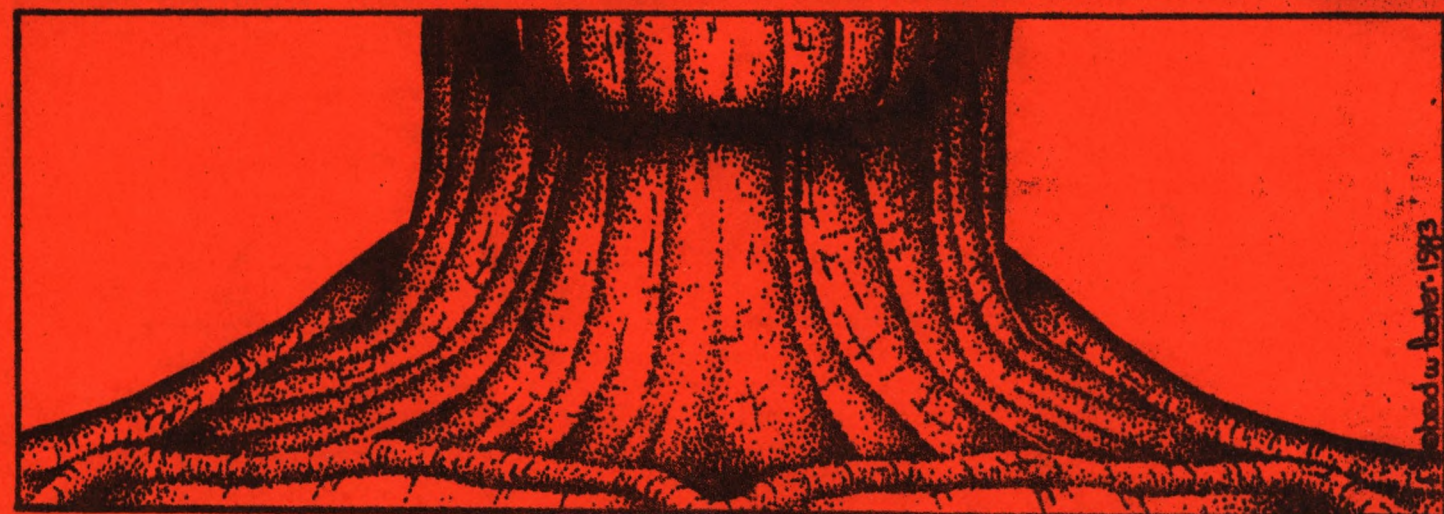


FILE 770



FILE 770 PREDICTS: Comparing the enjoyable adventure of publishing FILE 770 to the tedious and abjectly thankless job of creating Loscon 12 publications has convinced me never to do con publications again. But now I can put that behind me, and concentrate on returning FILE 770 to a more regular schedule. A lot of material and news is in this issue -- a lot more topics will be covered, and articles run, in the next issue or two.

First, Aussiecon coverage. I want this to be a good trip report, not a piece of freeze-dried journalism, and time has not been available to do that. We'll start running it next issue.

Second, the Bermuda Triangle Debate. Rick Foss and Neil Rest take up the challenge to defend their opinions about what a Worldcon should be, and what should be changed.

Third, I have received the manuscript of Race Matthews' superb Aussiecon Two opening speech; his fannish autobiography. It really impressed me, and I feel you'll find it as well-done in its length as Pohl's account was in a book.

Fourth, Milton F. Stevens' "Fannish Squirrel Revival" will bring you to the edge of religious ecstasy, and see if you laugh yourself over it.

Fifth, some developing news stories will be dealt with in a length not permitted by the space in this issue. Discontent in the 1986 Worldcon committee ranks over switching the Hugo ceremony to Saturday night, and general communication breakdowns. Site selection rotation proposals, discussed by committee chair Ben Yalow. Fan funds; trip reports for sale; Worldcon bid gossip. Stay tuned. Renew your sub!

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WINDY CITY TRIAL BALLOON: According to Marie Bartlett, a Chicago in 1991 Worldcon bidding committee has formed under the chairmanship of Kathleen Mayer (veteran of the city's annual Windycon).

ASIMOV BITES FOOT: In his recent IASFM editorial against Star Wars (the Strategic Defense Initiative) Asimov based his attack on a story that Arthur C. Clarke, SDI opponent, had been rudely received at a meeting of the Citizens Advisory Council on Space Policy. The Council advises the Reagan administration, and its notable members include a number of scientists, Pournelle, Niven, Bjo Trimble, etc., usually meeting at Niven's home. Since the editorial was published, Clarke has written to Asimov, copy to Pournelle, repudiating the account of the meeting portrayed in IASFM.

FILE 770:56

is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. FILE 770 is published on a whimsical schedule until recently dictated by the lack of progress I was making on Loscon 12 publications. But when it does come out, FILE 770 is available to subscribers at the rate of \$4 for 5 issues. Those fans who toil long hours eavesdropping at midwestern con suites, recounting fandom's vital statistics and making sure that I know what the other side is up to may find their labors rewarded with the occasional gratis copy of this zine. Prospective Worldcon chairmen, on the other hand, will be billed \$25.00 an hour for wasting my time on the phone. Other fans are invited to make those valuable, data-packed long-distance telephone calls to the editor at (818) 787-5061...and score some free copies.

Last stencil typed December 15, 1985

ART CREDITS

Brad Foster - Cover, 11

Bill Rotsler - 3, 5

Jim McLeod - 9 14

Joan Hanke Woods - 13

Alexis Gilliland - 16, 20



ROUNDFILINGS

BY MIKE GLYER

ANNOUNCING: THE 1987 FAN WRITER HUGO DEFENCE

By the time I got on the plane to Australia, I was already fed up with those smug travel ads saying, "Come on down to Australia and visit the America's Cup." As you know, after more than 130 years of trying the Australians finally won an America's Cup match in a yacht with a revolutionary design. The cup finals are held every four years. Next time they'll be in one of the last places God made, Perth, Australia. On the strength of that alone, Perth is constructing major hotels and advertising around the world for tourists to come and see the races. For domestic consumption, the ads are a bit more aggressive. "Come down to Perth and hope we shellack the Yanks again." Symbolic of the 1987 America's Cup Defence is a kangaroo in fighting stance wearing boxing gloves. In that spirit, some good sport is selling t-shirts that depict a kangaroo bugging an American eagle.

Yes, admittedly the Yanks used to have the deck stacked in their favor. For one thing, your entry in the America's cup finals must eliminate all other challengers for that right. America had several contenders; only two other nations produced one. It was also a little easier for American yachtsmen to reach Newport, Rhode Island and compete than for entrants coming from Australia and France. The rules don't allow you to air freight your yacht to the race -- you actually have to sail it there. I don't care how terrific your ship is, it gets a little wool-whipped after 10,000 miles. The Australians finally overcame these disadvantages by secretly enlisting engineers to use computers in revolutionizing racing yacht keel design. What they created sent America's gentlemen yacht architects into early retirement.

Since America had never lost the Cup until 1983, all I could think was, "I'm glad I'm not the poor sap who gave it away. Bet they won't be so cocky next time."

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Everyone likes to pick up souvenirs when they travel abroad, but nobody likes to

carry them around. I remember being in a New Zealand souvenir shop late in my trip. I had decided to buy a carved wooden kiwi, and had three sizes to choose from. I could easily afford the largest, but I bought the smallest. That's reality: my hands were already developing callouses shaped like suitcase handles.

