



Hello out there in fanzine land! This is issue 14 of CUSFuSsing, our biggest and hopefully best issue. To many of you this is your first view of the newsletter, in fact that group includes most of you. There is a group of incoming freshmen that we hope will join us this fall, assorted fanzines that we hope to trade with, and some fans from across the country who might be interested in the newsletter. This is not a typical issue though, we usually run only 8-12 pages, and haven't had this much artwork in any previous issue. The special feature, of course, are the comments about the various Hugo nominees. Hopefully, by the time we finish this issue we will have something on at least 50 out of the 66 nominees.

There really hasn't been much news out of Columbia recently. The usual dull summer. Cam Nyhen, who writes about Disclave in this issue, reports that she has one small, silver necklace, one pair of ladies undies, and one pair of foot socks left over from the convention that are not hers. If they are yours send us a note and we will get them to you.

Galaxy finally put out another issue. Very, very, bad. It includes "a full-length novel", the start of a serial called "Star Warriors", the third part of "Gem" which has been out for many months now in hardcover, short novelettes and even shorter short stories, and a bunch of columns. Let's say that it is the first time I have resisted buying an issue.

The library continues to increase at a slow, but steady rate. We have hit 3574 items and are looking forward to 4500. (Prediction by Dani Eder, Librarian. for 1/1/80)

CUSFuSsing #14, published every four weeks during the summer and every three elsewhen, by the Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society. Available for trade, contribution to the library or the newsletter, loc (letter of comment), 20¢ an issue or 15 for \$2.50. Edited by Charles Seelig

More about this issue and some info to the freshmen.

The idea of having a special Hugo issue came about a couple of months ago. I had seen a few fanzines that had tried this just for the novel category, never for any of the others, but I'm sure it has been done. I wish we had more contributions, but hopefully more people will send in stuff next year.

As you might notice this issue is going out by the non-profit mailing rate of 3.1¢. It is not as fast as first class of course, but it will get where it's going (someday). The reason for the change in mailing is that we can increase the volume of copies sent out. Usually we send out 60 copies for about \$15-20, now we can send out 300 for \$60. That means that this is the first of the experimental large circulation issues. We probably will be printing two or three more while we have the money. There are two reasons for doing this, we would like to be available to more fans and also be known by more fans, and also increase the number of people having subscriptions to CUSFuSsing.

Enough about this issue, now to get to the freshmen classes. The Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society was founded three and a half years ago by Richard Lappin, Harold Lehmann, and Dani Eder. For a couple of years the usual pattern was large attendances for the first few weeks during each semester and then a falling off after that. But in the fall of 1977 people continued to come in each week. Now we have a base membership of 25. This semester we will be trying to gain a number of new members from the freshmen classes and from the other students in all the divisions of the university. This issue of the newsletter is our first effort.

Among the things we do during the year is contribute to the library. In the past year the number of items has doubled from 1700 to 3500. Much of this is due to the large contribution of Mr. George Leonard an alumnus from the class of '39. He donated about 1500 items including long runs of Analog and Galaxy and many older hardcovers. At the moment we do have complete runs of both magazines from mid-1948 for Analog/Astounding and since the first issue for Galaxy. The one major writer that we really still don't have that much of is Larry Niven for some reason. Most of the contributions come from the members themselves though we do get copies of the books Ace, Bantam, and NAL (outside of DAW) publish. The librarian for the second year will be Dani Eder.

SOL III, the literary magazine for the Society has been published infrequently as of late. The third issue came out in April of this year, the one before that in September of 1977. The current editor is Bil Lancaster, the guy who writes all those marvy book reviews. SOL III features short stories, some artwork, poetry, book reviews and whatever else Bil sees fit to put in. If you have something you'd like to send him the address for the summer is Lancaster c/o Barbara Brittain, 11823 NE 142 Pl., Kirkland, WA, 98033. This offer applies to the rest of you also.

The convention, Apricon, seems to have a life of its own. The first one was April 1, 1978, and made less than a dollar. The second Apricon II, was held in February. Attendance was cut in half and though for the most part the con was well-run we still lost quite a bit of money. The membership however decided to go for it again. At the moment nothing is set except that Sandy Hausler is Chairman.

That's a little bit about the Society. I had hoped to tell you a little bit about the place you're coming to, except I have no room. But if you have any questions, like should I bring a frig (Yes) or what is this Carman hall really like (You really want to know) or should I take CC or Lit Hum first (Lit Hum) write us at the address on the last page and we will send answers.

Z Quiz Answers to #4 by Ben Fulves

Each separate line in each paragraph was a first line from one of the eighteen stories in The Illustrated Man by Ray Bradbury. What follows are the titles listed by paragraph and line number order.

- | | | | |
|--------|--------------------------|--------|-------------------------------------|
| (1)(1) | "The Rocket" | (4)(1) | "The Other Foot" |
| (1)(2) | "The Fox and the Forest" | (4)(2) | "Marionettes, Inc." |
| (1)(3) | "Kaleidoscope" | (4)(3) | "The Last Night of the World" |
| (1)(4) | "The Fire Balloons" | (4)(4) | "Zero Hour" |
| (2)(1) | "The Man" | (5)(1) | "The Visitor" |
| (2)(2) | "The City" | (5)(2) | "No Particular
Night or Morning" |
| (3)(1) | "The Highway" | | |
| (3)(2) | "The Rocket Man" | | |
| (3)(3) | "The Concrete Mixer" | | |
| (3)(4) | "The Exiles" | | |
| (3)(5) | "The Veldt" | | |
| (3)(6) | "The Long Rain" | | |

#5 The Lensman Quiz by Carol Downing

All questions based on the six main books of Doc Smith's Lensmen series. (Well, all but one.)

- 1) What is Doc Smith's first name?
- 2) Identify, in three words or fewer, a) a DeLameter b) thionite c) a Bergenholm d) an Overlord e) a zwilnik
- 3) What color is associated with a) Kalonians b) Chickladorians c) Unattached Lensmen?
- 4) Who was the only woman ever a) refused a Lens b) given one?
- 5) Who was the First Lensman? the second?
- 6) In which galaxy were the Eddorians based? the Arisians? Which are the good guys?
- 7) Who was the Red Lensman?
- 8) Name all five Children of the Lens, and the Second Stage Lensmen to whom four of them are "attachèd".
- 9) What does "QX" mean?
- 10) Who was Sybly Whyte?

Answers in issue #15.

A third report on that now famous convention, Disclave '79.
by Cam Nyhen

Disclave: noun, (dis-klāv) from conclave plus dis- from District of Columbia. A congregation of science-fiction enthusiasts annually on Memorial Day weekend. Usually at the Sheraton-Park Hotel, the convention lasts three days, the third consisting of a dead dog party only. Synonyms: fun, guest authors and artists, fun, parties, fun, films, fun, speeches, fun, presentations, and finally fun.

