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CORRECTION TO NEWS ITEM ON PAGE 7:
The Lunarians' civil suit against
Larry Carmody is to recover books
and records of the Lunacon Carmody
chaired. The allegations about
advertising revenue are aside from
the lawsuit.

A decisive shakeup of the 1986 Worldcon Events Department management has ended months of tension, hostility, and non-cooperation between fans of different regions. As the result of a December staff meeting at the December Philcon, Department Head Jim Gilpatrick accepted resignations from Functions chief Fred Ramsey, his assistant Fred Isaacs, Technical Services chief Ron Robertson, Hall Programming manager Jane Wagner and Hugo Awards assistant Kathy Shields. Ramsey will be replaced by Marty Gear, but most of the rest will not be replaced, which has been interpreted by some as a measure of how much work had been done by the resignees.

The controversy's centerpiece is Atlanta's decision to run the Hugo Awards on Saturday night and the Masquerade on Sunday night, reversing their usual order on the program. The decision was made without consulting Hugo Awards event manager Eva Chalker Whitley, who initially threatened to resign -- and assured the committee that Bob Shaw said he refused to present the non-Hugo Awards -- then relented, saying she would run them if the department head (Gilpatrick) would take responsibility for the change and if certain function space scheduling was modified to permit adequate technical setup time. Ramsey, Isaacs, or others of the self-described "Paracon Group" had insulated Whitley from their decision-making process, and according to Whitley, used her assistant as they say on Kzin to be "Speaker to Eva." The ultimate example of this was the reassurance she received that nothing affecting her would come up at a department meeting held at State College, PA, in conjunction with Paraclone, permitting her to be excused and stay home preparing for departure to Australia. In fact, that meeting confirmed the changes in schedule already described.

Alluding to a number of interpersonal problems and communication gaps within the department, Jack Chalker contributed his opinion, "The Hugo/Masquerade switch would be headline enough, but



86 COMMITTEE
86'S EVENTS STAFF
CHANGES HUGO DAY

much more disturbing is the entire collapse of authority in the division, the bad feeling among people who thought they were old friends of some of the other, the imperious way in which the decisions were made and the punishment lists drawn up for all who oppose them. Every department head has horror stories and absurdities to tell, and the ironic thing is that none of the department heads have any trouble with each other at all, or more than friendly problems with other divisions. It appears that this managerial middle layer exists only to make sure that none of the dirt for the radical and imperious policy decisions gets to Gilpatrick -- but the mud's sticking anyway."

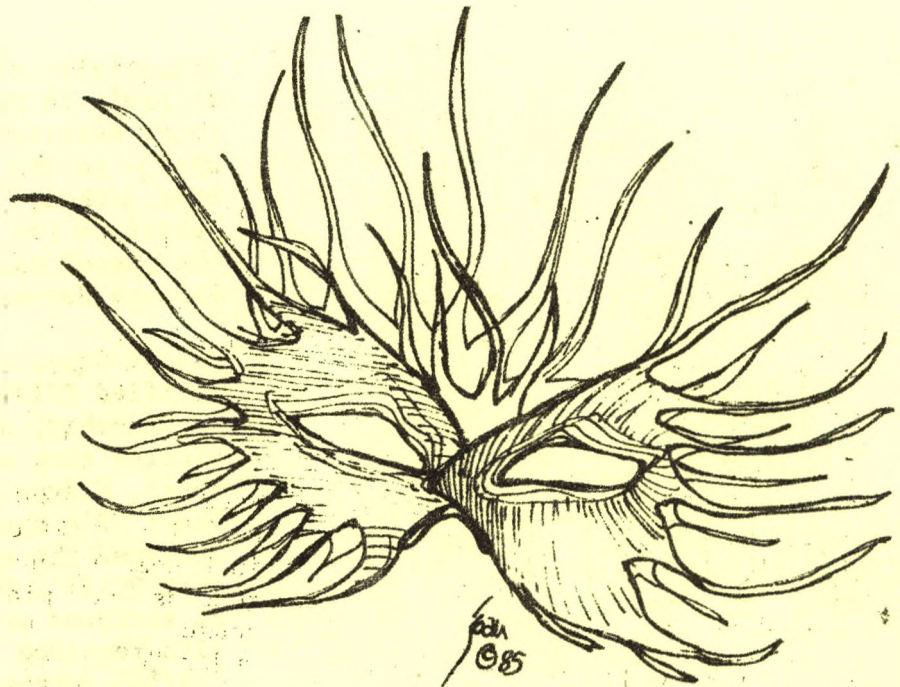
Chalker's statement predated the December department meeting where Gilpatrick had intended to intervene in matters and utilize his considerable skills to get people working together again. One has to infer that matters were decided before he had the opportunity to act. The "Paracon group" met in advance of Gilpatrick's scheduled meeting and greeted Gilpatrick with something less than flexibility -- one supposes it was a defense of their style of running things. Department morale, a motive for the meeting, would not be served by continuing the status quo; it may even have been interpreted by Gilpatrick as insubordination. Jack Chalker's version of Gilpatrick's story when Jim emerged from the meeting was this pseudo-quote: "When they handed me a gun and said 'You can shoot us or you can shoot yourself, and we expect you to shoot yourself,' I allowed them to resign."