You don't get a choice of size where Hugo rockets are concerned. With two nominations, I had to prepare myself for the necessity of hauling two chromium barbells in my bags after Aussiecon. After all, I was not only up for FILE 770, I was also the humble heir to the legacy of Americans like Warner, Geis and Carr. I had to prepare for the inevitable.

Possibly there was something wrong with *my* hearing. I was about to ask Jack Chalker if Marc Ortlieb had mispronounced my name so badly that it sounded like 'Langford', when Malcolm Edwards ascended to the stage and was actually handed the Best Fan Writer Hugo to take to England. Disaster! The Australians had pried yet another trophy loose from the Americans. Crazily, I wondered whether after 132 years the New York Yacht Club president even knew where the key to the trophy case was hidden...

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Attending one last meeting of the Fan Writers of America before being expelled from the organization, I heard Ted White's report about the presentation of Dave Langford's Hugo to him in London. At the One Tun, Malcolm Edwards had solemnly declared, "The Fan Writer Hugo has finally been sent to its rightful home: Britain." Ted White added, "Hansen told me the whole room cheered this 'simple truth' and applauded when Langford was handed the actual award."

"What 'simple truth' is that?" I shouted at the presiding officer. "Since when is Britain the Fan Writer Hugo's rightful home? There have been 20 Fan Writer Hugos given in the past 19 years: the U.S. won 14 of them--"

"Sit down, Glyer," said fwa president Tom Weber. "I didn't recognize you. In fact, I'd like to go on record as being one of the first people to not recognize you, even before you won a Hugo." Getting on with the meeting, he called for the report from a committee chaired by Bill Bowers.

"Well, Mike is partly right," said Bowers. "But then, I never said he was *very* accurate... The fact is, we'll have a real fight on our hands when we go to Britain in 1987 and try to win back the Fan Writer Hugo."

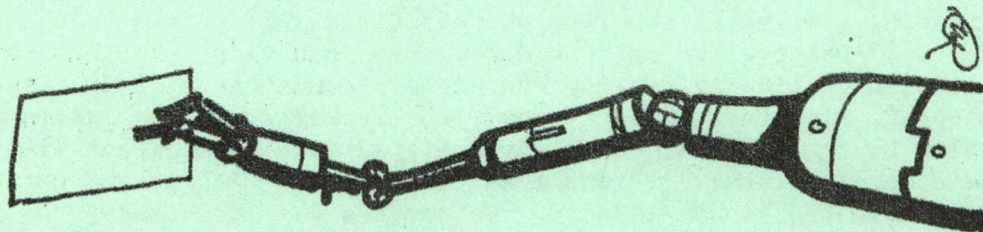
"Win it *back*?" asked Lon Atkins. "Aren't you forgetting the 1986 Worldcon in Atlanta? It's perfectly likely that some American, perhaps a well-known, beloved member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, could get the Hugo next year."

"I don't think Guy Lillian could get nominated," doubted Gary Farber, earning a searing look from Atkins. "Even if an American wins in 1986, it won't really count. Americans have won most of their Fan Writer Hugos in conditions of clear voter bias, the Worldcon was in America. You'll recall that when the Worldcon was held at a neutral location in 1979, for the first time a non-North-American, Bob Shaw, won."

"But didn't Bob Shaw win at Boston in 1980, too?" asked Atkins.

"Well, they still had a lot of Shaw ballots to count left over from SeaCon..." said Farber. "You know how NESFans hate to leave anything half done."

"May we please have order," called President Tom Weber. "Mr. Bowers' committee has suggestions for how we can stand up to the Brits in 1987."



"Remember," began Bill, "Our challenger has to go to the host country to compete for the Fan Writer Hugo. Someone on our committee said, 'Hell, Americans have won tons of these Hugos. Just look up who won the most and send him to Britain.' We looked up the top two winners: Richard Geis, with seven, and Harry Warner, with two. I explained to my committee that if we intended to send somebody all the way to Britain, we'd better not start with two guys who have to think twice about unlocking the door to pick up the morning paper from their porch, let alone go out of the country to a convention. Scratch that idea."

"Still, we were lucky. Patrick Nielsen Hayden came up with a brilliant idea. He said, 'Since we can't get Geis or Warner to visit Britain, we'll have to school their replacements. Let's study the conditions that made our two greatest Hugo winners and reproduce them.' The committee isolated three characteristics Dick and Harry had in common. First, they are both hermits. Second, they both know a lot about fan history. Third, they both have been involved in pro feuds, although Harry has stayed out of any since the ODD TALES hoax. So what we're going to do is recruit the cream of American fanwriters to be subjected to hothouse techniques in each category. Like THE RIGHT STUFF."

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"We don't have much time," said Patrick Nielsen Hayden at the 1987 Defence Camp in Falls Church, Virginia. He was in charge of Project:Hermit. "We have to compress 20 years of experience for Dick and Harry into one year for you. Fortunately, I'm one of the few American fans who will admit I can read stuff more complicated than James P. Hogan. I remember from A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT that the most extreme medieval hermits were 'immured', sealed in caves with just enough space left to slide in dinner."

"For the love of God, Montresor!" yelled Milt Stevens as the last brick was fitted into place. On Patrick's suggestion, several prime fanwriters were walled up in Ted White's attic with enough paper and postage to last a year's worth of fanzine articles and letters of comment. When the screaming died down behind the red bricks, someone asked Patrick, "I never knew you secretly admired Bergeron's writing enough to help him win a Hugo... That is the reason you invited him to be part of Project:Hermit, right?"

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"Look on the bright side," said Bruce Pelz, recruited to run the Camp's intensive fanhistory training, called Project: Old Fart. Fanhistory was intrinsically more attractive than being a hermit or feuding with pros, so Pelz had dozens of volunteers when he started. "Contrary to what you may think, not having lived through decades of fan history is actually an advantage here. You don't remember the way anything

really happened. You won't get confused by our instructors."

A bright-eyed young fan in the front row, Eric Mayer, nodded agreement, remembering being told something similar by the fans who explained TAFF to him. Pelz continued by echoing that 1987 Defence truism, "We don't have much time. You have a lot to pick up. So it will go like this. Our fan history committee of Jack Chalker, Ed Wood, Jack Speer, Dick Eney, Harry Warner, Bob Tucker and Forry Ackerman will meet at the Falls Church Motel 6. At a given signal each participant will begin explaining the complete history of fandom as they saw it. Registered nurses will monitor the participants' blood pressure. Paramedics will be standing by to handle the losers of any disputed historical points.

"A tape of the proceedings will be used in a learn-while-you-sleep program. Each night the program will be played through a speaker in your pillow. Psychologists tell us that some of the participants will wake up, screaming about being chased through the streets by a 60-foot-tall Ted White. Do not be alarmed: this is perfectly normal..."

In the back of the hall, Brian Earl Brown got Martin Morse Wooster's attention and said, "Hell, I do that anyway." Wooster sharply nodded. But many others were sliding out through the exits..

