



# BRUZZFUZZEL NEWS

THE BATON ROUGE  
SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE  
NEWSLETTER

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## RANTINGS AND RAVINGS BY CLAY

Welcome back, fans! It's been awhile since the ol' NEWS slammed into your postal orifice boxes, but here we are...finally! This issue concludes Bob Crais' sorrow-saturated story of his experiences with writing for the TWILIGHT ZONE. I need to say here that the new syndicated ZONE is being done by a different group of people. View it for its own merits (or demerits if you insist!)

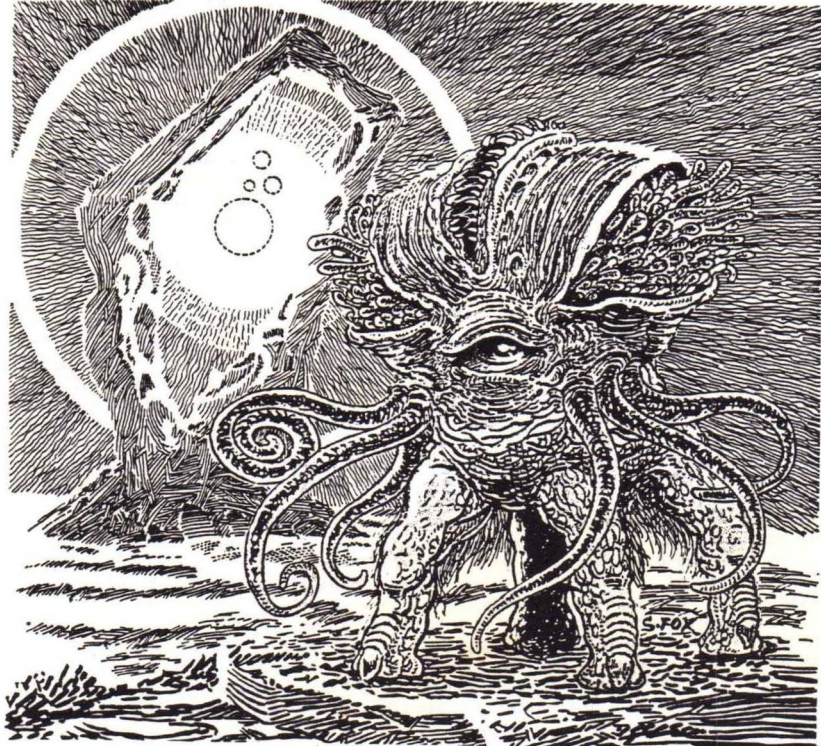
J.R.Madden's column Worldcons has gotten quite a load of feedback. Check out the letter column for some interesting reactions. Anthony Ward returns with another big and bulging batch of book reviews. (Ever have the feeling that this guy has a lot more free time than most of us. Or maybe it's a speed read that he's into. Ya' know, J.F.K. popularized speed reading back in the early '60s. Does anyone in the reading audience really do this...and do you enjoy it as much as "regular reading"?) I want to thank all those clubs and individuals who have continued to send us your zines. Each one is gone through, cataloged, and available for the club members to read (MAYBE SPEED READ!?) Keep those little jewels of literature moving through the mail slots! They are appreciated! Enough of this ranting! I'll just calm down now and let you partake of the glory that is BRUZZFUZZEL NEWS...even if you do speed read the thing! -CLAY

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN  
1907 - 1988

To many of us, Robert A. Heinlein represents our first introduction to science fiction literature. Have Spacesuit Will Travel was my first serious sf book and marked the beginning of a long love affair with science fiction and with Heinlein's books in particular. I have read practically everything I could get my hands on by Heinlein, and I have never been bored or disappointed. Even when I disagreed violently with some of his ideas, that disagreement, along with the thinking it caused me to do, made the reading worthwhile.

When I heard of Robert Heinlein's passing, a little shock ran through me. Surely he wasn't really dead? Maybe this is a part of the 'masquerade' and RAH has now assumed another identity, but is still registered with the Howard Foundation? But he is dead, and we have lost one of the persons who created science fiction as it is known today. Robert Anson Heinlein made the world of the future something we could easily relate to, with his carefully contrived characterizations and relationships, Heinlein created people and worlds that seemed familiar, no matter how far removed from our own reality. This ability of his continued right up through his last book, and I can only hope that he left some unfinished manuscripts behind that a clever colleague might be able to finish (perhaps his good friend, Jerry Pournelle).

There are those among us who intensely disliked the later writings of Robert Heinlein. With, and after, the publication of Starship Troopers, Heinlein's novels began to tackle increasingly controversial subjects such as sexuality, organized religion, patriotism, and death. He is perhaps best known to the mundane world for Stranger in A Strange Land, which reportedly garnered quite a following among the flower children with its promotion of free love, communes, and the exposure of certain sacred cows. Heinlein's more recent novels, The Cat Who Walked Through Walls, The Number of the Beast, and Job: A Comedy of Justice, have been roundly criticized for the rambling nature of the



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dialogue, the interminable conversations/arguments of the protagonists, the preaching of the 'Heinlein viewpoint' on all subjects, and for lack of a clear storyline. With his last novel, To Sail Beyond The Sunset, Heinlein was continuing his recent practice, annoying to many, of gathering and rescuing his favorite characters via transdimensional travel, to go and live with the Long family in Boondock on Tertius (Universe Timeline 2, I believe).

In my opinion, Heinlein never wrote a bad, or boring book. Even when he didn't seem to want to stick to the point or to the plot, the reading was interesting and thought provoking. I have the feeling that if you were to go up to Heinlein and tell him that a particular passage infuriated you, that he would be delighted and would clap his hands with glee. In this, Heinlein's later writing bears a certain resemblance to that of Mark Twain, who was also known for his controversial material. Heinlein alludes to this a bit in his last novel, wherein the protagonist actually gets to meet Mr. Clemens. Heinlein's writing gives us, simultaneously, a vivid glimpse of America at the turn of the century, and the myriad possible futures that await us: He is capable of showing how people remain basically the same while the world(s) change around us. Robert Heinlein gives us the chance to see that, no matter how bleak or changed the future may be, we are all still individually responsible for what we become, and that we can make a difference.

Okay, now I get down from my soapbox. I loved Robert A. Heinlein's writing. One of my fondest memories is having met the man for a moment (the 35th Worldcon, Suncon in Miami) and listened to him tell me a joke about Brigham Young. The loss of Robert Heinlein from the science fiction community and the world community, is a tragedy. He has left a hole that no one will be able to fill for a long time.

Michael J. Scott



## BUSINESS NOTATIONS: MINUTES OF THE MEETINGS BY CLAY

MEETING OF 6/9/88

Marine brought copies of the COMIC BUYERS GUIDE article on SWAMPCON (written by Mike Curtis). The proposal for SWAMPCON 8 to be held at the Sheraton was reviewed. Clay brought up the Board of Directors election and was imidiately inundated with many declarations of various intents (mostly to run for office!) Diane pulled a large vault from her purse, squeezed her eyes into a near-shut position, and proclaimed that she was taking dues from those who must now pay or go without a Denver/Warfield's meal! A DR. WHO theme float was decided upon for the vast Forth of July Parade (a true tradition with Bruzzfuzzel). Suggestions concerning the upcoming Halloween party were entertained. It was decided to hold this special event at Diane's clubhouse on the evening of 10/29/88. Various regional cons were ranted about.

MEETING OF 6/23/88

The latest BRUZZFUZZEL NEWS was collated and stapled and gone through and folded and stapled again and handed over for posting. Everyone was so worn out after this major fan event that they rushed back to their seats where they proceeded to "puddin' out" for the rest of the meeting. The proposal for holding SWAMPCON 8 was reviewed (with large sheets of paper being unraveled) With alittle reaming of the given budget, the proposal was accepted Plans for the 4th of July float and festivities were solidified. Clay ran through the mail (then he read it!) Fun thoughts were brought up and toasted! Then a small discussion concerning guests for the next SWAMPCON occured. Afterwards, the group rewarded themselves with a large feasting of fatty substances at a local fast food haven.

