



FOOF-

13

-ARAW

Written & published by Fred Patten, on the LASFS Rex Rotary, September 19, 1964.
Intended for the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance, 22nd Mailing, September 1964.
Address: 5156 Chesley Avenue, Los Angeles, California, 90043. Phone: 213 AX 1-1310.
Art credits: cover by Bjo Trimble; p. 7 by Jack Harness; p. 14 by Terry Traver;
p. 19 by Don Simpson.

LONDON II in 1965!

DETENTION II in 1966!

Salamanca Press no. 49.

Yes; I am running for re-election as Official Editor of N'APA for 1965.

It's a job I enjoy. I like fanac of all types & natures, and putting out an apa mailing is more fun than hard work to me. (The hardest part about the job is finding someplace to store all the fanzines between their arrival here and the sending out of the mailing.) It does get a little hectic the last week or so; the fanzines are coming in faster than I can check through them to make sure they meet the requirements as to page count, no prior distribution, etc.; members are writing me to say they've just finished their zines but don't have time to get it to me by the deadline, and will I hold up the mailing a couple of days for them? (I usually do; I figure most members won't mind getting their mailings a few days late as long as there's an extra ten pages in it [besides, what with everything else, I'm sometimes not through FOOF and the AA until the very last minute]); and the local members are usually trying to talk me into personally coming over to pick up their zines to save them the trouble of sending them to me. On several occasions, members have telephoned me from the East Coast to give me a last minute CoA, or notice that their zine is on its way; and it's pleasant having a personal chat for the rest of the three minutes. (Hi, Arnie.) And, as OE, I save the postage I'd otherwise have to pay in sending FOOF in for the mailings. Yes, the OE's job has its little rewards.

As to why you should give me this post for a third year, I point with pride to the record, and ask you to compare N'APA today with N'APA as it was under the previous administration. Please note that all my campaign promises have been fully kept. Again this year, if re-elected, I will continue the reduction of N'APA dues; only \$1.00 instead of the full \$2.00. This is made possible by the affluent state of the N'APA Treasury, which remains at \$1004 even after the purchase of jet-paks to ensure that your mailings get to you securely. N'APA has begun an upward swing this past year; let's continue to ride it together.

With the Worldcon just over, everybody's schedule is still a little fouled up. It's already two days after the mailing deadline as I write this, and N'APAZines are still arriving here steadily, with notes saying "please excuse -- I just got home from Oakland". FOOF is hastily thrown together itself, as you may note; not nearly as much artwork or planned layout as I'd hoped. I'm all out of good fiction, too. Hmm. I've still got the stencils to the Cultzine I published a couple of weeks ago, much as I dislike reprints. Dast I run Cult fiction through N'APA? I dood it!

...And has this ever been two weeks filled with fun-type fanac!

The few weeks immediately preceeding a Worldcon are always hectic ones. The average Con-going fan will be putting the finishing touches on his preparations for the Con; publishing the latest issue of his fanzine for personal distribution there, completing his masquerade costume, getting time off from work (or school, if it starts that early), making travel arrangements, and so forth. Even those not going to the Con can hardly miss noticing the general atmosphere of last-minute activity, in their correspondence with Con-goers and "see you there" natterings in fanzines. And for me this year, the past few weeks have been even busier than the usual pre-Con doings.

I'll start with Saturday, August 22nd, which was the date on which the First West Coast Convention of the International Wizard of Oz Club was held. L. Frank Baum fandom hasn't been getting quite the fan press that Edgar Rice Burroughs fandom has had in the past few months, but it is quite active and growing. About half a year ago, several West Coast Oz fans decided it would be nice to hold a get-together to meet each other, and this grew into a full-fledged minor convention, with book displays, programs, Baum BNFs, and all. The date was set as August 22nd, the first weekend after Queen Ozma's birthday (Aug. 21) as established in the books, at the home of Peter Hanff, in Pacoima, California. While I'm not a red-hot Baum collector, I do enjoy his fantasies enough that I decided that the 45-minute drive to Pacoima wouldn't be a waste of time. I'm glad I made it, and if this does turn out to be the first of a yearly series of gatherings as the attendees hope, I'll certainly try to get to future ones as well.

Pacoima is one of the rural-urban townships in the San Fernando Valley just outside of Los Angeles; an area I'm not overly familiar with. Up to a few years ago, it'd be more trouble reaching than it'd be worth. Now, I just zipped up the San Diego Freeway that Saturday morning, past Beverly Hills and Westwood (the outposts in that direction of my Personal Stamping Grounds). Over the Santa Monica Mountains (part of the chain encircling Los Angeles and holding the smog in), the heavily urbanized area of housing tracts and shopping centers thinned out, and the townships became more individualized, separated by fields and groves of trees. On out past Ventura and Tarzana, until the Pacoima turnoff came up. Hanff's home was out toward the edge of Pacoima: on a wide, tree-lined street without sidewalks, with several vacant lots and large expanses of field behind the houses. It was a bright, sunny day; and together with this (to a Los Angelino) semi-rural area, it all made a perfect setting for a conclave of fans of a series of stories that began on a country farm in Kansas.

The meeting had already gotten under way by the time I arrived, around 11:00 a.m. It was basically an informal get-together and social; Oz fans seem to run in families, and it had much the air of a PTA picnic. There was little overlap with regular sf fandom -- the only other sf fans there were Blake Maxam, Bernie Zuber, and Elmer Perdue --

A FORTNIGHT OF
FUN, FROLIC
& FANAC !

though it turned out that a considerable number of the attendees have been private readers of science fiction for years. There was a surprising number of librarians present; "surprising" when you consider that most public libraries don't allow Baum on their shelves. A common note of complaint among most of these was how they'd tried to persuade their superiors to add Oz books to the libraries, without success. Several people had at least a knowledge-by-rumor of sf fandom, and I found myself in several comparisons of Baum with the Heinlein, Norton, Asimov, et al. sf juveniles; explaining the upcoming PacifiCon and the annual Westercons; and discussing the different types of old pulp magazines and their current markets. Fred Meyer, publisher of THE BAUM BUGLE (Oz fandom's official fanzine; beautifully printed) had come down from Michigan to give the get-together a blessing and Official Status, and to meet the people on his mailing list; Dick Martin, current illustrator of the Oz books and one of the leading Baum scholars, flew in from Chicago with all sorts of rare Baumiana for display, including two of the old silent Baum movies; Baum's daughter and the widow of his son Frank were there as sort of unofficial guests-of-honor, delighted with the whole thing. The whole living room of Hanff's home had been turned into a Baum museum for the day; original illustrations by Denslow and Neill were on the walls, and the room was filled with attractively arranged display tables covered with Baumiana. Most of this was centered about the Oz books themselves; a complete set was lined up, along with such items as Oz toys and games, foreign editions of Oz books (including the totally-new Oz book written in the USSR by Alexander Volkov, the standard translator of such Oz books as have been translated into Russian), unused original interior sketches by Dick Martin for Merry Go Round in Oz (the latest Oz book), some non-Oz fantasies by Ruth Plumly Thompson (Baum's immediate successor), and other material. Aside from this, other displays included virtually every book Baum ever wrote; his non-Oz fantasies, old children's magazines with unreprinted Baum stories, his girls' series of Aunt Jane's Mieces books (as "Edith Van Dyne"), his "Schuyler Stanton" boys' books, and many others. Sheet music of songs from the many Baum movies and stage plays were also in evidence. Besides the regular displays, there was all sorts of Oz gossip and note-comparing going on: the new Oz book is selling moderately well, but nowhere near as well as had been hoped, so it's still an open question as to whether regular production of a new book a year will be resumed; Ruth Plumly Thompson, who turned out an Oz book almost every year from Baum's death in 1919 until the early 1940's, has just submitted a new manuscript to the publishers, who rejected it (she is vociferously displeased); certain titles are about to go out of print, and anyone who wants to get them before they become expensive collector's items had better act fast. Baum collectors are bibliophiles to a much larger extent than are regular sf fans; the air was thick with such terms as "second edition, first state", "...with the rarer gray binding, instead of the usual red...", "the plates with the color corrections", etc.

After a very nice lunch (including a birthday cake for Ozma), the program started. Blake Maxam, in costume as the Wizard, performed some parlor magic; nothing overly spectacular, but all very deftly handled. Following this, Dick Martin showed the two films he'd brought; "The Scarecrow of Oz" (1914), and "The Wizard of Oz" (1924). Surprisingly enough, it was the earlier of the two that was the best. The 1914 movie was filmed by Baum himself, and was pretty much a pot pourri of the different Oz characters, but it was very well done with good camera tricks (for that period) and had the true Baum spirit. The 1924 movie (best remembered today as one of Oliver Hardy's first pictures, before he teamed up with Stan Laurel; he played the Tin Woodman) bore no resemblance to anything Baum ever wrote, other than in the names of the characters and the costumes; it was basically a combination of romantic melodrama (would Dorothy [not Ozma!] be restored to the throne of Oz?) and stock vaudeville gags and boffos, complete with a Negro comic-relief stooge named G. Howe Black. The 1924 "Wizard" is pretty forgettable; the 1914 "Scarecrow" would make good showing at one of our Westercons or Worldcons.