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Alexis Gilliland coached the third training phase, Project:Feud. There was a hitch in this program, which Alexis explained, "The Smithsonian Institution is a little late filling our order for twenty suits of armor. These will still arrive soon enough for your first training exercise. That will be to follow Charles Platt around the 1986 Nebula Awards Banquet, and pick up valuable pointers. In the meantime, there's plenty of other material for you to study. Just pick up any of those copies of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and open to the letters section. Tonight after dinner -- which may be a mistake in timing, come to think of it -- you'll see slow-motion replays of John Shirley and Keith Laumer reading fanzine book review columns. Afterwards Richard Delap will lecture about how the simple book review is probably your most underrated tool in starting feuds with pro writers.

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Deep in the underground headquarters of Conspiracy '87, Worldcon chairman Malcolm Edwards was already receiving reports from moles in the Falls Church camp. Concern lined his youthful face. "What are we going to do about this?"

Greg Pickersgill pounded his fist on the table, "We're not going to let them take it back! That's all I know. How did the Aussies win that boat race to begin with?"

"Something to do with fins," said Dave Langford.

"That's it!" cried Edwards. "We'll do it with fins! We'll make the fins on the 1987 Hugo rockets so big that they won't fit on a plane even if the Yanks do win them!"

NESFA GOES TO CLEANER

Ever the sharp business fen, members of NESFA finally trans acted the deal for their new clubhouse, and in the bargain acquired not merely one, but three addresses, those being 502-504-504A Medford St. in Somerville MA. The NESFA brass signed the papers November 4 to take over a one-story storefront building that still houses the equipment for the late owner's dry-cleaning business, as well as two tenants, the barber and a printer. The latter take up two of the addresses, but only one-third of the building space. President Jill Eastlake, Treasurer Sharon Sbarsky, attorney Rick Katze and NESFA Trust representative Don Eastlake III were present at the historic signing. NESFA voted to hold its December meeting in the new clubhouse, bidding adieu to the familiar haunt of the Belmont Lions Club.

Unfortunately, the \$160,000 building was discovered not to satisfy Somerville building codes to the point where NESFA could meet there. INSTANT MESSAGE 392 reported, "NESFA will be unable to occupy the clubhouse until some major (and costly renovations are done. (Buy bonds!)" The club's December sanctuary will be a church in Winchester. Meanwhile, Treasurer Sbarsky has set about putting the club on a firm budgetary footing, not the least of which was to up the pun fines "to 25¢ for the first and 50¢ for subsequent ones." We used to have a pun fine at LASFS, then Paula moved back to Boston.

The Building Physical Committee recommended a laundry list of "urgent minor plastic surgery and some longer-term elective surgery." Moving unwanted cleaning equipment and utilities out, and moving NESFA storage in, were priority items. Construction aside, Treasurer Sbarsky predicted operational costs (taxes, insurance, utilities, etc.) for the next six months would run to over \$11,000. Actually, Sharon, being treasurer of fer-gawdsakes NESFA, came up with precise figures for each item of expenditure, but this is a fan newzine and I feel obligated to cushion the intellectual blow by creating a bit more soft-focus on the figures than, say, INSTANT MESSAGE would tolerate.

NESFA has become only the second science fiction club to embark on the adventure of owning its own facility. LASFS bought its original clubhouse in 1973 for \$32,000. LASFS accumulated most of its payment through the Building Fund, and the balance by members' loans. NESFA besides saving its pennies (must have been 1909 SVDB pennies) floated over \$51,500 in NESFA Lunar Realty Trust bonds, an Elegant way to borrow from fans.

THE ADVENTURE OF HOME OWNERSHIP: Don't ask me why, but Ro Lutz-Nagey and Lin Lutz-Nagey achieved national attention for working on a Victorian fixer-upper. Their home, Maycroft, was built in 1881 by a future president of the B&O Railroad. It is part of the Maryland register of historic buildings. Their saga of carpentry, and bowling ball juggling originated in the Baltimore Sun, was reprinted in the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, and doubtless elsewhere in America.

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND FOLD: Scott Dennis reports that a Milwaukee in '94 bid has formed. Meanwhile two other bids have struck their colors. Indianapolis in '91 lost the Hoosierdome. Nashville in '91 was ousted from its proposed facilities by a booking for a satellite dish business convention.

BURGLARY IN THE BANANA REPUBLIC: The big yellow house called home by Mark and Jul

Owings, Lee Smoire, Mike Herrick and Joanne Banks was struck by burglars two weeks before Lee returned from Australia (in November) and again two weeks after. Thieves carried off more than \$1,000 of stuff, such as VCR, computer, jewelry, credit cards and the 1883 silver dollar Lee's father gave her as a child.

APA:TAX PLEASE COPY: Fred Isaacs' happy announcement that APA:Tax is about to come into existence under the editorship of Deborah M. Ferree appeared in a letter addressed to his "Dear Fellow SMOFs", and contained a synopsis of the NASFiC tax discussion. The September 4 letter filled with fannish lawyers' insights on IRS reminded me on fannish security guards' insights on how to protect things... Isaacs' gems included, "Accrual accounting is considerably more complex /than cash basis/ (depreciation and all those nice things) and it requires IRS approval to use it." Feh. The law specifically permits you to begin a business or other entity and elect either cash basis or accrual basis accounting. Permission is only required if you have been using cash basis and want to change to accrual basis. In either system, you have to compute depreciation of certain assets. I'm rather used to lawyers having a difference of opinion in the gray areas of tax law, but one ought to try and get the black and white things straight. (APA:Tax inquiries should go to Deborah Ferree at 65 Washburn Ave., Cambridge MA 02140.)

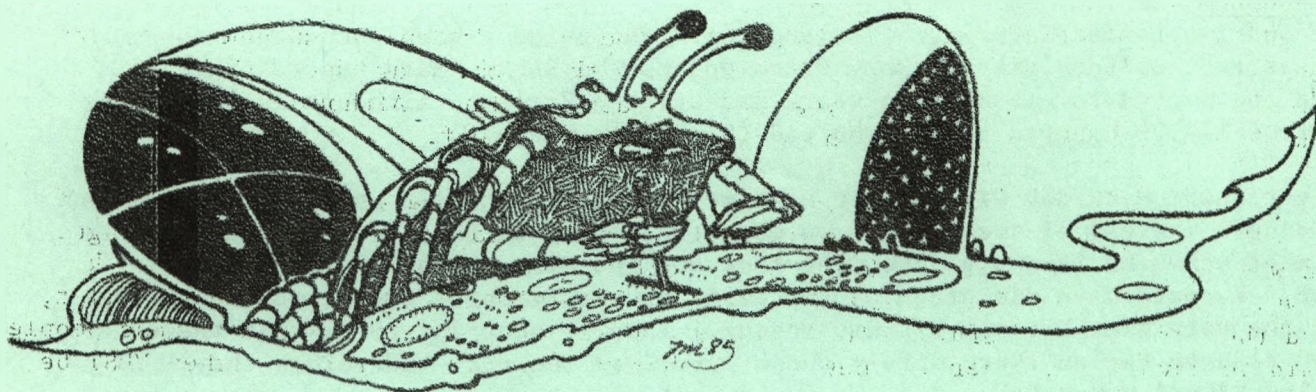
CLUB BIRTHDAY BLOWOUTS

PHILLY CLUB 50TH ANNIVERSARY: Reports Darrell Schweitzer: "The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society held a banquet October 5th, at the Holiday Inn at 4th and Arch Streets in Philadelphia, (right around the corner from Ben Franklin's grave) to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the first meeting, which was held October 5, 1935. There had been an earlier meeting, but continuous ones date from October 5. Plaques were presented to founding or early members present: Robert Madle, Oswald Train, John Baltadonis, Alexander M. Phillips (who is also a writer, and had his first story in AMAZING in 1929), and another gentleman whose name now escapes me. It was a surprisingly formal affair for a fannish event, with many people dressed up Real Fancy. There was some dancing after dinner (which consisted of high class runner chicken, with no tire marks). They even managed to get me out onto the floor to the tune of "One-Eyed, One-Horned Flying Purple People Eater." I was overheard talking about SF (or STF, to be precise) with Bob Madle. I think the official attendance was 57. The affair was rated a great success."