MEETING OF 7/14/88

The gang got in a mailed-in reply concerning SWAMPCON 5 (only 1 1/2 years through the mails!). Clay reported he and John's profitable experiences at Cresent City Con. Both Friend -o'-Bruzzfuzzel George Effinger and his wonderous book "When Gravity Fails" were discussed...he's up for a Hugo ya' know! George might be at the next meeting for a discussion of the above mentioned "read". Clay read the mail, which included lot's of interesting comments concerning J.R.'s printed views on Worldcons and those who attend them. (He constantly shot glances at the ol' Mad Dog...sweat formed...but I think is was because of a lack of air conditioning. Various printed views on the upcoming Nolacon from a number of recent fanzines were read and discussed. Scotty and J.R. gave a wonderous description of the recent ChimneyCon. Computer games were mentioned and a small talk on their many exciting and pulse-pounding variations was lead by Mr. Scott. Finally, with only minutes left till consumption time, the Board of Directors for the 1988-1989 year were elected. The results (I know you need to know this) were: Board Members- Glen, Vaughn, Janet, Carol, Diane ... and our boy J.R. as the backup light...just incase a truck plows down one of the others!

MEETING OF 8/11/88

A discussion of the Guest O' Honor slot for SWAMPCON 8 lasted through a goodly portion of the meeting. A decision concerning moneys available and guests and costs was made...but a definite answer...not yet, fellahl! We need to conserve those bucks, and therein lies the problem. However, our boy Bolivar Kaggass was elected as Fan Guest O' Honor. Many thoughts concerning his various con functions (both organic and otherwise) were discussed! More on this fantastic developement as the information is made available! Everyone toasted each other with a recent zine. (Clay once again bringing the whole lot to give to J.R., who wasn't there... but Diane was!)

MEETING OF 8/25/88

Once again the book discussion meeting had no book to discuss...George? Well, he didn't get our information about the time and place for the meeting that we were to discuss "When Gravity Fails". It was decided that he would be our special guest at the 9/22 meeting. This time Diane is going to CALL George and make sure he has the info needed to get to the library. The book discussion for October will be on Piers Anthony's "Split Infinity."  
We had a visitor, Karen Makin, but no newsletters, since neither Clay (Carol wrote this report...I'm just "adding glory and wonder" to the words-CF) nor J.R. were in attendance...but Diane, of course, was there!  
Allison was back...we hadn't really scared her off...yet!  
Diane announced that Margaret Weiss has accepted our invitation to be Guest Of Honor at SWAMPCON 8. Marine made up a bountiful batch of bomb-busting buttons with the proceeds to go to SWAMPCON. Millions were consumed! HOT OFF THE PRESS! In a related story, the Baton Rouge Sheraton has gone into forclosure proceedings! However, this should not affect SWAMPCON's dates or plans.  
Glenn will be checking into the U.S.S. Kidd (a destroyer-class ship moored at the Baton Rouge levee) about scheduling a time for the infamous Tin Can Con, tentatively scheduled for 11/11/88. More massive details might be forthcoming...maybe.  
Worldcon was discussed...just about everyone who attended the meeting planned to be there for at least one day.  
Vaughn made it back from the wilds of Arizona and was ready for fannish feastings. Diane's experiences at CoastCon were discussed...at great lenght...to the embarrassment of Diane. (GOD DID SHE GET DRUNK!)  
At 8:45, Janet announced that she was starving. In order to save her, the meeting was adjourned and the flock headed for RAX. However, Janet had left her keys in her car! A coat hanger was found and Janet was ushered towards the starchy substances she so craved.



# BRAINSHOW

## A COLUMN BY ROBERT CRAIS

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BRAINSHOW #3: "Working with 'Monsters!' A True and Horrible Story of The Twilight Zone"

In the last episode, our hero, Biff Crais, stalwart knight in the realm of True and Honorable Writers, described his descent from the mountain tops as he chased the childhood dream of scripting an episode of The Twilight Zone.

Biff recounted in harrowing detail the ugly and hideous realities of the Hollywood Dream Park as he pursued the muse and sought truth, justice, and an homage to all things fanciful and light.

When last seen, Biff had, against all odds, found the wonder within himself and, using that wonder, created THE P\*E\*R\*F\*E\*C\*T SCRIPT, titling it, 'Monsters!'

Now, as the full moon rises and the true monsters come out, let us see what befalls our hero's finest efforts . . . .

### Part II

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Several days later, the phone rang. It was Alan, and his voice was low and more than a little bit nervous. "Bob?"

"Yeah, Alan?"

"Phil read the script." Phil. The man who gave us Whiz Kids.

"Un-huh."

"He's, ah, got a couple of notes, and we'd like to get together for a meeting."

FLASHCUT: the frozen glass cracks, the taloned hand/paw reaches in . . . .

"Alan," I said, hysteria creeping into my voice, "that's a dynamite script. It doesn't need notes." "Just come to the meeting, please, BOB?"

\*\*\*

I went to the meeting, and never have I seen a collection of people who seemed more edgy, more nervous. Again, in the outer office, Rock O'Bannon and Alan Brennert and I gathered to wait. Rock offered a warm but somehow uncomfortable smile, and told me how much he liked the script. Alan seemed distant and untalkative, as if great things were preying on his mind. Even the secretaries seemed under hideous strain, snapping at each other as if there were something dank and irritating in the air. When Jim Crocker appeared, we once more adjourned into his office, the sanctum sanctorum.

Only this time, there was a man sitting at the round glass table at the rear of Jim Crocker's office. He was tall, and wore a moustache and wire-framed glasses, and was glancing through a thick stack of papers. Alan said, "Bob, I'd like you to meet Phil."

Mr. DeGuere continued to look through his papers, moving with quick, jerky movements. I said hello, and told him that it was a pleasure to meet him. As a southern boy, raised properly by a southern mother, I know how to be polite to strangers.

Philip DeGuere said, "Let's see if you think so after the meeting."

FLASHCUT: Something on the deck growls a deep, guttural bark. Something on the deck wants in . . . .

I thought, maybe Phil DeGuere doesn't think I'm writing for his show. Maybe Phil DeGuere thinks I'm a process server come to lay some papers on him. Maybe he thinks I'm one of the studio maintenance people come to hit on him to make me a star . . . .

Alan, more nervous than ever, herded me toward the other end of the room. "Why don't we let Phil finish up here."

So we sat. We made pointless small-talk until Phil "Whiz Kids" DeGuere, who seemed to be ignoring everybody, suddenly jumped up from the table and said, "I don't have much time, so lets do this." He looked at me. "You've got nothing here but an old man and a kid and some kinda relationship thing, and that's not enough for thirty pages. No director will touch it. You've gotta cut this down to fifteen pages."

Philip "Whiz Kids" DeGuere.

Alan, Jim, Rock -- they looked at the floor, they checked out their hangnails, they stared off somewhere out around the orbit of Pluto. I looked at them and then I looked back at Philip "Whiz Kids" DeGuere. There was no way this script could be fifteen pages and still be this script. Maybe Phil DeGuere was thinking of another script.

I sat forward on the couch. I looked at him. "Phil, if you do that, you'll cut the heart from this piece."

Phil twitched and his eyes blinked in an odd manner. He said, "I can get fifteen pages out of this easy." He tore a couple pages from his copy of the script. "Here's two out right here," he said. "All this stuff between the kid and his father?" He ripped out another couple of pages. "And two more."

Alan Brennert turned white. Jim Crocker had the look of a man who's backward child has escaped the basement and wandered onto the freeway. I crept toward the edge of the couch, feeling the red lights go off in my head as I approached meltdown, but torn by Alan Brennert's presence. On Cagney & Lacey, when they gave me problems, I used a five pound maul on a couple of doors and threw an overstuffed chair through a window. On Joe Dancer, when Robert Blake tried to spike me toward violating one of the Writers Guild's working rules, I asked him to step outside. But those guys, I didn't like. I liked Alan Brennert, I cared for him, and I did not want to jeopardize his position within a show he very much loved.

But strange things started to happen in my brain, scurrying things, and circuit breakers started to pop, and I began to gray out, and then Philip DeGuere took it out of my hands. He rushed to the door, glared at poor Jim Crocker, and shouted "You're not ready for this meeting. We can't go into production on this script because you're not ready. I've made my contribution. I've got to go." Then, like a dark, foul wind, he was gone.

The entire meeting had not lasted more than eight minutes, beginning to end, including the small talk.

In the umpteen millions of meetings I had been to here in the zoo that is Hollywood, I had never before seen anything like this, and have not since. Crocker, O'Bannon, and Brennert looked at each other in a sort of stunned silence. They did not look at me. I gathered my things, and stood up. "Guys, this is bullshit," I said. "The smartest thing I can do, now, for everyone concerned, is to leave."

