



File 770: 103

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Frequently Unnoticed: This month's trivia question is, what fannish newzine has published 11 issues in the past 23 months?

[[And the answer is -- drum roll please -- File 770. #103 May '94, #102 April '94, #101 January '94, #100 October '93, #99 August '93, #98 June '93, #97 April '93, #96 January '93, #95 November '92, #94 September '92, #93 July '92.]]

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LANGFORD AND GLYER ISSUE JOINT PRESS RELEASE

"After a friendly debate about *Ansible* coverage of Harry Andruschak's comments on LASFS, as reported in *F770:102*, the massively contused editor of *F770* agreed that the *Ansible* report (which however tasteless was a correct rendition of Andruschak's claim) shouldn't have been called 'erroneous' ...while Dave Langford of *Ansible* admitted through broken teeth that running the original item had been a Bad Idea. Both newzine moguls are said to be as well as can be expected."

Worldcon Committee Discovered in St. Louis!

Here's the long-sought St. Louis in '97 Bid Committee list, courtesy of Rich Zellich:

Tri-Chair: Michelle Zellich, Rich Zellich, Les Haven; The Rest of the Crew: Mary Broughton, Jim Knappenberger, JoEllen Potchen, Kathy Burkhart, Joan Mri Knappenberger, Mark Rowley, Roy Burkhart, Bruce Mai, Sean Sendlein, Maureen Davis, Nora Mai, Jon "Mr. Wonderful" Stadter Randy Davis, Cheryl Medley, Bob Stoltman, Mike Evans, Camuolyn "Sam" Nickelberry, Steve Swope, Doug Glenn, John Novak, Roger Tener, Kay Goode, Charlotte Phelps, Marie Willbrand, Ron Henley, Dave Phelps, Linda Zang.

Rich adds a note that this is most of the con [co-] chairs, department heads, and senior staff of the three St. Louis-area conventions (plus Roger Tener from Wichita), and a scattering of people from the local Dr. Who, Starfleet, and Costumers Guild groups.

THE THREE CASES OF EVE

Eve Ackerman sent the Glasgow Worldcon committee this quote from a recent Dave Barry column: "...December 1993 issue of the Scottish Medical Journal... article entitled 'THE COLLAPSE OF TOILETS IN GLASGOW.' This article, which I am not making up, describes three cases wherein people were injured 'whilst sitting on toilets which unexpectedly collapsed.' All three patients had to receive hospital treatment for wounds in the buttocks region. (The buttocks region is located just west of Edinburgh."

Eve asked the Intersection ConCom if they had anything to add to Dave Barry's advice, which is "If you must go to a foreign country, go to the bathroom before you leave."



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File 770 [] Issue 103 [] May 1994

1994 Hugo and Campbell Award Nominees

ConAdian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention, has released the nominees for the 1994 Hugo Awards and John W. Campbell Award. The winners will be presented at a ceremony at ConAdian in Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Saturday, September 3, 1994. The nominees that follow were chosen by popular vote by 649 members of ConAdian or ConFrancisco (the 51st World Science Fiction Convention) who submitted valid nominating ballots.

The nomination ballots were counted and verified by the ConAdian Hugo Administrators, David Bratman and Seth Goldberg.

BEST NOVEL

Moving Mars, by Greg Bear (Tor)
Glory Season, by David Brin (Bantam Spectra)
Virtual Light, by William Gibson (Bantam Spectra)
Beggars in Spain, by Nancy Kress
 (Morrow AvoNova)
Green Mars, by Kim Stanley Robinson (Harper-
 Collins UK; Bantam Spectra US)
 No Award

BEST NOVELLA

"The Night We Buried Road Dog", by Jack Cady
 (*F&SF*, January 1993)
 "Mefisto in Onyx", by Harlan Ellison (*Omni*,
 October 1993; Mark V. Ziesing)
 "An American Childhood", by Pat Murphy
 (*Asimov's*, April 1993)
 "Into the Miranda Rift", by G. David Nordley
 (*Analog*, July 1993)
 "Down in the Bottomlands", by Harry Turtledove
 (*Analog*, January 1993)
 "Wall, Stone, Craft", by Walter Jon Williams
 (*F&SF*, October/November 1993; *Axolotl*)
 No Award

BEST NOVELETTE

"The Shadow Knows", by Terry Bisson (*Asimov's*,
 September 1993; *Bears Discover Fire* (Tor))
 "The Franchise", by John Kessel (*Asimov's*,
 August 1993)
 "Dancing on Air", by Nancy Kress (*Asimov's*,
 July 1993)
 "Georgia on My Mind", by Charles Sheffield
 (*Analog*, January 1993)
 "Deep Eddy", by Bruce Sterling (*Asimov's*,
 August 1993)
 No Award

BEST SHORT STORY

"England Underway", by Terry Bisson (*Omni*,
 July 1993; *Bears Discover Fire* Tor))
 "The Good Pup", by Bridget McKenna (*F&SF*,
 March 1993)
 "Mwalimu in the Squared Circle", by Mike
 Resnick (*Asimov's*, March 1993)
 "The Story So Far", by Martha Soukup (*Full
 Spectrum 4* (Bantam Spectra))
 "Death on the Nile", by Connie Willis (*Asimov's*,
 March 1993)
 No Award

BEST NON-FICTION BOOK

Once Around the Bloch: An Unauthorized Autobiography, by Robert Bloch (Tor)
The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls (Orbit UK; St. Martin's US)
PITFCS: Proceedings of the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies, edited by Theodore R. Cogswell (Advent)
Understanding Comics: The Invisible Art, by Scott McCloud (Tundra; Kitchen Sink; Harper Perennial)
The Art of Michael Whelan: Scenes/Visions, by Michael Whelan (Bantam Spectra)
 No Award

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

Addams Family Values (Paramount Pictures); Producer, Scott Rudin; Director, Barry Sonnenfeld; Screenwriter, Paul Rudnick
"The Gathering" (Babylon 5) (Warner Brothers); Executive producers, Douglas Netter & J. Michael Straczynski; Director, Richard Compton; Writer, J. Michael Straczynski
Groundhog Day (Columbia Pictures); Producers, Trevor Albert & Harold Ramis; Director, Harold Ramis; Screenwriters, Danny Rubin & Harold Ramis
Jurassic Park (Universal); Producers, Kathleen Kennedy & Gerald R. Malen; Director, Steven Spielberg; Screenwriters, Michael Crichton & David Koepp
The Nightmare Before Christmas (Touchstone Pictures); Producers, Tim Burton & Denise DiNovi; Director, Henry Selick; Screenwriter, Caroline Thompson
 No Award

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Ellen Datlow
 Gardner Dozois
 Mike Resnick
 Kristine Kathryn Rusch
 Stanley Schmidt
 No Award

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Thomas Canty

David Cherry
 Bob Eggleton
 Don Maitz
 Michael Whelan
 No Award

BEST ORIGINAL ARTWORK

Cover of *F&SF*, October/November 1993 (illustrating "The Little Things", B. McKenna), by Thomas Canty
Space Fantasy Commemorative Stamp Booklet, by Stephen Hickman (U.S. Postal Service)
 Cover of *Asimov's*, November 1993 (illustrating "Cold Iron", M. Swanwick), by Keith Parkinson
 No Award

BEST SEMI-PROZINE

Interzone, edited by David Pringle
Locus, edited by Charles N. Brown
The New York Review of Science Fiction, edited by David G. Hartwell, Donald G. Keller, Robert K.J. Killheffer, and Gordon Van Gelder
Pulphouse, edited by Dean Wesley Smith and Jonathan E. Bond
Science Fiction Chronicle, edited by Andrew Porter
Tomorrow Speculative Fiction, ed. by Algis Budrys
 No Award

BEST FANZINE

Ansible, edited by Dave Langford
File 770, edited by Mike Glyer
Lan's Lantern, edited by George "Lan" Laskowski
Mimosa, edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch
Stet, edited by Leah Zeldes Smith and Dick Smith
 No Award

BEST FAN WRITER

Sharon Farber
 Mike Glyer
 Andy Hooper
 Dave Langford
 Evelyn C. Leeper
 No Award

BEST FAN ARTIST

Brad W. Foster

Teddy Harvia
 Linda Michaels
 Peggy Ranson
 William Rotsler
 Stu Shiffman
 No Award

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

*for Best New Science Fiction Writer of 1992-1993,
 (sponsored by Dell Magazines)*

Holly Lisle (2nd year of eligibility)
 Jack Nimersheim (2nd year of eligibility)
 Carrie Richerson (2nd year of eligibility)
 Amy Thomson (1st year of eligibility)
 Elizabeth Willey (1st year of eligibility)
 No Award

Final Bells and Whistles: *[[Bratman and Goldberg devoted the balance of their press release to justifying the arrangement of stories on the ballot.]]*

In some categories more than 5 nominees appear due to tie votes. In the "Original Artwork" category only 3 nominees appear, as no other candidates appeared on at least 5% of the ballots cast in that category, as required by Section 2.6 of the WSFS Constitution for 4th and 5th nominees.