NEW YORK CITY FANNISH MILESTONE: Patrick Nielsen Hayden, referring to a November 22 gathering, wrote, "That meeting last night, incidentally, was Fanoclast's 25th Anniversary, and a rather decent one, too; not through any especially large attendance (no preliminary publicity was given the anniversary, mostly because We Forgot), but because, o mirabile dictu, Stu Shiffman's apartment is clean again! and we can all find places to sit, even additional rooms to congregate in. This is mostly meaningful if you were familiar with Stu's apartment before -- but believe me, in this local fandom, that's big news. I leave you to your mortgages and umpty-ump thousands of bucks, microfiche readers and club libraries; here in the boondocks it's the small things in life that make a difference."

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden 75 Fairview #2D, New York NY 10040
John Leichel 719 Choctaw Dr., San Jose CA 95123
Joy Goodin PO Box 493, Carmichael CA 95609
Douglas Scott & Mary Piero Carey 912-Sixth St. NW, Canton OH 44703
Dave Travis PO Box 2617, Cullowhee NC 28723
Dalroy Ward 1810 Greenwich Woods Dr., Silver Spring MD 20903



COMING SOON: The All Franz Zrillich Issue of File 770

Franz Zrillich, cranking up his pro career at home in Medina, Ohio, writes the most fascinating, marathon letters of comment ever to warm an editor's heart. I hold out the hope that a future issue can set aside space to air some of Franz's fan-ish opinions. Until then, here is an appetizer of a more journalistic nature in the first of two conreports on TRIANGULUM. First Franz, then Joni Stopa, hold forth on the Milwaukee convention held Labor Day Weekend opposite the NASFIC.

TRIANGULUM (August 30-September 1, 1985) by Franz Zrillich:

Contrary to certain rumors, Triangulum was not a hoax con. Two other would-be writers and I ("emerging" is a better euphemism for unpublished) drove to the splendid old grand hotel, the Marc Plaza in Milwaukee, where we indeed saw David Gerrold and Harlan Ellison. This was the same weekend as the NASFIC in Austin. Quite frankly, this was in my opinion the most literate, enjoyable and decent con I have ever attended -- and I have been to at least 50 in my seven years of conning.

Harlan was in top form: erudite, witty, well-timed, loveable, sharp and thoroughly entertaining. He showed us two rough cuts of entire segments of TWILIGHT ZONE ("Shatterday", and something else about time standing still.) He explained a lot of things about Hollywood that even USC [Cinema School] hadn't taught me (though to be truthful they were probably things that I forgot).

Eric Helm, the pseudonym, the joint *nom de guerre* of two professional soldiers, was there. His is the author of several highly successful Vietnam War novels.

David Gerrold gave a three-hour workshop, and spoke at a private party for several hours. I was impressed by both his and Harlan's acting skills and self-control in front of audiences of various sizes. It was interesting to see both of them automatically (and presumably unconsciously by now) shift gears as the audience fluxed and flowed from one individual to a group, to an entire circus of buffeting fans stuffing themselves on cheese blintzes -- as 200 of us did Saturday morning.

Isaac Asimov showed up at the buffet brunch through telephone conferencing. He and Harlan exchanged several outrageous jokes, one of which (Harlan's) was a sanitized but still bestial one about the camel, the tent and the horny French Foreign

Legion Commandant. ...One last note: it is believed that as many as 700 attended Triangulum.

TRIANGULUM as told by Joni Stopa:

Jon and I attended Saturday of Triangulum. We wouldn't have even done that much except that we took pity on Mary Price and Martha Beck. Mary has rejoined the fold and wanted to see how the years had treated Harlan. Although I assured her that he hadn't changed a bit, she had to see for herself.

We got there Saturday with plenty of time to take in the art show and hear Harlan's reading. Instead of the reading we were treated(?) to the usual Harlan harangue on what schmucks fans are. He even took out the time to call Milwaukee a hick town. I could have disagreed on the basis of the Symphony Orchestra, The Ballet, and the very fine Natural History Museum. Then it occurred to me that these people paid to have Harlan there. They chose Labor Day Weekend. Therefore they MUST be hicks; if not schmucks.

The Masquerade was held in a completely renovated "Art Deco" room that might have been a night club at one time or another. The announcer seemed uncomfortable with his job, probably because he wasn't very good at it. As a consolation the costumes weren't much either. I think there were only eight or nine entries, most based on Trek or V. The judges had an embarrassment of awards to give, everybody got at least one, if not two ribbons. The judges' deliberation time was killed rather thoroughly by flat humor and a fairly talented belly dancer. I felt caught in a time warp and Martha Beck swore she was in a universe that was run by a high school class.

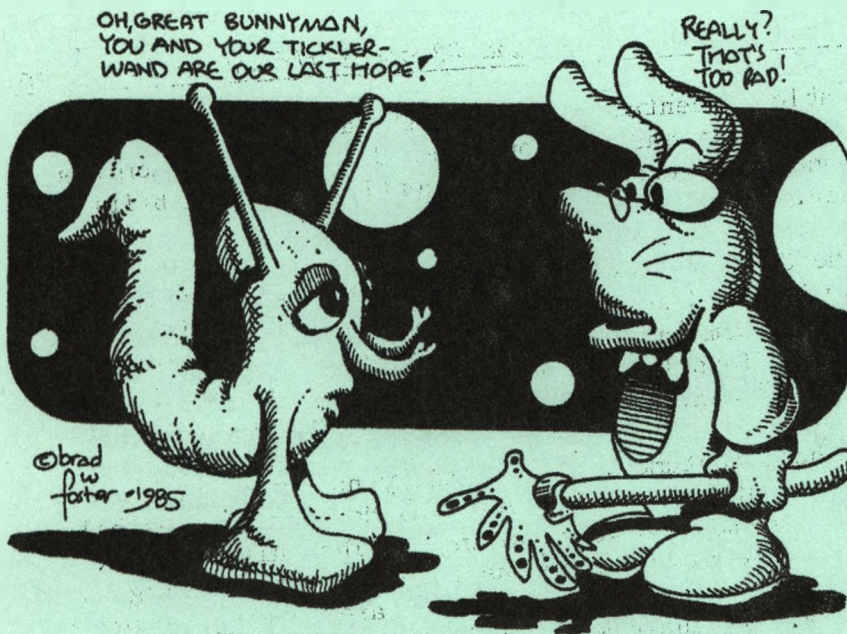
As the witching hour came around we found the really lively party. True, there were people boogie-ing in the fifth floor ballroom, and a handful of people desultorily drinking pop or beer in the Con Suite, so we made off to Martha's room and got silly. Jon and I did not stay to see what the next day would bring. We really aren't into boredom.

