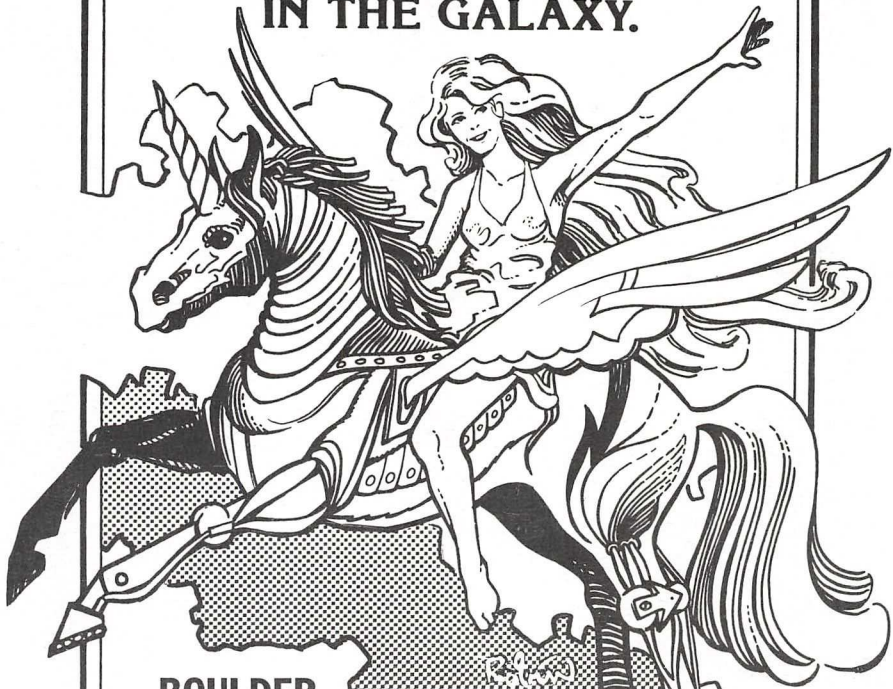




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Gettin' on with it.

Here's wishing everyone a wonderful time at Noreascon Two! Look for our table, come up and say hello, buy a T-shirt, we'd love to meet you.

Information is still pretty light for this P.R. We just recently got a letter from the Trimbles saying that they would love to take charge of our masquerade, and we're delighted at that. Artists in F.A.N. and A.S.F.A. are giving us feedback on our art show. And collated into the center of this report you'll find Don Thompson's special edition of DENotations which addresses the issue of where and how the convention got to be laid out the way it is. We also have a report from our treasurer showing where the money has been going.

If you want to know more you have to ask more questions. We expect a lot more input from our members after Noreascon Two, and P.R. Three will undoubtedly be the biggest information issue yet.

* * * * *

With my art director's hat on I would like to send out a call for art for the C.L. Moore-Clifford Simak Portfolio to be printed in the Denvention Two Program Book. Illustrations should fit a 7x10-inch format and be accompanied by a SASE. Though I won't be starting work on the Program Book until spring, it wouldn't hurt that you should be thinking about it now. Best.—*Phil*.

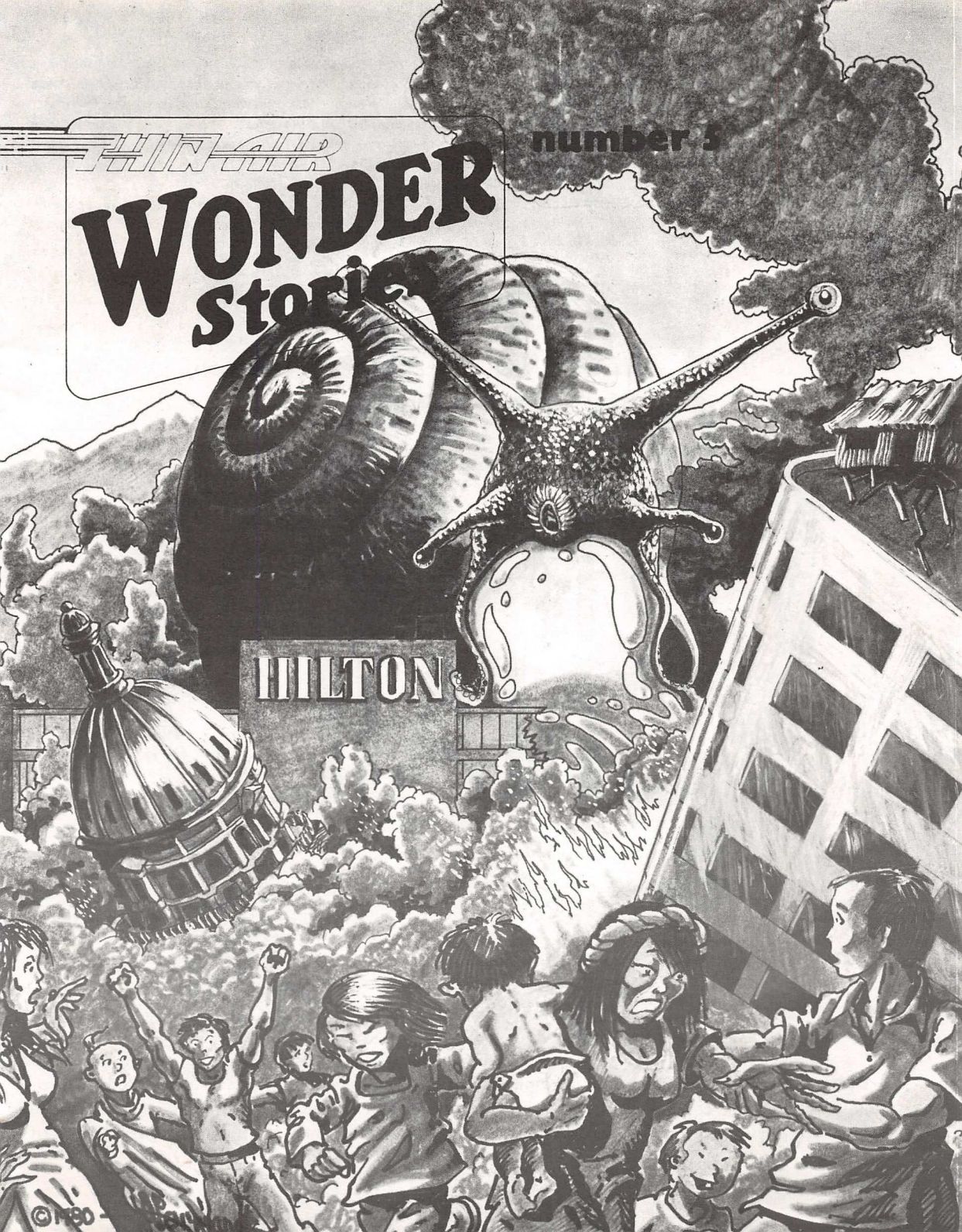
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IN AIR

number 5

WONDER STORIES



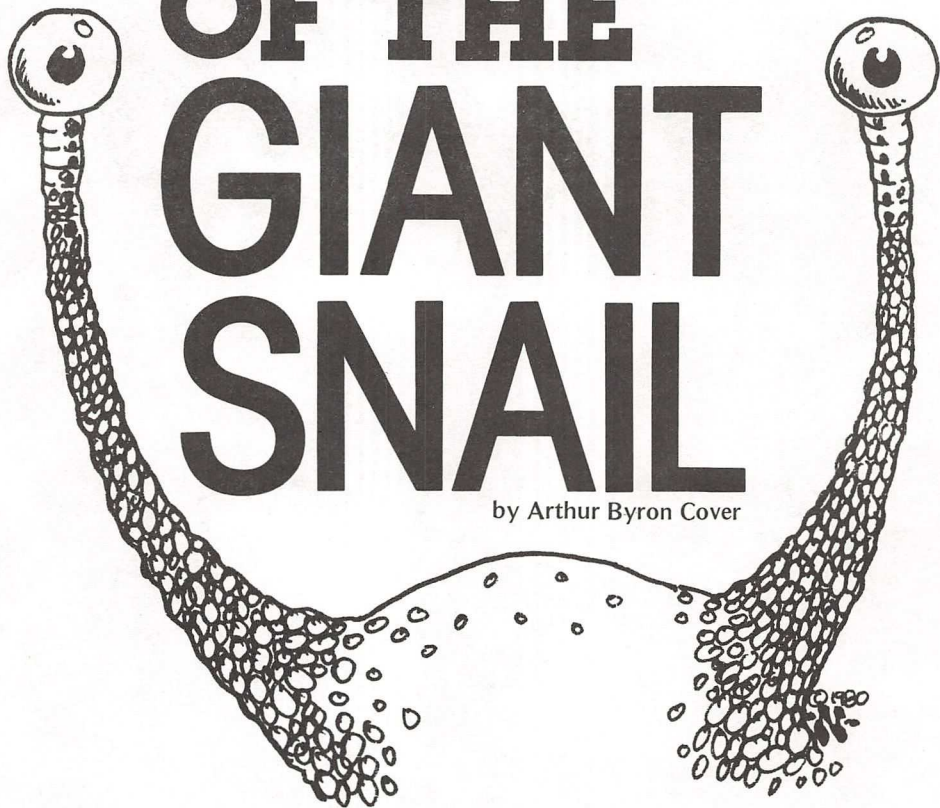
MILTON

The extravaganza that follows simply is not easy to label. It is an excerpt from Attack of the Giant Snail, a piece which is, in turn, the first half of a project called Kung Fu Werewolves. This is all an extended treatment for what, if eventually filmed, should be one of the strangest and most spectacular SF horror movies ever made. The author, Arthur Byron Cover, is responsible for such books as Autumn Angels, The Sound of Winter, and The Platypus of Doom. That last title, a classic of taxonomy, is soon to be re-issued by Berkley Books. His latest novel is An East Wind Rising, which concerns, among other characters, the Consulting Detective and the Ripper. Berkley will also be printing Arthur's brand new novel, The Lingerin Spring. Another upcoming Cover project is the novelization of the Dino De Laurentis movie, Flash Gordon.

Now, to the story. Rather than attempting to explain that the hero, Lac Long, is the leader of a gang of teen-aged werewolves which has just been decimated in a rumble, or that the horrendous giant snail, Champa, is rampaging around the landscape of North Viet Nam, let us simply set you down now on the streets of Hanoi. Hanoi? Read on.

ATTACK OF THE GIANT SNAIL

by Arthur Byron Cover



Dawn. The streets of Hanoi are beginning to come to life again. People walk or ride bicycles. Occasionally they wave or speak to others, but the

majority are clearly minding only their own business, wrapping themselves in cocoons formed of their own concerns. Nevertheless there is something stirring and uplifting in this resurgence of

life; and if the people are somewhat insular, we suspect that later in the day they will become friendlier. The camera finds, focuses upon, and follows a young beauty approximately twenty years old. She wears a demure blue shirt and jacket, with a white blouse. Though she wears black high-heels, her walk is smooth and graceful, without a trace of awkwardness even as she increases her pace to avoid a limousine (whose driver is inconsiderate of pedestrians—typical of capitalistic lackeys). She carries a blue suede purse. Her black hair is cut short and set to compliment the oval shape of her face; her eyes are large and enticing; her nose is small and round. She is Trung Trac Dong, the heroine of our picture.

She walks to an apartment building which we recognize as one of the most luxurious Hanoi has to offer. The doorman allows her entrance; he smiles to himself as he watches the swaying of her hips. She walks past the plants and the opulent interior fountain and the orderly napping in a chair outside the manager's office. She pushes a button and the elevator opens immediately.

We cut to a shot of Trung Trac walking down the hallway (which has a blue motif). She stops at her door and inserts her hand into a lock which electronically scans her fingerprints; the door opens and she enters. We hear her exclaim something.

We cut to a shot inside her apartment. She is standing at the doorway; she has dropped her purse; we see her recovering her composure and placing her hands on her hips. For a moment we are inclined to regard her indignation as comical.

We cut to Lac Long sitting on the light green couch in the sunken living room. Behind him is an open window; the wind billows the blue curtains, implying via its very visual impact that he used the window to gain entry. We are seeing his daylight self for the first time. He is pale and haggard, but we realize that were it not for the wounds he sustained during the rumble, his would be an affable and healthy face. His noble bone structure and smooth yellow skin have lent him a stark, charis-

matic quality. His nose is flattened and his mouth is wide. He smiles weakly at her, showing perfect teeth; he withdraws a hand from his tattered robe—a hand stained with fresh blood. One of his wounds ruptured during his transformation. "I'm truly sorry," he says in a pleasant voice. "I tried not to bleed on your couch."

"Don't mock my materialism," says Trung Trac in all seriousness as she walks briskly to him. She kneels in front of him, opens his robe, and nods. "It's not bad. Wait and I'll mix a salve and bring some bandages."

We cut to a shot from a corner of the room near the door. Various items, including bandages and a solar-powered eggbeater, are on the teak coffee table in front of the couch. We are permitted our first good look at Trung Trac's apartment. Near the open window are electronically locked sliding glass doors that lead to a terrace, providing them (and us) with an imposing view of the skyscrapers with straw roofs. Fernlike plants of a mutated species created by the chemical residue of defoliants grow in pots on the floor, on tables, and hanging from the ceiling. Though the majority of the furniture is decidedly Western in make and tone, the lampshades and vases have colorful designs we associate with the East; the origin of these designs is not confined to any one country. Lac Long's *nunchakus* rest atop his crumpled robe, which itself is atop an empty pillowcase on the floor. Trung Trac is cleaning Lac Long's wounds with cotton and rubbing alcohol. Occasionally he grimaces as her medicine stings him. The camera slowly zooms in toward them. Evidently our hero has been recounting the night's events, for he says, "I knew that though I was cursed with my night-self, I would never harm you."

"As I know—from experience."

"And I was too weak to roam the city alone. So I came here and awaited your return."

"I slept at Paul's."

"I know," says Lac Long coldly. "There is no need to speak openly of such matters."

