

DYNATRON

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Would I lie to you? A fanzine, of sorts, theoretically devoted to Fantasy, Science Fiction, Fandom, etc., but that is no guarantee that the editor will stick to the subject. "Edited" and published on a mystifying schedule by Roy Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USofA.

A Marinated Publication

Indeed!

It has been a while since one of these appeared in general circulation although a couple of issues, of little consequence, have been sent through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. One in November 1976, I believe, and another in November 1977.

This is an attempt to re-establish some lines of communication. The mailing list has been pruned, deleted, subtracted from and added to. This issue will go out to about 100 fans. If you get this one you will also get the next one. But I must get some response out of you and I don't mean trade zines. Letters. You must respond at least every second issue or else you get chopped. Which will make an opening for someone else. And, needless to say but I will anyway, letters, or at least excerpts from letters, are subject to publication.

If you are looking for fancy covers, artwork, offset printing and all that--go look somewhere else. The name of the game is communication. I hope to publish bi-monthly. For a while anyway.

This issue will be mostly Roytac's ramblings. The next page will have a few quotes from some ancient (on the fannish-time scale) letters but other than that whatever appears herein is probably the doing of the editor. Including the typographical errors.

So what have I been doing for the last couple of years while in a state of semi-gafia? Nothing much. Attended a few conventions, wrote a few letters, batted out a review or three, read, studied a little, changed jobs (involuntarily), watched the tube, read, tried to work up enough energy to publish an issue of Dynatron. Or, as Peter Robert's might say, to pub my ish. And finally did.

QUOTED OUT OF CONTEXT

In truth (1), it took writers a long time to escape sugar-coated science writing (which often assumed heights of banality in Gernsback's days). (2) Writers of sincerity must mirror their age and even its writing-vogue styles. Hopefully, a genuine science (or fantasy in straight fantasy) will permeate their work, but this is an age which tends to drown humanism in technology, and I suspect most writers, including SF writers, are pro-humanism.

BEN INDICK

If the ability to stay awake all night is the sign of a true fan, I am not one. I tried it at my first few conventions: it took me a week to recover from the Detention. At Minicon 10 I turned in between one and two a.m., sober. No fighting heredity: I'm just naturally for the temperate life.

DAINIS BISENIEKS

I guess I'm not all that interested in science fiction. Maybe there are a lot of second-rate readers of SF?

JODIE OFFUTT

Some day there may be a Fanzine Registry Bureau to which all faneds must:

1. Buy a permit.
2. Submit a copy of the current issue.
3. Wait for mailing approval and the appropriate number to add to the mailing side of the zine, no closer than 1/8 inch nor further than 1/2 inch from the postage stamp.
4. Send a list of subscribers/readers after the mailing.

DONN BRAZIER

Roy's comments:

To Ben: There's nothing wrong at all with writer's expressing humanist feelings so long as they get their facts (or fancies) straight.

To Dainis: I don't get to many conventions but when I do I still manage to find the reserves to keep me going for three or four days on very little sleep. Afterwards, though...ugh.

To Jodie: Of course there are a lot of second rate readers of SF; why else would they stick with so much second rate reading material?

To Donn: I think we went over these points before either in these pages or in TITLE. As I recall, you indicated that you would comply with such regulations and I said that I wouldn't. Six years until 1984.

STAR WARS AND SUCH

I don't think there is any question that Star Wars is probably the prime contender for this year's dramatic Hugo. The film has attracted a vast following both in and out of the SF microcosm. It was judged the best SF picture of the year by the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films (I may have more to say about that later). Even though not eligible for the Hugo Star Wars was given a special award by the Suncon Committee. (It should be noted that the dramatic Hugo at Suncon was "No Award." "No Award" received a standing ovation.)

It appears, however, that Star Wars may get some stiff competition from the UFO picture, Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Remember that many of those who vote on the Hugos are only marginally associated with the microcosm and they tend to view things differently than do you and I. I heard one enthusiastic viewer of Close Encounters put it this way: "Compared to this, Star Wars is tinkertoys."

Needless to say the enthusiastic viewer was young. Roytac is old and jaded and tends to view all filmed SF with a jaundiced eye. With the exception of 2001, that is. I preferred Star Wars over Close Encounters. The former was good fun; PLANET STORIES on the screen and all that. Close Encounters was more of a serious message picture. Close Encounters had good special effects (although not up to those of Star Wars and got the message (we are not alone) across but I thought the script and acting were both terrible.

Nevertheless both pictures are valuable pieces of pro-space propaganda and for that I heartily applaud them.

