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PROGRAM
& Memory Book**



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THE SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB

St. Louiscon

27th World Science Fiction Convention

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The St.Louiscon Program Book is edited and published by the St.Louiscon Committee, for the members of the 27th World Science Fiction Convention, August 2, 1969.

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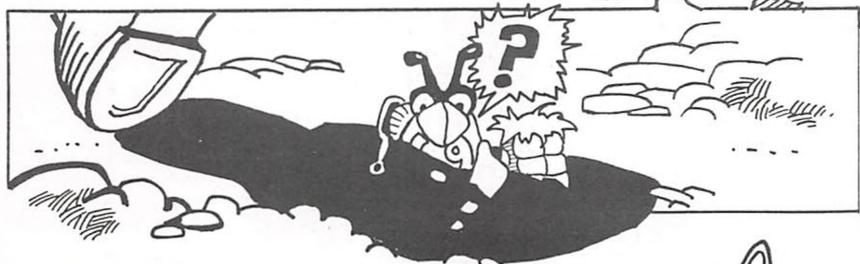
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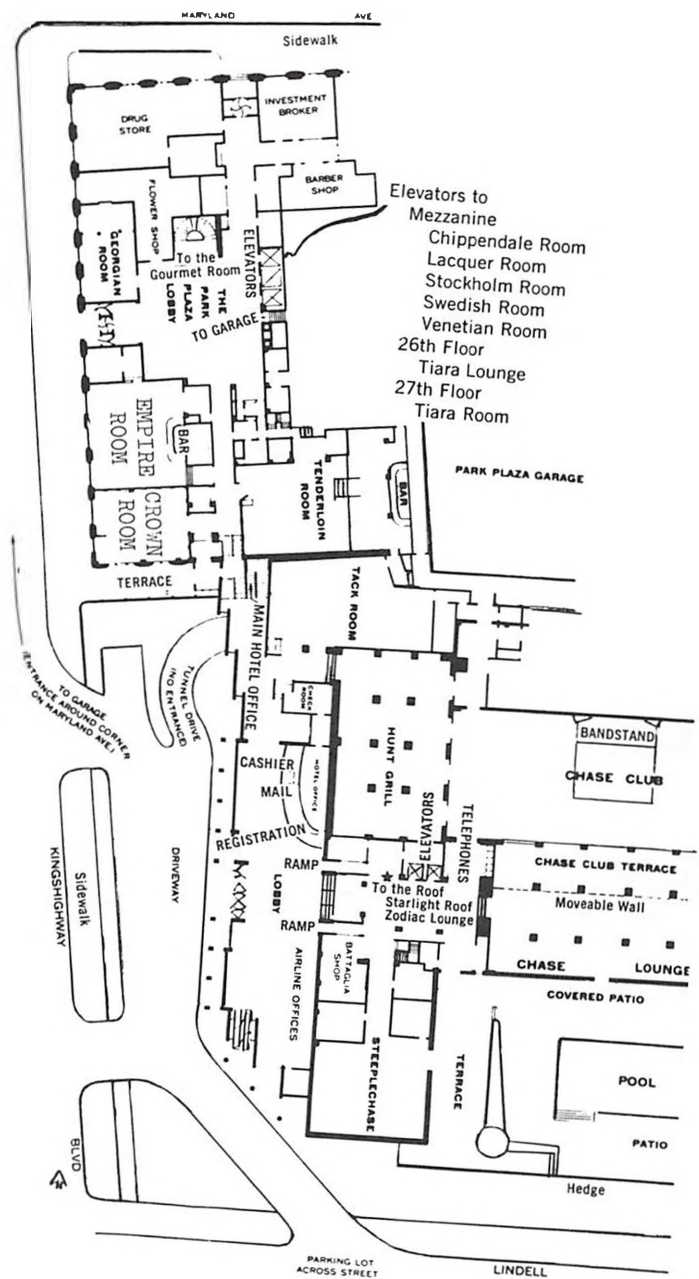


TWO FIGURES---

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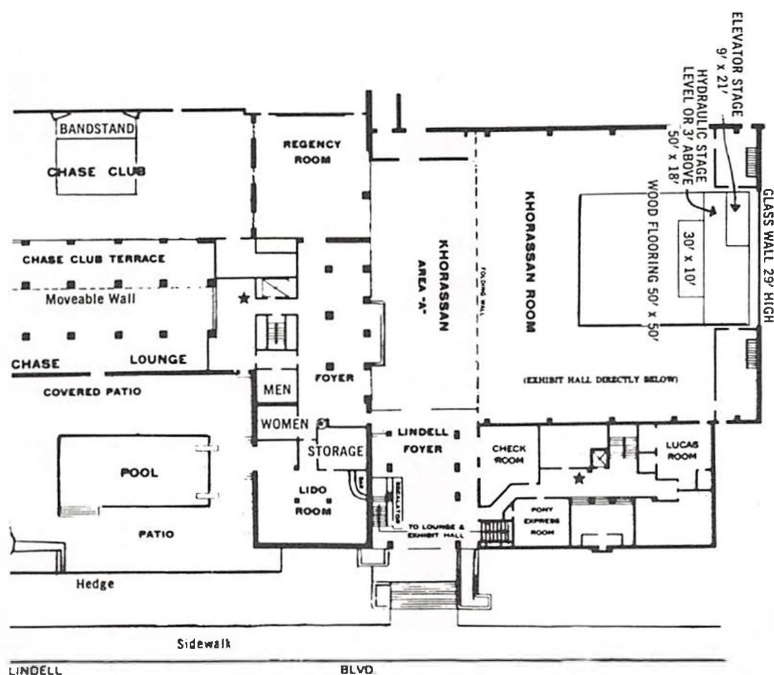
AND HIS FAITHFUL SIDEKICK, ODD,
WHO HAVE TRAVELED FOOTSORE
AND WEARY ACROSS 9,748
MILES OF TUNDRA, DESERT AND
RAGING OCEAN...





MAIN FLOOR PLAN

Note: Exhibition Hall is directly below Khorassan Room



Saint Louiscon

Program

THURSDAY, August 28th:

- 1:00 pm: (Chase Lounge) Registration begins for early arrivals.
(Starlight Roof) Project Art Show sets up.
(Chase Club) Booksellers Room sets up.
(Lido Room) N3F Hospitality Room sets up.
- 8:00 pm: (Khorassan Room) Movies, continuing till dawn.
- 9:00 pm: (Zodiac Roof) Welcome Party for registered members.
- 10:30 pm: (Zodiac Roof) Filk-Song Fest, with cash bar for the rest of the evening.



FRIDAY, August 29th:

- 9:00 am: (Chase Lounge) Registration opens for the day.
- 10:00 am: (Zodiac Roof) Pre-business meeting for those who intend to present motions and other related matters at Monday's regular business meeting.
- 11:00 am: (Khorassan Room) The convention officially opens. The chairmen make a few announcements relating to the seriousness of the occasion that brings us here; introduce the notables present, and present the program's theme: The Anatomy of Science Fiction.
- 11:30 am: " " Robert Silverberg gives the first keynote speech, The Genre of Science Fiction.
- Noon: " " Terry Carr presents the second part of the program theme, with a keynote speech on The Phenomena of Fandom.
- 12:30 pm: " " Ben Bova gives the third keynote speech, concerning our relationship to the scientific community: The Realities of the Future.
- 1:00 pm: " " It Didn't Quite Turn Out The Way We Planned
The moon-landing in fact and fiction. An illustrated discussion by Harry (Hal Clement) Stubbs.
- 2:00 pm: " " Console Brothers...How Close Are We? A look at artificial intelligence vrs. computer technology, by Dick Lupoff.

3:00 pm: " " The regular auction.

4:00 pm: (Pool-Side) A Mid-Western, Hot Summer Afternoon, Old-Time, Pool-Side, Meet-The-Pro Party With Sarsaparilla, Sno-Cones, Cotton Candy, and Calliope Music For All.

1:00 am: (Khorassan Room) Movies, continuing till dawn.

SATURDAY, August 30th:

9:00 am: (Chase Lounge) Registration opens for the day.

 (Khorassan Room) A Comics Program, supervised by Bob Schoenfeld.

11:00 am: " " Selection of the 1971 convention site.

12:15 pm: (Empire Room) Annual Burroughs Bibliophile Dum-Dum.

1:00 pm: (Khorassan Room) This afternoon is dedicated to a series of panels on the science fiction package, with discussions of the visual aspects by s.f. artists, followed by discussions of contentual preferences by editors. Capping it off will be a dialogue between two authors with two points of view.

4:00 pm: " " The auction again.

7:00 pm: " " The Masquerade Ball Begins.

7:30 pm: " " The Parade of Costumes starts, and judging of costumes begins promptly.

11:00 pm: " " Following the Parade of Costumes, the Rock Show.

1:00 am: " " Movies begin again, and again go till dawn.

SUNDAY, August 31st:

9:00 am: (Chase Lounge) Registration opens for the day.

 (Khorassan Room) A Tolkien Society Program, supervised by Ed Meskys.

11:00 am: " " Selection of the 1970 convention site.

Noon: " " Who Sawed Courtney's Boat? The mysteries of the ages finally revealed by Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, and a Special Mystery Guest.

12:45 pm: " " This afternoon is dedicated to a series of panels on the history of science fiction; how it was, how it has changed, how we can expect it to be in the future, by authors who have contributed to the field.

3:00 pm:	"	"	<u>A Look At The Whole Ball Of Wax</u> , by Harlan Ellison.
4:00 pm:	"	"	More auction.
7:00 pm:	"	"	The Awards Banquet. The Toastmaster, Harlan Ellison, will present the Guests of Honor who will speak on subjects of their choice; and the awards will be presented by Bob Bloch.
10:00 pm:	"	"	Movies again, till dawn.

MONDAY, September 1st:

9:00 am:	(Khorassan Room)	Business Meeting of the 27th World Science Fiction Convention.
11:00 am:	"	" Auction.
Noon:	"	" A series of panels and discussions in which we hear some ideas about science fiction's role and future in the dramatic arts; some observations by authors on the field of science fiction and its appeal; discussions concerning international science fiction and science fiction fandom; and views on where we go from here.
4:00 pm:	"	" Final Auction.
5:00 pm:	"	" The official business of the convention closes, and the chairmen of St. Louiscon present the gavels to the chairmen of the 1970 and 1971 conventions
6:00 pm:	"	" Time to say goodbye, and...you guessed it: Movies..till dawn.

PROJECT ART SHOW:	The Tenth Anniversary Showing of Project Art Show will be open throughout the con, in the Starlight Roof.
BOOK & MAGAZINE SALES:	The Hucksters Room will be open throughout the convention, in the Chase Club.
HOSPITALITY ROOM:	The N3F Hospitality Room will be open throughout the con, in the Lido Room.

NOTE:

Please consult your Pocket Program for complete listings of each days programs, and watch the bulletin boards for any last minute changes. Notices of Special Interest Groups' meetings will be posted on the bulletin board at the registration desk, or listed in the Pocket Program.

Your membership badge should be worn at all times and will serve as your admission-ticket to all convention functions (except as noted in the business-meeting rules.) Guards will be posted, and absolutely no one will be admitted into the Masquerade Ball without a badge, unless they are wearing a costume to which the badge would be detrimental.

Jack Gaughan

The Pro

introduction by Terry Carr

When I was very young I used to get extremely puzzled sometimes about the attitudes editors had toward some artists. I mean, here would be this artist, X, whose work was beautiful, imaginative, meticulously done, visually and conceptually exciting, and I'd ask, "Why don't you have X do more stuff for you?" and the editor would shake his head and mutter something about deadlines, or temperament, or his ulcer.

And a day or two later I'd pick up a copy of this editor's magazine (or that editor's magazine, or that other editor's book over there) and I'd find a cover that was... well, the spaceship was recognizable as a spaceship and the humans were anthropomorphic, and I guess it didn't misrepresent the story it illustrated or give away an O'Henry ending or anything. But it didn't do anything to or for me; it was just sort of there. Needless to say, it wasn't by X; it was by somebody who'd done nine out of the last ten covers for that company, and somehow I'd never even noticed his name.

"Oh Christ," I'd moan, "why do they bother with these nothing covers? Why don't they have all the covers by X?"

Later on, when I became wise in the ways of the world, I found out the answer to that. X was a groovy artist, all right — when he was in the mood, and when you could get hold of him on the phone, and when you didn't have to worry about when he turned in his painting. Which is to say, he wasn't reliable, so publishers didn't rely on him. When he did his thing it was lovely, but it wasn't according to schedule.

There's an author, a pretty good one, who writes for me, and whenever I call him about a deadline for one of his books he says, "Do you want it good, or do you want it Monday?"

The same thing happens with some artists — some of the very, very best ones. Which is why they don't get more assignments — for covers, interior drawings, or whatever. They're not pros; they're really hobbyists, doing their drawings for themselves and then selling them after the fact.

There's nothing wrong with being a hobbyist, of course; in fact, there's a lot right with it. But publishing science fiction books and magazines isn't a hobby, so it has to be done by the pro rules, which include, most prominently, regular, relentless deadlines. A lot of times, if it isn't there by Monday, it doesn't matter if it's good or not: somebody else's work that was handy and bearable had to be slipped in to its spot and everything sent off to the printer.

The guy who can turn in work that's printable and on time, every time, is what's called a Pro, and he's blessed by every editor in the business. He probably doesn't win awards or sell more copies for you, but he's there to keep the customers in the auditorial until the temperamental star shows up, late as usual.

By and large, those are the two kinds of people who produce the material you see in the sf books and magazines: the Pros, and the Stars.

But now and then God decides that editors aren't such wretches that they should have to undergo unalloyed torment and anxiety every week and every month of their lives (they'll get enough hell after they die, after all), so he sends them a gift: a Star who is also a Pro. Maybe it should be called a miracle, but I don't believe in miracles. But come to think of it, I'm not sure I believe in Jack Gaughan, either.

Jack Gaughan is one of those...phenomena...who very occasionally show up on editors' doorsteps. If you look very carefully at his forehead, you'll see that it says there in the tiniest of calligraphy, God is not dead. He asked me to tell you. (If you look there and don't see this message, maybe it's because only editors and art directors can read it.)

Jack Gaughan is one hell of a good artist. Everybody has his own favorite Gaughan drawings and paintings: maybe the drawings he did for Jack Vance's THE DRAGON MAS-TERS, or for Fritz Leiber's A SPECTER IS HAUNTING TEXAS, or the covers for THE GHOSTS OF MANACLE by Charles Finney (Pyramid) or KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE (ace), or the "muck-man" cover he did for Galaxy several years ago. (That's one of Jack's own favorites, I suspect, if only for personal reasons. You see, Jack's always had this urge to do a good old-fashioned science fiction cover where the alien monster is carrying off the beautiful heroine, but when you work for high-class magazines like Galaxy you don't get much chance for that. "You'll Never See It In Galaxy", after all. But one day lo! along came this manuscript for which he was to do a cover, and there was this monster who carried off this girl through the swamp, see, and you just know what scene Jack painted. If you see him smiling for no apparent reason — if there's no drink in his hand, for instance — it may be that he's thinking about that.)

There are reasons why Jack is so good, of course. Sure, he went to art school, and he was a personal protege of Hannes Bok, and he's studied the classic painters, engravers and illustrators and can shoot the jargon all night if you want. But there is more: he loves doing art, and he does it all the time. He carried a big thick sketchbook everywhere he goes, and he uses it. He sketches people on the subway, scenes by the river, his wife Phoebe looking pensively out a window. Or he writes notes to himself: theories about art and life, techniques to try, effects to aim for. That's why a Jack Gaughan drawing done in July 1969 probably doesn't look too much like one done in May: he's been thinking and experimenting and changing bit by bit every day. When I last looked through one of his sketchbooks-in-progress, it was No. 78 or so, I think; but that was a couple of years ago, before he moved into the country, so he's probably up past 100 by now.

Jack cares about what he does. He researches his work — his studio walls are lined not only with art books, but with illustrated references of all types: sourcebooks on astronomy, animal anatomy, fashions through history, machinery, electronics, you name it. He's so conscientious that he even reads the stories he illustrates, every single one of them. You might be surprised how many big sf artists don't; they just read a plot synopsis, or the opening chapter, or maybe just fake it all the way, basing their drawings on a title and a guess. Not Jack — he reads the stuff to get the feeling of a story, and he puts all his art and craft into making a representation of that story that will complement and compliment it.

That's why Jack is a Star.

As I said, we all have our own favorite Gaughans; and no matter what yours is, it's a cinch that you remember it with special fondness. You probably take out that book or magazine every now and then, just to look at his art for a while.

And there's one thing more that's a cinch about Jack Gaughan paintings and drawings: every one of them was turned in on time, and nobody got an ulcer worrying about whether or not the art would be there when the deadline was. He makes it good and gets it in on Monday.

Because Jack is a Star who is also a Pro.

I thought I'd tell you all this because Jack is, after all, the Pro Guest of Honor at this convention, and if you should happen to run into him at some party where he's decided to, ah, sing...well, I wouldn't want you to think he's being honored for that.

No; it's because Jack Gaughan is a Star. And a Pro. And, by the way, a Good Man.

In fact, if you want to know the truth about my favorite Gaughan, I'll tell you. It's him. Himself. Jack Gaughan.

When he stands up at the banquet as Pro Guest of Honor, clap like mad. I'm going to.

-- Terry Carr

gaughan by gaughan



with a slight assist from Dick Lupoff

[Lupoff here] Jack Gaughan, as everybody knows, is the sensational science fiction artist who broke on the scene in the August 1962 issue of Galaxy Science Fiction with his striking cover painting and stunning black-and-white illustrations for Jack Vance's novella The Dragon Masters. He followed this tour-de-force with innumerable other magazine and paperback book covers, black-and-white illustrations, and jacket paintings for hardcover books. In these seven years he has painted the covers of over 100 volumes for Ace Books alone -- plus his work for Pyramid, Lancer, Galaxy, If, International SF, Worlds of Fantasy, F&SF, Walker, and others.

His growth as a professional illustrator has paralleled his growing popularity as a fan. He has attended local club meetings of New York groups, most notably the Fanclasts, originally a fanzine-oriented, "faanish" group whose members in recent years have crashed the pro ranks virtually en masse, providing the field with a whole crop of authors, editors, and artists. He has attended regional and world SF conventions, and was chosen as Guest of Honor at a recent Boskone.

He has been almost unbelievably generous with his time and talent, advice and materials, contributing artwork or articles to innumerable fanzines including Luna, Scientifantasy, Fantasy Advertiser, Insides, Psychotic/SFR, Lighthouse, Starling, Tanstaaf!, WSFA Journal, Niekas, Algol, Horib, Odd, Shaggy, Amra, and Granfalloon. His Nylon Comics was a mainstay of the successful bidding campaign of the New York convention in 1967.

His career has been crowned with three Hugos (best professional artist and best fan artist in 1967, and best professional artist again in 1968), and now by his selec-

tion as Guest of Honor by the World Science Fiction Convention.

In addition to his work as a freelance artist he recently was appointed art director for Galaxy and If magazines, and his distinctive touch in design has already begun to be felt in the interior appearances of those magazines.

All of this would seem an admirable career in science fiction, but only a relative handful of Jack Gaughan's admirers are aware that this is his second time around—that he had a previous career as a science fiction fan and pro, disappeared almost entirely from the scene, and in fact is a bit of a re-tread as an SF personality.

It is customary to include profiles of Guests of Honor in these program booklets, and Ray Fisher asked me to write one on Jack, perhaps because we've been friends for years, and because we live fairly near one another.

Jack lives with his wife Phoebe, children Brian and Norah, Phoebe's mother Susan Adams, two cats and a black-and-white hound called Ace. Their home is an old Lovecraftian manse of rough-hewn stone, narrow flights of steep and creaking stairs, and an attic inhabited by stubborn swarms of bats that refuse to stay exterminated. This stands in the tiny town of Rifton, New York, between New Paltz and Kingston. If that doesn't help much, it's about 100 miles north of New York City.

His studio, files, and Galaxy-If Art Director's office are located on the top floor of that old stone house, and a visit there is enough to make the science fiction fan's eyes pop at the stacks of Jack's works: framed and unframed originals, file copies of those hundred of books and magazines, rough sketches and unfinished drawings and paintings that will appear on newsstands in the months to come.

He is a stocky man of medium height and ruddy complexion, with a ready grin, a ready opinion on any subject under the sun, and a dedication to his work that combines humility with fully justified pride. Here's the kind of think Jack does:

A couple of years ago I sold a novel to Lancer Books and Jack was given the assignment of painting the cover. I arranged to drop in on him accidentally-on-purpose just before the painting was to be turned in, and Jack showed it to me. He'd made a striking picture to go on the book: a sinister sailing ship is seen on the surface of a blood-red sea, while out of a similarly crimson sky filled with enigmatic planets there rises the psychedelically-patterned form of a nearly nude giantess, clad only in a dark blue cloak.

"I love it," I said to Jack, "only in the story her cloak isn't that plain blue — it's worked through with silver filigree."

"Sit right down," Jack said, "read these 150 fanzines and don't look up until I tell you to."

I did as he said, and when he finally summoned me from the pages of the N3F Tight-beam there was the painting, the cloak now worked throughout with intricate silver filigree.

That's artistic integrity.

To tell Jack's story, there's no one better than Jack himself. He is a highly expressive man whose conversation, except for a slight tendency never to let the other fellow finish a sentence, is a pleasure to share. My wife Pat and I shared an evening's pub-crawl with the Gaughans a year or two ago and the next day I just set down the conversation almost verbatim, disguised our four names and a few local references, and sold the thing to Dude magazine as a short story.

So rather than tell you much more about Jack, I asked him to turn on the tape recorder and tell about himself the other night. I've transcribed the tape, edited and rearranged a little bit to reduce the amount of hopping around that took place, and I'll let Jack speak for himself.

[Some Basic Autobiography]

[Gaughan here] Born September 24, 1930, Springfield, Ohio in a hospital which burned down shortly after my birth. Schooling: parochial all the way up through high school. Then I attended the Dayton Art Institute for four regular years, one post-graduate year on a scholarship, got drafted, came back for one other year on the GI Bill.

I'd spent two years in the Transportation Corps in Fort Eustis, Virginia. One of the things I did was teach guys who'd been in the army since Victor McLaughlin was Sergeant Quirt how to fire an M1 rifle when I couldn't hit the side of a barn with one.

After my post-graduate years I went to Philadelphia and lived above a bar full of prostitutes and degenerates who took great care of me, and I illustrated a kids' book while I was there: The Pennsylvania Story. It was a history of Pennsylvania; I think it's still in use in Pennsylvania schools.

[Getting in the Olde Ess-Tee-Eff]

I got into science fiction, never having read it, because I have a big mouth, and in the Catholic school in which I studied, one time I opened my mouth once too often and a teacher, a nun, a Sister of Charity I might add, as a matter of punishment made me read and report on Out of the Silent Planet by C. S. Lewis. A thoroughly approved-of Catholic writer incidentally.

And I got...well, the thing that really hooked me on it was not the science fiction so much as there was an animal in this story that urinated. And I thought that an animal that urinated in the library of a Catholic school has to be a gas. So in all seriousness I looked up the rest of the science fiction, because I thought "That's a pretty free-thinking field!" You know, a Catholic school, like other schools, has a pretty restricted point of view. Every school to every kid is restrictive anyway.

And the only science fiction I found readily after that, because I was hooked on science fiction after that, was Planet Comics. And I found out there was a thing called Planet Stories which did relate, they were illustrated by the same people. But I got into that and then I found out there was a thing called Famous Fantastic Mysteries. From "Planet" to "Fantastic" wasn't too great a leap, but I found myself confronted with minor classics of English literature every once in a while, cut up though they may have been.

And at that point I was hooked on it.

Those magazines were largely illustrated by L. Sterne Stevens, Virgil Finlay, and Lawrence. Finlay appealed to me because another time in the high school as punishment I was required to copy, line for line, a Gustave Dore engraving from Dante's Inferno, which is full of nudes. And I copied it line for line.