Following the films, a short swap-sale session was held for the benefit of those who had brought material to sell. Strangely enough for a convention, there was almost nothing for sale; I'd been expecting that there would be at least a large stock of the current Oz books and Baumiana for sale, considering how many people connected with the trade were present. I mentioned this to Fred Meyer, who said they'd deliberately refrained from bringing material because they felt the Convention should be a friendly get-together, and

not a commercialized book-sale. He's got a point, though I was personally disappointed; one of the main reasons I attend our sf conventions is to buy stuff at the huckster rooms and auctions to fill in the gaps in my collection. The most active salesman at this swap session was Manny Weltman, a character several LA fans have met through interest in Gilbert & Sullivan and Oz. Though I've heard about him for some time, I'd never met him before, and it really is an incredible experience. I don't know exactly what it is about him — he's normal-looking and not unhandsome, soft-spoken, neatly and conservatively dressed, and reasonably well-mannered — but you can't get within five feet of him without automatically despising him. I guess it's his overall attitude, which is pushy, verging on obnoxious. He's got a "big deal going" — I understand he always has some kind of big deal going. He made it plain that he really doesn't care about Oz himself, he just heard that Baum fans were willing to pay big prices for Baumiana, so he decided to make some money selling us stuff. He had done a miraculous job in tracking down and unearthing long-lost Baumiana; I will give him credit for that. His prices were what I considered overhigh, but his material was for the most part, as he called it, "the only remaining copy in existence". His attitude of "you buy from me or you don't get it" didn't help any, either. I heard several people agreeing that they'd been hearing about Manny for some time, and they were happy they'd had the opportunity to see him in action with their own eyes and make up their minds for themselves. He may not have realized it, but I think he was one of the more noteworthy exhibits of the Convention.

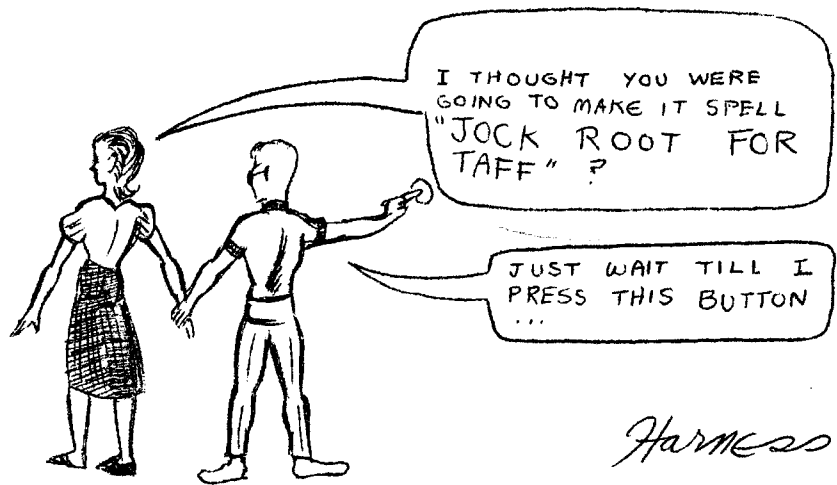
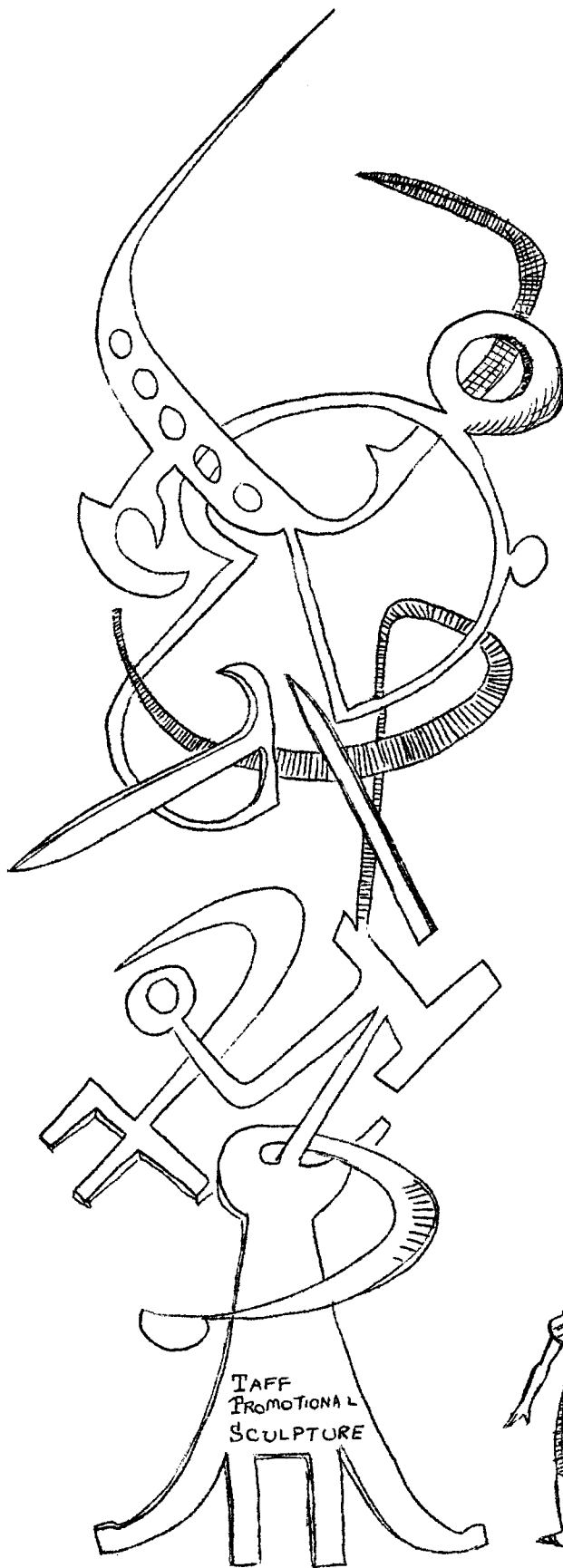
All this brought us to about 5:00 p.m., and the Convention began breaking up. Everybody agreed they'd had a wonderful time, and they hoped a similar meeting could be held next year. It might be worth while to try to combine a West Coast Oz Convention with our Westercons, as the Burroughs Dum-Dums are held during our Worldcons; it's certainly worth considering. By and large, Baum fandom seems to be of a quieter nature than the fandom we're all accustomed to, but at least one combined meeting to let each find out what the other is like should be a good idea. For one thing, a lot of the Baum fans seem to also have large collections of old pulp magazines of different natures, and they were asking around where they could find other people with similar interests; I know a lot of sf fans are also devotees of pulpzines in other fields. G-8 or BLACK MASK, anyone?

And as if the Oz Convention wasn't enough for one weekend, the next day I went down to Disneyland with Fred Lerner. Lerner has been attending summer classes at the University of California up at Berkeley, and coming down to visit LA fandom every spare chance he gets, and he figured he just couldn't go back to New Jersey without having been to Disneyland once! He'd just found out that he wouldn't be able to get free for the big fannish trip to take Arthur Thomson to Disneyland, so here he was a week early, wondering if there wasn't someone who liked Disneyland enough that they'd go two weeks in a row? Well, as it happened I couldn't get free for the ATom trip myself, so I agreed to take him down on a special trip. We left early Sunday morning so as to get there around 10:00 a.m.; it usually takes from morning to midnight to cover Disneyland properly.

Not this time, though. I've never toured D'land with anyone with so much nervous energy. Fred would barely stick his head in one attraction before he was ready for the next one. He could hardly sit still long enough to get through a ride. Trips to D'land are usually leisurely, savoring each step; beginning at Main Street and rotating to the left through the different lands (Jungleland, Frontierland, Fantasyland, and Tomorrowland, in that order), seldom leaving one land for the next until everything in it has been covered, timed so that you arrive back in Main Street as the park is closing at midnight. This trip followed the same basic pattern, but there was a lot more dashing back and forth, and the basic circuit was covered by about 3:30 p.m., leaving the rest of the evening to slow down and go back to the rides that had had too-long lines in front of them before, or that were worth going on twice. I think we covered the entire park thoroughly; faster than I would have done it, but then I've been there often enough before that I didn't miss anything, and Lerner was the one setting the pace, so I don't

imagine he had any complaints. About his only real disappointment came when they refused to let him join the Mickey Mouse Club; they said he was too old. By 9:30 p.m., we had seen everything and were out of tickets, and Fred had wanted to see Bjo before going back to Berkeley anyway, so we left Disneyland early -- the first time any fannish jaunt has left before closing time, to my knowledge -- and went over to the Trimbles, where we spent the next hour or so chatting with John & Bjo, and Jock Root, who was also visiting then at this time. And then to home -- after a weekend that would have classed as a fairly major fannish occasion, if it were not for the events that almost immediately followed it.