And that is what I did.

\*\*\*

Later that afternoon, as I moved around the house in a sort of synaptic stupor, the phone rang. Alan. He said, "Bob, I'm sorry. God, I'm sorry. No one knew he would act like that." There were allusions to "larger problems" around the office, things Alan "couldn't discuss." He said, "Everyone here thinks the cuts will hurt the script, but Phil says we gotta do'm. I'm sorry."

"I won't do that, Alan. I will not knowingly mutilate my child."

"I know."

Alan said, "Listen, Rock's a good writer. Jim's a good writer. We'll do our best, man."

I said, "I want you to do it."

"Huh?"

"You do it, Alan. You're better than those guys. Rock's a rookie: he'll do whatever Phil wants. Jim, well, you're better than Jim." Also, Alan Brennert knew the field and loved it as I did and was my friend and would take more care with the job than those other guys because it's my script.

After a long time, he said, "Okay."

Then, after another long time, he said, "More than anything else, I hope this won't affect our friendship."

"It won't."

We hung up. There wasn't a whole lot else we could say.

\*\*\*

Sometime later, Alan again called. He said, "Phil wants to know if you'll accept a call from him. He wants to apologize."

I could only shake my head. "Alan, Phil is having you call, to see if I'll accept his call?"

"Well, yeah. That's about it." The fiber of courage, this guy DeGuere.

I said, "Please tell Mr. DeGuere that I think he has the balls of a dormouse. Also please tell him that the only call of his I am interested in accepting is one in which he reports having been diagnosed with ocular cancer."

\*\*\*

Later that day, the phone rang again. Alan. He said, "I'm calling for Phil again. You may want to hang up."

"This gets crazier and crazier."

"Phil really does like your script. He wants you to write another for us."

I hung up.

\*\*\*

In the ensuing weeks, Alan sent along the revision pages. Alan and Rock and Jim had convinced DeGuere that the script would not work at fifteen pages, and needed to be at least twenty. Alan was doing everything he could to preserve the character of the piece, but you can't drop from a tight twenty-nine pages to twenty without profound loss. The rhythm between "moments" was breached and made confusing or brokenbacked, the relationship between the boy and his father and mother was sacrificed; the father became sort of a laughing clown, the mother a stereotypic, whining TV appendage. I had written the script with the little-boy intention of creating something that Serling, the genius, would have found appealing. I think I did that. I gave my best work, but my best work was made ordinary. And if I sound bitter, it is because I am. You do not forgive the person who maims your child.

When the script pages came, I read them, and I wept. But I always made sure to dry my eyes before my wife and daughter could see.

\*\*\*

The script was given to B.W.L. Norton to direct. Bill Norton was a feature director, the film MORE AMERICAN GRAFFITI being among his credits. Since I was long out of the process at this point, I wasn't consulted on casting or the selection of a director, but Alan occasionally called to let me know what was happening. He usually took a positive tack, and tried to make things sound as upbeat as possible.

Finally, after the movie had been made, Alan called again, and this time his voice was hollow and hushed. He said, "I thought things were as bad as they could get."

I said nothing.

"We've got a rough cut. I want you to see it before we finalize the credits. You might want to use a pseudonym."

\*\*\*

An agonized three days later, I called Alan Brennert and told him I didn't want to see the rough cut.

I said, "If I see it, and it's as bad as you say, I probably will stick on a pseudonym, and I don't want to do that. The way it stands now, this is the only Zone I'll ever write, and the only connection I'll ever have with Serling, so I've gotta leave on my name." You don't want to see the bullet that gets you, you don't want to see the runaway car that's about to plow you down, you don't want to watch the nurse stick in the needle.

Alan said, "Bob, are you sure?" The Writers Guild has a provision in its contract with the studios that allows writers to take their names off material that has been so dummed up, so deformed, so mutated that continued association with such a credit might cause professional embarrassment and a possible loss of status in the community. You could hear it in his voice, how friggin' awful the film must be.

I said, "Alan, I don't have a choice."

Little-boy dreams.

\*\*\*

Alan and I didn't speak for a long while. I became involved in other projects and he was consumed by the series. When you're on staff, you live very much in the

moment, and all your moments are dictated by the series. It is hellishly hard work.

But a couple of days before "Monsters!" was to air, he called. "This Friday night," he said. "It's not very good, but it's not as terrible as you think. We helped it a lot in post production." You can work miracles in post-production.

"Thanks," I said. "I'll watch." We were very polite. It was a condolence call.

\*\*\*

January 24, 1986; Friday, 8:00 p.m. P.S.T.

The Twilight Zone main title rolls. There, in the montage of images, is the genius, Serling. I hope he is not watching tonight. Maybe he's out shooting pool or playing cards or something. "Monsters!" is the first of this night's three segments to air, and as I watch it, I recall how I felt as I wrote it: the characters were real and living, and were not cyphers as they are now. They were warm and caring and loving, and fit together nicely as a family unit. There was awe and wonder in the script before Philip "Whiz Kids" DeGuere caused it to be eliminated, along with any value and nuance. What has been done here is what episodic television is justifiably accused of doing: they have taken the interesting and made it banal.

I watch what these strangers have made from what was once my script and I turn off the television. I do not say anything to my wife, who looks pale and shaken, and who has sat through it with me. I go up to the office there in the old house on Landale Street, and close the door. I neither cry, nor fire off a couple of rounds through the roof, nor call Philip DeGuere and challenge him to a duel. Nothing dramatic. I sit and wonder at myself because I am not angry. I was angry yesterday, and, many months from now when I write this account for Clay Fourrier's tiny newspaper, I will be angry again, but this night, I am strangely calm. I feel nothing, and I wonder at that.

Then I realize why: when you cut out a man's heart, you're left with a scarecrow. Straw men feel no anger. Straw men feel nothing at all.

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And that, boys and girls, is what it was like, working with monsters.

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#### Afterword

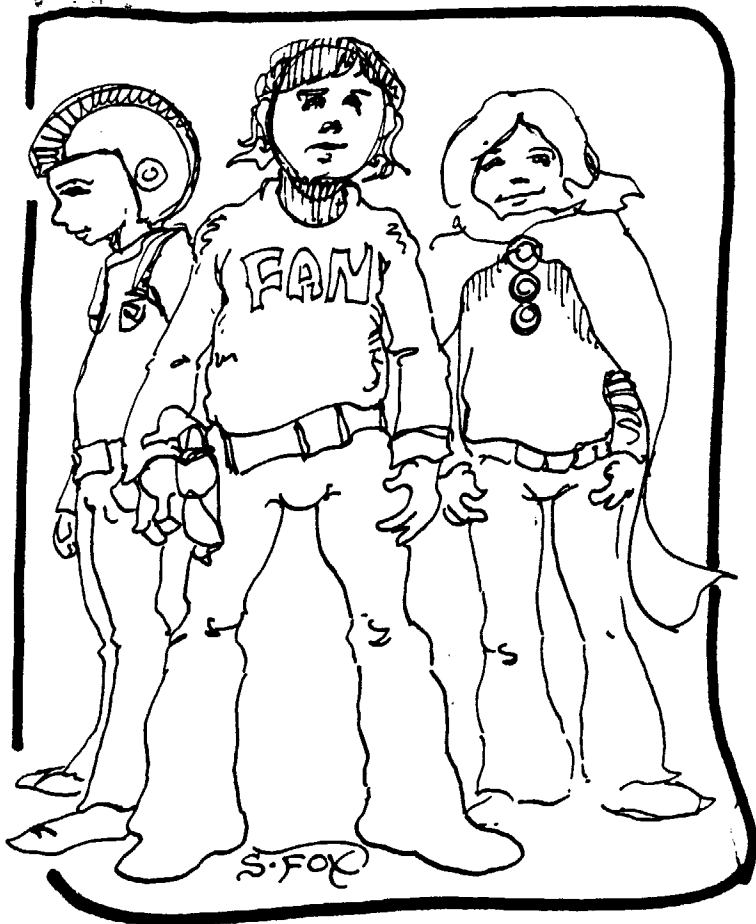
by Alan Brennert

I'm writing this afterword at Bob's invitation, not to dispute anything factual in his article -- although with the exception of "Walking Distance," the old TZ episodes I supposedly coed in Bob's ear are, I think, the episodes Bob heard me cite rather than the ones I likely did invoke; Bob may have fond childhood memories of "Will the Real Martian Please Stand Up?," but I remember it as a real dud -- but to clarify one specific point.