Dore actually drew all those lines on the block before the engraver got to them, and here was this guy who did this wild pen work, Virgil Finlay, and I got hung up on that, and the agreeable aspect of fantasy.

Most of it was fantasy, I didn't get into science fiction actually, it was a little forbidding. I tried reading A. E. van Vogt and I didn't understand. I mean when people would walk through walls just as a matter of course without being explained it annoyed me so I got hung up on Rider Haggard instead. And later graduated into science fiction.

But there were these illustrators, and I really tried for years to be Virgil Finlay. I found it easier to be Lawrence because of a somewhat technical reason, that he drew illustrations rather than designs. Designs have to be intelligently arranged and produced.

So what I did was make up these samples and I figured, since that's what I do, and that's the only thing at that time that I knew, that's what I'd attempt to do professionally. So I sent off samples everywhere.

[Once Around Fast in Fandom]

Meanwhile the Cincinatti people, Don Ford, got me to come down to the Cincinatti convention. I was about 18 at the time, and I was doing fan drawings for John Grossman's Scientifantasy and Gus Willmorth's Fantasy Advertiser and Frank Dietz's original Luna — I had a two or three-color cover, very bad. This sort of culminated at the Cincinatti convention because....

At the Cincinatti convention was a young man whose name I could give you but I'd rather not. And at the con I didn't know anybody so I spent most of my time in my

room at the hotel, and one night there was a knock at the door and this young man came in and he was wearing a propeller beany and he had a bolo knife in his right hand. He was a little fat guy like Woody Winks in Plastic Man. And he swiped at me with his bolo knife and I just froze, I just stood there and looked at him. I didn't make an expression or move or...nothing.

He stopped swiping at me and he backed off and he said "I'm writing a story and I wanted to see what you would do," and he went out of the room and I had nothing to do with fandom for about ten years after that.

[Becoming a Dirrrty Pro]

I sent my elaborate Virgil Finlay imitations out to FPCI because they at that time printed the rottenest artwork I've ever seen, and I figured, I can do that! This is a philosophy that I, as art director at Galaxy, have to put up with to this day. Kids who see rotten drawings in the old Galaxy send me rotten samples figuring they are just as good and they're right but I don't want that.

Well I sent them rotten samples and strangely enough they said "Here's a book, here it is, People of the Comet by Austin Hall. Read it, do us a jacket, such-and-so a size with x amount of bleed." I was still in art school at the time and I ran up to my art teacher, her name was Irene Hoffman, and tugged at her skirt, and I said "What's a bleed?"

She told me what a bleed was and I didn't believe her but I did it anyway and I did this magnificent cover for People of the Comet consisting of an observatory with stars in the skies. One thing I remember about it is that, in Super Science Stories I think, Fred Pohl reviewed this book, which is largely about a guy looking at the dirt under his fingernails. Fred Pohl said that the jacket was better than the book. And it wasn't until years later when I realized how rotten the book was that I realized what Fred was saying.

Mr. Crawford at FPCI signed the checks but I always addressed Garrett Ford. I was told only two years ago that Garrett Ford was Forry Ackerman, Margaret Crawford, and William Crawford. Ackerman told me himself. Anyway, I always wrote to Garrett Ford, and you know what they paid me?

First of all they wanted to pay me an \$18.75 war bond. They paid \$18.75 for their two-color jackets. And I didn't want that, I wanted money. So when they found out I wanted money they decided to talk me into \$18.75 worth of books. I didn't want that either. It took me about three months to finally convince them to pay me money. They sent me a check which I cashed immediately, for \$18.75, which is what they paid me for all my jackets.

For FPCI I did jackets for People of the Comet by Hall, Planets of Adventure by Basil Wells, The Radium Pool by Ed Earl Repp, The Rat Race by Jay Franklin, After 12,000 Years by Stanton A. Coblentz, and The Radio Man by Ralph Milne Farley. All of 'em were very bad.

The Radio Man was my second job. I was given these old pulp magazines it appeared in as a serial, I read it, and in order to do things right I spent at least three full days on my stomach with a magnifying glass torturing the hell out of black ants to get a good look at them. Some of the stuff showed up many, many years later in The Dragon Masters. Still, I found out where the antennae were really attached where the mandibles came out of, and what the eyes looked like.

Because I remember the Paul illustrations; they look no more like ants than you do, Lupoff! I found out what an ant really looks like. Because I didn't know about research, I did my own. I've gotten smarter and lazier since.

So I did these drawings, they were sent to the publisher and from the publisher to Ralph Milne Farley, Roger Sherman Hoar. I had a letter from him that said it was the first time that anybody had actually drawn real ants for his stories, they were eclectic. I didn't know what that meant. The design of the jacket was eclectic too. He guessed the human face was all right but the ants were the best he'd seen as illustrations to his stories.

I was very proud.

I sent off a bunch of samples to John W. Campbell and he sent back notes telling me

where I was wrong, except that each time I was wrong I was "quoting" a story that he had printed, explicitly. And when I went to New York on a vacation he ended up giving me a story called Gypsy by Poul Anderson, one of Anderson's first. January, 1950, Astounding Science Fiction. I did that in New York for the glorious sum of \$30. I did some other stuff and it got printed and somehow or other my name got kicked around.

[Adventures in Mundania]

So I did this stuff early. This was interrupted in 1952 by my getting drafted, and in 1954 I got out and went to Philly and later got suckered into taking jobs commercially...advertising, art director for four film producers, consultant for the American Bosch Company.

I went to Brooklyn on Hannes Bok's invitation and I took an apartment there with a widow he used to do astrology readings for. I stayed there rent-free on the basis that I would be a janitor. I took the cans out and fixed the plumbing and all the sort of things that I don't do around my house nowadays, I assure you.

Until one day I drew a picture of the landlady. The idea of my being there at all was that I was eventually to do a portrait of the landlady. And I got to know her in the meantime, which was a great mistake, because when I painted her portrait I painted all the wrinkles and all the crow's feet and everything, and she was well over 40, perhaps over 50 for all I know, and imagined she was Audrey Hepburn.

So I perforce left that place, and for various other reasons took a job in a small art studio instead of goofing off on GI unemployment which is what I intended to do. I lived on 47th Street in Manhattan above a Spanish bar called El Fundador. The smell of rice, onions and beans permeates some of my clothes which I have to this day, as a matter of fact.

I painted a mural on the wall of this apartment, on my bedroom wall. The bedroom was, I'd say, about four feet wide. That's no exaggeration. Imagine getting a bed in it. I painted this mural of an old Russian legend, a favorite of mine, called Ilya Murometz. Ilya Murometz is an old Russian hero, see, and he does a lot of marvelous heroic Russian things, and in the end he meets a tribe of Tartars or Tatars depending on which album notes you read, the Capitol or the Victor.

And he cuts them in half with his sword and every time he cuts one in half they turn into two. For the first time in his life Ilya takes a look and he figures "Oh boy, I've had it!" And he turns tail and he runs. The minute he turns tail he turns into stone. So I painted this two-sequence thing on the wall, and along about that time, shortly after I'd painted it, I met Phoebe and we decided to get married, and we left the apartment.

And it was taken over by a very delicate, limp-wristed young man, who when he saw this mural decided to cover it up. I had painted the mural in very thick water color, you might almost call it gouache, but he covered it up with very shiny light blue enamel.

And that was his bedroom too, and he used to lay there at night, but because it was very shiny blue enamel over my gouache water color, the water color began to crack, and the paint on top began to crack off the water color, and these faces began to peer through at him. I met him on the street one day, you know this area of cat, very delicate and superstitious. He sort of told me the story but he was sort of mystically shook up about it. I didn't know what to say about it. The only thing I know is that eventually he moved out and I never heard more of the apartment.

But during that period I was promoted to father...and to studio manager. And then I was hired away from the studio by a very small advertising agency, to be the art director. Actually I wasn't hired to be the art director, I was hired to help the art director, but the art director never showed up, so I was it. And one day I found myself the art director of an advertising agency. We did largely real estate ads and engineering recruiting ads. We did 'em for Grumman, Norden, people like that.

I didn't know anything about art directing, I was just a studio guy. In the studio all I did was comp renderings. You know when you're in that field you're typed. If you're a comp renderer you don't do layouts, you just comp render what somebody else laid out. Well here I am art director, I'm supposed to be the head man of the

whole schmear. I didn't know what to do, so what I did was call up the production department of the New York Times and say "I've gotta produce an ad for you, what do I do?" And over the next six-eight months they told me, and I learned my craft that way. They were very helpful, they really were.

[Back into the Fold]

At that time, which was the beginning of my freelance period, I started painting pictures, and they turned out to be science fiction pictures. You naturally go to the thing you know, and I know and love science fiction. There had been up to that time, with the exception of Powers, very little of the real meat of science fiction on the covers. They were usually very broadly tempera painted naked ladies with brassieres. I'm not talking just about Bergey. Fantasy Reader covers, things like that. Paperback people did not use people like Rogers or anybody who came out of the field.

Don Wollheim bought my first paperback cover. All this time I'm doing illustrations for Galaxy once in a while, more or less as a hobby, whenever Mr. van der Poel let me. But Don Wollheim bought the first paperback cover. It was for Times Without Number by John Brunner. Then Don Bensen at Pyramid bought one for the same reason Wollheim had. Both Wollheim and Bensen were looking for science fiction illustrators who were less professional slick illustrators than they were science fiction people.

This was after The Dragon Masters which I did while I still had my outside job. August, 1962. Thanks to Jack Vance. Thanks to that story. Though I had been doing illustrations for years, thanks to the blending of the story and art, The Dragon Masters made me at last not the invisible man any more. Because I'd been invisible for years before that.

So that made me the visible man, and because I was visible Wollheim remembered me, Bensen remembered me, and once I had a couple of paperback covers under my belt, and a little food, I just hustled.

[Truphan Redivivus]

When I came back into fandom it was because I'd done enough stuff professionally that Hans Santesson invited me to Hydra meeting and there I met Terry Carr. Somehow or other I got to see his magazine and sort of hung around with Terry once in a while. Then Terry sent me The Compleat Burbee and this was like my introduction all over again, there was this thing called fandom, and was really amusing, articulate.

I found myself so taken with Lighthouse that every time I saw Terry I tried to speak in quotable quotes so he'd quote me but he never did.

So I got around that one by writing an article for Lighthouse. I went down to visit John Schoenherr and came back covered with ticks. And I thought that would be very interesting to write an article about, so I did, and Terry published it, and somebody mentioned it in a letter in the next issue, and that's all you need, seeing your name in a fanzine.

I've been doing it ever since. I would write an article, contribute a drawing, and there would be this thing that never happened in the prozines, there would be a response. No matter what kind of response, it was great to know you weren't shouting or squeaking in a vacuum.

The mere fact that fandom made a response was the great thing. It's probably the reason I still hang onto it. The whole egoboo business is what does it, and the plain business of response, to know that you're not talking merely to yourself or the guy that writes the check. It's great.

[Lupoff here again] That's the way Jack Gaughan talks. All the time. If I hadn't promised Ray Fisher this piece for the program booklet I could take the tape and turn it into a couple more short stories, but a promise is a promise. Jack has a lot more to say, including the fact that he's out to destroy the fan art field. Well, not destroy it, maybe, but cream the top talents off the top of the fanzine field and turn them into dirrrty pros too.

He wants the good fan artists -- the good ones -- to make up samples and send them to him at Galaxy. Assignments are forthcoming.

TRANSATLANTIC FUND

The TAFF -- Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund -- was created in 1953 by Don Ford and Walter A. Willis, for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. The first winner, A. Vincent Clarke, was unable to accept in 1954; however, since that time the TAFF has regularly brought overseas fans to the U.S. and sent American fans to British conventions.

TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates, in each TAFF campaign, are voted upon by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of no less than a dollar. These votes, therefore, and the continued interest of fans, are what makes TAFF possible.

This year's TAFF campaign closed on May 31. It is therefore with particular significance to St. Louiscon that we are able to list the TAFF winners through the years, including the current winner who will be attending St. Louiscon.

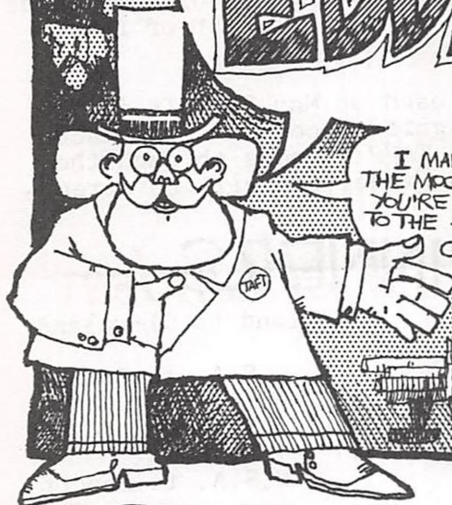
TAFF WINNERS

1955 - Ken Bulmer	England to Cleveland
1957 - Robert A. Madle	U.S.A. to London
1958 - Ron Bennett	England to Los Angeles
1960 - Don Ford	U.S.A. to London
1960 - Eric Bentcliffe	England to Pittsburgh
1962 - Ethel Lindsay	U.S.A. to Harrogate
1962 - Ron Ellick	England to Chicago
1964 - Wally Weber	U.S.A. to Peterborough
1964 - Arthur Thomson	England to Oakland
1965 - Terry Carr	U.S.A. to London
1966 - Tom Schulck	Germany to Cleveland
1968 - Steve Stiles	U.S.A. to Manchester
1969 - Eddie Jones	1969 . England to St. Louis

PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE* SAYS:

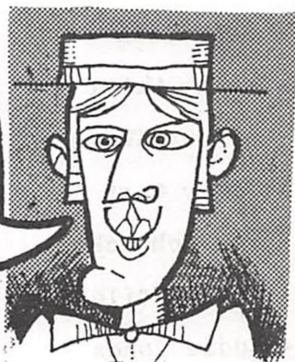
*INVENTOR OF THE
INCREDIBLE EITHER
FLYER, FIRST MAN
ON THE MOON.

WELCOME
EDDIE!



and a message from THE PROFESSOR'S
FAITHFUL COMPANION:

HERIKIMER HERE, CHAPS!
THIS IS TO REMIND YOU THAT
TAFF NOMINATIONS TO SEND
A FAN TO HEICON* ARE NOW
OPEN! FOR INFO WRITE
STEVESTILES AT 427 57th St.,
BROOKLYN, N.Y., 11220.
AND MAY THE GOOD
LORD LOVE YA!



*OR REASONABLE FACSIMILE

JONES THE FAN



introduction by Ethel Lindsay

In Wales, where the name of Jones abounds, it is customary to differentiate by using the titles..Jones the Butcher; Jones the Fish etc. It is my great pleasure to introduce to you...Jones the Fan.

Eddie Jones, your TAFF Delegate, is a favourite and familiar figure in British SF circles. Like a great many other British fans, he first heard of fandom through Ken Slater. Eddie saw an advert for Ken's OPERATION FANTAST, a very useful newszine, and so learned of the existence of the Liverpool SF circle. He first made contact with John Roles, but states he was at first too shy to join the meetings. A few months later he contacted the then very lively Medway Group and subscribed to THE MEDWAY JOURNAL.

This first sight of the fanzine field stimulated Eddie into sending them some illustrations. These were seen by Ron Bennett who asked for some cartoons for his PLOY. From then on Eddie's artwork has been in constant demand by fanzine editors. This was 1953 and the start of his steady involvement with SF fandom.

Eddie's next venture was to join with Bill Harry - another artist - into producing the art zine BINARY; with this out Eddie felt happier about joining the Liverpool Group (LIG) and did so in 1955. The first convention attended by Eddie was the Kettering Con of 1956.

He has attended every British con since.

In 1957, the first British Worldcon - he, with other members of LIG, was largely responsible for the programme. Eddie is also well-known to German fandom as he has attended both the Castle Con and the Vienna Con. He was also responsible for the Program Booklet and badges of the Castle Con.

A list of Eddie's artwork is most impressive. Apart from the Castle Con, he has designed two Program Booklets for British cons; has been a fanzine illustrator since 1953 in most British, American, Belgium, and German fanzines; has illustrations in professional magazines from NEBULA (1958) through NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, BADGER BOOKS, German PB covers, IF, Arkham House, and even Bubble Gum cards! His latest venture is to produce the covers and interiors for the new British prozine, VISION OF TOMORROW.

His list of art awards is also lengthy. An example of his record could be the LONCON II Artshow where he won four 1st prizes; two 2nd prizes, and a Honorable Mention. One single painting at this show.. "AT THE TIPS-HOTHOUSE" won three different awards!

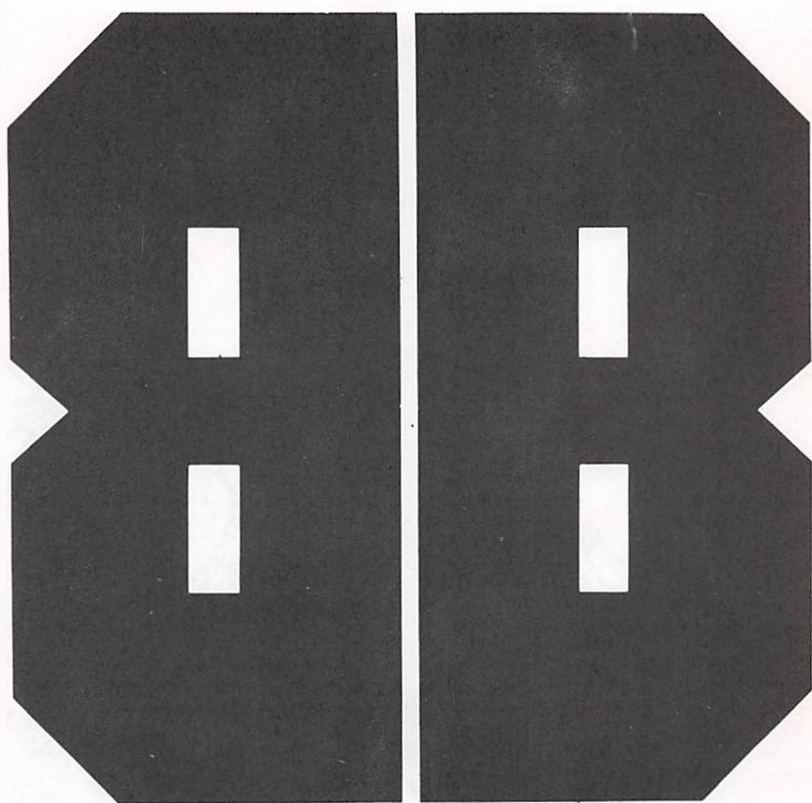
He is a founder member of the BSFA; and is an ex-Chairman of LIG. He is a Knight of St. Fanthony and now is Knight Armourer of this Order. He has won many awards for costumes and has also designed award-winning costumes for other members of LIG.

Apart from his interest in artwork Eddie also has a keenness for photography, film-making, and tape productions. He collects swords and all other edge weapons. He has a gun collection; likes to read the background of the 'Old West' and is quite a good shot. He makes, paints, and collects miniatures; and is responsible for the statuettes given to all new members of St. Fanthony. Naturally he collects SF. He has a discriminating taste in exotic foods and wines.

Eddie is 34, single, and his job is that of Production Manager for one of the largest advertising agencies in Britain.

Debonair would be a good word to describe Eddie; he makes a fine figure in his Knight Armourer costume. He enters well into the spirit of any fannish undertaking. I have a fond memory of the St. Fanthony ceremony of LONCON II. There a "fakefan" came forward to the ceremony and was ingloriously hauled away backstage. From there came blood-curdling screams and then Eddie appeared with his sword dripping with realistic gore! A great deal of hilarity and tomato ketchup backstage had produced this effect - but one would never have known this from Eddie's straight face.

Eddie hopes that many fans at St. Louis will come up and talk to him. Now you know all about him - help him to meet and enjoy the other fans, artists, and authors attending this convention. He brings with him the best wishes of all of European Fandom that you may all enjoy a happy and successful convention.

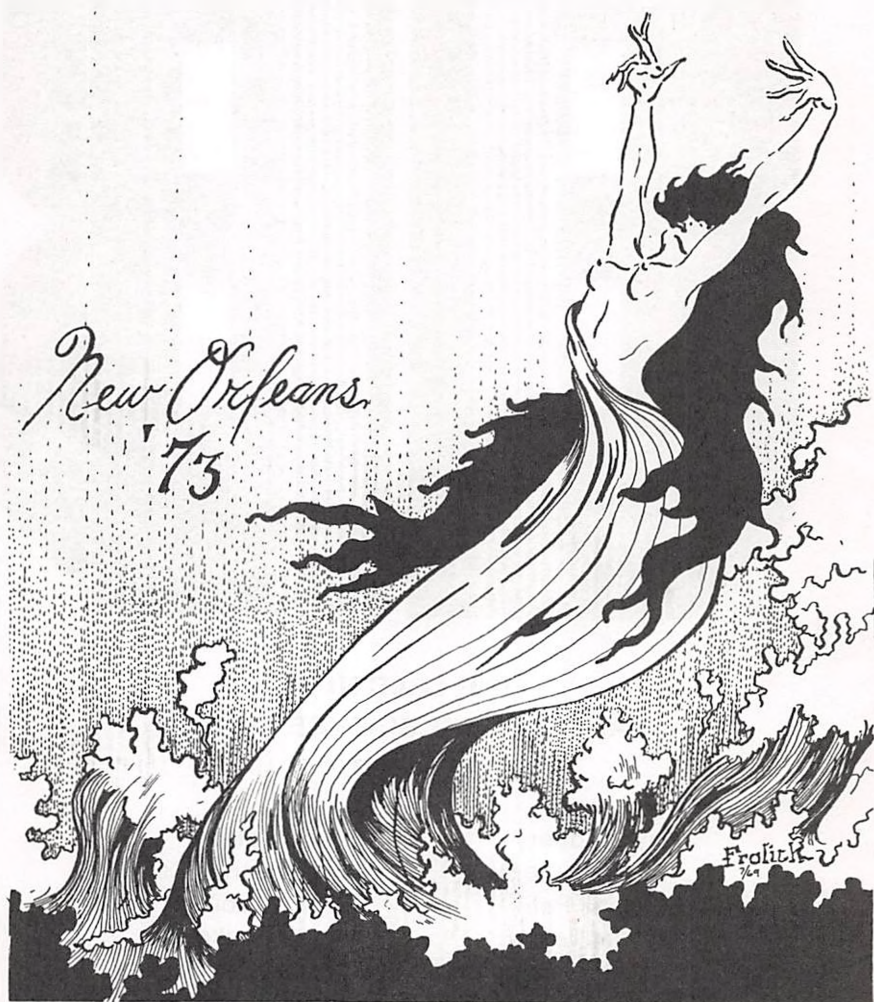


**THE LEADER IN
FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION**
publishers of

Ray Bradbury
Arthur C. Clarke
Frederik Pohl
William Tenn
Theodore Sturgeon
Anne McCaffrey
Larry Niven
John Norman
Dave Van Arnam

J. R. R. Tolkien
James Branch Cabell
E. R. Eddison
Mervyn Peake
Fritz Leiber
John Wyndham
John Brunner
Robert Silverberg
Fletcher Pratt

New Orleans
'73



MINNEAPOLIS in '73!

Elsewhere in this publication you'll find announcements portraying the personality and humor of the Minneapolis group a little better than this one. Elsewhere at this convention you'll be able to meet us. But right here we'd like to show you some of the advantages of our bid and the features of our area. We'd like to show you a little of our city, our hotel and our group.

...The City: MINNEAPOLIS

Minneapolis-St. Paul is a unique metropolitan area. Lakes dot the entire area; the many parks take advantage of the situation (and the Minneapolis parks system is perhaps the best in the nation.) The two million Twin Citians can enjoy a tremendous number of activities all year round. Minneapolis is the hub of Twin Cities culture, business and fun. Such traditional foundations such as the Symphony, the activities focusing on the University of Minnesota, and the Minneapolis Institute of Arts join with the modern Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, the Walker Art Center, and the many off-broadway theaters to produce a cultural center of international importance. The downtown area is a show-case: the Nicollet Mall (the major shopping street turned into a pedestrian mall), book-shops, museums, theaters and interesting stores are within walking-distance of the convention hotel. To add to this, the city has twice received the coveted All America City award.