I spent most of the next week in stenciling my Cultzine; not only did I get the bad luck to draw the publishing date immediately before the Worldcon (August 31), but I had the honor to publish the 150th issue of our FANTASY ROTATOR, and most of the members and waiting-listers decided to send material in to this "landmark" issue. The fanzine finally totalled 56 pages, plus two enclosures, and I still had leftover material to pass on to the next Cult publisher. Anyhow, I was busy enough that week putting all that material on stencil -- and then Thursday came with its weekly LASFS meeting, and a bit more this week. It was the last meeting for most of us before the PacifiCon started, and most of the out-of-state fans who were coming out for the Worldcon decided to get to California a little early, to attend some of the fabulous LA fandom doings. And here they were.



Harness

AND DETROIT IN '66!

Most important, of course, was Arthur Thomson (ATom), who was spending the LA part of his TAFF trip before the Worldcon, instead of afterwards. With him were Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi, and Mike Domina, and Nick Falasca. Also present were Alex Eisenstein, Don Simpson and Ron Hicks (who'd just gotten leave from the Army and Navy, respectively, to attend the Con), Charlie & Marsha Brown, and Sam Moskowitz, who graciously gave us an impromptu half-hour talk on the Man Who Published WEIRD TALES. Hoog. Not too much else happened that night; I'm just giving you all this to set the stage for the wild "Welcome, ATom!" party that Al Lewis & Ron Ellik threw two nights later.

The party was to start at 7:00 p.m. that Saturday the 29th, but I arrived at the Ellik-Lewis manse a couple of hours earlier to run off the Cult stencils I'd typed so far, on the LASFS mimeo out in the garage. By the time I was through, the house was filling with people and the party was under way. It was LA fandom's biggest blowout since the 4th of July party; besides our guest of honor and the other out-of-towners that'd been at LASFS, Dick and Pat Lupoff had just arrived from New York, Forry Ackerman brought along some B!FFs from monster fandom (the secretary of the Count Dracula Society, as I recall, and friends), and virtually every actifan in the Southern California area was present. The only notable exceptions were the Trimbles: they had hoped to make it, but Bjo picked that afternoon to have her baby; a 9-lb., 12-oz. girl they named Kathryn Arwen Trimble. And John arrived at the party a couple of hours later anyway to let us know everything was okay with the new family (though the birth was by Caesarean). Meanwhile, inside, things were getting so crowded you could hardly turn around. Liquid refreshment was disappearing at a frantic rate, and the cake and other nibblements were grabbed as soon as they were set out. ATom and Bill Rotsler were holding a cartooning contest, using Katya Hulan for a sketchpad; we warned her not to dare wash until we'd had a chance to copy the illos off her arms and legs for our fanzines. And as soon as ATom and Rotsler had used up all the available space, Len Moffatt grabbed Katya for a partner in a round of patty-cake. Dick Lupoff was answering questions about Canaveral Press, Burroughs, and East Coast fandom most of the evening. Ron Ellik was discussing Doc Smith and the Lensman Index with those interested in Doc Smith; Forry and his friends were chatting about monsters, and I got enveloped in Cult politics with the other local members of that dismal (bakers') dozen. Then someone got a couple of card games started -- booray in Ron's bedroom, with the Pelzes holding court, and brag in Al's room -- and I joined the brag session for the rest of my stay. After several hours, I was only about 15¢ ahead, but I was ahead instead of losing, so I decided it'd be a good time to quit and go home for some sleep if I wanted to enjoy the next day's outing. And so I left about 3:30 a.m., with the party still in full swing.

I returned about 8 hours later, after a brief sleep, to find people sacked out all over the furniture and floor. Al Lewis was just getting up himself, and he loudly announced that anyone who wanted to go to Marineland had better get ready. Muffled groans were heard, and a few of the limp lumps on the floor began slowly emerging from sleeping bags and blankets, while others just rolled over and went back to sleep. As I was already up, I tagged along with Al when he drove over to the Pelzes to pick up ATom. Bruce and Dian were still asleep themselves, but ATom let himself out and we returned to Al's to pick up the others that were joining us -- only two, as it turned out; Falasca and Domina. Then we went in to central LA to pick up Sylvia Dees, who also wanted to come along, and we took off for Marineland.

Marineland is a sort of aquatic zoo-circus by the seashore, filled with all sorts of sea life. The main building consists of one large circular concrete structure, containing two very large tanks about 60' across and 60' deep (an approximate guess; I forget the real statistics). One of these tanks contains the mammals: several dolphins, porpoises, and small whales. The other is filled with all sorts of fish, native to our Pacific coastal waters, including various flatfish, sheepheads, varieties of angelfish, rays, a gigantic sawfish, leopard sharks, seagoing turtles, and many others. Each of these large tanks is surrounded by three levels of walkways, connected by sloping ramps, with portholes encircling each level, so you can observe the different kinds of sea life that frequent the different levels of the water. In the walls of the overall building

are set small individual tanks containing rare fish, such as piranhas or lionfish, or beautiful fish so small they'd be lost (or eaten) in the large tank. Outside this main building are several individual cages holding sea otters, seals, sea lions, penguins, walruses ("Look, it's John Boardman!" ...Owen Hannifen), and more dolphins and porpoises. There is also an arena where a sea circus is held hourly, starring various sea lions and dolphins (including Flipper, the newest animal movie star). Between this show, plus the show in the main mammal tank starring Bubbles, the whale, plus the feeding of the fish, plus several other things, we were there until dark. By that time, we'd been joined by a group of Labyrinthine fans -- Hannifen and Phil Castora, and the out-of-towners who were staying at their place (Simpson, Bowers & Hallardi, and Eisenstein). But it was getting dark and cold, so we all decided to return to LA. The day wasn't over yet, though; after a dinner at Kal's, we went up to the Griffith Park Observatory to give ATom a good look out over Los Angeles at night, with lights of different colors sparkling out to the horizon in all directions. There was still a little time to go into the Observatory, so Al took our visitors over to the large raised relief map of California to show them the different routes they could take up to Oakland and the Con. Then the Observatory turned out its lights and shoed us all home, and that was the end of another weekend.

I spent Monday and Tuesday of the next week putting the finishing touches on my Cultzine and mailing it out. Then, on Wednesday, I packed my travelling gear and took it out to Al & Ron's -- Al had offered to take it up to Oakland with him the next morning; I don't trust the commercial travelling agencies with any more than I absolutely have to. And on Thursday, right after work at 5:00 p.m., Ron picked me up downtown and we drove to the airport, to catch a plane for the 22nd World Science Fiction Convention.

What with the evening homegoing traffic and all, it was a narrow squeak getting to the airport on time, but we just made it. We were joined by Rick Sneary, Len Iloffatt, and Adrienne Martine, who had decided that as long as we were all going up, we might as well make a party of it. For various reasons, we had settled on something called Trans-California Airlines -- a sort of Earth-bound edition of one of Bertram Chandler's Rim Worlds spaceships ("You can't miss us; we have the only passenger flights that still leave from the old International Airport"). But we did make it up to Oakland without mishap, to begin waiting to be picked up by Ted Johnstone, who'd driven up earlier. Just as we were about to give up and call a cab, Ted finally arrived -- he'd gotten lost on the strange freeways. At this point, it suddenly became obvious that Ron and I had been less than specific when we'd asked Ted to meet us; we'd forgotten to tell him that Rick, Len and Adrienne would be with us. Ted assumed we'd be alone, so he'd brought Chuck Hansen and Don Simpson along to greet us. Result: a badly overloaded car groaned its way back to the Con hotel, with everybody sitting on each other's laps. Can anybody think of a more fannish way to arrive at a convention?

In many respects, the first night of a convention is the most hectic, and this was no exception. My registration for a room didn't go into effect until Friday, so I spent the whole first night wandering around, helping put up the Art Show, greeting old friends and meeting new fans, haunting the huckster room under Ben Stark's nose as he put his wares out, to make sure I wouldn't miss any good stuff, and generally getting the layout of the hotel. I ended up dozing in the N3F Hospitality Room, being wakened at about half hour intervals all night by Phil Salin or Al Kracalik, who were looking for friends or a party. Finally, at 7:30 Friday morning, I registered for my room, got a couple hours more sleep, then went out to join the convention proper.