We can go on at great length (and often do) about the superiority of written SF over film SF but the printed page reaches only a tiny fraction of the audience a film does. There is no denying that films have a far greater impact on today's video-oriented audiences. If the general public is going to be convinced of the need and desirability for space travel it will have to be done by motion pictures and television; particularly television. And there is no question at all that the general public must be sold on the idea if we are to continue in space. The political opposition is formidable but will give way when Joe Sixpack starts agitating for space travel.

On the last day of the 1977 Congressional session Representative Olin Teague of Texas introduced a resolution into the House with a view to getting Congressional approval for a commitment to establish huge orbiting space stations to assess potential uses of space "including international cooperation for the maintenance of peace, discovery and development of new sources of energy and materials, industrial processing and manufacturing, food, chemical production, health benefits, recreation and, conceivably, the establishing of self-sustaining communities in space." Supporting resolutions were introduced by Representatives Barbara Mikulski of Maryland, Lindy Boggs of Louisiana and David Stockman of Michigan.

A tip of the space helmet to all of those members of the House.

The opposition declares, of course, that the money involved could be better spent on Earth (buying votes, no doubt). Senator William Proxmire, noted for weighing the facts with his thumbs on the scale, says "Not a penny for this nutty fantasy."

So I heartily approve of Star Wars and of Close Encounters of the Third Kind and hope that they are both huge box office successes and that there will be many more films in the same vein. It would be very nice if the idea also transferred over to the made for television films, too.

Television unfortunately concentrates on fantasy. The reason for that would seem to be two-fold. One is that fantasy films are much cheaper to produce than are science fiction. Special effects for SF films are incredibly expensive while fantasy can be done with a couple of camera tricks and the viewer's imagination (what there is of it). Secondly it appears that the TV executives think that appealing to superstition rather than reason attracts bigger audiences among those who watch television. We have seen (shudder) Star Trek traded for the pseudo-scientific garbage of Von Daniken.

Come back Captain Kirk, all is forgiven....

...well, maybe not quite all. Did you catch Shatner's hokey performance on the "Annual Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Film Awards Show" or whateverthehell it was called? It was terrible. But so was the entire show (with the exception of George Burns). For the record, incase you missed the show (oh, most fortunate),

Best Science Fiction film: Star Wars.

Best Fantasy Film: Oh, God!

Best Horror Film: The Little Girl That Lives Down the Lane.

X

I wonder if any economist has considered that a contributing factor to inflation may be the very nature of the money we use? In days of yore when the coinage was gold and silver people tended to be more frugal in their handling of these "precious" metals. Regardless of what the government calls it these days we know that all we are dealing with is paper and tokens so we don't worry about it anyway.

X

Chuckle chuckle and ho ho ho. I get amused at all the flap over the Panama Canal and the cries from the left about U.S. colonialist policies.

Consider that Japan buys huge quantities of raw material from the U.S. and in return sells the U.S. manufactured goods. This is typical of the colonial relationship with us being on the lower end. In Alabama, for example, Japanese companies own an uranium enrichment plant where low grade U.S. uranium is converted to reactor grade using power supplied by TVA. The enriched uranium is then shipped to Japan--on Japanese ships of course--for use by Japanese industry.

An interesting study for historians. At what point in time did the U.S. become a Japanese colony?

On a recent program concerning the place of "hype" in the American way of life, television commentator and author Edwin E. Newman (not to be confused with Alfred E. Neuman) declared that Science Fiction is becoming a religion.

My Ghod!

I wonder if Degler is aware of this?

If Science Fiction is to become a religion then we, the True Fans, must, most assuredly, start now to get things sorted out so that it can be set up properly. Can't have a religion without some sort of organization, you know.

First of all will Science Fiction be polytheistic or monotheistic? If we opt for the latter then how do we handle all the minor deities? Do we make them Saints? Does Saint Isaac Asimov sound right? Saint Shin'ichi Hoshi? Saints Arkadi and Boris Strugatski? How about Saint Captain S. P. Meek? Consider a writer such as Bob Vardeman: how many steps would he have to go through - that is, how many stories would he have to have published - before he achieved Sainthood? Then there would be the problem of choosing the actual deity. We would run into many problems there. Who would we select and how? It would almost have to be Jules Verne or H. G. Wells. Perhaps we could adopt the concept of the Trinity and have Wells, Verne and Olaf Stapledon.

