



First, my apologies about not getting this issue out sooner than I have. Immediately after issue #11 finals decided to drop in and then came an intense period of vegging out both here and at home. After that I went to Disclave last weekend and now have recovered enough to go back to CUSFuSSing.

This ish is only 8 pages and xeroxed because the mimeo machine over at FBH is closed for the week. That means less pages for the same amount of money.

We will be back to 12 next ish and definitely 12 for the July ish. The next one will have reports on unique happenings at Disclave and the other one will be primarily all about the Hugo nominees. We will hopefully have at least four people sending in their comments, but we shure do appreciate other comments about any of the categories.

What! You don't know who was nominated! Neither did I until Tuesday when NESFA sent their newsletter Instant Message and the front page had the listing for this year. The address of NESFA is Box G, MIT Branch PC, Cambridge, Ma, 02139. For \$6 you get IA for a year and you become a subscribing member of the club. It is useful to have since it comes out almost every two weeks and many times has the news first. Most of it does concern club business though.

The list with a few comments will be on page 2.

The library continues at its normal pace filling a couple of more feet every month. It is now at 3493. It takes up about half of 317 and threatens to move across the room. We might try and open it up to the summer students if we have enough time. We might even hold meetings if there are enough people.

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Edited by Charles Seelig

The Hugo Award Nominees for 1979, to be awarded at Seacon.
437 ballots, spread of votes for each category included, David Fringle did the counting and verification.

Novel

*Blind Voices	Tom Reamy	Berkley/Putnam
!Dreamsnake	Vonda McIntyre	Dell paper, has seen HC
*The Faded Sun: Kesrith	C. J. Cherryh	DAW
Up the Walls of the World	James Tiptree, Jr.	Berkley/Putnam
The White Dragon	Anne McCaffrey	Del Rey
(61-90 votes)		
Novella		
Enemies of the System	Brian Aldiss	F & SF June
Fireship	Joan D. Vinge	Analog Dec
!The Persistence of Vision	John Varley	F & SF March
*Seven American Nights	Gene Wolfe	Orbit 20
The Watched	Christopher Priest	F & SF April
(39-182 votes)		
Novelette		
The Barbie Murders	John Varley	IASFM Jan
*Devil You Don't Know	Dean Ing	Analog Jan
Hunter's Moon	Poul Anderson	Analog Nov
The Man Who Had No Idea	Thomas Disch	F & SF Oct
*Mikal's Songbird	Orson Scott Card	Analog May
(34-57 votes)		
Short Story		
*Cassandra	C. J. Cherryh	F & SF Oct
Count the Clock That	Harlan Ellison	Omni Dec
Tells the Time		
!Stone	Edward Bryant	F & SF Feb
The Very Slow Time Machine	Ian Watson	Anticipations
*View From a Height	Joan D. Vinge	Analog Sept
(30-50 votes)		

!=Nebula Winner, *=Nebula nominee

Dramatic Presentation

Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy(Radio-BBC), Invasion of the Body Snatchers (Movie), Lord of the Rings(Movie), Superman(Movie), Watership Down(Movie)
(62-137 votes)

Professional Artist

Vincent DiFate, Stephen Fabian, David Hardy, Boris Vallejo, Michael Whelan
(44-71 votes)

Professional Editor

James Baen (Ace Books, Destinies), Ben Bova (Analog, Omni), Terry Carr (Universe, The Year's Finest SF, The Year's Finest Fantasy), Edward Ferman (F & SF), George Scithers (IASFM)
(52-150 votes)

Fanzine

Janus	Jan Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll
Maya	Rob Jackson
Mota	Terry Hughes
Science Fiction Review	Richard E. Geis
Twll-Ddu	Dave Langford

(26-71 votes)

Fan Writer

Richard E. Geis, Leroy Kettle, Dave Langford, Bob Shaw, D. West
(24-61 votes)

Fan Artist

Jim Barker, Harry Bell, Alexis Gilliland, Bill Rotsler, Stu Schiffman
(24-64 votes)