"The Paracon Group" version took the form of a goodbye letter dated December 6, 1985, which said in part, "Blame, guilt, and dissection of this-or-that situation and how it could have been handled better are inevitable. But they never seem to accomplish much in any relationship. Let's be grateful that we still have time to readjust. We all started out acting in good faith; let's continue that way. Let's accept the fact that changes are needed and make them. A civilized divorce is one in which the former partners stay friendly. Let's make ours one of that kind."

Plans remain as they were set at Paraclone to have one unified awards ceremony on Saturday night. Controversy has come in the form of a two-front sniper attack on the night switch between Hugos and Masquerade. According to Chalker, GoH at ConTact in Evansville, he witnessed Jim Gilpatrick "besieged by hordes of fans and pros who learned of it and were fighting mad, including Scott Dennis and Tim Zahn. Zahn indicated he might even get up a petition of protest signed by all the likely Hugo nominees." Soon afterward Quebec's famed masquerade fans Patti and Philip Mercier weighed in with a letter to the Atlanta chairs, supposedly voicing a widely shared opinion: "Changing nights may or may not upset the fans. It does upset many costumers we have spoken to. This is probably not of great importance to the Committee, of course. However, many fans do look forward to the masquerade Saturday night -- it fits the party mood of the Convention as the Hugo Ceremony never could. As for the costumers -- believe it or not, it takes a good deal of energy (nervous and otherwise) to do what we do and trying to go on after four Convention nights could be difficult (unlike many Hugo participants, we can't go onstage with a pleasant buzz on)."

Other than the typically fannish response to deify the status quo, one sees nothing in these protests to warrant criticism of the night change. Saturday night Hugos might get better press coverage. If that matters. Whether Saturday night is the most suitable for Masquerades is dubious. The Merciers punt their best point in the process of cheap-shotting Hugo nominees (I haven't had a pleasant buzz for, oh, weeks). Their stature is such that if they'd said a couple nights of all-hours partying would increase physical risks to participants in a Sunday

Masquerade, people would have believed them -- but they don't seem to be arguing the issue on safety grounds. That's perhaps just as well -- if the protest was strong enough, some helpful Worldcon committee would run the Masquerade on Friday. As for Zahn's opposition, Chalker didn't include details to explain its causes.