Owing to a severe disparity among the short fiction categories in the number of nominations received by the leading candidates, to achieve a fairer balance the administrators exercised the option provided by Section 2.2.1 of the WSFS Constitution to relocate stories within 5,000 words of the category limits into adjacent categories. Three stories were relocated: "Dancing on Air" to Novelette from Novella; "Death on the Nile" and "England Underway" to Short Story from Novelette. As a result of this relocation, the threshold for appearing on the ballot in all three short fiction categories is the same: 28 nominations. (What is now the 5th place short story received 35 nominations, but no short story received between 28 and 34 nominations.) If no relocation had been made, the threshold would have varied from 28 to 60 nominations (a range of 32), and two stories with 28 or more nominations would not have appeared on the ballot.

Hard Landing, by Algis Budrys (Warner Questar), received enough votes to be nominated for Best Novel, but was ruled ineligible due to having first

been published in magazine format in 1992. Nicola Griffith received enough votes to be nominated for the John W. Campbell Award, but was ruled ineligible due to professional publication of fiction in the science fiction and fantasy field prior to 1992.

Sharon Sbarsky posted the following nominating statistics on GEnie, which were not part of the e-mail press release I received:

"Statistics: The chart below shows, for each Hugo category, the total number of ballots marked, the total number of votes cast, the number of different candidates nominated, and the range of votes received by the finalists. The first two columns were calculated on raw eligible votes, the third after reassigning scattered votes for single candidates to the most appropriate category, and the last on the nominees actually appearing on the ballot in each category.

Category	Ballots	Votes	Nominees	Range
Novel	521	1662	285	66-38
Novella	316	814	60	81-28
Novelette	322	970	147	81-28
Short Story	367	1120	284	72-35
Nonfic. Book	239	448	64	111-23
Dram. Pres.	345	859	136	159-34
Prof. Editor	371	924	82	145-73
Prof. Artist	338	966	177	87-58
Orig. Art.	216	500	219	34-13
Semiprozine	320	687	54	142-38
Fanzine	299	678	131	65-32
Fan Writer	247	620	190	49-20
Fan Artist	220	514	142	44-22
Campbell	307	647	114	54-22

Bratman says he spent the weekend after the nominations were ready at the Fantasy Worlds Festival in Berkeley, and by courtesy of the chair, Elizabeth Waters, got up on stage to announce the nominees while the cast was assembling for the revival production of "Free Amazons of Ghor". According to Bratman, "I got chuckles for commenting, after reading off that Steven Hickman's stamp set was published by the U.S. Postal Service, 'I bet that's the first time they've gotten a Hugo nomination,' and for noting, after announcing *Jurassic Park*, that 'You wouldn't believe some of the spellings of "Jurassic" we got.' My favorite was 'Gerrasik.' My next project with the Hugo ballots is to determine whether Amy Thomson would still have gotten a Campbell nomination if we'd only allowed votes by people who spelled her name correctly."

If "Moving Mars" Sounds Dangerous, Try Moving Novellas!

David Bratman's announcement that Seth Goldberg and he moved novellas to fill two vacancies in the short story Hugo category unleashed a maelstrom of comment on GENie.

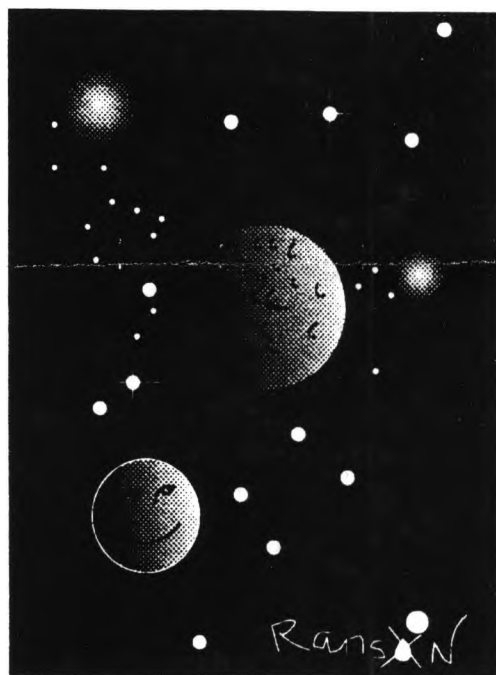
Mike Resnick declared, "I think a fair reading will show there are 6 novellas, 6 novelettes, and 3 short stories on the ballot...and I think the people whose short stories had the 4th and 5th most nominations in their category got screwed. Now, if it was, say, Haldeman and Silverberg, it's no big deal -- but if it's a couple of writers who have never been nominated before, and whose careers nominations might have helped, however minimally, I think it was an unfair thing to do."

Argued in deadly earnest, the topic's only comic relief was Barry Malzberg's reported quote, "That's like telling Robert Redford that there are already five Best Actor nominees, so we're moving him over to Best Actress."

Hugo administrator David Bratman rejected the suggestion of unfairness to the authors of the two eliminated short stories. Defended Bratman, "They couldn't have been on the ballot in any case. That's right: their vote count was so low that they appeared on less than 5% of the ballots cast in this category, which would have meant their elimination from the ballot according to the same rule that resulted in only three Original Artwork finalists. Thus, no story was denied a place on the ballot because of the relocation."

Bratman emphasized, "The numbers of nominations were so imbalanced that if we'd taken the top five stories in each category without relocation, we would have had to leave out a novella that got more nominations than all but one novelette and one short story. And the number of novellas and novelettes that got more nominations than the (original) 5th-place short story is enormous. Because of the way the categories flow into each other, the rules require us to watch out for this sort of thing."

Other writers who expressed an opinion on GENie, like George Alec Effinger, Martha Soukup,



Jack Haldeman and Kevin O'Donnell, Jr., unanimously complained about the relocation. Quite a few fans echoed their complaint, as fans in pro forums are wont to do. Bratman received character endorsements from Patrick Nielsen Hayden and Stu Shiffman, but just about the only fan who gave unqualified support for the relocation was Mark Olson, who said, "Given that David tells us that nobody was displaced from the ballot because of the shifting, and because it was all quite clearly within the rules, I think they made a good decision. I tend to favor any decision which maximizes the choice given the voters, [which] this does."

Knowing the integrity of the two Hugo administrators, the slams and snideness were so offensive to me that I was sorely tempted to enter the fray as one of their advocates even though I did not, in fact, agree with what they had done. People have a tendency to forget there is such a thing as an honest disagreement. But I had two reasons for disagreeing with Bratman's decision.

First, when the 5% rule was passed fans recognized that occasionally a Hugo category would fail to fill up as a result. The empty slots in the Short Story category did not need to be filled, per se.

Second, no injustice is done when a story that has 28 nominations can't make the cut in its proper category although stories get nominated in other categories with fewer votes. Last's year's Hugo-winning novelette got fewer nominations than all five nominees for Best Novella: did anyone think it had somehow failed to "earn" a place on the final ballot?

Both the 5% rule and the rule that allows shifting stories between categories that are within 5,000 words of the boundary are useful contingencies, but when used together this way produce a surprising result.

Not only did this controversy send Worldcon historians rummaging through old business meeting accounts to remember why these rules seemed like a good idea to begin with, it stirred up memories of other long-ago Hugo controversies. For example, Tony Lewis proudly remembered, "In 1971 I allowed Jefferson Starship's *Blows Against the Empire* to go on the ballot for Dramatic Presentation in spite of the complaints from strict constructionists. (By their definition, no opera, operetta, or musical comedy could be considered a 'dramatic presentation.') I believe the category was formally 'loosened' after that."

Resnick says he plans to keep arguing against the decision, not to change this year's ballot, but to create a consensus that what was done should never be done again, and once that consensus has been created, to get the rule changed.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FRANKENSTEIN FACTORY

If only for a day-and-a-half, electronic smofs quailed at the prospect of Mike Resnick leading crowds of writers armed with pitchforks and torches ready to dispense rough justice at the Worldcon Business Meeting.