My experience at the convention got off to a shaky start. I had planned to arrive in the early afternoon and attend the masquerade that evening. Well, Murphy sat on my lap the entire time I was sewing my Colonial Warrior uniform. By eight o'clock, Helen and I had finished and dashed to the Sheraton-Park. I had called to confirm the reservation, but no one had mentioned that Charles and Susan had arrived, which made me very panicky since the clock began to read 9 o'clock and I was still in line to register!

After getting the key, Helen and I raced over the entire hotel looking for our room. We finally located it at the same time two more of our party arrived, Margaret Purdy and her friend Birdy.

We all claimed sleeping space and changed into costume. At approximately 12:30 A.M., a vampire, Jedi knight/sorceress, and two Colonial warriors joined the Disclave throng at the con suite.

THE CONSUITE, AN EXPERIENCE IN ITSELF! I had no idea what to expect there and so prepared for everything. I was not, however, ready to be met by a fellow who had a full beer stein, was high on everything, and kept asking, "do those guns work?" Helen and I agreed that the best course of action was a demonstration. When we passed him again ten minutes later, he was still trying to find his glasses to dry them.

With nothing else going on, we decided to go back to the room and chat. Charles was comfortably snoozing in one of the beds. Susan was snuggled in her sleeping bag reading--S.F. of course. Margaret came shortly thereafter, and Charles slept through our conversation; boy did he miss out! ((I'll bet. Ed.)) Jean, Jana, and Dave Hecht showed up at 6 A.M. Even though there had come from New York in a van, they still didn't know how it had taken 9 hours to get to Washington. Despite the interruption, we all slept to 10 or so. ((I know I got up at 6))

Saturday was lots-lots fun. TRIPLE PLUS GOOD! Helen, Margaret, and I donned our various disguises and proceeded to the huckster rooms, art show, special programs, and films. During these festivities, I met Darth Vader, a junior Cylon Centurion (only 5' 1") and three other warriors. There was a squirt gun battle with Vader, Zorro, and anyone else who had a water weapon.

After dinner, Susan and I went to Baskin-Robbins for superheaters--three scoops, hot fudge, nuts, and a cherry. Susan finished hers, but I couldn't get all of mine down--my eyes are much bigger than my tummy. That night we saw a Zelazny Players production, which left me cold, and the films which consisted of several Snow White spoofs as well as the real thing. The room laughed, cried and cheered like we were all kids again.

We all retired about 1:30 A.M. and we of the fairer gender claimed both beds. Dave and Charles could have had a bed, but neither offered, so we took the option. The room was well filled, nine somnolent bodies in all, and the chatter lengthy.

By Sunday noon all of us were awake, and out to lunch. Zelazny was speaking at 12:30 pm, and we all made it! Susan and I hurried into the warrior costumes--Helen had returned home Saturday night to study for her exams--and met the other warriors to go to Battlestar Galactica and met a Universal Cylon.

The theatre was duly impressed when five warriors, a Centurion, Darth Vader, and a mad Samurai invaded. The children loved us, and we staged a battle for them. After we saw the movie, we gathered in the lobby to await the Universal people. After waiting for half the next showing, we raided a nearby Big Boy for dinner. Susan and I abstained because we had promised my brother to eat with him. The Cylon arrived soon after and stopped dead in its tracks when it saw us. He was really quite nice and everybody posed and took pictures (except me, of course).

Susan and I got back around 8:30, and hoped to catch Zelazny at 9:00. The only hitch was the fact that he had spoken at 8:00. Deciding that it wasn't worth the last five minutes, we went in search of food. The only restaurant that offered an appetizing fare at a fair price was a small restaurant/bar. I have never tasted such tender roast chicken before. Baskin-Robbins came next, but it was a downfall.

Susan's knees had been acting up all weekend, but all the walking had increased it. I offered my assistance as a cane until my own knee slipped its bounds and assaulted the ice cream parlor's door. We limped back to the hotel and applied ice to our aching

SOME-DAY MY PRINCE
WILL COME...



knees. As we laughed and groaned, Susan said that Forbidden Planet was scheduled in the program for 11:00. We hobbled down and put our legs up and watched the end of Scaramouche. While we sat, Susan tried to balance the books before Jana and Dave left for good. She disappeared, only to reappear some time later and hand me a refund. Just as she arrived, several others, including my brother, descended upon the film room. Needless to say, our blasters came in handy and no innocents were deluged.

Even though the room was large and the air-conditioning needlessly on, there was a happy and intense feeling of camaraderie--perhaps spawned by the con suite party...

The next day dawned too early. The six o'clock wake-up call rang, was answered, and ignored. At seven there was a flurry of activity. Eight-thirty saw three more people gone. Birdy, Margaret, and I slept a little longer before packing and saying goodbye. The room was bare by noon. The con was over, the fun relegated to our memories, and the geophysicists were lined up to register. I can't wait until next Memorial Day!! See y'all then, Sugar!

And now, in the center ring, the man you have all been waiting for, the one, the only, Mr. Bil Lancaster. (Trumpets and applause, please)

Alien

Pat simply, I have never seen a more frightening movie. By the end, my heart was racing, my stomach was churning, I needed to go to the bathroom, and I had a death-grip on my girl-friend's arm. I was petrified.

There have been all sorts of promotional stills from the movie floating around for the last few months, but all of them are from the first, more sedate, segment of the movie. What this means is that, unless you're fool enough to read the novelization first, there's no way to prepare yourself for what you're going to see. When I realized that Alien was going to be very scary, I started telling myself, "It's only a movie; none of this is real. It's only actors and special effects." Well, that always worked in the past. Unfortunately for my poor, spinning head (an hour late and I'm still tense and edgy), Alien didn't let me keep my wits about me for very long. Shock follows shock and the tension builds up inexorably, intolerably. The audience was kept off-guard by flashing lights and nerve-racking sounds to the point that, at the end, one person yelled, "Thank God it's over!" and we all heaved a collective sigh of relief.

Alien is a simplistic movie as far as niceties like plot and characterization are concerned. The storyline is borrowed almost intact from a '50's B movie that pops up every now and then on late-night TV: It, the Terror from Beyond Space. Perhaps Dan O'Brien decided that he would do it right. Alien has only one aim: to scare. I think it succeeds. It is not an artistic triumph but a well-made commercial thriller: good summer-time fun.

There is, I believe, one aspect of Alien that sets it above most films of this type. There is a certain coherent style to everything, as if the Nostromo, the interior of the ship that is discovered, and the alien were all drawn by the same person. There is a grey, oily murkiness that per-

vades the movie, that creates an effective, consistent atmosphere. Several different artists worked on the film, among them Chris Foss, Moebius, and H. R. Giger. Somebody--Dan O'Bannon--took their diverse styles and combined them into a beautiful whole.

I enjoyed Star Wars through four viewings; now I consider it to be mindless trash. Perhaps if someone asked me my opinion of Alien a month from now I'd say the same thing. But nothing can change my original experience in the movie theatre: the movie worked; I was scared. You probably will be, too.