...The Hotel: THE LEAMINGTON

The Leamington is one of the finest hotels ever offered for the World Science Fiction Convention. The meeting halls are the largest in the Northwest; it's right downtown; suites are connected by balconies for partying convenience. Around-the-clock eating-facilities and room service! Automatic elevators, friendly service, and low prices. You'll appreciate staying at this fine and friendly hotel.

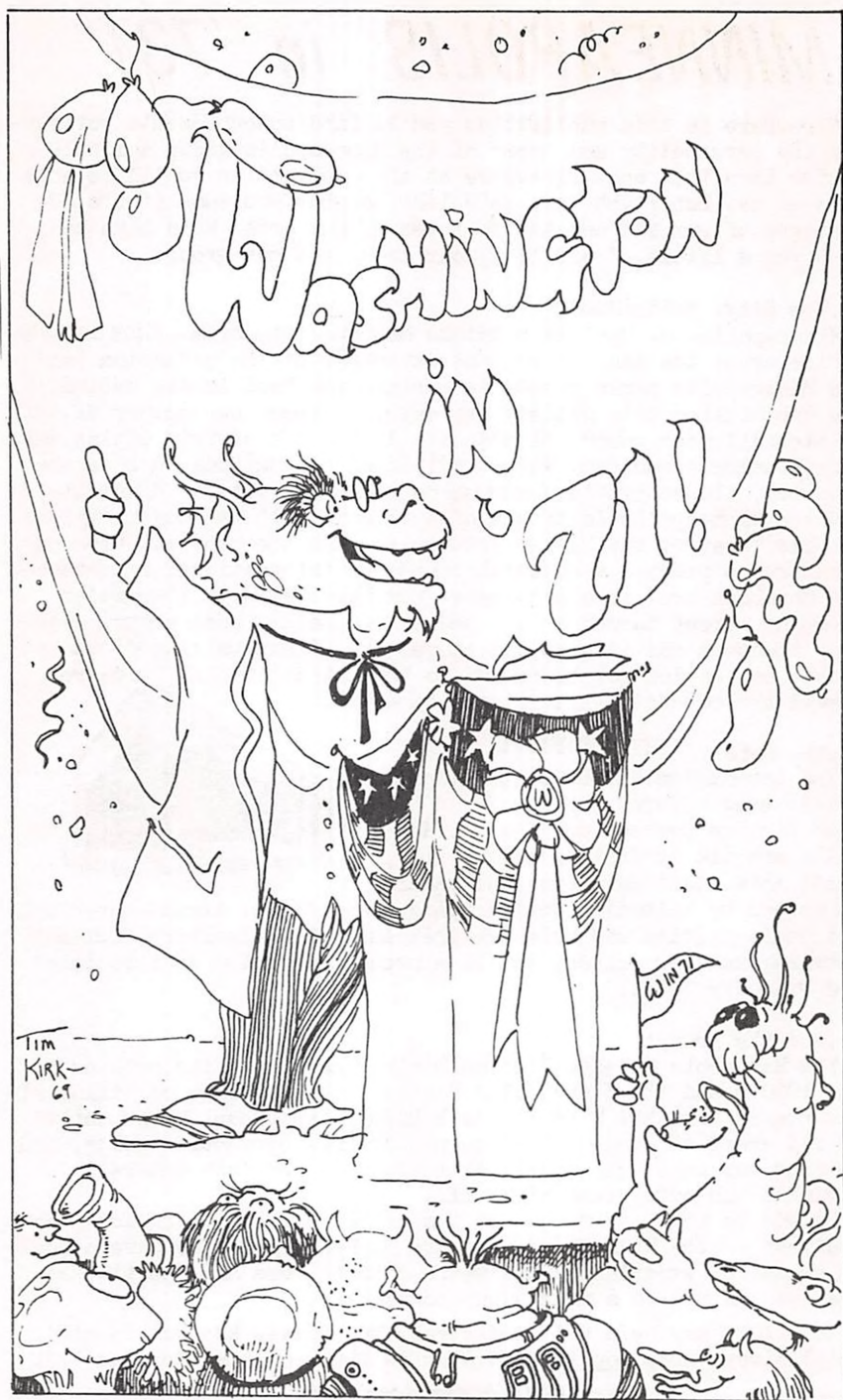


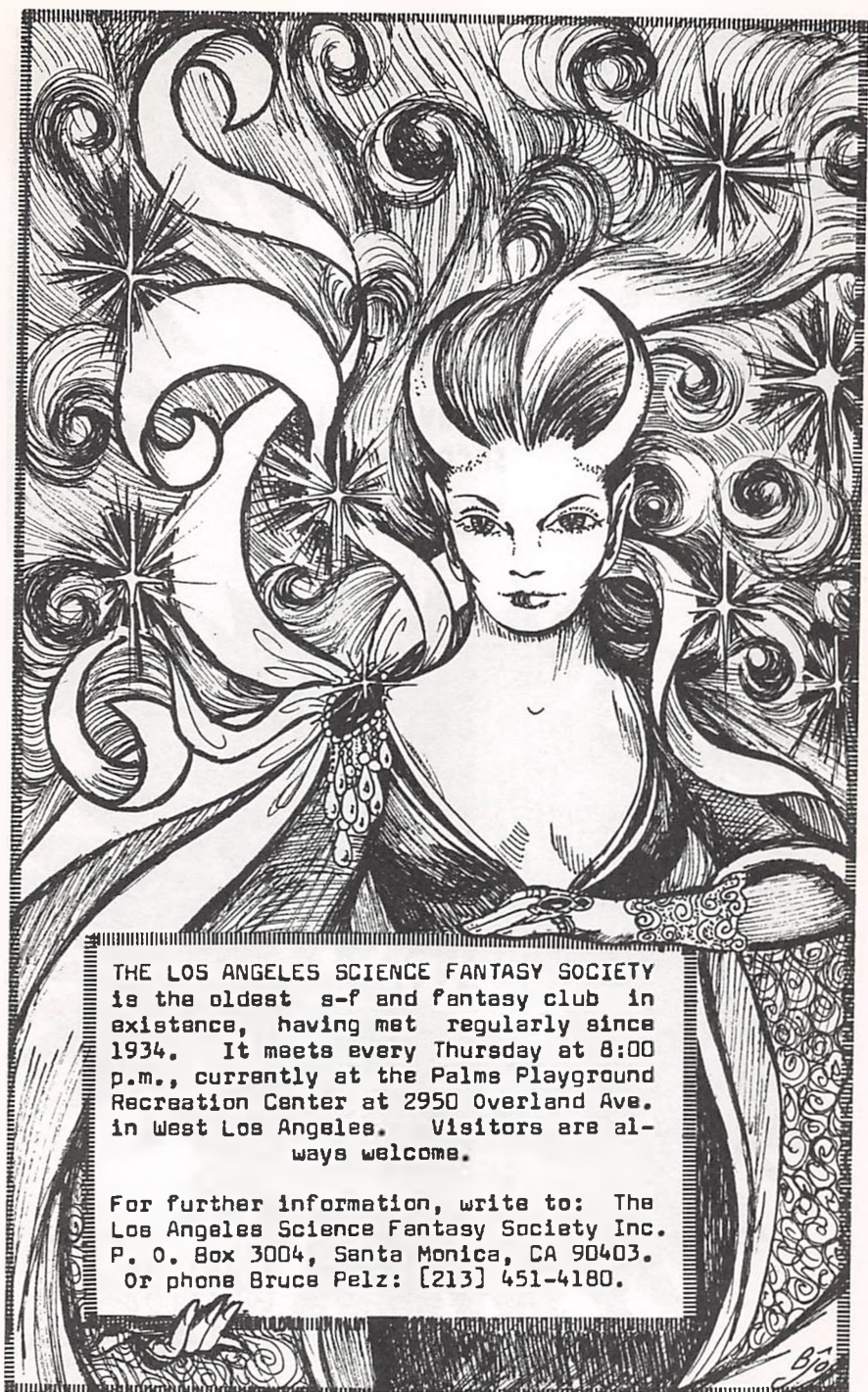
...and the group:

The Minnesota Science Fiction Society can trace its origins to the 1930's and the Minneapolis Fantasy Society. Like our illustrious progenitor, the Mimm-Stf is a happy, fun group. We're active in all areas of fandom: fanzine publishing, convention going, and holding our amazingly convivial meetings...and just generally having a wonderful time of it all.

To add to this, we've put on two highly successful regional conventions — the Minicons — and are planning more. We have a goodly amount of experience, and we're gaining more all the time so that we can put on a tremendous convention.

So...1973 may be a while off, yet, but please keep us in mind. We'll always keep you in mind when we think of the worldcon '73!





THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY is the oldest s-f and fantasy club in existence, having met regularly since 1934. It meets every Thursday at 8:00 p.m., currently at the Palms Playground Recreation Center at 2950 Overland Ave. in West Los Angeles. Visitors are always welcome.

For further information, write to: The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society Inc. P. O. Box 3004, Santa Monica, CA 90403. Or phone Bruce Pelz: [213] 451-4180.



INTERNATIONAL
SF-CONVENTION
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of LiG

CHAPTER

THE
LIVERPOOL
GROUP

OZARK SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

was formed in 1965 to bring fandom to St. Louis. In 1969, St. Louis fans brought the 27th World Science Fiction Convention to St. Louis. Because of the Worldcon a large number of local people have just become aware of OSFA.

The first meeting after the convention is scheduled for Tuesday, September 23, 6:00 - 9:00 pm in the Auditorium of the main St. Louis Library. Order of business: election of new officers (present officers' terms expire in August) and post-convention reorganization.

MISCELLANEA

BANQUET TABLES seat eight persons; there are no reserved tables. Make up your party, then choose the first table that appeals to you. Have your banquet tickets ready; they will be collected.

DRESS REQUIREMENTS in all the Chase restaurants and bars frown on swimming suits. Coat and tie is required in the Tenderloin (Gourmet) Room; other hotel restaurants are non-restrictive and you may wear what you wish.

MINIMUM AGE for purchase of alcoholic beverages in Missouri is age 21; you may expect to be asked to show proof of age. Your driver's license or draft card will usually suffice. Missouri laws also prohibit the sale of alcoholic beverages on Sunday; plan to buy what you need before liquor stores are closed Saturday night.

BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHELES will hold their annual Dum-Dum luncheon at 12:15 Saturday, August 30. Buy tickets from Vern or Rita Coriell; and plan to visit the Bibliophile Meeting Room, which will be open throughout the convention.

Discounted new & used Science Fiction paperbacks. For lists send 20¢ to:
Horst J. Schmid; 15489 Dixie;
Detroit, Mich. 48239

SEND for a FASCINATING LIST of OCCULT Books to
the aquarian age, Dept. AP,
74 Winthrop, Cambridge, Mass.,
02138

THE ST. LOUISCON BANQUET, to be held Sunday night, August 31, will be the highlight of the convention with speeches from our Guests of Honor, with Harlan Ellison as Toastmaster, and with the presentation of the Hugo Awards by Bob Bloch.

The menu is: Fresh Fruit Supreme with Melon, au Cointreau; Roast Top Sirloin of Beef Bordelaise; Italian Pole Beans; Baked Potatoes with Sour Cream and Chives; Caesar Salad; Coupe Santiago; and Coffee, Tea or Milk.

Tickets are \$7.75, and may be purchased at the St. Louiscon Registration Desk, until Saturday morning.

BABY SITTERS' SERVICES will be available throughout the convention. We have made arrangements to establish a Nursery in the hotel which will be staffed with qualified sitters from noon until 8 PM on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The cost will be \$2 per child for each day or portion of a day that he is left in the Nursery. This price is contingent on a minimum of 20 people per day signing up for nursery service. If less than 20 children are in the Nursery each day, the price will be pro-rated accordingly. Inquire at the Registration Desk for further details. Of course, individual sitters will also be available; call the hotel registration desk for details.

HUGO AWARDS

1953 - 11TH CONVENTION - PHILADELPHIA:

No. 1 Fan Personality: Forrest J. Ackerman
Interior Illustrator: Virgil Finlay
Cover Artist: Ed Emshwiller & Hannes Bok (tie)
Excellence In Fact Articles: Willy Ley
New Science Fiction Author or Artist: Philip Jose Farmer
Professional Magazine: GALAXY and ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION
Novel: "The Demolished Man" by Alfred Bester

1954 - 12TH CONVENTION - SAN FRANCISCO:

No awards were given this year.

1955 - 13TH CONVENTION - CLEVELAND:

Novel: "They'd Rather Be Right" by Mark Clifton & Frank Riley
Novelette: "The Darfsteller" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.
Short Story: "Allamagoosa" by Eric Frank Russell
Professional Magazine: ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas
Amateur Publication: FANTASY TIMES, James V. Taurasi, ed.

1956 - 14TH CONVENTION - NEW YORK:

Novel: "Double Star" by Robert A. Heinlein
Novelette: "Exploration Team" by Murray Leinster
Short Story: "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke
Feature Writer: Willy Ley
Professional Magazine: ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas
Most Promising New Author: Robert Randall (pseud. of Robert Silverberg & Randall Garrett)
Amateur Publication: INSIDE & SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER, Ron Smith, ed.
Critic: Damon Knight

1957 - 15TH CONVENTION - LONDON, ENGLAND:

Professional Magazine, American: ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION
Professional Magazine, British: NEW WORLDS SCIENCE FICTION
Amateur Publication: SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, James V. Taurasi, ed.

1958 - 16TH CONVENTION - LOS ANGELES:

Novel: "The Big Time" by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "Or All The Seas With Oysters" by Avram Davidson
Professional Magazine: MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas
Motion Picture: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" by Richard Matheson
Most Outstanding Actifan: Walter A. Willis

1959 - 17TH CONVENTION - DETROIT:

Novel: "A Case of Conscience" by James Blish
Novelette: "The Big Front Yard" by Clifford D. Simak
Short Story: "The Hell-Bound Train" by Robert Bloch
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas
Professional Magazine: MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION
Amateur Publication: FANAC, Terry Carr & Ron Ellick, eds.
Most Promising New Author: Brian W. Aldiss

1960 - 18TH CONVENTION - PITTSBURGH:

Novel: "Starship Trooper" by Robert A. Heinlein
Short Fiction: "Flowers For Algernon" by Daniel Keyes
Professional Magazine: MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION
Amateur Publication: CRY OF THE NAMELESS, F. M. Busby, ed.

Illustrator: Ed Emshwiller

Dramatic Presentation: "The Twilight Zone" by Rod Serling

Special Award: To Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of
Magazine Science Fiction"

1961 - 19TH CONVENTION - SEATTLE:

Novel: "A Canticle for Leibowitz" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

Short Story: "The Longest Voyage" by Poul Anderson

Professional Magazine: ANALOG

Amateur Publication: "Who Killed Science Fiction?",
Earl Kemp, ed.

Illustrator: Ed Emshwiller

Dramatic Presentation: "The Twilight Zone" by Rod Serling

1962 - 20TH CONVENTION - CHICAGO:

Novel: "Stranger In A Strange Land" by Robert A. Heinlein

Short Fiction: The Hothouse Series by Brian W. Aldiss

Professional Magazine: ANALOG

Amateur Magazine: WARHOON, Richard Bergeron, ed.

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

Dramatic Presentation: "The Twilight Zone" by Rod Serling

1963 - 21ST CONVENTION - WASHINGTON, D.C.:

Novel: "The Man In The High Castle" by Philip K. Dick

Short Fiction: "The Dragon Masters" by Jack Vance

Dramatic Award: No Award

Professional Magazine: MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION

Amateur Magazine: XERO, Dick Lupoff, ed.

Professional Artist: Roy Krenkel

Special Awards: P. Schuyler Miller (For Best Book Reviews)

Isaac Asimov (Distinguished Contributions To
The Field)

1964 - 22ND CONVENTION - OAKLAND:

Novel: "Way Station" by Clifford Simak

Short Fiction: "No Truce With Kings" by Poul Anderson

Professional Magazine: ANALOG

Professional Artist: Ed Emsh

Book Publisher: Ace Books

Amateur Publication: AMRA, George Scithers, ed.

1965 - 23RD CONVENTION - LONDON:

Novel: "The Wanderer" by Fritz Leiber

Short Fiction: "Soldier, Ask Not" by Gordon Dickson

Professional Magazine: ANALOG

Professional Artist: John Schoenherr

Book Publisher: Ballantine Books

Amateur Publication: YANDRO, Robert & Juanita Coulson, eds.

Dramatic Presentation: "Dr. Strangelove"

1966 - 24TH CONVENTION - CLEVELAND:

Novel: (tie) "And Call Me Conrad" by Roger Zelazny
"Dune" by Frank Herbert
Short Fiction: "'Repent, Harlequin', Said The Ticktockman"
by Harlan Ellison
Professional Magazine: IF
Professional Artist: Frank Frazetta
Amateur Magazine: ERB-dom, Camille Cazedessus, Jr., ed.
Best All-Time Series: Foundation Series by Isaac Asimov

1967 - 25TH CONVENTION - NEW YORK:

Novel: "The Moon is a Harsh Mistress" by Robert A. Heinlein
Novelette: "The Last Castle" by Jack Vance
Short Story: "Neutron Star" by Larry Niven
Professional Magazine: IF
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan
Dramatic Presentation: "The Menagerie" (Star Trek)
Amateur Publication: NIEKAS, Ed Meskys & Felice Rolfe, eds.
Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan
Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin

1968 - 26TH CONVENTION - OAKLAND:

Novel: "Lord of Light" by Roger Zelazny
Novella: (tie) "Weyr Search" by Ann McCaffrey
"Riders of the Purple Wage"
by Philip Jose Farmer
Novelette: "Gonna Roll the Bones" by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "I Have No Mouth, And I Must Scream"
by Harlan Ellison
Dramatic Presentation: "City on the Edge of Forever"
by Harlan Ellison (Star Trek)
Professional Magazine: IF
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan
Amateur Publication: AMRA, George Scithers, ed.
Fan Artist: George Barr
Fan Writer: Ted White

1969 - 27TH CONVENTION - ST. LOUIS:

Nominees, 1969

Best Novel, 1968:

Goblin Reservation, by Clifford Simak (GALAXY, Apr.-June)
NOVA, by Samuel R. Delany (Doubleday)
PAST MASTER, by R. A. Lafferty (Ace)
RITE OF PASSAGE, by Alexei Panshin (Ace)
STAND ON ZANZIBAR, by John Brunner (Doubleday)

BEST NOVELLA, 1968:

"Dragon Rider", by Anne McCaffrey (ANALOG, Jan.)
"Hawk Among The Sparrows", by Dean Mc Laughlin (ANALOG, July)
"Lines of Power", by Samuel R. Delany (F & SF, May)
"Nightwings", by Robert Silverberg (GALAXY, Sept.)

BEST NOVELETTE, 1968:

"Getting Through University", by Piers Anthony (IF, August)
"Mother To The World", by Richard Wilson (ORBIT 3)
"The Sharing of Flesh", by Poul Anderson (GALAXY, Dec.)
"Total Environment", by Brian Aldiss (GALAXY, Feb.)

BEST SHORT STORY, 1968:

"All The Myriad Ways", by Larry Niven (GALAXY, Oct.)
"The Beast That Shouted Love", by Harlan Ellison
(GALAXY, June)
"The Dance of The Changer and The Three", by Terry Carr
(FARTHEST REACHES)
"Masks", by Damon Knight (PLAYBOY, July)
"The Steiger Effect", by Betsy Curtis (ANALOG, Oct.)

BEST DRAMA, 1968:

"2001 - A Space Odyssey"
"Charly"
"Fallout" (THE PRISONER)
"Rosemary's Baby"
"Yellow Submarine"

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE, 1968:

ANALOG	F & SF	GALAXY
IF	NEW WORLDS	

BEST ARTIST, 1968:

Vaughn Bode	Kelly Freas
Leo & Diane Dillon	Jack Gaughan

BEST FANZINE, 1968:

PSYCHOTIC (S.F. REVIEW), (Dick Geis, editor)
RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, (Leland Sapiro, editor)
SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES (SHAGGY), (Ken Rudolph, editor)
TRUMPET, (Tom Reamy, editor)
WARHOON, (Richard Bergeron)

BEST FAN WRITER, 1968:

Richard Delap	Banks Mebane	Harry Warner, Jr.
Ted White	Walt Willis	

BEST FAN ARTIST, 1968:

George Barr	Vaughn Bode	Tim Kirk
Doug Lovenstein	Bill Rotsler	

NOTICE: Ted White was nominated as best fan writer but requested that he be withdrawn from contention; therefore his name did not appear on the final ballot.

year	place	name	guest of honor	hotel	est. attend.	chairman
1939	New York	NyCon I	Frank R. Paul	Caravan Hall	200	Moskowitz
1940	Chicago	Chicon I	E. E. Smith	Chicagoan	115	Korshak
1941	Denver	Denvention	Robert A. Heinlein	Shirley-Savoy	100	Wiggins
1946	Los Angeles	Pacificon I	A. E. van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull	Park View Manor	125	Daugherty
1947	Philadelphia	Philcon I	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Penn Sheraton	180	Rothman
1948	Toronto	Torcon	Robert Bloch	RAI Purdy Studios	200	McKeown
1949	Cincinnati	Cinvention	Lloyd A. Eshbach	Metropole	200	Ford
1950	Portland	Norwescon	Anthony Boucher	Multnomah	250	Day
1951	New Orleans	Nolacon	Fritz Leiber	St. Charles	325	Moore
1952	Chicago	Chicon II	Hugo Gernsback	Morrison	1000	May
1953	Philadelphia	Philcon II	Willy Ley	Bellevue-Stratford	800	Rothman
1954	San Francisco	SFcon	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Sir Francis Drake	600	Cole
1955	Cleveland	Clevention	Isaac Asimov	Manger	300	Nick & Noreen Falasca
1956	New York	NyCon II	Arthur C. Clarke	Biltmore	850	Kyle
1957	London	Loncon I	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Kings Court	425	Carnell
1958	Los Angeles	Solacon	Richard Matheson	Alexandria	475	Moffatt
1959	Detroit	Detention	Poul Anderson	Pick-Fort Shelby	371	Sims & Prophet
1960	Pittsburgh	Pittcon	James Blish	Penn-Sheraton	568	Archer
1961	Seattle	Seacon	Robert A. Heinlein	Hyatt House	300	Weber
1962	Chicago	Chicon III	Theodore Sturgeon	Pick-Congress	730	Kemp
1963	Washington DC	Discon	Murray Leinster	Statler-Hilton	600	Scithers
1964	Oakland	Pacificon II	Edmond Hamilton & Leigh Brackett	Leamington	525	Halevy & Stark
1965	London	Loncon II	Brian W. Aldiss	Mount Royal	350	Parker
1966	Cleveland	Tricon	L. Sprague de Camp	Sheraton-Cleveland	850	Jason, Devore, & Tabakow
1967	New York	NyCon 3	Lester Del Rey & Bob Tucker	Statler-Hilton	1500	White & Van Arnam
1968	Oakland	Baycon	Philip Jose Farmer & Walter Daugherty	Claremont	1300	Donaho, Rogers & Stark
1969	ST. LOUIS	ST. LOUISCON	JACK GAUGHAN & TED WHITE (fan)* & EDDIE JONES (TAFF)	CHASE-PARK PLAZA	?	RAY & JOYCE FISHER

*fan GoH withdrew to
dramatize TAFF winner.

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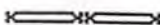
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Jay Haldeman (Co-Chairman) : Active since 1963. Editor, Tapeworm. President WSFA. Director of Disclaves in 1967, '68, '69. Past director N3F. Can be found, near wife Alice, at most regional and national cons.

Banks Mebane (Southern Representative) : Active since early 1940's. Magazine reviewer, sometime poet. Past President WSFA and past Director of Disclaves. Hugo nominee for Best Fan Writer, 1968.