“Trung Trac!”

“Spare me your weary puritanism. I can’t say your moral purity has done you any good.”

Lac Long’s face, which had been tense with his anger, relaxes; he has been hurt by the truth of her words. He hangs his head and nods. “It is so. I only strive for purity and for a genuine dedication to the economic and social principles of my country. I am cursed with duality and duplicity in my heart as well as in my being.” He looks longingly at her as she sits beside him. “Only your love can heal me.”

She opens a jar of frozen maggots and pours them into a bowl. “Even my father warned me about men who said that. I’m surprised at you.”

“I apologize most humbly and sincerely. I was desperate.”

She smiles demurely at him. “There is no need for desperation.”

He grabs her by the shoulders, pulls her toward him, and kisses her fiercely. At first she resists, then she submits; she runs her hands through his hair. When they release one another, her face is flushed, her smile is almost ecstatic. The koto plays a passionate passage. She pretends to fix her hair and moves away. “I must finish this,” she says meekly.

“So you are a true subservient woman after all.”

“Upon occasion. Whenever it pleases me to act the roles our older tradition dictates for women.” She shreds leaves over the frozen maggots in the bowl.

“‘Our older tradition.’” Lac Long laughs to himself. “Division is our only tradition.”

The koto music stops abruptly. They turn, almost instinctively, toward the receiver. A newscaster says, “So sorry to interrupt this program. Pleased to bring you a news bulletin. The most illustrious authorities have issued a statement to the effect that Champa the Giant Snail will most definitely enter the city limits of Hanoi late this afternoon or soon after nightfall. I regret to repeat: Champa the Giant Snail . . .”

We cut to a closeup of Trung Trac’s wide-

eyed face. The newscaster’s voice is mixed down until it is inaudible; simultaneously, violins playing eerie, ethereal sounds which are not quite music are mixed upward. The camera lingers on her face; our view gradually goes out of focus. We begin to fade out. It becomes evident that this is a flashback.

Fade in on a Trung Trac of approximately fifteen years. She wears a plain white dress with patterns of red flowers. Her hair is tied in two thick pigtailed. We zoom out and see that she is walking near a rice-paddy with her younger, half-black brother, Minh Mang. A three-year-old, he is riding naked on a mutated water buffalo. Trung Trac is resting her hand on its huge neck. We follow them for a few moments, long enough to comprehend that we are viewing one of the many areas of Vietnam which has been contaminated with defoliation mutation.

The sun appears red in the reflection in the still, purple water. But there is a ripple in the lower right-hand corner of our view, where a six-limbed frog has submerged. Though the sky must be described as blue, there is an unearthly fuzziness in its tone which reinforces the dreamlike aura of our scene. The golden rice grows in clusters. In the horizon are black mountains and tall yellow palms with green bark.

The water buffalo has a horn like a unicorn; its fur is white, accentuating the pink of its lips and the pink around its eyes. It seems slightly larger than the normal water buffalo, and it seems to be more intelligent as well. However, there is no improvement where its temperament is concerned; and we are amazed, as foreigners are amazed, that a small helpless child such as Minh Mang is in little or no danger from such a beast.

We pan to the left and see their destination. Beyond a field of mutated orange grass is a house that would seem more appropriate in the outskirts of a modest French hamlet. Though we view it from a distance, we see smoke rising from a stone chimney, shutters at the windows, and a woman trimming flowers in a garden. The house has an

inherent ramshackle quality we find friendly. The violins play softly, but when we pan back to Trung Trac and her brother on the water buffalo, and further back to a hill of sludge, garbage and contaminated soil upon which grows glowing mutated plants (and there are many other such hills in the background), the music becomes ominous.

Then the music ceases; the tranquillity vanishes.

We hear pebbles rolling down the hill, striking rocks and tin and glass. We hear an almost subliminal rumble; its volume gradually builds, matching pace with the violence of the small landslide. After twenty seconds, all is silent again. Nothing moves. Even the air seems still, as if some hand had caused it to rest for all eternity.

Without warning, several things happen simultaneously. We are shocked, frightened, utterly dumbfounded as we see, within the space of a second, the black dirt beneath the garbage-laden hill explode like a geyser into the air, followed by the emergence of—Champa the Giant Snail!

At first we are not entirely certain what we view. The black dirt has lingered in a cloud which obscures the creature. But not even the volume of the rocks falling down the hill, many cracking loudly and breaking into pieces, can obscure the sickening slurp the creature makes as it tentatively begins to climb out. Beneath the vaguely consistent pattern of the slurping is the whisper of the air wind. It is not difficult to imagine the dissipating black dust coating the mouth, parching the throat, suffocating.

But it is Champa who arrests our attention. It is nearly thirty meters tall and fifteen meters wide. The snail rests (one might say *rears*) on its foot, which, like those of most advanced gastropods, is a flat muscular organ. However, it is not as quiet as we would normally suppose a glandularized foot to be. In addition to the slurping noise caused by the secretion of its runny brown slime, the contracting of the muscles of the foot creates a crackling noise resembling, we imagine, the breaking of bones. Whenever the foot moves we hear these sounds at a consistent volume.

The brown slime has begun to run down the hill, providing the giant snail with the lubrication it requires to go forward. The slime coats the palpitating foot. As the creature strains to ascend the small rise preventing it from sliding at once down the hill, we notice that the shell has circular ridges in the center which forms the bulk; it extends upward, shaping itself into a triangular flattened hood which helps to perpetuate the peculiar aura of intelligence we sense in the creature. To some extent the hood shades the head, which is smooth and slimy; there is no possibility for a remote sensation of self-recognition for a clue to the particulars of the creature's intellect. Beneath the hood extend two brown flexible stalks with glowing pink eyes that close and open like those of a mammal; in fact, the snail has circular pupils which expand and contract in the pink irises. Between and beneath the stalks is the snail's mouth; it too extends from the head, although not nearly as far as the eyes. Muscles thrust a row of over a thousand tiny teeth (the radula) from the mouth; they thrust with a certain amount of hesitation which is, we suppose, due to the fact that the creature has never performed this function before. The snail has two arms, each resembling the eyestalks, each between the shell and the undulating ridges that end just below the mouth. When the snail's arms are not in use, they are coiled, never appearing to be at rest; we expect them to uncurl quickly. We expect to hear the snail snort, adding an occasional punctuation to the steady din. The lack of punctuation creates another eerie dimension, for we sense intelligence though there is no way for the creature to express it.

So there is no declaration of triumph, through any sort of indication, when the creature finally heaves itself upward enough to allow the ridges of the foot to pull itself down the hill. We suspect, and our suspicions are soon vindicated, that Champa will greet every accomplishment exactly as it greets failure—with a thorough stoicism. Gradually it becomes easier for Champa to progress, and it almost slides down to the bottom.

The camera zooms out to permit us to view more of the countryside about Champa; we imagine we can see what it

(continued on p. 21)

THE LIE THAT LIGHTS

by Edward Bryant



This autumn, Underwood-Miller of San Francisco will publish *All the Lies That Are My Life*, a "silver anniversary" volume commemorating Harlan Ellison's twenty-fifth year as a professional writer. The book will contain the title novella (which will appear, slightly cut, in the November 1980 issue of the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*) in the company of illustrations by Kent Bash and a group of introductions and/or commentaries by such as Robert Silverberg, Thomas Disch, Robert Sheckley, Vonda N. McIntyre, and others. "The Lie That Lights" is Edward Bryant's contribution to *All the Lies That Are My Life*.

The author says: "The Lie That Lights' isn't so much fiction or outright fact as it is a blending. Readers should be acutely wary of viewing either 'All the Lies' or 'The Lie That Lights' as roman a clef fiction. Some of the fictional constructs do things that happened in life. Some of the real characters do things that never actually happened. Harlan's novella starts with the funeral of a famous writer, someone somewhat resembling Harlan Ellison. What the story is about is the enormous influence that the primary character wielded in life, and how, in death, that influence continues to affect his survivors. It is a story in which facts are played with to illuminate truths. Does all that seem unduly ambiguous? Have fun with it."

"This is an extremely sophisticated novelistic voice to assume, rich in possibilities for multi-leveled ambiguity and infinite self-reflexiveness, and these possibilities are well-realized in the structure of the novel, which closes in on itself in an esthetically satisfying open-ended question deliberately embodied in the title."

—Gregor Markowitz
from *The Literature of Social Entropy*

The sun comes up not so much like thunder, but more like the dynamic thrum of the Ventura Freeway down to my left in the valley. The early-morning flood of traffic roars and resonates, emptying the bedroom communities of the San Fernando Valley. The trees keep me from seeing the carapaced glitter of vehicles, but my ears cannot ignore the sound. I am in Southern California and the sound is as insidious and omnipresent as Muzak.

I am sitting in Harlan's art deco dining pavilion, staring at the nimbus of rising light to the east that signals the emergence of the sun above the rugged crest of the watershed. The smallest arc of the sun lies just over the line of hills; the dazzle begins to scour out my vision and I turn back to the table, the dazzle-spots swimming across the transparent top.

The pavilion is a dining area in the shape of half a decagon, projecting out like a bay window from the old wall of the kitchen. The construction is all glass and tile and stainless steel. Diners sit on a continuous semicircle of cushions upholstered in gray corduroy. The three steps leading up to the floor, and the floor itself, are surfaced with slick tile, a darker gray than the cushions. I reach behind me and touch switches; tiny electric motors finish whining open the metal blinds over the five square panes. I lay fingertips on other switches: overhead spots, the dais aura behind the glass brick row by my feet, lights behind the deco leaded glass skylight, the blue neon strip around the rim of the nook. Now the lights are off, I gauge the progress of the sun, switch my mind to the day mode, and finish my coffee.

There's a metal plaque behind my head that lists the name of the woman who designed this deco dining area. She had never designed anything this ambitious before. This was not a project to be acquired in die-cut kit form from the home furnishings boutique catalog of I. Magnin. It was designed and built from scratch, and modified as things progressed. Harlan took a chance on both designer and builder. It was a hell of a dare, but it paid off.

I lean on my elbows on the Italian glass table-top. The top rests on an equally transparent lucite base. Meals here in the company of others have astonished me with the number of people who habitually scratch their crotches, forgetting for the moment that they're performing beneath a transparent table.

Harlan's chance-taking has paid off. This is a one-of-a-kind creation, and it's beautiful. How many other men can dine in unique, art deco splendor, and watch their friends playing footsie below the stoneware service?

A night of no sleep has put a psychedelic tinge on my perceptions and a peculiar emphasis on certain words. Chances. I admire the hell out of writers who take genuine chances. It's a characteristic that stands out from other literary virtues.

It's so goddamned easy for a writer to yield to the temptation to capitalize on past successes! One best-seller, an award-winning story, a movie, maybe, and the publisher or studio says, "Listen, do something fresh and unique, but make it just like the immediate triumph we all just made a bundle on! Keep your audience secure. Don't spoil their expectations with surprises. Trust us; the checks will pyramid."

The checks, the income, the gravy may flow; but the writer's talent begins to die a little. Talent is a dynamic, growing, stretching thing. Put on artificial constraints and something in the soul starts to perish. Maybe you'll continue being a good writer (assuming you were one before), but you'll sure as hell never be a fine one.

So you keep tackling ambitious new projects, structures you've not tried before, approaches you've never considered. But you take chances. You risk alienating the audience who loved you when you were younger and simpler. And maybe your sense of innovation sometimes plays you false—that's a legitimate possibility also. But if you don't try—if you don't take the chances—then you'll just never know, will you?

A writer taking chances is not making things any easier on him- or herself. But then, that's not the point.

I evidently fall asleep somewhere in the rhetoric, because when I jerk awake, it's at the sound of the front door closing, and it is sometime else. Marty, Harlan's assistant, walks into the kitchen and sets down a small bag of groceries on the counter. She is blonde and obscenely perky for this early in the morning. "Good morning," she says.

I glance at my watch. "Isn't it—"

"Early?" She nods. "I thought I'd better get here before everything comes unglued. Did Harlan finish packing for Tokyo?"

I shrug.

"I'll make sure," Marty says. "I have a feeling it'll be chaos this morning. Arthur's coming by with the books from the Hobbit. The pest control people should be here soon to spray the foundation for ants. That's just the beginning. You know Mondays."

"Marty? You just get here, Marty?" The disembodied voice floats from the back hallway. The tone is half sleepy, plaintive child; half restive badger disturbed from hibernation in its burrow. Harlan walks into the kitchen rubbing his eyes. His hair is tousled. He is wearing the red bathrobe with Little Orphan Annie's face stitched on the back. He stops dead in the center of the room and stares at me. "You," he says. "You duplicitous sack of shit. There was exactly one Eskimo Pie in the freezer when I went to bed at ten. I got up starving at midnight and there were none. Any explanation?"

"Good morning, Gort." I shrug again. "I was hungry. I hadn't had any supper. There was nothing in the refrigerator. A person's got to survive."

"You won't have to worry about that," he says sourly. He stretches his arms in a vast yawn. "Christ, I don't want to go to Japan."

"You'll love it," says Marty. "Your publisher in Tokyo is going to treat you like a star. It'll be the best vacation you've had in years."

"It's the *only* vacation I've had in years," Harlan says. The phone rings, echoing and amplified in the kitchen. "The first one of the day. How do they know? How do they always know?" He picks up the receiver of the wall phone. "Yeah?" Pause. "Lady, where are you calling from?" Pause. "Do you know what time it is in L.A.?" Pause. "Yeah, that's right. Listen, if you really gotta talk to me about that, will you call back later? Okay. Good-bye." He hangs up the phone. "The year 2008 would be a good later." Harlan takes a coffee mug from the wall peg. The mug is shaped like a human head, ceramic features formed in the likeness of Roger Corman. "First loon of the day," Harlan says, "Lord love 'em."

"Crank?" Marty sounds concerned.

"Mary something-or-other from Cambridge. All she wanted to know was who was whom and what in 'All the Lies.'"

