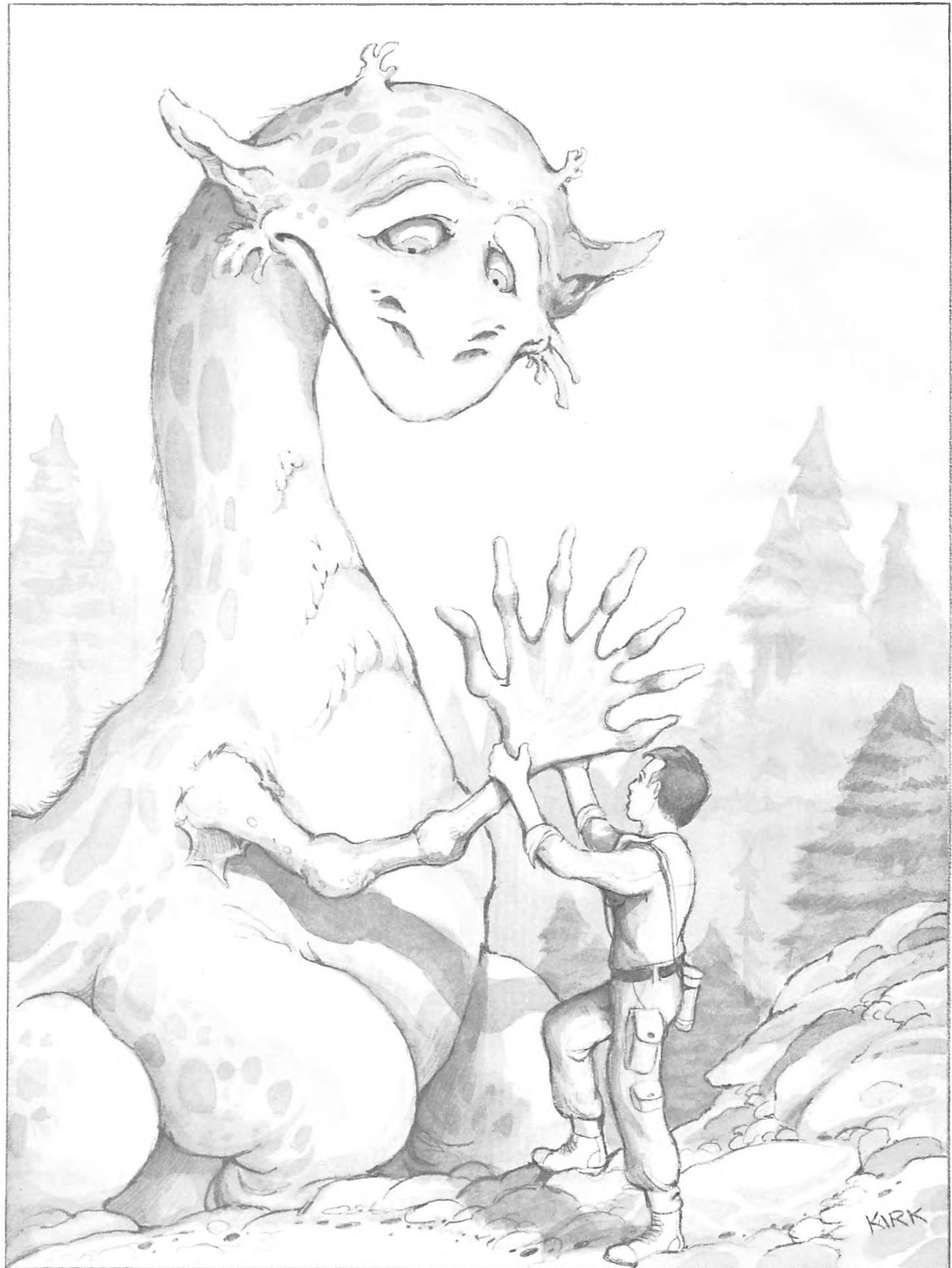




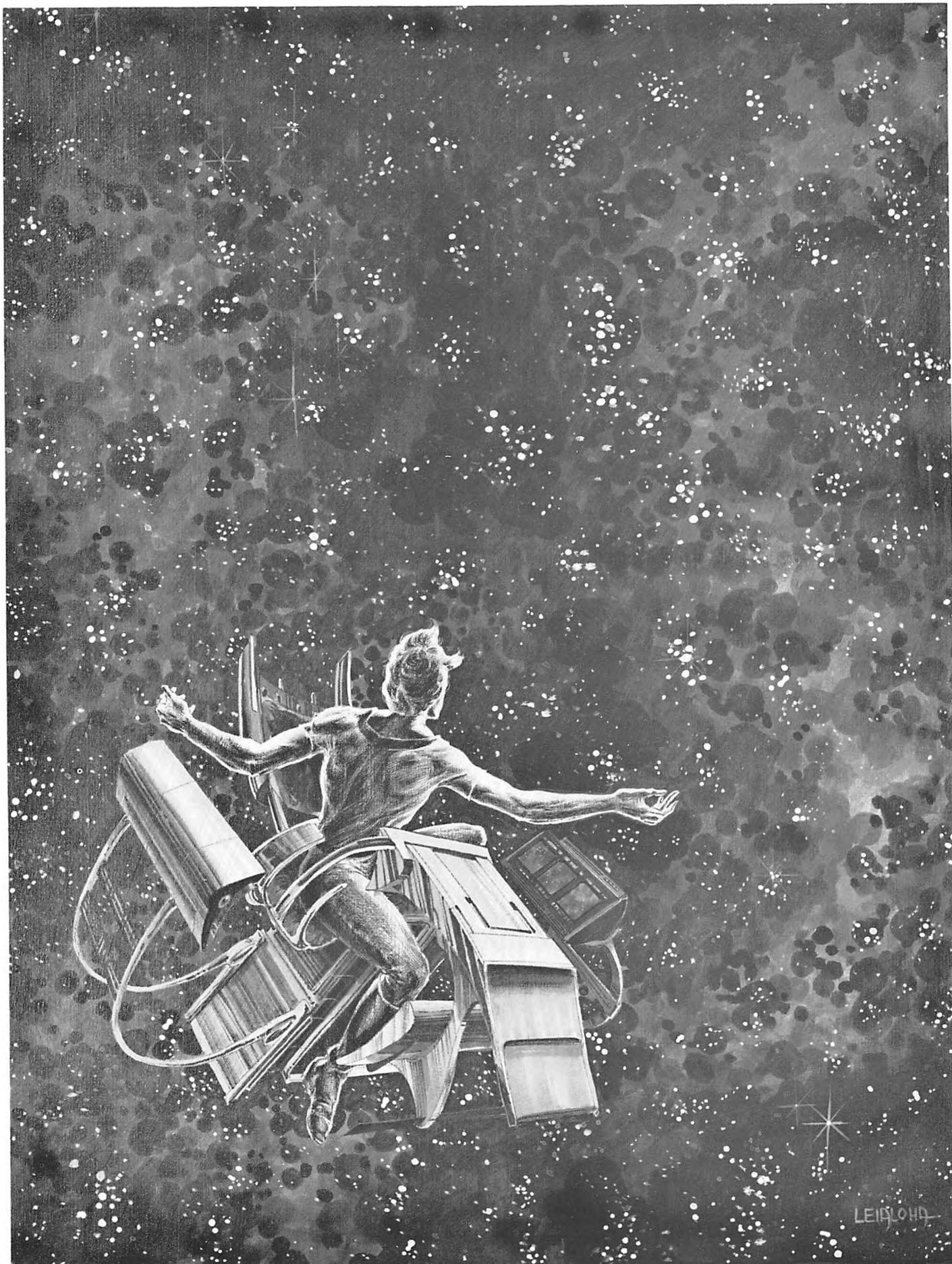
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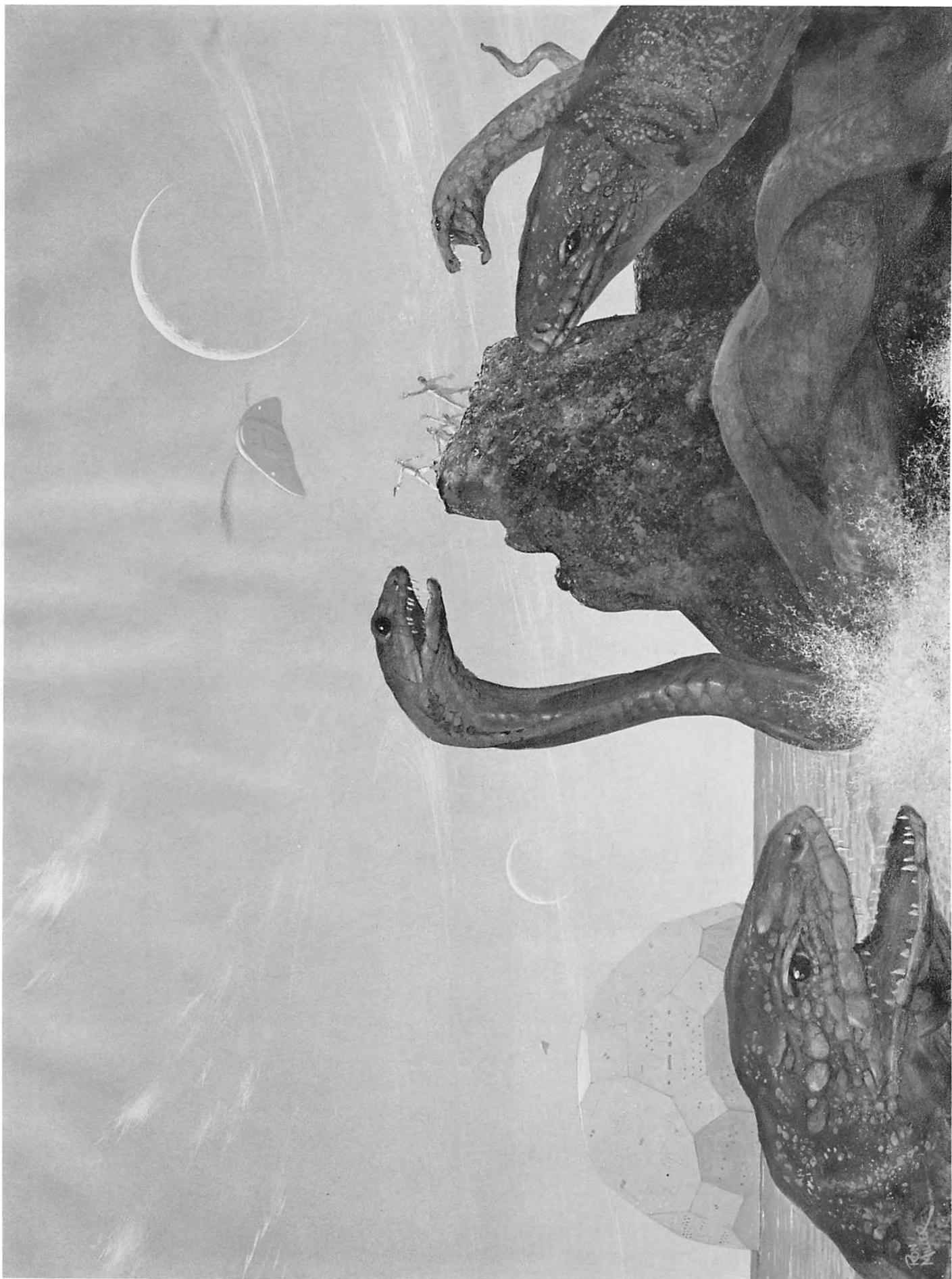