Strangely, I saw less of this Worldcon than any other I've ever attended. Aside from the opening Introduction, the Masquerade, the Banquet, and the Business Session, I spent all my time in either the Art Show room or in the huckster room, reading Ben's \$3-each WEIRD TALES for free. I didn't even attend many parties -- Tom Gilbert (with whom I was sharing my room) and I both have a tendency to tire early, and we're neither drinking fans, so the prospects of free booze didn't interest us any. I did try to take in the Wine Tasting Session -- you don't know how much it hurts me to have to turn down

anything free -- but I still can't stand the taste of the stuff. Anyhow, though I'm sure the Con must've put on a wonderful program, I can't swear to that fact, even tho I was less than a room away for most of the four days. I'll be looking forward to reading the various Con reports that're written, so I can see what I missed.

This isn't to say I didn't enjoy myself! If I weren't enjoying myself, I'd have done something different. As it was, I had a delightful time reading through the old prozines and comics in the huckster room, and I picked up about \$50 worth of material for my collection, mostly books and some old, mint NEW WORLDS. I was in the W3F Hospitality Room in time to see Wally Weber climbing the chairs and tables in his frantic attempt to escape a passionate Katya Hulan. I missed the fight when an attempt by Al haLevy to put out several unregistered fans (registrations cancelled in protest over the Breen affair) led briefly to blows, though I understand it wasn't anything really serious, and the fans were allowed back in later when everyone had cooled down. That was the only unpleasantness over the Breen exclusion, by the way; the rumors of CopCon utterly failed to materialize, and there was no widespread ostracism of the Con Committee. Unfortunately, there were some thefts of paintings and books from the Art Show and huckster room; and the fact that it was paintings and books that were stolen would seem to prove that the thief was a fan rather than any stranger or hotel employee, as was thought to have been the case when the ChiCon III Art Show was robbed of money.

The Art Show was a success in several ways. Most of the entries were very good; even those of the neo-fanartists, whose work isn't usually more than crude cartooning. "Art" included a lot more than paintings this year; Don Simpson entered some beautiful carvings and glass etchings, Bruce Pelz did a piece of paste-up pop-art, a couple of people brought sculpture (including a 5' painted plaster Lovecraftian sea creature by Dian Pelz, which was abandoned in the hotel after the Con), Fritz Leiber had some superb mobiles of astronomical scenes (some of which illustrated scenes from his book, The Wanderer), and the Photo Salon was a success for the first time. In addition to the work by fan artists, there was a large display of original paintings by J. Allan St. John and John Coleman Burroughs -- the illustrations used as various interiors and dust jacket covers on the Tarzan, John Carter, and Amtor books -- that Hulbert Burroughs brought with him. All told, this was one of the best Art Shows that's yet been held.

In another way, the Business Session was one of the worst, or most enjoyable, that has ever been held -- depending on how you looked at it; if you were taking it seriously, it was a mess, while if you didn't really care, all the screaming and shouting was quite humorous. The choosing of next year's Con sites proved no problem; London got the Worldcon over a gag bid by Bob Silverberg for St. John in the Virgin Islands, and Long Beach beat out San Diego for the Westercon. Then the fun started, over two proposals to "do something" to improve the selections of the yearly "Hugo" winners. There've been complaints for several years now as to details of eligibility -- the same story will often be nominated for both Best Novel and Best Short Fiction; most fans can't read all the sf that comes out in a year, so they can't vote fairly; does a borderline pseudo-fantasy (Fail-Safe, "Last Year at Marienbad") come into the range of our "Hugo" or not; etc. And, each unknowing of the other's plans, two people presented motions to help solve the problems. Karen Anderson proposed the Convention set up a panel to investigate the situation, presenting a preliminary report at London next year and a final report of recommendations at the '66 Worldcon. Harlan Ellison wanted more than this; he proposed the establishment of a "panel of experts", to be composed of experienced fans, authors, and editors, who would make it a point to read every sf story and see every sf film nominated by fans for a "Hugo", and rule as to whether the story or film is eligible to compete or not, and, if so, in which category. Each proposal had its determined adherents, who were soon yelling at the other; fans on both sides (plus a lot of interested neutralists) tried to amend each motion out of resemblance to its original form; and people were arguing over the original motions and over the various proposed amendments in all sorts of combinations. The Session was ineptly chaired by Al haLevy, who was unable to maintain order so that there would be four or five people proposing amendments or calling for a vote at once, and nobody was ever sure as to what they were

being asked to vote on when a vote was called. The climax came when George Scithers called a vote on (I think) Harlan's original motion; before anything could be done, Fred Lerner jumped and screamed, "Point of order! I can read lips, you know, and I saw the Chairman whisper to Scithers to call the question and cut off the debate. This is a clear violation of the rules of parliamentary debate..." Scithers interrupted stiffly, "I rise to a point of personal privilege. I resent the implication that I have been involved in any improper..." "Never mind your resenting it," shouted somebody in the audience; "is it true, or isn't it?" To my knowledge, that last question was never answered; somehow or other, things got calmed down, and votes were finally taken. The result: both motions passed, Harlan's to remain in effect until Karen's committee issues its final report, at which time presumably more permanent regulations will be adopted. So keep your ears open for an announcement as to who the first "panel of experts" will be.

The auction was a disappointment this year, to me at least. There was some good material, but not nearly as much as there has been at previous Cons. This year's was almost completely composed of manuscripts and fanzines. What art there was was mostly sent by Kelly Freas, consisting of some nice interior illos and some mediocre to poor covers; and most of this had a high (for a sf Con) minimum bid. Not that \$25 for an original Freas cover is asking too much, but sf fans are used to starting at \$5 or \$10, and working up to \$50 or \$60 gradually; being presented with a \$25 pricetag right off the bat stunned a lot of people out of their interest. I don't think there were any bids over \$40 or \$45 this year -- though I can't say for sure, since I left the auction early after making sure there wasn't anything I wanted to bid on. The top quality item, in my opinion, was the original manuscript to the original version of Fritz Leiber's Adept's Gambit, containing handwritten notes and suggestions by H. P. Lovecraft. There were a couple of rather nice Emsh covers, to "Cantata 140" (July F&SF) and "The Kragen" (July FANTASTIC); if I didn't already have some better Emsh art, I would've bid on them.

The Costume Ball was a little smaller this year than usual, I think, but there was no lack in quality in the costumes that did appear. I took a larger part in this year's Ball than I generally do; I was one of the judges, along with Cele Goldsmith Lalli, Carol Pohl, Forry Ackerman, and ATom. The Ball was well handled, along the lines set up at Washington last year: nobody was allowed in the Ball room without a costume or a Con nametag, so the fans weren't crowded out by the hotel's mundane guests come to see the show; during the judging, each contestant paraded individually across a stage, so there was no chance of the judges missing anybody in costume, and the name of each person plus the name of his character was announced so we knew who & what we were voting for; and (a new touch I hope they continue at future Con Balls) there was no band or music of any sort! The judging itself turned out to be reasonably simple -- I think we were all sorry that there weren't a few more prizes, so we could've given every costume we liked something; but of the six prizes we awarded, I don't think any of the judges was violently overruled in any of his choices. For my own part, I picked out three "finalists" in each of the three main categories, and seven for the three "Judges' Choice" awards. Though I was overruled on my first choice a couple of times, I never had to go outside what I thought were the three best costumes in each category in selecting a winner that all we judges agreed upon. The winners were Earl Kemp, for Best SF, Blake Maxam for Best Fantasy, Jon & Joni Stopa for Most Beautiful; and Paul & Ellie Turner, Don Glut, and Dian Pelz for the three Judges' Choices. Other awards I'd like to have given if there'd been enough to go around would've gone to Jock Root as "Smog" -- which I thought was the most humorous, though the couple who went as "Judge Crater & the Reason he Disappeared" (a beautiful alien girl) weren't far behind; Ron Bounds as Tangor, from Burroughs' story; the fellow who appeared as both the Great Lorenzo and Bonforte from Heinlein's Double Star (a very well executed costume-within-a-costume); Astrid Anderson as Queen Lucy of Narnia; and the woman who portrayed a pallid vampire (a nice change from the usual Dracula in full evening dress & ambassadorial sash); to name just a few.

Well, I seem to be out of space, which means this Con report get chopped off short. But was that a fannish two weeks, or wasn't it?

One of the less-heralded events of the PacificCon was the unveiling of the hardbound edition of Alva Rogers' history of the Golden Years of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. Tom Gilbert, who is apparently a fast reader, offers his views on it:

CONCERNING PURELY PERSONAL PREFERENCES

by TOM GILBERT

A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING, by Alva Rogers. Chicago, Advent, 1964. 224 p., illus. \$6.00.

When Alva Rogers' A Requiem for Astounding was serialized in Viper, many fans praised it as the history of Astounding. Having never read the original version, I approached this book with a great deal of anticipation. I was partly disappointed, not because of the book itself, but because of the claims made for it. The publishers assert that it is "the definitive analysis of the magazine" and that it deserves a place on "research shelves everywhere" (dust jacket). These are statements that do Requiem more harm than good, for they just aren't true.