The funniest remark I heard at the con happened while I walked past the Registration area. A group of sailors were registering, every one of them in uniform, and one Yuppie-looking registrar asked another how he thought the sailors' costumes would do at the ball. The other Yuppie said, "Even less original than a 'Trekkie' costume."

WINDYCON XII (October 11-13) by Joni Stopa:

Windycon, with a lot of help from Dick Spelman, outdid itself this year. The Huckster room had a wide diversity of items, and other hucksters were allowed to use their rooms to sell their wares. One of the rooms looked more like a library than a hotel room. Others threw parties while selling their goods. Dick also convinced many of the pros to pay Windycon a visit, and they were very impressed. Since I hadn't been to a Windycon for a year or so, I have to confess that I was impressed myself.

Opening ceremonies were handled by A.J. Budrys, who led us in singing The Windycon Hymn. The lyrics are "Oh Windycon, Oh Windycon, Oh Windycon...etc." to the tune of "Oh Tanenbaum." Pro GoH, C.J. Cherryh, made some penetrating comments about the art of SF writing for the audience of compulsive readers. Most fans will, and do, read any printed word they see, thereby picking up all sorts of obscure knowledge like geology, astronomy, language and other subjects. Therefore the writer has only to infer and the reader will automatically refer; which saves time for the writer, since the reader does not have to be led by the hand through the book. Todd Hamilton, the Artist GoH, has also made his first professional sale.



Bob Passavoy assured me that the auction did very well indeed, much to the delight of the artists. Very few items got away with just the minimum bid. Since the quality of the work at the art show was outstanding, most of the bidding followed suit. The art show was handled by Doug Price and Jane Haldeman, and the auction was handled by Bob Passavoy, Phil Foglio and the usual gang of manic, leather-lunged workers. At one point when Phil was auctioning off a Fantasy Christmas ornament the whole crew began to hum "Jingle Bells" and step-kick behind him. Phil

couldn't quite figure out why the audience was laughing until he turned around... Bob himself was sort of incognito; instead of wearing burned-out Levis and a t-shirt he was done up in a black tux. Bob & Co. always do a fine job of entertaining as well as auctioning.

The only thing that didn't go as planned was the Costume Ball. They were trying to do a ball similar to that done at Conclave and Minicon, except that they also wanted judging and entertainment. Since Windycon has never had a serious costume competition we didn't expect to have to give more than one award. No runway or stage was set up and some idiot put it in the program book that the winners would be announced at Midnight. The judges, myself, Sherry Katz and Gretchen Van Dorn, wandered around for awhile, picked our winners, and felt they should get their egoboo (make sure everybody saw them) well before midnight. They were all in uncomfortable dress and really wanted to party, too. We allowed the costumers to get center stage at exactly the same time Ro Lutz-Nagy thought he was to go on stage. Which really wasn't fair to Ro.

There were more open parties than you could shake a stick at let alone attend.Among the notables at the con were David Brin, the Coulsons, the Eisensteins, Kelly Freas, Dean Ing, Lee & Pat Killough, Barry Longyear, Fred Pohl, Mike Resnick and last but hardly least, Jack Williamson. A big hand should be given to Chairman Kathleen Meyer and her able crew.

MOSCON 7: (September 20-22, 1985) by John Dalmás

Moscow, Idaho, a town of 16,000+ people, is the home of the University of Idaho and of MosCon. Moscow is on the margin of the timbered mountains of the Idaho panhandle and the wheatlands of the Palouse Prairie -- not exactly where you'd expect to find a con. But in Moscow, and nearby Pullman, Washington (population 23,000+, the home of Washington State University), there is a lot of interest in SF and in writing. MosCon is a small, friendly con. Not that large cons aren't friendly, but many of MosCon's people are regulars there, and you end up mixing

and talking with a considerable percentage of them. It has a sense of family into which Newcomers are immediately made welcome. MosCon 7 had 330 members, largely from Washington, Idaho and Oregon, but with contingents from British Columbia, Alberta and Montana.

MosCon 7, like my previous MosCon experience, MosCon 4, was well-organized and ran smoothly, and I neither witnessed nor heard about any problems with attendees or management, despite numerous room parties. The hospitality room posted a list of requested, moderate donations for drinks and snacks. And as might be expected of a small "family-like" con, security was very low-profile.

I missed the masquerade, but hall costumes, though fairly numerous, were not as prominent as I've come to expect at cons. Like previous MosCons, it was held at Cavanaugh's Motor Inn, and that seemed to work out well. The only drawback I noticed was that at supper time the dining room was crowded, with seating and service slow. And that was no real problem, since there are numerous good or satisfactory restaurants nearby. If there were any gripes about Cavanaugh's, they didn't reach me. Cavanaugh's had a special con menu with exceptionally reasonable prices, which helped keep the con affordable.

MosCon has a patron saint, the late E.E. "Doc" Smith, represented each year by Doc's daughter, Verna Smith Trestrail. Other special features are a jacuzzi party in the imperial-sized jacuzzi, two dances, a writers' workshop, and a large Sunday brunch which I'm told was excellent....This year's MosCon mementoes were white and red headbands with the legend "Team Moscon" and a motto inscribed in Japanese. They were great for affixing name tags.

The writer GoH was John Varley, the artist GoH Rick Sternbach, the fan GOH Richard Wright, and the scientist GOH Dr. Grover Krantz, a physical anthropologist. Other guests included writers A.J. Budrys (who is a remarkably fine baritone singer as well as author and reader; to think we might have lost him to La Scala or the Met!), F.M. Busby, Richard Meyers, Bruce Taylor, John Dalmás and Moscow's own pro authors, Dean Smith and Nina Hoffman; and artists William Warren, and Michael and Lynne Anne Goodwin.

LOSCON 12 (November 29-December 1, 1985) by Mike Glycer

This was the year that Robert Silverberg and Terry Carr could fit guest of honor invitations to Loscon into their schedules; that Julius Schwartz came out west to promote DC Graphic Novels, and lured Bradbury, Bloch and Ellison to visit him at the con; and that Daniel Pinkwater came within a doctor's order of physically attending the con (and made his presence felt anyway through phone interview and video tape presentation). Over 1400 fans were lured by the spectacle. On Saturday afternoon Silverberg was interviewed by Ellison -- for about fifteen minutes, after which it became a duel of wits, to the delight of everyone. Even David Brin was roped in. Right afterwards as part of the DC Graphic Novels presentation, Bradbury and Ellison got into a bragging match over who had the better comics collection! "Why Fandom Must Be Destroyed" saw Fan GoH Terry Carr presiding over a panel of Larry Niven, myself, Vanessa Schnatmeier and Larry Rothstein. Vanessa, listing her recommendations to improve fannish couth, said convention security guards should be issued tranquilizer dart guns. I asked, "Why would you want your security guards going around with numb feet all the time?" The Art Show was much higher quality, out from under the shadow of L.A.con II. The Costume Ball involved a successful transition from a poor masquerade in 1984 to a high enegery dance party and master costume exhibition, along with judging for attendees in costume. In terms of star quality, Loscon 12 surpassed all previous editions of the LASFS' con.

FANDOM PLUNGES INTO WEDDED BLISS



(by Avedon Carol, Mrs.)

I figured that so many people were writing about the wedding (well, I've been seeing them) that you didn't need /a report/ of your own. But just in case you are feeling left out, I will give you a few words.