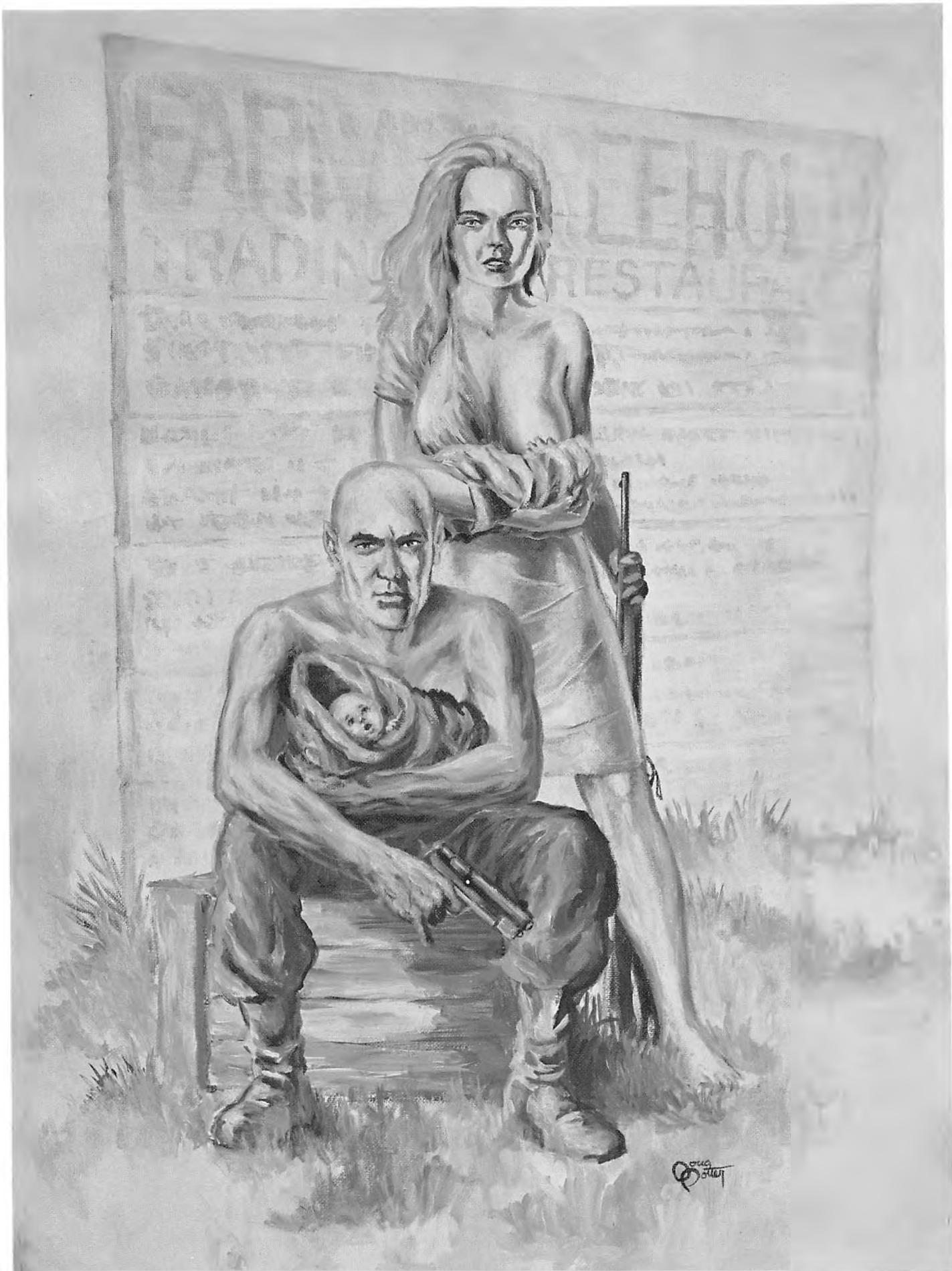


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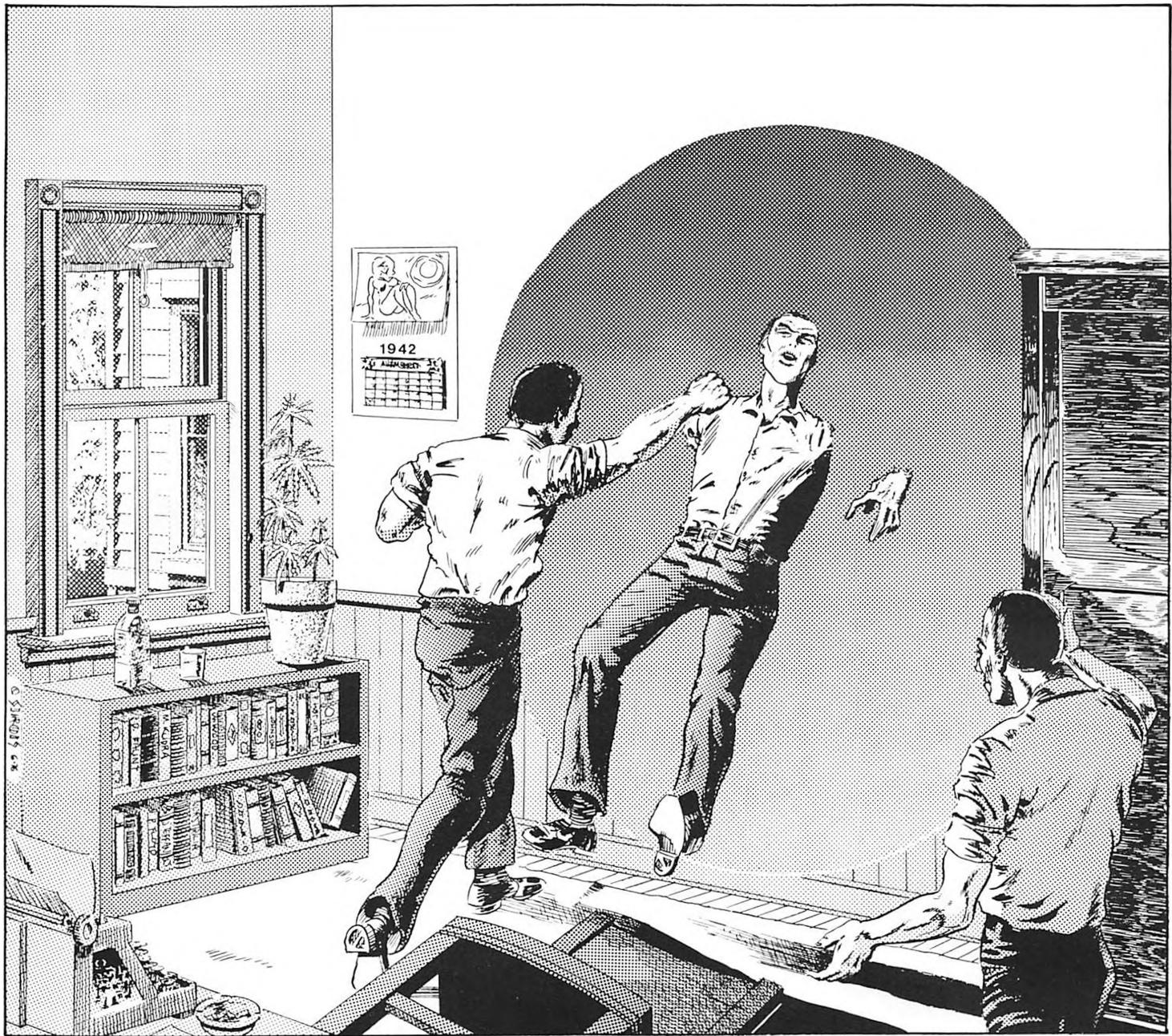