Bob Pavlat (Co-Chairman) : Active since 1946. Co-founder of WSFA and still active member. Discon I Committee. FAPA member and has held every office; currently OE.

And a cast including: Ron Bounds, Doll and Alexis Gilliland, Ceil Grim, Alice and Joe and Gay Haldeman, Dave Halterman, Jackie and Jim Harper, Alan Huff, Fred Hypes, Bob Madle, Peggy Pavlat, Ray Ridenour, Nancy Webb and others.

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IN SAINT LOUIS



Of Cabbages and- Masquerades

Those of you who looked at the program first thing to see when the rock band was going to be playing noticed a small notice for a program item called the Masquerade which was going to be held at 7:30 in the same room as the band. I'd like to tell you a little bit about it and how it's going to be run. Those of you who are planning on coming in costume should have started reading at the next paragraph.

The Masquerade will be open to all registered members of the convention whether in costume or not. If you're not coming in costume then you can gape at the lack of costume on the gorgeous femmes and take pictures or drink beer as your whimsy takes you. Lighting will be provided for the central stage area so that during the costume progression there will be no reason to use flashbulbs or sunglasses to get a good picture. In addition there will be a section of the Khorassan Room cleared for the sole use of photographers who just have to use their own lighting. We know we can't satisfy everyone, but we'll try to satisfy as many as we can.

For those of you who are coming in costume we have more than a few innovations this year in the running of the costume ball, so I think I will run through an imaginary description of how Joe Q. Phann manages the whole thing.

Joe Q. Phann comes in Thursday morning with his two suitcases and his costume. He checks into the hotel and manages to avoid the bellhops and get to his room. He deposits his kipple and rushes down to get registered at the convention before the opening ceremonies.

At the registration desk he picks up his badge and program book and notices the Costume Registration Desk right next to the main desk. He goes over and finds out that he has to declare whether or not he is going to compete in the Masquerade by 5:00 Saturday and have an entry form filled out for him. He decides that now is not the time, and says that he will come back later in the afternoon. ((Here, Joe is being typical, but we would prefer very much that you register as soon as possible. Unless you are officially registered, you will not be able to compete in the Masquerade. This is made necessary by the expected large number of costumes.))

In the afternoon he comes back to the desk. The person manning the desk asks him for his name, the title of his costume and its source. He gives this information to her and she types it on a list of costumes, then fills out an entry form with this information. She then asks Joe if he has a presentation to make. Joe, who is coming as a Magician and wants to throw a spell or two tells her that he does,

and gives a brief description of it. ((Again, the large number of contestants leaves us no choice but to edit the presentations. The idea of the description is to decide if this presentation is worth spending the time on it.)) The person at the desk marks that he has a presentation and that he does not need the microphone for his presentation. ((If Joe had had a more complex presentation he might have wanted to arrange for a special effect or music. At the costume registration desk would have been where he contacted the person in charge of the ball and made his arrangements. If you feel that you need special help with your costume, please contact the costume registration desk.)) Joe walks off with his registration form and can forget about his costume until Saturday night. ((If you lose the form, come to the desk for a duplicate. You can't compete without the form.))

During his wandering through the convention, Joe meets many people who have a costume but who are not quite sure whether it's good enough for the Masquerade. He tells them what the people at the desk told him, that if they want to wear a costume, but not compete, they should feel perfectly free to do so, and that if they have any real indecision, to see the people at the costume registration desk.

Finally comes Saturday night and Joe struggles into his costume and gets down to the Khorassan Room just at 7:30. Soon after he arrives the announcer drags the last of the judges up from the bar and the procession is about to begin. In keeping with the instructions of the announcer, Joe does not try to line up at the end of the stage but instead stands near the middle of the room holding his Entry Form in clear view. About half-way through the procession, one of the runners, who have been introduced at the beginning, comes up to him and leads him to the stage area. There his Entry Form is taken and he is put in line to wait his turn. ((At this point his Entry Form is taken and placed in the proper order and run out to the announcer and then given to the judges after it is read.))

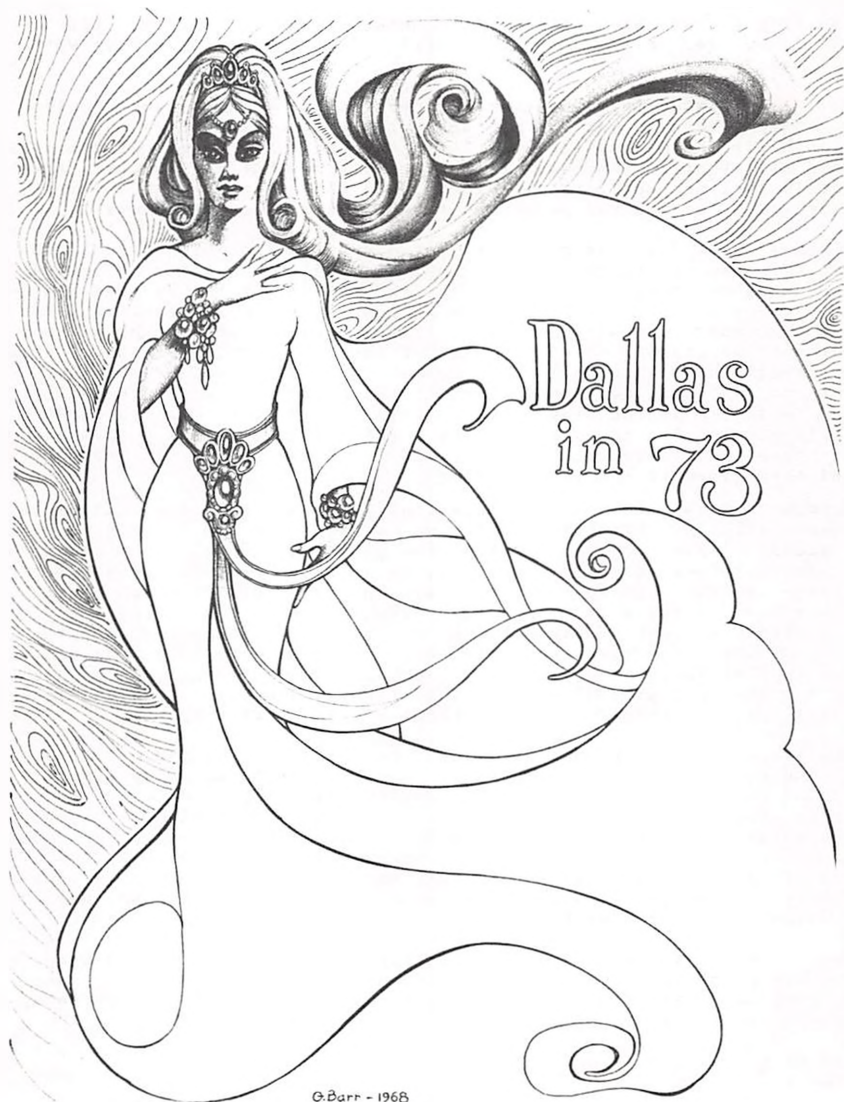
Several costumes without presentations walk onto the stage and travel across quickly. Finally he steps up to the stage and is told to wait a second. Then, at a signal from the person at his side, he stalks across the stage to a position in front of the judges and does his thing. Because his spells would have involved contamination of the atmosphere of the hall, the spells fizzle instead and he walks off dejectedly as part of his act. He walks off the stage and down the side of the auditorium where the photographers are placed, and poses for some pictures. Then he goes back into the audience just in time to see the next presentation costume, Thais, done by Astrid Anderson. ((All program items subject to change without notice.))

The judges retire for deliberations, then return. As they start a second run-through of the costumes they feel were deserving of a second chance, Joe hears his name called and walks quickly to the stage area to take his place in line. Again he does his performance and walks off. The judges retire for a second time then return and announce the winners. Thais wins, unfortunately Joe doesn't, but he has his picture taken many times and manages to snuggle up to several femmes on the pretext of casting spells. Then the rock band comes on and that's the rest of the night.

That's the basic outline of what is important that you should know if you are planning on competing in the Masquerade. If you don't want to compete, still feel free to come in costume, but if you are going to compete remember: PRE-REGISTER!

And do have a good time.

— Fred Hollander



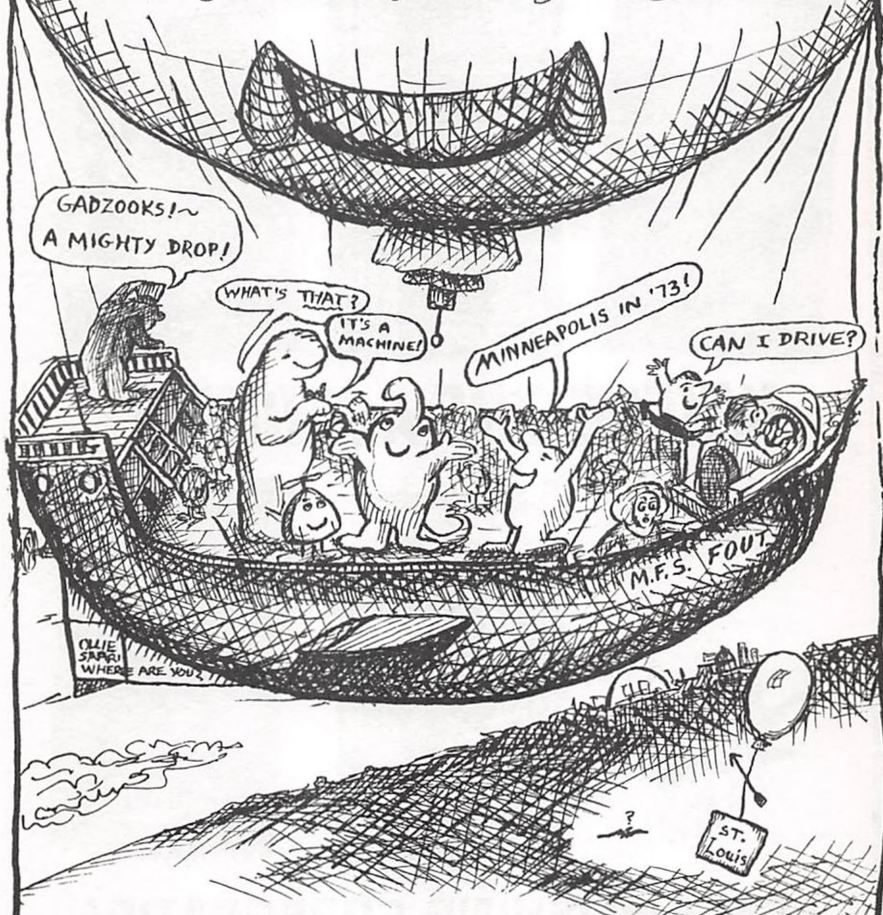
G. Barr - 1968

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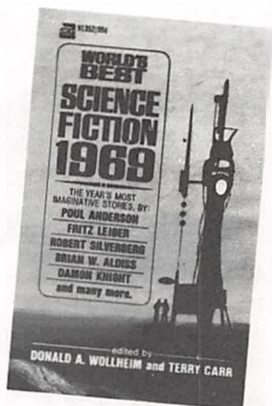
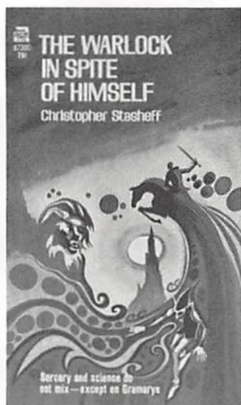
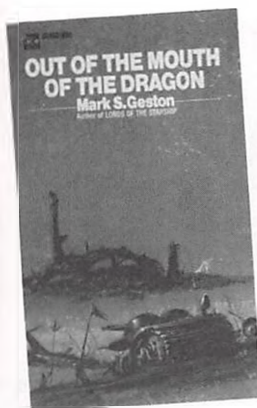
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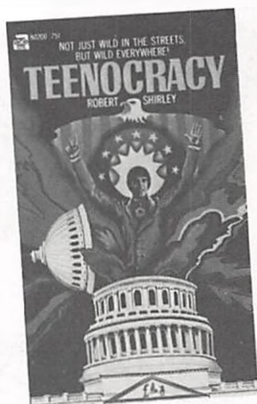
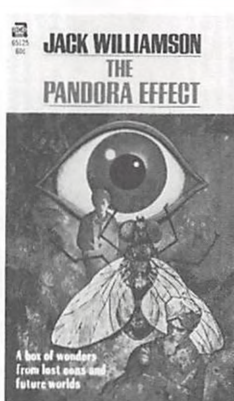
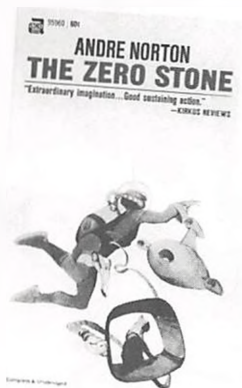


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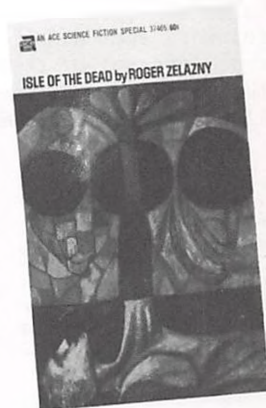


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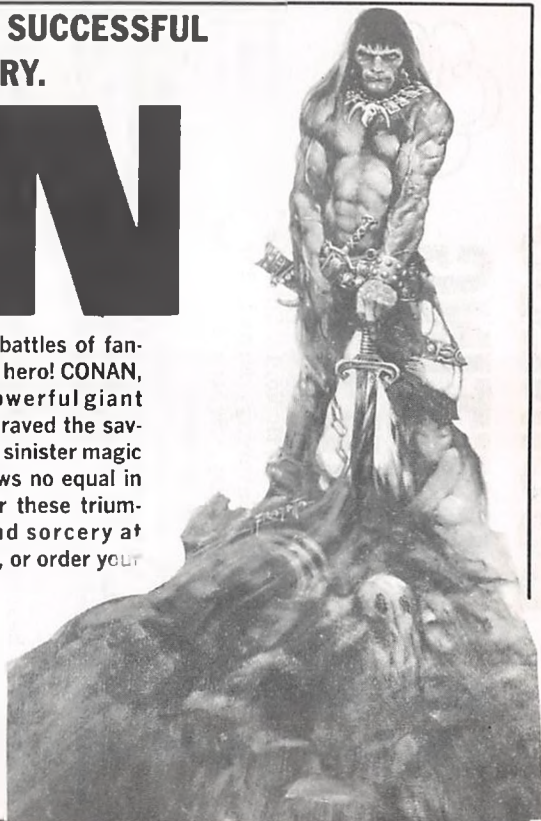
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BUSINESS MEETING RULES



The business meetings of the 27th World Science Fiction Convention will be held at 10:30 AM Saturday, August 30; 10:30 AM Sunday, August 31; and 9:00 AM Monday, September 1. The site of the 1971 convention will be selected Saturday morning; the site of the 1970 convention will be selected Sunday morning; all other business will take place on Monday. The meetings will be conducted according to Roberts Rules of Order, Revised, as interpreted by the Parliamentarian except where contravened by the following Special Rules:

1. All Motions, Resolutions, or other items to be presented for a vote of the convention membership at Monday's business meeting must be submitted in written form together with a written second, and received by one of the Co-Chairmen of the St. Louiscon Committee at least 18 hours prior to that meeting.

2. All groups planning to make Convention Bids at either of the con-site selection business meetings must declare their intention to bid to one of the Co-Chairmen of the St. Louiscon Committee no later than 12:00 Noon, Thursday, August 28.

3. If the Parliamentarian thinks the circumstances warrant it, he may accept--subject to the approval of the Co-Chairmen--motions submitted to him after the deadline, but before the opening of the business meeting, provided such motions are submitted to him in writing, with written seconds. These motions, if approved by the committee, will be presented to the convention after all other business has concluded.

4. Amendments may be submitted from the floor under the following restrictions:

(a) Amendments must be related to the general aim of the original proposal; "amendments" that are actually new proposals will be automatically ruled out of order.

(b) Amendments-to-amendments will be allowed only with the consent of the original amendor under the 'originator's consent' clause in Robert's and will not otherwise be admitted to vote. In short, any amendment offered to a legitimately-submitted proposal will be voted on as offered or as amended with the consent of the amendment's originator only.

5. In all cases, the decision of the Parliamentarian will be final.

No person may participate in the con-site selection business meetings, either as a bidder or as a spectator or as a voter, unless

BUSINESS MEETING, continued

they are a registered member of the St. Louiscon. After this requirement is met, certain other requirements as appearing hereafter will be imposed for eligibility for participation.

Any city outside of North America, as defined in the traditional rotation plan, is eligible to submit a bid for the 1970 WorldCon, provided that the persons bidding are known to be associated with science fiction or fandom. Any city in the Eastern Area, as defined in the traditional rotation plan, is eligible to submit a bid for the 1971 WorldCon, provided that the persons bidding are known to be associated with science fiction or fandom. The bids that have been submitted as specified here and in Special Rule No. 2 will be considered eligible. Otherwise ineligible cities may bid provided the out-of-turn bid is sanctioned by a $\frac{3}{4}$ vote of the con-site selection business meeting, subject to the requirement stated in Special Rule No. 2.

Voting for the convention sites shall be by secret ballot, and the winning site must receive a majority vote. Only those persons who have purchased advance membership in the Worldcon for that given year shall be entitled to attend the con-site selection business meeting for that year; only those persons in attendance of that con-site selection meeting shall be entitled to vote.

Bids are each limited to 15 minutes speaking time, to be divided between the original bidding speech and such seconding speeches as the bidder group chooses.



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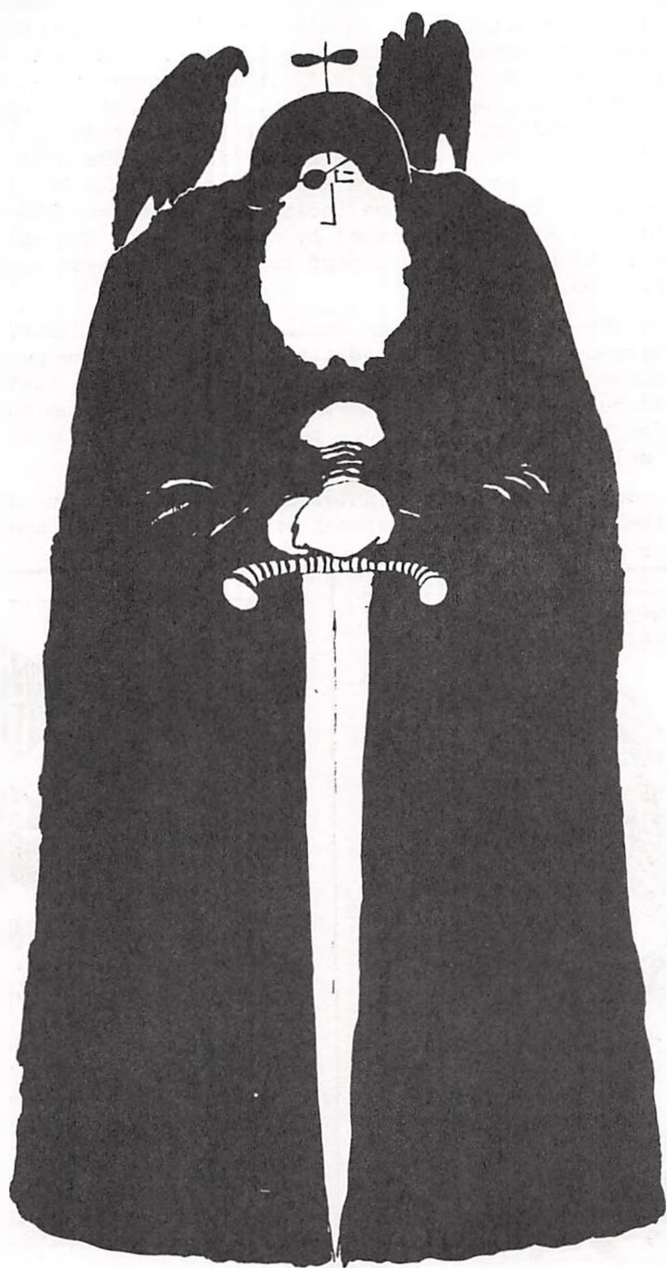
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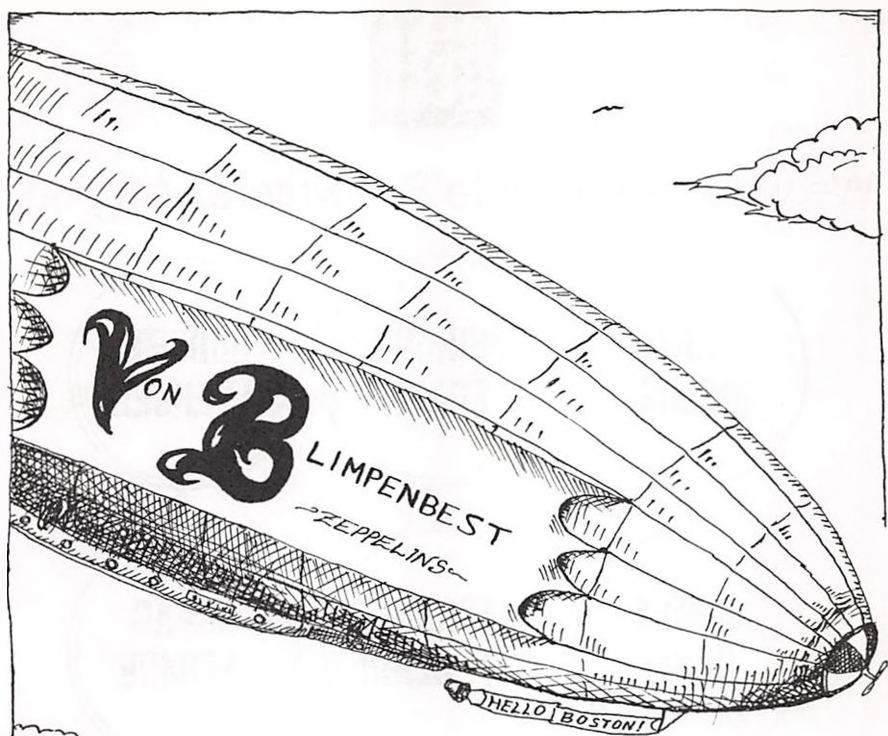
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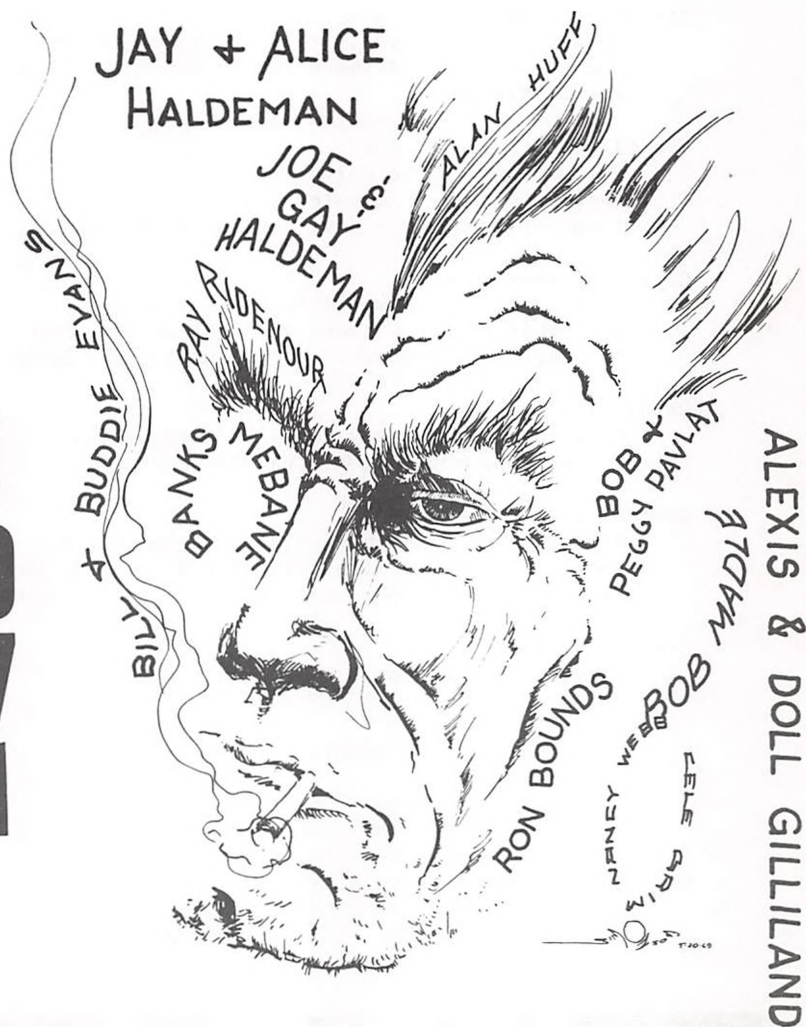
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New Orleans is the only city in the country where anyone over eighteen can buy drinks twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

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Wear costume or fancy dress throughout the convention, not just at the costume ball.