Yes, I made allusions at the time to "larger problems" around the office that I "couldn't discuss." And no, I'm not going to discuss them now, either. Suffice it to say that there were indeed unusual stresses and unique random factors strafing the TZ offices for a while there. And although all the things that happened to Bob did, to my regret and profound chagrin, actually happen to him, I want to stress that his experience was by no means the standard treatment afforded freelance writers at The Twilight Zone. As Bob so evocatively described it, the experience was indeed ugly, unprofessional, and exceedingly bizarre, even by normal Hollywood standards; but it was not business as usual at the Zone, or else Jim and Rock and I would never have continued to work on the show. It was an aberration, a case of being in exactly the wrong place at exactly the wrong time, and if I have one largest single regret arising from my two years with the show, it is that this horror befell not just a talented writer whom I had cajoled and wheedled into doing a script for us, but a good friend, as well.

All this is by way of explanation, not excuse. Because the bottom line is this: Bob Crais wrote a touching, poetic, and brilliant script -- and we fucked it up.

-- Alan Brennert



## SUNDAY SCRUTINIZINGS: A LOOK AT BOOKS WITH ANTHONY WARD

**NOT FOR GLORY**, by Joel Rosenberg, SFBC, sounds like, but is not just another "mercenary in the sky" book. Oh, there are mercenary soldiers, called the Metzadan Mercenary Corps (MMC), and there are battles, but it isn't just good guys in white hats with blasters against bad guys in black hats with positronic beamers. Basically, the book is about why people fight and kill other people when, from an outsider's viewpoint, the people doing the fighting and dying seem to be doing it solely for the money. And why better people fight and die for scum who's only redeeming quality is having enough money to hire "our heroes".

The book starts with Inspector-General Tetsuo Hanavi of the MMC on his way to visit his uncle, Shimon Bar-El, ex-General and convicted traitor. Bar-El is in exile because he may have been the only Metzadan to ever sell out his own people. However, he is also the most brilliant tactician in the use of primitive fighting techniques of his time, and the Metzadans need his help to win a bogged down little low-tech war on a mudball planet off in the middle of nowhere. Tetsuo has been ordered to offer Bar-El his citizenship and rank back, get him to win the war, and then kill him. And the story gets even more Machiavellian as it goes on.

Along the way we learn something of the history of the MMC and Rosenberg's future. It seems that after the destruction of Israel and the Second Diaspora, the surviving Israelis, along with a few Japanese Nationalist fanatics, settled the planet Metzada. Only after settling it did they discover just how few resources it had to support a modern industrial civilization. To make money to bring in the food, metals, and other resources necessary, the remnants of the Israeli Defence Forces became mercenaries for other colony worlds' wars. But this constant warfare has hardened and brutalized their society. The women have become the workers, the scientists, the doctors, and the politicians, while the men go off to the stars to fight and eventually die. But Metzada, and the Jews, manage to survive.

**NOT FOR GLORY** shows how far a culture, and a people, will go to survive. And at what cost. A semi-depressing book. But still a good read with a lot of action. I give it a 7.5.

Barbara Hambly writes some of the grittiest, most "realistic" fantasies around. Two years ago she wrote **THE SILENT TOWER**. She has finally had the sequel, **THE SILICON MAGE**. DelRey, published. Or you can get both books from the SF Book Club in one volume called **THE DARKMAGE**. I am happy to say she has not let her fans, including me, down. This is a winner.

In **THE SILENT TOWER**, Joanna Sheraton, a computer systems expert, was pulled into a war on a parallel world undergoing the initial problems of the industrial revolution. But there is a major difference between this world and ours. It seems that while the use of magic has come to be mostly scoffed at by the general populace, magic still worked, sometimes. There is even a Council of Wizards, although their power is closely watched by the government and the Church.

Joanna fell in love with Antryg Windrose, a crazy, but very powerful, wizard who had been locked up in a magically nullified tower for seven years for political crimes. Sort of a Marx with magic. He escaped to our world, and got involved with Joanna, when Suraklin, his old master and an "evil wizard", tried to take over Antryg's world. However, everyone, including Joanna, thought Antryg was the villain of the story, and we last saw him being dragged back to his own world, by the Council of Wizards, to be executed after being betrayed by Joanna.

When **THE SILICON MAGE** starts, Joanna has just realized she has goofed. boozo-big time. And unless she does something about the situation, Antryg will be executed. Suraklin will win, and both worlds, and maybe more, will probably be destroyed by the Darkmage's experiments combining science and magic. She manages to get back to Antryg's world, gathers together some old, and some new, friends, and sets out to rescue Antryg, defeat Suraklin, and save all the worlds. But it isn't an easy, or painless, task. Not like most of the books Joanna has read in our world.

While the story is fast moving and enjoyable, the real fun, and difference from the average, generic fantasy novel, is Hambly's people. Not one of them, not even Suraklin, is a simple, cardboard character. Hambly's people are all a mixture of good and bad, smart and stupid, brave and cowardly. And none of them is even close to being perfect. For example, there is what initially appears to be a standard secondary villain, straight from central casting. He appears to be an "evil, sadistic, homosexual prince" out to get the good guys and operating due to pure evil. However, as the story unfolds, it turns out he is a much better ruler than his "good-guy" cousin and even has his own sense of honor. By the end of the story, you not only understand the poor guy, you don't even hate him any more. There is a samari-type character who vividly gives us reason to doubt the wisdom of being the Perfect Weapon in human form. Even the "hero" and "heroine" are non-standard and very human, with all the strengths and weaknesses that entails.

If you want to read what a good writer can do with some old "cliched" characters and situations, read Hambly's books. **THE SILICON MAGE** is another reason I eagerly await her every book. I'll give both this book and the combined whole a 9.5. Read this book, OK?

**FINAL CIRCUIT**, by Melinda M. Snodgrass, Ace, \$3.50, is the final book of a trilogy that started with **CIRCUIT** and continued with **CIRCUIT BREAKER**. The trilogy is about the trials and tribulations of the first, and only, 15th Circuit Court Judge, one Cabot Huntington, and how he affected the System and the Earth.

The background of the series is the 15th Circuit Court which covered the Solar System in the middle years of the 21st century. With many national colonies on the Moon, the governmental and private artificial colonies in Earth orbit, the various national and international Martian colonies, and the growing economic power of the commercial Asteroidal settlements, the major powers on Earth are beginning to worry about who is going to control the future of Humanity. Earth or the System? The US President got

tact approval from the UN, the USSR, the PRC, Japan, Europe, and the rest of the space going powers, to appoint a Federal Judge to "bring the System back into the fold". So he appointed one of his best friends, and member of an important political family, Cabot Huntington, to bring the System back under Earth's control.

In the first two books, Huntington was introduced to the various System colonies and brought "justice" to them. However, he believed in the Constitution and in Constitutional Law and did not let the Earth powers crush the System, which they tried to do with various illegal processes and naked power plays. In FINAL CIRCUIT, he and the System finally break with the Earth and win their independence. Or do they?

I liked this book because it looked at the break between Earth and her off world colonies from a different perspective than the "normal" armed revolutionary struggle. This book looks at the use, and purpose, of the legal system, and how combat can take place on other terrains than that of the battlefield. I will give this series a 6 for originality and say that if you like LA LAW, check this out.

IMPERIAL BOUNTY, by William C. Dietz, Ace, \$3.50 is the sequel to WAR WORLD and the further adventures of Imperial bounty hunter McCade. This is a space opera of the Indiana Jones school of daring do. I like it as "junk food" SF.

A thousand years from now, the Terran Empire is pushing up against an older and larger, but not as innovative, alien empire. To save money, Imperial Earth has no interstellar police agency. If a criminal escapes off planet, a bounty is put on his/her/its head/whatever. Our hero is one of the best bounty hunters in the Empire. McCade is a cashered Imperial Navy Officer and fighter pilot. He was cashered for not firing on a "pirate ship" carrying women and children escaping from a planet under Imperial attack.