Requiem is vastly entertaining to read, but I wonder if it is anything more. Alva succeeds admirably in his stated intentions: "...this book was not written as ... a critical work; rather it is a nostalgic excursion into the past, an attempt to recall my impressions and opinions of the magazine during most of that time" (p. v). Alva may not produce classic prose, but he does have an eminently readable style. His major fault is an annoying tendency to tack phrases onto the ends of sentences with semicolons. This quibble is overshadowed by Alva's obvious love and enthusiasm for his subject. However, it is that very love that is at once the greatest virtue and worst fault of Requiem. A characteristic of the nostalgic person is his lack of the critical faculty. Alva is indulging in nostalgia, continually exclaiming "ain't it grand?" and "remember when?" He mentions what he considers the better stories and authors, often synopsisizing plots in great detail. He is concerned with the minutiae that interest most science fiction fans: trimmed edges, page counts, title logos, illustrations, et cetera. But the mere act of saying a story is excellent and evokes a Sense of Wonder—an oft-repeated phrase with whose meaning Alva never really comes to grips—does not constitute a "definitive analysis." Nor does setting the demarcations of the "Golden Age" as July, 1939 and December, 1943 explain why that age was golden. Requiem may have some slight value as a reference work, but not much more than any checklist of stories in Astounding would have. Alva tells his history essentially from the viewpoint of the average reader. Save for the introduction by Harry Bates and several letters, there is little of the "inside," behind-the-scenes information typical of Sam Moskowitz's articles. The story synopses are essential to the air of nostalgia, but their reference value is slight. The author/artist index is well done, but a character index, and much more important, a title index, are lacking. (Incidentally, how did "Bathurst, Benjamin" insinuate itself into the author/artist index?) No, Requiem is hardly the definitive analysis of Astounding, and I hope the publication of Alva's book doesn't keep someone from writing it.

Comparison of Requiem with Sam Moskowitz's Explorers of the Infinite emphasizes the fine bookmaking job done by Advent. I only noticed one typographical error in the entire volume ("Gresy, J. U.," p. 220). It's unfortunate that parentheses instead of brackets

were used for matter interpolated into quotations, but that's a minor cavil. The illustrations reproduced from Astounding are the sort of thing that books of this sort should have but seldom do. Despite the general excellence of the illustrations selected, there are still certain unfortunate sins of omission and commission. I will excuse the fact that no covers by Cartier, Freas, Emsch, or van Dongen were reproduced; those artists appeared after the score of years Alva is emphasizing. However, I find it inexcusable that a symbolic cover by Alejandro wasn't included. Instead, a page was wasted on Timmins' lay, 1945 cover, which is utterly undistinguished by any conceivable criteria. I am amazed that the covers reproduced are noticeably creased, frayed, torn, taped, and defaced; surely Advent could have secured mint copies and didn't have to be so slapdash. And why, in photographing the assortment of issues for the dust jacket, were magazines included that were reproduced individually? Here was a chance to include many of the worthwhile covers that have been otherwise slighted.

One of the most impressive aspects of Requiem, besides the plentiful illustrations, is the scrupulous research and double-checking evident on every page. I don't claim to be an expert, but I could find only a few errors and omissions, which I'll list for the record here:

P. 68: "Trends" was not Asimov's "second published story"; it was his third. "Mia-rooned Off Vesta" (Amz., March, 1939) and "The Weapon Too Dreadful to Use" (Amz., May, 1939) antedated it.

P. 76: When Alva says that February, 1940 marked Hubbard's return after "better than a year's absence," he forgets (or possibly doesn't know) that Frederick Engelhardt was a pseudonym of Hubbard's. Engelhardt was present in November, 1939.

P. 117: The bedsheet Astounding in 1942 was not held together by just one staple; at least, my copies have two staples.

P. 120: The "new and never again heard from writer" John Alvarez was actually Lester del Rey, aka Raymond Alvarez del Rey.

P. 166: When Alva says Canedo's cover could "easily be mistaken for an Alejandro," he may be speaking tongue-in-cheek; but those who don't know that Alejandro is Canedo (Alejandro Canedo, in fact), might be confused. The index gives cross-references for the two names, but I suspect Alva didn't compile the index.

P. 167: Campbell didn't drop the spaceship from the contents page in order to make Astounding more mature. He explained the action as follows in "Brass Tacks" (June, 1949, p. 150): "I was just a bit tired of that spaceship--but what finally led to its abolition was very simple. The printer lost the ancient and honorable cut!"

P. 202: I don't know why Alva conceals the identity of "Winston P. Sanders." I thought he was widely known to be Poul Anderson. [He's listed as such in Al Lewis' annual INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY MAGAZINES, which is pretty public. --fwp]

P. 208: "David Gordon" is a pseudonym of Randall Garrett.

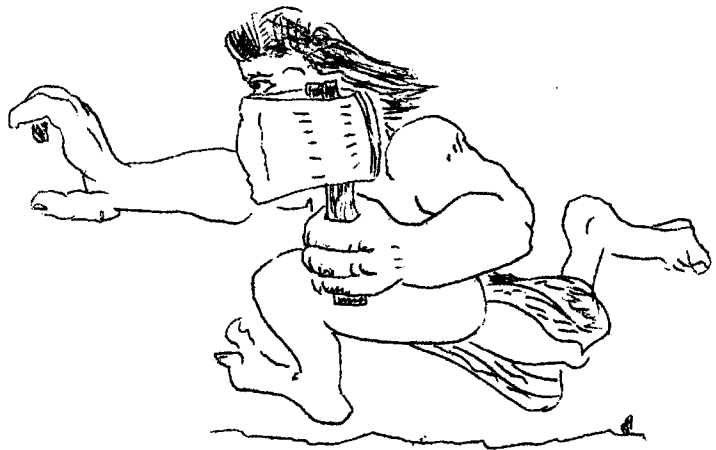
P. 213: If shouldn't be listed among the deceased magazines. It may have changed publishers, but so did Astounding.

A Requiem for Astounding is a fine, entertaining excursion into the past of science fiction. It can be greatly enjoyed on its own level, as Alva intended. Nostalgia can make wonderful reading, as it does here; but nostalgia and criticism are two different processes. Perhaps Requiem will serve to remind many younger fans that science fiction has a history worth knowing. On a more pragmatic level, perhaps the book will make the anthologists realize that there are many outstanding stories still uncollected. In fine, don't miss A Requiem for Astounding.

--- Tom Gilbert

This year's "Hugo" awards went to: Best SF Novel, Way Station, by Clifford Simak; Best Short Fiction, "No Truce With Kings", by Poul Anderson; Best SF Magazine, ANALOG, John Campbell, ed.; Best SF Artist, Ed Emswiller; Best SF Book Publisher, Ace Books, Don Wollheim, ed.; Best Fanzine, AIRA, pub. by George Scithers. Next year, with the World Convention in London, will British entries outweigh the American? Join the 23rd World SF Convention (52 to Bill Evans, Box 36, Mount Rainier, Maryland, 20822), so you can vote for your choices for the "Hugo".

CATCHING UP WITH THE LAST MAILING -



HITHER, THITHER, AND YONDER #1 -- (Zibelman) Good thing you had seven pages in this issue, instead of only six, because you sure aren't going to get a full page's worth of credit as long as your margins are this wide. And with pica type, yet. Come on, you can get more wordage per page without any trouble. ## Sorry, the word "parenthesis" is itself singular. The plural is "parentheses". Not that anybody uses it anymore. The English language has adopted a lot of old Greek and Latin words in the singular, slapping English-form plurals on 'em, to the confusion of most everybody. The Latin plural, for instance, to the Latin word "index" is "indices", but how long's it been since you heard anybody use anything but "indexes"?

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE -- (Woolston) Good show, Stan; I hope you have this much material in the mailings from now on. ## Speaking as the fellow who ran this off, I might mention for the benefit of our newer mimeo users that you can publish six-year-old stencils without any trouble. When you handed me the stencils with the Dollens article, Stan, I wondered, "Good grief, how old are these things, anyway?" Then I read it and saw that it was written before Sept. 1958 -- and I'd guess that it must've been stencilled about the same time, too, hm? But, to my pleasant surprise, I was able to run the stencils without any trouble. Another recommendation for the use of the mimeograph. Incidentally, why did you wait so long before having them run? It hasn't been that long since the last S F PARADE. ## I haven't seen any of the Chaney "fummy" movies, but I'll recommend the original Mummy picture starring Karloff without any hesitation. It's one of his better movies and, except for the opening scenes where his ~~is~~ mummy case (not the same as a sarcophagus, I've just discovered) is opened, he plays an excellent role as a sinister villain, rather than a cloth-wrapped clomping monster. See it, if you want to know what a good horror movie was like. ## Yes, I use plastic "baggies" for most of my sf collection. Besides storing comics, it's a good way for keeping your prozines -- very convenient for holding the six-issue volumes that most prozines are divided into. Or, if you've just shot \$5 on the latest Arkham House book and want to make sure it stays in good condition, a "baggy" is even better than the standard plastic book jacket covers that a lot of libraries use -- the "baggy" covers the entire book, so you don't even have to worry about the top edge collecting dust & grime. My collection would be in a sad way without "baggies".