Non-Hugo Nominations

John W. Campbell Award

Stephen Donaldson	The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever
Cynthia Felice	Longshanks(Galileo 1/77), Godsfire(Pocket Books)
James P. Hogan	Inherit the Stars, The Genesis Machine,(Del Rey Books)
Barry Longyear	The Tryouts(IASF 11/78)
Elizabeth Lynn	We All Have To Go(Future Pastimes), A Different Light (Berkley Books)
Charles Sheffield	What Song the Sirens Sang(Galaxy 4/77)

(15-54 votes)

Gandalf Grandmaster

Ray Bradbury, Ursula LeGuin, Michael Moorcock, Jack Vance, Roger Zelazny
(31-73 votes)

Gandalf Book-Length Fantasy

The Courts of Chaos

Roger Zelazny

Gloriana

Michael Moorcock

Saint Camber

Katherine Kurtz

The Stand

Stephen King

The White Dragon

Anne McCaffrey

(20-44 votes)

There is definitely a British influence in some of the voting, there might be a difference if there are a lot of non-attending members voting.

Fantasy and Science Fiction leads the list with 6 nominations coming from its pages in the first four categories. Analog is second with 5 and Orbit, Anticipations, Omni, and Isaac Asimov's each received one.

The only place where I can guess who received the most votes is in the novella class. Stardance II didn't make it on the Novel list. Was that because it will be competing for the award in 1980 or because it just didn't make it? Charles L. Grant's "A Glow of Candles, A Unicorn's Eye" which won the novelette class for Nebulas didn't make it either.

I'm familiar with only 9 out of the 20 stories nominated in the first four categories and have some feelings about 28 out of the other 46. It's going to be a busy month and a half catching up.

Book Reviews

Millennial Women, edited by Virginia Kidd (the pb has come out,ed.)

Reviewed by Barbara Brittain

Millennial Women, edited by Virginia Kidd, proves conclusively that women are a powerful force within science fiction. This volume includes a novel by Ursula K. LeGuin, undoubtedly one of the most respected SF writers around today, a novelette by Joan D. Vinge, an important new writer, and short stories by four lesser known women. I have heard it suggested that LeGuin chose to publish her novel in this form--yes, it is a full length novel--in order to provide support and assistance in gaining recognition for the other women in this book. These writers should be grateful to Ms. LeGuin for this support. The SF community should be grateful to Ms. LeGuin, and to Ms. Kidd, for this book.

Let's begin at the end of the book and work backwards. Ursula K. LeGuin's novel, entitled Eye of the Heron, did not disappoint me (an avid LeGuin fan). It is perhaps the most blatantly political novel Ms. LeGuin has yet written, even more so than The Dispossessed. In many ways it is very similar to The Dispossessed, as it presents two cultures possessing enormously different value structures coming into conflict. It does this in a style which is simple, compelling, and very beautiful. By setting this in the not-too-distant future, Ms. LeGuin makes it quite clear that she is not writing about some hypothetical future. When LeGuin writes

about restrictive sex roles (restrictive for men and women) on the planet Victoria the reader must be prepared to accept this as LeGuin's critique of restrictive sex roles in our society. If you are put off by SF with a political and social statement you may find this novel hard going despite LeGuin's obvious mastery of the craft of writing. If you are already a LeGuin fan, I don't think you will be disappointed.

The second to last piece in Millennial Women is Joan D. Vinge's "Phoenix Without Ashes." This story has a startling number of similarities to LeGuin's Eye of the Heron. Both critically examine governmental systems and repressive patriarchies. Interestingly, both also postulate Brazil as the future superpower in our hemisphere. Vinge's novelette, though, is above all else a tender love story. It was a story which made me feel good when I read it.

Still moving backwards, the next story in the book is Cherry Wilder's "Mab Gallen Recalled." Ms. Wilder is an Australian living in West Germany, so perhaps it is simply my Americanness which prevented me from properly understanding this story. It was not written in a straight-forward style, which caused some initial confusion. But when I figured out what was going on, I felt as though I had missed the point.