Hot Sleep: Thw Worthing Chronicle by Orson Scott Card
Ace Books, \$2.25, May 1979, pp. 407, cover done by Steve Hickman

Orson Scott Card is on his way up fast. Hot Sleep is his second published book, with two more forthcoming. He won the John W. Campbell Award for best new writer on the basis of only a few short stories.

Capitol, Card's first book, was composed largely of already-published short stories, with several new ones added to fill in the gaps. The book bore a curious sub-title: "The Worthing Chronicle." The reader was introduced briefly--in one story--to a telepathic star pilot named Homer Worthing, but he died by the end of the story. Throughout Capitol, the sub-title remained a mystery.

In Hot Sleep, all is revealed. Card was talking about Jason Worthing, Homer's son. Jason is the star here, striding through the book like the giant figure on the cover.

Hot Sleep, like Capitol, is more a series of short stories than a novel. The difference here is that none of these stories appeared previously. Also, the stories travel in more of a straight line, rather than traveling along tangents as the stories in Capitol did. Taken together, Hot Sleep forms a coherent story of truly epic proportions, while at the same time allowing the writer plenty of room for stylistic variations and experimentation--in short, for fun.

My initial reaction to the book was that I liked it very much. Reading it was enjoyable. But afterwards, all kinds of reservations and objections began to present themselves. The book is over 400 pages long, but the first 200 are spent setting the scene for what seems to be the real story. Much of that first 200 could be cut without having any effect on the story. There is a whole sequence with two people crawling around at length in the air shafts in Capitol that is, for the long run, menaingless. It makes a nice story, but it doesn't belong in a novel. There are several times when Card builds up to something, or leads the reader to believe that something will happen, and then he seems to forget about it and winds up ignoring it entirely. Some of these are genuinely bothersome, like: What happened to the relationship between those two, or what is he doing marrying her?! Perhaps Card is just trying to give us a picture of what life will really be like in the future, and life is never that neat and tidy. Here, however, it just comes off as being sloppy and ill-considered.

Also, I find myself taking issue with the vision Card creates of the future. It was sexist enough and authoritarian enough to really bother me. It seems that in Capitol women are pretty much on an even footing with men. And yet Capitol is a society in decay, an empire that one man brings crashing to the ground because it is so unstable. In the society that Jason sets up, women are always inferior. They sit at home and cook dinner while the men go off and do all the real work. Card has one character object to this set-up, but he does it backwards. The character asks why the men don't help the women in the kitchen, and a man becomes enraged be-

cause he's had to work all day in the fields so why should he help at home. What no one asks is, why don't both men and women work in the fields and at home? At this point, the only defense is, "Jason made it that way," which is no defense at all. The only woman shown as having equality with men is an adultress and is usually called "the bitch." All other women are sweet demure little things who happily obey their husbands' every wish.

Perhaps a bit more alarmingly, Card presents an authoritarian government as being ideal. When someone tries to create a democracy, the result is catastrophic: babies die, men kill their fathers, people revert to savagery, all with Jason looking smugly on.

In the end, we see how Jason creates a mini-society, separate from the rest of the world. The people in it are semi-civilized, inbred, ignorant, and ruled entirely by fear and superstition. And yet Jason made it that way intentionally. The only justification he gives is that it keeps his superior genes active. And that seems to justify everything.

I can only hope that Card, a writer the majority of whose work I have enjoyed immensely, will write a sequel or continuation, or even just a few stories to fill in some holes. Hot Sleep is a book that leaks badly, but is sustained by its grandeur and its magnificent scope. It is flawed perhaps because it tries too much. But it promises even greater things to come.

A Planet Called Treason by Orson Scott Card
St. Martin's Press, \$10.00, pp.256, jacket painting by Paul Stinson
Reviewed by Charles Seelig

This is the second Orson Scott Card novel that has come out this spring, and is probably the better of the two. The time and place are completely different from Card's Capitol series, no mention of Worthing or Abner Doon. Instead all the action is on a planet called (you guessed it) treason. A number of families have been exiled there for trying to overthrow the government of their home planet. Each was a leader in a specific social or scientific field, meaning the planet started with just the intellectual elite of the home world. The only way they are going to get home is by building a spaceship, but there are no heavy metals on this world, including iron. So what happens is that each family increases the skill they had specialized in and tries to sell its products to the home world for iron. Each family does this separately, thereby creating competition between families for iron. Wars result, with each family using whatever skill they have to try and win. Some families are more successful than others. The Muellers, a family of geneticists, are able to make humans become regenerative, that is able to grow new arms, legs, hearts, etc. when there is a need, or when there is injury to the body. Of course you sometimes get three arms but then one of them is cut off and sold to the home world. Unfortunately, there are cases in which many things start growing all at once and this is what happens to Lanik Mueller.

He was to become the new head of the family when his father died, but this accident results in him losing this privilege and instead being sent off to spy on another country which has been defeating other families and might be a threat to the Muellers. Lanik has at least one enemy at the beginning of the book, his half-brother Dinte, who tries to kill him before he leaves Mueller. Lanik discovers during his journeys that the other families have made similar progress in each of their fields, some of them are really magic. One family can control the flow of time around them, another can "speak" to stone, others only have written better literature, or careful histories of the planet.

The journey both introduces the planet, the families, and the lay of the land, but also the character of Lanik Mueller. It's a device used many times before in both SF and non-SF novels, but it still works well when written well as it is done here. The major role that Mueller plays is that of the hero. It is not the superhuman hero that is portrayed by Jason Worthing, but more like Thomas Covenant in Stephen Donaldson's trilogy. By picking this more difficult character, Card faced a greater challenge, but I think he succeeds more than he did in Hot Sleep.

Too many protagonists go through the final battle, either winning or losing in the process, but not really changing. Lanik, in his final battle, receives the pain of thousands of deaths and continues to feel that pain for the rest of his life. Also he goes through a lot of pain and agony just in his journey across Treason and this is communicated well by Card. You do feel Lanik's pain throughout the book.

Lanik changes in the book going from a brash, arrogant young man, ready to change the world to a much more subdued, quieter, and definitely wiser man by the end. He does change the world, but a lot goes into his decision, for the consequences both to the world and to him are to be great. The early Lanik would have just done it.

The other characters are for the most part actual people. They do live and the planet, which is important to the story, lives also. So all in all, quite a fine book. It shows Card at the top of his work (at least so far). It might even make the Hugo nominations in 1980.

A Wizard In Bedlam by Christopher Stasheff
Doubleday, \$7.95, pp. 187, Cover by Gary
Friedman

This is the third book in the "Wizard" series which started off with The Warlock in Spite of Himself and King Kobold, both of them had Rodney d'Armand as the protagonist, but this time Dirk Dulaine plays that role. The connection comes with the introduction of one of the other major characters, Gar, who under torture gives the name of d'Armand as his house. As it happens this is Rodney's son who we met in the second book as a baby, slightly different from the person he is now.