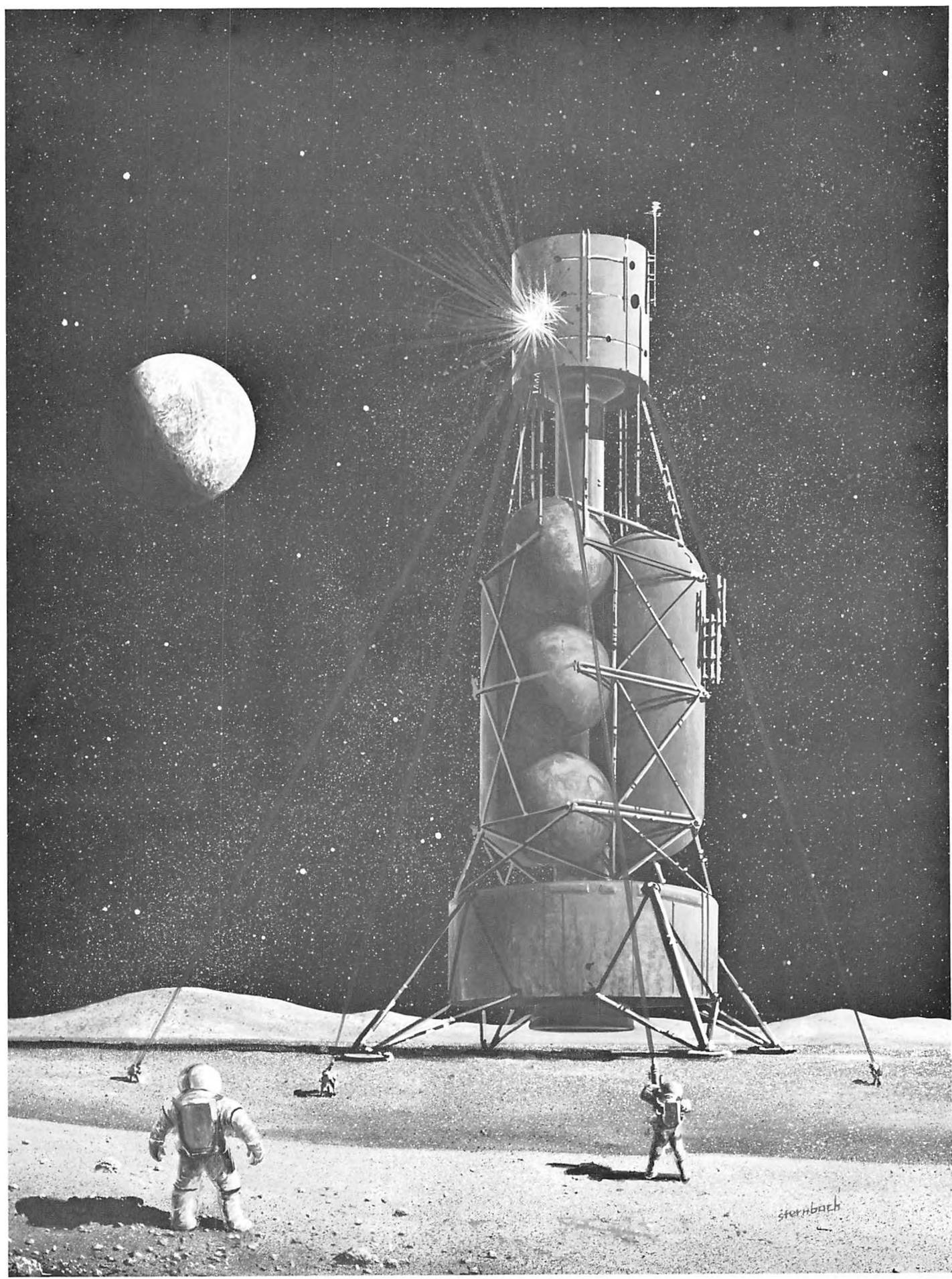


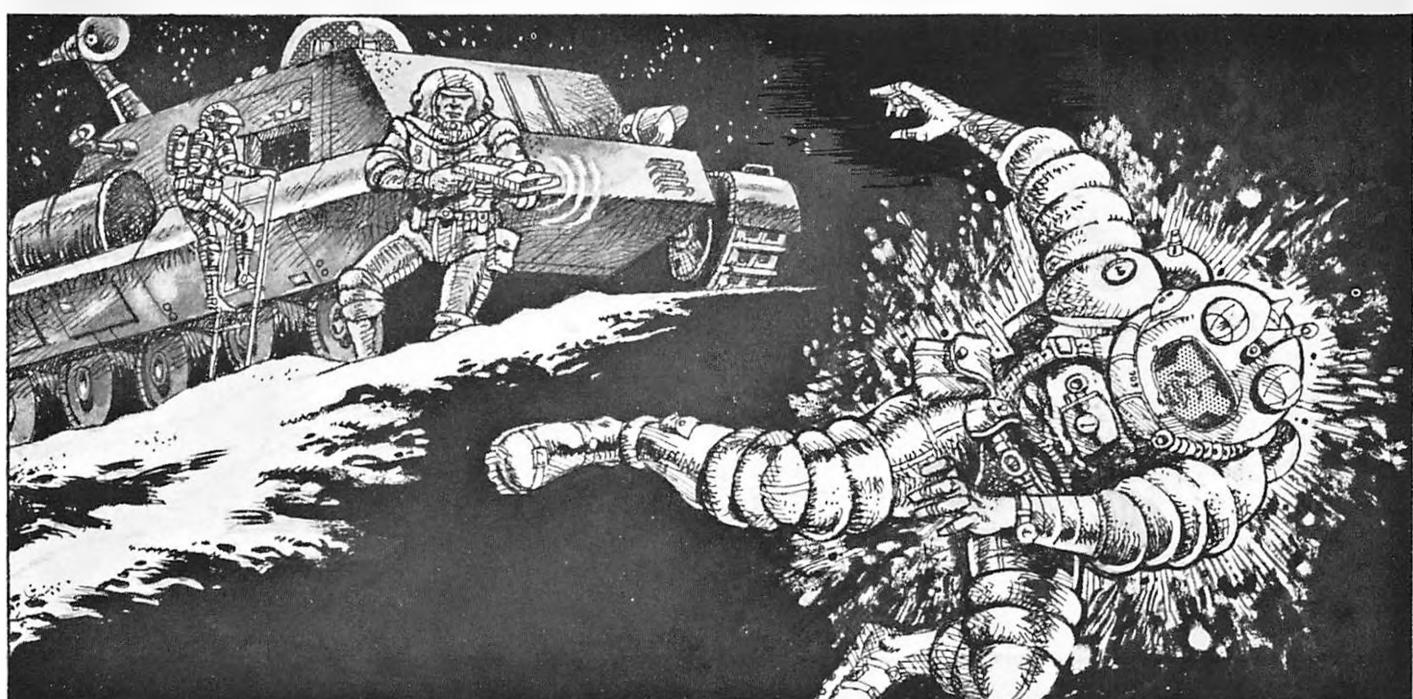




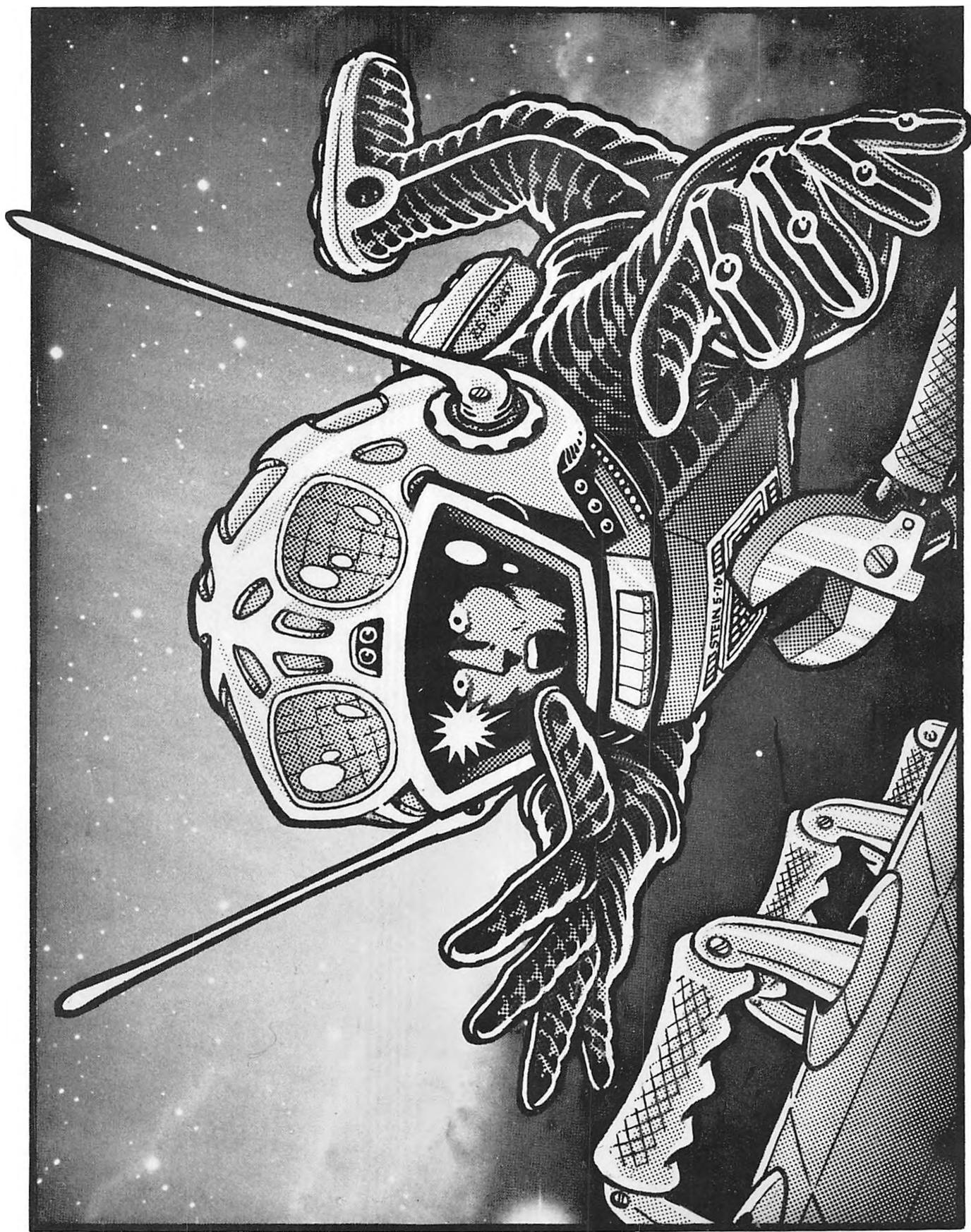
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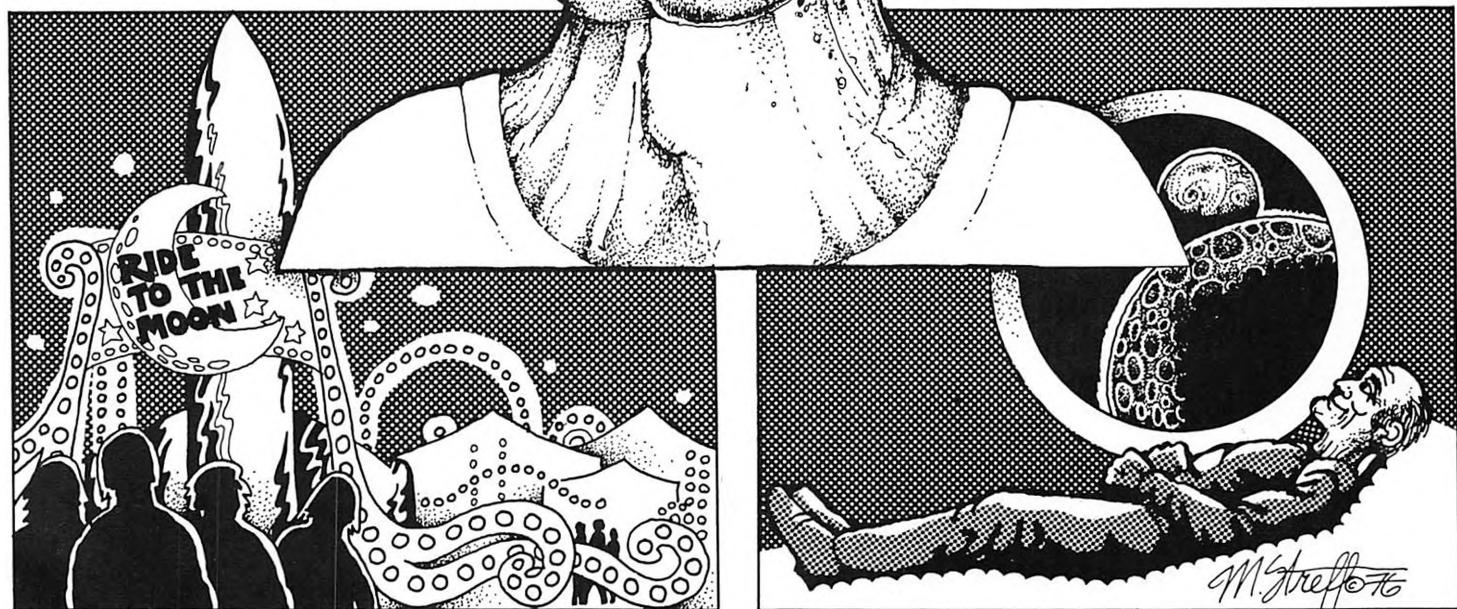
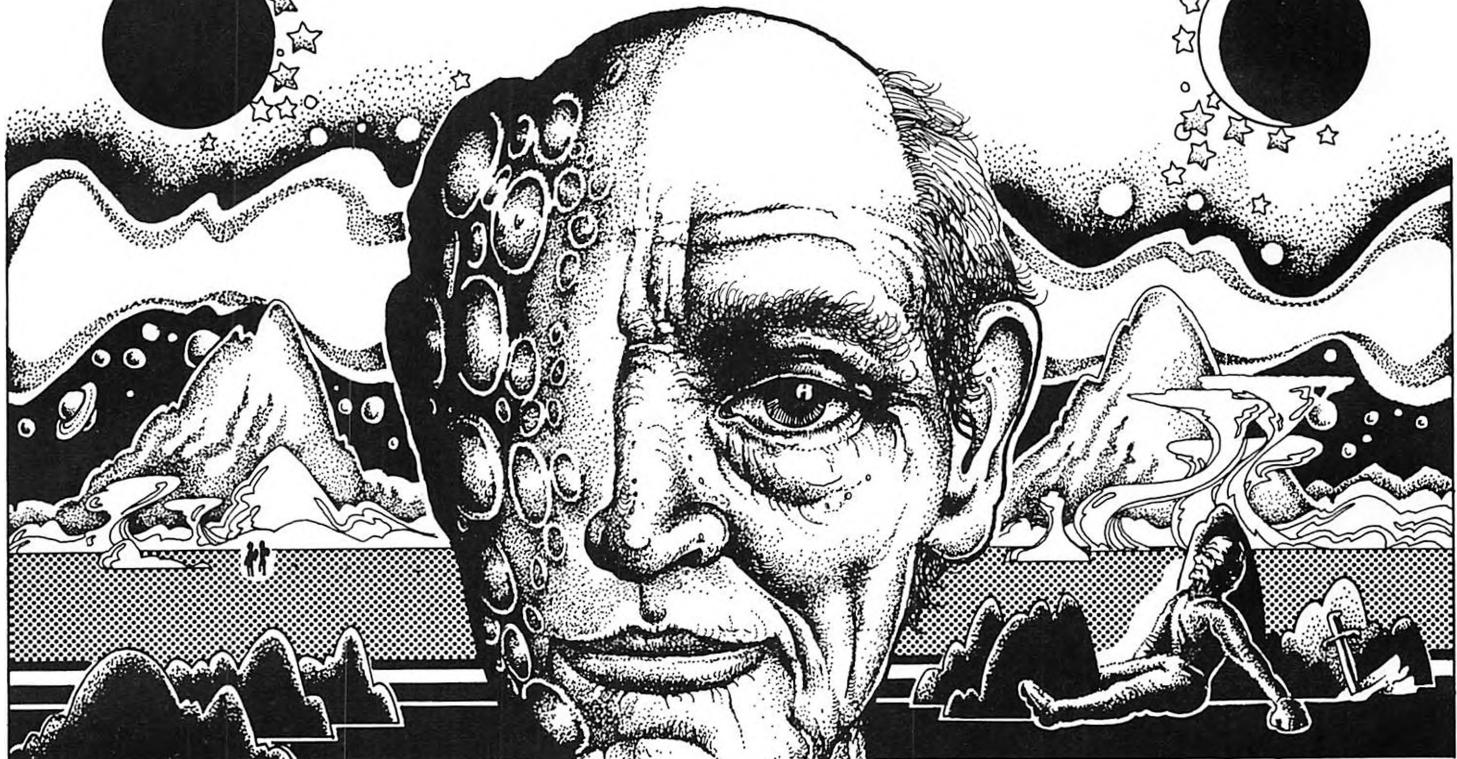


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# REQUIEM









R.J. Whitmore



# The Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror Films

334 West 54th Street, Los Angeles, California 90037 (213) 752-5811

DR. DONALD A. REED

President

## WHAT IS THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, AND HORROR FILMS?

The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films is a non-profit organization consisting of dedicated individuals devoted to presenting awards of merit and recognition for science fiction films, fantasy films, and horror films, and to promoting the arts and sciences of science fiction, fantasy and horror films.