"Like a shopping list," I say. "I got two of those last night while you were at the screening."

"I must have gotten at least six before I quit for the day," Marty says. "I've started telling them just to read *Ragtime*."

"I got a doozy," I say. "Some guy phoned and suggested that in a future rewrite you refer—or have Larry refer—to the two books presumably written by Bran Winslow as the Kellogg Novels."

"Kellogg . . ." Harlan looks bewildered.

"All Bran."

Harlan says, "For chrissake, it's too early for that. Not funny."

The doorbell chimes. Marty is gone almost

before we can detect her leaving. I hear her open the front door. "Arthur! Come on in."

Arthur Byron Cover is thirty, a transplanted Virginian with a pronounced up-the-hollow drawl. He is also a writer who creates work of splendid strangeness such as *The Platypus of Doom*. Arthur happens to be the spitting image of the comic book character, Thor. His lank blond hair and bold features make him a ringer for the Norse superhero—except for being constructed to three-quarter scale. And Thor never wore tee-shirts exclusively. Today Arthur sports his "Drake Vader" shirt.

He sets down a taped and sealed carton. "Lydia got everything packed," he says. "They're all here, the copies your publishers asked for."

Harlan smacks his palms together in glee. "Hot damn . . . twenty titles. I'm even gonna be a star in the Ryukus."

The triumph is ingenuous and infectious. Marty smiles, Art grins, and even I feel my expression go less catatonic.

The phone rings again and Harlan answers it sunnily: "*Hello* there, Ellison Let's-Forget-December-7th Amnesty and Forgiveness Committee Headquarters, may we help you?" Pause. His expression alters mercurially. "*You* again, lady?" Pause. "Yeah. Uh-huh." Pause. "Look, you know what a docudrama is? Yeah. Fictionalized documentary. Semi-real. Touches truth in at least ten places. Anyhow . . ." Pause. "No. *Touches* truth." Pause. His features twist wryly. "Look, do you think every story I write is an accurate and faithful representation of my life? For chrissake, lady, if I write about homosexuality or drug addiction or venality or violence, does it necessarily follow that I'm gay, a junkie, greedy beyond rationality, or a crazed killer?" Long pause. "No, you don't know me." Pause. "Yeah, that's a good image—a *lot* like Dr. Frankenstein sewing together dead bodies. Only with luck and craft, the stitch marks don't show." Pause. "That's absolutely right, lady." Harlan looks at the rest of us in the kitchen

and rocks his head from side to side. His lips form a moue. "Fact ain't necessarily truth and vice versa. G'bye." He sets down the phone. "She ain't exactly a quick study, but she's got possibilities." He puts his hands together like the prow of a boat and arrows toward the refrigerator. "Orange juice! I've gotta have my orange juice so I can grow up and be strong." Marty hands him a cut glass goblet with an etched portrait of Uncle Scrooge.

Arthur tries to quote Pushkin in his Virginia accent: "'Better the lies that exalt us than ten thousand facts.' Right, Harlan?"

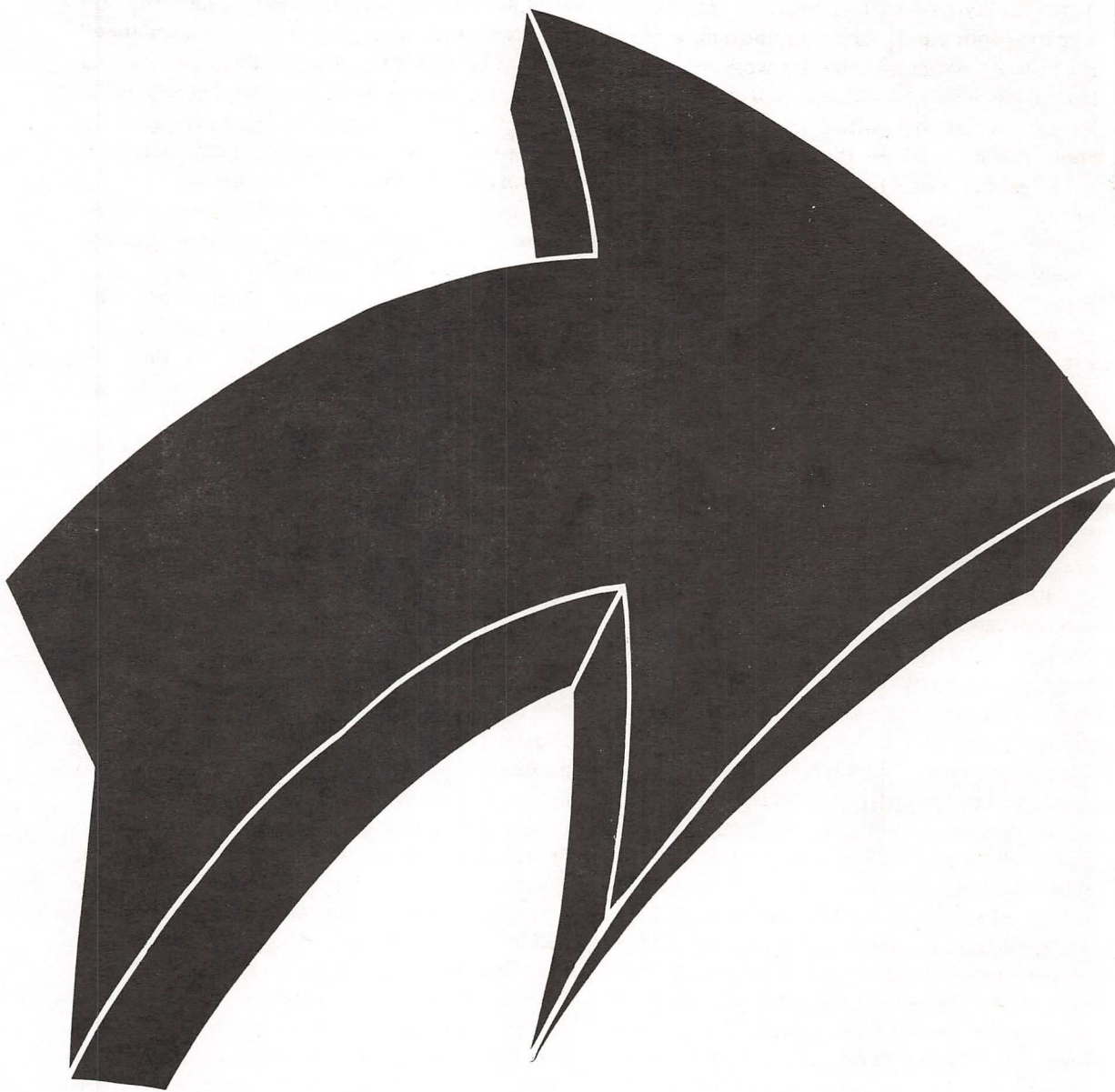
"It's 'illusions,' dummy." Harlan takes his orange juice to the table and sits opposite me. "'Better the illusions that exalt us than ten thousand truths.' If you're gonna quote, get it right."

"Truths, facts," says Arthur. "What are a few semantics among friends?"

"There will be no anti-semantic remarks in this house," says Harlan. He grins. "Man, I feel so okay this morning. I'm looking forward to the trip, I'm going to get the novel finished over there, when I get back, I'm gonna get completely caught up—" He chugs his orange juice. The phone rings and Harlan reaches back for the receiver.

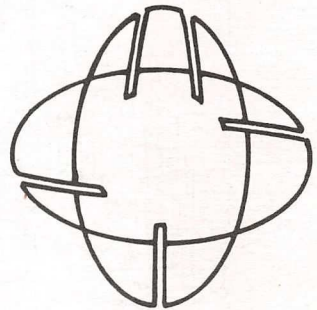
"Yeah?" Pause. "Who is this?" Pause. "Didn't I already talk to— No? Okay, but make it fast, please. I've got to get packed and leave for Tokyo in about an hour." Long pause. "No. Wrong. I—" Longer pause. Harlan's expression darkens to one of irritation. "Look, sir—" Pause. Anger. "No. Uh-uh. No. Listen to me, okay? No. *Listen!* Thank you." He grimaces. "You want it easy? It is *never* fuckin' easy, Jim! The world simply is not, was not, and never will be. I appreciate that you thought the story was a stunner, but—" Pause. Harlan shakes his head violently. "No. Absolutely not. Remember what I said about easy?" His voice raises. "You want the goddamn dead snow leopard freeze-dried into a packet of instant mammal crystals so you can reconstitute it at leisure. No way, sir. Leave it." Pause. "No. You leave it.

(continued on p. 18)



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Fugitives from The Book of Imaginary Beings

Art by Alexander
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OLD GUMMER
(*Masticatus stickiest*)

Formerly Manners the Butler, now fallen upon hard times due to the lengths of ladies' skirts, the Old Gummer spends his evenings traveling from restaurant to restaurant, depositing sticky gooey gum beneath chairs and tables. He pockets the waiters' tips, using the funds to purchase gum, in the hopes of ingratiating himself to the clothing industry by destroying customers' eighty-dollar Gloria Vanderbilt jeans.

Capable of masticating eighteen sticks of gum in one mouthful, it has been estimated that his jaws produce enough pressure to crush a Ford Pinto into the space occupied by a cheese blintz. He has traveled the length and breadth of the United States, but he headquarters in Hollywood, California, where, by day, he is the stunt double for Herve Villachiasse.

—briefly noted by Jeffrey Dowden & Arthur Byron Cover





QUAY LEWD
(*Obscenus pacificus*)

In the uncensored photograph above, we have for the first time legal proof of the existence of the creature that frequents West Coast piers. Quay Lewd wears only a dingy moth-eaten overcoat and two trouser legs held up with garter belts because, since the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he has believed it is his calling as a patriotic American to do his bit to frighten off Japanese warships. While on the surface this seems like a commendable attitude, his confused mind has led him to believe that old ladies are Japanese spies. He does an excellent job of scaring them off.

Should you ever encounter this wreck of humanity, you may wish to remember that he is known to fear three things: stiff competition, moths, and Yoko Ono.

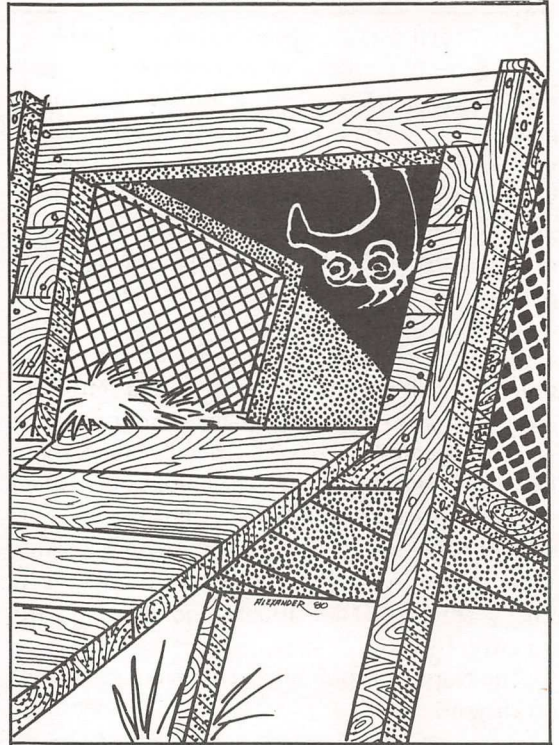
—accosted on a pier in Santa Monica by J.D. & “the Cove”

THE POULTRY GEIST (*Moronicus clukus*)

Once believed by rustics to be a fox in the chicken coop, this spirit loves to make a commotion by insulting chickens. When the irate leghorns flap around the henhouse, the Poultry Geist has the opportunity to perform his favorite jest—switching the eggs around so that no one knows whose is whose. No one knows why, but this causes a great amount of consternation among the fowl. Poultry exorcists know the spirit has been cornered when he proclaims, “Nobody here but us chickens.”

Despite his utter lack of intelligence, this spirit has thrived due to the rapid expansion of the fried chicken chains. However, his lifespan in these modern surroundings is very short due to the emotional stress of trying to insult a chicken done extra crispy to go.

—hot from the notebooks of J. Dowden & A.B.C.





THE NURK (*Homo nurkus vague*)

Since it is a variety of metamorph, the Nurk may appear either as male or female. The Nurk's place in the modern ecosphere is to edge quietly into long lines at right angles directly in front of your own position in line. This happens mainly at supermarkets and post offices, though theaters and rock concerts are not exempt. Its strategy is to pretend not to notice you are standing there. Moment by moment, one millimeter at a time, it edges into the space directly ahead of you. Meantime, it stares off into the distance and refuses to meet your eye. It has no qualms about violating personal territory; but you generally do. So you let it get ahead of you. Then you stand there seething with irritation, largely directed at yourself for being such a chickenshit. The Nurk sometimes flashes you a contemptuous smirk as it finally enters the line totally and then presents you with its back.

The Nurk is a form of psychic vampire; it feeds on chagrin.

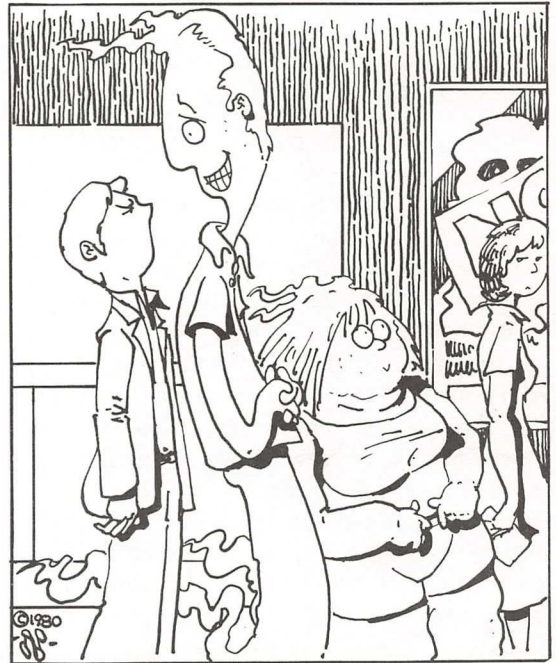
—closely encountered at Safeway by Ed Bryant

THE NORTH AMERICAN MOUND BUILDER (*Nitus pikus*)

A good example of the American predilection for trivia, this character specializes in making mountains out of mole-hills. Often overheard on the fringes of a group discussion, in the middle of question-and-answer sessions or raving on talk radio shows, it can take an otherwise insignificant and unrelated fact and elevate this bit of information to the status of rationale for the world condition. It is a simple matter for *Nitus pikus* to discourse for hours on the tactical mistakes made during the Korean War, or to be equally learned on the price of shoelaces and the subsequent collapse of the Western World.