In this book, McCade is contacted by an old "friend" who is now an Imperial Naval Intelligence Rear Admiral. He is given the task of finding the Emperor, an "Imperial Bounty". He is told the old Emperor has just died, unknown to most of the Empire, leaving his two children as his only heirs. His daughter is an Imperial Navy officer who, if allowed to become Empress, will have the Empire at war with the aliens in short order. Most of Naval Intelligence feels that it is to soon to attack because the Empire just might lose. But the late Emperor also had a son. But he is thought to be dead by almost everybody. But he is actually only lost in space. McCade's job is to locate Prince Alexander and get him back to Earth, without Princess Claudia, and the war faction of the Imperial Fleet, killing everyone involved, including her brother.

There are robots, cyborgs, dens of inequity, slave revolts, space battles, noble Nobles, evil henchmen (er, henchthings), treachery, and heroics up the wazu. I loved it. This would make a great ILM movie. If you want a good, fast adventure with no redeeming social value, read IMPERIAL BOUNTY. I give it a 6.5. With a laser beam.

THE SWORD, THE JEWEL, AND THE MIRROR (CINGULUM III), by John Maddox Roberts, TOR, \$3.50 is also a sequel in a space opera series. But Roberts has his tongue so far up his cheek, I'm surprised he hasn't choked himself. This is the further adventures of the villainous crew of the starship Eurynome.

Most of the human inhabited space has been conquered by starship riding Mongols. The head of their secret police has taken some of the best naval officers, spies, assassins, and thieves of the conquered races, placed bombs in their heads, and given them the "yacht" Eurynome. The yacht is a light cruiser, and when our heroes are not being forced to do the dirty work of the Head Bad Guy, are doing their best to bring down the Empire.

Their best hope of accomplishing this feat is to help the "people" of the Cingulum. The Cingulum is the last hold out of all the rebel forces. It is an asteroid belt that has been "rebuilt" by a, possibly extinct, alien super-race. Possibly they were the ones who built our universe. The Eurynome crew discov-

ered in an earlier adventure that they have built others. Each with its own scientific laws, races, and cultures.

When they are tasked to take the three sacred Japanese Imperial symbols, i.e. the Sword, the Jewel, and the Mirror, and enter the Cingulum to find the heir to the thrown of the Japanese settled world that is still fighting off the Mongols, they are not thrilled. In the Cingulum anything can happen. But if you aren't really careful, what mostly happens is you die. But there are those pesky bombs in their heads, so...

Roberts can write some of the funniest scenes I've ever read. Sometimes I've got to stop because I'm laughing to hard to read. I know everybody's sense of humor is different, but Roberts has mine perfectly targeted. I give this book a 7.

CLAN OF THE CATS, by Robert Adams, Signet, \$3.50 is the newest book in the HORSECLANS series. Robert Adams drives me crazy. He does not seem to know, or care about, how to write a novel. This book jumps around between three stories set in three different times. Yet, I couldn't put it down. Adams may not be a novelist, but he sure is a story teller. Don't imagine yourself reading a novel, think about listening to a story teller as you sit around a campfire, hearing of wonders and marvelous deeds being done. That is the way to enjoy Adams.

To those of you that have read previous books in the series, this is the story of the creation of the prairie cats and how they came to join the Horseclans. It is also a story of the final days of modern civilization. Plus we get a little more background about Milo Morai, the Undying One. I told you it was a mix of three stories.

Sometime, about 2220, Milo Morai is leading a few of his Horseclansmen on a winter hunting expedition. A large cat steals one of the hunting party's deer. They track it back to a ruin set in the wilds of Idaho. Just as a blizzard hits, they get attacked by a huge wolf pack. While the party is hiding in the ruins, Milo makes telepathic contact with the mother cat and her three kittens.

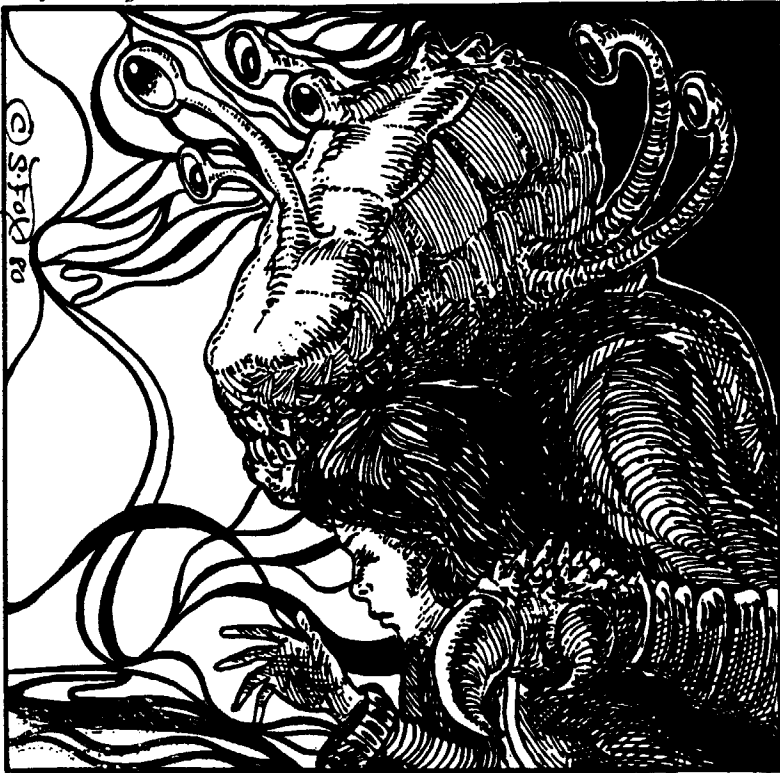
He also discovers some survival supplies, such as freeze dried food and a hunting rifle, and a journal detailing the recreation of the extinct saber toothed tiger. This journal not only details their recreation, they also fill us in on a little history of the final days before the Days of Fire and the collapse of civilization. With his memory being jogged by the journals, Milo also remembers some of the events about his life in the middle of, and late in, the 20th Century.

Any fan of the HORSECLANS series will have to have this book. To someone interested in starting the series, this is not the place to begin. It is an interesting story, but you need a lot of information not given in this book to understand the background of what is going on. But it does read well, for the people with the background information needed. I give it a 6.

BITTER GOLD HEARTS, by Glen Cook, Signet, \$3.50, is the continuing adventure of a private eye named Garrett. He is an ex-Marine, a tough guy, a "tarnished paladin", and friend to elves. Garrett is a private eye on a standard fantasy world, only one that is about 400 years more advanced than your standard European standard medieval world. There are elves, dwarves, magicians, and even ogres. But the most evil is done in the slums of the capital city.

This is where Garrett comes in. If you have problems, like a family member kidnapped, or you need to find out if your wife or husband is cheating on you or is being plagued by a vampire, or if you just need a good man to back you up in a tight situation, see Garrett. He has friends, and enemies, from the ranks of the Stormwardens to the kingpin of the mob, from the richest neighborhoods on the Hill, to poorest hovel in Ogretown.

If you like hard boiled detectives with hearts of gold, or a good mystery story, or even a sly look at all the cliches of standard fantasy, check out this book. I think you'll really like and enjoy it. I give it an 8 for being a good read and for being so original.



## WANDERING RUMBLINGS: THE FANNISH TRAVELS OF J.R.MADDEN

SwampCon Seven  
by  
J. R. Madden

(A version of this report has  
been submitted to SF Chronicle  
but has not yet appeared.)

SwampCon 7 was held April 22-24, 1988 at the Rodeway Inn in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The convention is primarily the work of the Baton Rouge Science Fiction League, Inc. but valuable assistance was rendered by other clubs in the area: Star One Delta Star Trek club, Household Wurmgeist (similar to the SCA), and the Louisiana State University SF club. Pro Guest of Honor was Poul Anderson and Fan GoH was Robert Neagle. Other guests included Karen Anderson, Andrew Offutt, Richard Pini, George Alec Effinger, Robert Adams, Mike Curtis, Larry Dixon, Walter Irwin, and Alan Auter. Special guest was Kirk Alyn, the original Superman from the serials of 1948 & 1950.

Though the convention officially started on Friday, there was a special function for the guests on Thursday evening. The L.S.U. SF club sponsored a crawfish boil in their honor. For those outside the state, crawfish are considered a delicacy in south Louisiana while most of the country considers them to be fishbait.

The facilities at the Rodeway Inn would have been considered cramped by some but the approximately 300 members of the convention found it quite comfortable. Registration shared the second floor of the main building with the major panel room, video room, and the combination dealers room, art show, & exhibit area. A smaller meeting room, more conducive to author readings, adjoined the hospitality suite at poolside. Other guest rooms down the line had been converted for use by the Star Trek club and gamers. Most of the sleeping rooms were within 100 feet of all the function rooms.