Both of these characters are well-developed, each having his own reasons for their actions. Other characters are multi-dimensional also, some really well done. The ideas that are used in the book are sometimes on the fantastic side, but this only makes the book better. Having clones be the servants of the Lords might not be original, but the combination of what happens over the generations is quite interesting.

To some the plot of evil Lords and good peasants, a guy from space helping out the latter, swords vs. lasers, and a few ideas from the other two books might make this a bit repetitious but they are used differently and well enough so that the reader doesn't get bored. Certainly the ending is not your usual one. All in all, another good book from this fine author, and I hope that someone picks up the paperback rights, and that Doubleday continues to publish the series as soon as possible.



LOCJAW, a letters column. Editor's comments in (())

Cam Nyhen 1637 N. Greenbrier St. Allington, VA. 22205

We've got to change that name! How about Colspeak or Col U-Call you or perhaps a play on the film Colossus, "This is ihe voice of Colusfi."

((Bil also commented about the title. Myself, I like it. By now it has become a tradition. I'm sure that no one else has used it, and besides which it's a good publicity gimmick at cons, "What is CUSFuSsing" they say, and then I can tell them. Bil also commented about the artwork, and said that he wanted to see more of Carol Downing's pieces.)

Ben Fulves P.O. Box 392, Teaneck, NJ. 07666

CUSFuSsing is looking much better than the earlier issues. The use of colored paper enhances the features of the magazine very much. I have a few suggestions: get the addresses of artists and ask for fillers (small illios that balance our the page and break up the lines of print) and logos (Book Reviews, Quiz, Movie Reviews, etc.). Type on the inside cover page. You have too many book reviews. They get to be quite boring after awhile.

((Color does help, and it's only 10¢ more per hundred of pages printed. We will be trying to get more artwork, but that raises the cost of each page from 12¢ on a plain green Gestener stencil to 85¢ for an electrostencil, something that cuts down the number of copies printed, especially when the budget is small to begin with))

An Anonymous Fan in Seattle((three guesses who))

It was with dismay that I noted the absence of William "Bil" Lancaster from your pages. He is far and away your best reviewer. And you should be advised that he has quite a large fan following. I hope that his absence means only something big is in preparation. ((Yes, about 20 pages of book reviews)) Merrick Lex's cover was very nice. Not as good as some of his work for SOL III, but good nonetheless. It's only major fault tas that it was very similar to a cover on F & SF by Mel Hunter.

John Cho's review of Alien was just about the longest single review you've printed: It needN't have been. The first paragraph was a nice try, but it didn't quite come off. After the first 2 paragraphs, the whole first page could have been cut, as it was all given over to summary. Personally, I don't like reviews that summarize, although a lot of reviewers do it. Even Damon Knight did, but usually only when he was going to pick it apart. The review is particuarly good considering it is Mr. Cho's first for CUSFuSsing. I'm sure Mr. Lancaster feels fortunate in that his first CUSFuSsing review was never printed.((One of Mork & MIndy)).

Dani Eder's review of Alien was fantastic. He makes some good points that both Mr Lancaster and Mr. Cho failed to mention in their reviews. The review was written with a consistently both light and perceptive style that made it a joy to read.

About Susan Kahn's Disclave report: Huh? Well, it made a cute story, although I still don't know what really happened at Disclave. ((The fate of the universe was decided. More in issue 100)).

On to Mr. Seelig's reviews: The review for Book of Skulls was great. While I'd known Mr. Seelig was working on this review, I hadn't realized it would be so good. I really mean that. While Mr. Seelig summarizes, he incorporates and integrates analysis and commentary with the summary. While Mr. Seelig still needs some work on the syntax, that's nothing that can't be corrected with a sharp-

ened blue pencil. Lastly, let me say that this review makes me want to read the book.

One thing: characters aren't "done"; they are created or developed. Reviews are written. Artwork is drawn, or simply "by".

Lastly, the cryonics ad.....We, the readers, have been trying in vain for months to decipher the editor's humor. Is this another joke, or a paid advertisement? If it's a joke, it is funny. If it's an ad, it's odd. One thing, dear editor, about your sense of humor: Don't ever change, Boopsy. You give CUSFuSSing an atmosphere, an ambiance, a... feeling that I wouldn't have changed for anything. All in all, #13 was an excellent issue.((outside of the 47 typos)) My only regret is that I was not part of it. But then, if I had I wouldn't have written this letter. Keep up the good work. ((If you think my humor is strange, wait til Yellowstone in '81)) ((The ad was real. We got paid with a first edition of Imperial Earth.)

Some comments on the Hugo Awards

I'd like to thank Dani Eder, Susan Kahn, and Bil Lancaster for their comments about the nominations.

The format is this. One category. Someone who had something to say gets to say it, then another person gets to say their piece.

The order of the categories is the order that the editor finished seeing or reading them.

(A preface by Bil) I feel a little sheepish about writing this, having read so few of the Hugo WWard nominees, but the Editor asked for it and he's going to get it. Over the course of the past few months I've reviewed or referred to several of the nominated works, so far the most part I'll just be reiterating my previously-published opinions. Also, I read several of these works a year or more ago. Since most of my books and magazines are packed away literally thousands of miles away, I have no way of going back and rereading anything. And with that disclaimer, let's go ahead and take a look at some of the nominees.

Dramatic Presentation

Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, Invasion of the Body Snatchers, Lord of the Rings, Superman, Watership Down .

(Bil Lancaster) Invasion of the Body Snatchers was a cute little film with some interesting effects and plot twists, but it seemed like fully half of it was one long chase. You can only get so much tension out of showing the same scene over and over--a small group of humans being persued by screaming hordes of murderous aliens--and after awhile the viewer stops caring. The movie was interesting, but certainly not worth a second viewing. I enjoyed Rapph Bakshi's Lord of the Rings. The animation was marvelous, and the overall style was very nice. I also didn't mind so much that it left off halfway through the story. But whether or not I'd go to see it again, I can't say. Maybe when the continuation is released. It's hard to take Superman seriously. I mean, I suppose it could be considered science fiction, but mostly it's comics. Superheroes are sort of a bastard offsrting of science fiction. What the producers of the Superman movie did was try to recombine them, using elements of both the comics and of spectacular "science fiction" movies like Star Wars and CE3Kk.. They even used John Williams for the soundtrack. But even though this movie attempted to be science fiction, I can't take it seriously as such. It all comes down to this: I don't feel any of these three movies deserves a major SF award. They are simply not of the same calibre as the nominated fiction.

(Dani Eder) I only experienced three of the five nominees. One was a radio program on the BBC, and thus unhearable. I did not get to see Watership Down when it came out. The remaining three nominees are films: Invasion of the Body Snatchers, The Lord of the Rings, and Superman. All of these are secondary movies in the sense that each had predecessors on film and on paper. Because of this, my feelings about them are mostly based on how well they translated the original to film. Superman managed the best in this category. The film was produced with wit and humor, and with superb special effects. It gave me that good feeling of my younger days. The L.O.T.R. did less well. Although the plot held true within the limits of having to be cut for the movie, the filming was bad. The feeling of the Trilogy is very important, and how the filming was done should have reflected this. The orcs were ugly; that was okay, but Aragorn too? The animation is not up to the standards set by Disney over 30 years ago. I don't think it's a lack of technology, but rather a lack of craftsmanship that dooms the film. Invasion does not excite much feeling in me. The SF content of the film is not too high. The movie runs quite predictably, unfortunately straight in the "the monsters are taking over, run!" direction. There is very little attempt to see any good in the alien's point of view. My vote would go to Superman for the most success in filmization.