Certainly, the Business Meeting has historically been quite malleable in the hands of pros, and it hasn't taken legions of them, either. Much like "one riot,

one ranger", pros have easily held sway, with charm and intimidation proving equally successful.

In 1972 Harlan Ellison sweet-talked the L.A.con II business meeting into adding a fourth Hugo category for fiction. In 1985, after the Mark Protection committee gave two previous Business Meetings stirring reports that something must be done to curb World SF's infringement on the WSFS and Worldcon marks, Gene Wolfe led a small delegation of pros into the Aussiecon II Business Meeting. With hinted threats of pro nonparticipation in future Worldcons they cowed the leadership into retreating from its position. Then, just a couple of years ago, pros played a decisive role in adding The Best Original Artwork Hugo.

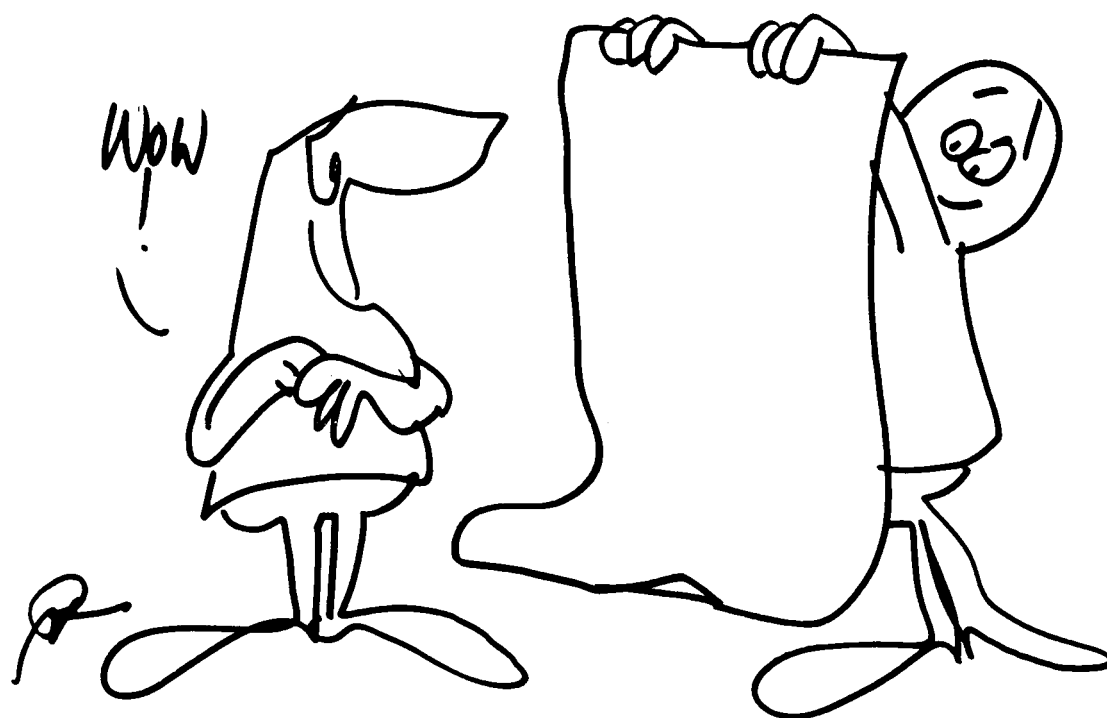
Whether a Resnick Amendment is presented, the Winnipeg Business Meeting will be asked to change the WSFS Constitution. Lisa Greene and Linda Deneroff have already sent the committee a proposal:

Resolved, To amend Article II of the WSFS Constitution by adding a new subsection:

[2.2.15]: Lifetime Achievement. Should a person or publication receive a Hugo Award in the same category in five (5) consecutive years, the fifth Hugo Shall be considered a Lifetime Achievement Hugo Award in that category and that person or publication shall thereafter be ineligible to receive an award in that category for the next five (5) years.

John Lorentz will miss Winnipeg, but advised smofs to vote against the proposal: "I think it's an ill-conceived notion, and isn't needed. Unlike the similar term-limitation proposals being passed in many states, the 'incumbent' nominee doesn't have a large campaign fund built up from previous years (and it wouldn't do any good, anyway). Sure *Locus* won umpteen million times in a row -- but, for most of those years, they were the best in the category. (Andy winning last year gives hope of a 'loosening' in the category.) ...And Langford is the best fan writer in the field right now."

To paraphrase Richard Geis' argument against fans who wanted to stop *his* winning streak, I'd ask who wants to win a Hugo for being *Best Fanwriter Except Dave Langford*?



NEWS OF LANDOM

MORE DUFF, LESS FILLING!

The voting deadline in the Down Under Fan Fund has been extended. The new postmark deadline is now May 25; administrators will accept ballots through May 31. (The North American administrators will be at Corflu, FanHistoricon and Disclave, for those who want to hand-carry ballots.)

Ballots have been distributed through various fanzines including *File 770:102*, and North American fans who voted last year have already been sent a ballot by administrators Dick and Leah Smith.

Reporters clamored -- Why was the deadline extended? Dick Smith said unsparingly, "Because the current administrators did a [expletive deleted] job of getting ballots out in time. I know this for a fact. Also, there aren't enough votes to pay for the trip, yet. We hope to sucker in a few dozen more! Vote early and often!"

LATE DIAGNOSES

Stu Shiffman's February letter, trampled for awhile, should have been in last issue with its report on **Andy Shechter's** malady: "Andi's hip and pelvis still haven't healed, cause unknown. She's gone on disability, gets special Metro bus passes, etc. Meanwhile, her doctors are sending her bone biopsy and other test results to all the big-time bone pathologists around the country, including the Armed Forces department of pathology. Feh, feh, on this, say I. She, however, is deeply involved with Bouchercon programming, so some distraction is provided."

Ed Cox was also hospitalized for a biopsy, in March, according to June Moffatt. Cox was in the Medical Center of North Hollywood, along with Burt Reynolds -- we assume Ed would rather have been there with Loni Anderson...

GOLDEN SHAFT

The Golden Shaft Award Committee has congratulated Boskone on being the unanimous choice to be first "winners" of the new award. Mark Trebing, of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, assured NESFA, "The Shaft Award is meant to be in fun, not an insult. This work of art is given to various conventions for the course of the year, and then returned to PASFS so it can be displayed at next year's Philcon. PSFS has inscribed its own name and date on the first plate attached to the base, and there [are] three blank plates so that future recipients can inscribe their own names. ...PS. Although this award has been produced by the most exacting craftsmanship, rough handling or any attempt to move any of the moveable parts will result in the paint coming off."

NEW LANGFORD BOOK IN THE WORKS

NESFA enjoyed sufficient success with its first Dave Langford collection, *Let's Hear It For The Deaf Man*, that Ben Yalow is jockeying a second (untitled) collection over the club's literary steeplechase. Scryers whose crystals are networked to Compu-Serve, predict the book will draw on Langford's sf criticism, speeches and humorous essays.