Exhibits in the main room included a large panel display from NASA, several tables filled with plastic models, and a small sample of Mike Curtis' Superman memorabilia. Special Guest Kirk Alyn had a table where he greeted everyone who stopped by and sold autographed copies of his studio publicity photos, his book A Job for Superman!, buttons, and video tapes of the Superman serials. At the end of the con, Mr. Alyn had sold every copy of his book and all of the video tapes.

The art show was a bit of a disappointment. Though the display itself was well-arranged and spacious, the content of the show was less than desirable. While the bronzes by Clayburn Moore and the etched glass by John Morrison were originals, of the 200+ paintings hung, 90% were prints. At the auction on Sunday, the original works, entered by artists Mary Hanson Roberts, Morris Scott Dollens, and newcomer Ruth Thompson, were the best selling. Ms. Thompson, a student at University of Alabama, recently started displaying at cons in the region. Her pieces, small-sized but original work, sell very well to those fans who can not afford originals by established artists and would prefer not to bid on prints, however limited they may be.

A surprise encountered in the dealers' room was a table manned by one Camille Cazedessus, Jr., winner of the fanzine Hugo in 1966 for ERBdom. "Caz" has semi-gafiated; his last convention was IguanaCon in '78. It was quite a treat for most the fans to be able to view the actual Hugo award displayed proudly on his table while being able to peruse a copy of the fanzine (Not For Sale) that won it. The issue of ERBdom I saw would still put most fanzines today to shame; it had a wrap-around, color cover, black & white photos, slick paper, typeset printing, a truly professional effort though the \$2.50 cover price must have choked some fans in the mid-sixties!

Friday night, the Meet the Guests party was scheduled for 8:30 but no guests were seen until almost two hours later. They had been taken to supper by the concom at a local seafood restaurant and the delays in getting seated forced a move to a second restaurant. Saturday was an intense day with two tracks of programming and a swelling attendance as the one-day crowd came in. During mid-day on Saturday, next to the pool, members of the Household Wurmgeist bashed each other's heads in the finest of pseudo-medieval fashion. Saturday night, the Costume Contest was held in the hotel lounge and was traditionally late in getting started. The seven or eight costumes were appreciated by the crowd though they enjoyed the dance afterwards, DJ'd by Robert Neagle, even more.

On the down side for Saturday, the concom had scheduled a blood drive but did not tell anyone. Well, they did put it in the program book but past experience has taught that a concerted effort at the registration table is needed to drum up business for the bloodmobile. As it turned out, only one fan, Tom Feller of Jackson, Mississippi, donated blood on behalf of the convention.

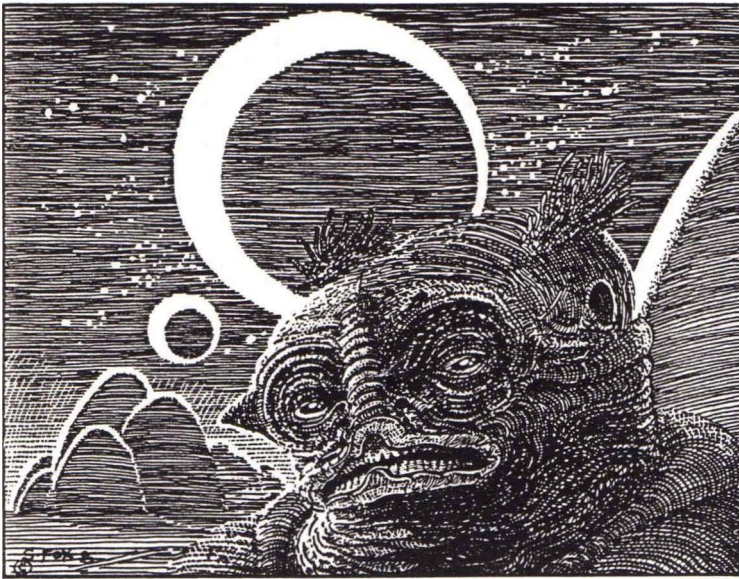
There were several room parties each night including Robert and Pamela Adams' famous open bar which featured a display of snacks and beverages not soon to be equaled in this area. There were never a lot of people at the Adams' party; folks seemed to want to avoid crowding in most of the time. But, the conversations were very good and the party lasted much longer than this reporter could stand.

Hotel security, unused to the habits of sf fans, clamped down Friday night, but, after discussions with the hotel management by the concom, Saturday night saw lessened patrols and hassles. Though the term "hassles" really could not be applied too well as the guards were always polite yet firm.

There has been a mixed response concerning the Rodeway Inn as a site for another SwampCon. Some felt the sleeping rooms were not very good (What do you expect at \$35 for a double?). The concom had to do a lot of the setting up of function rooms as there was insufficient staff at the Rodeway for the task; on the plus, the cost of the rooms was less than other hotels charge. The staff was a little uncomfortable with the convention but that is always the case when a science fiction convention first comes to a hotel. Of course, most would prefer a large facility but this reporter liked the small size and easy access to almost all of the various functions of the convention.

SwampCon was a great convention for readers of science fiction. There was a high guest-to-member ratio with ample opportunity to talk with the writers. Non-writer guests were all extremely friendly and willing to talk with any and all about their personal history and/or craft. This is what a science fiction should be! A chance for fans to meet each other and the professionals of the field whether they work with paper, canvas, or film.

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course? Well, we are starting to see it. The growth of limited membership conventions, often with limited focuses as well. Conventions such as World Fantasy Festival and Sercon. Limited appeal conventions such as Corflu and Smoicon.

Are these good ideas, isn't this just a turning to elitism? Well, respectively, I don't know and probably. The really huge conventions such as Worldcon and NASFiC will probably continue, there is too much prestige in running one for them to die out. They will probably start to stabilize in size soon, perhaps attendance will even begin to drop some, but don't expect the size to ever drop beneath 1000 again. Sorry, if my answer to Mr Madden sounds a bit gloomy, but that's the way things are. Some of us are not unconnected to reality. We knew this would happen from the start.



## SPECIAL NOTATIONS

Why the Observers  
by Alexander R. Slate

Recently, J.R. Madden wrote a column printed in the April/ May edition of BRUZZFUZZEL NEWS entitled 'Who are the Observers?' In that column he talks about the increasing size of SF conventions and the problems that involves, particularly in light of the emergence of what he 'observers', the fans who are involved in fandom only in the sense that they go to conventions and perhaps club meetings only to listen and take no active part in fandom. The collect books or comic books, they may be avid readers or watchers of films and/or TV shows, but they do not actively take part in panel discussions. They do not help organize or run any of the conventions or local clubs, and they probably don't read (and certainly don't write) fanzines.

Mr Madden attributes (probably correctly) the rise of the observer to the growing 'legitimization' of science fiction and fantasy to the general public. This of course only goes to prove the old adage, 'Beware what you wish for little girl, for you just might get it.'

Science fiction fans have been bemoaning the fact that they have been an oppressed minority for a long time. Fans were looked upon as freaks and nerds, having little connection to reality. If only the public would really read sf, and try to understand, then they would see how intelligent sf fans have been all along. Ahh, for a few mass media science fiction books and shows which would fire the masses and get them involved in the field.

Well, we've had Star Trek, Battlestar Galactica, and Star Wars. Science fiction titles have made it to the bestseller lists in the recent past. The result, crowded conventions and the burdening of a core minority with the responsibility to organize and run fandom and conventions. What the old fashioned fan forgot was that not everyone is above average, not everyone is driven and dedicated. In fact, in any group 50 percent are below average. Given a general population, the masses are predominantly interested only in what gives them pleasure and enjoyment, they are not interested in working for the pleasure and enjoyment of others. That is why only a small percentage of the eligible electorate actually votes, and even a smaller percentage actually works on an election, and of course, the smallest percentage who actually take some sort of responsible position. What did the old-time sf fan expect? That as soon as the masses took to science fiction, that they would automatically believe and act just as the old-time fans did themselves? Unfortunately, yes that is just what many of you believed would happen.

One of the best ways to destroy the purity of anything is to popularize it! I'm sure someone else has said it, if not, there is Alex Slate meaningful quote number one.