Armed with back issues of *The Plain Truth*, the Time-Life *History of the World* and Webster's *Collegiate Dictionary*, the Mound Builder persistently confuses facts with knowledge and history with wisdom. Its most common stance is in two directions at once.

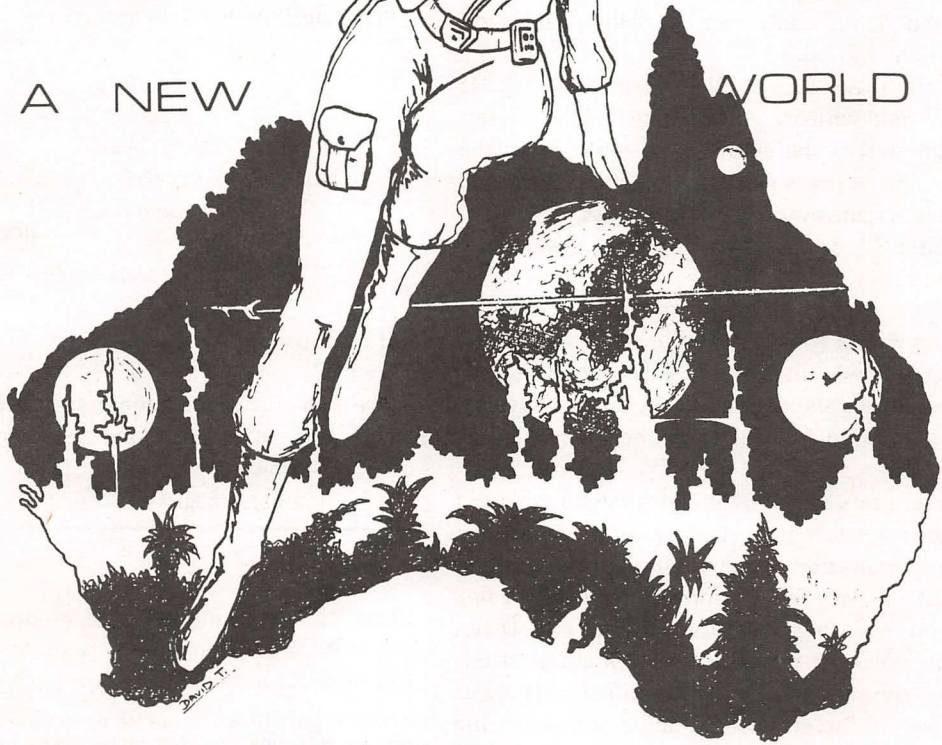
—recorded from the radio by Phil Normand



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(*LIE continued from p. 11*)

Good-bye.” There’s an inflected note of impatience, rising. Then, with finality, “Good-bye.” Harlan sets down the receiver violently and turns back toward me.

“The chutzpah! The goddamn fucking presumptuous nerve. They take and take and think there’s no legal limit on vampirism.”

Marty says in her sensible way, “There’s a responsibility to give back—”

Harlan interrupts her. “There is no responsibility to do that. I just want them to read my stuff, if they want to, and to leave me alone.”

Arthur looks oddly pensive. “How many vampires is one too many?”

“Well,” said Harlan, “let me tell you—” He stops in mid-sentence and hesitates stiffly. His left forearm sweeps the empty glass goblet from the table. The vessel strikes the kitchen floor and smashes, fragmenting into tears of glass.

“Harlan?” says Marty, starting toward the table.

Harlan slumps forward, forehead hitting the tabletop with a thunk. Arthur and I remain frozen as Harlan slowly tilts left and slides out of his seat. He hits on his shoulder and rolls down the steps, ending sprawled full-length on the kitchen floor.

Once, years ago, Harlan and some friends and I had gone out to dinner. Because of the size of the group, Harlan and I had gone ahead in the Camaro; the rest followed in a second car. We were heading east on twisting, ridge-top Mulholland Drive. Harlan, driving maniacally, was well ahead of our companions. Suddenly he pulled off the pavement into one of the graveled turnouts and drove the front of the Camaro up onto a bank of slide-deposited earth and turned off the ignition. Harlan threw open his door and sprawled halfway out of the driver’s side with his left arm dangling limply. I followed his cue and tried to look dead or stunned. I’m sure the tableau was startling when the trailing car drove past. Sure it was juvenile, but back then we called it a goof.

I’ve been eternally grateful that a wandering prowler car hadn’t come by first.

Not everyone appreciates theater.

The moment stretches in a sickening stasis. For the moment I am paralyzed, seeing everything as a camera. Arthur’s jaw drops. Tears of apprehension brim in Marty’s wide hazel eyes.

The moment shatters, as the goblet shattered. “He’s jiving us,” says Arthur. “Isn’t he?”

The three of us kneel around Harlan. Marty cradles his head. We feel for the flutter of a pulse, watch for the twitch of a startling blue eye.

“Isn’t he?” Arthur says again.

On the floor.

Dead.

Struck dead.

Liar. All the lies that were her life.

Dead on a floor.

—Harlan Ellison
from “Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes”

It is, of course, a trick.

Isn’t it?

The Indians knew all about such things as this, though most of us have long since denied or forgotten the knowledge.

It is, of course, magic.

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DENOTATIONS

No. 2

Produced by Don C. Thompson of 57 S. Sherman St., Denver, CO 80209 who also happens to be co-chair of DENVENTION II, WorldCon 1981, the official address of which is Box 11545, Denver, CO 80211.



Yes, I know, this was originally intended to be a monthly publication, but that just shows how little I know of arithmetic, which I have never claimed to be strong on. I had been a fanzine editor. I knew that a monthly mailing of 100 at first class rates cost only \$15. I knew that a monthly mailing of 500 at regular third-class bulk rates of 7.5¢ per ounce came to \$37.50. So of course I assumed that a mailing of 2,000 at non-profit bulk mail rates would be a mere ... forget it.

I forgot it.

That isn't even what I wanted to talk about.

The DENVENTION 2 Committee has had a problem.

So, what's new? Show me a committee that has never had a problem and I will promptly, without fail, show you a committee that has never tried to run a worldcon.

The problem hasn't been enormous, but you know how problems are, and particularly reports of problems. They start as an almost private rumor ("strictly between me and you") and they grow until even the originator doesn't recognize them. I really have no idea as to what stage the DENVENTION 2 rumors have reached or even as to their exact nature, but I have heard rumors about the rumors, and that assures me that we (the DENVENTION 2 Committee) had damn well better start countering with some facts.

Here are some facts:

The committee has been divided as to whether to try to keep the main events of the con in the Denver Hilton or to move nearly everything to the Denver Convention Center (Currigan Hall), nearly 8½ blocks away.

Now let me try to present both sides of this.

Lift up staples and remove this section.

I'll be so objective, in fact, that by the time I've finished, you won't know which side I was in favor of, if any.

Wait, a bit of background:

The Denver Hilton is Denver's largest hotel, and it has a complete convention complex as an added attraction. We had no doubts that it would be adequate for DENVENTION II's needs. What happened to create a good deal of doubt was that the Denver Hilton remodeled its convention center this spring. It put in an escalator, which was not a bad thing in itself. Certainly it made it easier to get from one floor to the next. The problem was that some 8,000 of floor space was sacrificed. Huckster Room or Art Show floor space.

That is when we started looking very seriously at the Currigan Convention Complex. If there's one thing Currigan has it is lots and lots of room. However, there are some important things it does not have, and the most important is accessibility. Not many fans would be enthusiastic about having to walk 8½ blocks from the hotel to the Art Show or Sales Room. We did a feasibility study on setting up a shuttle bus system, and we found (much to my surprise) that for an expenditure of about \$5,000 we actually would be able to move nearly 2,000 people an hour for about 12 hours a day, the buses leaving every three to five minutes. So such a system would actually be workable (still not good; not desirable) at least as regards the Art Show and Sales Room and as many of the medium-sized program events as we cared to have at Currigan. People would be coming and going in a more or less steady stream all day, and it could work.

But ...

Presumably we would have the major program events -- the Hugo presentations and the Guest of Honor speeches -- at Currigan too.

Moving 2,000 people from hotels to convention center is just not enough. Moving 4,000 in an hour is still not good.

There are a couple of other important problems with Currigan that I might as well mention.

It has no lounge or lobby area where people can sit around comfortably and visit and drink coffee or beer or whatever. No food is permitted inside the building. In addition there's what could be a critical shortage of restrooms, and the ones there are are inconveniently located. The exhibition area is on the ground floor; the restrooms are upstairs, accessible by stairs and two small elevators.

We have abandoned the idea of using Currigan, but not without considerable debate and maybe some hard feelings.

I said I was going to try to be objective in my presentation, but you have probably figured out, if you didn't already know, that I was opposed to any idea of using Currigan. I was opposed to it right from the start, way back when we first started talking about having a DENVENTION II. I won't claim that there never moments when I didn't think we might have to use Currigan, but there was never a moment when I wanted to, when I didn't think there just had to be some better arrangement.

We have arrived at what I at least consider a much better arrangement, and I'll describe it to you and see if you agree with me, and in all honesty I have to reiterate that not everyone on the committee does agree. However, we have advanced to the point where the arguing has stopped. A firm decision has been made by the Executive Committee (where the buck stops), and the rest of the committee has agreed to go along with the decision, to work as hard as possible to see that everything goes well.

The big stumbling block, after the Hilton took that 8,000 feet of floor space away from us, was that there was simply no way in the world that we could squeeze both the Sales Room and the Art Show into the space that was left, not even if we moved all other programming to some other hotel.

But obviously we were going to have to move something somewhere either to Currigan or to some other hotel, or out into the street.

Not surprisingly, no one in charge of any of the functions wanted to move. You can't imagine that Fred Goldstein wanted the Huckster Room in the Cosmopolitan, do you. And when Fred Goldstein doesn't want to be moved, it is very difficult indeed to make him move.

Gail Barton was no more eager to have the Art Show away from the main hotel.

Leanne Harper wanted as much of the other programming as possible kept in the Hilton.

We didn't exactly draw straws; in fact I don't remember exactly how the decision was made. There was a lot of careful calculation, the careful outlining and presentation of any number of different scenarios, and a fair amount of simple bickering, but in the end it seemed that the decision we arrived at was inevitable. (It was also a time consuming process, and a number

of other decisions were left temporarily undecided while we got this one settled).

The decision was to have the Art Show in the Cosmopolitan Hotel (which is about 2½ blocks from the Hilton).

By using the Cosmo's convention facilities, not just for the Art Show itself but for the art auction and all other art-related programming, that leaves plenty of room in the Hilton for the Sales Room and films and other programming.

Nobody that I know of is particularly happy about having to things this way, and I don't really expect many of the artists to be delighted.

However, we are confident that the artists and the art buyers would be even less pleased to have the Art Show 8½ blocks away from the hotel.

Theoretically, the Currigan option is still open. That is, we don't have to give the Currigan people a definite Go-No Go final decision (and some money if we Go) until September. But I think about the only thing that could make us change our minds at this stage would be if we should happen to sell 200 or so Huckster tables between now and September. I don't think that's likely, and even if we should sell that many, I'm still not certain it would force us to Currigan.

We have no way of knowing much in advance, of course, as to how many attendees we'll have, but I do not regard that as a crucial factor. We have, I believe, plenty of hotel rooms -- approximately 2,000 rooms in five hotels, and figuring an average of three people per room, that gives us the ability to handle 6,000 people comfortable. And of course we don't have all the rooms in all the hotels reserved. More rooms can and undoubtedly would be made available if we need them.

When I first conceived the idea of DENotations, I had some thought of writing a little about myself each issue, but at that point I was thinking of doing it every month. Obviously I am not getting one done every month, and I seem to have spent my space allotment for this issue on discussing hotel problems. I hope I've clarified things.

One point I want to stress in closing. This is a problem that we have had. The problem is now solved.

1954 THE FORGOTTEN YEAR

Steve Larue

Rather than call this a non-article, I would prefer to turn the podium over to Frederick Patten this issue. Fred wins the honors by writing a really excellent letter of comment regarding the proposal last issue to recognize the 1954 Hugo Award Winners. Although I had planned to continue this series by running informative pieces on various areas of SF publishing and fan activity from the 1953-54 period, I think the open forum approach can take precedence this time around. And besides, I haven't been able to finish an adequate job of research yet. So—over to you, Fred.

Dear Steve,

Here's my two cents' worth of opinions on your proposal to hold Hugo awards for 1954.

First off, here's some more background information for you. It's not at all true that the 1953 Hugos were intended as a one-time honor only; exactly the opposite. Here's a photocopy of the first public announcement of the awards, in the 1953 Worldcon's Progress Report No. 3, dated June 1, 1953. As you can see, it states clearly that this was intended to be "a new tradition in the annals of science fiction . . . the formal awarding of the First Annual Science Fiction Achievement Awards to those writers, editors, artists and fans whom the members of [the] Convention feel have distinguished themselves during the past year."