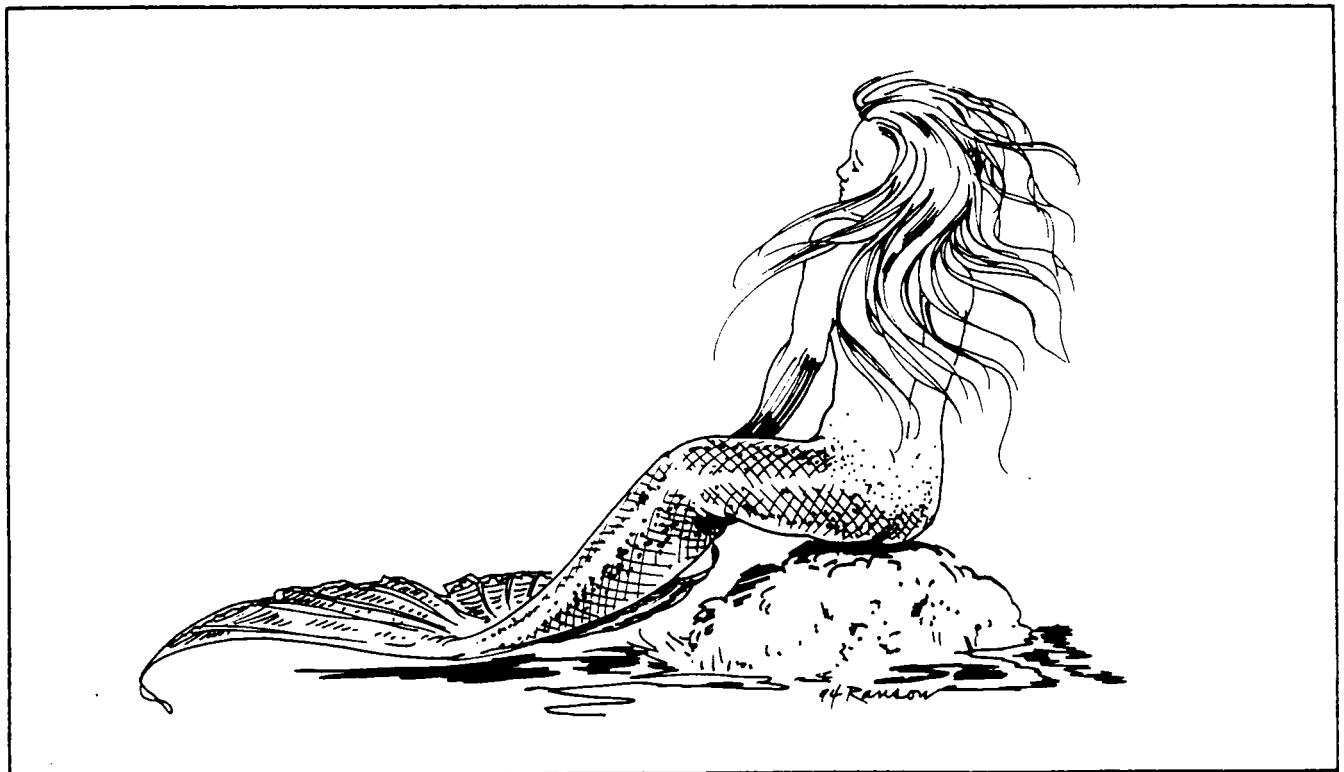
FANWRITERS NARROWLY ESCAPE PRO STATUS

Martin Morse Wooster's first book, *Angry Classrooms, Vacant Minds: What's Happened to Our High Schools?* has been published by the Pacific Research Institute. Wooster assures, "It is nonfiction, thus enabling me to retain fan status at cons..."

Actually, that's never been a problem, even for writers like Fred Pohl. The only concern is to avoid becoming disqualified for the N3F Short Story Contest.

Meanwhile, if you wondered how good the sale were for ClariNet Communications' CD-ROM "Electric Science Fiction Hugo and Nebula Anthology for 1993" -- I got a royalty check for \$3.28 in April. They sold 558 of the anthology CDs from October 1993 to March 1994.

Brad Templeton's letter accompanying the royalty checks mourned two blows last year to his company's main business, electronic news, one when UPI changed ownership and they decided to switch to AP and Reuters, and the other when their office manager screwed up the books and had to be fired.



DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

Ross Pavlac reporting

Terry Fowler married Norman Parke Patch in Chicago on May 14, 1994. Terry and Norm are both doctoral candidates in psychology at the Adler Institute of Chicago. The wedding was on the small and informal side, presided over by a member of the Adler faculty who is an ordained minister. The bulk of the attendees were Adler students and faculty, along with Terry and Norm's children from previous marriages. Several Chicago-area SF fans were also in attendance. The people who traveled the farthest were Terry's daughter Claire and her 11-month old grandson, who flew in from their home in Italy. The most touching moment in the ceremony was when the children (ranging from age 7 to mid-20's) participated in the vows, affirming their parents' bonding.

There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that Elvis was the ring-bearer and Bigfoot was the flower girl. All present will deny this if asked.

One very fannish touch was that the various Adler faculty and doctoral students virtually all had pagers. If one went off, then all in the room would go into the reflex conrunner-two-step as they checked if it was theirs.

Terry had a heart attack in the last few months, and is cutting back severely on outside activities, particularly her involvement in convention running. She wants to concentrate on getting used to a new marriage and Brady Bunch-sized family and working on her doctorate.

May 14 was a big night in Chicago for SF fans who are doctoral students in psychology. Local SF fan Paul Carriere threw a party to celebrate his passing the oral defense of his dissertation for his Ph.D in psychology.

Paul is a member of the Adventurer's Club in Chicago (the REAL one that the one at Disney-World is loosely based on). In order to become

a member, you must show that you have done things that are "off the beaten path" (and usually life-threatening) -- and pay the yearly dues. Paul's membership qualifications were met by going on safaris.

The celebration was held at the Adventurer's club, in the main meeting room. The walls are decorated with all manner of animal heads and tusks, many of which would now be illegal to get, if you could find the equivalent at all (very few elephants for instance, have tusks the size of those in the club, due to poaching over the years).

In some cases, there is an explanation of the adventure during which the souvenir was obtained. My favorite was the mastodon's tusk (its twin is in the Smithsonian). An Adventurer's club member was yachting in the arctic and tied up to what he thought was an island. In the morning, it turned out to be an iceberg, and he saw a mastodon frozen in the ice. He cut out as much of the mastodon as he could. Some of the seeds in its stomach were able to be planted and were able to sprout. Enough of the meat survived that he brought it back to Chicago and the Adventurer's club had a mastodon meat banquet one night. (No word on whether it tasted just like chicken....)

A wall of trophy cases has souvenirs from club member adventures, dating back to the club's founding in 1912 by Teddy Roosevelt. And yes, there are some authentic shrunken heads. Flags hang from the ceiling commemorating various adventures. The piece de resistance (spelling?) hangs above the bar -- the six foot long male organ of a sperm whale.

Though no one present was in costume, the beer (DAB and Beck's on tap) flowed freely and an adventurous time was had by all.

So Brad has no time to attempt a sequel despite a small profit from the Hugo CD.

1994 NEBULA WINNERS

Novel: Robinson, Kim Stanley: Red Mars
 Novella: Cady, Jack: The Night We Buried Road Dog (F&SF)
 Novelette: Sheffield, Charles: Georgia On My Mind (Analog)
 Short Story: Haldeman, Joe: Graves (F&SF)

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

The March issue of *Science Fiction Chronicle* carried the last installment of Avedon Carol's fanzine review column. Editor Andrew Porter dropped her reviews because, "Fandom is a smaller and smaller segment of SFC's readership and response to 'fannish' material such as this is insufficient to continue with it. ...I'm sorry to say that the longterm attempt to interest a wider audience in fannish fandom hasn't worked. Space taken by fanzine reviews in a leaner, post SF-boom SFC must be used for other purposes."

While deferring to Porter's judgment about ways of making *SF Chronicle* more competitive in the marketplace, his decision is surprising because it comes in the euphoric aftermath of his Best Semiprozine Hugo at ConFrancisco, loudly cheered by fannish fanzine fans because so many of them voted on behalf of the victor.

Sound Off! Friends of Ellison

Reading that Watergate-era diaries kept by H.R. Haldeman, Nixon's White House chief of staff, will be published reminded me of my favorite scene in the movie *All the President's Men*. Woodward and Bernstein erroneously (hi, Dave!) publish an item about Haldeman that provokes their informant, Deep Throat, to complain -- "You made people feel sorry for Haldeman, and I didn't think that was possible!"

I like Harlan Ellison, so I can only speculate whether organizers of the "Enemies of Ellison" club now find themselves in the same predicament, dismayed that their antics have rallied many more Ellison supporters than self-styled "enemies" willing to be charged \$14 to belong! (They have since cut the rate

to \$9.)

Although the "enemies" advertised for members in *Science Fiction Chronicle* and were mentioned in *Ansible*, this seems to have been a mere ripple compared to the attention given the subject in comics collectors' publications.

Peter David, columnist for *Comics Buyers Guide* (a tabloid circulated throughout North America) decided he was fed up with the anonymous harassment Ellison received from the "enemies" club and declared he was going to devote several installments to testimonials from Ellison's friends.

Wrote David, "The man they condemn, the man they assail, the man they variously describe as 'tyrannical' and 'mad dog' is someone who has gone out there, time after time, fighting for the things he believes in. They may not be what *you* necessarily believe in. But he's out there. And when he's upset or angry about something, he lets you know it, and you know he's let you know it, because he's put it in a column or he's left a message or he's spoken to you directly or he's aired it on the Sci-Fi Channel.