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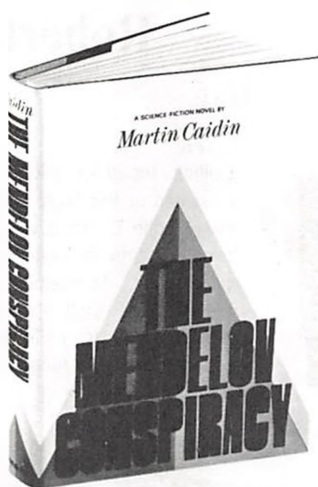
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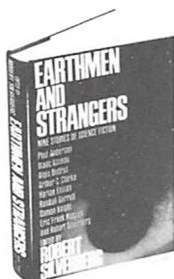
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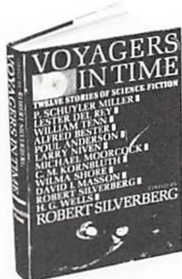


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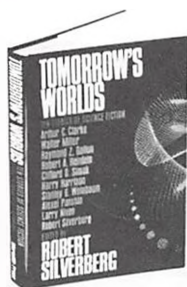
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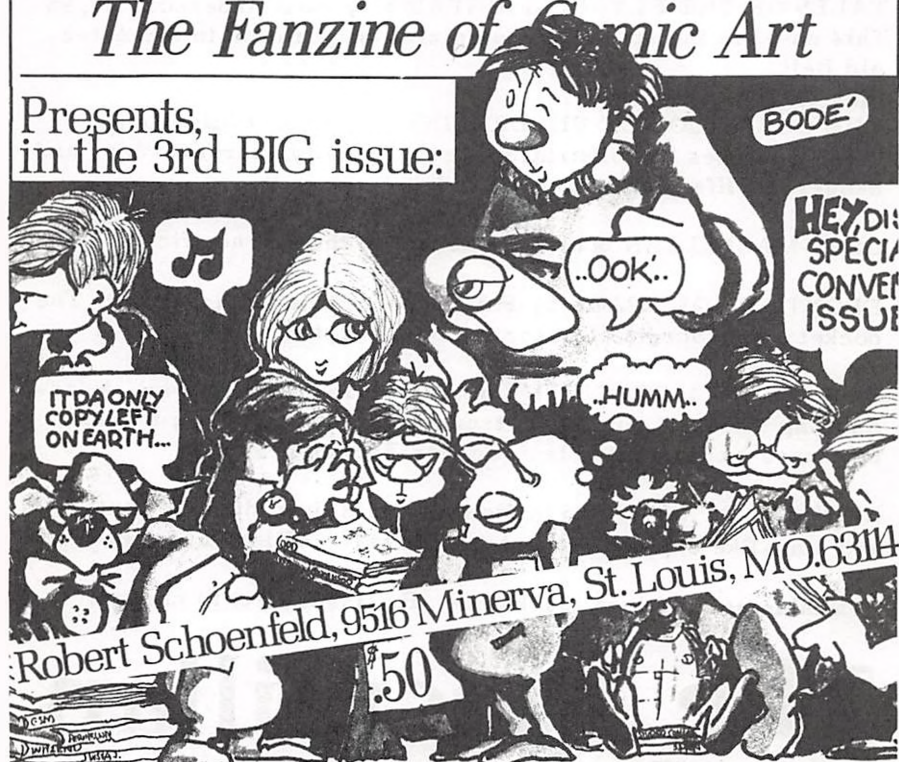
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SCHOOL FOR APPRENTICE SORCERERS

by
**HARLAN
ELLISON**

Your assignment for tomorrow is to write a short story from an alien viewpoint. By alien we mean any viewpoint that is not human, man of today, contemporary American. This means a Martian, a troglodyte, a cat, a woman--any creature demonstrably alien. Got it? Then get outta here and hit those typewriters.

The next day: your assignment for tomorrow is to write a science fiction story employing the concept of labor relations. Strikes, labor practices, scabs, wages, working conditions. Future, past or present, here or Out There. Do you understand? Okay, then move it!

The next day: you have little enough to hook an editor into buying your story. Arresting title is one. Neat manuscript is another. The very best is what professionals call "the literary hook". The first line. I've been looking at your stories, troops, and your first lines are dull, flaccid, insipid, uninspiring, cliché-ridden, beside-the-point and altogether useless from a grabbing standpoint. So your assignment for tomorrow is to write me science fiction first lines that will stop a reader cold, then make him want to go on and read the stories. That's it...get out of here.

And the next day and the next day and the next. For six full weeks.

You think it's easy to become a science fiction writer? You think that just because sf fandom has produced Robert Silverberg and Ray Bradbury and Greg Benford and Richard Lupoff and Terry Carr and Isaac Asimov and Lee Hoffman and a host of others that any ding-dong can write good speculative fiction and get it published? Wrong.

Great sf writers like Chip Delany and Roger Zelazny and myself are born only once every generation. They emerge from the womb with ideas all ready to be set down on

paper, and limitless craft at their fingertips. (Well, okay, I'll drop myself from that trio; it took me many years of writing to develop a style and begin to bring my work any lasting values. But the other two did it flat-out, and they are rare, Jim, believe me.)

But can writing be taught?

If you ain't born with it, can you ever go out and get it? Personally, I believe if you don't have that special spark from the git-go, you may be able to write good competent fiction, but you'll never become one of the memorable ones.

Okay, so we'll assume the spark is there. How do you learn to write sf with verve and dash and originality? How do you get some cornball English Lit or Creative Writing course in high school or college to give you what you need to make you a science fiction pro?

Having lectured in many Writers' Workshops all the way from the famous University of Colorado Writers Conference in the Rockies to the UCLA Seminar in SF/Fantasy, I can tell you that for the most part, 99% of the time, the courses and comp classes are worse than useless. They emasculate and stultify what budding talent a young writer may have.

And that's merely to learn how to write anything.

How much more difficult it is to learn to write sf!

Yet our specialized genre has one haven of learning, one genuinely authentic well of information, one extraordinary program for the aspiring sf writer: one that produces results.

The Clarion College Writers' Workshop in Science Fiction & Fantasy.

Founded in 1968 by Dr. Robin Scott Wilson of the English Department of Clarion State College--a man eminently suited for the task: consider his stories in Orbit, F&SF, Analog, and the forthcoming "Again, Dangerous Visions"--the Workshop had its genesis in 1967 when Wilson joined the Clarion staff. Hired specifically to establish a creative writing program at the college which would include some sort of summer program, Wilson proposed the sf Workshop and--miraculously--was given the green light by his superiors. He attended the 1967 Milford SF Writers' Conference to glean background and procedure, and to decide which sf writers he would attempt to hire as Visiting Staff. The Workshop was greeted with uniform delight by the attendees at the Milford Conference, and from the roster of writing talents available to him, Wilson selected Fritz Leiber, Judith Merrill, Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm (working in tandem), and myself for the initial season.

Returning to Clarion, Wilson began a careful process of recruiting students. Announcements were printed in several writers' magazines, in Publisher's Weekly and the Saturday Review. Members of Science Fiction Writers of America and sf editors were asked to recommend potential students. The applications began coming in. Robin Wilson set up stringent qualifications to be met by applicants: they had to submit work they'd done. The obviously untalented, the fringe lunatics, the fans whose fervor for the form far outstripped their capacities for writing, the hopelessly square--these were politely turned down. The promising, the offbeat, the ferociously compelled, the vital, young or old it made no difference...those who could do no other than write: these were accepted.

There were twenty-four that first year. They ranged in age from 17-year-old Victor Olafson to 65-year-old David Belcher. The former a high school student, the latter a retired naval surgeon. And there was a computer programmer, and a school teacher, and a woman who wrote children's books, and a road bum and a farmboy and college students you wouldn't believe.

The course was divided up into six weeks, with Robin Wilson taking first and last weeks, hipping them to the ground rules of critical and literary and grammatical standards by which they would operate. Then the four gut-weeks were handled, in order, by Merrill, Leiber, Ellison and Knight/Wilhelm. Each Visiting Instructor had his or her special way of getting into them--Fritz used kindness, warmth, wit and the power of his genius; Damon and Kate stripped each story down to its basic fiber and analyzed it syntactically, structurally, conceptually and organically, in search of wonder; I bullied, chivvied, insulted, harassed and made them write a story a day.

Classes met at nine in the morning. Frequently, the students were at half-mast. They'd been up writing all night. The sounds of typewriters coming from Becht Hall--the dorm where students and Visiting Faculty were billeted--went on into the wee hours. But they always had their product next morning. A great pot of hot coffee in the classroom, coupled with comfortable deep chairs set in a circle, usually brought them around to alertness in fifteen minutes. Or else.

Then the stories that had been submitted the day before were "workshopped". Going around the room, each student helped the author of a particular story and himself by picking the piece to pieces. Good and bad. Stylistic flaws. Character failures. Inconsistencies. Clever turns of phrase. Original conceptions. Bad grammar. How and why a great idea was blown by muddy thinking. Said-bookism. Prolix sentences. Broken-backed phrases. Idiot plotting. Nothing escaped the eyes of students who had grown sharp and demanding during the first weeks of getting their own work played. And then, after the students had all said their pieces, Robin Wilson made his comments about the story, followed by the comments of the Visiting Instructor.

But as much benefit for the fledgling writers was derived from off-duty hours as in the classroom. All living together--on separate floors, policed by Clarion's own Inspector Maigret, Marie Rogers--the students and faculty spent most of their time away from the solitary typewriters on the front porch of Becht Hall...talking, laughing, playing music, eating pizza at midnight, hustling the summer school archeology students, the "Digger" girls; getting into one another's heads, melding together into a unit dedicated to uncovering the arcane secrets of writing speculative fiction.

And the Visiting Instructors found their students so bright, so rewarding as people, that extracurricular activities suddenly became part of the Workshop: a hamburger cookout at Robin Wilson's; ghost-hunting in an abandoned church at midnight with Fritz Leiber; kite-flying with Damon Knight; Judith Merrill bringing in Samuel R. Delany as a surprise lecturer; everyone going to the Clarion movie to see "The Green Slime" and destroying the audience with barbed comments; Fritz teaching fencing; going in together on the purchase of thirty dollars worth of prime steak, to be cooked in the Clarion Cafeteria and eaten before Clarion summer students (who look on the sf writers as weirdies) who are stuck with squeamy spaghetti and watery stew; playing a heavy Synanon truth game to reach into the souls and truth of each other.

Six weeks in 1968, and six weeks again this year (with Frederick Pohl replacing Judith Merrill). A total of forty-three potential sorcerers. What sort of results have been obtained from this high-pressure crash-program? (Writers' Workshops are notorious for producing nothing of tangible value. If one or two out of fifty attendees at a Conference the size of Bread Loaf or the University of Colorado makes a sale, the directors crow for years. So what can we call demonstrable proof of Clarion's effectiveness?)

Well, Pat Meadows has sold several stories to F&SF, Grant Carrington placed one with Harry Harrison for the new NOVA series; Dave Belcher has a brilliant novelette coming in ORBIT 5; Lucy Seaman and Sandy Rymer landed a script assignment on MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE: Neil Shapiro at F&SF; Evelyn Lief and Ed Bryant in AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS and David Gerrold's forthcoming anthology of new talents; Russell Bates sold a story idea to NBC; Phyllis MacLennan placed a juvenile novel, to be published this Fall; Diane Hollibaugh sold a short story to AVANT-GARDE magazine; Jim Sutherland hit AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS with a novelette; and Doubleday is currently negotiating for an anthology (with introductions by the Visiting Instructors) of Clarion Workshop fiction.

Rather startling returns on such a small investment.

Is it that Robin Wilson selected so carefully that it was inevitable his students would break through? Or is it possible that for those who love sf ferociously enough, success is guaranteed? Could it be that the Clarion Method with its integration of students and faculty is a natural for turning budding talents into selling authors? Or is there a kind of magic produced by these kids (no matter what their age) when mixed with the magics of a Leiber, a Pohl, a Knight, a Wilhelm and others? Inspired? Hell, yes. Productive? Without question. Are the runes cast correctly, is the moon in its proper phase, was a two-headed calf born, was a virgin sacrificed? Well, those Digger chicks may not be exactly virgins...but...

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is cutting back its educational budget. It's hap-

pening in every state. The Establishment doesn't like the noises on campus. But one of the programs in jeopardy is the Clarion Workshop.

They'll be needing support this year. Maybe funds. Fandom has to support Clarion. Why? Because we're a tiny group, friends. We stand alone against the provincialism and retardation of our society. We dream great dreams. And teaching the sorcerers to dream the dreams properly is a holy chore. If you want to help, write Robin Wilson at the English Department of Clarion State College, Clarion, Pennsylvania 16214. Maybe...just maybe...if you've got the stuff, and you want to write sf, Robin will accept you next year. And maybe...just maybe...you can offer some solid support.

What's that? What'd you ask? What did those first lines look like? The ones that were assigned at this year's Workshop? Well, okay, if I'm going to ask you for support, the least I can do is give you a sample of the kind of wonder the apprentice sorcerers dish out. Here are a batch of first lines. You might try what they were instructed to try: write a solid story from any of these first lines.

1. The unemployment line was long: one vampire, two werewolves, a ghoul, three witches and a succubus.
2. Nora felt disgusted at having to eat the Catholic priest; she'd never really wanted anything to do with the Church.
3. Monroe's time machine was a real innovation: he activated it and promptly destroyed Monday, September 22nd, 1969.
4. The Indian brave, Momashay, ignored the child's protests as he swung it by its ankles and smashed its head into a tree.
5. When I am in the sun, I half close my eyes and look at my lashes. There are rainbows: that is the only beautiful thing about me.
6. His shoe swiftly consumed his foot.
7. They crucified Christ again today. I don't think he did anything this time, either.
8. Once, upon a dime, a flea ran through a quick but impressive circus act.
9. Body tense and sweating, Byron concentrated on marking off his answers; if he failed the written part of the masculinity exam, Laura would find herself another husband.
10. Sam Untermyer was a rotten kid; even his mother said so.
11. Icarus passed overhead with sound and fire like all the wars of all time and struck the earth somewhere beyond Chicago.
12. "My son, the Polish Army, had one helluva time keeping up with combat on the semi-sweet Eastern Front."
13. He stood grinning, with a penguin under each arm, as though a man with a glass tumor was a thing of the past.
14. When Harold Plidner was four years old, he decided he wanted to be a cauliflower.
15. Sylvia took off her clothes seductively, jumped into Harry's lap and began to wag her tail.
16. One day the Pope forgot to take her Pill.
17. The road to Cinnatar was lined exclusively with the burned-out shells of school buses.

And if you think those show incredible imaginations at work, you should have seen the stories written around them. Because, you see, from June 23rd through August 1st of every year, in the drowsy heartland of Pennsylvania, there are wild and weird things happening.

There are apprentice sorcerers, gearing up for the lifetime task of mind-blowing.

En garde, Bradbury, Heinlein, van Vogt, Clarke, Herbert, Dick, Asimov, Sheckley, Zelazny, and even you old farts, Ellison and Spinrad.

The waves just won't stop coming, pierces notwithstanding.

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It is doubtful that there has been any past convention that has owed thanks and acknowledgements to such a large number of persons - so many we can't begin to list their names. We have been especially fortunate in the calls and letters we have received offering assistance; in the individuals - and even entire fan groups - who have worked with us.

Special thanks are certainly due to every person who managed some function of the con, and who so willingly assisted with the work; to all who took part in the program; to all those who gave material for the auctions. Special thanks to the prozines and fanzines who helped us circulate information about the convention.

Special thanks are more than due, to entire fan groups who have participated in the arrangements for the convention: from Los Angeles to New York, Minneapolis to New Orleans, Chicago to Dallas - the fan centers of the country have had a large hand in the preparations that resulted in this con.

Last but not least, special thanks to the past convention committees, who have helped us with our questions, and comforted us with the fact that they lived through it when they put on their con!

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MINIMAN BY KENNETH BULMER.

A spitting, snarling far off roaring avalanched down from that radiant sky..... Another round padded object was sweeping in towards him, low over the ground and this time he saw that the pads had been drawn back and long, shining, curved scimitar like blades had shot forward, raking out to rend him..... Randall Craig, Miniman, fighting for his life in a nightmare world!

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Nowhere was there a happy face, a moody face, an exasperating face—only the single expression; a dreamlike look, a vacancy. And strangest of all were the Temples of Ijax, wherein the entire populace of this scientific age reverently worshipped a grotesque, pot-bellied idol!

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VISION OF TOMORROW will publish new stories only, written by the best writers in Australia and Britain, together with regular translation of the finest European science fiction. There will be news, reviews, and special articles of sf interest.

THE FIRST ISSUE will have a cover by Gerard Quinn and will feature the following great new stories.

When in Doubt - Destroy! by William F. Temple

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Swords For A Guide by Kenneth Bulmer.

The Vault by Damien Broderick.

Are You There, Mr Jones? by Stanislaw Lem.

Sixth Sense by Michael G. Coney.

Consumer Report by Lee Harding.

Future issues will include stories by such well-known writers as Brian Ball, Philip E. High, Dan Morgan, David Rome, Eric Williams, and will see the beginning of a new series by Ken Bulmer featuring Fletcher Cullen, adventurer extraordinary. Stories by exciting new writers such as Richard Gordon, Douglas Fulthorpe.

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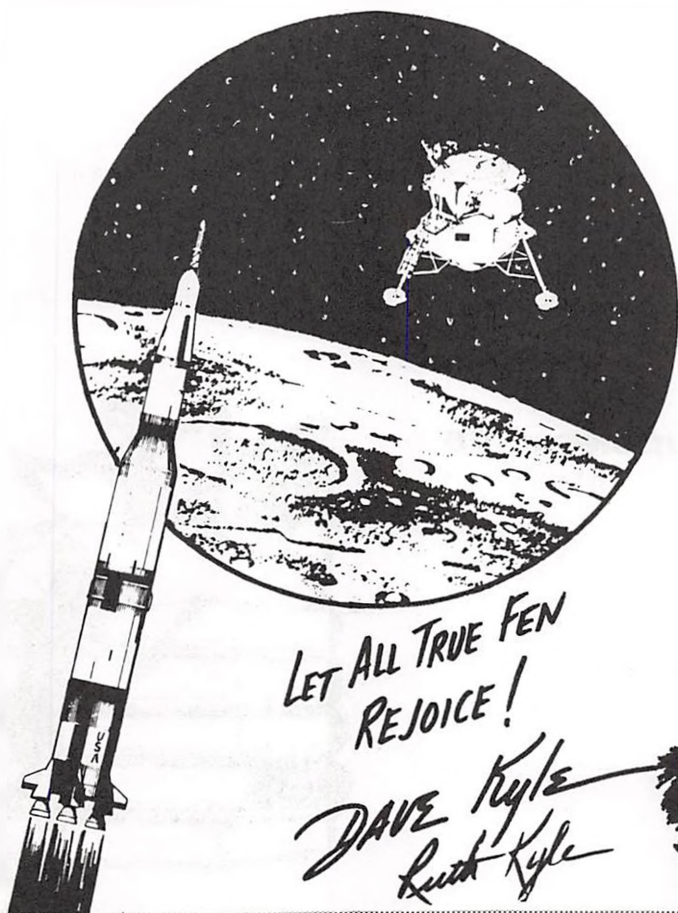
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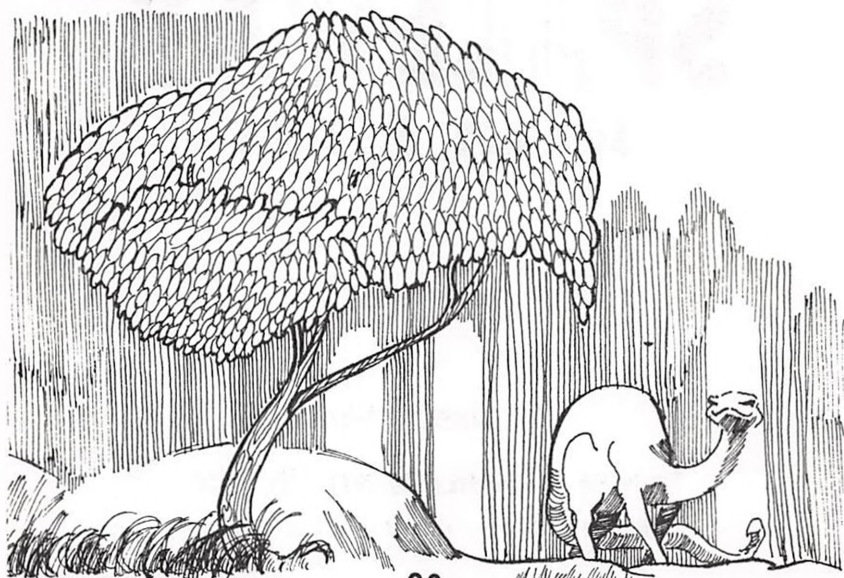
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the Committee, which is chock-full of hard-working, forward-looking fans wants to give fandom a great Worldcon in 1971. In order to do this we had to get a great hotel. After much trouble we had the SHERATON-BOSTON built as part of the Prudential Center. This hotel has all the features fans want in their con hotel.

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- * Eight (count 'em) eight high-speed fully-automatic operating elevators connecting your floor directly to the convention area.
- * Excellent RESTAURANTS in the hotel.
- * Shopping plaza just outside the hotel doors including such essentials as banks, a liquor store, a drug store, a camera shop, and a book store.

Well, having this great hotel we had to get a city to put it in. Since we didn't have much time we obtained a time machine from THE SECRET MASTERS OF FANDOM and went back to the early 1600's to build a city. We decided to make it a fannish city so we included everything designed to please the fannish soul. We started by having cows wander about to lay out the street plan. Then we put in bookstores, over 100 of them, most within a short distance of the hotel. Then we added restaurants (besides the ones in the hotel) - good ones with reasonable prices (we even put in a local Chinatown). We tied the city together with trolley cars over-, on-, and under-ground. We filled the city with historic sights and friendly people. And, just to add to the tone and intellectual atmosphere, we arranged for a few colleges and universities (even filled in some swamps to build a trade school) and their appurtenances.

Oh! That fellow over to the right? Well, he's the local sachem and we sort of promised to return the city to him after the con. It's part of some larger plan he has in mind.

So, when the time comes to vote, remember it's:

B O S T O N in 1971



COMMITTEE

Tony Lewis
Chairman

Cory Panshin
Secretary

Hal Clement
Treasurer

He has attended every British con since.

In 1957, the first British Worldcon - he, with other members of LIG, was largely responsible for the programme. Eddie is also well-known to German fandom as he has attended both the Castle Con and the Vienna Con. He was also responsible for the Program Booklet and badges of the Castle Con.