Progress Report No. 4 editorialized on the enthusiastic reaction to the award among fandom; they included a postcard ballot with PR No. 4 in response to a number of complaints from fannish collectors who hadn't wanted to cut the ballot

out of their copies of PR No. 3. The 1953 Worldcon Program Book spelled it out in unmistakable terms: "As the first year for such an event we all ought to find the results exciting and, we hope, pleasing. . . . It is our hope, of course, that this year's event will be successful enough to merit it becoming an annual affair." And if you check the fanzine writeups of the 1953 Worldcon, you'll find that the creation of the awards was one of the most favorably commented upon aspects of that year's Worldcon.

On the other hand, you'll find no mention of the awards in the 1954 Worldcon's publications, but much unfavorable commentary in the fannish press of the day over the '54 Worldcon's failure to pick up on this new tradition. In other words, fans of the day were publicly asking before the Worldcon, "Why aren't you continuing the awards?" and the '54 Committee was refusing to even acknowledge the question in its Progress Reports. So *something* more was going on than it just didn't occur to anybody to award them the next year.

Since the SFCon refused to discuss the matter, the "real" reason may never be known. There was speculation in fandom at the time, but people were only guessing. Maybe the '54 Committee felt it was demeaning to be "stuck" with repeating one of the highlights of the last year's Worldcon instead of being allowed to display its own imagination with all-new programming. A lot of the guesses were more sordid; some fans accused the '54 Committee of trying to suppress the awards so that the '53 Committee would not go down in fannish history as having created something really worthwhile. (At the '52 Worldcon both Philadelphia and San Francisco were bidders for the '53 Con. Philadelphia won, so San Francisco had to wait an extra year; it was popularly believed that the San Francisco Committee held a grudge against Philadelphia because of this.) But the SFCon Committee never answered any of the accusations, so that's all they remain—unproven accusations.

At any rate, the first Progress Report of the 1955 Worldcon headlined, "Cleveland Reinstates Achievement Awards," gave a brief history of the 1953 awards (pointedly emphasizing that credit was due to the Philcon Committee and its chairman, Milton A. Rothman), and stated, "It was regrettable that the SFCon saw fit to dispose of this innovation in 1954. . . . This year, the Cleveland hopes to reinstate these awards. We are contemplating some minor revisions, but the concept will remain essentially the same." And, as we all know, the Hugos—and the tradition of "some minor revisions" in the categories—have been with us ever since.

Now on to your idea for the retrospective award. I'm sorry to say this, but the more I think about the idea, the less I like it.

Awards are tricky things. They are reflective of both an abstract level of quality and of the social conditions prevailing at the time of the selection of the award. It's an old joke that awards in art and literature are often presented to works that are completely forgotten in just a few years, while what turn out to be the real works of merit are ignored at the time.

Speaking personally, I consider awards to be valuable for what they show about the social group making them as much as for whatever merit they may bestow upon the winners. This is one thing that a retrospective award cannot do. We can consult among ourselves and determine what the science fiction community of 1980-81 considers the best SF of 1953 to have been, but we cannot accurately determine what the SF community of 1954 thought the winners of 1953 should have been. That seems to invalidate the point of the project.

Also, as you point out, it would be virtually impossible to even conduct a modern popularity poll on the 1953 SF scene outside of the novel category. Too much is too little known today, and there are too many intangibles.

Take Best Magazine: fandom's opinion of the entire SF magazine scene each year is based upon many facets, of which the quality of the fiction is only one. There's current fannish opinion of the editorial practices of the magazines; there's personality relationships between the magazines' editors and fandom (how many times did a particular magazine win because fandom felt that "it's YYYY's turn this year; XXXX has won too often in the past," or "Editor Joe Blow is too snobbish toward new writers, so let's boycott his magazine," or "Editor Sam Swell is really doing a great job considering what a small budget he has, so let's encourage him by voting for his mag even if some of the others with more money really are superior"?). Too many of these intangibles are lost today. The voting will be influenced by different factors, and the result will not be the same.

For that matter, it would be fascinating if you were to hold a new vote for one of the early years when the Hugo was awarded—say for the best works of 1952 or for 1954 or '55—and see how close this new vote comes to the original vote. It could be argued that such a new vote would be more meaningful than the original vote, since we would be voting with a

deeper sense of objectivity, without the distractions of the transitory fads and petty politics of the time.

Getting back to the other categories, how could you today determine who the Best Artist was? Or Most Promising New Writer? And what categories would you use—those that are popular today, or the categories that were common around 1953 and 1955? There are no clear-cut Right Answers. The result is that I can't bring myself to believe in your project as having an obtainable goal, if you seriously intend to fill in the missing year in the Hugo record. It might be fun to hold the vote and see what results you get, but I would object to inserting those results into the permanent Hugo record.

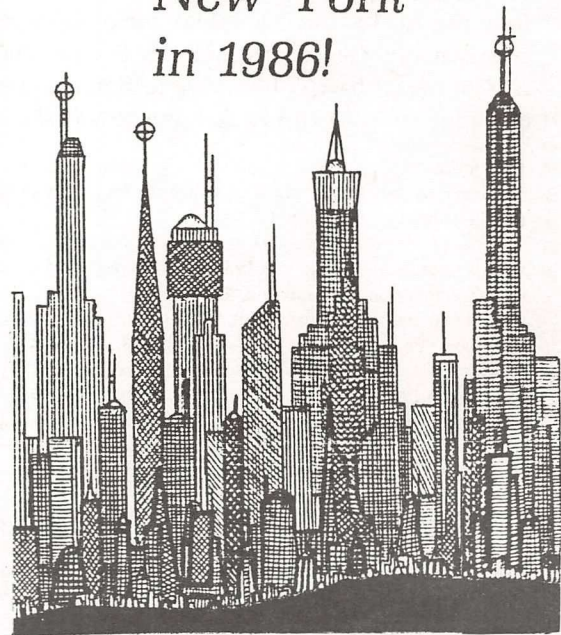
Best,

Fred Patten

Culver City, Calif.

Thank you, Fred. Actually, yours is the most critical response that I received; a small number of others came in that were quite supportive but also very brief. I think it is obvious that until we can do some in-depth retrospective articles, the validity of the recognition will certainly be subject to debate. Which pretty well defines our mission for the next issue of the Denvention Progress Report. See you then.

New York in 1986!



(SNAIL continued from p. 7)

sees. The stalks move independently in all conceivable directions, once nearly intertwining. If the eyes existed autonomously, we still would not be able to imagine them with attributes of intelligence. We sense an air of inevitability as the giant snail moves toward the little house.

We cut to a fear-stricken Trung Trac; a deathly shade has smothered the glow of youth in her skin, and she seems to have aged. But her motion is performed with speed and un-studied grace when she scrambles up the water buffalo to sit behind her brother. She kicks the water buffalo, commanding it much as one would command a steed. The buffalo snorts; clearly, it would rather battle the giant snail, despite the appalling difference in their sizes.

We watch them progress toward the house from several angles, including a helicopter shot above and behind Champa's advancing shell. We hear the clatter and the thunder of the water buffalo's hooves nearly drowned by the hideous slurping of Champa's continuously working foot. One shot is fixed only on the buffalo's hooves, the camera matching their speed across the fields; green grass with tiny purple flowers and hints of yellow leaves rush past the hooves in a blur. Another shot is from the buffalo's point of view; the ground rushes beneath us, only to disappear forever, while the clumps of grass threaten to touch us. The house appears both unfathomable and warm.

Finally we cut to an angle on Trung Trac, her brother, and the water buffalo from the front porch. The snorting buffalo prances before slowing enough to allow Trung Trac to leap off it. Apparently unconcerned that Minh Mang is left alone with the buffalo, she dashes toward the porch. "Momma! Momma!" she shrieks; tears fall from squinting eyes. We hear her push open a screen door. The door slams and we cut to:

Trung Trac running toward Momma in the living room. The modest furniture is of a dark tone. Momma attempts to embrace her, but Trung Trac takes her hand and pulls her toward the window instead. Momma, who wears a red bandanna in her hair and who still carries an aura of beauty in her oval face, says: "Why darling, whatever is the matter? And where's Minh Mang?"

Trung Trac points out the window. She jumps up and down. Through the window we see, but do not hear, the snail approaching; and even from this great distance, we sense the same air of inevitability hanging over the creature. "It's a snail! It's a snail!" says Trung Trac.

"Why . . . so it is!" exclaims Momma. She is delighted. "Aren't you going to run, Momma?"

Momma stares at the giant snail. She smiles to herself, though her shoulders slump and her hand gestures futilely near her breasts. "Why, no, honey. What would I do that for?" She smiles at her daughter. "Where would I go? Back to Hanoi?"

Trung Trac grabs her mother's white apron. With her other hand she points at the snail. "It's going to eat us!"

"How do you know that?"

"Momma, if we don't run, we'll die!"

"We won't die; we'll join our ancestors, which isn't the

same thing. There's no reason to fear leaving this world."

Suddenly Trung Trac is no longer panicky. She looks sadly at her mother. "Momma, I don't want to die. Life means too much to me."

"Life means nothing," says Momma sternly. "We are tools of the gods, of our ancestors, of the state. We are droplets of the oversoul. But by ourselves we're inconsequential; our lives mean nothing. How many times do I have to tell this to you?"

"A lot. You're going to have to tell me a lot," says Trung Trac defiantly.

Momma raises her eyebrows. "Where's Minh Mang?" "Uh, I left him on the water buffalo."

"Why you little heathen!" exclaims Momma, lifting a hand to slap her; but she thinks better of it and merely points outside. "How many times have I told you not to leave him there? Go and let him down this very second. Don't open your mouth like that; just go!"

Trung Trac silently opens the screen door and lets it slam. Momma winces at the noise and shakes her head. She is unaware that she is being approached from the rear by a large handsome black man whose unbuttoned shirt exposes a hairy glistening expanse of a chest. He is wearing jeans and battered boots. He grabs her left buttock and squeezes, taking her in his strong arms as she indignantly spins; he kisses her on the mouth before she can protest. She slips her arms around his neck and drinks deeply of his passion.

When they release one another, Daddy grins and says, "Hey, baby, how about that snail?"

"Trung Trac thinks it's going to eat us."

"Humph. That girl, I swear, sees the worst of everything." He lights a cigarette and then sits, crossing his legs.

Momma sits on his lap, takes a drag from his cigarette, and carefully puts it in an ashtray shaped like a dragon. "How did it go today, dear?"

"R.J. Reynolds loved the samples so much they paid me top dollar on the spot. The agent promised to buy everything we could grow *before* he got wrecked. In six months, our worries will be over. And in the meantime"—he pats his shirt pocket—"we've got some serious capital."

"Why, that's wonderful, honey!" She kisses him again, drinking deeply until he places his hand on her breast. She moves away, laughing.

Daddy takes a drag on his cigarette. "What's for dinner?" "Grits and imported polk salad."

Holding his cigarette in his mouth, Daddy rubs his hands. "Oh boy! My favorite! And soon we'll be able to import some RC. And moonpies too!"

We cut to the family sitting in the kitchen. The white wall-paper has a design of Mother Goose characters. A light blue tablecloth is spotted with droppings from previous meals. Daddy is downing a huge plateful of grits voraciously. Momma is feeding Minh Mang (whose table area is positively riddled with debris); and Trung Trac rests on her palm, her arm propping her over the table, staring at her food. Daddy says, "That snail eat your appetite?"

"Please don't joke about it," says Trung Trac, smiling weakly. "But, yes, I still think it's going to eat us. It's getting closer all the time."

Indeed, we hear the incessant slurping and crackling of the foot, its volume somewhat muffled by the walls.

Daddy shrugs. "We aren't going to die. Today has been good to us and it's not going to change. I feel it in my bones."

"And what if we do die?" asks Momma of Trung Trac. "Our lives have been rewarding; it doesn't matter how long we live, just that we live well."

Trung Trac does not answer; she sullenly listens to the gradually building sound of the foot.

"I wouldn't go quite that far," says Daddy. "But I'm not going to spend my time worrying about something that's never going to happen."

Suddenly the volume of the snail's slurping noise increases dramatically; we can no longer hear the sounds of the family in the kitchen. We cut to a stupefied Daddy, holding a forkful of grits near his mouth, his eyes bulging and his forehead sweating. He moves his tongue around his lips; he scowls, his ears pricking, and we surmise he is paying particular attention to the ever-present crackling.

We cut to an angle on a kitchen wall near the table; Momma is in the lower-right corner of our view. She turns toward the wall a moment before it happens.

A section of wallpaper tears; pieces of plaster push themselves through the growing number of openings. We hear something pounding, something breaking. A tiny stalklike arm pokes through the wall. It pauses; we imagine it with its own intelligence, a bold creature suddenly wary now that it has entered an unknown environment. We are surprised it has paused for so long; we would have thought it would withdraw immediately to create another hole. The foot becomes silent. And the second arm bursts through the plaster, through the round pleasant face of Mother Goose herself.

Momma raises her hand to her mouth, preparing to scream, but she is shocked into absolute silence as the stalks tear through the wall in two straight lines. The home is flimsy; nevertheless, the arms must possess an exemplary sinewy strength to rip paths so effortlessly. Then the stalks move in different directions, at first almost randomly; but soon they have created a circle with several paths cut through it, a circle tenuously held onto the remainder of the wall. The arms withdraw; the circle is pushed forward. A large chunk breaks away and barely misses Momma's outstretched arm; we fear it might have struck her legs or torso. Momma screams and falls from our view; we hear the startled exclamations of Daddy and Trung Trac and the loud crying of Minh Mang. We see Champa through the hole in the wall as the circle is pushed away; its intertwined eyes follow its arms through the hole.

The house shakes and more of the wall falls away. We cut to another angle and it becomes clear that soon the snail will tear down the side of the flimsy house and will enter the kitchen.

We cut to an angle outside the house. Champa has stopped

its progress with the foot several meters from the wall. Its head and what we must call its neck are nearly resting on the ground. Its arms are stretched below the neck. We cannot see the eyestalks. The hood causes the roof to crumple.