I rather think that Science Fiction would be better as a polytheistic religion. Wells and Verne and the like could be considered as "Elder Gods" with Heinlein as Chief of the modern pantheon, of course. If we emulate the Hindu pantheon there will be room for everyone including such questionable names as Lovecraft and Howard. Or even, by really stretching things, Disch.

Gernsback would, of course, be The Apostle and John W. Campbell (immortalized, of course) would have a special niche as the first Pope. Ben Bova, as Campbell's successor, would be the current Pope.

The body of canonical literature is immense. We will need to appoint a council to select the primary books of the holy writ. This will have to be adaptable to a single volume which can be placed in hotel rooms by the science-fictional equivalent of the Gideons. The exact handling of the mass of material left over will have to be decided by the council. And what about new writings? There will have to be a continuing board to consider those and to make decisions on what is and what is not. Does the work of Joanna Russ, for example, really belong. A constant state of alertness will be required to screen out anti-science fiction which comes disguised as the sacred literature.

What about future Popes? Can we continue to allow Conde Nast to pick the successors of Campbell? Should there not be some sort of group similar to the College of Cardinals (called the College of Greens, that being a fannish color) to make that momentous decision?

Where will fandom fit in all this? I am not talking (or writing, actually) about the vast unwashed mass of "readers" but about the hard inner core of Fans. Obviously the fans will be the priests and priestesses of the new religion and will devote their lives to study and to preaching the word to the adoring masses.

There will have to be a hierarchy of course with, let us call them, "Archfans" appointed directly by the Pope. We might, for example, see Donn Green Brazier, Archfan of St. Louis or Bruce Green Pelz, Archfan of Los Angeles. Would you believe Ethel Green Lindsay, Archfan of the Scottish Highlands? Peter Green Roberts, Archfan of Cornwall?

And what of the gods of the fannish pantheon? What of GhuGhu and FooFoo and Roscoe?

It is, I tell you, mind-boggling.

Degler would be proud.

X

The Albuquerque Obscene Board once again proved its worthiness in December. A Concerned Citizen (you remember The Concerned Citizens for Decency Through Suppression of the Constitution?) paid five bucks to get into one of the local porn theaters to see something called Peach Fuzz. Concerned Citizen then complained to the Obscene Board that the movie had offended him. (So why did he pay five bucks to get in? An admission price like that is what I find offensive.) The Board sprang into action! A telephone call to the City Treasurer brought a representative of that office to the theater parking lot. That worthy placed a five dollar bill in the hot hands of each member of the Obscene Board. (If I resided in the city I would object mightily to my tax monies being spent to pay a bunch of people's way to the movies.) The Board members payed their admission with the taxpayer's money and filed into the theater. They watched several minutes of coming (yes) attractions. They watched Peach Fuzz. They voted and declared that it was indeed obscene.

Then they stayed for the second feature.

X

Among the mystifying things I find around Albuquerque is the "Doc Savage Supply Company." What, exactly, one wonders, does this particular business do? Is it a place from which Doc Savage gets his supplies? Is it a supply house run by Doc Savage? Is it, mayhap, a company which offers Doc Savages for sale? Are these ready-made Doc Savages, off the rack so to speak, or are they custom made? Could you take one outside to look at in the daylight before making up your mind to buy? Does it carry a sideline of Hams and Monks?

Who knows?

(The Shadow knows.....)

BOOKS AND THINGS

There seems to be a vogue these days for pastiches. There is a long tradition of such writings, however, we seem to be getting more and more of them in the science/fantasy field. Priest's The Space Machine comes to mind along with the various attempts at re-telling the story of Frankenstein, Phil Farmer's borrowings from Edgar Rice Burroughs, and various others.

The tales of Sherlock Holmes are only marginally associated with S/F although one finds that great numbers of S/F fans also enjoy the stories of the Great Detective. Doyle's stories are, and have been for years, a veritable mother-lode of "inspiration" for imitators and would-be Watsons. One of the latest is Robert Lee Hall, a teacher of English at California High School in San Ramon, California, who has written Exit Sherlock Holmes (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1977, 238 pp, \$7.95).

There is the usual explanation about the finding of Watson's tin dispatch box with its wealth of unpublished manuscripts (which, I am sure, will continue to be a source for new stories over the next century. One wonders at the size of this apparently magical box.) This one, said to have been penned by Watson in 1930 as he awaited the Grim Reaper in a 3rd Floor room in the hospital of St Bartholomew the Great (Bart's). It takes us back to 1903, the year Holmes supposedly retired and purports to chronicle his final adventure and solve the mysteries surrounding the detective.