"The man they hold in such contempt does not engage in one of the single most contemptible actions that someone can take: anonymous attacks. Harlan Ellison has too much class for that. The 'Enemies of Ellison' on the other hand, do not -- which tells you something right off about the 'Enemies of Ellison'." Before he finished, David "outed" four of the organizers.

Ellison testimonials in David's column for the April 15 issue of *CBG* came from Noreen Shaw, Robert Bloch, Jan Strnad -- and Julius Schwartz, who quoted Isaac Asimov: "Much better to be a friend of Harlan Ellison than an enemy!"

The controversy has heightened the always considerable interest in Ellison's appearances at I-Con and the Chicago Comic Convention. The grapevine (latterly referred to as the Information Superhighway) is loaded with e-mail from people planning to go and applaud the man in person.

Fanzine Dreams Dept.



THE MEN WHO CORFLUED MOHAMMED

by Mike Glycer

The huge convention center glowed starkly white in the summer glare, like a prop from 2001. Dick stepped inside and felt a comforting blast of refrigerated air. The silver-gray hair over his forehead matted as he wiped the sweat away.

Registration was a kluge of ropes and stanchions. Dick had his badge within a few minutes, but he hated a con that made fans line up like bank customers. *Of course*, he thought with habitual sarcasm, *most of them probably spent last weekend lined up somewhere else for Captain Kirk or to get Jack Kirby's autograph.*

Dick stood by the exhibit hall entrance and looked about critically, little expecting to find anything interesting. On the right a sign advertised, "FAN WASH FOR CHARITY." On the left were rows of costumed mannequins. "Welcome to the Audioanimatronic Hall of Former Worldcon Chairmen," boasted a recording. A mannequin in a gray wig gestured and squeaked, "You can't sit here! You

can't sit here!" *Dave Kyle?* The next one he didn't recognize at all: its epigram was, "Teamsters? What teamsters?" Dick hurried away.

Weren't things supposed to feel *different* at Joe's worldcon? He fished the program out of his bag and looked for the names he knew.

Ted White was interviewing Walt Willis, the fan guest of honor. This was different. This was good. Dick found the room, sat down and was soon enraptured by Walt's lilting Irish accent: it must be the dialect of Numenor, to be so compelling. Later on when Art Widner apologized for his strange diction while presenting a First Fandom awards, Dick could hardly blame Art for drawing attention to what he hoped was a similar accent he'd picked up from James White.

When people scattered at the end of the panel the comradely spell was broken. "Real fandom" had been in that room for an hour then been whisked

away like Brigadoon. A crowd of filksingers surged in and started arguing passionately about bardic circles; Dick fled into the hallway. Through other doors he glimpsed panels in progress: here, four panelists smiled and chattered over fabric swatches; there, rowdy Trekkies in maroon uniforms compared notes; and a third room was filled with white males under 40 who might have been at home in a Young Republicans meeting but were probably hearing about the Delta Clipper. *What the hell has all this got to do with fandom?*

Maybe next year, he fantasized, *I should just nuke the convention center.* He warmed to the idea: Russell Seitz could make the device, and the next fanzine fan moving to Seattle could drop it in San Francisco on his way. But maybe not -- so close to Berkeley, he might accidentally fry Bob Lichtman.

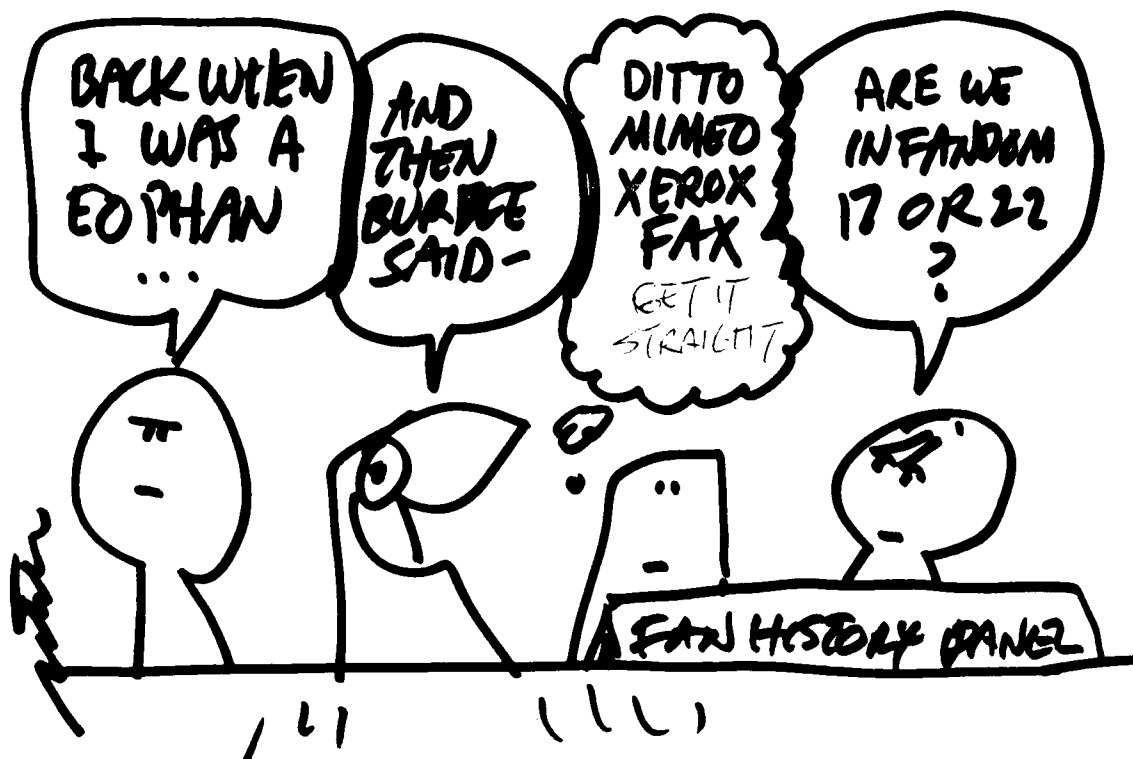
Most of the program was a disappointment only occasionally relieved by the discovery of an old friend. At Sam Moskowitz' panel, Dick heard SaM draw enthralling comparisons between contemporary fandom and the way things were at the time of the 1939 Worldcon. "Many fans still didn't have phones, including the four who organized the first Worldcon. But in those days if I mailed a Special Delivery letter by 6 p.m., the other party would get it by 11

if he wasn't more than 50 miles away, at a cost of 3 cents."

Art Widner, in his mid-Atlantic accent, complimented Moskowitz' vivid memories of fandom 50 years ago. Dick recalled Widner hadn't even been around for most of that 50-year span, prompting Dick to recognize another reason why nuking ConFrancisco wouldn't purge fandom.

All those caterwauling filksingers are here, but where's Juanita Coulson? The Art Show is filled wall-to-wall with fingerpaintings of Vincent and Mr. Spock, but where's Bjo Trimble? Phalanxes of wannabe-Klingons parade the convention, with plastic bumps where their brains ought to be, but where's Devra Langsam? So many of the fans he blamed for clogging the Worldcon with illiterates stopped coming to it. Unlike Art, they never came back. Nuke ConFrancisco and they'd still be at home safe and sound.

Everyone flooded out at the end of SaM's panel. Seeing crumpled copies of the daily newzine among the debris, Dick wondered if convention fanzines had any clue about real fandom. He saw at a glance this one didn't. Ads urged fans vacationing in Florida to buy Magicon's whole line of logo-imprinted merchandise -- boat anchors, permanent tattoos,



and water purification tablets. An article warned that the Clarion Hotel would close its hot tub at 2 a.m. to skim for Klingon prosthetics. Another told about the original Time Machine exhibit. *Media junk*. The wadded newzine skimmed over the linoleum floor, then Dick thought again. Dick had seen *The Time Machine*, remembered how it worked, and realized how he could stop old-time BNFs before they did their damage. *Serendip!*

Dick went back to the exhibit area. He'd only missed the Time Machine at the beginning because the audioanimatronic chairmen made him flee in distaste. This time he pressed on through, except for a sidelong glance at the mannequin who declared, "Mr. Roddenberry, the dignity of the convention was compromised last year. It will not be this year!"

With his hopes so high, Dick was disappointed not to find that memorable prop, but only a vacant platform where the newzine promised the exhibit would be. A tall oriental man whose name badge said, "Not Lex" stood watch.