There should be relatively little effect on the program from swapping times for the con's two biggest attractions. What about the impact

on after-event parties? Saturday night will always be the biggest night for parties with or without the Masquerade. Saturday is the peak attendance day for the con, as well as the last night before Site Selection results are announced. Bidders keep up their front to the last minute, by hosting parties. Individual fans are more likely to schedule a party for the night when most of their friends will have arrived at the con -- and that often includes fans who didn't have Friday off and first get to the con on Saturday. Sunday night, in comparison, has always tailed off because (despite the Labor Day holiday) Monday is a travel day that starts early in the morning for many. The Hugos have usually punctuated the con's last night -- but the Masquerade could do that just as well. What does happen after the Hugos (and not after the Masquerade) is that the editors and publishers throw lush receptions, and the pros disappear into them or other closed parties. Having that happen on Saturday night should be no inconvenience for anyone except the fans who have access to these closed parties and receptions, and will have to choose where they want to go.

In an unrelated Atlanta Worldcon committee change, Bruce and Elayne Pelz have given up the Treasurer title, although they will still be advisors to the con on financial and tax matters. Elayne had finished straightening out the books, and she and Bruce at this point were mainly doing the con's check-writing. It is assumed that Mike Rogers, or the chairs, will appoint a new Treasurer local to Atlanta who can get the bills paid promptly without the delays in mailing them to LA, and implement other committee decisions made on the spot.

In a phone call on January 22, Mike Rogers stated that Atlanta membership stood at 3232. Attending membership rates will stay at \$55 through 3/31/86. Then they go up to \$65 where the price will hold until pre-registration ends 7/15/86. Many thanks to Mike for his call.

LACON II PASSES IRS AUDIT

7(10)61.3 (7-15-83)

Examination Objectives

(1) The examination of an exempt organization has the following objectives:

(a) To determine whether the organization is organized and operated in accordance with its exempt purpose.

(b) To determine whether the organization is liable for unrelated business income tax and the correct amount of this tax.

(c) To determine whether an organization is subject to excise taxes imposed under Chapter 42 or Chapter 43 taxes and the correct amount of these taxes.

MT 7(10)00-116

7(10)61.3

IR Manual

page 7(10)00-72
(7-15-83)

(d) To determine whether the organization has engaged in political activities that make it liable for filing Form 1120-POL (See IRC 527(f)).

(e) To determine whether the organization has properly filed all applicable returns/forms; i.e., Forms 940, 941, 1066, 1099, 990-T, Schedule A (Form 990), 4720, 720, etc.

(f) To determine that farmers cooperatives electing to file Form 1120 have complied with the IRC relating to corporation requirements.

(g) To determine that Form 990 and 990-PF Returns are complete and contain all the public information required by IRC 6033.

((Above: A key passage from the Internal Revenue Manual for Exempt Organizations.))

Potentially vindicating those who refused to panic in the face of last April's Tax Court decision denying exempt organization status to the St. Louis corporation which runs Archon, The Southern California Institute for Fan Interests Inc. (L.A.con II) has passed examination by the Internal Revenue Service unscathed.

Exempt Organization specialist Jim Rapp notified SCIFI of the intended examination in December, and the audit of books and records took place January 15 at the Pelz house, Elayne Pelz and Craig Miller present. Under EO's usual procedures, he orally informed the two at the end of the session that SCIFI's fiscal '83/'84 return would be accepted as filed. Such a field exam also required the inspection of SCIFI's '84/'85 return, so one can reasonably assume no further probe will be made of that year, either.

Bearing in mind the caveat that IRS could reconsider the decision up until they send it to SCIFI in writing, the apparent result may be attributed to the meticulous record-keeping of Elayne Pelz and Craig's mastery of the rhetoric contained in the St. Louis decision.

Readers will recall that the Tax Court judge hit the St. Louis group right between the eyes, agreeing with IRS' position: "You are not operated exclusively for exempt purposes within the meaning of section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, and you are operated, in part, for the private benefit of artists and dealers. Also you are operated in furtherance of substantial nonexempt commercial and social and entertainment purposes. Therefore you do not qualify for exemption from income tax."

Miller came prepared with explanations of the worldcon Art Show and Dealers' Room which showed them in the light of unique services to the sf community. He showed that the proceeds (to the extent retained by SCIFI) funded educational projects in the field. He also scored points by indicating that art or products that did not meet the "theme of the convention" (sf) were excluded from the convention. This angle on the Worlcon was designed to appeal

to the attitude that some kind of critical screening process marks the administration of an art exhibit by an exempt organization, whereas an "all comers" policy is indistinguishable from normal commerce (like a swap meet). The St. Louis decision relied for a precedent (in part) on the case in which just such a critical yardstick was propounded.