The next story is Elizabeth A. Lynn's "Jubilee's Story." This story is the most militantly feminist story in the book (all of the stories are about women and all are feminist stories). "Jubilee's Story" left me with the uncomfortable feeling that I would not have enjoyed reading it if I were a man. Whereas the other stories in the book offer the hope of a better life through co-operation between the sexes, this story does not. For this reason, and by virtue of its clear writing, it is a powerful, albeit not totally pleasant, story. This I assume, is precisely the effect intended by the author.

Diana L. Paxson's "The Song of N'Sardi-El" focuses on the maternal aspects of woman, and of man. Stories with happy endings can frequently be enjoyable without being especially well-written. However, it requires, I think, a special kind of story to support an ending which is not a happy one. Certain stories by George R.R. Martin best exemplify this--he can leave me wanting to cry and still be amazed at what a beautiful story I've just read. "The Song of N'Sardi-El" succeeds admirably in this direction. It is a moving story, but a quiet one; one which I don't expect to have as lasting an impact on me as a Martin story.

The first story in Millennial Women is Cynthia Felice's "No One Said Forever." It is only barely science fiction; it is a love story. And a very beautiful love story. Cynthia Felice is a new writer and one whom I will definitely keep an eye out for. I suggest that anyone who enjoys moving stories do the same.

So Millennial Women begins with two excellent short stories, followed by a good short story, a fair short story, an excellent novelette, and of course, the new novel by LeGuin. This anthology is definitely a must-buy for anyone who reads science fiction--and probably be enjoyed even by people who don't.

The Very Slow Time Machine by Ian Watson, Ace Books, April 1979
Reviewed by William Lancaster

Ian Watson shows that he has a phenomenal capacity for coming up with interesting, often innovative ideas. The Very Slow Time Machine is a collection of thirteen of those ideas. Unfortunately, very few of them have been expanded into stories. Instead, they are presented in their raw form, without the benefit of embellishment or development.

Two of the pieces here deserve separate attention, as they stand a cut above all the others. "The Event Horizon" is the best story in the book. It has its flaws, such as spending something like half the story setting the scene. Watson takes pains to show that he has done his research, that he knows his material, combining Tantric Hinduism with telepathy and physics. The end result is fascinating, presenting a convincing argument for a re-evaluation of the nature of the universe.

Next we have "Thy Blood Like Milk," a bizarre story about a world covered by pollution, where adventurous types drive around at high speeds in search of "sun spots": rare areas where the sun pokes holes in the smog.

When they are caught, they are used as unwilling blood-donors in hospitals, to compensate for all the pedestrians they have run down in the pursuit of sunlight. The horrors of this world are described in loving detail for about 40 pages. It is overdone and grotesque, but still effective.

The success of these two stories only makes the rest of the book that much more irritating. The other pieces are more sketches than fully developed stories. I take for example "Our Loves So Truly Meridional." The idea here is that somehow the Earth has been sectioned off by invisible, impenetrable force fields. Each area must choose its own path in recovering from the resulting chaos. It's a novel idea, one that could be a lot of fun to explore. As we all know, fiction is not about ideas but about the effects they have on people. So Watson throws in a few people to show their reactions to the new world. There is a Japanese woman who was separated from her lover when the barriers went up. There is also an African math teacher who feels a sort of outrage at not being allowed to know or even think about what's going on in other sections. So the two of them, each in a different section, head towards the North Pole to see what they might find there. Watson never clearly defines his characters--for all I know, I may have missed one or two others--or their motivations. The math teacher seems driven by a need to know, and so he commits an illegal act to find out. However, I remember him as being the one who scraped the black paint off his globe to assure himself it existed, and then painted it all over again because he was afraid of being caught. There is a large gap between doing something as minor as uncovering a globe and stealing an airplane to fly north in. One is a momentary deed, something quickly reversed that can easily go undetected. The other is a commitment that cannot be backed out of. It is something that can't be justified by a nagging desire to know. Perhaps because the characters are so ill-defined, Watson doesn't seem to know what to do with them. So he takes them north, to an inconclusive and unsatisfying ending. Watson doesn't explain the nature or origins of these force fields, apparently because he hasn't decided himself.