HALF LIFE -- (Woolston) In regard to missing mailings and 50¢ fines, I'd like to be able to handle things the way the SAPS OE does -- at his own discretion, taking each individual case into account. But the N'APA OE has a set of Bylaws to work under, so he has to treat most cases in more or less the same way. He can't say, "Well, this guy is a goofoff and will never come through with his zine or the 50¢, so I'll drop him right now; but Charlie means well, so I'll give him another

chance." Under the Bylaws, all members are equal, so you've got to give the goofoff another chance, too, even though you're probably just wasting a copy of the mailing. Making it a flat six pages every other mailing or else will be a lot fairer to the membership as a whole, even if it might result in a few individuals being treated a little more harshly than is strictly necessary. And if any real injustices occur, a special petition can always be presented to rectify matters. ### I'm happy to report that the repair work at Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. on the original artwork by St. John, John Coleman Burroughs, and Studley Burroughs was generally quite successful. At first glance, the damage from the fire a few years back looked pretty severe, but out of approximately 110 drawings and paintings, I'd say that there were less than 10 that were really seriously damaged. A few of them were actually burnt and charred in spots, but for the most part, the damage was limited to streaking by soot and smoke; and as most of the paintings had been covered with a laquer of some sort, the smoke could be cleaned away without any damage to the art underneath. Those of you who were at the PacifiCon saw some of this art; I'm sure you'll agree it's a Good Thing it could be saved (though only a couple of the pictures at the PacifiCon were the same ones we'd actually cleaned; the others were in the same vein, though -- mostly St. John black-&-whites).

SCRUNCH -- (Weber) You're going to have to get transferred more often, so you can write more trip reports. This one's very enjoyable. I wonder, though...I noticed that you sneakily avoided telling the true story of what happened at Kal's after the LASFS meeting. That's okay, I took care of it for you in FOOF last issue...but how many other events of this nature occurred on your trip that you didn't write up, either? Were you perhaps mobbed by co-eds in college-town Berkeley? What other "Girl Scout activities" took place at Jack Speer's while you were there? Maybe we'd better get Ed Wyman to write his trip report, to make sure the whole truth goes on record, hm?

A LITTLE APPRECIATION... -- (Trimble) Thank you, Bjo, for pointing out how desirable an Egoboc Poll really is. If someone's done something you really liked, it's only fair you let them know about it. I hope that this year, a larger percentage of the membership will send in their ballots to let us all know what they liked about the last four mailings -- and what they want to see more of in the future.

SPINA #2 -- (Thorne) Deadwood is undesirable, true, but it's hard to catch it at the start; a high initial fee might scare out the fellow who'd be very active once he got used to the N3F and knew what it was about, but who logically doesn't want to spend too much getting into a club he as yet knows nothing about. How many of us would've joined the N3F in the first place if we'd had to pay several dollars more our first year? A better solution might be to have a relatively low initial dues, and a higher fee for the following years. This would give everybody a chance to see what we're like, and then, if they don't want to do anything, we tax 'em out. (A higher fee for the following years for members not active in any of the club's activities, I mean.) They'd still be deadwood for the first year, but we can afford that. ### Checking our Bylaws, you'll see that N'APA was established as "a society of publishers, writers, and artisans" in the sf fan field. True, most of us are publishers, but I think the non-publishing writers are just as valuable to us as the writing publishers, and I favor our present setup along these lines. ### Nice bit of N'APA faan fiction, but how does "John Troumble" come into it? I showed a copy of this to John Trimble. He doesn't believe in you. ### Oog -- yes, I think we've all had about all the Esperanto lessons we care for. If Ed wants to spend a small space in DUBHE answering you, okay, but I hope you haven't set him off filling his entire zine with the same thing he says every time somebody asks him that question. To answer you very briefly (in case you get snowed under by grammatical rules from Ed), Esperanto is an artificial, would-be "world language" that had a vogue in fandom in the 1930's, when most fans were very serious about being "citizens of the future", and several espoused the cause of the "tongue that would

replace all individual languages, bringing about world unity." ## Well, most of the "affection" for the old Shadow mysteries is quite frankly nostalgia, so if you never heard the program when it first came out, you can't be expected to feel much affection for it now. I'm pretty much a johnny-come-lately to the nostalgia ranks myself; I never heard any of the original radio programs, but I did manage to get and read a large stack of the old pulp magazine a few years ago, so I was to some minor extent an "old-timer" when they brought him back just recently. I did hear the original Green Hornet many years ago, so when it was revived a few months ago, I was able to listen to the first few programs with a fond sense of nostalgia. But after the first glow wore off, I decided I had better things to do with my Sunday afternoons than sit around the radio and reminisce. The old programs are sort of like cotton candy — worth getting every now and then to remind you of how much you liked it as a kid, but no longer good enough to be devoured in immense quantities at every opportunity.

DYNATRON #21 — (Tackett) Considering how much material Ed Cox seems to be having in N'APA lately, he might as well join the apa and get the mailings for his troubles. ## An enjoyable SF Quiz; I got 18 out of 20 (pleased smirk). Keep 'em coming. ## I saw King of the World's Edge in the stack of old WEIRD TALES that Ben Stark was peddling at the PacificCon; if it'd been less than 4 installments, I might have taken time to read it there. I hope to read all the old WEIRDS someday, but at a buck and over per issue earlier than the late 1940's, I'm not about to buy many. ## I wondered aloud in OIPA where the '66 Worldcon would be, and Ethel Lindsay says, "You can fill in that question mark for '66 with the word Vienna..there will be a con there sponsored by Austrian fandom." (Yes, but will they bid for the formal Worldcon title at London, or just put on a con anyway?) I agree that there's certainly no reason why the World SF Convention couldn't be held in Tokyo or Buenos Aires; to argue otherwise reminds me of the somewhat circular logic used by one fan who was explaining to me why we couldn't let the Con go to London in '65: a) the Worldcon has always been held (with two minor exceptions) in the U.S., therefore it is not truly a Worldcon but an American National Con, and we should rename it to Face the Facts; b) since it is an American National Con, we can't very well let it go to London, England, can we? I say that it is a World Convention, and a few cons in Europe or Asia or Australia to emphasize the fact would not be a bad thing. (They might be a bad thing on other grounds, like choosing next year's Worldcon site, or keeping the "Hugo"s running smoothly, but that's something else again.) Though personally, I'm afraid I'm going to be selfish and vote for another U.S. Worldcon; one I know I can attend. Detroit in '66!

WITDIP SPECIAL #2 — (Pelz) My, has it only been 5 months since this game broke up? It feels as though it must've been a year at least, or more. LASFS interests certainly do come and go at dizzying speeds. I'll miss Jack's press releases; they were the only substantial amount of fannish writing he's done in the past year or so.

RACHE #14 -- (Pelz) I hope that character on your cover is just resting his paw on the hilt of his sword; if he tries drawing it from the scabbard in the position he's holding it, he's going to dislocate his wrist. (Unless his anatomy includes some sort of ball-and-socket joint system...) ## Bucking for Best N'APA Poet? Okay. ## Why don't you get Joe Gibson to do a new cover? ## Yeah, I borrowed your typewriter two years ago to get out the next issue of SALAMANDER. With luck, I might actually do it before you repossess this thing. ## For real sense-of-wonder science in comic books lately, you can't beat Gardner Fox's recent JLA story, in which we are informed that, while normal matter plus anti-matter equals an explosion, you can keep back the explosion as long as you Squeeze Down on the anti-matter object Real Hard to keep it from going off in your face. I think Gardner knows better -- at least, I hope so. Incidentally, I just today got another price sheet from a comic book dealer (Howard Rogofsky, of Rosedale, N.Y.), offering comics that just went on sale on the newsstands this week at the standard 12¢, for 75¢ each. Are Comics Fans actually buying at these prices?

GEORGE SCITHERS --

"The limerick form is complex: / Its contents run chiefly to sex,
/ It burgeons with virgins / And masculine urgin's / And swarms with
erotic effex."

"What brought that on, Don?" asked the man in black from the other side of the aisle.

"Look," said Don, pointing out of the window. "We just passed it -- that flock of girls, obviously virgins, with a crowd of men chasing them."

"Um, yes," said a large chap with a red beard, ruffling through a handful of multicolored papers. "We're due to be entering a corner of Limerick just about now."

"Limerick? On the way from Cloud-Cookoo-Land to Valhalla? Haven't you gotten your schedules a bit mixed?" demanded the dark haired girl who was collating at her window seat.

"No, not that Limerick, The Limerick," said red-beard. When the girl continued to look blank, he went on: "There's really no valid historical evidence to show the Irish town of that name is connected with the verse-form. What we're running through just now is the habitat of the verse form in all its -- ah -- realistic aspects."