"Didn't the studio send the exhibit?" Dick asked. Not Lex answered confidentially, "Yes, they did. To be fair to everyone we can only let people take it out for half an hour at a time. Mr. Resnick has it right now: he's getting a surprise for Mr. Halde-man."

Half an hour. Dick knew Willis could have gotten a whole article for *Hyphen* out of asking how anyone could tell **what** length of time a time machine was away, but he decided to say nothing. Eventually the machine flickered into existence beside him. Mike Resnick, the long-time fan turned big-name pro, was at the controls. "Hi, Dick," said Resnick, climbing out then reaching back under the seat for a battered briefcase with the initials "E.H." below the handle.

"What're you working on?" asked Dick. "*Alternate Libraries of Alexandria*?" Resnick's mouth opened to give the expected humorous reply, but it never came. Mike smiled and said, "Gary, I'll be back in half an hour!"

"Your turn, sir," offered Gary. *Only half an hour to expunge three decades' worth of fringe fanac?* Dick despaired. He thought that thirty minutes was a lot less time than Leland Sapiro took to fly cross-country and bust someone in the chops, and that

was just **one fan**. Besides, personal violence was ultimately futile: *everyone Harlan Ellison ever punched out is still around, more annoying than they were before*. Moskowitz unwittingly supplied the key: in 1939 New York fans got same-day mail delivery. Dick only had to be in one place long enough to slap a stamp on a letter, because the right letter would take care of the rest. Before Gary could say another word, Dick twisted the joystick and Magicon vanished around him...

...In 1947 he flattened the three-cent stamp with the palm of his hand and threw the envelope into the mailbox. By 6 p.m., psychology major Frederick Wertham would receive a letter instructing him about the urgent need for him to contact young Dick Lupoff's parents and warn them about the peril of overexposure to *Captain Marvel*....

...In 1950 the time machine sparked and fizzed to a halt in the Draft Board lobby. He ran inside and added Juanita Coulson's music professor to the list of inductees....

...In 1952 he forged "Sincerely, Harry S. Truman" on a letter that ordered WAVE Betty Jo McCarthy to duty in Antarctica...

...His half hour was ticking away and he'd only cleaned up fandom through chapter two of *A Wealth of Fable*! But Dick decided not to risk more. If he got stuck someplace in time when Stephen Hawking was just starting the multiplication tables, who could get him home?

Maybe Gary would loan him the machine again. As pivotal as the 1950's were in fragmenting fandom, the problem only got worse in the 1970's. *Miles to go before I sleep*... In the 70s, Fans Old and Tired were overtaken by the senility of new interests like mystery fandom and Dungeons and Dragons. *Even the immortal Eney published fanzines containing nothing more than his fictionalized D&D adventures - and they were awful!* (For purposes of dramatizing this tragic observation he momentarily conceded a greatness in Eney that he ordinarily denied quite vehemently.)

....Dick was first in line for the time machine the next morning, and once he dealt with everyone on his list he set the controls for the 1993 Worldcon.

Looking around the Moscone Convention Center, Dick thought *Wow* -- the place was half-destroyed and overrun with construction workers. He wondered for a moment if he'd forgotten he **had** nuked ConFrancisco.

There were 2000 people in line. He saw more Klingons than Custer saw Indians, and didn't see Ted White at all, not even at his scheduled items. *This must be a bad dream!* It's only in a bad dream you'd expect to find a **second** 2000 person line, and here he was at the end of one, waiting to pick up his Souvenir Book. Except that when his turn came, the gopher handed him a four-page mimeographed schedule, not one of the spiral-bound purple booklets she gave everyone else.

He was about to complain but he saw a group of his old friends entering the exhibit hall and he didn't want to miss any trufannish experiences, rare as they were at Worldcons. A crowd of fanzine fans took seats in front of a short stage. He said hello to Jerry Kaufman, and waved at some others on his mailing list. Andy Hooper walked on stage and started reading dialogue from another of his parodies of the old movies: this time "Come Back Little Sheba" was sent up as "Bring Back Nicki Lynch!"

He sat beside Dave Brown, who said hello. Dick lifted his four-page schedule and asked, "Is this all you got?" Dave laughed and handed Dick a single hekto page, still clammy, with only one entry, for this playlet.

"Still getting four pages?" Brown said. "Let me guess -- when you got to the '80s you decided not to bump off Arnie Katz and Linda Bushyager after all." Dick was startled. "You know? You're practically a mind-reader!" Brown disagreed. "Did you think you were the only fan at Magicon to think of this? In fact, I got the idea from Ted. And after seeing our copies of the pocket program, for all I know Ted thinks ConFrancisco was canceled."

"What'd they do," Dick scoffed, "send him copies of *Locus* with bits cut out, like in *Man Without a Country*? I doubt it." Dave gave an empty-handed gesture, "I don't know."

Dick persisted, "Come on, look around at this zoo, there's even more fans here than at Magicon. I wanted Worldcons to be fun again, someplace where

I could find my friends, but when I get here they hand me a program that's missing 90% of the con."

"Well, you were doing that anyway," said Brown, "but now it looks like the changes we made created a bubble in time around ourselves -- for us, the rest of the Worldcon **has** disappeared, but **only** for us."

"That's your best guess? We're in some kind of transtemporal hamster toy?"

Dave nodded in agreement. Dick sat quietly for a moment, then excused himself. He elbowed his way through the crowds until he was outside and safely behind the controls of the time machine. *I've got to retrieve all those letters before they're delivered!*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Erwin S. Strauss, 101 S. Whiting, #700, Alexandria, VA 22304

Janice M. Eisen, 123B Laurretta Lane, Johnstown, PA 15904

Fred Cleaver, 3316 S. Grand Ave., Glenwood Springs, CO 81601

Tim Jones, 87 Ellice St., Mt. Victoria, Wellington, NEW ZEALAND

Dafydd Neal Dyar & Allyson M. W. Dyar, 221 9th St. C-203, Kirkland, WA 98033-6010

Casey Hamilton and Edward A. Graham, Jr., 10619 -B Lanshire Dr., Austin, TX 78758.

Joseph Nicholas sends a postcard amending the postal code shown in the change of address published in *File 770:101*. Altogether, the correct new address for Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas is 15 Janson Rd., Tottenham, London, N15 4JU, U.K. The new phone number will be 011-211-0159.





CONVENTIONAL REPORTAGE

AND THEN THERE WERE THREE...

Avery Davis of the Atlanta in 1998 Worldcon bid announced in April the bid has disbanded because its flagship hotel, the Marriott Marquis, is not available Labor Day weekend in 1998. After considering the alternatives, WorldCon Atlanta, Inc., (WAI) and Atlanta Real Soon Now (ARSN) dropped the bid.

Pre-supporters of Atlanta in '98 who desire a refund of their membership fees: please send

your refund request with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to WAI, postmarked no later than Aug. 1, 1994. Otherwise, pre-supporting memberships will be carried over to the next WorldCon bid sponsored by WAI or ARSN.

(Limited numbers of 1998 bid T-shirts are still available for \$5.00 plus \$2.00 S&H each.) Contact: WorldCon Atlanta, Inc., PO Box 724724, Atlanta, GA 31139-1724.

WATER ON THE EAR

**Fanpolitical punditry
by Martin Morse Wooster**

Under the new ethics rules I can't do a report on Balticon since they had me as a guest. But I've put my ear on the ground the hear the sea of swirling rumors, and this is what I've heard!

The 1998 Worldcon bid is shaping up to be one of the hardest fought contests in the Eastern zone since 1980. By all accounts, it's boiled down to the Boston "Don Eastlake and a bunch of Not Nesfans" in 1998 committee versus Baltimore. The Niagara

Falls bid is not taken seriously by anyone not part of the bid committee. Reportedly, many of the fans at a recent Rochester, N.Y. convention said they wouldn't vote for a Niagara Falls bid.

The smofs and insiders I talked to rate the Baltimore-Boston contest as even. The split between the 2001 and Boston bids will certainly benefit Baltimore; supposedly lots of Nesfans and MCFI members eagerly bought Baltimore

pre-supporting memberships at Boskone and Lunacon, because of course a Baltimore victory in 1998 clears the way for Boston in 2001.

