A writer of note, tanks and scientific progress in general. fun and profit" and, further, by expres-
as a "tool for investigating the future for the convention thought it would be nice to provide a glossing session. Feinleib, a mustachioed intellectual-looking man with thin black hair, opened the discussion with a description of SciFi as "tools for investigating the future for the uninitiated, I opted for a discussion of SciFi by think-tanks, but rather a fear of the possible, even though doubtful, validity of the premise. Instead of a steady advance into the unknown, science fiction is beating a retreat from its own actuality. It is not probability, or even possibility that Fandom forays for; rather, it clings to the frail Tolkeinesque fantasies that have always been its basis, verisimilitude added for its tantalizing ef-
et. the whole, though, Feinleib must have been somewhat of a disappoint-
ment to the SciFi crowd, despite their initial delight at the prospect of subsidiz-
ing starving writers. He held an introduc-
tory anecdote, said a few things about "sources of imagination," and made sev-
eral generally unanswerable appeals for advice in accurate prediction. But a con-
sensus was soon reached that there would be "too much space, not enough knowledge of the future" anyway, which left him in a rather awkward position. But the biggest disappointment was probably the revelation that science fiction writers were not the only type of group used in experi-
menta-al prognosticators, and that they hadn't really done much better than the group of office secretaries, anyway. Throughout the convention, small groups were meeting in individual's rooms for discussion of more esoteric topics of science fiction — criticism of individual authors, for instance, or the area of film-making and viewing, as well as the more lofty, philosophical arguments. Deciding that the latter would be safer for the uninstructed, I opted for a discus-
sion of "SF and Future Society." Room 2414 in the Sherraton-Hilton is of a size that permits comfort without intimacy — just right for a small seminar, in my estimation. There were a bed, several chairs, and five or six people in the room. I took a seat on the floor, near the door, trying to assume the aspect of a non-participant observer. One of the other newcomers was televising a set of literature of doubtful relevance, while the MC (it's his room) tried gently to assume the aspect of a non-participant observer. One of the other newcomers was televising a set of literature of doubtful relevance, while the MC (it's his room) tried gently to

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