To begin with, Pam Wells, at the suggestion of the absent Linda Pickersgill (who was home in New Orleans dealing with family business at the time) got some of the local female-type folk to throw me a bridal shower, although such, is not the custom over here. They tried to make it a surprise event but I tumbled to it when the six-year-old-twins went into giggling fits at the women's group meeting the night before. The following day -- the Summer Solstice --

it was naturally chilly and rainy, but everyone showed up anyway and then came to our home to descend on the provided munchies like a herd of locusts. (Sorry, locusts don't herd; they swarm.) We had lots of Indian food brought in. It didn't last long. A friend of mine from Maryland showed up unannounced, and got along with everyone as if he knew them. In fact, the fans and mundanes -- even the Just Relatives types -- mixed very well together, to my complete surprise. My brother Rick and his wife Maryanne showed up from America (they were announced) as did Ted White and the Gillilands. Everyone fell in love with Rob's mother. Gregory Pickersgill was Rob's Best Man, Hazel Langford was my Best Woman, and they both signed The Document as witnesses. Kev Williams took wonderful pictures of us signing our lives away and everyone else getting soppy. Greg cried at the wedding. Kent True Fandom decided they approved of Greg after all ("We didn't know he could talk," both Chuch Harris and Arthur Thomson explained later), and Papa Harris, after his first meeting with the dread Joe Nicholas, changed his opinion so much as to describe Joe as a "gentle, Christ-like person." Chuch and Vince Clarke spent much time crawling around Dave Langford's library, coveting hi- collection.

People who knew that neither Rob nor I cook gave us lots of comedy instant food (the Gannets supplied a six-pack of pot rice and pot noodles with a candle, marked "Candlelight dinner") and cookbooks. The best wedding presents were the genuinely fannish of course. Malcolm Edwards gave us a few reams of green quarto paper, and Gregory, bless his sentimental soul, gave us the nicest and surely most from-the-heart gift of all, the June '55 issue of HYPHEN, from his own collection.

(please turn to the back page)



FAN MAIL

TERRY CARR
11037 Broadway Terrace
Oakland, CA 94611

Many thanks for sending xeroxes of the various fanarkles you liked but I hadn't seen, for consideration for FANTHOLOGY 1984. Alas, it happens I didn't care all that much for any of them; some are good pieces, a few struck me as lackluster, and that just means different people have different tastes.

I guess I liked FAN BUSTERS most in the batch you sent.

FANTHOLOGY 1984, unfortunately, is still on hold. Carol's printer, after six months in the shop, is now back and working just fine printing material from the WordStar program, but not from Palantir, which was the one she used for all of FANTHOLOGY. So I still have to wait till the new printer's plugged into or made compatible with the Palantir disks before I can go ahead on the volume: I need to proofread most of the pieces so she can correct any typos, etc., and make a few adjustments in layout.

Latest FILE 770 is to hand, the one with Aussiecon Two Hugo results and reports on NASFiC -- good coverage of the latter, especially Mad Dog Madden's very well done report. As for the Hugo results, I'd appreciate it if you could find space to mention to the voters how very pleased I was to receive the Hugo as Best Professional Editor. Naturally anyone who wins a Hugo is happy about it, but I'm particularly happy about this one because I figured I'd never win it: I've been nominated twelve times out of the thirteen years during which that category's been on the ballot (that is, since the Best Magazine award was changed to Best Editor), but as I recall, my highest placing before this year was third. I figured that despite the change in the name of the category, it was still really an award for best magazine editor, and I was fairly happily resigned to getting no more than the benefit of free reserved seating at Hugo Awards presentations. (As you've no doubt discovered, that's a benefit not to be sneezed at.)

But this year the award went to me despite the fact that I hadn't yet published a single issue of an sf magazine, and I see that as an indication that the Hugo voters may finally be taking note of the fact that book editors are important too. Yes, the award came to me largely because of the New Ace SF Specials, on the covers of each of which my name appeared as editor, and that situation doesn't apply to any other book editor currently (though the Del Rey

and DAW lines give automatic credit to their editors), but at least the magazine editors' monopoly has now been broken so maybe book editors such as Dave Hartwell, Beth Meacham, Bob Silverberg, and Susan Allison among others will receive greater consideration for this award in the future. Let's face it, Ed Ferman and the other magazine editors do fine work, but most of the important sf publishing is done in the novel lengths these days. The names of the editors of each line may not be printed on each cover, but readers of FILE 770, LOCUS, SF CHRONICLE and FANTASY REVIEW know who these editors are, so hopeably the book editors who publish major novels can now get proper consideration, and about time.

((On the one hand, I'm sure you're right that if a book editor could put his name on the cover of a line that published Heinlein, Niven, Brin, etc. it would propel him into the forefront of consideration for the Best Pro Editor Hugo. On the other hand, I'm not sure that has anything to do with being the best pro editor. I believe past winners have come from a combination of voters' opinions of what was the best prozine, and their perception of what editor is doing the best job. An editor's job is not just to take lunch with agents and read the slush pile, it is (at its finest) to hone newly discovered talent and speed writers' development by teaching them better craftsmanship and storytelling. Campbell, Bova and Scithers devoted a great deal of energy to teaching would-be sf writers -- this led to a lot of contact with fans, and was probably no handicap to their Hugo prospects. Book editors don't deal in that volume, and have never taken a mass-education approach to the field. So in a race between a book editor and a magazine editor, I admit I'm probably going to vote for the editor of the best magazine around unless I know of a book editor who's paid those kinds of dues. Like Terry Carr, for example.))

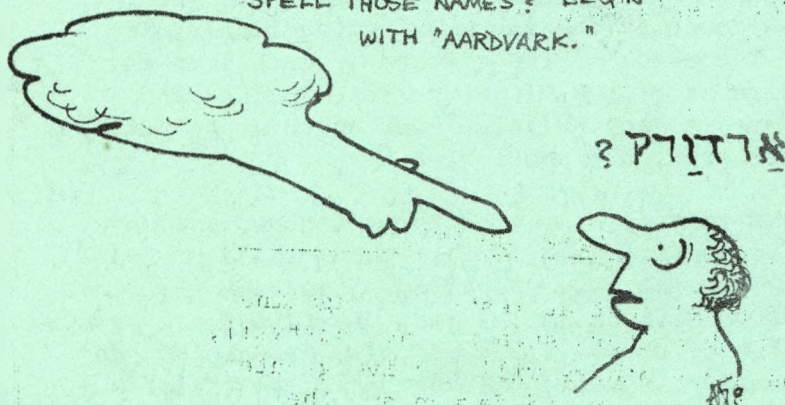
JOSEPH NICHOLAS
22 Denbigh Street
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United Kingdom

...We must admit we're a little surprised to see you call /Aussiecon Two/ a "success", since from our vantage point it came across as an increasingly panic-stricken disaster. Admittedly we were (perhaps) a little closer to the committee than you, and thus more aware of what was

going on (or, rather, going wrong -- and also aware of why and who was responsible), but we'd have thought it was obvious from the organizational table printed in the Programme Book that there were simply too many jobs shared around among too few people. That, from past experience, is the surest recipe for chaos that I can think of, and the farciality of the Hugo presentations served only to demonstrate how chaotic matters had become. And it was a farce; such fuckups do diminish the atmosphere the event is supposed to create, and no amount of joking by the presenters can really compensate for that (although I should perhaps make it clear that despite what we said about the Hugo ceremony in the all-Marxist issue of THE AUSSIECON 2 FREE PRESS we think Comrade Ortlieb did a fucking brilliant job given the shitty circumstances in which he had to work.