Holmes once again summons Watson to Baker Street. Moriarty has returned and the stage is set for the ultimate struggle between that Evil Genius and the Great Detective. Holmes puts Watson on guard, directs him to spread the fiction of retirement, then disappears into the night to pursue the Napoleon of Crime.

The revelation to Watson by Mrs Hudson that Holmes maintained a secret laboratory in the basement of 221b, comments by Wiggins, one of the original Irregulars and now an actor, concerning facets of Holmes' life about which Watson knew nothing, and the appearance in Baker Street of Moriarty (who turns out to be Sherlock's double) set Watson on his own quest to find the detective and solve the growing mystery. Despite their close association it appears that Holmes had deceived Watson for years about his life and pursuits. After a series of startling revelations Watson finally tracks down Holmes and the denouement moves this story directly into the science/fantasy genre.

Holmes and Moriarty are clones and time travellers from three centuries in advance of Watson's time. In their own time they were great rivals. Moriarty had gone back to the simpler days of Queen Victoria to lay the groundwork for seizing control of the entire world. He could not, however, stand the thought of his rival being without any competition in the future from whence he came so he forcibly brought Holmes along. Holmes escaped the evil Professor's clutches and determined to thwart him. At the end, Holmes, with Watson's help, drags Moriarty into the reconstructed time machine and they disappear into the mists of elsewhere.

Have I ruined the story by divulging the ending? No. Hall ruined the story by writing it. He draws heavily on the originals for scene setting and atmosphere but he is no Doyle and it doesn't come off.

X

In Roots Alex Haley traced his family ancestry back to the west coast of Africa. In Origins (E.P. Dutton, N.Y., 1977, 264pp, \$17.95), Richard Leakey and Roger Lewin take us all back to the Dark Continent.

The book provides an excellent summary of the latest paleo-anthropology discoveries in Africa along with Leakey's speculations as to how we got where we are and where we are going from here.

The discovery of the "1470" skull near Lake Turkana puts man (*Homo habilis*) on Earth at least 2.5 million years ago. There are some tantalizing hints that may move that date back another million and a half years if they prove out. 1470 also moves the Australopithicines off the main line of human evolution.

Leakey lays out the development of man this way: The earliest known ancestor is *Ramapithecus* who dates back more than 10 million years. Four to three million years ago he developed into two separate lines: the Australopithicines and Genus *Homo*. *Homo Habilis* developed into *Homo Erectus* while the Australopithicines went their separate way and eventually disappeared. *Erectus* became *Homo Sapiens Neanderthalensis* and he became *Homo Sapiens Sapiens* which includes all of us. (Except, perhaps, Glicksohn who is hairy enough to be a *Ramapithecus*.)

Not everyone is going to agree with Leakey's hypothesis. Even though *Ramapithecus* (You should have seen Glicksohn in the ocean. Did you ever see a soaking wet Yeti?) ranged Asia and Europe as well as ~~Africa~~, Leakey holds that the development to *Homo Erectus* took place only in Africa and it was *Erectus* who spread from there throughout the rest of the Old World. He declares that Australopithicine remains found in Asia, for example, are not properly identified. For my own part I believe that if *Ramapithecus* (insert your own Glicksohn joke) was walking the road towards *Homo Saps* he was doing so all over the world and not just in Africa.

In any event Origins is certainly worth reading even if one doesn't agree with all of Leakey's conclusions. Recommended to anyone who is interested in how we began.

I note with some dismay that the language bastardizers have managed to make their influence felt in this book. I would guess the culprit is Lewin since he is listed as an editor and author by profession. In a discussion of orangutans it is said that the name is Malay for "person of the forest." The "man of the trees" will be surprised to know that.

I grow weary of this effort to de-sex the language. I grow more than a little weary of the whole "feminist" movement and the unending discussions of it in fanzines and at SF conventions.

Before you reach for your purse and attempt to hit me with it let me clarify a point or two. I am all in favor of equality for women. I wholeheartedly support ERA

and am acutely aware of the reasons why it is needed. There are still states in this supposedly enlightened nation where women have only a little more in the way of rights than they do in the Moslem countries. Are you aware, for example, that in Jimmy Carter's home state of Georgia when a woman marries she automatically forfeits any property she may own to her husband? That is not right. Surveys show that a man with a high school diploma will earn more than a woman with a college degree. Women who are otherwise qualified are still excluded from jobs simply because they are women. Personal experience: elder daughter Diana says she would have been better off taking typing for four years instead of attending the university because the only jobs she can find that are open for women are secretarial jobs. That is in Nebraska. A woman should be able to compete equally for any position for which she is qualified and should get the same pay that a man occupying that position would get. She should be entitled to full and equal protection under the law the same as any man. And that is all to often not the case and that isn't right.