(Charles Seelig) I saw both Lord of the Rings and Superman. Out of the two I must give first place to the latter for better action, acting, fun, quality and a bunch of other things. Rings misses because of the quality of animation. Disney used the same process in Snow White and after seeing the movie at Disclave I realized how much Bakshi did not do. They did follow the plot fairly well, considering they were not aiming at the Tolkein audience, but at the general public. But some flaws did appear and because of that, the film loses a few more points in my esteem. Superman has great camera work (New York) and the actors brought the spirit of legend back to life. Hopefully the sequel will be just as good.

Fan Writer Richard E. Geis, Leroy Kettle, Dave Langford, Bob Shaw, D. West

(Charles Seelig) As it happens when you are just entering fandom, you don't know who is who. I only recognize one of these names, Geis, but I feel I should not vote on this because of a lack of experience.

Fan Artist Jim Barker, Harry Bell, Alexis Gilliland, Bill Rotsler, Stu Schiffman

(Charles Seelig) The same does not apply to the artists however. I've seen some of four of them, Harry Bell being the exception, and enjoyed their work. All are primarily humor artists, but all are amusing so I can't go on that. What I can go on is the quality of the work. From what I've seen of Jim Barker (The International Science Fiction Yearbook) and Alexis Gilliland (Science Fiction Review) they mostly rely on simple scenes with little background or depth. The characters are mostly there to tell jokes, not people in their own right. Bill Rotsler though has done both types. Lots of detail for some of his illios in Algol/Starship and other very simple figures in many fanzines. Stu Schiffman never seems to skimp in detail. His characters have lives of their own. And he has helped bring back the art of on stencil illios, something that is needed. So (1) Stu Schiffman (2) Bill Rotsler (3) Jim Barker (4) Alexis Gilliland.

Fanzine Janus, Maya, Mota, Science Fiction Review, Twll-D&u

(Charles Seelig) Having read only two of these, Janus and SFR, I can't say that much. But I feel that it is important to vote on this category, because it will probably help determine what is a fanzine and what is not. Or more importantly, what type should receive the award. Science Fiction Review has a long tradition of quality in each issue. Extensive interviews, numerous book reviews, and a good amount of news. But somehow it just didn't impress me like Janus did. I know this is a zine of quality. The paper used is fabulous, the layout and illustrations great, and the variety of the material makes this the best zine out of the two. When I think of a fanzine, I'll think of something like Janus. SFR is no longer really fannish. Janus is. The viewpoint of the editors might turn off some readers, but when was the last time the editors did not have a viewpoint.

Gandalf Book-Length Fantasy Award The Courts of Chaos, Gloriana, Saint Camber, The Stand, The White Dragon

Saint Camber and The Stand were not available at the Science Fiction Shop in paperback or hardcover. The White Dragon is on the ballot in the SF novel category also, and that is where I think it should be. But since it is in this one also, I have to consider it. It is a long book, with a lot more detail about the morals and customs of the planet. Characters continue to develop and change places of importance as the history continues. This novel also continues the action in both of the series that McCaffrey had started on the planet. It is good stuff and I'll talk more about it later. Gloriana is a long book. A boring long book. I can not sympathize with either of the major characters. I do not think Gloriana should be spending huge amounts of money and energy just to achieve a climax. Nor do I like Quire's viewpoint on life and his job. Too often people say he is a rogue, but that he's their kind of rogue. The man kills and really doesn't seem to care about it. He plays traitor through most of the book which really doesn't help things either. And the ending is something I could have read in Grimm's fairy tales. The other characters in the book are much better in my opinion and too many of them die for my taste. The background is simply long lists of what there is in the kingdom or the castle. Big deal. This comes in third place. The Courts of Chaos however is pretty decent. Not perfect, I still can't get through the constant combination of philosophy and adventure. The adventure though is quite good. Suspense and tension develop and though people die, they die less needlessly than in Gloriana. Background in this one is rather non-existent, or is it. We do learn a little more about patterns, Jewels of Judgement and a few other topics. There are some nice poetic moments included also. Corwin continues to be who he is, someone who does make mistakes, and though has superhuman powers is still human in actions and emotions. There are enough openings to start another book with, but I hope that Zelazny waits a few years before he starts the sixth book to give both he and his audience a breather and some time to reflect on the entire series.
(1) The Courts of Chaos (2) The White Dragon (3) Gloriana.

Gandalf Grand Master Ray Bradbury, Ursula LeGuin, Michael Moorcock, Jack Vance, Roger Zelazny.

(Charles Seelig) To me this award is getting to be stupid. The same people are up for it time after time. But it's there so we have to make a decision. Ursula LeGuin's Earthsea Trilogy is fantasy, but

I don't think that three novels qualify her for this award. She has probably written other stuff, it's just that I haven't read it. Jack Vance is at the moment just a name to me, I haven't read any of his works. Roger Zelazny has of course written the Amber series, and many of his other novels are on that border between fantasy and SF. I've liked his stuff and he comes in second. Michael Moorcock again means little to me. Outside of Gloriana I don't think I've read any fantasy by him. But if I use that book as an indication he comes in fourth. Ray Bradbury hasn't had anything major come out in quite sometime. At least I haven't seen anything. But based on his past works, he is to me the best fantasy writer of the bunch. Fantasy needs a lot more poetry in the writing than SF and Bradbury satisfies this requirement. So (1) Ray Bradbury (2) Roger Zelazny (3) Ursula LeGuin (4) Michael Moorcock.

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer

Stephen Donaldson, Cynthia Felice, James P. Hogan, Barry Longyear, Elizabeth Lynn, Charles Sheffield

(Bil Lancaster) As to the John W. Campbell Award nominees, I'll just say that I read one novel by Elizabeth A. Lynn and liked it. I read one story by Cynthia Felice and loved it. The one story I read by Charles Sheffield didn't impress me, but it was in Galaxy. The one story I read by Stephen Donaldson was pretty good. Whoever wins, I'll keep an eye out in the future for all six of the writers nominated.