Unfortunately for the reader, "Our Loves" is representative of the book. The only emotions the characters here seem capable of feeling are those of annoyance and boredom. When something happens that runs counter to accepted "facts," it is indignantly ignored. None of the characters want to learn anything new. I feel that this is because Watson is unwilling to teach them.

All in all, this book is very annoying and seldom rewarding. I did not feel I learned anything from reading it, and I certainly didn't enjoy it. Some of the pieces--particularly the two I mentioned earlier--bear reading on an individual basis, but taken together they are unpleasant.

The Way the Future Was by Frederik Pohl, Del Rey Books
Reviewed by William Lancaster

Someday I'd like to meet this man. I'd like to sit down with him somewhere where we wouldn't be interrupted and talk for hours.

The Way the Future Was is Frederik Pohl's autobiography. It takes him from his childhood in Brooklyn to his recent resurgence as one of science fiction's most important writers. Along the way, the reader encounters the Science Fiction League, the Futurians, the Young Communist League, the days as a boy-editor, World War II, his time as a literary agent, Galaxy, IF, and Worlds of Tomorrow magazines, and the years he spent lecturing and speaking all over the world. The cast of characters is remarkable: Aside from Pohl himself, the reader is given glimpses of many of science fiction's finest writers and its best-known figures.

Pohl is the star here, though. This book is a candid self-portrait, only occasionally tempered with modesty. But why should he be modest? Pohl is one of the most important figures in the formation of science fiction and he doesn't pretend to be unaware of that fact. Pohl doesn't swagger through the book. He presents himself as being very human, and as such, having made his fair share of mistakes. He doesn't hide the mistakes, but talks about them, tries to explain why it was he made them.

So by the end of the book, its author and lead character have become quite real to the reader. I enjoyed this vicarious glimpse at a man I admire and respect a great deal. Read the book: it can't be the same as meeting Frederik Pohl, but it will do until such a time as that becomes possible.

A Small Report on Disclave
by Charles Seelig

The trip began with a train ride down to Washington. It's really the first time I've taken the train anywhere and I was quite pleased with the transportation. The ride was fairly smooth, there was more room than on a bus, and you could walk around to get some exercise. There were a few food items that were quite reasonable, though I suggest a visit to your local deli if your trip is going to be any length over three hours. One thing for sure, it sure beat the last trip down South.(CUSFuSSing #6)

I rode down with Susan Kahn, whose cousin met us at Union Station. We got to the hotel and registered, and then went back "downtown". The hotel is about 5 miles a way from the various monuments, and the subway system has not reached the area yet(it will next year) and the bus service to someone who doesn't live there is confusing. We visited that mecca of fandom, The Air and Space Museum, which is located next to the mall. This was my second visit and Susan's first, so we just walked around for a couple of hours looking at the exhibits.

We then went over to the Cannon Congressional Office Building, where her cousin worked and went to his place for dinner. We went back to the hotel after that and registered for the convention, took a look at the Art Show, and visited the costume party. Neither of had made up anything. There seemed to be more people in costume outside the room than inside. Probably more room for talking, etc. The best thing about that night was that a high school prom was taking place in the hotel and the room was right next to the convention registration desk and the hucksters room. Great fun as each group looked at the other wondering what the hell was going on. Other groups in the hotel during the weekend included, the American Helicopter Society, the geophysicists, and a few others.

The room arrangements were this way. Four people had reserved a quad for three nights, while anywhere from three to five other people crashed in that room. It came out quite cheap, less than \$20 total. All the more money to spend at the hucksters. Sorry folks, no orgies, just a lot of people complaining about others getting up at a decent hour like six or seven in the morning.