A list of Eddie's artwork is most impressive. Apart from the Castle Con, he has designed two Program Booklets for British cons; has been a fanzine illustrator since 1953 in most British, American, Belgium, and German fanzines; has illustrations in professional magazines from NEBULA (1958) through NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, BADGER BOOKS, German PB covers, IF, Arkham House, and even Bubble Gum cards! His latest venture is to produce the covers and interiors for the new British prozine, VISION OF TOMORROW.

His list of art awards is also lengthy. An example of his record could be the LONCON II Artshow where he won four 1st prizes; two 2nd prizes, and a Honorable Mention. One single painting at this show.. "AT THE TIPS-HOTHOUSE" won three different awards!

He is a founder member of the BSFA; and is an ex-Chairman of LIG. He is a Knight of St. Fanthony and now is Knight Armourer of this Order. He has won many awards for costumes and has also designed award-winning costumes for other members of LIG.

Apart from his interest in artwork Eddie also has a keenness for photography, film-making, and tape productions. He collects swords and all other edge weapons. He has a gun collection; likes to read the background of the 'Old West' and is quite a good shot. He makes, paints, and collects miniatures; and is responsible for the statuettes given to all new members of St. Fanthony. Naturally he collects SF. He has a discriminating taste in exotic foods and wines.

Eddie is 34, single, and his job is that of Production Manager for one of the largest advertising agencies in Britain.

Debonair would be a good word to describe Eddie; he makes a fine figure in his Knight Armourer costume. He enters well into the spirit of any fannish undertaking. I have a fond memory of the St. Fanthony ceremony of LONCON II. There a "fakefan" came forward to the ceremony and was ingloriously hauled away backstage. From there came blood-curdling screams and then Eddie appeared with his sword dripping with realistic gore! A great deal of hilarity and tomato ketchup backstage had produced this effect - but one would never have known this from Eddie's straight face.

Eddie hopes that many fans at St. Louis will come up and talk to him. Now you know all about him - help him to meet and enjoy the other fans, artists, and authors attending this convention. He brings with him the best wishes of all of European Fandom that you may all enjoy a happy and successful convention.

JONES THE FAN



introduction by Ethel Lindsay

In Wales, where the name of Jones abounds, it is customary to differentiate by using the titles..Jones the Butcher; Jones the Fish etc. It is my great pleasure to introduce to you...Jones the Fan.

Eddie Jones, your TAFF Delegate, is a favourite and familiar figure in British SF circles. Like a great many other British fans, he first heard of fandom through Ken Slater. Eddie saw an advert for Ken's OPERATION FANTAST, a very useful newszine, and so learned of the existence of the Liverpool SF circle. He first made contact with John Roles, but states he was at first too shy to join the meetings. A few months later he contacted the then very lively Medway Group and subscribed to THE MEDWAY JOURNAL.

This first sight of the fanzine field stimulated Eddie into sending them some illustrations. These were seen by Ron Bennett who asked for some cartoons for his PLOY. From then on Eddie's artwork has been in constant demand by fanzine editors. This was 1953 and the start of his steady involvement with SF fandom.

Eddie's next venture was to join with Bill Harry - another artist - into producing the art zine BINARY; with this out Eddie felt happier about joining the Liverpool Group (LIG) and did so in 1955. The first convention attended by Eddie was the Kettering Con of 1956.

PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE* SAYS:

*INVENTOR OF THE
INCREDIBLE EITHER
FLYER, FIRST MAN
ON THE MOON.

WELCOME
EDDIE!

I MADE IT TO
THE MOON, BUT
YOU'RE GOING
TO THE ST. LOUIS
CON!



and a message from the professor's
faithful companion:

HERIKIMER HERE, CHAPS!
THIS IS TO REMIND YOU THAT
TAFF NOMINATIONS TO SEND
A FAN TO HEICON* ARE NOW
OPEN! FOR INFO WRITE
STEVE STILES AT 427 57th St.,
BROOKLYN, N.Y., 11220.
AND MAY THE GOOD
LORD LOVE YA!



*OR REASONABLE FACSIMILE

TRANSATLANTIC FUND

The TAFF -- Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund -- was created in 1953 by Don Ford and Walter A. Willis, for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. The first winner, A. Vincent Clarke, was unable to accept in 1954; however, since that time the TAFF has regularly brought overseas fans to the U.S. and sent American fans to British conventions.

TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates, in each TAFF campaign, are voted upon by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of no less than a dollar. These votes, therefore, and the continued interest of fans, are what makes TAFF possible.

This year's TAFF campaign closed on May 31. It is therefore with particular significance to St. Louiscon that we are able to list the TAFF winners through the years, including the current winner who will be attending St. Louiscon.

TAFF WINNERS

1955 - Ken Bulmer	England to Cleveland
1957 - Robert A. Madle	U.S.A. to London
1958 - Ron Bennett	England to Los Angeles
1960 - Don Ford	U.S.A. to London
1960 - Eric Bentcliffe	England to Pittsburgh
1962 - Ethel Lindsay	U.S.A. to Harrogate
1962 - Ron Ellik	England to Chicago
1964 - Wally Weber	U.S.A. to Peterborough
1964 - Arthur Thomson	England to Oakland
1965 - Terry Carr	U.S.A. to London
1966 - Tom Schulck	Germany to Cleveland
1968 - Steve Stiles	U.S.A. to Manchester
1969 - Eddie Jones	1969 England to St. Louis

whole schmear. I didn't know what to do, so what I did was call up the production department of the New York Times and say "I've gotta produce an ad for you, what do I do?" And over the next six-eight months they told me, and I learned my craft that way. They were very helpful, they really were.

[Back into the Fold]

At that time, which was the beginning of my freelance period, I started painting pictures, and they turned out to be science fiction pictures. You naturally go to the thing you know, and I know and love science fiction. There had been up to that time, with the exception of Powers, very little of the real meat of science fiction on the covers. They were usually very broadly tempera painted naked ladies with brassieres. I'm not talking just about Bergey. Fantasy Reader covers, things like that. Paperback people did not use people like Rogers or anybody who came out of the field.

Don Wollheim bought my first paperback cover. All this time I'm doing illustrations for Galaxy once in a while, more or less as a hobby, whenever Mr. van der Poel let me. But Don Wollheim bought the first paperback cover. It was for Times Without Number by John Brunner. Then Don Bensen at Pyramid bought one for the same reason Wollheim had. Both Wollheim and Bensen were looking for science fiction illustrators who were less professional slick illustrators than they were science fiction people.

This was after The Dragon Masters which I did while I still had my outside job. August, 1962. Thanks to Jack Vance. Thanks to that story. Though I had been doing illustrations for years, thanks to the blending of the story and art, The Dragon Masters made me at last not the invisible man any more. Because I'd been invisible for years before that.

So that made me the visible man, and because I was visible Wollheim remembered me, Bensen remembered me, and once I had a couple of paperback covers under my belt, and a little food, I just hustled.

[Truphan Redivivus]

When I came back into fandom it was because I'd done enough stuff professionally that Hans Santesson invited me to Hydra meeting and there I met Terry Carr. Somehow or other I got to see his magazine and sort of hung around with Terry once in a while. Then Terry sent me The Compleat Burbee and this was like my introduction all over again, there was this thing called fandom, and was really amusing, articulate.

I found myself so taken with Lighthouse that every time I saw Terry I tried to speak in quotable quotes so he'd quote me but he never did.

So I got around that one by writing an article for Lighthouse. I went down to visit John Schoenherr and came back covered with ticks. And I thought that would be very interesting to write an article about, so I did, and Terry published it, and somebody mentioned it in a letter in the next issue, and that's all you need, seeing your name in a fanzine.

I've been doing it ever since. I would write an article, contribute a drawing, and there would be this thing that never happened in the prozines, there would be a response. No matter what kind of response, it was great to know you weren't shouting or squeaking in a vacuum.

The mere fact that fandom made a response was the great thing. It's probably the reason I still hang onto it. The whole egoboo business is what does it, and the plain business of response, to know that you're not talking merely to yourself or the guy that writes the check. It's great.

[Lupoff here again] That's the way Jack Gaughan talks. All the time. If I hadn't promised Ray Fisher this piece for the program booklet I could take the tape and turn it into a couple more short stories, but a promise is a promise. Jack has a lot more to say, including the fact that he's out to destroy the fan art field. Well, not destroy it, maybe, but cream the top talents off the top of the fanzine field and turn them into dirrrty pros too.

He wants the good fan artists — the good ones — to make up samples and send them to him at Galaxy. Assignments are forthcoming.

where I was wrong, except that each time I was wrong I was "quoting" a story that he had printed, explicitly. And when I went to New York on a vacation he ended up giving me a story called Gypsy by Poul Anderson, one of Anderson's first. January, 1950, Astounding Science Fiction. I did that in New York for the glorious sum of \$30. I did some other stuff and it got printed and somehow or other my name got kicked around.

[Adventures in Mundania]

So I did this stuff early. This was interrupted in 1952 by my getting drafted, and in 1954 I got out and went to Philly and later got suckered into taking jobs commercially...advertising, art director for four film producers, consultant for the American Bosch Company.

I went to Brooklyn on Hannes Bok's invitation and I took an apartment there with a widow he used to do astrology readings for. I stayed there rent-free on the basis that I would be a janitor. I took the cans out and fixed the plumbing and all the sort of things that I don't do around my house nowadays, I assure you.

Until one day I drew a picture of the landlady. The idea of my being there at all was that I was eventually to do a portrait of the landlady. And I got to know her in the meantime, which was a great mistake, because when I painted her portrait I painted all the wrinkles and all the crow's feet and everything, and she was well over 40, perhaps over 50 for all I know, and imagined she was Audrey Hepburn.

So I perforce left that place, and for various other reasons took a job in a small art studio instead of goofing off on GI unemployment which is what I intended to do. I lived on 47th Street in Manhattan above a Spanish bar called El Fundador. The smell of rice, onions and beans permeates some of my clothes which I have to this day, as a matter of fact.

I painted a mural on the wall of this apartment, on my bedroom wall. The bedroom was, I'd say, about four feet wide. That's no exaggeration. Imagine getting a bed in it. I painted this mural of an old Russian legend, a favorite of mine, called Ilya Murometz. Ilya Murometz is an old Russian hero, see, and he does a lot of marvelous heroic Russian things, and in the end he meets a tribe of Tartars or Tatars depending on which album notes you read, the Capitol or the Victor.

And he cuts them in half with his sword and every time he cuts one in half they turn into two. For the first time in his life Ilya takes a look and he figures "Oh boy, I've had it!" And he turns tail and he runs. The minute he turns tail he turns into stone. So I painted this two-sequence thing on the wall, and along about that time, shortly after I'd painted it, I met Phoebe and we decided to get married, and we left the apartment.

And it was taken over by a very delicate, limp-wristed young man, who when he saw this mural decided to cover it up. I had painted the mural in very thick water color, you might almost call it souache, but he covered it up with very shiny light blue enamel.

And that was his bedroom too, and he used to lay there at night, but because it was very shiny blue enamel over my souache water color, the water color began to crack, and the paint on top began to crack off the water color, and these faces began to peer through at him. I met him on the street one day, you know this area of cat, very delicate and superstitious. He sort of told me the story but he was sort of mystically shook up about it. I didn't know what to say about it. The only thing I know is that eventually he moved out and I never heard more of the apartment.

But during that period I was promoted to father...and to studio manager. And then I was hired away from the studio by a very small advertising agency, to be the art director. Actually I wasn't hired to be the art director, I was hired to help the art director, but the art director never showed up, so I was it. And one day I found myself the art director of an advertising agency. We did largely real estate ads and engineering recruiting ads. We did 'em for Grumman, Norden, people like that.

I didn't know anything about art directing, I was just a studio guy. In the studio all I did was comp renderings. You know when you're in that field you're typed. If you're a comp renderer you don't do layouts, you just comp render what somebody else laid out. Well here I am art director, I'm supposed to be the head man of the

room at the hotel, and one night there was a knock at the door and this young man came in and he was wearing a propeller beany and he had a bolo knife in his right hand. He was a little fat guy like Woody Winks in Plastic Man. And he swiped at me with his bolo knife and I just froze, I just stood there and looked at him. I didn't make an expression or move or...nothing.

He stopped swiping at me and he backed off and he said "I'm writing a story and I wanted to see what you would do," and he went out of the room and I had nothing to do with fandom for about ten years after that.

[Becoming a Dirrrty Pro]

I sent my elaborate Virgil Finlay imitations out to FPCI because they at that time printed the rottenest artwork I've ever seen, and I figured, I can do that! This is a philosophy that I, as art director at Galaxy, have to put up with to this day. Kids who see rotten drawings in the old Galaxy send me rotten samples figuring they are just as good and they're right but I don't want that.

Well I sent them rotten samples and strangely enough they said "Here's a book, here it is, People of the Comet by Austin Hall. Read it, do us a jacket, such-and-so a size with x amount of bleed." I was still in art school at the time and I ran up to my art teacher, her name was Irene Hoffman, and tugged at her skirt, and I said "What's a bleed?"

She told me what a bleed was and I didn't believe her but I did it anyway and I did this magnificent cover for People of the Comet consisting of an observatory with stars in the skies. One thing I remember about it is that, in Super Science Stories I think, Fred Pohl reviewed this book, which is largely about a guy looking at the dirt under his fingernails. Fred Pohl said that the jacket was better than the book. And it wasn't until years later when I realized how rotten the book was that I realized what Fred was saying.

Mr. Crawford at FPCI signed the checks but I always addressed Garrett Ford. I was told only two years ago that Garrett Ford was Porry Ackerman, Margaret Crawford, and William Crawford. Ackerman told me himself. Anyway, I always wrote to Garrett Ford, and you know what they paid me?

First of all they wanted to pay me an \$18.75 war bond. They paid \$18.75 for their two-color jackets. And I didn't want that, I wanted money. So when they found out I wanted money they decided to talk me into \$18.75 worth of books. I didn't want that either. It took me about three months to finally convince them to pay me money. They sent me a check which I cashed immediately, for \$18.75, which is what they paid me for all my jackets.

For FPCI I did jackets for People of the Comet by Hall, Planets of Adventure by Basil Wells, The Radium Pool by Ed Earl Repp, The Rat Race by Jay Franklin, After 12,000 Years by Stanton A. Coblentz, and The Radio Man by Ralph Milne Farley. All of 'em were very bad.

The Radio Man was my second job. I was given these old pulp magazines it appeared in as a serial, I read it, and in order to do things right I spent at least three full days on my stomach with a magnifying glass torturing the hell out of black ants to get a good look at them. Some of the stuff showed up many, many years later in The Dragon Masters. Still, I found out where the antennae were really attached where the mandibles came out of, and what the eyes looked like.

Because I remember the Paul illustrations; they look no more like ants than you do, Lupoff! I found out what an ant really looks like. Because I didn't know about research, I did my own. I've gotten smarter and lazier since.

So I did these drawings, they were sent to the publisher and from the publisher to Ralph Milne Farley, Roger Sherman Hoar. I had a letter from him that said it was the first time that anybody had actually drawn real ants for his stories, they were eclectic. I didn't know what that meant. The design of the jacket was eclectic too. He guessed the human face was all right but the ants were the best he'd seen as illustrations to his stories.

I was very proud.

I sent off a bunch of samples to John W. Campbell and he sent back notes telling me

I'd spent two years in the Transportation Corps in Fort Eustis, Virginia. One of the things I did was teach guys who'd been in the army since Victor McLaughlin was Sergeant Quirt how to fire an M1 rifle when I couldn't hit the side of a barn with one.

After my post-graduate years I went to Philadelphia and lived above a bar full of prostitutes and degenerates who took great care of me, and I illustrated a kids' book while I was there: The Pennsylvania Story. It was a history of Pennsylvania; I think it's still in use in Pennsylvania schools.

[Getting in the Olde Ess-Tee-Eff]

I got into science fiction, never having read it, because I have a big mouth, and in the Catholic school in which I studied, one time I opened my mouth once too often and a teacher, a nun, a Sister of Charity I might add, as a matter of punishment made me read and report on Out of the Silent Planet by C. S. Lewis. A thoroughly approved-of Catholic writer incidentally.

And I got...well, the thing that really hooked me on it was not the science fiction so much as there was an animal in this story that urinated. And I thought that an animal that urinated in the library of a Catholic school has to be a gas. So in all seriousness I looked up the rest of the science fiction, because I thought "That's a pretty free-thinking field!" You know, a Catholic school, like other schools, has a pretty restricted point of view. Every school to every kid is restrictive anyway.

And the only science fiction I found readily after that, because I was hooked on science fiction after that, was Planet Comics. And I found out there was a thing called Planet Stories which did relate, they were illustrated by the same people. But I got into that and then I found out there was a thing called Famous Fantastic Mysteries. From "Planet" to "Fantastic" wasn't too great a leap, but I found myself confronted with minor classics of English literature every once in a while, cut up though they may have been.

And at that point I was hooked on it.

Those magazines were largely illustrated by L. Sterne Stevens, Virgil Finlay, and Lawrence. Finlay appealed to me because another time in the high school as punishment I was required to copy, line for line, a Gustave Dore engraving from Dante's Inferno, which is full of nudes. And I copied it line for line.

Dore actually drew all those lines on the block before the engraver got to them, and here was this guy who did this wild pen work, Virgil Finlay, and I got hung up on that, and the agreeable aspect of fantasy.

Most of it was fantasy, I didn't get into science fiction actually, it was a little forbidding. I tried reading A. E. van Vogt and I didn't understand. I mean when people would walk through walls just as a matter of course without being explained it annoyed me so I got hung up on Rider Haggard instead. And later graduated into science fiction.

But there were these illustrators, and I really tried for years to be Virgil Finlay. I found it easier to be Lawrence because of a somewhat technical reason, that he drew illustrations rather than designs. Designs have to be intelligently arranged and produced.

So what I did was make up these samples and I figured, since that's what I do, and that's the only thing at that time that I knew, that's what I'd attempt to do professionally. So I sent off samples everywhere.

[Once Around Fast in Fandom]

Meanwhile the Cincinatti people, Don Ford, got me to come down to the Cincinatti convention. I was about 18 at the time, and I was doing fan drawings for John Grossman's Scientifantasy and Gus Willmorth's Fantasy Advertiser and Frank Dietz's original Luna — I had a two or three-color cover, very bad. This sort of culminated at the Cincinatti convention because....

At the Cincinatti convention was a young man whose name I could give you but I'd rather not. And at the con I didn't know anybody so I spent most of my time in my

tion as Guest of Honor by the World Science Fiction Convention.

In addition to his work as a freelance artist he recently was appointed art director for Galaxy and If magazines, and his distinctive touch in design has already begun to be felt in the interior appearances of those magazines.

All of this would seem an admirable career in science fiction, but only a relative handfull of Jack Gaughan's admirers are aware that this is his second time around—that he had a previous career as a science fiction fan and pro, disappeared almost entirely from the scene, and in fact is a bit of a re-tread as an SF personality.

It is customary to include profiles of Guests of Honor in these program booklets, and Ray Fisher asked me to write one on Jack, perhaps because we've been friends for years, and because we live fairly near one another.

Jack lives with his wife Phoebe, children Brian and Norah, Phoebe's mother Susan Adams, two cats and a black-and-white hound called Ace. Their home is an old Lovecraftian manse of rough-hewn stone, narrow flights of steep and creaking stairs, and an attic inhabited by stubborn swarms of bats that refuse to stay exterminated. This stands in the tiny town of Rifton, New York, between New Paltz and Kingston. If that doesn't help much, it's about 100 miles north of New York City.

His studio, files, and Galaxy-If Art Director's office are located on the top floor of that old stone house, and a visit there is enough to make the science fiction fan's eyes pop at the stacks of Jack's works: framed and unframed originals, file copies of those hundred of books and magazines, rough sketches and unfinished drawings and paintings that will appear on newsstands in the months to come.

He is a stocky man of medium height and ruddy complexion, with a ready grin, a ready opinion on any subject under the sun, and a dedication to his work that combines humility with fully justified pride. Here's the kind of think Jack does:

A couple of years ago I sold a novel to Lancer Books and Jack was given the assignment of painting the cover. I arranged to drop in on him accidentally-on-purpose just before the painting was to be turned in, and Jack showed it to me. He'd made a striking picture to go on the book: a sinister sailing ship is seen on the surface of a blood-red sea, while out of a similarly crimson sky filled with enigmatic planets there rises the psychedelically-patterned form of a nearly nude giantess, clad only in a dark blue cloak.

"I love it," I said to Jack, "only in the story her cloak isn't that plain blue — it's worked through with silver filigree."

"Sit right down," Jack said, "read these 150 fanzines and don't look up until I tell you to."

I did as he said, and when he finally summoned me from the pages of the N3F Tight-beam there was the painting, the cloak now worked throughout with intricate silver filigree.

That's artistic integrity.

To tell Jack's story, there's no one better than Jack himself. He is a highly expressive man whose conversation, except for a slight tendency never to let the other fellow finish a sentence, is a pleasure to share. My wife Pat and I shared an evening's pub-crawl with the Gaughans a year or two ago and the next day I just set down the conversation almost verbatim, disguised our four names and a few local references, and sold the thing to Dude magazine as a short story.

So rather than tell you much more about Jack, I asked him to turn on the tape recorder and tell about himself the other night. I've transcribed the tape, edited and rearranged a little bit to reduce the amount of hopping around that took place, and I'll let Jack speak for himself.

[Some Basic Autobiography]

[Gaughan here] Born September 24, 1930, Springfield, Ohio in a hospital which burned down shortly after my birth. Schooling: parochial all the way up through high school. Then I attended the Dayton Art Institute for four regular years, one post-graduate year on a scholarship, got drafted, came back for one other year on the GI Bill.

gaughan by gaughan



with a slight assist from Dick Lupoff

[Lupoff here] Jack Gaughan, as everybody knows, is the sensational science fiction artist who broke on the scene in the August 1962 issue of Galaxy Science Fiction with his striking cover painting and stunning black-and-white illustrations for Jack Vance's novella The Dragon Masters. He followed this tour-de-force with innumerable other magazine and paperback book covers, black-and-white illustrations, and jacket paintings for hardcover books. In these seven years he has painted the covers of over 100 volumes for Ace Books alone -- plus his work for Pyramid, Lancer, Galaxy, If, International SF, Worlds of Fantasy, F&SF, Walker, and others.

His growth as a professional illustrator has paralleled his growing popularity as a fan. He has attended local club meetings of New York groups, most notably the Fanclasts, originally a fanzine-oriented, "faanish" group whose members in recent years have crashed the pro ranks virtually en masse, providing the field with a whole crop of authors, editors, and artists. He has attended regional and world SF conventions, and was chosen as Guest of Honor at a recent Boskone.

He has been almost unbelievably generous with his time and talent, advice and materials, contributing artwork or articles to innumerable fanzines including Luna, Scientifantasy, Fantasy Advertiser, Insides, Psychotic/SFR, Lighthouse, Starling, Tanstaaf!, WSFA Journal, Niekas, Algol, Horib, Odd, Shaggy, Amra, and Granfalloon. His Nylon Comics was a mainstay of the successful bidding campaign of the New York convention in 1967.

His career has been crowned with three Hugos (best professional artist and best fan artist in 1967, and best professional artist again in 1968), and now by his selec-

Jack Gaughan is one of those...phenomena...who very occasionally show up on editors' doorsteps. If you look very carefully at his forehead, you'll see that it says there in the tiniest of calligraphy, God is not dead. He asked me to tell you. (If you look there and don't see this message, maybe it's because only editors and art directors can read it.)

Jack Gaughan is one hell of a good artist. Everybody has his own favorite Gaughan drawings and paintings: maybe the drawings he did for Jack Vance's THE DRAGON MAS-TERS, or for Fritz Leiber's A SPECTER IS HAUNTING TEXAS, or the covers for THE GHOSTS OF MANACLE by Charles Finney (Pyramid) or KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE (ace), or the "muck-man" cover he did for Galaxy several years ago. (That's one of Jack's own favorites, I suspect, if only for personal reasons. You see, Jack's always had this urge to do a good old-fashioned science fiction cover where the alien monster is carrying off the beautiful heroine, but when you work for high-class magazines like Galaxy you don't get much chance for that. "You'll Never See It In Galaxy", after all. But one day lo! along came this manuscript for which he was to do a cover, and there was this monster who carried off this girl through the swamp, see, and you just know what scene Jack painted. If you see him smiling for no apparent reason — if there's no drink in his hand, for instance — it may be that he's thinking about that.)