(Charles Seelig) As of today I've read something by five out of the six nominees, Elizabeth Lynn being the exception. They cover a wide range of ground from epic fantasy to hardcore SF to mainstream to humor. Barry Longyear's series on the planet Momus started as sort of a joke. But as of the last story, "Priest of the Baraboo" the background, the characters, the idea, and other things are definitely taking shape. His writing has also improved. However compared to past award winners this isn't enough to deserve to win the award. James P. Hogan and Charles Sheffield are both hard science fiction writers. However Sheffield at this point is much better than Hogan. Sheffield has suspense, action, along with the usual fantastic ideas that are prominent in this slice of the field. His characters are a little more realistic and not the secondary thing in his work. Hogan however hasn't learned to stop teaching the science of the story via the blackboard. Even with his latest novel, The Two Faces of Tomorrow, the space station where the main action takes place is described to us by use of a classroom. Wah!! His plots are getting better. Inherit the Stars and The Gentle Giants of Ganymede just didn't have any pizzazz to them. There were no big questions to be answered before the novel ended. (I realize that there were big questions in the novel, but they were part of the story, not of the plot). There was no antagonist in either of them, making it quite boring. The Genesis Machine does have several bad guys, so the book is a bit more fun. Though the science of the story is constantly being explained, the ideas are so fantastic that it's still worthwhile to do that once and awhile. Hopefully his characters will improve over his career. At the moment they are only two-dimensional. Cynthia Felice's book Godsfire is enjoyable reading. Though the ending is a bit too much, it is justified because of the actions of some of the characters early in the novel. Quite an interesting world is developed here, and I hope to see more of it. Lastly comes Stephen Donaldson. Here is a person who is of the stature to qualify for this award. His major work, The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever, though controversial were definitely a step further

in the fantasy field. His story "The Lady in White" proved that this trilogy was not just a fluke. The characters in all of his works are real people. The land is really land. Overall a more powerful work than any of the other nominees has to offer.

(1) Stephen Donaldson (2) Cynthia Felice (3) Charles Sheffield
(4) Barry Longyear (5) James P. Hogan

Professional Artist

Vincent DiFate, Stephen Fabian, David Hardy, Boris Vallejo, Michael Whelan

(Bil Lancaster) I'll leave "Best Pro Artist" alone, even though I have definite opinions in this area. I'm not ready to be an art critic yet.

(Charles Seelig) A fast rundown from someone who only knows what he likes. I haven't seen much of Stephen Fabian this year, but what I've seen doesn't really impress me too much. Vincent DiFate did the cover for The Dark Design and the new editions of the Dune trilogy for Berkley. His sharp clear style often impresses me, but there were really no outstanding pieces that I remember. Boris Vallejo did the cover for "The Magic Goes Away" and that wasn't as good as the black and white illios in the book itself done by another artist. I am getting tired of seeing legs and other things melt into the foreground. David Hardy gets by second place vote for his covers for F & SF during 1978, especially that fantastic one for the December issue. Just truly superb stuff. But the best overall for this year was Michael Whelan, I thought. Again a sharp, clear style meets my approval and the vast amount of work he has done combined with the quality takes first.

(1) Michael Whelan (2) David Hardy (3) Vincent DiFate
(4) Boris Vallejo (5) Stephen Fabian

Professional Editor James Baen, Ben Bova, Terry Carr, Edward Ferman, George Scithers

(Bil Lancaster) There are five good editors up for consideration. F & SF is my favorite magazine, so I tend to favor Ed Ferman. But I've also found that I can usually trust Terry Carr's judgement in his "Best of the Year", Universe, and other anthologies, both original and reprint. James Baen is responsible for such notable achievements as expanding the Ace SF line, Destinies, and getting rid of Perry Rhodan. Ben Bova printed quite a few very good stories and novels in Analog during 1978. And George Scithers made Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine the best-selling SF magazine, and then started Asimov's SF Adventure Magazine. Seems pretty near impossible to pick a single "Best Editor" out of this crowd.

(Charles Seelig) What are you looking for in a top editor. For me it was good SF. Columns, book reviews, and other stuff isn't what sells the magazine to me. Ed Ferman had the greatest percentage of fiction out of the three magazine editors while George Scithers had the most pages since Asimov's runs to 196. Asimov's does have a problem with all the joke and pun stories. Though there might be a large following for this stuff, I'd rather see some better fiction replace it. This was the first year I probably started reading F & SF regularly and I was really impressed. Analog keeps coming up with good stories year after year. Though I still dislike the letter column, that's a minor complaint. Covers were decent this year as they were for F & SF. Asimov's last cover for the year was quite stupid considering the story, so they lose out in that field. Terry Carr really didn't impress me with Universe 8 like he did with 7 and the "Best of the Year" though good, doesn't qualify

him for best editor in the same fashion as the Universe series does. Ace Books, with Jim Baen as editor, published more SF last year than anybody else. Destinies was okay for a first issue, but not as good as the three magazines. So it's Ferman in first place for the quality of the fiction, Bova in second for the continuing greatness of Analog, Baen third, for getting so much out, with so little of it being outright crap, Scithers in fourth since Asimov's has yet to get up to the average set by Analog and F & SF, and Carr fifth.

Short Story "Cassandra" by C.J. Cherryh, "Count the Clock That Tells the Time" by Harlan Ellison, "Stone" by Edward Bryant "The Very Slow Time Machine" by Ian Watson, "View From A Height" by Joan D. Vinge

(Bil Lancaster) The short story is particularly embarrassing to me, as I've only read one of the nominees. "The Very Slow Time Machine" is the title story of a collection by Ian Watson I didn't like very much. By itself, though, I'm sure it would be quite a bit more tolerable. It isn't a bad story, but it also isn't a particularly memorable one. As near as I could tell, "TVSTM", like the title device, never goes anywhere or does anything. I certainly wouldn't read it again.

(Charles Seelig) "Cassandra" is one of the four pessimistic stories nominated in this category. And boy is it pessimistic. Gloomy, or so gloomy. Aside from that, the character isn't that badly constructed, but the attitude really turned me off. Her other nominated work, The Faded Sun is much better. "Count the Clock" isn't as good as "Jeffy is Five", but then what is? Though a "down" story, it at least has a semi-happy ending. The characters are who they should be, people who start by being non-descript and then develop into real people. The scene sounds accurate for the type of place envisioned by Ellison. Not his best work but quite decent nevertheless. "Stone" is a story I really can't completely figure out. Though I have read it three times I still can't understand why the people in the story do their stuff. The background is well done. Certainly the system used in the story is on the verge of being developed. But because I can't understand the motivations this doesn't come in first. "The Very Slow Time Machine" was the worst of the five. It is boring, with no characterization whatsoever. The background seems to be completely messed up, there are no reasons, it's another gloomy story. At least the idea was original, but ideas aren't the only thing to base a story on. I can't really understand how this was nominated, surely there was better stuff written in the past year. At least "View From A Height" is an optimistic story. But this is not the only thing that qualifies it in mind for deserving first place. The protagonist is a person, who changes and learns throughout the story. The background is a part of the story, not simply described but interwoven. This is something I want to see more of whether it be sequel or prequel. The character lives and deserves more than one short story. Also the entire idea of the story is quite good. I really don't think that there is anything bad to say about this one. (1) "View From A Height" (2) "Count the Clock" (3) "Cassandra" (4) "Stone" (5) "Time Machine"