Is there any cure for this? Probably not, it may sort itself out over time, as the public becomes bored with science fiction and fantasy and goes on to its next thrill. But it will probably not ever return to the way it was before. As for the poor overworked core minorities who run conventions, what is their re-

## COLLECTED CORRESPONDENCES

FROM JOHN PURCELL:

Dear Clay,

Thank you for sending the latest issues of BRUZZFUZZEL NEWS. I always enjoy getting zines in the mail, and yours seems to be one of the more dynamic clubzines that I get. Most others are fairly static; club news, a few reviews, a brief loccol. Your clubzine has those, but there seems to be a bit more vitality than others in here. I like it.

J.R. Madden's article "Who are the Observers?" jarred a response out of me. Having worked on a dozen Minicons (at least), from gopher to subdepartment head, I can say something here. First off, Mad Dog is right; most convention attendees are merely observers. Worse, from personal experience I can say that they are the people who crawl out of the woodwork every year the major local convention is held. In this respect I have noticed a frightening trend at Minicon: the influx of a "punk" attitude, for lack of a term that best suits the mood. It seems to me that the majority of these wallflowers carry a very destructive attitude. I have seen behavior from these people that results in destruction of hotel property and gives the concomittee a bad reputation (broken glass, sprinkler systems set off, fire alarms triggered, etc.). This bothers me, especially since the people that I have come to know in my fifteen years in fandom don't go in for that sort of behavior. Yes, it is the riff-raff that major cons draw simply by word-of-mouth. "It's a three-day party, man! Let's go!" Yeesh! This trend definitely bothers me, and unfortunately it's irreversible -- unless Minicon -- and other regionals -- decides to hang it up and no longer exist.

But J.R.'s question is asking why some of these people, who are not from the destructive side of the tracks, don't volunteer to work on conventions. I think the answer lies in our society. Young people are in a perpetual party mode, or so it appears to me. Nobody really wants to work on a con. Think for a moment, for the mainstream sf fans, we run conventions because we want to, because we can be hospitable and friendly to our friends in fandom. The "Observers" would rather have fun than get involved. If only they understood -- or gave an effort to become involved and see how much fun can be had by working yourself to death for a hobby -- fandom might become a better place.

Maybe what we have to do is begin limiting registrations. I don't like the idea, but nothing else strikes me as very fair. Should a fan qualify his/her credentials for registration? Should a fan be "sponsored" like a national convention delegate? I don't know. Sometimes, when I stop and think about it, conventions aren't as much fun as they used to be.

A good zine. Thank you, Clay, for sending it my way. Take care and keep the pubbing faith.

Sincerely,

John Purcell



(John-Thanks for the comments.. and J.R. thanks you as well...I've just finished another hosing and he's doing fine! I think there will always be more "observers" than "doers"...fandom is a BIG community now, and with that comes all the BAD as well as all the GOOD. -CF)

FROM J.R.MADDEN:

Dear Clay:

In his Trash Barrel zine, Don Franson commented about the index I produced for the BRSFL Newsletter: "They claim this is the first time a fan magazine has been indexed. Oh yeah!" But, he cited no examples due to the lack of space available, I assume. When he said "they," I guess he meant the club made this claim.

FROM HARRY WARNER, JR.:

Dear Clay:

These comments on the June/July newsletter are a bit late. One advantage of the dilatory character of the letter is that nobody will be able to claim it influenced the outcome of your election of directors, thanks to the fact that it came after the voting which, I hope, didn't create as many problems as the similar activity this month in Mexico.

The first half of Robert Crais' adventures in the Twilight Zone was fascinating. It reads just like something that had been written for TV Guide. I'm sure it will have an unhappy ending, because of the low man on the video totem pole role inflict on writers. All I can offer in the way of sympathy is the fact that it isn't just script writers whose ideas and words are mistreated. I could tell a long series of horror stories about my problems with the local newspapers, particularly during my last years on the job when there were more and more chiefs and fewer and fewer Indians on the staff. For instance, there was the special edition I was assigned to prepare for the bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence. One of the executives asked me to put together a newspaper exactly like the one that might have been published in Hagerstown early in July of 1776 if there had been a local newspaper at that time. The news stories would consist of things a journalist might have been expected to know at that moment, not the information that historians later ferreted out, illustrations would be only line cuts since halftones weren't known in the 18th century, and it would be four pages in size, the maximum number of pages for most weeklies in the late 18th century. I thought it was a fine idea, worked hard on it, and even figured out an explanation of how word of the Declaration of Independence could have come to a Hagerstown journalist from Philadelphia about 125 miles away so quickly. Then the advertising department started to get into the act, selling so much space that the number of pages increased and increased again, some advertisers wanted photographs in their space rather than sketches. I had to write thousands and thousands of additional words at the last minute on news topics that weren't befitting to the original purpose, and our realistic little four-pager eventually came off the presses resembling a recent Sunday edition of the New York Times.

I envy J. R. his chance to spend time with the Dr. Who exhibit and Jon Fertwee. I imagine almost any actor grows weary and bored with that sort of assignment, week after week, and those that can maintain reasonably decent manners and civility deserve compliments in addition to the money they're undoubtedly making out of the tour.

I wonder if the problem brought up in Orphans of Creation is really fictional. It may exist in today's world. I'm thinking of dogs. The local newspapers ran the other day an article which I can't find at the moment, about a local woman who gives preliminary training to dogs which are then given advanced training at an institute for service as helpers to disabled people. If memory serves, the dog that successfully completes both phases of training has the ability to respond to something like 75 commands; the story didn't make clear if these are all verbal commands or a mixture of verbal and sign language. Whichever, it seems to me that dogs might have the right to be respected as intelligent individuals just like the primitive men in the Roger Allen novel which Anthony Ward reviews in this issue. The ability to understand 75 commands is more than a normal human child can achieve until it is two years old or thereabouts and it's more than a severely retarded human being can comprehend. Moreover, dogs can do this today without having been bred for intelligence. I assume those that receive th's training are desexed to avoid certain problems in their vocation. But what would happen if dogs that take particularly well to this sort of training were allowed to mate with one another before being altered? Since puppies grow into maturity so rapidly, it wouldn't take very many decades for selective breeding for intelligence to have a good chance of creating more intelligent dogs, perhaps approaching the capabilities of those in the Simak stories. Shouldn't humans think about exempting dogs from use in medical experiments, figuring out some way to save them from the gas chambers at animal shelters, and otherwise treating them as an intelligent race worthy of respect?

Yrs., &c.,

*Harry Warner, Jr.*  
Harry Warner, Jr.

In his loc (pubbed in issue #52 of the BRSFL Newsletter), Harry Warner, Jr. commented, more politely, that others had indexed fanzines before.

The quote from the first page of my index is "to the knowledge of this worker, this is the first time a fanzine (fan magazine) has been indexed." The phrase "to the knowledge" means that I admit I am not aware of any other fanzine index. There may have been some, but I was not aware of them. I do not understand how my words can be construed as a universal claim to a first considered I attached the qualifying statement admitting my limited knowledge. Don Franson and Harry Warner, Jr. have been active in fanzine fandom far longer than I could ever hope to be; their's is the superior knowledge regarding historical aspects of fanzines.

Since my entry into fandom in the mid-seventies though, I have received quite a few fanzines. It may have been there but I do not recall seeing an index for any of the fanzines I have gotten over the years. I would appreciate hearing from our knowledgeable readers if there have been any indexes produced in the last twelve years (1976-1988).

One of the reasons I produced the index is that I like to have things in order and be able to find them. An index to the Newsletter seemed like a good idea and the fiftieth issue seemed like the right time. An index enhances the usefulness of the Newsletter from an academic standpoint (as Mr. Warner stated in his loc). There are apparently several university libraries across the country that are establishing fanzine collections as part of their science fiction collections. It helps them greatly to have an index for the fanzines.

The BRSFL has donated a full set (issue #1 to #54) of the Newsletter to the Eaton Collection of Science Fiction housed at the University of California at Riverside. This will be part of the Terry Carr Fanzine collection within the Eaton Collection. The club has also given a subscription to the Library in order to keep the donation up to date.

The University of Alabama is also supposed to be soliciting fanzines especially those from the South and we have written to that office about donating a set of the Newsletter (21 March 1988). However, we have not received a reply from the U of A to date.

I am sorry that some folks were upset by my "claim to fame" regarding a fanzine index. I do not think I made such a claim. But then, maybe I did.