We cut to an angle inside. The intertwined eyestalks almost touch Daddy; he is thwarting the arms with one hand while fumbling about the counter for a weapon. Sprawled in an unnatural position, Minh Mang's body is covered with debris; we notice, almost subliminally, that something has laid open his skull. Trung Trac is trying to lift the table from her mother, but she cannot maneuver and she cannot get the proper leverage. We cut to an angle on Trung Trac trying to move pieces of wood away from the table; we see that the bone has broken through the skin of Momma's leg. Even if Momma were able to stand, she could not flee unaided. Nor is Momma attempting to save herself. Rather than help Trung Trac remove the table (and with her assistance, its removal would be assured), she holds her hands over her eyes and screams as loudly as she can.

We cut to an angle on Daddy. Because he cannot take the time to look behind him, for fear the arms would ensnare him the very moment he was distracted, he does not know his fingers have missed touching a butcher knife several times. Then, his hand freezes, his eyes express disbelief, as his search proves fruitful. He clutches the knife. His scream is actually a battle-cry as he leaps toward the eyestalks, knowing an arm is encircling him even as he attacks. He takes the stalks with his free hand and tries to cut them, but though he saws at them savagely or hacks at them with all his strength, the stalks remain unharmed. Now, caught by both arms, realizing the full implications of his failure, Daddy screams in fear. The arms hold Daddy suspended as he desperately throws the knife at the mouth protruding through the hole in the wall. The knife rebounds away, the handle striking the snail's head; the knife falls outside the house.

We cut to a closeup of the radula moving away from the mouth, thrust forward by muscles; and to a closeup of Daddy from the snail's point of view: the arms draw him screaming and struggling toward us. The slurping noise begins; but this time it is the glands inside the mouth secreting slime, so as to facilitate the swallowing of food.

Daddy's screams reach a shrill climax.

We cut to Trung Trac. She is kneeling beside her mother, who has become silent and stunned. Trung Trac appears in danger of fainting; she drops a piece of wood because she is too weak to hold it. We hear a crunching noise and Daddy's screaming abruptly ceases. We hear a loud slurpy scraping. Vomit spurts from Momma's mouth and onto her blouse. Trung Trac looks away.

We cut to an angle which enables us to see the entire tableau. Momma and Trung Trac have not moved. The limp, dangling body held by the snail's arms is now headless. Its feet are a meter from the floor. The radula are gnawing steadily at the neck, beginning to work their way down. We hold to this shot for several moments, establishing that Trung Trac and Momma are in no danger—as long as Champa is eating Daddy.

Whatever self-control Momma possessed deserts her. Her eyes become the eyes of a wild, mindless being. She screams horribly, spitting vomit and foamy saliva; she frantically beats Trung Trac. Her daughter is so shocked at her violence that she pulls away, distracted and concerned for Momma as if their danger was abstract and distant. Momma grabs her and draws her close. Her fingernails dig into Trung Trac's arm. She listens to the crunching and the slurping. She says passionately, "Don't leave me, oh god, don't leave me, help me, help me, save me, oh god, don't leave me."

Her pale face beaded with perspiration, Trung Trac stares at Momma. Then she looks toward the snail.

We cut to an angle on the mouth consuming the torso; it has reached the diaphragm.

We cut back to Trung Trac. Her mother is holding her by the dress. Her pale face is streaking with falling tears, but her crying is silent.

"Save me, save me!" pleads Momma. "Oh by my ancestors, bu all the gods that ever lived, please save me, baby, whatever you do, please save me, don't leave me!"

Trung Trac makes one last half-hearted attempt to move the table, by grabbing the top and pushing it back and forth, searching for an indication it might be easier to move, a search she knows is doomed to failure. She looks at what remains of Daddy in the snail's arms, at Momma, and at Momma's crippled leg.

She stands and runs.

For a moment Momma does not realize the enormity of what Trung Trac has done. In another context, her stunned expression would be comical. Then her face becomes contorted with anger; she has completely forgotten about the snail—at least for the moment. "You bitch! You fucking good-for-nothing bitch! You ungrateful fucking little brat! No-good, filthy, dirty slut! Bitch! Bitch!" Though the curses themselves are not particularly imaginative, the passion with which they are expressed chills us. Eventually the curses become incomprehensible. Slowly we zoom in on Momma's face. Her eyes are bloodshot; a stream of blood flows from a flared nostril. Somehow she forgets her anger and becomes aware anew of her predicament; perhaps thinking the snail will not notice her if she is quiet, she bites her lower lip in an attempt to silence herself. She cannot prevent herself from whimpering. Her teeth cut through her lip. Her perspiration rate doubles, the beads glistening like fresh raindrops. She shakes her head, her mind perhaps trying to convince her that all she has seen in the last three minutes has been merely a vivid delusion. Impossibly, her eyes become even wider; we realize the snail's arms and mouth are approaching her. We hear a crashing; the kitchen wall has entirely collapsed. Momma screams. We do not know if it is a scream of fear or of defiance. We suspect the scream might be one final curse directed at Trung Trac.

We cut to our young heroine riding the mutated water buffalo through the paths between the rice paddies. We watch them from several angles. She holds desperately onto

the buffalo's hide; its speed is such that she is in danger of bouncing off. Once she dares to look back, and we cut to a shot of the giant snail in the distance, towering over a tiny pile of rubble. Champa turns away from us, continuing its inexorable trek.

We fade out; koto music plays softly and gradually builds. We fade in on Trung Trac's misty eyes.

We zoom out; we have arrived back in the present. Our heroine is staring at nothingness, her mind still beclouded by memories. The bowl of leaves and frozen maggots rests on her lap. She is holding the solar-powered eggbeater. We sense she is chilled, on the verge of shivering.

Lac Long slides close to her; he hesitates, then touches her arm. She starts. "I am most apologetic," says Lac Long, now holding her arm. "I did not mean to interrupt your reverie so . . . awkwardly."

Trung Trac glares at him much as she had glared at Daddy at the kitchen table. "And why would you bother?"

Lac Long frowns and looks away. The sudden manifestation of vulnerability seems odd. "I was afraid . . ."

"Of what?" asks Trung Trac, almost mischievously, her eyebrows raised.

"That your memory was unpleasant. I hoped to distract you . . . to spare you the pain of further remembrance."

"It is not your place to wish my thoughts were elsewhere. No one has ever had that privilege. Not even Paul. But your concern was well-meaning, if insipid, and for that, I thank you."

"I am fulfilled." His sincerity has given way to sarcasm.

Trung Trac snorts in disbelief; we do not know if she is teasing him or answering him in kind. "At least momentarily, until the next time you've a craving to ejaculate."

"Trung Trac . . ." he says helplessly.

"I know; your pure revolutionary and morally upright spirit won't allow you to discuss these matters. My materialistic spirit thrives on such discussions, as my materialistic body thrives on the deeds." Suddenly she is shamefaced; she bows her head. "Forgive me. I am cruel and unworthy. I do not deserve the attention of one whose heart is so noble and pure, so . . . revolutionary."

Lac Long shrugs. He inhales; his shoulders swell. "It is my privilege to decide who is worthy of me and who is not." He moves to kiss her; but she has become preoccupied again, she does not notice his intentions; so he merely purses his lips and leans back.

She switches on the eggbeater. "Excuse me," she says, not looking at him, perhaps not truly meaning her words. The eggbeater hums, drowning out the koto music. We cut to a closeup of the contents of the bowl. We fade out, fading in on the contents five minutes later. The leaves and frozen maggots now resemble cole slaw. Trung Trac switches off the eggbeater, shaking it over the bowl and then cleaning it with her finger; she scrapes her finger on the edge of the bowl. We slowly zoom out to see Lac Long still leaning comfortably against the light green couch; his legs crossed, he is partaking of the holy weed. He inhales, takes the joint from his mouth, flicks the

long ash into a dragon-shaped ashtray beside him on the cushion, and smiles to himself. It is evident that he is now in a pleasant mood.

Trung Trac rises and takes the eggbeater into the kitchen. Exhaling, toking almost immediately, Lac Long follows her with his eyes. For a moment he has set aside his normally unswerving revolutionary principles, his thoughts dwelling on more basic matters. We cannot blame him, for our eyes too are arrested as she casually walks to the kitchen. Her hips are an eternal promise of physical bliss. The enticing natural beauty she exudes cannot be marred by her materialistic affectations.

Once she has disappeared, our hero grins, resting his elbows on his knees. His expression is slightly stupid. Having made some private observation, he nods as if acknowledging a truth once denied. He puts out the joint and waits for her, listening to the koto music.

She returns carrying several napkins. She sits, tenderly touching his shoulder, gently directing him to move so she can have access to all his wounds. "This won't hurt," she says, deliberately refraining from meeting his frank gaze, "but it will feel cool." She scoops out a dab of the mixture with two fingers and, lifting Lac Long's arm, rubs it over one of his scratches. She touches him almost with reverence; he closes his eyes and says dreamily, "Yes . . . it is very cool."

"Daddy learned how to make this salve when he was a Green Beret. It will heal your wounds very quickly. It will send waves of coolness through your body, soothing the heat of your dualistic torment." Again she dips her fingers into the bowl; she is either unaware of or indifferent to the love so eloquently expressed in Lac Long's eyes. "Tell me, what are your feelings, now that the *Hong Bang* is dead? Do you feel emptiness?"

"I have endured emptiness since my birth."

"Do you not grieve?" She continues her task.

"I was their leader, but I was not their friend. Nor was there a single one whose company I preferred to that of another. Our nights were too dangerous for the bonds of friendship, though they often formed that bond among themselves for reasons which, I am sure, were very simplistic."

"Are you not sorry they are dead?"

"Why should I be? They have joined their ancestors. Those who remain alive must suffer. We should rejoice for the dead . . . and grieve for the living."

Trung Trac sighs, perhaps in exasperation. "But now you are without a gang, without comrades."

"Is that the point you are trying to make? Do not be concerned. There are other teen-aged werewolves. I could form another gang if I chose. The faces would be different, but the essence would be the same."

"Is there nothing which causes you to care for life?" She sets the bowl on the table and wipes her hand clean, though her task is far from completed. She finally looks into his moist eyes.

"Only one person," says Lac Long. "And there are barriers between us."

"Barriers which will remain."

"Yes. But at this moment life has never been so precious to me. I never would have thought that one day I would wish to continue my unbearable suffering solely for the purpose of staying alive."

They embrace and kiss. She presses her body tightly against his, smearing the salve of maggots on her dress; she gives no indication that she notices. The koto plays an impassioned passage as we fade to a series of several tastefully done shots of their love-making. We avoid all the clinical details except when we show Lac Long on top of her; we see his buttocks rising and falling. The light is bright and soft, surrounding our lovers in a romantic, vaguely unreal aura. Trung Trac digs her fingernails into his back, breaking open the scab of a wound. We cut to a closeup of our lovers kissing. Lac Long moves from her mouth down her neck, his destination being her breasts. The couple is very tender, very loving; there is no reason for us to suspect the scenes have been included for the titillation of the untutored masses of capitalistic nations. The musician plays the koto with a tenderness equal to that of our lovers.

Finally, we cut to a closeup of our lovers in which we see, but do not hear, Trung Trac nearing her climax; her face is glazed as if she were peering into another dimension. Lac Long sweats profusely, his attention centered on the mundane aspects of their activity. Suddenly they embrace tightly; he almost collapses on her; they cling to each other as if they were in dire danger of separating, only to relax a moment later. Trung Trac lifts Lac Long's head and kisses him on the mouth. The koto music fades into silence.

We cut to a shot of our couple sitting upright in a bed with silk sheets and round pillows in pink silk cases. Lac Long offers our heroine a toke of the holy weed, which she accepts. His eyes linger on her breasts as she inhales; noticing his mock lechery, she nearly laughs, managing to control herself and to retain her smoke.

We cut to a closeup of them lying in the bed, enjoying their closeness and nakedness. Lac Long's eyes are closed, but he is awake; we cannot guess his thoughts. Trung Trac stares at the ceiling, and we suspect her thoughts just before she says, "If you had the chance, would you kill Champa?"

Lac Long is silent for a moment; his expression does not alter. "I confess, I have never thought about it. I suppose I would if I thought my attempt would do any good."

"You suppose?"


"Yes, I suppose. Our revolutionary government gave up trying to kill Champa years ago. It even went so far as to approach the President of the United States and request military advisors. But the greedy capitalist saw no hope of slaying that dastardly snail. So why should I even consider the possibility?"

We cut to a closeup of Trung Trac's stoic face. A shadow from within has smothered the glow of love in her eyes. "No reason, I suppose."



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PROGRAMMING

I'd like to introduce you to the basic programming organization at Denvention Two. We will be using tracked programming, meaning that several things will be going on at once and there will be several major areas of emphasis which are balanced and will, therefore, accommodate the diverse areas of interest found at the Worldcon (one hopes).

Literature

Of course, one of the advantages of a worldcon is the wide range of authors who attend and participate. Along with panels, we will be featuring an Author's Showcase series. We will be examining the SF/Fantasy/Media connection in discussion and demonstration. (For example, Frederick Mayer and Arkham Theatre will be presenting their radio version of H. Warner Munn's play *Deposition at Rouen*.) We'll be attempting to present views of science fiction/fantasy/heroic fantasy . . . and all the others which range from the popular to the academic.

Science

Here in the Denver area we are fortunate in having numerous sources of scientific information such as the Laboratory for Atmospheric and Space Physics, the Joint Institute for Laboratory Astrophysics, and the Solar Energy Research Institute; in the industrial realm Hewlett-Packard, Rockwell and Martin Marietta are nearby. Using these and other sources, we'll be trying to give you a "state of the art" view of future technology and examine whether or not it should be developed. Through the more directly human oriented sciences, we'll look at whether or not mankind can keep changing with technology, whether it has, and whether it should.

Discussions/panels on Computer Crime, Solar Power Use in the Future, and a High Tech. vs. Low Tech. Future are some of the items we are planning.

Robots: In accord with the Future Technology theme, we'd like you to demonstrate your grasp of technology: we're planning a robot-building contest/demonstration for Denvention. If you have always loved *I, Robot* and wanted your very own mechanical man, now is the time to build it. More information on this will be in the third Progress Report and/or write: ROBOTS, c/o Dale McBeath, Box 11545, Denver, CO 80211.