Remember when, "Here were fourteen million square miles of land which, until this moment, had never been more than a pinhead in the mightiest telescope. They would race by in minutes, and must make the most of the encounter, recording all the information they could." A description of the passage of the Discovery by the moon Europa. From 2001: a space odyssey

Novelette "The Barbie Murders" by John Varley, "Devil You Don't Know" by Dean Ing, "Hunter's Moon" by Poul Anderson, "The Man Who Had No Idea", by Thomas M. Disch, "Mikal's Songbird" by Orson Scott Card

(Bil Lancaster) John Varley's "The Barbie Murders" is a good, solid example of his writing. It presents a rather novel problem: how do you find one particular person in a community in which everybody tries as hard as possible to be just like everybody else? It is a story well worth reading--it won't disappoint you unless you expect it to be just like "Persistence of Vision". Thomas M. Disch, author of "The Man who Had No Idea", is one of my very favorite writers. Unfortunately, I have no idea what this story is about. I do remember being excited about it and feeling that it was very, very good. When I get the chance, I'll read it again. Even from only my dim recollections of the story, I would recommend it wholeheartedly. "Mikal's Songbird" is typical Card in the same way that "Barbie Murders" is typical Varley and "Man Who Had No Idea" is typical Disch; that is, it is excellent. If memory serves, "Mikal's Songbird" is a bit more poetic and optimistic than most of Card's shorter work, and therefore it stands out from the rest of his work. When the expanded version comes out, I'll be reading it as soon as I can.

(Charles Seelig) "The Barbie Murders" is a good tight story. Things that are impossible stay that way and people find solutions that work instead of just complaining. Characters well constructed, even those who should not be. And a fine conclusion based on the morals of the protagonist in the story. Background set up nicely. One problem, no emotional impact, but why does that have to be the case every time. "Devil You Don't Know" Interesting ideas but only a couple of future developments though the story takes place a decade from now. But that's not the point of the story. Protagonist does change because of lessons learned and things experienced so that's a plus point. Most of the other characters rather vacant, but on the whole good enough for the length of the story. Plot certainly believable for the future and I'm sure the conditions shown are quite real. "Hunter's Moon" is the best story I've read out of the Medea series. Fine interaction between aliens and humans, aliens and aliens, and humans and humans. With the background of the planet already established, Anderson blends it in well with the rest of the story. Ending certainly emotionally charged. And even a logical ending along with it. And a logical solution. "The Man Who Had No Idea" was really the only story out of the five not to turn me on. Certainly it was an interesting idea, but what was the purpose of the story. What central question is answered? Nothing really seems to happen. The characters aren't real, they don't learn. Background is good however and that's a point in the story's favor. "Mikal's Songbird" did turn me on. Card, as usual did an excellent job of writing. The usual idea of having a dictator as the head of the government was not original for Card, but it didn't detract from the story too much. There is a mystery involved with the story and clues are given. Characters, as usual are well-done. The idea of a songbird is quite well set up, though I'd like to have a little more background, but that should come up in the prequel. Now the problem is to determine the first four places. The following is my list, but the first place story might have taken fourth or vice versa. (1) "Songbird" (2) "Hunter's Moon" (3) "Devil You Don't Know" (4) "The Barbie Murders" (5) "The Man Who Had No Idea"

Novella "Enemies of the System" by Brian Aldiss, "Fireship" by Joan D. Vinge, "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley, "Seven American Nights" by Gene Wolfe, "The Watched" by Christopher Priest

(Bil Lancaster) John Varley's novella "Persistence of Vision" is one of the most remarkable pieces of writing I've ever seen. The community he describes is completely and logically worked out. The protagonist's reaction to it is believable. And overall it is intensely moving--more than a year later, I don't think I've fully recovered. With luck, I never will. The story is a perfect example of what this genre can do at its best. To me, the most interesting aspect of Brian W. Aldiss' "Enemies of the System" was in its showing the different ways that man can evolve--or degenerate--under different conditions. There are fish-men, dog-men, horse-men, mole-men, savage-men, and perhaps most disappointing, civilized men whose culture hasn't changed in the least in some incredible amount of time. This story is at its best when it acts as a travelogue, simply displaying the various types of men and the way they interact. It was nicely done, but emotionally cold--in sharp contrast with the warmth of the Varley story. I'm a bit surprised that Joan D. Vinge's "Fireship" was even nominated. Vinge is a good writer, but "Fireship" is not a good example of her writing. When I read it, I felt cheated and disappointed. Not only is it not of lasting merit, but I don't feel it had even momentary merit, aside from being a mildly-enjoyable light read.

(Charles Seelig) "Fireship" is a good example of the type of story Analog produces each year: a story with good background, an amazing idea or two, quick-paced action, and all in all an enjoyable read. But Vinge makes more of this than most writers. Ethan Ring could very well be a logical development between a computer and a human being, and someone as unusual as that could very well undergo similar experiences. The story doesn't really have a deep moral to it, but the plot, background, and this time the characters are enough to place it among the top for the year. There are a couple of illogical things, but they could be explained given enough room.

"The Persistence of Vision" is more than a good SF story, it is a good story, period. It probably was the best piece of fiction written in the English language thus year. And why not? The characters are just fantastic. Logical developments of the society that spawns them. The set-up of Keller is complete. Everything is in there; morals, customs, eating habits, communication, food, industry, history. It's just so complete. What happens in the story is what should happen. I'd like to go on, but I'm sure by now you have read it. You haven't? Well all three of the "Best of the Year" collections have it, Carr's is in the novella book, not the one just published last month. "Seven American Nights" by Gene Wolfe really never explains itself. The background given is really quite minimal and I still don't really understand what happened to America. I don't really understand what happens to the protagonist either. You see he writes in a style that is very confusing. He knows the obvious, but we don't so there is a communications gap. The other characters are really not very well done. Very anonymous and vacant. Maybe that's the way Wolfe wanted it but it certainly doesn't help the story any. The other two stories nominated I still haven't read, but I should before the balloting ends. For the three I did read (1) "Persistence of Vision" (2) "Fireship" (3) "Seven American Nights"

And now, for the final category,

Novel

Blind Voices by Tom Reamy, Dreamsnake by Vonda McIntyre,
The Faded Sun: Kesrith by C.J. Cherryh, Up the Walls of the World
by James Tiptree Jr., The White Dragon by Anne McCaffrey

(Bill Lancaster) The more I think about Tom Reamy's Blind Voices, the more I like it. It's similarity to Sturgeon's Dreaming Jewels no longer bothers me, as what Reamy does with a similar setting is very different. And while Jewels was a fairly disappointing book (considering the writer), Blind Voices isn't. I'll never be able to think about Blind Voices without wondering what Reamy might have eventually written had he lived. It's a book well worth reading--more than once, if I ever find the time. Up the Walls of the World is "James Tiptree Jr's" first novel, and like many first novels it is largely a promise of things to come. Tiptree/Sheldon has written some remarkable stories, several of which have won awards. World, while it is very good, doesn't quite capture the energy of the shorter works. It is very well-written, and the bringing together of three different species from three different parts of the galaxy is brought off convincingly. It seems unlikely--as is the case in most of Tiptree's work--but never contrived. It is worth reading, but it may not be of as lasting value as, say, Blind Voices