In reality, the EO specialist readily accepted several SCIFI practices he might have challenged just in the normal course of an audit. L.A.con II issued no Form 1099s to artists. Nor were they asked to do so -- although an IRS audit of the 1980 Worldcon corporation had called on MCFI to issue such documents. SCIFI had hundreds of volunteer workers -- no problem, though their status could have been probed because of the extensive reimbursements made after L.A.con turned a profit. The practice is correct -- it just should have triggered some interest. Likewise, the specialist could have fielded the issue of whether SCIFI's distributions to nonexempt groups was clear of any excise tax liability -- but Craig's explanations convinced him of their appropriateness under SCIFI's charter.

We may also see at work in this situation the examiner's tendency to assign high credibility to the explanations of someone whose financial accounting and records preparation are as thorough as Elayne made SCIFI's materials.

If the IRS' final determination matches the specialist's assurances to Craig and Elayne, fan convention organizers can rest a bit easier -- at least the ones who live outside of St. Louis.

IN OTHER WORDS

LUNARIANS CIVIL SUIT: Several New York sources say that the New York club Lunarians, which runs Lunacon each spring, has filed a civil suit against past Lunacon chair and officer Larry Carmody, seeking to recover \$900 in advertising revenue received by Carmody for program book space, which he allegedly did not pay over to the club.

THE GHOSTS WALK AT BELMONT LIONS CLUB: Their new clubhouse not having been entirely subdued by the repairmen, NESFA has been thrown back on other facilities. For example, the PROPER BOSKONIAN collation, not to mention club business meetings, were held at the Belmont Lions club in early January. PROPER BOSKONIAN soon reached the West Coast, but must have gone through some kind of cosmic rays en route because all the pages are *the same color twiltone!* I have forwarded my copy to the Fanzine Control Board's Engineering Section for further study. This never happens to MAYBE...

TERESA COLLAPSES: A setback in Teresa Nielsen Hayden's health will delay the TAFF report she and Patrick promised would be out within a year of their trip. They write: "Well, that was a dumb promise, since it assumed Teresa's health would hold up: quite an assumption. It isn't holding up. On January 17, one day after we mailed the most recent TAFFLUVIA (#4), Teresa collapsed in the stacks of Columbia University's main library while doing research in connection with her job, and was rushed to a nearby hospital with oxygen tubes up her nose. The symptoms included tachycardia, numb extremities, and severe dizziness, and have continued over the week since. The best diagnosis we have so far (her cardiogram checks out as OK) is overstress and overwork, and comes coupled with strict instructions to Cool It. This may make our TAFF report a few months late. Granted, it was arguably dumb to bind ourselves to such a show-offy promise. The theory was that if we did so bind ourselves, we'd be motivated to get the job done no matter what. Many a TAFF report has failed to appear because publishing it was never a top priority.) Well, all right. We was dumb, and if anyone feels we should return all the money we spent on our trip, posthaste, do feel free to speak up..."

MILTON F. STEVENS — FANNISH SQUIRREL REVIVAL



Recently I was listening to a song entitled "Mississippi Squirrel Revival" which describes the spiritually uplifting effect of having an undiagnosed squirrel in your underwear. This got me thinking about the subject of revival. Some religious groups seem in constant need of revival. Fans often talk about fannish revivals, fanzine revivals, and on a Sunday morning of a convention all sorts of fans are in need of revival. Usually, fans aren't looking for exactly religious revival. Of course, there were some fans who took to wearing saffron robes and chanting "Harry Warner, Harry Warner." They figured it was about as sensible as chanting "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna" (which proved not to be sensible in the slightest.)