## WHO BELONGS?

Actors, actresses, writers, directors, producers, make-up artists, animators, special effects people, film critics, film students, and others interested in and respecting the genres of science fiction, fantasy, and horror.

## WHAT DO THEY DO?

All members have equal voting rights in the selection of the annual awards. Nominations are made by the Board of Governors and ballots are mailed to all members. Members are invited to attend the annual awards ceremony held each year in Hollywood.

## WHAT ARE THE AWARDS CALLED?

The Golden Scroll Awards

## WHO CAN JOIN AS A MEMBER?

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## WHO IS THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE ACADEMY?

Dr. Donald A. Reed, the founder of The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films, is the President. He is a Doctor of Law and noted authority and scholar in the field of horror films and science fiction films.

# Robert Coulson:

## FROM CONCILIABILITY TO CONGESTION, WITH A TOUCH OF CONDESCENSION

One of the problems of any editor is the hole in the table of contents that develops at the last minute. There are only two solutions: the editor can either fill it himself (the fanzine approach) or he can contact a competent hack who can be relied upon to produce something readable if not brilliant, on short notice (the prozine approach). Tom Reamy took the prozine approach, which is why you're reading this instead of the carefully-researched, scholarly article intended for this slot. (I believe the article was to have been "The Science Fiction Convention as an Expression of the Cultural Dynamism of Ghetto Life in the 1970s," and copiously footnoted, but the author was kneed in the groin by a mad dog before he could finish it.)

So, instead of culture, you get an old fan and his tired reminiscences. My credentials are that I've been observing—and occasionally participating in—the idiotic foibles of fan-

dom since 1952. I'm not essentially a convention-goer. There is a major division in fandom between convention fans and fanzine fans; there are a lot of people who do both, but in the main, fanzine fans consider themselves superior because they spend more time and energy on their hobby than do convention fans. (With the recent ability to attend a convention every weekend of the year—assuming you can afford to buy some 2,000 gallons of gasoline or its equivalent in airline tickets—the hours, money, and energy have been more or less equalized, but prejudice dies hard.) I married into fanzine fandom, and I'm just as prejudiced as anyone else (ask anyone; they'll verify it). However, whenever one of those polls which asks "How many conventions have you attended?" comes around—which happens much too frequently—I find that I've attended too many to be able to enumerate all of them.



There is a theory abroad in fandom—particularly in fanzine fandom—which holds that the worldcon has become too large. Crowded parties, too many neofans and fringefans (meaning anyone the expresser of the opinion doesn't know and doesn't want to know), and it's become too hard to find people one wants to see (meaning any face one can recognize amidst this vast sea of neofans and fringefans).

There are valid arguments in favor of the theory. For one thing, worldcons are now too large to be handled by any single hotel in the country, and the next stage is obviously the route taken by other large conventions: the "convention center" approach, with one building for the formal program and the attendees scattered among all the hotels in the city. The newcomer may not see exactly what's wrong with this, but the veteran knows that science fiction conventions are totally unlike the conventions of bulk mail users or fund-raising groups (yes, there are such cons; I've been invited to both, as a matter of fact) in one important respect. The fans know a large number of their fellow-attendees in advance, and for veteran fans the worldcon is a weeklong party, where they can renew face-to-face contact with friends from across the country, or meet some new friend in person for the first time. The formal program is at best a minor adjunct of the room parties; and room parties will be somewhat blighted by the prospect of walking six or eight blocks in a strange city after dark in order to reach the party. (If enough fans get mugged, it might reduce the size of the conventions, but it seems a drastic solution.)

However, the fan longing for the Good Old Days of conventions should be reminded of a book about Good Old Days of society in general: *The Good Old Days—They Were Terrible!* by Otto L. Bettmann. Not that they were precisely terrible in the fan world, but they weren't as rosy as old-time fans like to pretend.

For that matter, complaints over the size of worldcons are nothing new. I wasn't present at the 1940 convention in Chicago (ask Toastmaster Tucker about that; he's been present ever since Philadelphia in 1775), so I can't guarantee that some attendee went home and wrote in his fanzine about how crowded things were becoming, but I have this feeling that someone did. I do know that in 1953, Bob Silverberg wrote in his fanzine *Spaceship*: "Who in blazes wants a big con? . . . Chicago—and now Philadelphia—offered us quantity instead of quality; the nice big convention, as Norman Browne puts it, where you have to spend the first three days just trying to get ahold of your friends." (There were an estimated 1000 people at Chicago and 800 in Philadelphia; either would be considered a nice small worldcon by today's standards, but the champions of small, intimate conventions thought at the time they were monstrous.)

I tend to think that 5000 or more people does constitute an overlarge con, but then I

wasn't raised in the era of Woodstock and other examples of mass insanity.

A lot of the traditional worldcon apparatus that fans take for granted today simply didn't exist a few years ago. The World Science Fiction Convention started in 1939. The Hugo Awards were originated in 1953, a full 14 years later. Until then, the only way to honor a pro writer was by making him Guest of Honor, and with only one convention a year (regional conventions didn't have Guests of Honor then, and most of them didn't exist anyway; the regional is another recent development) the honors were necessarily limited. One couldn't even buy a favorite author's books; in those days science fiction books were rarer than regional conventions. Sf came in the magazines. There had been considerable discussion in the fanzines about recognition for writers, and a group of fans finally decided to get the ball rolling. The con committee agreed to a presentation at the Philadelphia Worldcon, Ben Jason found an old Oldsmobile hood ornament that would serve as a model for a trophy rocketship, and a tradition was founded. In the early days Ben had to make all the trophies himself, and they weren't always ready when the presentation came around. More than one recipient received an empty wooden base with an assurance that the rocket would be added in due course. (The one Juanita and I won for *Yandro* in 1965 didn't arrive for nine months, which we thought was an appropriate gestation period. I offered to let Ben present it again at the next worldcon—no point in wasting an opportunity for publicity—but he seemed to think I was being sarcastic. I was, but the sarcasm was aimed at the award in general, not at Ben.)

For some unknown reason, the originators of the Hugos included an award for "Best Fanzine" among their categories. (At this late date I can't recall who they were, but I assume they were all fanzine publishers, a breed chronically hungry for affection and status, and putting a fanzine award in with the professional trophies assured them of both. They also ignored my suggestion that it be named the "John" for Campbell instead of "Hugo" for Gernsback, and that it consist of a finely sculpted outhouse; considering some of the nominees, I think they missed a glorious opportunity.) However, while fanzine editors were reaping the egoboo, the other fan categories had to wait until Ted White unveiled them in 1967. (Ted, with a semblance of realism, called the pro awards of that year Hugos and the fan awards "Pongs," after a legendary fannish humorist. For this, he was reviled by every fanzine editor in the country except me; the image is more important than the reality, even in fandom.) Today there may be arguments over categories (is *Algol* a prozine? is *Amazing Stories* a fanzine?) but the right of fans to pat professionals and themselves on the back is unquestioned, and the Hugos are a major convention ceremony. Changing them further is unthought of, and will continue to be until someone thinks of it.

If you like science fiction and fantasy art, you wouldn't have liked the early conventions. There was some professional art, dona-



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ted by the prozines, and it contained a few classic masterpieces and a lot of junk. Prices were low enough by today's standards, but in those days fans went to conventions with a total of \$50 or less to pay for rooms, meals, transportation, and any goodies they could afford to buy, and even one relatively cheap painting meant missing a meal or two. There was no fan art. The fan art show came into being at least partly because supplies of pro art were drying up; the magazines were dying and paperbacks had not yet taken up the slack. (And when con committees did inquire about paperback covers, they found that artists were beginning to get contracts that included the return of the original to the artist; pb companies didn't have stacks of mouldering old artwork sitting around to be disposed of to a junkman or an impecunious con committee.)

The Fan Art Show, to supplement the dwindling professional artwork, was the brainchild of Seth Johnson, a New Jersey fan. He conceived of it as a project for the National Fantasy Fan Federation, and never

managed to get it off the ground, but fan artist Bjo Trimble heard about it, liked the idea, and with Seth's approval took it over. Bjo and John Trimble singlehandedly (doublehandedly?) made the project a success. They personally managed the shows, beginning with the first-ever at Pitcon in 1960, with one exception. They couldn't get to Washington, D. C. in 1963, so Juanita Coulson was in charge of the actual exhibits at the convention, but John and Bjo still did all the preliminary work and bookkeeping. (Once the show was a proven success and a moneymaker, some con committees have taken over the management of their own shows, rather like a Latin-American country expropriating a US-built industry, but the Trimble will be doing the job here in Kansas City.)

For several years, the fan show all but eclipsed the professional art auction; one could buy better art from the fans. It's a big solid tradition now; but it wasn't present in the Good Old Days.