So now you know my position: I fully support equality. What I do not support is the so-called feminist movement because it is not feminist, it is neuterist (if such a word exists--if not then I just coined it). The supporters of the feminist movement are not interested in obtaining equal rights for women but in creating a de-sexed hive society in which everyone is the same laboring merrily to support the queen who lays a thousand eggs a day to produce more happy de-sexed workers. Perhaps they all picture themselves as the queen. (Ah, but when more than one queen develops there is a fight to the death.) In my opinion they should all be wrapped up in a big ball of beeswax and staked to an anthill.

We will now pause and wait for the shouts of "sexist pig" to abate. Sure, I am. There happen to be two sexes, not a uni-sex. There are men and there are women and they are not the same (and as the old Frenchman said, "Vive la difference"). So if you want to discuss equal rights for women you're welcome to use these pages. If you want to have at me with neuterist garbage, however...get lost.

At the Baycon in 1968 Philip José Farmer put forth suggestions for a program he called "Reap." That may have been an acronym but if it was I no longer recall what it stood for. I do not know if the program was original with Farmer. That is of little consequence anyway. Basically what Farmer said was that our political-social-economic system was based on a philosophy of scarcity. Because of lack of material, labor, technology, etc., there is really never enough of the basics to provide for everyone. There are also artificial scarcities deliberately created for various reasons, mostly to keep prices up or, perhaps, to keep the lower classes in their place.

(I don't mean to attribute all of this to Phil Farmer. After almost 10 years there are no doubt many differences between what he said and what Tackett is interpreting it to be.)

Technology has now reached a level where a shift from "scarcity" to "abundance" is now possible. By combining cybernetics and automation it would be possible to supply everyone on Earth not only with the basics of food and shelter but also with the luxuries of life. Farmer's talk was prior to the Great Energy Crisis but even so there is enough power available now to put the program into effect.

Also the next few years should see fusion power become practicable and once that happens our energy sources are unlimited.

Implementation of a program such as Reap would solve the world's basic problems. Poverty and its attendant evils would be eliminated. It would produce what might be essentially termed "utopia."

Mack Reynolds has taken up the idea for consideration and in After Utopia (Ace, 1977, \$1.50) declared that while the concept seems to be the grand solution to world problems it contains within it the seeds of destruction of the human race.

His protagonist is one Tracy Cogswell, a humanist, an oldtime fighter in The Movement. Tracy is a real fighter, not a parlor debater. He has fought the Fascists in Spain and Italy, the Nazis in Germany, the Communists in Hungary and Yugoslavia. He has taken on oppression wherever he could find it. Older now, he is given the post of International Secretary of The Movement and coordinates activities out of Tangiers.

One day Tracy finds his mind and body being taken over by someone from outside. Unable to assert control he observes himself spending The Movement's money to construct a strange apparatus at a hidden spot in the mountains, activate the apparatus, climb into a box and "die". He awakens in the year 2045. He finds that the Movement had succeeded and that the world he dreamed about had come to pass. Three experimenters had found a way to reach back through time mentally, had taken over his mind and body, caused him to build and use the device which had placed him in suspended animation so that he could be physically brought up to 2045.

Why? Tracy asks.

He is told: "You...and your movement... got us into this. Now get us out."

The rest of the book is a tour of the world of 2045 in Reynolds' usual style. The program of abundance has worked extremely well. There is so much of everything, produced so cheaply, that it is all free. Money has been eliminated as well as the concept of private property. No one needs to own anything. (Would you own a car if you could call a central depot and have one of your choice assigned to you for whatever length of time you wanted it?) Duplicators make instant copies of anything. Do you want a copy of The Outsider? Or the Mona Lisa? The library will send you one. There is practically no waste as things no longer needed or used are recycled. Disease has been wiped out and the population explosion defused. The State has essentially disappeared. What government remains is made up of representatives of the various Guilds (Medical Guild, Industrial Production Guild, Communications Guild, etc.) and oversees production and distribution. The Guilds themselves are organizations of that exceedingly small percentage of the population which still works.

The rest of the population spends its time pleasure seeking. What remains of the cities are essentially giant pleasure centers. One of the chief pleasures of the day is the programmed dream; more and more of the people are spending their hours dreaming vicarious adventures.