There are reasons why Jack is so good, of course. Sure, he went to art school, and he was a personal protege of Hannes Bok, and he's studied the classic painters, engravers and illustrators and can shoot the jargon all night if you want. But there is more: he loves doing art, and he does it all the time. He carried a big thick sketchbook everywhere he goes, and he uses it. He sketches people on the subway, scenes by the river, his wife Phoebe looking pensively out a window. Or he writes notes to himself: theories about art and life, techniques to try, effects to aim for. That's why a Jack Gaughan drawing done in July 1969 probably doesn't look too much like one done in May: he's been thinking and experimenting and changing bit by bit every day. When I last looked through one of his sketchbooks-in-progress, it was No. 78 or so, I think; but that was a couple of years ago, before he moved into the country, so he's probably up past 100 by now.

Jack cares about what he does. He researches his work — his studio walls are lined not only with art books, but with illustrated references of all types: sourcebooks on astronomy, animal anatomy, fashions through history, machinery, electronics, you name it. He's so conscientious that he even reads the stories he illustrates, every single one of them. You might be surprised how many big sf artists don't; they just read a plot synopsis, or the opening chapter, or maybe just fake it all the way, basing their drawings on a title and a guess. Not Jack — he reads the stuff to get the feeling of a story, and he puts all his art and craft into making a representation of that story that will complement and compliment it.

That's why Jack is a Star.

As I said, we all have our own favorite Gaughans; and no matter what yours is, it's a cinch that you remember it with special fondness. You probably take out that book or magazine every now and then, just to look at his art for a while.

And there's one thing more that's a cinch about Jack Gaughan paintings and drawings: every one of them was turned in on time, and nobody got an ulcer worrying about whether or not the art would be there when the deadline was. He makes it good and gets it in on Monday.

Because Jack is a Star who is also a Pro.

I thought I'd tell you all this because Jack is, after all, the Pro Guest of Honor at this convention, and if you should happen to run into him at some party where he's decided to, ah, sing...well, I wouldn't want you to think he's being honored for that.

No; it's because Jack Gaughan is a Star. And a Pro. And, by the way, a Good Man.

In fact, if you want to know the truth about my favorite Gaughan, I'll tell you. It's him. Himself. Jack Gaughan.

When he stands up at the banquet as Pro Guest of Honor, clap like mad. I'm going to.

-- Terry Carr

Jack Gaughan

The Pro

introduction by Terry Carr

When I was very young I used to get extremely puzzled sometimes about the attitudes editors had toward some artists. I mean, here would be this artist, X, whose work was beautiful, imaginative, meticulously done, visually and conceptually exciting, and I'd ask, "Why don't you have X do more stuff for you?" and the editor would shake his head and mutter something about deadlines, or temperament, or his ulcer.

And a day or two later I'd pick up a copy of this editor's magazine (or that editor's magazine, or that other editor's book over there) and I'd find a cover that was... well, the spaceship was recognizable as a spaceship and the humans were anthropomorphic, and I guess it didn't misrepresent the story it illustrated or give away an O'Henry ending or anything. But it didn't do anything to or for me; it was just sort of there. Needless to say, it wasn't by X; it was by somebody who'd done nine out of the last ten covers for that company, and somehow I'd never even noticed his name.

"Oh Christ," I'd moan, "why do they bother with these nothing covers? Why don't they have all the covers by X?"

Later on, when I became wise in the ways of the world, I found out the answer to that. X was a groovy artist, all right — when he was in the mood, and when you could get hold of him on the phone, and when you didn't have to worry about when he turned in his painting. Which is to say, he wasn't reliable, so publishers didn't rely on him. When he did his thing it was lovely, but it wasn't according to schedule.

There's an author, a pretty good one, who writes for me, and whenever I call him about a deadline for one of his books he says, "Do you want it good, or do you want it Monday?"

The same thing happens with some artists — some of the very, very best ones. Which is why they don't get more assignments — for covers, interior drawings, or whatever. They're not pros; they're really hobbyists, doing their drawings for themselves and then selling them after the fact.

There's nothing wrong with being a hobbyist, of course; in fact, there's a lot right with it. But publishing science fiction books and magazines isn't a hobby, so it has to be done by the pro rules, which include, most prominently, regular, relentless deadlines. A lot of times, if it isn't there by Monday, it doesn't matter if it's good or not: somebody else's work that was handy and bearable had to be slipped in to its spot and everything sent off to the printer.

The guy who can turn in work that's printable and on time, every time, is what's called a Pro, and he's blessed by every editor in the business. He probably doesn't win awards or sell more copies for you, but he's there to keep the customers in the auditorial until the temperamental star shows up, late as usual.

By and large, those are the two kinds of people who produce the material you see in the sf books and magazines: the Pros, and the Stars.

But now and then God decides that editors aren't such wretches that they should have to undergo unalloyed torment and anxiety every week and every month of their lives (they'll get enough hell after they die, after all), so he sends them a gift: a Star who is also a Pro. Maybe it should be called a miracle, but I don't believe in miracles. But come to think of it, I'm not sure I believe in Jack Gaughan, either.

3:00 pm:	"	"	<u>A Look At The Whole Ball Of Wax</u> , by Harlan Ellison.
4:00 pm:	"	"	More auction.
7:00 pm:	"	"	The Awards Banquet. The Toastmaster, Harlan Ellison, will present the Guests of Honor who will speak on subjects of their choice; and the awards will be presented by Bob Bloch.
10:00 pm:	"	"	Movies again, till dawn.

MONDAY, September 1st:

9:00 am:	(Khorassan Room)	Business Meeting of the 27th World Science Fiction Convention.
11:00 am:	"	" Auction.
Noon:	"	" A series of panels and discussions in which we hear some ideas about science fiction's role and future in the dramatic arts; some observations by authors on the field of science fiction and its appeal; discussions concerning international science fiction and science fiction fandom; and views on where we go from here.
4:00 pm:	"	" Final Auction.
5:00 pm:	"	" The official business of the convention closes, and the chairmen of St. Louiscon present the gavels to the chairmen of the 1970 and 1971 conventions
6:00 pm:	"	" Time to say goodbye, and...you guessed it: Movies..till dawn.

PROJECT ART SHOW:	The Tenth Anniversary Showing of Project Art Show will be open throughout the con, in the Starlight Roof.
BOOK & MAGAZINE SALES:	The Hucksters Room will be open throughout the convention, in the Chase Club.
HOSPITALITY ROOM:	The N3F Hospitality Room will be open throughout the con, in the Lido Room.

NOTE:

Please consult your Pocket Program for complete listings of each days programs, and watch the bulletin boards for any last minute changes. Notices of Special Interest Groups' meetings will be posted on the bulletin board at the registration desk, or listed in the Pocket Program.

Your membership badge should be worn at all times and will serve as your admission-ticket to all convention functions (except as noted in the business-meeting rules.) Guards will be posted, and absolutely no one will be admitted into the Masquerade Ball without a badge, unless they are wearing a costume to which the badge would be detrimental.

3:00 pm: " " The regular auction.

4:00 pm: (Pool-Side) A Mid-Western, Hot Summer Afternoon, Old-Time, Pool-Side, Meet-The-Pro Party With Sarsaparilla, Sno-Cones, Cotton Candy, and Calliope Music For All.

1:00 am: (Khorassan Room) Movies, continuing till dawn.

SATURDAY, August 30th:

9:00 am: (Chase Lounge) Registration opens for the day.

 (Khorassan Room) A Comics Program, supervised by Bob Schoenfeld.

11:00 am: " " Selection of the 1971 convention site.

12:15 pm: (Empire Room) Annual Burroughs Bibliophile Dum-Dum.

1:00 pm: (Khorassan Room) This afternoon is dedicated to a series of panels on the science fiction package, with discussions of the visual aspects by s.f. artists, followed by discussions of contentual preferences by editors. Capping it off will be a dialogue between two authors with two points of view.

4:00 pm: " " The auction again.

7:00 pm: " " The Masquerade Ball Begins.

7:30 pm: " " The Parade of Costumes starts, and judging of costumes begins promptly.

11:00 pm: " " Following the Parade of Costumes, the Rock Show.

1:00 am: " " Movies begin again, and again go till dawn.

SUNDAY, August 31st:

9:00 am: (Chase Lounge) Registration opens for the day.

 (Khorassan Room) A Tolkien Society Program, supervised by Ed Meskys.

11:00 am: " " Selection of the 1970 convention site.

Noon: " " Who Sawed Courtney's Boat? The mysteries of the ages finally revealed by Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, and a Special Mystery Guest.

12:45 pm: " " This afternoon is dedicated to a series of panels on the history of science fiction; how it was, how it has changed, how we can expect it to be in the future, by authors who have contributed to the field.

Saint Louiscon

Program

THURSDAY, August 28th:

- 1:00 pm: (Chase Lounge) Registration begins for early arrivals.
(Starlight Roof) Project Art Show sets up.
(Chase Club) Booksellers Room sets up.
(Lido Room) N3F Hospitality Room sets up.
- 8:00 pm: (Khorassan Room) Movies, continuing till dawn.
- 9:00 pm: (Zodiac Roof) Welcome Party for registered members.
- 10:30 pm: (Zodiac Roof) Filk-Song Fest, with cash bar for the rest of the evening.

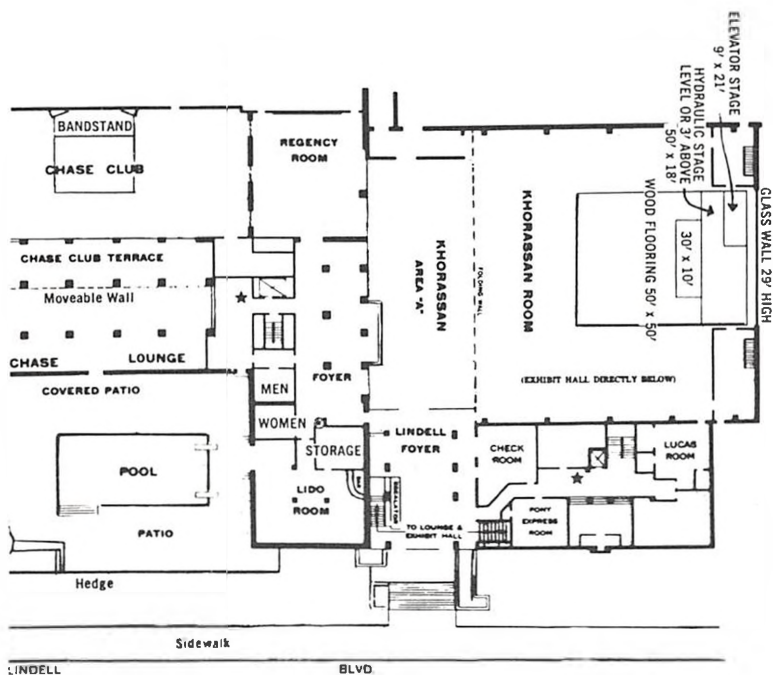


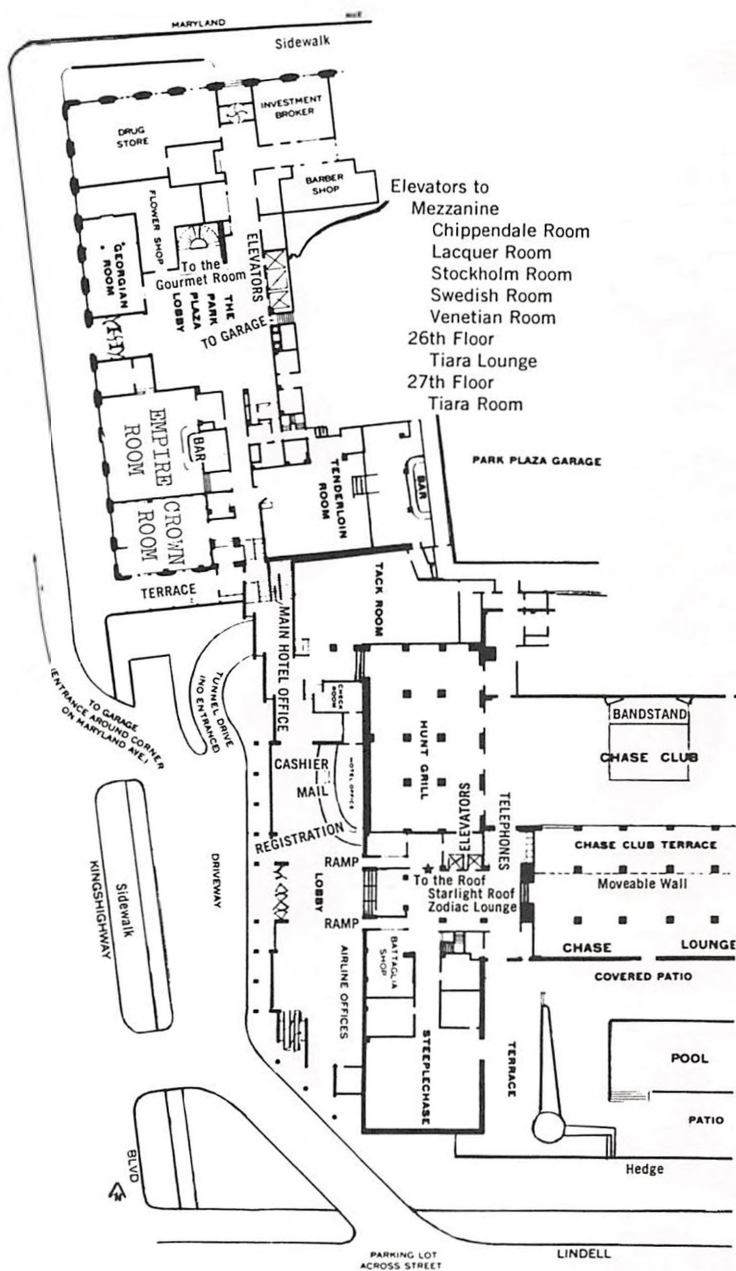
FRIDAY, August 29th:

- 9:00 am: (Chase Lounge) Registration opens for the day.
- 10:00 am: (Zodiac Roof) Pre-business meeting for those who intend to present motions and other related matters at Monday's regular business meeting.
- 11:00 am: (Khorassan Room) The convention officially opens. The chairmen make a few announcements relating to the seriousness of the occasion that brings us here; introduce the notables present, and present the program's theme: The Anatomy of Science Fiction.
- 11:30 am: " " Robert Silverberg gives the first keynote speech, The Genre of Science Fiction.
- Noon: " " Terry Carr presents the second part of the program theme, with a keynote speech on The Phenomena of Fandom.
- 12:30 pm: " " Ben Bova gives the third keynote speech, concerning our relationship to the scientific community: The Realities of the Future.
- 1:00 pm: " " It Didn't Quite Turn Out The Way We Planned
The moon-landing in fact and fiction. An illustrated discussion by Harry (Hal Clement) Stubbs.
- 2:00 pm: " " Console Brothers...How Close Are We? A look at artificial intelligence vrs. computer technology, by Dick Lupoff.

MAIN FLOOR PLAN

Note: Exhibition Hall is directly below Khorassan Room





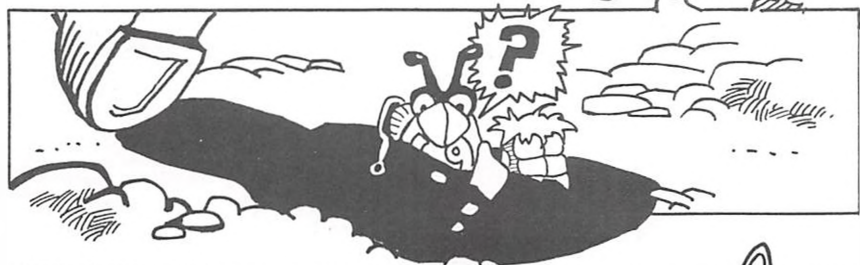
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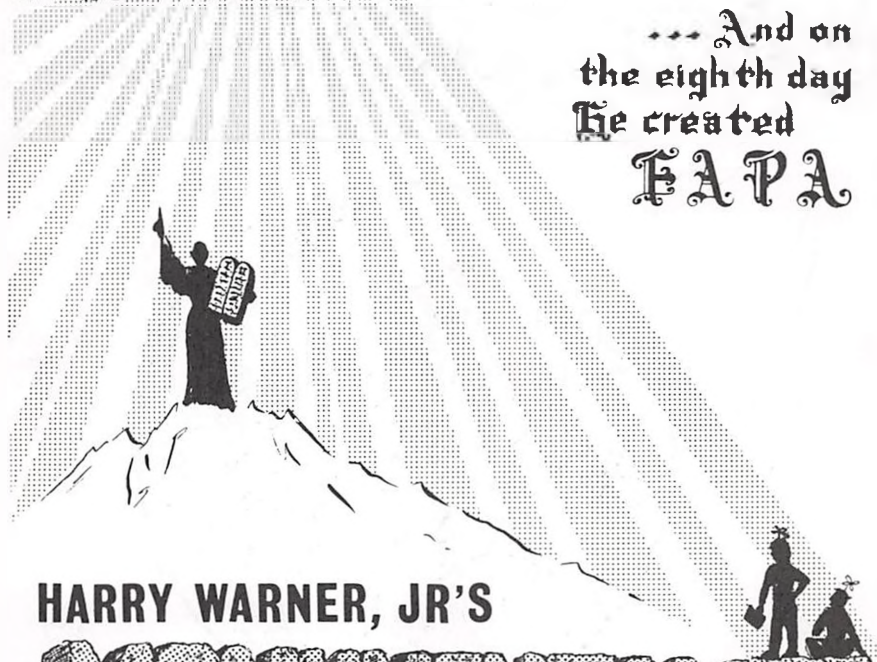


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SCYTHROP, the new fanzine. Schedule unknown; price unknown. Successor to AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (Nominated twice for the Hugo). From: John Bangsund, P.O.Box 19, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, AUSTRALIA. USAgent: Andrew Porter.

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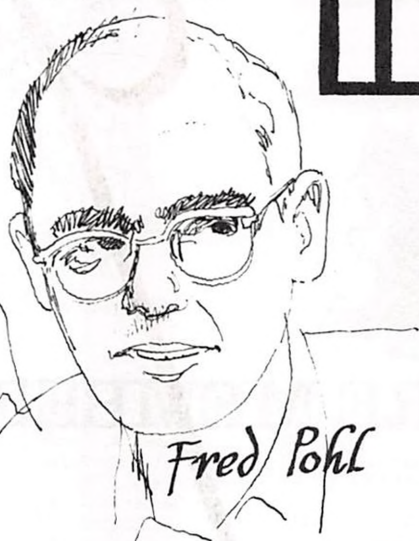
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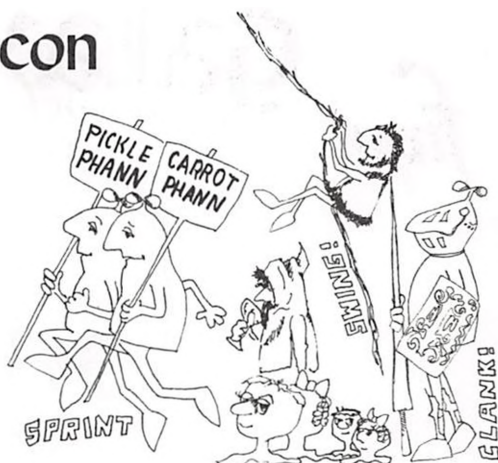
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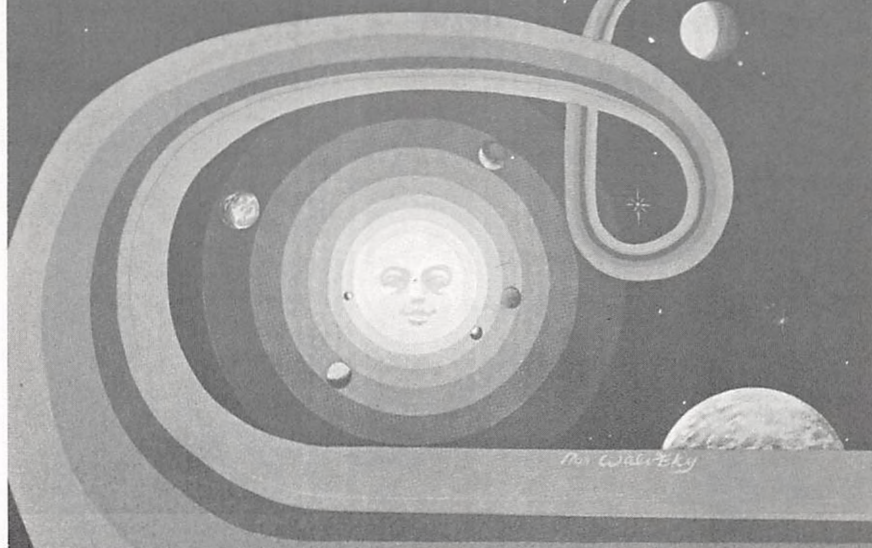
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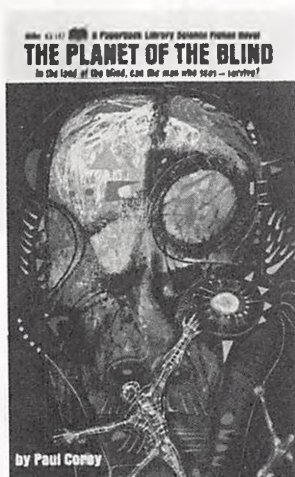
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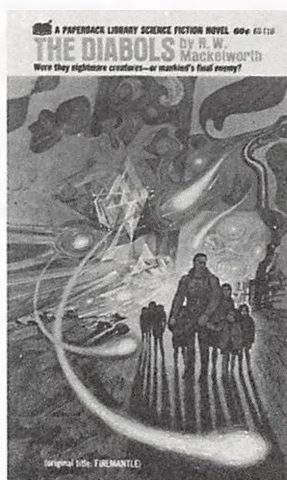
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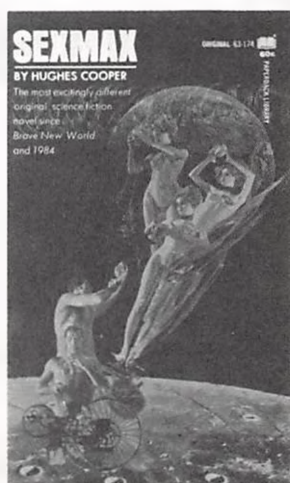
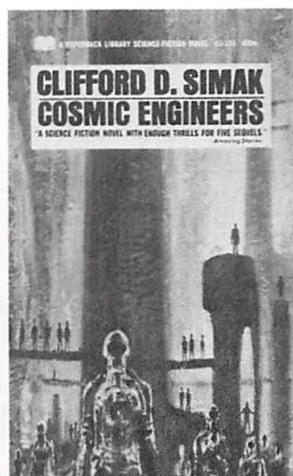
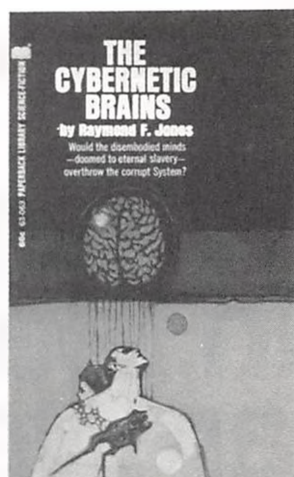
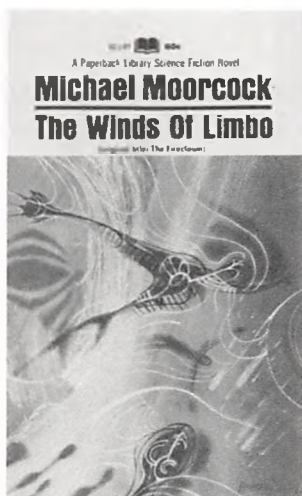
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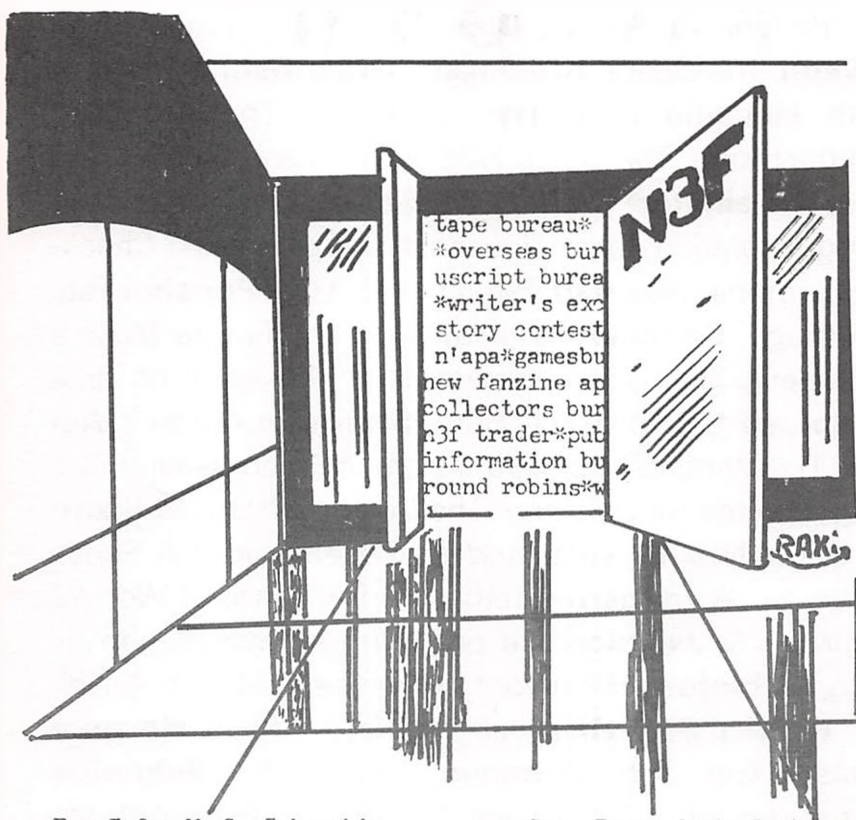
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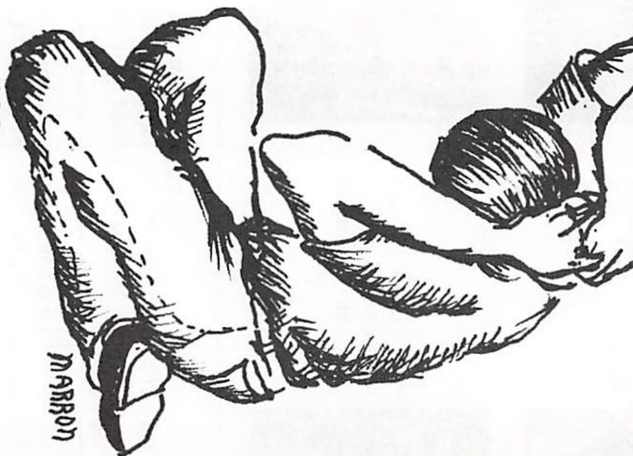
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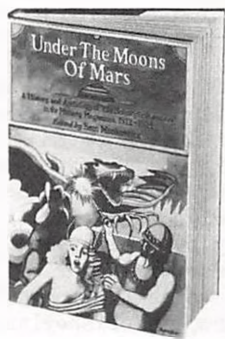
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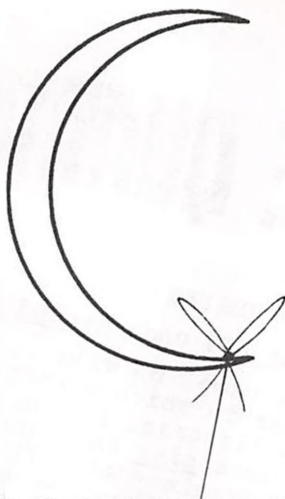
Cultural attractions include the famous Music Center (Zuben Mehta conducting), the Hollywood Bowl, the County Museum of Art, and too many other museums, art establishments, and botanical gardens to mention. You've all seen the Griffith Park Planetarium on the screen — it was the first to discover Mongo rushing toward Earth; it was THWUSH headquarters; it was the royal palace of Ophiuchus from which Rocky Jones, Space Ranger escaped ... — now visit it in person.