Not many foreign fans were present at the earlier "world" conventions, either. The trip



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was too expensive. And when the worldcon was in Europe (London in 1957 and 1965), few US fans could attend. As soon as US fans began contacting other fanzine publishers in such exotic locales as England, Australia, Sweden, Germany, Japan, Argentina, etc., there was talk about getting a few of the better-known "furriners" to US-held worldcons. Beginning in 1949, there were a few special "fan funds" to help pay expenses for a specific foreign fan to this country. These continue; the latest one sent Bob Tucker to Australia in 1975. It was unintentionally oversubscribed, and brought him back again, so you get him as a functionary at this worldcon as well, you lucky people.) The idea of allowing everyone in fandom to vote for candidates to be brought overseas with all expenses paid by fan contributions lay dormant until Don Ford and the Cincinnati club originated the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) in time for the 1954 worldcon. After a year or two of uncertainty, it worked, and has continued, with a US fan going to a European convention one year and a European fan coming here the next. The Down-Under Fan Fund (DUFF) with a US/Australian exchange, wasn't added until 1973.

The publicity—and the Affluent Society—has stimulated more fans to pay their own way to foreign conventions, so that here in Kansas City you may run into attendees from England, Australia, Japan, Spain, South America, or other locales. In the Good Old Days, US cons were pretty strictly for US fans, with an occasional lonely Canadian.

I'm not sure when the movie craze began at conventions; after the big boom of "sci-fi" movies in the 1950s, obviously. I'm not a movie fan, so I can't give proper credit to the con committee which first announced the showing of all-night movies. (But I recall seeing the announcement.) Movies were for the poor neofans who didn't know their fellow-attendees and were too introverted to get acquainted. They couldn't join in party conversation, even if they knew parties existed. (I didn't, at the first worldcon I attended. After the program, I went up to my room and read books.) The all-night movies were an attempt to keep them from bewilderedly roaming the hallways at night, where they might trip over a veteran fan and create an incident. By the time 24-hour movies were introduced at cons, these poor misguided souls had developed a subculture of their own; they *liked* sf movies. (It's been somewhat of a shock to us of the old breed who retain vestiges of taste and culture, but I suppose we'll recover, in time.) At any rate, if you enjoy the movie sessions, you'd miss them if you were allowed to time-travel back to the early worldcons.

Of course, there are a few things that we have now that aren't precisely an improvement. As I recall, the first security guard at a convention appeared at Discon I in 1963, and he was on duty only for the masquerade. We had to share the hotel with a teen-age fraternity, and the committee was worried (correctly so, as it turned out) that the frat boys might become overexcited by a glimpse of fan costumes. They did, but the guard kept them and their excitement out of the

masquerade area. The idea of guards at all major functions, because a few fans might try to rip off the con, wasn't considered necessary in 1963—but it didn't take long for the problem to arise. Along with the larger number of worthwhile people that a big convention draws, there is also a larger number of undesirables. Any large congregation of humanity draws thieves, and fandom is unfortunately no exception. We won't be going back to the old, trusting days as long as we have big conventions.

There was a more pleasant innovation at the 1963 masquerade, however; for the first time, the contestants were paraded across a stage, so all the spectators got a good look at them. Before this, they had simply milled around with the spectators, which was acceptable if you happened to be a tall spectator. If you were short, you didn't see much.

A similar drawback, more important to the young fan (so far) than to the veteran, is the change in room parties. At conventions in the 1950s and 1960s, there were always "open" parties; anyone attending the convention was welcome. Bidders for the next worldcon would host parties to attract votes (and with smaller conventions, there were more bidding groups). Fan clubs and occasionally individual fans held parties, just because they wanted to. But with the hotel management frowning on crowding a thousand people into one hotel room, open parties became scarce. Veterans can attend "closed" parties; entrance by invitation only. It's not all that hard to become known in fandom; investing in a few fanzines and making a few appearances in their letter columns will do it. But often the newcomer must make do with a badly overcrowded "hospitality suite," without even a professional author to admire. (The "fannish" authors are all in the closed parties, and the young status-seekers are relaxing in the SFWA suite, above the consideration of mere fan affairs.)

An innovation this year is closed-circuit tv for masquerade-watching; it's too early to tell whether this will prove to be a boon or merely an unpleasant necessity. But it's here, and it will probably be here in the future.

The essence of life is change, to coin a platitude. Conventions are changing, and fandom had better learn to enjoy the changes. The idea of science-fiction fans devoted to an unchanging tradition of any sort is incongruous, anyway. In the future, we may have computerized tracking systems covering the movement of everyone on the convention floor. Installed for security, of course; but it could be used to shortcut the presently tedious methods of getting in touch with friends. (Finding the room number, calling the room, getting no answer, searching the huckster room, etc.) The 24-hour movies can be piped to individual rooms via closed-circuit tv, for those watchers who object to sitting long hours in the most uncomfortable chairs known to man. Today there are occasional group telephone calls to absent friends; tomorrow it could be phonovision face-to-face encounters, or even speeches by celebrities unable to appear in person.

And whatever the change, fans will complain about it. Sometimes justifiably. □

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The Mythopoeic Society is a literary and educational organization devoted to the study, discussion, and enjoyment of all the works of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, and Charles Williams. It believes these writers can more completely be understood and appreciated by studying the realm of myth; the genre of fantasy; and the literary, philosophical, and spiritual traditions which underlie their work, and which they have drawn from and enriched.

The word "mythopoeic" (pronounced myth-ō-pē-ic) means "myth-making" or "productive of myths." It is a word that well fits the fictional and mythic works of the three authors, who were prominent members of an unique informal literary circle known as the Inklings, that met in Oxford, England, during the late 1930s through the 1950s. While they were individually distinct writers, their works reflect many common values, parallel themes, and cross-influences.

The Mythopoeic Society was founded in 1967 by Glen H. GoodKnight. From its first meeting of 15 people in Southern California, it has grown to become an international organization with nearly 1400 members/subscribers in 16 nations, and with over 25 discussion groups. In 1970 it held its first annual Mythopoeic Conference. In 1971 it incorporated as an educational and literary nonprofit tax-exempt organization. In 1972 THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY OF AMERICA merged with it to create a larger and stronger framework. In 1974 the structure of the Society was revised, giving equal voting and decision-making rights to all members. In 1976 the production system for the publications was revised to improve their quality and frequency.

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Understand, I shouldn't be doing this—there are enough publishers and then some in the field already. But, just as my own entry into the small, specialized field of hard-cover, science fiction & fantasy publishing was helped by advice from established publishers in the field, I will try here to give the would-be publisher some idea of how to avoid some of my own worst mistakes and a



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few of the ways to make the job a bit easier.

To begin with, assume that de Camp's & Anderson's Law applies: everything will take longer and cost more. Everything. That 60,000 word title that you expected to come in with a total budget of \$4,000 and six months will turn out at \$7,000 and nine months—and that's if you are *lucky* and have a pretty good idea of what you are about. Hence, the rule for estimating cover (list) price, used throughout the industry: take known production costs for the first printing—typesetting, artwork, printing, binding, etc.—and multiply by five to eight times.

No, that does not mean that publishers make out like bandits. First, your estimate will be low, so that what started out as eight times production costs will be five times a larger cost by the time you go to press. Second, the author gets his 10% to 15% out of the cover price, not out of what comes to you. Third, distributors (good working definition: anyone who buys in 50 copy lots or larger) get a 50% discount; bookstores, about 40%. Fourth, you still have to buy postage and packaging material. Fifth, you will have to write letters—more postage—to persuade everything but the direct mail-order, prepaid sales to pay their bills. And Sixth, not all of your books will be successes. Lots—lots—of them won't be.

Then, what if the five-to-eight times rule produces a price so high that people won't buy? Lower the price? No—if you can't produce cheaply enough to have a reasonable

cover price, *don't publish the book!* Sorry—but there's no way out. If the competition is pricing books cheaper than you can, wait 'em out. Either they'll go broke, or you'll find out the name of a cheaper printer. (This, by the way, is another reason I'm writing this; I'd just as soon not have to stop bringing out books until a batch of enthusiastic newcomers ruin themselves by pricing their titles so cheaply that they lose money even while selling every copy they have printed.)

Now, as for this matter of printers' prices—this isn't at all like buying a \$4,000 to \$6,000 automobile, where ten different dealers will quote prices within a few hundred dollars of each other. In the printing (and typesetting and bookbinding) business, wholly reputable firms will quote prices that vary by a factor of three—that is, one price may be *three times* another firm's. One small publisher may find the lowest price for printing from a neighborhood print shop, who will work on a book while business is slow; another may find his lowest quote from the largest printer in the United States, who has a plant set up specifically for print runs of as little as 2,000 copies and who binds books in the same plant.

Typesetting prices are similarly variable—old-fashioned lead-casting type is the best looking, but is completely out of the small publisher's price range, except for—say—the jacket flap copy. The country is full of small firms with photo-typesetting or IBM Composer equipment who can turn out good-looking

copy for around a penny a word; and quality of copy (i.e., how much proofreading will you have to do afterwards) and reliability of delivery dates are important things to look for here.