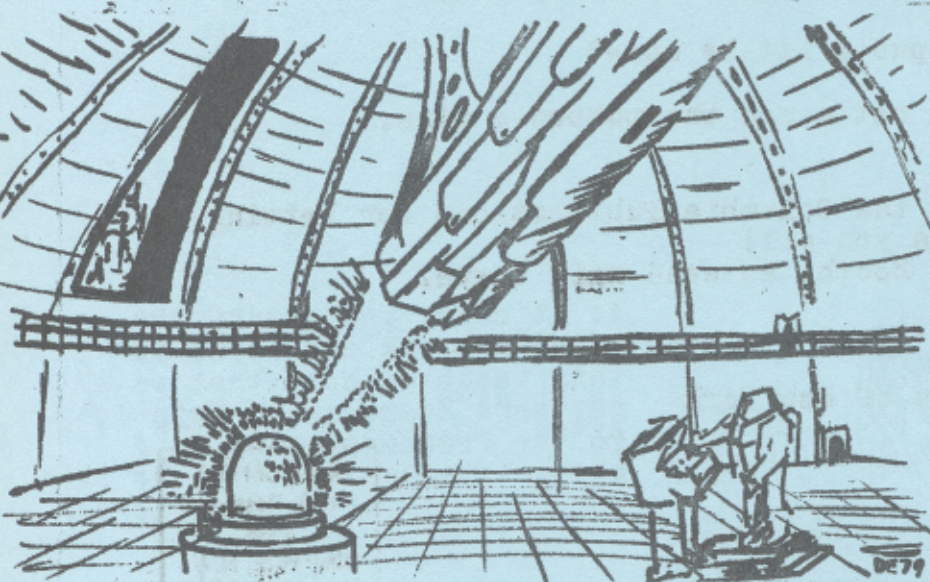
(Susan Kahn) As the beginning of the trilogy, Faded Sun: Kesrith satisfied my curiosity but left enough for me to want to read the next book.

(Charles Seelig) I haven't read Tiptree's novel yet, but the other four I can comment on. Dreamsnake won the best novel award in the Nebula balloting conducted this spring and may well have deserved it. Parts of the book appeared over a few months in Analog and some of this disjointedness shows through. One problem the novel has is that it goes in too many tangents. Places are visited and people are met, but the question between them and the protagonist is sometimes not answered. The protagonist is well constructed. She has doubts, feelings, makes mistakes, doesn't know what to do in certain situations, and other things that show she is human. Her skills are part of a background which is possibly the best part of the book. The lands and the people are evolved from the disaster in America and certainly believable. What I'd like is to hear more about these societies and groups. Morals and customs show up well here also. They are in the book not just for show, but for good reasons. The plot, well, the central question, or at least one of them is answered, but because of all the twists and turns, however, it seems to take a long time. Overall the book is quite good but not as good as some of the others on the list. Blind Voices is not of the "some". I liked this book, but the ending, the situation and a few other points worry me. Yes, the situation is like that of Dreaming Jewels and that's one of the points I have against the book. The background to the book is much better than Jewels however so that is a point in its favor. Characters for the most part are carried off well. I like these people, but a few really didn't get what they deserved by the end of the book. Why kill them off? The idea behind the book is O.K. The ending isn't. After all these incredible incidents occur everything goes back to normal. For once I'd like to see what happens when everything doesn't do that. What would the townspeople think about this whole thing? What would the government do? But with points both for and against this book, how am I going to vote?

The Faded Sun: Kesrith deserves a shot at the top novel award. It is quite a good book. The two alien societies handled in detail are extraordinarily well-organized. Really, this is some of the best stuff I've seen in the last few years. And yet it is not thickly laid so as to bore the reader. It is a part of the book. The aliens themselves are not humans, though they can have human emotions. They act for their own reasons, not those of humans. And the interaction between the aliens and the humans is really pulled off well. The characters, either alien or human, are fully there, each with their own history and background. There also have diasaters facing them or already have experience them. But unlike the protagonist in Cassandra, they do not sit idly by and wait for things to happen to them. On the contrary, they act which definitely makes a difference in my opinion of Eherryh's writing. As soon as I can I will be reading the second book in the trilogy. And finally we come to The White Dragon. In my opinion, this novel has the best chance to win the Hugo in the category. There are just so many fans out there who have taken this series to heart, and who will automatically vote for this book. And if this does come about, there is going to be an awful lot of yelling and screaming from fans who thought any of the other four were better written. They will say that The White Dragon

does not deserve to win the award because it does not have a fancy writing style, or deep moral significance or a number of other things. Maybe that is true. But it is quite a fine book. The main thing outside the plot seems to be about the process of growing up and taking responsibility for your actions, or even being grown up and doing the same thing. It is not the easiest thing to write about, yet McGaffrey is able to handle it. Few authors would attempt to

hold their readers for a series that lasts five or six books and yet this is not the end of the entire story. Characters are as they have been, even more so perhaps. And time is taking its toll on everybody, something you rarely see. The background continues to get deeper and deeper and there seems to be no end to the number of things that could be hidden in this planet. It's fun watching the people of Pern deal with devices that only until recently came out of science fiction. However the series is getting to be a bit long, though this book is considerably better in some respects than the others, especially in the interaction between the characters and the background given about the customs, morals and politics of Pern. If all this is true, then the decision comes down between these two books, Faded Sun and White Dragon. Both are excellent in many categories, as the top novel should be. I wish I could vote for both of them. Well, I will probably be voting for Faded Sun because the characters a just a tiny bit more real. Oh well, (1) Faded Sun: Kesrith (2) The White Dragon (3) Dreamsnake (4) Blind Voices. All you should read, not a bomb in the lot.





43... -17 SAYS: YOU
YOUR THE ONE.

As it says, you, your, the one. After all the work done on this issue we hope that we will get some comments on this ish. To the freshmen, send us a note, if you like. To the fans, think about subscribing to one of the least inexpensive zines in fandom. To the fanzine editors, we hope you'll like this enough to trade with us.

I goofed in the Fan Artist Award comments. The person who does the detailed Algol/Starship artwork is Derek Carter, so Jim Barker moves to second and Alexis Gilliland moves to third.

In our next issue we hope to have a bunch of letters, and from Big Bil Lancaster's bulging bag of book reviews some insight on the decency of the common man. There will also be a quiz on first stories by Ben Fulves and maybe even something by the editor if he's awake by then.

One, two, three, four, can we pub a little more?
All you need are locs.
In the town that I was born, I met a man who pubbed a zine.

Maxwell's Fanzine Column.

And our thanks (believe me) to the Columbia Publications for letting us use their mailing permit, bless you all!
Our real address is 317 Ferris Booth, so send mail there.

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