Your's in fandom,

*J R*  
J. R. Madden

(J.R.-We have received an acknowledgement of receipt for the fanzine set from the University. They thanked us and mentioned that the collection is not a "dead" collection, but one that is constantly being used by individuals and added to by interested parties. I'm not sure as to how many fans know about these collections, but I can venture to guess that the number is relatively small. -CF)

(Harry-It amazes me that some one can perform on these worldwind tours like the DR. WHO VAN and still have some idea of where they are and who they are and what they're suppose to do! -CF)

FROM JEAN LAMB:

(1989) B.R. Science Fiction League, Inc.

Dear Clay;

Thanks so much for sending me additional copies of the BRUZZFUZZEL NEWS, despite my tardiness of response. I finally finished the rewrite of THE RIVALS (where I a)intensified character, b) added additional detail, and c)'cut' 100 pp. without major mangling of the plot line). It's now sitting at Del Rey again, where I hope it is being considered seriously (though it's probably also waiting for b people to get back from vacation).

The Anthony Ward column is good, as always. It's interesting to compare and contrast the two military-oriented hard sf books with the medieval fantasy of ARROSS' FLIGHT (even if I did want to thunk Talia over x the head with a rock every once in a while. The wallowing get a bit much after a while). GALACTIC CONVOY and FIRST CITIZEN (which sounds like a riot--I always thought Julius Caesar was cool, in even in his incarnation as a tank-leader in the HELL series) also appear to be military-oriented. Anthony Ward might try reading SWORD OF THE LAMB, SHADOW OF THE SWAN, and HOUSE OF THE WOLF by M.K. Wren if he hasn't already.

As far as the NuTrek series is concerned, I like it very much, especially when they're not recycling old plots. I don't feel enough has been done with the Ferengis, and rumor hath it that the Romulans are going to be the star villains next season, and that the ugly little warts will not be used much. I guess villains must be Tall, Dark, and Stately to be really important. I do like the way in which Picard actually believes in the Prime Directive, and not just when it's convenient, either. Final evaluation--more, more!

As far as the J.R.Madden article is concerned, I find the large number of interests at large conventions exhilarating. Of course, it is helpful to also have a large number of interests myself (being able to speak many tongues, as it were). Perhaps Madden is not aware of just how many gamers, filkers, costumers, etc. find it necessary to read sf/fantasy in order to be able to properly pursue those interests (for instance, it's probably a good idea to read TACTICS OF MISTAKE before singing of the life of Cletus Grahame). It is true that a big portion of fans only go to cons in their own areas, but MXXX has Madden priced airline tickets lately? There has always been a limited number of fans able to afford travel across the country--but it seems smaller since a large number of fans now exist willing to go to cons in their local areas, and provide a contrast. As for sorry--Madden should see my stack! If he likes, I can introduce him several areas that would be happy to have him interested in them. Letterhacking is not dead. Unfortunately, many fans these days have odd mundane activities such as "jobs" and "families" which limit their hitchhiking range--not to mention that it's a whole different story out there these days.

Actually, Madden should not be surprised at the presence of observers. They exist in all groups. They were fewer in number in the past, when it took a much greater effort to participate at all--an effort which excluded a number of would-be fans who could have added much to fandom--yet with the growth of popularity of sf/fantasy, we also have the growth of the ranks of observers, which make up the majority in most mundane groupings. (In Jaycees, we say there are three kinds of people: Those who make things happen, those who watch what happened, and those who say, "What happened?"). MXXX Observers do pay registration fees, however, and thus do contribute, even by that minor extent (though at a Worldcon, \$75-\$100 can hardly be described as minor, at least in my budget).

Yes, large conventions are unwieldy, a pain in the xxx rear, etc. Yet proper organization and delegation can help prevent burnout. An sf organization might consider joining with a local civic organization in putting a large convention on. Mundania does have a few things to teach many of us yet, & much as we dislike admitting it. One of the attractions of fandom is its loose structure, I have to admit. Yet it becomes a disadvantage when attempting large projects. What is the answer? Surely it's not in shrinking fandom to fit, but rather expanding the capacities of those would like to organize the large cons that some of us enjoy, and are willing to work for.

Sincerely,

*Jean Lamb*  
Jean Lamb

(Jean- Thanks for the voice on the Worldcon report. I agree with you concerning the "observers"...they're in every large group. As a matter of fact, I think that by the time J.R. entered fandom...we shall say around Worldcon '76, the whole thing was so big that the observers had already become a part of the event. There really are only a few people who will do more than sit and watch...it's the human way. J.R.'s point is that if you're interested enough to be involved in fandom, then you should be INVOLVED in fandom! -CF)

FROM RICHARD E. GEIS:

Dear Clay:

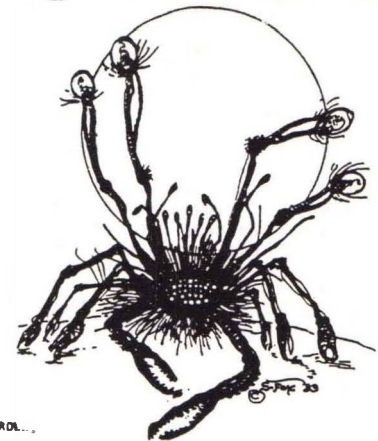
Thanks very much for the #55 issue of BRUZZFUZZEL NEWS. Compliments on getting 'Brainshow' by Robert Crais, and a knife in the heart for cutting the column in two! How dare you leave us hanging with TO BE CONTINUED? I know, I know your space limits and all that jazz; I had the same problem with all my zines, too. It's just criminal...to delay the resolution of that intense, gripping TV-sale story. Crais is one hell of a fine writer. So, please send me the #56 issue, so I can read the conclusion of the TVsales adventure and the continuing TWILIGHT ZONE mystery of conflicting personalities and their lack of character, honesty, sincerity....

(Richard-For the amusement and wonder of yourself and all our readers, part two of Phil and Bob Do Lunch is enclosed -CF)

-MEETING CALENDAR FOR 1989-

	Day	Rm#	Time	Day	Rm#	Time
JAN	12	1	6:30	26	1	6:30
FEB	9	1	6:30	23	1	6:30
MAR	9	1	6:30	23	1	6:30
APR	13	1	6:30	27	1	6:30
MAY	11	1	6:30	11	1	6:30
JUN	8	1	6:30	22	1	6:30
JUL	13	1	6:30	27	1	6:30
AUG	10	1	6:30	24	1	6:30
SEP	14-no	available		28	1	6:30
OCT	12	1	6:30	26	1	6:30
NOV	9	1	6:30			
DEC	14	2	6:30	28	1	6:30

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FROM BRIAN EARL BRO...

Dear Clay,

I have been, I know, lax about responding to fanzines. I seem to be going through a phase where I'd rather read a science book than a fanzine. I am trying to do better. B.N.#53 has been around for too-too long for Harry Warner to LOC and apologize for the lateness of his LOC. Any comments now would be very old, but I do want to mention Mad Dog's Conspiracy report. It's one of the few that I've seen. The British have said little about the con--at least in fanzines that go overseas. Worldcons seem to be going to pieces--Conspiracy's bankrupt. Horseacon asking for \$100,000 before the show (i.e. roughly \$20/head handout on top of the con's already high con rates) and Nolacon II seems already missing in action. Why does anyone still bother? I first came across "reserved seating" at Confederation, which pretty much P.O.ed me since the first available open seat was so far back from the stage that it was in the Central Time Zone! And who were these seats reserved for? (Slowly it dawns on me that it was for program participants like me...) The fact that I think Robert Crais' article on writing for The Twilight Zone could use some editing for redundancy and exaggeration suggests that I'm not wholly convinced that his script was a) brilliant, or b) cruelly raped by Hollywood. Maybe I'm unimpressed by his trauma because he's writing a whining, overcharged prose like Harlan Ellison, or maybe it's just that after prostituting himself for five years in Hollywood and retiring with good cause, his cries of "rape, rape!" are a little unconvincing. After all, he knew going into this thing what Hollywood does to scripts and writers. (Could this interminable Hollywood writers strike be revenge against producers for all the years the producers treated scripts and scriptwriters like so much dog meat? They say it was about money...but who knows?)

(Brian-Thanks for the comments. It looks as though Nolacon II is in fine shape money-wise...thank God! I read Bob's original script for TZ, and the job they did on it was quite adequate in my estimation. However, there was an ending footnote that the narrator was to read at the end. The creators did not use it, and the entire ending of the story might be misunderstood because of this. Read Part 2 for the finish-CF)