Where to find these printers, binders, and out-of-town typesetters? Write to R. R. Bowker Co., 1180 Sixth Ave., New York NY 10036. Order a copy of the current *Literary Market Place*. It's published annually, is about the size of a medium telephone directory, and costs around \$25. (If you can't afford that, you can't afford to even *think* about being a publisher.) *LMP* has names and addresses—publishers, book wholesalers, importers, printers, typesetters—and every other specialty concerned with the publishing business. Even more important, it has lists and names and addresses of publications that review books. And, while you're at it, ask Bowker for its catalog of other books—this firm publishes a line of books about publishing—and you'll need some of them.

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Have these complications dissuaded you yet? No? Okay: another source of information for the small, beginning publisher. *The Huenefeld Report* is published every two weeks by Vinebrook Productions, Box U, Bedford, MA 01730. A year's subscription costs \$38.00. It's expensive; if you're serious about publishing, it's worth it. You can write for information and a sample issue.

Ever take a really good look at a book? Want to bet? Then: does the contents page go ahead of or behind the preface? Exactly

what goes on the title page? And does it have a page number? Okay—now go study a few hard-cover books. See how they differ, how they are the same. Go back to your friendly library—rare-book room if they have one, otherwise the catalog division—and get the people there to tell you about books. Find out just what does go on the title page and why it is important to librarians (they need the information for cataloging purposes and they expect to find it there, but let them go into detail). Basically, the front matter is a mixture of tradition and practicality; from the point of view of the new publisher, here is where he shows he is no amateur, where he shows his professional customers—librarians and booksellers—that he is putting this section together the way it is supposed to go.

Specifically, then: the title page gives the name of the book in full, the name of the author, artist, etc., the name of the publisher (and usually the city of publication), and the year of publication of this edition. The half-title, two pages (or one sheet) in advance of the title page, carries the title alone in smaller type than on the title page; its purpose is to avoid having the title page glued directly to the end-papers. The back of the title page carries the copyright notice, the prior publishing and copyright history of the material (if it will fit here; otherwise it takes a page to itself later), the name and mailing address of the publisher, the Standard Book Number, and the Library of Congress Number.

Next come the dedication, the acknowledgements, the table of contents, the foreword, the preface, and the introduction, generally in that order. Sometimes when the preface and/or foreword are very short, they may precede the contents page. The terms foreword, preface, and introduction are sometimes used interchangably; properly, the introduction is part of the book itself and may well be the first chapter. The preface tells how or why the book was written, and may be by the author or by another person. The foreword implies a less formal preface; if the book has both, the foreword is the one by someone other than the author. Then, in many books, the half-title page is repeated to set off the front matter from the main text, which will probably put it after the preface but before the introduction.

Ever notice that the front matter in some books is numbered "i, ii, iii" rather than "1, 2, 3"? Two reasons: you can get the typesetter to work on the main text while the front matter is being prepared, and subsequent editions may add new and longer prefaces and forewords without the necessity of re-numbering all the pages of the main text. Either way, you must have a numbering system that assigns a page number to every page, beginning with the very first, even those which traditionally don't have the page number printed thereon, because that is the way the printer expects the copy to be prepared, and you confuse him at your peril!

Detail—detail—is that all there is to this business? No—but the details all have to be *right*. Book publishing is expensive; to go to that much effort and then not do it as it should be is simply inexcusable—and your



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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

potential customers will not excuse you. The text must be proofread—and again (unless you have a really fantastic proofreader)—and again. Suddenly you realize the great value of short paragraphs—there's less to be reset if a word was left out of the copy that went to the typesetter.

Somewhere along about now, typesetting has proceeded to the point where you have an accurate count of pages for the final book. Now—or earlier—you can get a final quote from the printers. Now you can establish the list price. Now you go to the Library of Congress and obtain the L C Card number for this book; now you assign the Standard Book Number and give final information to the Bowker Co. for *Books In Print*.

Now, some typesetters are very good. None is completely perfect. You have to proofread the typeset copy. You will find some errors that the typesetter committed. You will also—unless you are a lot more farsighted than anyone else I know—discover that there are errors in the copy that went to the typesetter which you didn't catch then. So will the author—in fact, authors, unless either well intimidated or already dead, have an annoying tendency to treat the first typeset pages as a next-to-the-last draft and start rewriting. This is expensive. Make a copy of the typeset pages by Xerox or the like, and let the author (if alive) get his hands on that. Then be firm—changes (as opposed to corrections) cost money—your money.

Realistically, a small-press, specialized audience book has a vanishingly small chance of being reviewed by *Kirkus Review*, *Library Journal*, or *Publishers Weekly*. However, the benefits from such a review are so great that you should consider whether these three are worth making a copy, by Xerox or the like, of the camera-ready pages of the book before you send those pages off to the printer. Point is, these three reviewers review only on ad-

vance copy, on the order of two or three months in advance of publication date. What they need to know, in addition to the text of the book, is what is the price, who & where is the publisher, when is the book being published, and the note that you would appreciate seeing a copy of any review (and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope seems to help).

Somewhere along the line, you'll have to do up an attractive-looking title page, dust-jacket, and so on. Some turn the camera-ready copy over to the printer at this point; I have better luck by having the negatives done independently. Either way, you must be very clear and explicit about what you want done. The printer will want some evidence that you can pay the bill; he may even ask for 50% of the price in advance. Eventually—which will seem like forever—the book is ready. You are prepared to pay for it—are you also prepared to store it somewhere? 2,000 to 3,000 copies of anything takes up a lot of space. Some of the small publishers use garages or large houses. I have the incoming books shipped to a commercial warehouse, then have a reasonable quantity shipped to the house as needed—this makes insurance easier to get and avoids having a cross-country tractor-trailer rig trying to park on a residential street to make delivery.

Now comes the second-hardest part—selling these thousands and thousands of copies. Direct mail sales look attractive; this is a bit misleading. While the direct sales let you get list price, undiminished by dealer discounts, late payments, and complete defaults (I've had two wholesalers go bankrupt on me, which I think is rather less than to be expected), you have to set up a mail-order business with all the piece-work and record-keeping that that entails. Dealers—with a 40% discount—and wholesalers—with 50% discount—are worth those discounts, since their orders of fives and fifties of copies each represent a large chunk of money per bookkeeping and shipping transaction. However—you gotta price the final product so that you can give these customary discounts and still make money.

Book reviews seem to be the best way to become known to your audience. Advertising, whether in the specialized magazines of your field—professional and fan sf magazines in our case, presumably—or by direct mail to bookstores and libraries, comes in as a weak second. Example: *Science Fiction Handbook, Revised* seems to be making most of its sales through two key reviews—one in *Analog*—one in the American Library Association's *Booklist*; *Analog* for the fans, *Booklist* for the libraries, and either (or both) for the schools. Advertising, on the other hand, can be acutely dangerous. A fair number of small publishers have been simply wiped out by the following sequence: the publisher runs an unexpectedly successful and effective ad in a bookstore-oriented publication, such as *Publishers Weekly*. Lots of bookstores promptly order. The publisher's stock is exhausted, so he orders a second printing. Just as the second printing is delivered, the bookstores decide that the book is a specialized one after all and send the books back—send

them back, in fact, before paying for them. Suddenly the publisher is up to his ears in bills and books...

Consequently, one can survive in this business only by taking a very hard-nosed approach toward selling. If a small-town bookstore you've never heard of orders an unreasonably large number of copies—ask your colleagues in the publishing business and your major wholesalers about the guy. Make a token shipment and cover with a letter saying you are sending so many copies, and would the bookseller please confirm the order after inspecting those, "in case there has been a possible misunderstanding." Even, if the buyer has a reputation for slow payment, demand payment in advance (use a carefully worded letter: be firm without giving offense). Similarly, if a bookseller orders books when his previous order is even a couple of days overdue, I fire off a note, "Our bookkeeping department won't let our shipping department ship your order of (date) until we hear from you on our invoice of \$8xx.yy of (date). Please?" In theory, bills in the book business are supposed to be paid in 30 days. In practice, some firms' accounting systems are such a mess that they can't. Many others would rather owe their publishers than their banks—their banks charge interest. In theory, you can demand *list* price if the buyer at discount doesn't pay on time. In practice, one hopes that not too many of his customers file for bankruptcy. In theory, the bill shipped with the books is supposed to be paid without further correspondence; in practice, I find I have to send out statements to some recalcitrant buyers every couple of months.

And all of this is why I simply won't sell *single* copies at a discount when the buyer wants to be billed, no matter how big a bookstore or wholesaler he represents himself to be. The American Booksellers Association (800 Second Av, New York NY 10017) has a system for prepaid, single copy orders; write them for information.

I've left out a lot—contracts with authors are covered in *Science Fiction Handbook, Revised* and other sources—the whole subject of design and typography is one you must learn from looking at books and through the various works on the subject. Bookkeeping is something that will simply overwhelm you unless you find someone to do it for you—if you are successful, you'll have to account for where the sudden wealth came from; if not, you'll have to show where it went. Either way, tax returns must be supported; find out how *now*, as you begin to spend (and get) the money, not at the end of the year!

What I hope I have covered is a few of the helpful hints that I've been taught by others or learned from my own mistakes. I hope too that I've given you some idea of the problems you'll face as publisher, maybe even convinced some of my own customers that maybe my prices aren't so outlandish after all. If you cannot be dissuaded from taking up this most difficult of enterprises, then at least remember—the hardest thing of all in this business is *not going broke*. My blessing to you: may all your mistakes be inexpensive ones! □

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NEWS WANTED! Our curiosity is a fannish trait. Your news of projects, fanclub and personal fanac or proac is welcome. If you start something you would like to publicise, send details—and follow-up. And if you have been a past member of N3F I'd like to hear from you too! Stan Woolston, Neffer News Bureau, 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, CA 92640 U. S. A.