Fan

Throughout the bidding period, we felt a kinship for and emphasized Denvention I and the people who participated in it. We are going to retain this emphasis during Denvention Two and are developing a retrospective of fandom, looking at some of the changes which have made Worldcon size go from 200 in 1941 at Denver to 4500-5000 in 1978 at Phoenix.

Art

I think that this is of sufficient importance to deserve its own division. Along with the art show itself, we will have Artists' Showcases (similar to the series of authors' readings) and panels on the many aspects of art present in the SF-Fantasy universe.

The Worldcon Amateur Film Festival is included here as well. For more information on that, write to WAFF, c/o Denvention Two, Box 11545, Denver, CO 80211, or see the next progress report.

Any special interest groups which would like to participate in Denvention Two should contact me as soon as possible in order to be sure of having a spot in the program. Please let me know the group's size, requirements and plans, and the preferred time slot in the programming schedule. The sooner I know, the better your chances of getting your preferences filled.

Thanks for your attention. I hope to talk to you again soon.

—Leanne Harper

ART PROGRAMMING

General programming is the heading under which art programming will fall for our convention here in the Mile High City. We are planning a comprehensive artists' program that should be as exciting and varied as the writers' forums and panels.

Since art tends to be immediately visual, I would like to be able to plan for some major visual displays to complement the art show. I know that there are those who have had some very exciting slide presentations that have been seen at some Worldcons and local cons. Gather your slides and magic lanterns and come on in. (Actually, we will have the magic lanterns.) If you have some large format slides (3x3 or glass), let me know and I'll make arrangements.

We have facilities for group talks as well as the forum and panel situation. I would also like to arrange some writer/artist collaboration on panels.

By way of introduction, my name is Constance Maytum. I'm a native of Denver and an art history graduate student directed toward conservation. I have modest talent as a gallery technician and a grant writer. I have a love of the world of artistic expression that goes in many directions. I also feel that the best definers and defenders of art are the artists who do it.

Write to me or Phil Normand about your ideas. We will be glad to write on a one-to-one basis and get things going.

We are also going to have brunches, lunches, dinners and sunrise meals, instead of a large impersonal banquet. If you would like to eat a meal with your adoring public and hold forth . . .

Write with your ideas, your views, your plotting and so on. Let me know and we'll get the show on the road.

—Constance Maytum

ART SHOW RULES

Hullo. Here are the Rules for the Art Show. They are divided into Rules, Strong Suggestions, and Comments.

Rules

1. All work must be original and have a *science fiction*, *science* (particularly Space), *fantasy*, or *fannish* content.
2. Prints are acceptable only if they are hand done as in wood block, hand stone lithography, direct negative plate manipulation, or other forms in which the print is the final artistic product in itself, not a copy of an already completed work. Commercial multi-lith copies of drawings should not be entered nor should enlarged photographs of finished work. Only one print of each design will be hung. It should be signed and numbered.
3. Photography will be accepted if it is not a reproduction of another work.
4. Collaborations are acceptable.
5. Plagiarism is NOT acceptable. If you are borrowing someone's design or style, have their permission and do it as a collaboration. For example:
 - A. Artist A does a dragon design. Artist B, with permission of Artist A, carves it on a box. This is a collaboration.
 - B. Artist A does a drawing of a dragon. Artist B, without the knowledge of Artist A, copies the dragon as part of their drawing or painting and sells it as an original. This is plagiarism. It is illegal as well as immoral and fattening.
6. Artists need not be members of the convention. However, if you are not, you will pay an extra dollar. The fees are \$5.00 for general entry and your first five pieces, plus \$1.00 entry for each additional piece up to ten total.

The auction will take 10% of sales.

7. Illustrated name tags will not be counted under the number limit. You may put up to ten in the show. They will be hung separately.
8. There will be a sketch table. Prints may be placed on it. There will be a fee of 10¢ apiece.
9. All entries must be matted or framed or otherwise ready for display.
10. All works must have artist's name, address, work's title, and minimum bid price on the back or otherwise attached.
11. There will be two or more auctions. Please state your minimum bid (what you can bear to sell it for) and quick-sale price.
12. Items with four or more written bids will go to voice auction. There will be *no* exceptions to this.
13. At the end of the auctions, items not bid on will still be for sale for the quick-sale (not the minimum bid) price.
14. Deadline for entries is September 3, 1981 (the first official day of the con).
15. Deadline for mailed entries is August 29, 1981. This date is for arrival, not postmark, so mail early.
16. Send to: Gail Barton
31 Rangeview Dr.
Lakewood, CO 80215.

If sent to the hotels or to the Denvention chairman it may never be seen again!

17. If you mail work, provide return postage.
18. We will provide bidsheets, control sheets, and labels for the works.

Strong Suggestions

1. Hanging cords on paintings and drawings.
2. Mount sculptures on solid bases.
3. If you use fragile sculptural materials (e.g., wax, sculpy, papier-mache, glass, plastic model parts, etc.), I strongly suggest you bring

it by hand rather than mailing it. The Post Office is getting worse.

4. Let us know if you need special display, as in electricity or suspension.
5. If you are using an agent, you, rather than the agent, should let us know.
6. Remember the © notice and signature.

Comments

If you have questions, please write to me at 31 Rangeview Dr., Lakewood, Colorado 80215, or call me at (303) 233-6958. Sorry, we do not accept collect calls. The contest definitions are still being mulled over. Input is appreciated. The Rules listed above may be added to, and will be announced in forthcoming Progress Reports.

—Gail Barton

RIDES & ROOMS

Send in an ad something (but not precisely) like:

I am a male/female. I prefer to room with a male/female/no preference. I party all night/turn in early. I am a smoker/non-smoker/no preference. Some of my favorite authors/movies/books/perversions are:

Send such correspondence to:

Denvention Rides and Rooms
Linda Young
P.O. Box 33064
Northglenn, CO 80233
(303) 451-5237

SOME OF YOUR BHLOOD

Robert A. Heinlein began bleeding fandom in 1976 at Westercon and Big Mac. Ever since, "bhlood" drives have been featured at Worldcons and many major regional conventions. The SF community has adopted blood banks as its special charity, just as the Lions have their eye banks and the Shriners their hospitals. Science fiction people donate blood with much greater frequency than the general population (give yerselves a pat on the back). It might be said that SFdom has taken blood to its heart. Then again . . .

Denvention Two will carry on the tradition, and we hope to set new records for SF-con drives. (In addition to the warm feeling that goes with giving a "gift of life," we'll be offering some fabulous goodies that will surely appeal to your fannish self-interest. About which, more below.) In cooperation with Denver's Belle Bonfils Memorial Blood Center, the drive will be held all day on the first full day of the con, Friday, 4 September, probably in the Hilton. To save you time and eliminate the need for still another line, we will make appointments for donors (but all "walk-ins" will be cheerfully accepted). Detailed information will appear in future PRs. Watch this space.

Now then, about those goodies. All attending *and* supporting Denvention members who donate or attempt to donate blood at the con or within 56 days prior to the date of our drive (i.e., any time from 10 July 1981 on) will be eligible to participate in a drawing for many wondrous treasures to be donated by writers, BNFs, and other suchlike folks.

Writers (Jack Williamson, Joe Haldeman, and F. Paul Wilson, to name a few) will be on hand at the drive to autograph their works for donors, do a little softshoe, and present whatever other entertaining bits happen to strike their fancy.

All donors (the term includes all Denvention

members who donate or attempt to donate at the con or within 56 days before) will receive special recognition in a form that will last.

And much more!!!! F'instance:

Robert Heinlein has generously agreed to give a copy of the manuscript of his latest novel, *The Number of the Beast*, to the Denvention member who has the best blood-donation record during the year before the con. Mr. Heinlein will inscribe the manuscript to the winner.

Here are the rules for this very special award: (1) The "donor year" is defined as 5 September 1980 through 4 September 1981. (2) Donations made at Denvention will count toward the year's total. (3) All bona fide attempts to donate will count as donations. (4) All donations and attempts to donate must be verifiable. *Save your donation receipts!* All blood banks give receipts for valid attempts to donate. (5) Should there be a tie for best donor of the year, the winner will be selected in a drawing, with the runners-up receiving prizes too. So start shedding your precious bodily fluid—TODAY!

Finally, in addition to "some of your blood" (thanks, Ted Sturgeon), we could use a bit of your time. We need volunteers to help as aides in the donation center, to make appointments, etc. At most, we need but an hour or three from you. Besides the quiet satisfaction that flows from helping such a worthy cause, all volunteers will receive a special memento of their service. If you want to help, drop us a line giving us your name, address, and phone number:

BHLOOD
Denvention Two, Inc.
Box 11545
Denver, CO 80211

We'll be back in touch soonest to put the bite on you.

—Karl & Carole Pflock

GOPHERS

Gophers are needed throughout the convention at all times during the day. Because of the magnitude of the tasks needed to be accomplished, the assistance of many people is required. Three to five hundred people will be needed to fill these jobs. Therefore, your efforts are highly desired.

The benefits of being a gopher are numerous. Munchies and beverages will be provided at the Gopher Hole at all times. Plenty of crash space will also be available for gophers. Special parties will be arranged and select seating at important happenings is another possibility. All attempts will be made to make sure the gophers get special treatment during the con.

Enclosed is a form that we would like you to complete and mail to us as soon as feasible. If you're not convinced of the need of your services or are not interested in the benefits of giving us your help, but have some leanings in these directions, still let us know that by giving us the appropriate information on the attached sheet.

Current planning calls for four-hour shifts in these operations and security jobs. Most of the tasks we need gopher services for are about two hours in duration, on an irregular basis.

Just a reminder: because of the Colorado state laws concerning minimum wages, no money can exchange hands in return for the work of the gophers. Free memberships cannot be given out for the same reasons.

A special satisfaction that you get by offering your help to keep the con running allows you to enjoy yourself more fully. The tasks we need you for will be as enjoyable as possible since great attempts will be made to fit the desires, interests and abilities of the volunteers to the particular jobs. Many positions allow great opportunities to meet a number of new people at the con.

We need your help. Denvention cannot be run without large numbers of gophers, so please volunteer your services by filling out the attached form, and we will remain in contact with you.

BALTIMORE puts it all together! Regional and World-Con experienced committee, fantastic facilities with flexibility for any size convention, easily accessible from anywhere, backrubs a specialty. Ask us about it: The Committee for Baltimore '83 / Suite 1807/8 Charles Plaza / Baltimore MD 21201.

HOTELS

The main hotel for Denvention Two will be the Denver Hilton, one of Denver's nicest central convention hotels. Primary programming will utilize the Hilton's Main Ballroom which easily seats 2,000 people. A total of 17 more rooms of function space in the Hilton and nearby Holiday and Marina hotels will be used to their fullest extent. The Huckster Rooms will be directly accessible by escalator and comprise generous display areas. Eight elevators service the hotel so there's no problem getting around.

The Cosmopolitan is 1½ blocks from the Hilton and will be used as the Art Hotel. We have used the Cosmo for two Penulticons and have found it very comfortable. The Art Show will be centered here, as well as the art auction and the Artists' Showcases. We are also planning an Artists' Suite in connection with A.S.F.A.

As far as rooms are concerned, we currently have 1,675 blocked in the convention hotels with more available close by. Room rates will not be finalized until September and reservations will be handled by the Denver Convention Bureau, *not* the hotels themselves. More on all this in the December P.R.

MEMBERSHIP INFO

David Anderson

Denvention Two Membership Rates

Dates	Attending	Supporting
March 1 - Sept. 15, 1980	\$25	\$15
Sept. 16, 1980 - March 31, 1981	\$35	\$15
After March 31, 1981	(???)	

made payable to DENVENTION TWO. Also, please enclose a note or letter with the money, explaining what the payment is for, and for whom. If we have notified you of your membership number, please mention it also. The mailing address is:

Special for Denvention One Members

All the attending members of Denvention One (the 1941 Worldcon) are automatically attending members of Denvention Two. We would appreciate all the help anyone can give us in tracking down those who are still around in fandom (such minor unknowns as Robert Heinlein, Forrest J. Ackerman, Rusty Hevelin, etc.).

Denvention Two
39th World Science Fiction Convention
P.O. Box 11545
Denver CO 80211, U.S.A.

Membership Conversion Dates

The membership rate change date (Sept. 15, 1980 or March 31, 1981) refers to the date POST-MARKED on your envelope when we receive your money (just like the IRS and income tax forms). In order for you to buy a membership at the above rates the money must be mailed before Sept. 15. If your letter does not make the deadline, we will contact you to tell you how much more money is needed for your membership.

Converting Supporting Membership to Attending

You may convert your membership from supporting to attending at any time. To do this, you must pay more money: the difference between the amount of money you paid to join as a supporting member and the current rate for an attending membership. For example, if you join as a supporting member for \$10 and then want to convert when the attending rate is \$25, you must pay \$15. If you do not know how much you have paid, write to us and we will tell you. You must send an SASE though.

Contents of Envelopes

PLEASE do not send cash to us through the mail; it is so discouraging to open those empty envelopes. Send either money orders or checks,

Processing of Memberships

It took somewhat longer than we had planned to process the initial membership group of Seacon site selection voters. We did not realize (and probably not many voters did either) that the only record we would be getting was the address

portion of the ballots. This meant that about 200 had either an incomplete address, or no address at all. Tracking these down, cross-checking them with the membership conversion receipts from Seacon and NASFC, and corresponding with the Seacon membership department all took a fair amount of time.

At the moment, we are expecting things to slow down from April until the rate change in September. Right now, there is about a two-week lag between the time we get your letter in the mail and the time we mail the postcard telling you your membership number and status. Part of this is due to the price of gasoline—since I live two hours away from Denver, the mail is collected, pre-sorted and logged in, and then I come get the next membership batch about once every two weeks. When there is a lot of mail, I will probably have to make a weekly run. Thus, please don't expect anything back from us just a week after you mail us a letter—it will take time.