A question, though, about the effort that seems to be put into the Hugo ceremony by Worldcon after Worldcon, each vying to make theirs bigger, better, and more memorable than the one before; and the question is: why bother? Every Worldcon report I've ever read seems to contain some complaint or other about the amount of time the Hugo presentations take up, and the amount seems to be almost entirely a function of the degree of ambition and technical elaboration the committee have invested in the event. Yet the majority of people seem not in the least interested in pretty lights and film clips and bejewelled emcees and all that stuff; they want to find out who won what. So why not dump all this razzmatazz, all these vain attempts to make the Hugo ceremony

AND NOW THAT THOU HAST NAMED
THE ANIMALS, ADAM, WILST THOU
SPELL THOSE NAMES? BEGIN
WITH "AARDVARK."



resemble the pain and triumph of Oscar night, and just give it to the fans as straightforwardly as possible? A list of names; that's all that matters.

Of course it's a heretical suggestion. Of course I've never been nominated for a Hugo, and thus have no stake in the hype that inevitably accompanies an elaborate presentation ceremony. But that doesn't stop me from articulating these ideas, does it?

((The battle to make the Hugo presentations more interesting than merely a recitation of a list of names has led the ceremony to be unshackled from a banquet, and

from a mule train of lesser awards. Committees and attendees know they can do better than the minimum amount of introduction and acceptance speeches. Part of the honor is the sense of occasion, which is defeated if everybody is bored and squirming in the bottoms of their seats. Aussiecon Two's ceremony, even in failing, was more interesting than Torcon II's after-banquet traditional ritual, the state-of-the-art in 1973.))

DAVE LANGFORD
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Reading, Berks. RG1 5AU
UNITED KINGDOM

...Speaking of sense of proportion, I am still reeling at Joseph Nicholas's triumphantly confided news that he has applied to become a lay magistrate (Justice of the Peace) with summary powers over counter-revolutionary parking

offenses throughout the breadth of Pimlico. More boggling yet, he's standing as a Labour party candidate for Councillor in some dismal bit of Greater London. "One's political career must begin somewhere," he announced. "One's political career need never begin at all," I hastily replied, but it was too late. Am saving all my notes for a 2001-best-selling potboiler entitled PRIME MINISTER NICHOLAS: HOW I KNEW HIM WHEN HE USED TO GET PISSED AND DRAWN UPON. Concepts which the mind cannot stomach....

ALEXIS GILLILAND
4030 8th Street South
Arlington VA 22204

On our return home from Aussiecon II, FILE 770:54 was waiting. I am indebted to Martin Morse Wooster for an interpretation of the WSFA election which had previously escaped me.

It is quite true that Somtow did not run for the presidency, though he could have found a nominator without much difficulty. However, Martin neglects to mention that Beverly Brandt, Secretary of the WSFA, who chose to publish Somtow and Sullivan's attack in the WSFA JOURNAL was not renominated, and that Somtow's friend, Joe Mayhew, who stood for President and then Vice-President lost both races.

Still...since DUNEGate continues to fascinate, you might be interested to learn that

when Tim Sullivan (who had for years made it a point of honor not to join WSFA) submitted his application for membership at the height of the controversy, the WSFA trustees, in an unprecedented action, rejected his application. Normally a rubber stamp on applications, the trustees have always had the authority to reject, but to my knowledge this was the first time it has ever been used. Sullivan has since moved to Philadelphia.

P.S. Jim Frenkel says Bluejay will publish WIZENBEAK in February '86.

rich brown
1808 Lamont NW
Washington DC 20010

If you received and read THE DESK SET GAZETTE closely, you may have noted that the dates set for Corflu III, the fanzine fans' convention, are the same as those long established for Boskone. If this is deserving of mention in FILE

770, as Corflu Chair I want to make it clear to everyone that, although it was not done intentionally, the fault is entirely mine and should not be blamed on any other member of the Desk Set.

Since I've never attended Boskone, I was not aware of the dates when I was talking with the hotel people. In retrospect, I suppose I should have been a subscriber to FILE 770 ere now; if I'd had a copy which listed sf conventions with me then, I wouldn't have made the mistake I did. In my arrogant fashion, I erroneously assumed that, if the proposed dates offered by the hotel did not ring a bell with me, it followed (as surely as night follows day) that there was no conflict with any major regional sf convention....

The first time this was brought to my attention (by a visably upset Lise Eisenberg), I was inclined to shrug it off: "Well, we'll miss you," quoth I. This took place during DISCLAVE and, even as we spoke, the first issue of THE DESK SET GAZETTE was being printed, announcing the dates. And I couldn't see, at least at the time, how it would be That Much of a conflict for fanzine fans -- I certainly wouldn't hesitate to attend Corflu if it were scheduled opposite Balticon or Phillycon or even Disclave, for example -- but the more I thought about it, the more I realized I was simply being self-centered, which in this instance may be synonymous with "defensive"....

So I'm offering everyone concerned my sincere apologies, to accept or reject as they choose, and let it go at that. I did think, briefly, that I might offer the whole thing up as a program item at Corflu -- take off my shirt, walk up to the podium and permit anyone who cared enough about it to Beat Me About The Neck And Shoulders With A Knobby Stick. While I'm not much inclined that way, I suppose I could have Gotten Into It, particularly if some of those doing the job got dressed in Tight Rubber Suits. But I discarded the idea when it occurred to me that the pipple most inclined to get any enjoyment out of such a program item would probably be at Boskone anyway.

((Hm. I wonder what he meant by that?))

HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

On this Halloween night I must try to get back into your good graces. I've been lax about thanking you for FILE 770 and commenting on it. There is a better reason for this neglect than I usually possess. Early in the summer I wrenched my

back badly and for the next two months I was virtually hors de fanac, because it

hurt too much to type for more than a couple of minutes at a time. None of the doctors in Hagerstown would consent to arrange a back transplant for me, so I was forced to wait until nature took its course and I became again the same tottering, fragile specimen of senility that I had been before hurting the back.

The most startling thing about the Hugo tabulation was the nominations column. I know this was a special situation, with the smallest membership in any worldcon for quite a few years past and undoubtedly to come. Even so, when only six nominations got someone on the Hugo ballot in a pro category and only seven and eight nominations put a couple of fans in line for Hugos, one fact becomes clear: there's too much attention paid to voting for Hugo awards, not enough heed given to nominating for inclusion on the Hugo ballot. Even the smallest apa or local fan club could have put a favorite son or daughter on the ballot this time by bloc voting. Even if the Atlanta membership total is five times that of Aussiecon, it seems that a couple of dozen nominations might provide a place on the ballot in some of the categories.

In any event, you deserve congratulations for your victory and for the fact that your nominees were comparatively numerous compared to most of the other nominees in the fan categories. But you are traveling in dubious company with your decision to withdraw from Hugo contention for a year. I did exactly the same thing after winning my second fan writer Hugo, although I don't remember setting a time limit on my abstinence from this type of egoboo. You will probably receive criticism of the same type that I suffered, to the effect that such renunciation infringes on the free will of fans, preventing them from following their impulses if directed in this particular direction.