L.A. has "Bookstore Row", a 12-block stretch along Hollywood Blvd. with close to two dozen bookstores and newsstands. New books — old books — stocks of all the current paperbacks for the last 6 months — junk bookshops where you can hunt for bargains — specialty bookshops where you can buy old prozines in mint condition. And you can stop off to see Grauman's Chinese, the Hollywood Wax Museum, a major TV studio, and the corner of Hollywood & Vine along the way.

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Jim Harmon on old underground movies--

The best script I came up with ...was a kind of low-budget spectacular in which a strange... monster was prowling through Victorian London & crossed the paths of Sherlock Holmes plus Jack the Ripper plus Dr. Jekyll plus Dr. Frankenstein III plus Buffalo Bill & his Wild West Show, then on tour in England.

Finally ...I dropped in at...Morgan-Steckler and was offered an opportunity to...appear in a picture called The Lemon Grove Kids ...Naturally, as an SF fan I had ... hoped that my first film ...would be science fiction...I need not have worried. With the introduction of the indomitable Rat Pfink and the rampaging giant ape, Kogar, the film turned into fantasy.

(II, 182-4)

Tom Slate on the ERB novels--

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(III, 123)



Bob Bloch on TV guest appearances

One is...ushered into the office of a Panel Host who...hasn't a very clear idea about one's field... Between phone-call interruptions, side-trips to the corridor or surrounding offices...a tentative rapport is established during which the Genial Host generally says, "OK, I'll play it by ear & let you do the talking."

Suddenly one is out under the lights...& the show is off and running ... whereupon one discovers that the Host is off & running, too. He either turns out to be the Instant Expert...or --should this ploy prove too transparent--he ...begins a subtle put-down of the guest by firing...unexpected queries designed to throw one off-balance... The whole thing is a sort of pact-with-the-Devil; the guest gets a free plug in exchange for helping the Host to earn his \$200,000 a year.

(III, 243)

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(Hans Joachim Alpers,
S.F. Times (German ed.,
March 1967, p.5)



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(Cory Panshin, Proper Boskonian #3, p.27.)

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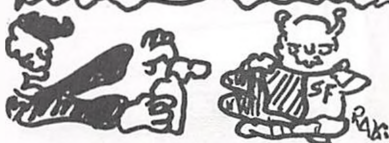
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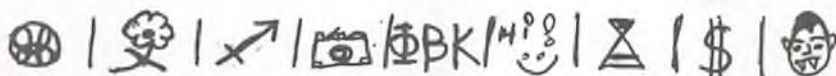
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- 7) You're entering Flak-Tow.
- 8) You are the victim of unrequited like.
- 9) You followed Mike McInerney across the country.
- 10) You grok.
- 11) Thaonix protects you.
- 12) You're a Baggins.
- 13) You opposed the Mule.
- 14) Baycon has left you that.
- 15) You paid \$36 dollars for half of Harlan Ellison.
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- 17) You have no mouth and you must eat.
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- 19) You like to kneel down and laugh.
- 20) You've got the prerogative.
- 21) You're bigger than Elliot Shorter. (Your copy free!)
- 22) You carry a cane for no apparent reason.
- 23) You're gonna get executed.
- 24) You're Asaac Isimov.
- 25) You're a dirty-old-broad.
- 26) You didn't get your (k)night.
- 27) You speak slowly.
- 28) You give bread to the picky eater.
- 29) You're man enough to eat Granny Goose.
- 30) Funny, you don't look Bluish!
- 31) The Banquet menu is Luncheon Meat.
- 32) Lemmee hold your keys.
- 33) The loyal order of the brethren and descendants of the she-wolf. (Better known as the Sons-Of-A-Bitch)
- 34) Harlan Ellison, beware! The "broad wearing a sweatshirt with Roddenberry's kisser on it" and her friends are back!
- 35) Up, men of the Middle Ages! The Hundred Years War begins tomorrow!
- 36) You do a splendid impression of Caligula.
- 37) If they refuse to move on cue, screw them!
- 38) Rakkurai baby, on the tree top...
- 39) Are you a duck?
- 40) It takes two to mango.



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At St LouisCon, you'll see science fiction fans from many countries. Stop and ask them how they feel about HeiCon. Talk to Hans-Werner Heinrichs, Molly Auler, or Mario Bosnyak -- the HeiCon Committee members who will be here -- and find out how German fandom united to choose Heidelberg from among the several German cities that wanted the WorldCon, and then joined solidly behind the HeiCon. Ask TAFF winner Eddie Jones to tell you of the almost unanimous British support for HeiCon, or ask Fred Lerner to show you the petition signed by 150 British fans backing Heidelberg. And get Leif Andersson to explain how Scandinavians feel about the HeiCon bid. No matter who you ask, be he from Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Canada, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Portugal, Scandinavia, Spain, or the USA, you'll find the same answer: it's

HEIDELBERG IN 1970!

HeiCon offers you: a bi-lingual program, with simultaneous translation of major speeches; tours of vineyards, student pubs, cruise on the Neckar; all the traditional WorldCon features; Bavarian Night; and much more: "A World Convention in the Heart of Europe"

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The sheer scale of the problems that beset them sent most men into a groping, rat-like existence. The fantastically huge monsters who had invaded and occupied Earth were totally indifferent to humans, except to regard them as occasional pests. Only a few adventurous men still hoped to overcome the monsters—somehow.

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Rates? \$14 single, \$8 per person twin, \$6 per person triple, and \$5 per person quad. That's in writing, too.

Elevators? Seven of 'em. Automatic. Fast. The Con floor is connected to the ground floor by escalators, too.

Bar facilities? No dress restrictions. Three bars open to 2:00 a.m. In addition, special convention bars will be set up where we want, including in the Art Show and the Huckster Rooms. Fans will be able to pick up a drink or a sandwich and browse at leisure if they don't want to leave the Con area to get a quick snack or refreshment.

Rooms? Big — modern — comfortable. All sound-proofed, individually air-conditioned, wall-to-wall carpeting, am/fm radio and TV with bedside controls, direct-dial telephones to all rooms -- the whole bit.

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Con facilities? A general session room and ballroom of approx. 9,400 sq. ft., with no pillars or dividers. An Art Show Room of 7,000 sq. ft. A Huckster Room of 9,000 sq. ft. A movie room. A telephone message center. And lots of miscellaneous rooms seating up to 250 persons for meetings of special interest groups.

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Our elevator service is well suited to your convention as all elevators are completely automatic. In addition, escalator service is provided direct to the convention facilities.

Washington's largest ballroom provides unique advantages for your masquerade ball—show your costume off to its maximum advantage.

For your convenience, centrally located rooms have been set aside for small group meetings and N3F hospitality.

Secure rooms for the art show and hucksters will be used.

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Our convention manager will be at the St. Louiscon with the Washington group. Look him up. We look forward to hosting you in 1971.

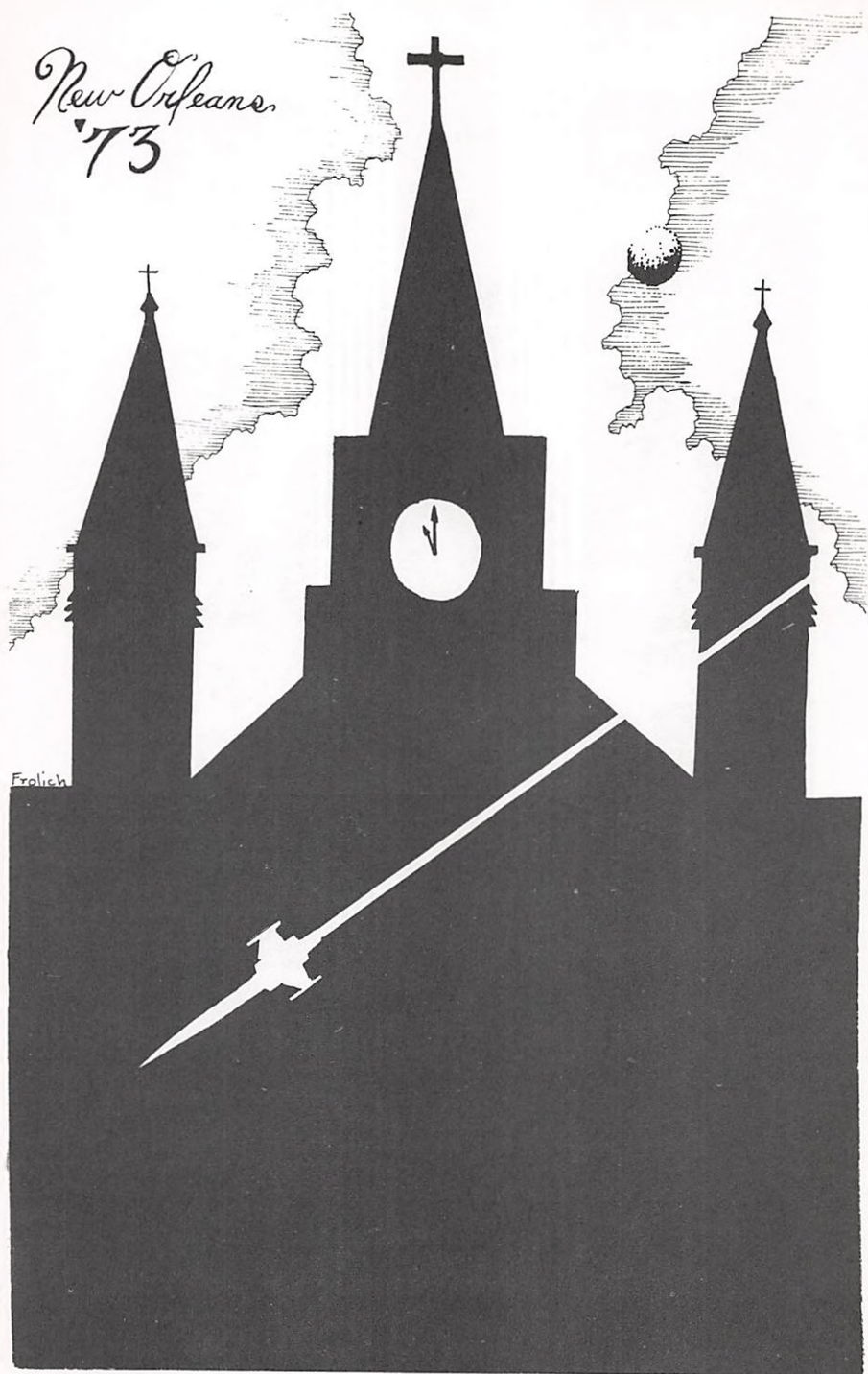


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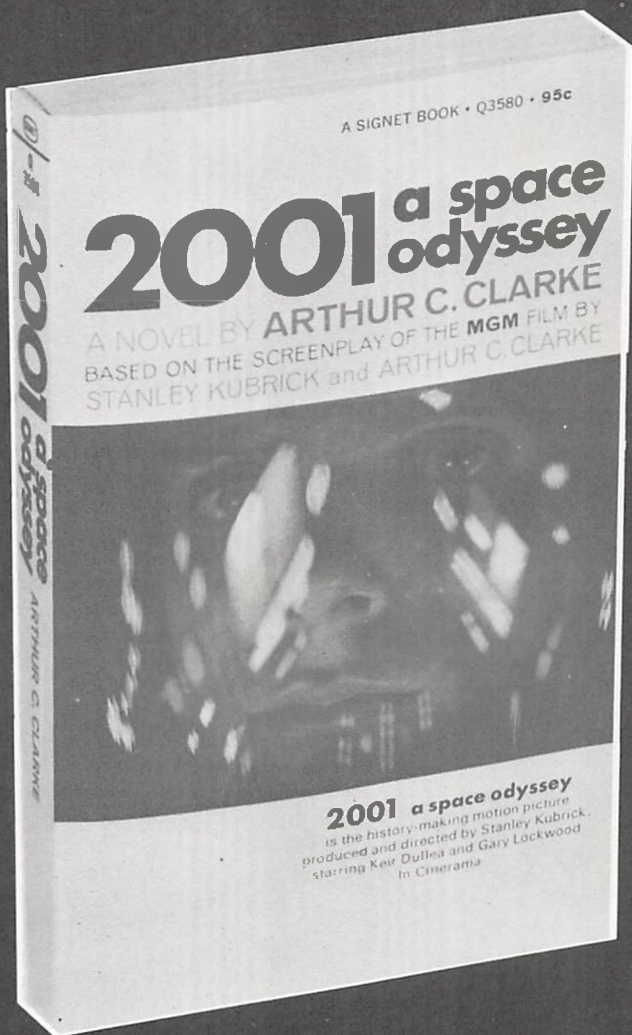
New Orleans
'73

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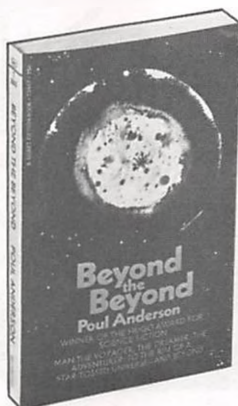
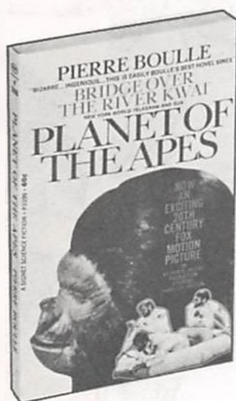
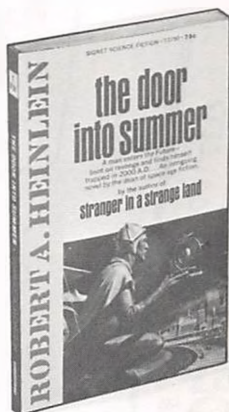
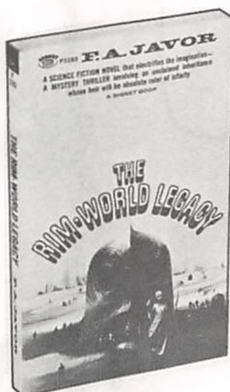
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General Over-all World's Fair-like theme this year:
Poems, Stars and Jewels;

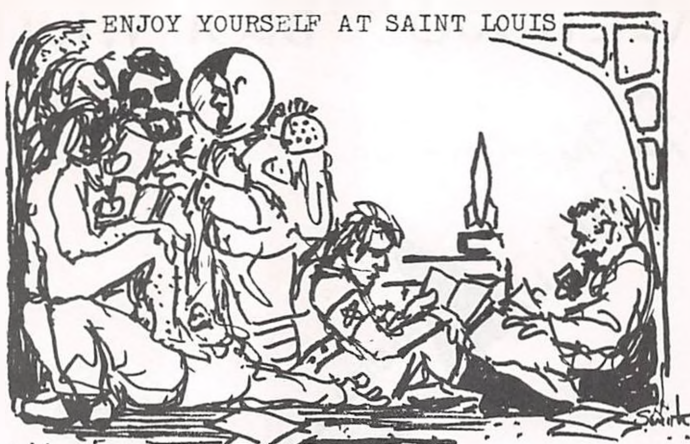
and Oh, yes; deadline, for Mayor's Proclamation and
all: Oct. 1. Poetry Day Committee, c/o Golden Atom
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GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES

FROM
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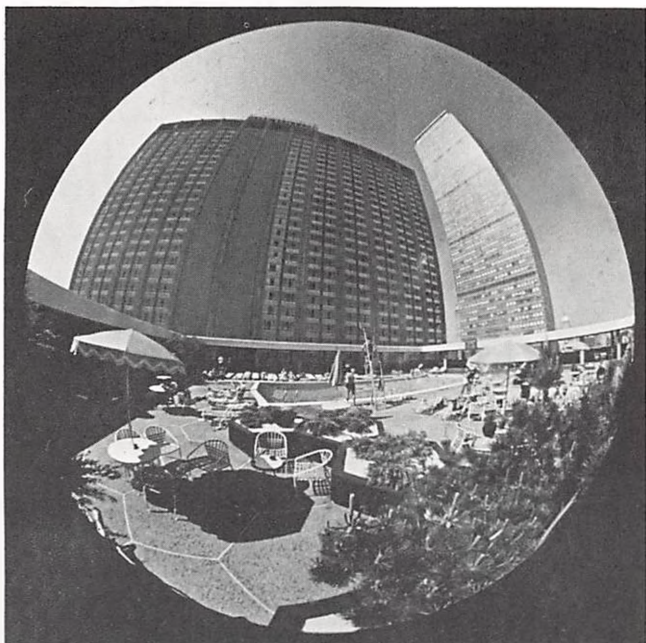
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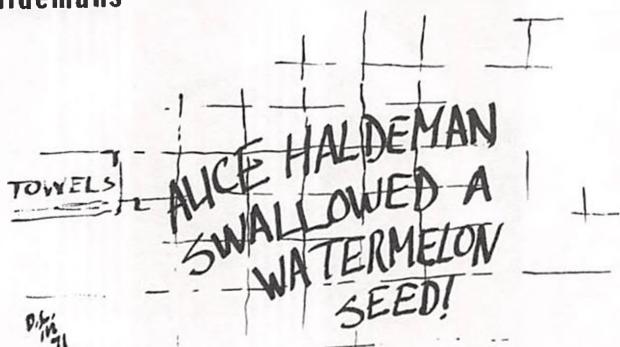
Jay

Alice

Joe

Gay

Lorena



WESTERCON XX

of 1967

Salutes

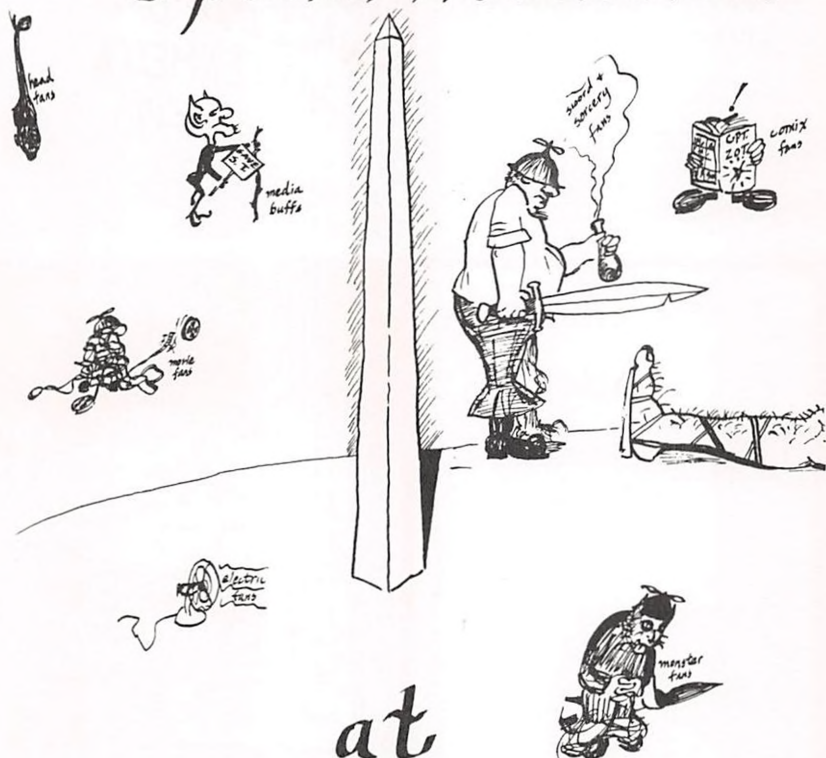
St. Louiscon

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