Saturday morning I was one of those to get up at a decent hour and walked the four miles down to Arlington Cemetery to visit the Kennedy grave sites. These are probably best seen in the early morning, right after the gates open, and there are not a lot of tourists. After I spent a few minutes alone, two people came and immediately started taking pictures and then left. No minute of contemplation, no remembering, nothing like that. And these people were adults in the Kennedy years, while I was still three years old when he was killed. That kind of thing upsets me, but it will always continue. I decided to take the subway back as far as it would go. The Washington subway is only a couple of years old and still has that antiseptic feeling. They do though run quite a good operation. Instead of one fare, you use a credit card device which subtracts how much money the fare is off of your card after you have completed your trip. I got a card with a \$2 credit and only used 50¢ on a trip of about three miles. The big problem still is that the underground runs only a limited amount of the time. When we were there, there was no Sunday service, and no service after midnight. How drap! The New York underground runs 24 hours a day and that probably is the biggest benefit, outside the low fare.

The last stop on the line was Dupont Circle and from there it was about a half-hour walk back to the hotel. I went along Massachusetts Ave. where many of the embassys are located. Quite a nice place. I got back to the hotel at about 10:30 am and went to see the Art Show again since that was open and after that, the Hucksters Room. At that point I wasn't ready to buy anything yet. The Art Show was a little bit smaller than Boskone's but how many are larger? Carl Lundgren, Michael Whelan, and Freff were probably the best artists represented. The originals for the Titan illustrations in the harcover book were there, and some of them were up for bids. I was very surprised when they remained unsold throughout the con. As it was quite a few pieces remained unsold. Two reasons seemed to come up, Seacon and Balticon. The latter it appeared had attracted more people than had been expected, while many people were saving money for the former.

The Hucksters Room had quite a display. Prices were quite good and there was a large variety of items available. One unfortunate occurrence was the fact that the two rooms were seperated. The one by the registration desk did well, while the other had fewer people coming in.

Meals in Washington tended to be a little more expensive than in N.Y. One thing was for sure, in no way shape or form was I going to visit the hotel coffee shop and spend more than I should. One place where six of us ended up was a Hamburger Hamlet about 2 miles away from the con. Quite a good place, one which I had visited when I had been in Washington last. Enormous hamburgers (1/2 pound), and the service was fine. Also hit a "Kosher style" deli which wasn't that bad. The tongue andwich was almost as good as Mama Joy's. Ate Chinese food down on Connecticut Ave. at the Empress which wasn't quite as good as Chinatown.

Wasn't there some kind of programming? Yes there was. Roger Zelazny was GoH and made himself quite available to the fans during the three days. He appeared on one panel, made his GoH speech, and Sunday night gave a reading of a few of his stories. His reading was quite excellent, the characters and situations coming forth to life much more vividly than if someone was just reading it silently. Harry Stubbs seemed to almost everywhere at once. Other guests included Hugo nominees Joan D. Vinge, Michael Whelan, Stu Schiffman (New York's own), and Alexis Gilliland. Movies were fair. The best feature was Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. The cartoons were just superb. The animation, the characterization, even the plots were all top quality. All these though were made back in the 40's and 50's and you just can't get that quality in the TV on Saturday mornings. During the convention there were numerous skits performed out of Zelazny's works. The best I saw was Jack Finds His Soul from "Jack of Shadows." Many of the others weren't great.

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Sunday I bought about 15 books and 10 magazines and was fortunate enough to find on the freebie table a whole stack of fanzines. I took about 80, and there was little chance I would ever see their like again. About 20 Yandro, 10-15 Son of the WSFA Journal, and 10-15 It Comes in the Mail were in the stack. There was even the last issue of Spanish Inquisition, and a Prehensile. More fanzines were bought at the hucksters and I even bought a handmade button saying "CUSFuSSing is a way of life". I also bought a Schiffman at the art show. Now the question was how am I going to get everything back to N.Y. Margaret Purdy came to the rescue with the use of a laundry bag which she didn't need at the time. So I stuffed everything into except for the SF and put the SF in the suitcase.

The end reaction was that I enjoyed myself, made a few more friends, and am quite willing to go back next year.

We will be back to regular format next issue. Twelve pages, including a quiz from Ben Fulves, reports from Disclave, and book reviews by assorted characters.

CUSFuSSing
Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society
317 Ferris Booth Hall
Columbia University
NY, NY
10027