Meanwhile, many WSFAns are beginning to realize that Baltimore **might win**. WSFAns are still a bit shell-shocked from the DC in '92 bid, and the club isn't officially backing the Baltimore bid, though of course individual WSFAns are involved. One point that might hurt Baltimore is that the city's convention center is being tripled in size, so many of the facilities the bid is counting on don't yet exist. "See that hole in the ground?" Baltimore bid founder Lance Oszko told me. "That's where the art show will be..."

In future years, smofs are getting many chuckles from the lack of understanding of fandom in the Las Vegas in 1999 bid. The Las Vegas committee's latest move was to tell dealers that, in order to meet their needs, they would have a Federal Express office set up in the huckster room so that dealers could ship their goods home. "Don't they know how poor dealers are?" my spy said.

The exciting Darrellgate feud has concluded, as Darrell Schweitzer has been invited to the 1994 Disclave and Terrilee Edwards-Hewitt is no longer doing programming.

NO SIGN ON THE COAST LINE

"The local dailies didn't carry anything about fandom's intended invasion of Baltimore's Inner Harbor on April Fool's Day," reports ace journalist Harry Warner, Jr., looking for sign of the Baltimore in '98 publicity stunt mentioned last issue. "Maybe it happened and just wasn't considered as important as it obviously was in the greater scheme of things."

L.A. SMOFCON SET

Ben Yalow, co-chair of the 1994 Smofcon, announced that by popular demand the convention's dates have been set for the weekend after Loscon, December 2-4.

The hotel is the Burbank Hilton (same as Loscon), with rooms at \$72/night. The rates are good for 3 days before/after the con (and since the Loscon rates are the same, they cover the entire week between them). You can call the hotel at 800-6-

43-7400, and say you are with SMOFcon. Pre-registration is \$30, payable to SCIFI. At-door rates haven't been set yet. Contact: SCIFI, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

CONTATA BLOWS ITS OWN HORN

by Mordecai Housman

Contata, 1994's Northeast Filk Convention (June 10-12), shows signs of being a great hit. Much work is being put into setting up this con, and registrations (\$30 until April 30, \$35 thereafter) have been coming in steadily. We don't expect it to be much bigger than the past few have been, but it's looking good.

This year, New York Fandom (well, the New York Metropolitan Filking Organization Inc. (NYMFO), to be specific) got the bid for this floating filk con, and true to Honored Tradition we are holding it in New Jersey. The con hotel is changing its name, so it is no longer necessary to remind members that it's not at the Days Inn, but at the Days Hotel, because it's not at the Days Hotel. Well, it is, but they'll be calling themselves Courtyard by Marriott. Stay with me here; this really isn't confusing at all. When you show up, just look for the "Courtyard By Marriott" hotel sign. That's the Days Hotel. Or was. Or will have been. (Wiollen haven been, I think is Dr. Streetmentioner's preferred construct.)

Programming promises a fun time, with Joey Shoji as the GOH, and Mary Ellen Wessels as Toastmistress. Musical Chairs will be there, as well as Critical Mass and various big name filkers. Of course, there will be numerous concerts and panels, including a "Title Shots" concert, for filks based on books. There will be a filk contest, which will feature the theme of City/Cities, and an awards ceremony later (perhaps to be held during the Banquet) during which we will announce the winners. Filks are requested for the program book, on any theme. You need not be a member of the con to have your filk printed in the program book. Please mail them to us in advance, since there is this silly fannish custom of having program books printed and ready at the convention itself....

The con suite will be offering a choice of kosher and non-kosher foods, since some of the attend-

ees, as well as some of the concom members, are Observant Jews. To ease us along, special "SHAB-BOS GOY" ribbons will be offered to those among the volunteers who can fulfill that function.

Sufficient requests to be dipped in avocado paste have forced the inclusion of some sort of guacamole dip as a program item.

For the serious filker, we have made available (read: we have created and are selling) "No filkhogging" T-shirts, with an appropriate picture to match.

There are virtually no other cons being held anywhere around that time in the New York area, although the Clearwater Folk Festival is the following week, and the World Cup Soccer Tournament follows not long after.

For more information, write to: Contata, c/o Deb Wunder, P.O. Box 1265, Bowling Green Station, NY 10274-1265. Or contact me at mordechai@genie.geis.com

For those of you who don't know what a filk is, it is a fannish type of folk singing, though not limited to any genre. Oh, just come over and find out for yourself.

I'm Melting, Melting! ConFrancisco Committee Dissolved

The ConFrancisco Committee, which organized and operated ConFrancisco, the 1993 World Science Fiction Convention, was official discharged by its corporate parent, San Francisco Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. at the Board of Directors' meeting on April 10. To oversee what remains of ConFrancisco's business, SFSFC appointed an "Asset Reallocation & Management Committee" chaired by Wilma Meier.

Before decomposing into a frothy pool, the committee mailed Souvenir Books to the nonattending members, and mailed 1994 Hugo nominating ballots to the entire membership.

The committee also mailed membership reimbursements totaling more than seventy thousand dollars to all program participants, committee, staff, and

qualifying volunteers at the beginning of April.

Members who volunteered sixteen or more hours, participated as staff or committee, or took part in ConFrancisco's programming were mailed a check reimbursing their membership. ConFrancisco paid the following reimbursements according to ConFrancisco Committee Treasurer Ben Miller:

Program Participants	\$35,290
Volunteers/Staff/Cmtee	28,925
Both	<u>6,115</u>
Total	\$70,330

The "Both" category includes those members who would have qualified for reimbursement either as a program participant or as a volunteer/staff/committee member.

ConFrancisco plans to pass along at least \$3,000 to each of the next three Worldcons (ConAdian, Intersection, and LA Con III) once each organization has complied with the appropriate reporting requirements for such donations.

At its April meeting the SFSFC Board established two other committees, the first a bid for the 1997 Westercon (Westercon 50), chaired by Crickett Fox. She's looking at facilities in the San Jose and San Francisco Airport areas. See their kickoff party at Westercon 47 in Los Angeles this July. The second venture is a small conrunning conference to be held in late September or early October in the Bay Area, chaired by Kevin Standlee. Envisioned as a local version of SMOFcon, the conrunners convention, "ConStruction" will be formally announced at BayCon '94 over Memorial Day Weekend.

And, oh yeah, the SFSFC Board already authorized a "Future Worldcon Study Committee" to study the feasibility of another Worldcon bid for the Bay Area in 2002, or later!



FAN MAIL

Letters of Comment

GENE MAPPING

Ross Pavlac: Ted White is absolutely correct that Gene Roddenberry shamelessly exploited the 1966 Worldcon in Cleveland. ...And we loved every minute of it!

In addition to the first two Trek

after that when I had that experience was in 1977, when I first saw Darth Vader's ship lumbering across the screen, as I watched Star Wars along with hundreds of fans who had ducked out of Disclave to run and see Luke Skywalker and friends.

When Gene dressed up as a Romu-

time was "I've been waiting all my life for this!"

It was more or less common knowledge at the time of the Trek letter writing campaigns that Roddenberry was at least peripherally involved. We didn't care. We wanted Trek, and we wanted NBC to give the show a chance in a non kiss-of-death timeslot.

Yeah, Roddenberry had a number of faults, and so did (and does) Trek. But he advanced the state of the art of media SF an order of magnitude, and despite clay feet (which, as you pointed out, we were already pretty much aware of) he should be honored.

Harry Warner, Jr. All this material in the latest *File 770* about competing Gene Roddenberry biographies should have left me uninterested. I never took any great interest in Star Trek or its offspring, never met the creator, and don't know either of the biographers. But I've grown so angry at biographers who wait until a celebrity's death to tear a reputation to shreds that I've even found some tolerance in my heart for Kitty Kelley, who had the guts to do it while her subjects are alive. I'm more inclined to believe the authorized biographies than the vulture biographies, if only because the former don't stir up my bodily juices during the reading of the book.

IN DEFENSE OF ANDY HOOPER

Teddy Harvia: Fandom would be a dull forum if all its critics followed a rational formula. We need the occasional curmudgeon such as Andy Hooper to keep the rest of us in



episodes premiering at the 1966 con, "Time Tunnel" also premiered. The difference in quality (and audience reaction) between the two was night and day. Roddenberry got standing ovations after each of the two episode showings, and he deserved every bit of it. Given what television SF had been up until then, the relative quality and depth of Trek hit us all like a ton of bricks. The next time

lan and walked around in costume in 1966, we loved him all the more for having the chutzpah and love of SF to not only produce the stuff but walk around in a silly costume.