"There's a theory about that Limericks -- the verse forms, that is -- came first, inhabiting outer darkness, when there was nothing. They subsequently created the world, inhabitants and all, just for the purpose of having someone to appreciate them. Theology aside, however, there's an area up here, right on the main line, where the Limerick seems to make its headquarters, so to speak. We're coming to a town now -- it'll be interesting, though a bit -- ah -- uninhibited."

Sure enough, the big red electric interurban trolley car was approaching some sort of settlement. The quiet rumble of wheels on open track gave way to the sharper clatter of wheels on rails set in pavement as the car turned along a road.

"Go ahead, Fred," said red-beard, noticing a tall man looking longingly at the back platform. "It was only centaur-back-rides that you couldn't have any more; George didn't say anything about riding on the platform, and you'll get a better view there."

"Can I go too?" asked another rider, a bouncy youth.

"Okay, Arnold," said red-beard, "but don't fall out." The pair hurried to the back, opened the door, and looked at the village street, down which the car was slowly rumbling.

A church caught Arnold's eye; he read the Sunday message from the little signboard beside it: "God's plan made a hopeful beginning / But man spoiled his chances by sinning / We trust that the story / Will end in God's glory, / But at present, the other side's winning."

C
U
L
T
I
N
L
I
M
E
R
I
C
K
V
I
L
L
E

"Is that all -- I expected more than tha -- oh, good heavens -- look!" Fred pointed. From out of the front door of the church came two angels, haloes awry, flapping their wings to help them along. Right behind came a chap with red skin, horns, tail, and a long pitchfork.

The two gawked at the chase, which managed three laps around the church and a small extra one around the sign, before a bend in the street cut off their view.

The next scene to catch their eyes was a set of four men, sitting around a piano. "Must be composing," said Arnold.

"Four composers from Havens?" ventured a very massive man who had wandered onto the back platform.

"No -- I spotted the sign on the house -- they must be Anon., Idem, Ibid, and Trad." said Fred. "Composers, songwriters, & poets, it said."

"Ch, of course," said Arnold. "They wrote much that is morally bad: / Some ballads, most chanteys, / All poems on panties, / And Limericks too, one must add."

"And look -- here comes another," said Fred. A man in scholarly robes was running down the street, closely pursued by another, similarly dressed, with a large ink spot on his gown.

"The Reader in Chaucer, named Crown / Spilt ink on the doctoral gown / Of the tutor of lit., / Who said, 'Opus Cit., / ----'" began the massive man; just at that point the car passed the running pair.

The pursuing scholar threw a glance at the group watching from the car's platform, screeched, "Verb Adjective Adjective Noun!" and dashed on.

"But I thought Ted Johnstone thought up that one, Bill," said Fred.

"Well, in a sense I suppose you can say he did," put in red-beard, who had wandered back and was looking out the opposite side of the platform. "It is a bit of evidence on the theory that the Limericks came first -- Oh, here we come to one of the more famous landmarks."

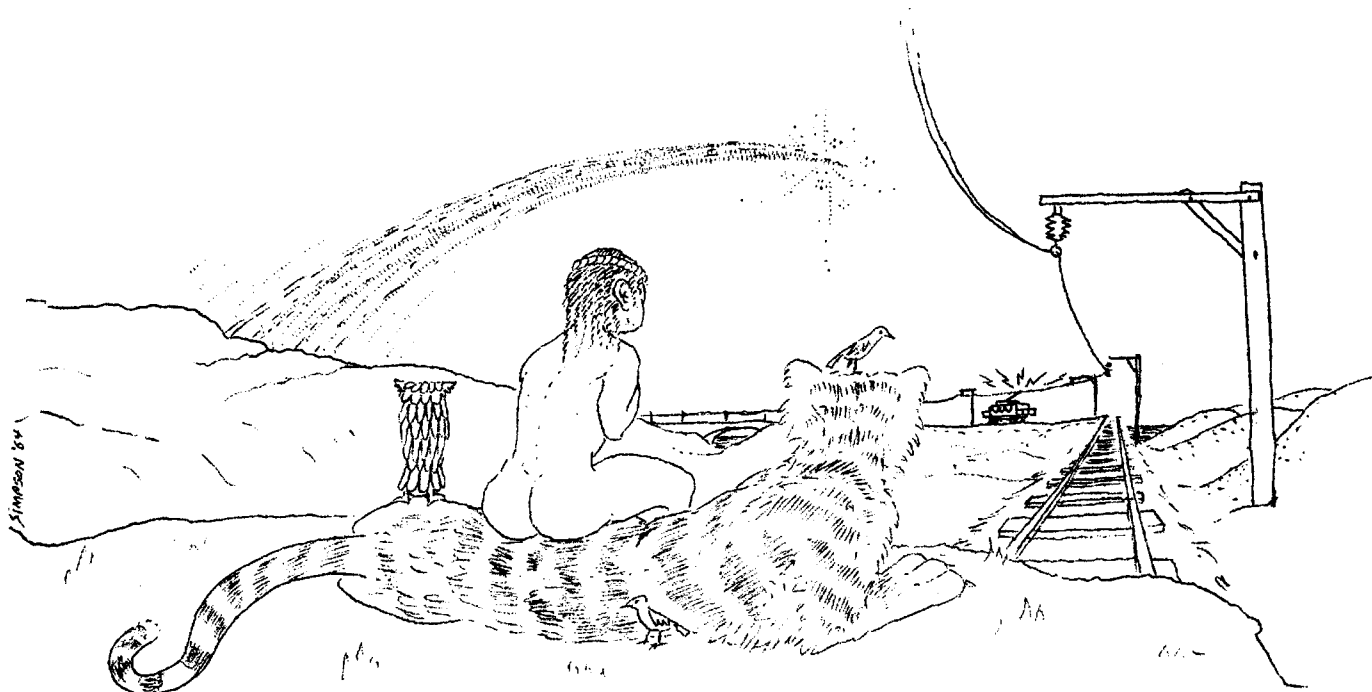
The little group turned to that side of the car, and in a moment, a large sign hove into view: "Crewe". Below it was a small sidewalk café. A large, red-faced man was dining; just as the car passed, he leapt to his feet, turning even redder and waving a large mouse which he had plucked from his stew. A waiter dashed to him, tried to shush him.

"Well," said Bill. "I wouldn't have missed that for anything: Said the waiter, 'Don't shout / Or wave it about / Or the rest will be wanting one too.'"

"There's another," pointed Arnold. "The people of Candlewood Knolls, perhaps?" As they watched, a man with a notebook approached a house by the side of the street. The door flew open, and a misshapen figure reached out, grabbed the man, and stuffed him into an immense chunk of bread. The last thing the watchers could see as the car rumbled on down the street was the flourish of a catsup bottle in the creature's hand.

"You mean voting for Thor at the polls and all? Ib, I don't think that's it," said red-beard. "It's one of Poul Anderson's: The bold takers of Gallup Polls / Report on the habits of trolls: / 97 per cent / Ate the men that were sent / With mustard and catsup on rolls."

Just then, the brakes hissed and the big red car ground to a ponderous stop. Red-beard hurried through the car, followed by the dark-haired girl and a round-faced youth



with a dachshundy air of stubbornness about him. On the front platform, red-beard found the motorman, a man with a diabolically pointed blonde beard, arguing with a young girl who was standing out in the street with a petticoat in her hand. Behind her stood a small group of elderly people, dressed in severe black, with disapproving scowls on their faces.

The girl was talking in a strong New England accent; the dachshundy young man muttered in the dark haired girl's ear: "That must be the young girl of Connecticut, / Who flagged down a train with her petticoat / Which her elders defined / As presence of mind / But deplorable absence of etiquette."

Meanwhile, the motorman was telling the girl, "Don't be ridiculous -- you couldn't get that menagerie in my beard." He turned to red-beard and said, "Seems they've got a mess of homeless birds ---"

"Yes, I see," said red-beard, looking out at a rather forlorn group of birds sitting on a branch nearby. "Only, strictly speaking, it'd be an aviary. Let's see -- two owls and a wren; four larks, and a hen -- you say they're looking for their nest, miss?"

"Yes," the young girl in the street said. "The poor things have been homeless, ever since ---"

"Sorry, but they won't fit in my beard either," said red-beard, stroking his curly-haired chin. "Nor Bill's, either," he added, as the very massive chap stepped onto the front platform. "You wouldn't be thinking of a chap named Blackbeard, would you -- though, come to think of it, he doesn't have a beard."

The motorman stepped back and whispered to the dark haired girl in the car: "Is Walter out of the way, Dian?"