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN
75 Fairview #2D
New York NY 10040

I just read your essay "1984: The Fifty Candle Blowout" in the SCIENCE FICTION YEARBOOK with (as you can imagine) particular attention to the section on the TAFF wars, and I'd like to congratulate you on an excellent, even-handed

job. I particularly liked the way you highlighted how many of the resentments and gripes expressed had nothing to do with TAFF or the etiquette of its administrators, but rather with long-brewing problems such as the Midwest's growing sense of isolation. As an administrator myself, I also appreciated the way you emphasized TAFF's essential worthiness and High Ideals. In fact the only quibble I could think to make was that it's a shame Avedon and Rob had to have their names put between hard covers in this context, while Richard Bergeron didn't. On the other hand, I doubt very much they'll mind.

((As little patience as I had with the minutiae of the feud, I didn't imagine that any of the readers of Pournelle's YEARBOOK would sit still for details. Since I could not give adequate coverage to the critics of the administrators to fully explain their views, I had to make a composite of the issues raised by Bergeron, Causgrove, Locke, etc., and proceed to the interpretation. Without doubting that each of them had strong and specific reasons for their views, there was clearly a sociological interaction taking place between fannish regions, accounting for unusual levels of fan participation in TAFF. In that context, dealing with the individual critics would obscure the points I was making to the readers. Incidentally, Jerry gave me unusual freedom to write up the '84 fannish year exactly as I would for fans. It made for easier, better writing and doesn't drag as did an older essay about 1980 that I did for NEBULA AWARDS STORIES #16. In the latter I felt responsible for making everything clear to an uninitiated audience.)

RAY CAPELLA: Without attempting to upstage Tom Whitmore, I like FILE 770 because it's the quicker picker-upper. And it can hold that full cuppa Irish coffee even after it's wet. // As if Puerto Ricans didn't have enough trouble keeping up their image in NYC and Chicago, now Ted Widmer points at the island as the source of a fuggheaditis epidemic. I was stateside way before that broke out, mein herr; my excuse is The Rum. // Item: the New American Library's comment on Wollheim: Hey, maybe they meant Wollheim's the dean of SF publishing. This would make both Heinlein and Wollheim "deans", which they richly deserve. // Last but unleast, applause is due you for your assessment of fanzines and artists in #53. Back in the Old Days (forgive me), there actually were editors who'd encourage artists with feedback and comments on what others thought of their work (ran into at least three). Positive or negative, it's the only thing that will improve a contributor's work. Nowadays, one sends art into the Great Unknown without receiving so much as a "we got your stuff". Thanks for the cheer.

WILSON TUCKER: Shall I buy you a subscription to OUTWORLDS as a Christmas gift? A birthday present? The celebration of a comet? Incredibly intelligent and amusing writers appear in those pages, including me sometimes. After reading a sample issue you may have to revise your list of the best-of-the-year. *((Quite possibly. But I can only review what I get -- and that's plenty of work already!))*

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN: Just because Patrick makes the phone call all by himself (first, we only have one extension; and second, I'm losing/have already lost part of my hearing, which generates mysterious confusions during long-distance phone calls), doesn't mean I'm not also a North American TAFF Administrator. That is, I'm just as responsible, I get stuck with the work just as often, and just put a couple of dozen hours into producing the latest TAFFLUVIA. I'm not unreasonably ticked off, or anything like that, but do you have to write up the TAFF news as though Patrick were sole proprietor and bottle washer, of the fund? I mean, if nothing else, if anyone decides to Become Gratuitously Excitable about TAFF again, they'll address their comments to both of us, instead of just to Patrick, which he finds depressing. Yours for the equitable distribution of mudballs....

ROBERT WHITAKER SIRIGNANO: I talked to Samuel Delaney recently, and he said that he'd heard about the Platt incident, and talked to Tom Disch about his. Disch can't remember hitting anyone. Disch does remember being drunk, however. Delaney also reports having sold the stage and musical rights for DAHLGREN for an impressive sum.

LAN LASKOWSKI: As for Wollheim being called the "Dean" of SF, I've always heard that term applied to Murray Leinster (and of course a certain Mr. Ing and Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Koontz). Heinlein was termed by friends of mine as the "Master" of SF. *((Leinster certainly enjoyed that kind of seniority and favor among fans, but mundane book critics and Heinlein's publishers generally tagged him the "dean". Having no contact with fans in my early sf reading days, guess who influenced me...))*

BRAD FOSTER: Seeing the results of the Hugo balloting this year makes me a bit nervous -- getting so incredibly close to winning, only to lose in the end, makes me wonder if that was my best shot, and it's back to last place/no nomination again. You know how insecure us artistic types are. Whiners, that's us!

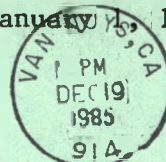
SHEILA STRICKLAND: I enjoyed NASFiC despite the heat and the long walks from the Sheraton to the Palmer Auditorium. I saw JR Madden with his "Press" ribbon at the con and he let me know he was your ace reporter there. So, I won't bore you with my recollections. I have to mention, though, the blue champagne punch at the Necronomicon party. I thought it was the color of windshield washer fluid, someone else suggested Tidy Bowl. Tasted good, though.

(continued from page 13): I would have preferred to have a weird, typical-60s backyard wedding, but you can't do that in Britain, so we had to Do It at a Registry office. The favorite joke afterwards was that the guy who did the ceremony looked like Marty Cantor (well, he did have a strange haircut). Still, there was no religious nonsense, no funny phrases meant to demonstrate that one party was more important than the other, we were surrounded by friends, and Rob's mum and Hazel both assured me that they wished they'd had a wedding more like mine than the one they got. Several days of fannish gathering of this sort was more like a con than any wedding I've ever been to. Everyone who hadn't met before seemed to get along pretty well. Ted White declared it to be one of the best weeks of his life (or did he say it was the best? Memory no longer serves...) He was bound and determined to come back every year from now on... The details are: Rob Hansen and Avedon Carol were married on June 21, 1985 at the Newham Registry in London, and are now known collectively as Avedon Carol and Rob Hansen, both legally and socially. ((End.))

I READ IT IN EINBLATT: At the next Minicon Damon Knight will judge a "bad SF" writing contest, in two categories. One will include "Putrid passages purloined from published pros(e)." Entries must identify the author and story they're from. The other category will invite fans to write their own terrible opening sentence to an unwritten SF novel. Post your entries to Minicon Programming, Lake Street Station, PO Box 8036, Minneapolis MN 55408.

BEGGING FOR DOLLARS: INSTANT MESSAGE #392 says, "Spider and Jeanne Robinson are begging for financial support for Jeanne's dance company, Nova Dance Theater. They are presently in severe financial crisis." Checks payable to Nova Dance Theatre Association should go to 1672 Barrington St., Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2A2 CANADA. Various inducements include an autographed photo of both in exchange for a \$40 donation. For \$100+, Spider will send you a dual-autographed printout of his next two short stories, prepublication. For \$6000 you can have his Macintosh computer, plus the stories and novels on its diskettes. (Offer expires January 1, 1986). Good grief!

THE LOCAL KLAN IS
RIDDLED WITH SECULAR
HUMANISTS.



Mark L. Olson (54)
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Waltham MA 02154

FILE 770:56
Mike Glyer
5828 Woodman Ave. #2
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