IS N3F ACTIVE? Yes. Our annual writer's contest, Bureaus for Tape, Games, Collectors and Correspondence, and the two clubzines that alternate in publication are yours for dues—\$3.75 to the end of 1977. Interested? Write National Fantasy Fan Federation, Janie Lamb, Secretary-Treasurer, Rt. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, TN 37754, U. S. A.

PRIZES for the 1976 SF-Fantasy Short Story Contest of the National Fantasy Fan Federation are \$25, \$15, and \$10. Stories to 5000 words must be new, unpublished, and by authors with no more than 2 previous stories published in the genre. Such people may enter any number of stories but each need entry form, available from the Manager, who must have manuscripts by November 1. Leave author's name and address from manuscript; put title and pagenumber on each page and title, author and address on entry form. Write Howard DeVore, Contest Manager, 4705 Weddel, Detroit, MI 48125, U. S. A.

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# **Rules for the MidAmeriCon Business Meetings**

1. Six (6) copies of all proposals requiring a vote shall be submitted to the chairman of the business session by the beginning of the preliminary business session. All motions of over one hundred (100) words should be accompanied by enough additional copies for distribution and intelligent discussion. The chairman reserves the right to accept or reject motions submitted after the deadline, but such motions shall be put at the end of the agenda.
2. Debate on all motions of 25 words or less shall be limited to six (6) minutes. Debate on all other motions shall be limited to twenty (20) minutes. Time shall be allotted equally to both sides. The preliminary business session may extend these limits for particular motions by a majority vote.
3. A person speaking to a motion may not immediately offer a motion to close debate or refer to a committee. Motions to close debate will not be accepted until at least one speaker for each side has been heard. Motions to close debate shall not be accepted within one minute of the expiration of the time allotted for a motion.
4. Debate on amendments to main motions shall be limited to five (5) minutes to be divided as above.
5. A request for a division (exact count) shall be honored only when requested by 10% of those present.
6. These rules and those adopted at the preliminary business session may be suspended for an individual item of business by a two-thirds vote.
7. The motion to adjourn is in order at any time after action on the proposed Aussiecon amendments, i.e., the convention is *not* required to finish its agenda.

Votes on possible incorporation or creation of permanent governing body:

In the opinion of this parliamentarian any such proposal could only take full effect at the close of the 1979 Worldcon since it could not be ratified before 1977 and would not affect any Worldcon committee chosen before that time without its consent. I would recommend any such proposal include an implementation clause for its provisions.

*Robert L. Hillis,  
Business Meeting Chairman*

# THE WORLD SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY CONSTITUTION

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**1.01** The World Science Fiction Society is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are: to choose the recipients of the annual Science Fiction Achievement Awards (the Hugos), to choose the locations for the annual World Science Fiction Conventions, and to attend those conventions.

**1.02** The membership of the World Science Fiction Society consists of all people who have paid membership dues to the Convention Committee of the current Convention.

**1.03** Authority and responsibility for all matters concerning the Convention, except those reserved herein to the Society, lie with the Convention Committee, which acts in its own name, not that of the Society.

**1.04** Each Convention Committee should dispose of surplus funds remaining after accounts are settled for the benefit of the Society membership as a whole, and should publish or have published by the following Convention Committee a final financial report.

**2.01** Each year, the Society membership shall nominate and select the winners of the Hugos. The convention Committee shall distribute and count ballots, procure the material awards, present the awards at its World Science Fiction Convention, and perform such other duties as needed.

**2.02** The Hugo shall continue to be standardized on the rocket ship design of Jack McKnight and Ben Jason. Each Committee may select its own base. The name and design shall not be extended to any other award whatsoever. Under rare and extraordinary circumstances, a Committee may make one Hugo award on its own vote rather than that of the Society.

**2.03** Nomination and voting shall be by mail ballot, limited to Society members. Members must identify themselves on the ballot to avoid irregularities in voting. In the final ballot, members shall be asked to indicate first, second, and so on choices for each category, among not more than 5 nominees plus "No Award." In counting votes, the Committee shall count first choices, eliminate the nominee receiving the fewest, redistribute ballots of voters who chose that nominee according to their second choices, and so on until a nominee acceptable to a majority of voters is reached or until the Committee should declare the remaining nominees are tied.

**2.04** In general, Hugos are awarded for outstanding literary or artistic accomplishment in science fiction or fantasy which became available to the membership by publication or performance in the calendar year immediately before the year the awards are

given. A specific work is eligible but once, and cover date of the last installment of a serial governs. Since increasing the number of Hugo categories makes each less significant to voters and to recipients, the number of Hugo categories shall be strictly limited to no more than 10, including the Special Award permitted by paragraph 2.02.

**2.05** The exact categories and rules for the Hugos to be awarded at each Convention shall be drawn up and published by the Convention Committee as early as possible and at least a full year before the Convention's date. Categories and rules should follow tradition, with such few changes as each Committee decides upon, and should be reduced in number whenever a category fails to draw voter interest. At each step of nomination and voting, "No Award" shall be offered as an option to the members. Since the Committee has such wide discretion to establish categories, no person who is a member of the Committee or was so during the eligibility year, nor a publication or production closely associated with him/her, may receive a Hugo at that Committee's Convention.

**2.06** Should the Convention Committee delegate all authority to establish categories, prepare ballots, and count the same to a sub-committee whose decisions the Convention Committee cannot reverse, then the ineligibility rule above will apply to sub-committee members only.

**3.01** The Society shall choose the location of the Convention to be held two years hence at a meeting held at an advertised time during each World Science Fiction Convention. The current Convention Committee shall supply the presiding officer and staff. Voting shall be by mail and in person, with run-off balloting as described above (but without the "No Award" option), limited to Society members who have also paid at least two dollars toward membership in the Convention whose site is being selected. The current Committee shall administer the mail balloting, collect advance membership fees, and turn over those funds to the winning Committee before the end of the current Convention.

**3.02** To assure equitable distribution of sites, North America is divided into three Divisions:

Western: Baja California, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Saskatchewan, and all states and provinces westward.

Central: Central America, Mexico (except as above), and all states and provinces between the Western and Eastern Divisions.

Eastern: Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Quebec, and all states and provinces eastward.

**3.03** Convention sites shall rotate Western, Central, Eastern. Bids may be considered out of turn only if the rule of rotation is set aside by a three-quarters majority vote. In the event of such setting aside, the same motion shall also establish where the rotation is to resume.

**3.04** A Convention site outside North America may be selected by a majority vote at any Convention. In this event there shall be an interim, Continental Convention in the Division that lost, to be held in the same year as the overseas World Science Fiction Convention, with rotation skipping that Division the next following year. To skip a Division without giving it an interim Continental Convention requires a three-quarters majority vote. Selection of the site of such Continental Convention may be a continuation of the World Convention site selection meeting, or by such other method as the competing bidders may agree upon.

**3.05** With sites being selected two years in advance, there are therefore at least two Convention Committees in existence. If one should become unable to perform its duties, the surviving Convention Committee shall determine what to do, by mail poll of the Society if there is time for one, or by decision of the Committee if there is not.

**4.01** The Society shall conduct business at a meeting held at an advertised time during each World Science Fiction Convention. The current Convention Committee shall provide the presiding officer and staff. The meeting shall be conducted in accordance with *Robert's Rules of Order, Revised*, and such other rules as may be published by the committee in advance. At this meeting, amendments to this Constitution may be proposed, discussed, and perfected. Such perfected proposals, if approved by a majority of those present, shall be submitted by mail ballot to the entire membership of the Society by the next following Committee, no later than the nomination ballot for Hugo Awards, for ratification or rejection by a majority of those voting. If ratified, the amendment shall take effect at the end of the next Convention, unless the Committee of that Convention (which is administering this mail ballot) chooses to make it effective when the vote is tallied. Each Committee shall publish the Constitution, with amendments, in a Progress Report and in its Program Book.

**4.02** All previous Constitutions, by-laws, and resolutions having the effect of either are rescinded at the end of the Convention during which this Constitution may be ratified.

*Submitted by Richard H. Eney  
Presiding Officer,  
DisCon II Business Session*

# IN MEMORIAM

RICHARD SMALL	June 16, 1975	circa 20
SAM RUSSELL	July 14, 1975	age 56
JAMES BLISH	July 30, 1975	age 54
HARRIET KOLCHAK	August 4, 1975	circa 50
RICHARD SHAVER	November 5, 1975	age 68
SIDONIE ROGERS	November 21, 1975	age 52
LEO MARGULIES	December 26, 1975	age 75
EDGAR PANGBORN	February 1, 1976	age 66
CARRIE TABAKOW	February 5, 1976	circa 50
MASAMI FUKUSHIMA	April 9, 1976	age 47
THOMAS BURNETT SWANN	May 5, 1976	age 47
SAMUEL LOVEMAN	May 14, 1976	age 89
MARTIN ALGER	1976	age 57

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