"Yes," she whispered back. "I wondered why he dived under the seat just as the car slowed down, but now I ---"

"Are you maligning poor Walter again?" demanded a man with a drooping moustache who had just wandered forward. "Whatever he's done, he's perfectly innocent. I will not have his rights trampled upon," drooping moustache went on, about five decibels louder. "Even if he admits it ---"

"Oh good Lord, John," groaned red-beard. "Here we go again -- quick -- Scotty -- get under way." The motorman released the brakes, spun the controller, and the big red interurban car ground forward. "Bill -- supress John, quick -- before he blows the gaff complete." Bill wrestled drooping moustache into a corner and sat on him, effectively cutting off a high-decibel dissertation on the Bill of Rights and the French Revolution.

But it was too late -- or so it seemed, for the two owls, the hen, the four larks, and the wren had perked up, and were even now spreading their wings. As the interurban car rumbled past, accelerating down the village street, they took to the air in close pursuit. The motorman shoved the controller around another couple of notches, and the whine of the electric motors climbed steadily higher in pitch. The birds would have caught the car then, but just then a pelican blundered across their path, sending owls, and larks ascatter.

"A marvelous bird is the pelican / ---" began red-beard, but was interrupted by the dachshundy young man.

"The original version is: A curious bird is the pelican / ---"

"Oh, get Gordon to settle it," said the dark haired girl. "He's the official birdman now -- come to think of it, he ought to be doing something ---"

"I am," yelled a voice from the inside of the car. "Closing the windows."

"Ummm, yes," said red-beard, slamming the door on the right side of the front platform. "Good heavens -- just in time, too." He pointed outside; they had almost run over a large, hungry looking tiger who was carrying a dusky lady on his back, and the tiger looked distinctly annoyed.

"There's a Latin version of that, you know," said the dark haired girl. "Puella Nigrensia ridebat / Cum tigris in dorso vehebat: / Externa profecta / Interna revecta / Et risus cum tigris manebat."

Meanwhile, on the back platform, Fred was calmly counting house numbers as the car rumbled -- still accelerating -- down the street. "13 -- 11 -- ah, there it is -- Number 9, Penwiper News -- and yes, right on time," he added as a maid in stiffly starched costume burst from the front door, obviously screaming, though they couldn't hear her over the noise of the electric interurban. "She's running with the news / In a box for the bread / They've just found a head / And nobody seems to know whose."

"Hey, Fred," called red-beard. "How about the birds chasing us?"

"Huh? Oh, the birds." Fred took a long look back. "The hen's gone now, but the owls and larks are still coming."

"Why are you worried about the birds -- we've got the windows closed," said Arnold. "By the bucket -- look -- the man from Kent -- and look what he's doing!"

Just then, the car turned a curve, swung off the street, and sped across an open field towards the woods. The figures Arnold was pointing at, at the edge of the field, were soon out of sight.

"The larks and all can't do much," explained red-beard, "but the owls, working together, could shake the trolley pole off the wire, and then we'd be stuck -- well, maybe not -- we have outrun the tiger, haven't we?"

"No," said Fred. "It's still with us."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"You didn't ask -- but we're gaining on it now."

The car was in the woods now -- and a few minutes later, it broke through the far side and swung around a gentle curve to follow a well-ballasted line along the ocean.

"Damn it all -- we're going too fast to see anything now," grumbled Arnold. "I thought I spotted Daphnis and Chloe back there in the woods ----"

"For the tenth time, dear Daphnis," said Chloe, / 'You have told me my bosom is snowy. / You have made such fine verse on / Each part of my person; / Now do something, that's a good boy.'" put in Don.

"Well anyway, they were going at it, with a circle of flowers sort of watching 'em ----" said Arnold.

"Maybe it's: Concerning the bees and the flowers / In the fields and the gardens and bowers; / You will note at a glance / That their ways of Romance / Haven't any resemblance to ours," suggested Fred.

"Sounds more -- Oh, look," said Arnold -- this time there was a box of plumbers' tools on the beach, and just beyond ...

"You know, that's been translated into Latin, French, and German," said Fred, as they watched the scene diminish behind them.

"Translations be damned," said Arnold. "Couldn't we stop and explore?"

"Heavens no; the whole territory is Breenmarked," said red-beard. "You never know what you'll run into -- I mean, if it's the lady of Spain, you'll just get worn out in a -- ah -- pleasurable way. But what if you should run into the old whore from Dakota?"

"Huh?"

"There was an old whore from Dakota / Who maintained an immoral pagoda;" explained red-beard patiently. "The walls of the halls / Were hung with the ----"

The speeding car dashed across a small arm of the ocean; the roar of the car on the bridge drowned out red-beard for a few words.

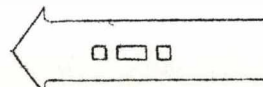
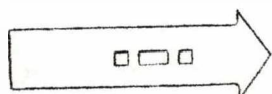
"/ ---- of the fools who'd bestrode her," red-beard finished.

"Yeah, I see what you mean," said Arnold. He glanced ahead, along the beach.

"Hey -- what's that we're coming to -- it's, it's like ----"

Red-beard looked out of the side window. Ahead, a great, shimmering arch curved up from the beach -- up -- up -- and into the sunlit clouds. It was colored as a rainbow is, but no rainbow had that shimmer and sparkle, nor that combination of ethereality and solidity; it was like nothing that ever was nor will be, but -- "Bifrost Bridge," whispered red-beard. "It's almost enough to make you give up Jehova for the Aesir."

Air hissed, and the big red car's brakes slowed it as it rumbled closer to the base of the great arch of the Bridge. There was a transfer stop ahead, and a little car waited for them there -- a car with a dozen great white horses already harnessed, ready to go.



READ AHEAD

One of the complaints made about the "Hugo" system is that there is so much science fiction appearing that nobody has a chance to read it all, and therefore it is by no means certain that the winners are truly the best in the whole field. Presumably, there is time enough once the final nominees appear for any fan to read those nominees and select what he thinks is the best among them. Still, it would be better if fans had a fairly large knowledge of the field before the nominations closed, so that they would have a firmer foundation on which to base their voting, and which might ensure that more votes would be cast -- too many fans taking the attitude of, "Well, I don't know what all was good last year and what wasn't, so I'll skip the nominating and just vote on the final ballot when it comes out." More votes in the preliminary nominating will help to make sure that the final choices are all good stories, and that no poor candidates get on the final ballot through a large block voting of a minority group of fans. To help prepare the way, I intend to present now what I think are some of the best representatives in each "Hugo" category, so that, if you haven't read them, you'll have a chance to do so before the nominations for the 1964 "Hugo"s are opened. These are all personal choices, of course; if you disagree with any of them, you're free to ignore them and nominate something else. Similarly, if you have any personal favorites that I've missed, I hope you'll mention them so that I'll have a chance to read them before I make up my mind. I know the year isn't over yet, but it's never too early to start gathering in evidence.

Last year, there were no clear-cut nominees for Best Science Fiction Novel, and nobody was sure what might appear on the final ballot until it was published. This year, there are already three strong candidates for the award, with some very good followups. Fritz Leiber's The Wanderer (Ballantine) is, in effect, an end-of-the-world story, even if the world doesn't actually reach the drastic extreme. In this book, Fritz is attempting to do more than just present an action story; he's trying to create a mood piece. The result is a bit more chaotic than the usual novel, as the narrative switches from one viewpoint to another, but the mood Fritz was aiming for comes through strongly, and the result is not displeasing. Robert Heinlein's Farnham's Freehold (IF; Putnam) has been proclaimed by fandom as his best work since Starship Troopers (or The Door Into Summer, by those who didn't like Starship Troopers). It seems to be generally felt that the ending was a little weak, but that hasn't stopped most fans who've read it from being quite pleased by it. I don't suppose I have to worry about this one being neglected by fans; whether they like it or not, nobody skips over a Heinlein novel! While I haven't read it yet, Edgar Pangborn's Davy (St Martin) has already gotten enough enthusiastic reviews that I feel I'd better include it here. It's also been called by some the biggest disappointment of the year, so it may be the most controversial of this year's nominees. Described as "a boy's growing up in a post-atomic war civilization", it's been called "J. D. Salinger 500 years in the future". Dark horses that should at least be considered for the final ballot include two very enjoyable novels by John Brunner; To Conquer Chaos (Ace), and The Whole Man (Ballantine). The first of these is an excellent action story, set after Earth has been decimated by a plague brought back from the stars, when a hardy explorer from one of the neo-feudal communities tries to re-establish contact with the rest of the world and find out just what happened. The Whole Man tells of a cripple with strong telepathic powers, who is educated into using them to heal the mental illnesses of others, but who has to discover for himself whether he can use them to solve his personal problems. Generally a social-psychological novel, it contains one very fine sword-&-sorcery sequence. H. Beam Piper's The Other Human Race isn't quite as good as its predecessor, Little Fuzzy (which didn't win the "Hugo" either), but it still qualifies for the earlier book's cover claim as "the most delightful book of the year". Don't let the atrocious cover illustration and blurbs (from Avon) scare you away.

That's it for now. More next time. Who do you like for Best Short Fiction?