Roddenberry did more than "telling us what we wanted to hear" -- he showed us what we wanted to see! As with Star Wars, the feeling of the con upon seeing Trek for the first

line. Damning with faint praise is a time-honored tradition. Even if I don't agree with all he says or how he says it, Andy makes me think. As for me, I write and draw for those who like my stuff, not for those sophisticates who don't.

["Time-honored tradition"? Wouldn't you have taken "indispensable fanzines" as a preamble to something complimentary? Either way, Andy's no curmudgeon, he's a big-hearted man trying to reignite fanzine fandom. Sometimes he appears to experiment with new values, unaware that they are detours away from his goal.]]

Harry Warner, Jr. I liked the little sermon you preached to Andy Hooper about damning with faint praise. In fact, I don't like to see any genuinely harsh words directed at fanzines these days in public places. Fanzine fandom is in too delicate a state of health. Just one or two fanzine publishers who quit in disgust over a snide remark or two can inflict perceptible damage on the size of the fanzine field. The game isn't worth the candle.

DARRELLGATE

Erwin S. "Filthy Pierre" Strauss: I was at the 1993 DisClave, which Darrell Schweitzer criticized as being inattentive to pros. I basically agree with your position, but it does seem to me that DisClave is suffering from the same problem that has caused grief for other old-line conventions, like Boskone and Lunacon.

When a group has been running a convention for a long time, and has relatively little turnover in membership, there's a tendency to become inwardly-directed and lose touch with other constituencies. Specific planning is more and more directed at making it a congenial weekend for the old guard to enjoy each others' company. As for putting together an interesting program with the pros and attracting a wider audience, they either take it for granted that the

pros and fans will come because they've always come, or that they don't really care since they do the con mainly for themselves.

The latter position would be viable, except that most such clubs depend in the wider audience to defray the costs of the con, and produce a surplus to support the club throughout the year. Thus at some point a crisis comes.

I suggested that one easy thing DisClave could do to draw in new members would be to offer one-day memberships; on my SF convention hotline the week before DisClave, several callers asked about such rates, and indicated a lack of money as the principle of the thing: they resented having to make a full-weekend commitment. With the at-door rate \$30, a one-day rate of \$20 (still higher than the \$18 full-con advance rate) might have been effective.

But my suggestion was met with vague fears of dire legal consequences of day rates (ultimately conceded to be pure speculation). It was clear that DisClave is happy with the way it does things, and isn't interested in change.

If anything, Darrell's finding a gopher who didn't recognize pros might be a good thing, a sign of fresh blood in the organization. But as you pointed out, those kinds of stories are cheap; I was at the registration desk at ChiCon when a gopher on duty asked Tim Leary for ID.

But I would like to take this opportunity to urge old-time conventions to think about their long-term viability, and take at least the simplest steps to broaden their appeal, and draw new people into the organization.

Harry Warner, Jr. I suppose I should join the beat of tongue-clucking over the demands of pros for free rooms at cons and for speaking fees. But I can't. I receive enough

fanzines in the course of a year to equal in their selling prices the amounts that freebies for a pro at several cons would cover. So I shouldn't criticize. In fact, I have one advantage over the pros at cons: they must show up to take advantage of free accommodations and I don't always respond to each and every fanzine that reaches me.

MOST MEMORABLE FAN

Harry Andruschak: Received *File 770* and its rather one-sided account of what has been going on. I cannot blame you, since after all you are on the LASFS Board of Directors. But not even a phone call to get some input from me?

Anyhow, I do have a few questions... (1) When the Fugghead contest was banned, just who was the lady standing next to Craig Miller, crying her eyes out? (2) When Ed Green and Matthew Tepper changed the rules of the contest to have me nominated, was there any reason I was not informed? Why did I have to await that phone call? (3) OK, just which friend of Robbie Cantor did make that phone call and first used the word *nigger*. That was his opinion of the contest, I just echoed it. (4) Why do you state I wanted to occupy the club focus, when I have not attended LASFS since February 1993, read *De Prof* since April 1993, did not bother with Loscon, and avoid all LASFS activities? (5) For Christ's Sake, I am not asking for a donation, gift, grant, or anything like that. Just a refund. I need the money. What is so hard to understand about that? (It is not just my Lifetime Dues I would like returned, but my Building Fund donations as well.

[[If you're going to ask questions, don't avoid the ones that count. Question 1: Does it matter more that someone called you identifying the contest by that offensive word or that you avoided learning the facts before sending complaints for publication? Question 2: Weren't you given a much

fuller opportunity to learn about and respond to the contest, regardless of your unilateral decision not to read the *De Profundis* containing the news, than you gave Robbie Cantor during your cowardly crusade to embarrass her in the pages of fanzines in Australia and Britain, which she does not receive and cannot rebut? Question 3: Once you knew the truth, why did you continue to spread falsehoods about Cantor and the contest in overseas zines, like Michael Hailstone's *Busswarble* 14 (one I don't even receive myself but heard about from Langford)?]]

AT A LOST

Jean Weber: Geography Lesson time. I note in *File 770:101* that you are still thinking that Faulconbridge is a suburb of Canberra (you say, 'Canberra fans first advertised the idea.') Faulconbridge is, in fact, a suburb of Sydney. I include a map for your edification. Faulconbridge is about 50 miles west of Sydney. Canberra is 200 miles southwest of Sydney. Canberra fans have not thus far been involved with the Australia in '99 bid (although they are welcome to do so.) The original advertising committee was from Faulconbridge. The current BID committee is from Melbourne.

PRAISE OVERDUE

Dave Langford: About time that Ian Gunn was nominated for the Fanartist Hugo, isn't it?

[[I'm inclined to agree with you, and certainly he thinks so -- that's why Gunn sent copies of his fanart portfolio worldwide. All the Ian Gunn cartoons seen so far in *File 770* are reprinted from it. Since then he's produced some very fine satirical comic book pages for *Ethel the Aardvark*, and it's too bad most American fans don't get to see them.]]

Teddy Harvia: [[Referring to the cover of issue 102:]] A bikinied creature such as Taral's on the beach of

a lunar sea obviously has no intention of getting wet. Takes my breath away (not to mention hers).

NEWZINE NUMEROLOGY

Mordecai Housman: Incidentally, did you know that among the Lubavitcher Chassidim the number 770 has great significance? This is due to two reasons. One, because they have gone totally nuts. Two, and brace yourself for this one, it is the address for their "holy" headquarters. (More and more they're beginning to sound like Branch Davidians, although this is the least of their worrisome attributes, let me tell you.) They really think the number is something important, now, because of the synagogue there and everything that goes on there.

When an Orthodox Jew hears "770", that's what we automatically think. It is kind of amusing to see their reaction when I show them *File 770*.

FLASHBACK: ISSUE 102

Ben Schilling: I will say that it is unlikely that WisCon will be downtown again anytime soon. Most of those hotels are either too small or too full of politicians and lobbyists to host a con. While there are plenty of restaurants in that area, despite the city's claims to the contrary there aren't enough places to park downtown. There is also the problem of the State High School tournaments, which run for three straight weekends, starting with the hockey tournament which is the smallest of the three. (One class with four teams as opposed to four classes with twenty teams in the basketball tournaments.)

James Young: There were a couple of things I wanted to compliment you about (I know, "never end a sentence a preposition with." But I always liked Churchill's dictum, "That is a rule of grammar up with which I will not put.") Anyway, your piece on Anne Pascal was not just

heartfelt, but extremely good writing. It made me know a little bit about someone that I had never met. I am truly sorry for your loss of a friend.

I also wanted to commend you on your editorial thoughts on Liz Osborne's LoC. When your insights so closely resemble mine, I never fail to be amazed by your perspicacity. As always, Ms. Osborne is able to see through the crap to realize the implications of what is being said.

Harry Warner, Jr. Some of your readers may be puzzled over the unexplained reference to "Fred" in the paragraph reporting the sad news of Ella Parker's passing. If I remember correctly, he was a brother with whom she lived for many years. It's hard to picture Alla as the recluse she became in her last years, because she was the most gregarious fan imaginable during the years of her fanac.

I feel a little weak-kneed over the statistics on recent worldcon attendance and profits, too. Maybe the time will come when science is able to calculate by delicate instruments the weight imposed on a building. Then it will be simple to determine peak attendance at a worldcon; determine the weight of the empty con hotels, then the weight of them at peak times of the con and divide by the average fan's weight (probably around 300 pounds, if I may trust my estimates of those who appear in photos published in fanzines nowadays.)

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