Children's Memberships

Anyone over the age of 11 must purchase an attending membership in order to attend Denvention Two. Children (under the age of 12) who are accompanying an attending adult member (over 18 years old) do not have to purchase a membership. They may receive a children's badge which will allow them entry to the convention facilities when accompanied by their attending parent or legal guardian. This children's membership will not have any voting rights.

Children not accompanied by an attending adult must purchase attending memberships at the regular rate.

Babysitting services will be available if there is a need. If this is a concern of yours or if you would like to help out, please write:

Phyllis Alvis
3150 Endicott Dr.
Boulder CO 80303

Multiple/Guest Memberships

When an individual purchases more than 1 membership, the first membership is in his/her name, and the other memberships are listed as that person's name (GUEST OF). These extra memberships may be changed by the purchaser to the real name of the person who will be using the membership at any time up until the cutoff date for mail memberships (tentatively Aug. 1, 1981). If the membership is not converted before the cutoff date, the purchaser will have to convert the membership to a real name at the convention. Unconverted guest memberships may not vote.

Charge for Replacement Badges

There will be a charge for replacement of a lost badge.

Refunds and Transfers of Memberships

We are sorry, but we cannot honor requests for refunds of membership fees. Memberships may be transferred to another person on receipt of a written request from the current holder of the membership.

Membership Cards

We have not yet decided whether we will send out any membership cards at all. They do not serve any functional purpose since we mail a postcard acknowledgment when a membership is received, nor are they used for identification at the convention.

We would like to hear from you: how important is a membership card (personalized or not)? What useful function does it serve?

Fannish Names and Nicknames

All mailings done by Denvention Two will be sent out to each member by his/her real name. We plan to have the members' names on their convention membership badges when they are picked up by the members. Unless you write in and tell us that you want a specific fannish name or nickname on your badge, the name we put on

the badge will be the name we are using for the mailings. If you ask us to put another name on your badge, please PRINT it clearly when you write to us.

Change of Address

PLEASE—notify us of any change of address as soon as you have a new address. We have already lost 65 people—we do not want to lose any more. If you leave a forwarding address your progress reports should reach you with no trouble. (I wonder what odds would be offered on that statement?)

Mr. Keen, Loser of Traced Persons

The 55 people listed below are people we have been unable to contact as of June 1, 1980. By the time this list sees print we may have found some of them, but if you think you know where someone on the list may be contacted, please write and tell us. In many cases the records we got for these people had only a name, no address.

117	ANDREWS, Richard	473	KILEY, Tim
21	BELSKY, Neil	482	KOCHER, Dorothy J.
163	BUGGS, Carol	490	KYGER, Tim
172	BOWLAND, Deb	510	LILJA, Frank
179	BREWER, Marsha	525	MacCHLURIAN, Dundy
220	COLLINS, Jenny	537	MARSHALL, Ronald
222	COLVIN, Mary B.	539	MARTIN, Charlie
251	DARROW, Geoffrey	541	MATTINGLY, Denise
260	DENNIS, Marietta Sue	570	MILLER, Mark
1214	DOTY, John	575	MITCHELL, Tom
277	DUBRICK, Shawn	580	MONTOUR, Rick
293	ELLIS, Al	589	MUHA, Ralph
296	ESTRADA, Dave	602	NODGES, Bren
334	GARDNER, Jill	604	NORMANOW, Scott
342	GISELSON, Mark	609	OLSON, Jerri
361	GROSS, Mark L.	615	OSMAN, Robert
384	HARPER, Steve	624	PARKER, Barry (Jeff)
407	HOLLMAN, Edward	1660	PAXTON, James T.R.
1396	HORMATS, Gail	1664	PEPIN, Antony
441	JACOB, Steven	675	REED, Bob
1429	JOHNSON, Stephen	680	RENKEN, Jackie
453	JONES, Richard Lee	682	RICHARDS, Bob
		1724	ROEDER, Larry W., Jr.

1764	SANO, Ben	846	VITARIUS, Gayle
734	SHIMBO, Bob	851	WALSER, Andy
766	STAHL, Bob	861	WEIDEMAN, Kurt A.
767	STAHL, Kathy	1952	WILLIAMS, Edie
790	SUTHERLAND, James	879	WINKLER, Dennis

Membership Statistics (as of June 15, 1980)

1. Membership Type:

a. Attending	1,213
b. Supporting	525
c. TOTAL	1,738

2. Membership by location:

a. UNITED STATES MEMBERS

AK	1	KY	18	NY	142
AL	6	LA	24	OH	52
AR	6	MA	64	OK	32
AZ	71	MD	55	OR	14
CA	283	ME	2	PA	48
CO	261	MI	51	RI	13
CT	14	MN	42	SC	4
DC	11	MO	52	TN	23
DE	4	MS	5	TX	69
FL	43	MT	1	UT	19
GA	6	NC	9	VA	39
HI	3	ND	3	VT	2
IA	17	NE	16	WA	41
ID	1	NH	5	WI	21
IL	112	NJ	42	WV	8
IN	21	NM	37	WY	4
KS	38	NV	6		

b. FOREIGN MEMBERS

Australia	107
Canada	67
New Zealand	20
Norway	13
Sweden	16
United Kingdom	70
Other	24

NEW MEMBERS

- * 111 ALTUS, SID
- * 132 BALES, RON
- *2370 BATEMAN, SHARON
- * 899 BELLEFUEILLE, YVES
- 2373 BROWN, WILLIAM A.
- * 187 BUNN, CHERYL
- 2379 CAVIN, WILLIAM I.
- * 210 CHERRYH, C.J.
- *2378 COLE, NITA L.
- *2374 COLLINSON, JACK
- *2387 CURTH, RICHARD J.
- * 254 DAVIS, SCOTT
- 2395 DOLSAY, ROBERT
- * 280 DUNN, KEVIN
- *2380 EVENSEN, MARIANNE
- *2394 FEIN, ADRIENNE
- * 302 FELLINGER, BO
- * 303 FELLINGER, MIKE
- *2376 FLYNN, DENNIS G.
- *2127 GAFFORD, D. GARRETT
- *2386 GIBBS, LYNN
- *2382 GREENLEAF, EMILE
- *2392 GRUNSETH, BENITA
- * 236 GUSS, JENI
- 2377 HALL, JOHN H.
- *2391 HARRIS, NEIL
- *2375 HICKS, SARA J.
- *2393 HLAVATY, ARTHUR D.
- 434 IVIE, KATHRYN
- 1415 JACOBS, REBECCA J.
- * 454 JOYCE, JOHN
- * 463 KEENER, MIKE
- *2385 KEENER, MIKE (GO)
- * 489 KRISTIANSO, RANDY C.
- * 517 LOW, JUDITH A.
- * 520 LUNSFORD, FRANKLIN
- *2033 MAZURANIC, KRSTO
- *2384 MILLER, KATHLEEN
- * 578 MOLNAR, TIM
- * 584 MORRIS, HARRY O.
- * 595 NELSON, LISE
- 623 PANSHIN, ALEXEI
- * 640 PETERSON, ROBERT C.
- * 641 PFLOCK, CYNDI
- * 642 PFLOCK, KURT
- * 648 POHL, FRED
- * 653 PRESTON, JANICE
- * 655 PRESTON, RICHARD K.
- * 666 QUINN, DORIS
- * 688 ROBINSON, FRANK M.
- 2372 SCHULTHEIS, STEVEN
- * 729 SHAW, DAVID W.
- *2390 SHEA, DAVID M.
- 2383 SILVER, DAVID
- * 743 SIRI, GIANI
- * 764 SPENCER, MICHAEL
- 2388 SPRAGUE, SUSAN
- * 805 THOMAS, CATHY
- *2304 TOURTELLOT, DIXIEANNE
- *2369 TRAXLER, DAVID JAMES
- 2389 VAHSOLTZ, JON
- * 838 VARDEMAN, ROBERT
- *1937 WHITMORE, JACKIE L.
- *1938 WHITMORE, STEPHEN T.
- * 872 WILLIAMS, KEITH
- * 881 WINTER, CHRISTOPHER
- * 891 YOKUM, CONNIE
- *1979 ZEIGER, J. BARRY

FINANCES

FINANCIAL REPORT DENVENTION TWO August 1979 through May 1980

Income through 5/30/80 (9 months)

Memberships	\$19,199.84
Dealers' tables.	550.00
Advertising.	89.20
T-Shirts	83.25
Interest	254.25
TOTAL.	<u>\$20,076.54</u>

Expense through 5/30/80 (9 months)

Refunds.	\$ 75.50
Advertising.	340.51
Post office box	
Stationery	100.78
Bidding expense	2,950.00
Thin-Air Wonder Stories.	1,292.49
Gasoline	
Parking	9.25
Telephone	768.10
Postal expense	876.31
Progress Reports	2,213.80
Art Show.	21.00
Operations expense	20.00
Computer expense.	691.05
Supplies.	779.01
T-shirts	1,050.00
Capital expense.	1,478.32
Bank expense	16.31
Bad checks.	24.00
TOTAL.	<u>\$12,706.43</u>

BALANCE (Income less expense). . . . \$ 7,370.11

Balance in:

Checking account	\$ 17.17
Savings account.	7,352.94
TOTAL.	<u>\$ 7,370.11</u>

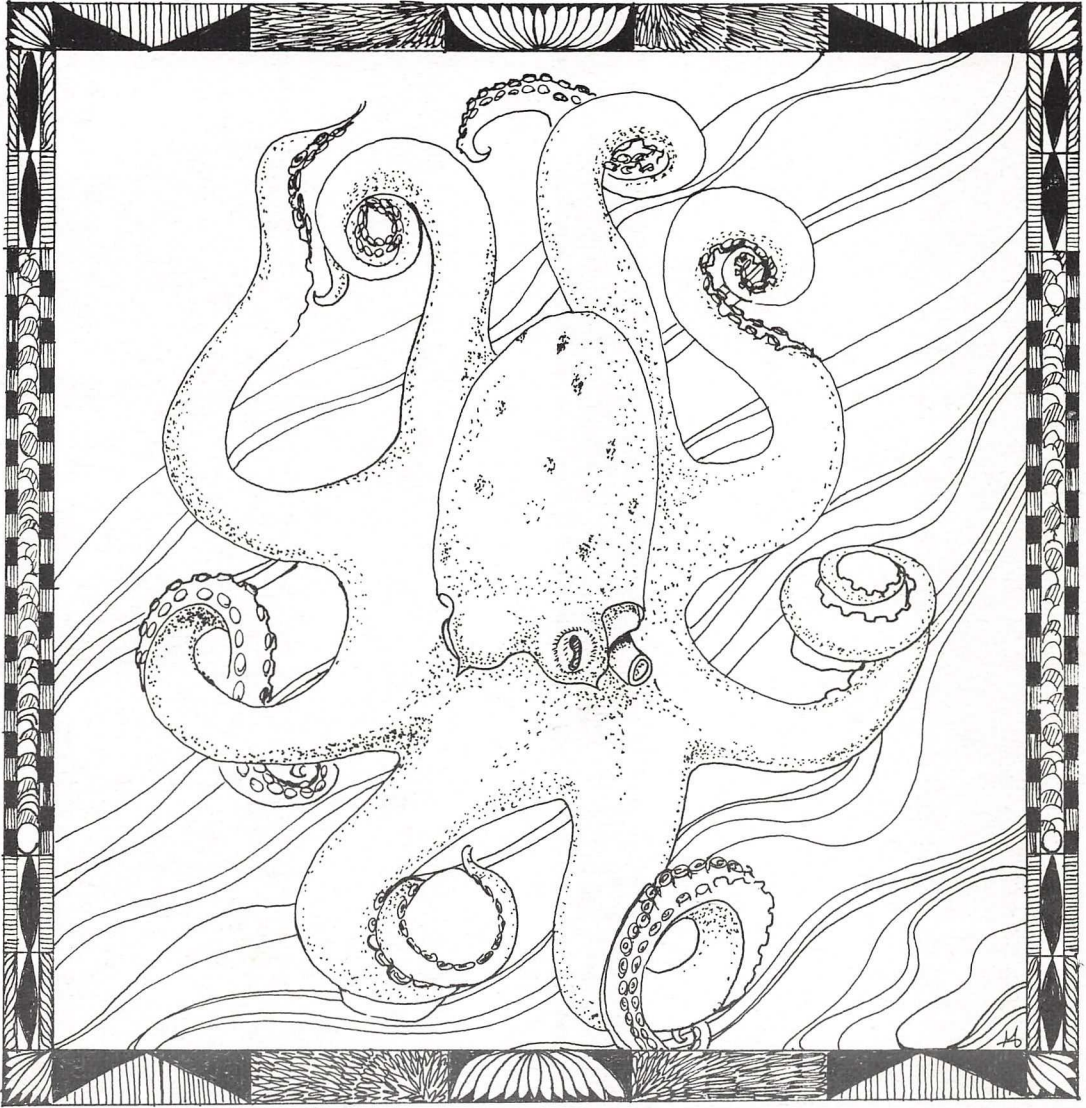
QUALITY in BOOK DESIGN & TYPOGRAPHY

We specialize in producing books for small specialty publishers. In addition to our own books (we were formerly The Aspen Press), we have typeset and/or designed such books as *Far Future Calling* by Olaf Stapledon and *Alien Flesh* by Seabury Quinn, both for Oswald Train; a number of books for the Mysterious Press including *Out of the Mouths of Graves* by Robert Bloch, the two Norgil books, and *Lew Archer, Private Investigator* by Ross Macdonald; and many others. We also typeset magazines, including *The Armchair Detective* and the Denvention publications.

We offer three services: 1) we'll typeset to your design and specifications, 2) we'll design *and* typeset your publication, or 3) we'll turn your manuscript into a finished book. Whichever method you choose, the end result will be a quality book at a low price. For more information, call us at (303) 443-8346, or write us at:

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