The problem is that without any challenges mankind has become self-satisfied and lazy. Progress has virtually stopped and it is only a matter of time until decay and decline set in.

One may note that this same warning was issued by E. M. Forrester in The Machine Stops in 1909.

Tracy's solution is to reactivate a long shutdown project for a manned flight to Jupiter with himself as the sole passenger. From there he sends back to Earth a panicky message warning of invasion from the stars.

After Utopia is typical of Mack Reynolds' writing of late. It is preachy. He seems to be given these days mostly to viewing with alarm and his books are not up to his previous standards.

On the face of it Reap is a marvelous program that probably could do everything it promises. I think that Reynolds sees things a little too darkly. Given the opportunity to be free from the day-to-day chore of making a living large numbers of people would have time to give full attention to their creative urges. I think all of us who have been out of school a while can recall people who were brilliant and exciting. It is a bit of a shock, if we meet them in later years, to find them somewhat stolid and dull. The change can be put directly on the necessity of "making a living." The daily grind is aptly named. It grinds away at one's talents and abilities. Therefore I think Reynolds errs when he pictures the population giving itself over to such things as programmed dreams.

Or does he? Consider the effect of television. But don't leave the daily grind out of that equation.

Is there really a need to point out that men and women labor willingly for what they perceive to be a useful and necessary goal? Or simply for satisfaction?

There is a stone point that has come down from Cro-Magnon days. A lovely laurel leaf which must have taken days and days to shape. Lovely and fragile and utterly useless because it is too delicate to have been used in hunting. But someone went to a lot of labor just for the satisfaction of making it.

The harvest from a program such as Reap would be most beneficial. And as for a useful and necessary goal to keep people interested: The stars are waiting.

I do not, however, expect to see such a program ever put into effect. It is technologically possible. It is sociologically impossible.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND

The next TAFF campaign will be to send a delegate from this side to that side. More specifically to send a delegate from North America (which does include Canada and Mexico although I must admit that I don't know of any Mexican fan) to the 1979 World Science Fiction Convention to be held in Brighton, U.K. 23-27 August 1979.

Nominations will open on 1 October 1978 and close on 30 November 1978. The voting will open on 1 December 1978 and close on 14 April 1979 (this latter date being Easter Saturday which will give Peter Roberts a day or so to collect votes at Eastercon).

The first of October isn't all that far away so now is the time for all prospective candidates to start rounding up nominators. Or for nominators to start putting the pressure

on their prospective candidates to run or stand as the case may be.

Prospective TAFF candidates must have five nominators: three from this side of the Atlantic and two from the European side. There should also be a platform of 100 words or less telling all of fandom why this candidate is the one to choose and a \$5 good faith bond paid to the appropriate administrator of the Fund. You are all aware, of course, that YHOS, Roy Tackett, is the American administrator and Peter Roberts is the European administrator.

It is the time to be busy, busy, so that comes the first of October you can get those nominations to me promptly.

A word, if you please. There seems to be some misunderstanding of TAFF, particularly among certain members of convention committees. I have heard it referred to as a fannish charity. Neg, as the CBers say, atory. TAFF is an award, an honor. It is an indication that a fan is esteemed enough by his peers that they wish to send him or her as a special guest to an overseas convention. When the trip is from Europe to America it is always to a worldcon. When it goes the other way it is to a worldcon if one is being held in Europe, otherwise it is to the British National Convention at Eastertime.

Please let us not look at TAFF with the idea that we are sending poor old Joe or Josie Phan to the con because he or she wouldn't be able to make it otherwise.

We are sending the TAFF delegate to the convention because we feel that the delegate deserves the honor and will add something special to the convention.

And it costs money to do that. Which is why we solicit funds from conventions, clubs and individual fans. TAFF does not pay the delegate's entire expenses. We always hope that the convention committee will see fit to treat the delegate as a special guest, pick up the room tab, find a place for the delegate in the programming, etc. This isn't always the case, of course. Some conventions choose to ignore the TAFF delegate completely. Generally I think it is a case of ignorance of what TAFF actually is. The TAFF delegate is somebody special, somebody who has been chosen as a representative of all of fandom...not just by a committee.

is an honor, not a charity.

TAFF: it

And if you happen to be publishing a fanzine, or running a club, or putting on a convention, it would be very much appreciated if you would spread that word around. If you do, you have an ob on me.

X

And if I cut this off at the end of this page I think I will be just under the limit for sending this first class. The size of the next issue depends on you. I trust I have baited a couple of hooks but feel free to bring up your own subjects.

ROY TACKETT

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