I figured maybe there might be something to this revival idea. I've been trying to revive my fanzine activity, and frankly, mainlining Geritol doesn't seem to help much. I figured Spirit Writing, Yes; Spirit Duplicating, No. So I tried yelling "Hallelujah" between every paragraph of an article I was writing. Have you ever noticed how uncomfortable you feel when the cats start looking at you funny? This didn't entirely discourage me. Maybe there was something to this speaking in tongues idea. I tried it, but all I ended up with was a letter to the Cult in Esperanto.

Even if I seemed to be having a problem getting revived, maybe it would work on a broader scale. Maybe in a situation which was similar to the one described in the song. Imagine the dulllest place in all fandom. That's right, the Worldcon Business Meeting. Imagine as the annual synod of the soporific continues its neverending quest for cosmic dullness. Suddenly, in the midst of all this industrial strength ennui, George Flynn gets a strange look in his eyes. Flynn leaps to his feet and starts giving the statistical history of fandom since 1937. Next, he starts doing the hucklebuck down the main aisle. As if lightning had struck, twenty fans leap to their feet and yell, "Lemme get to a typewriter!"

In the midst of this chaos, an ancient first fandomite momentarily conquers the ague and leaps to his feet to confess Harry Warner's sins. Not to be outdone, Andy Porter leaps to his feet and confesses everyone else's sins (but naturally gets all the attributions wrong). While all of this is going on, the TV news people happen by and within weeks the Skiffy Shuffle is a dance craze in 16 states.

Meanwhile, in one corner of the room a femmefan has had a brilliant idea for a new sex perversion. She tries it at a party that evening. The party results in 15 more articles and her nomination for DUFF.

With all this activity, fandom would be revitalized for years. Fanzines would be published, songs would be composed, and rumors would be mongered. Paper salesmen and divorce lawyers would have a field day. George Flynn will give the complete statistical results later.

++ Milt Stevens ++

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE NEWS

DEALERS TOLD TO PAY UP

Although the Sumerians invented the wheel over six thousand years ago, it was only three months ago that the Atlanta Worldcon Dealers' Room reinvented the flat tire. A huckster critical of Dealers' Room policies forwarded a recent piece of correspondence to FILE 770 and said that, at least for him, Confederation's year-end squeeze for cash raised ethical questions and left bad feelings.

Hucksters who had reserved tables in the 1986 Worldcon Dealers' Room received a form letter from room manager Steve Francis reminding them of the number of tables they committed to, and that any unpaid balance was due in full. The warning was made, "Final payments not received...by January 2, 1986, will result in the forfeiture of your priority number. Your table or booth may be moved to a less desirable location. If payment is not received by January 31, 1986 your table or booth reservation will be cancelled and your name will be placed at the end of our waiting list. Refunds shall be subject to the resale of cancelled space."

Since the complaining huckster had always intended to pay by the deadline, he did not expect to be affected, but he asked what right the committee had to keep deposits after a dealer defaulted out of his reservation? Was this the kind of ethics fandom promotes, to keep money for services not rendered?

That seems unlikely to happen in practice: the 1986 Worldcon dealers' room was fully reserved by August 1985 -- the demand for space left a waiting list long enough to fill any reasonable number of cancellations. But even if no money is likely to be lost by dealers, the con's management practice in this area bears further investigation. How was this problem ever able to come up? Why is dunning correspondence being sent to dealers?

Turning to Steve Francis' "Dealers Room Information Progress Report One" and other available missives, one must say that following from certain basic assumptions about how the con would administer its dealers' room, Francis has done well. He fully explained his room rules and payment policies, listing well in advance all the options and consequences. A dealer could have had a total refund for any reason just by asking before January 2, 1986. Only an irresponsible person would risk his deposit under this system. Francis has kept up a regular outflow of information to dealers. In a sense, if you wanted to play in the game, the rules you were expected to abide by were well publicized, leaving no good grounds for complaint.

The problems seem to arise from the fundamental decision to accept partial payments as deposits reserving tables, which would have to be paid in full by a given deadline. How does this affect running a dealers' room, I asked George Jumper, who headed

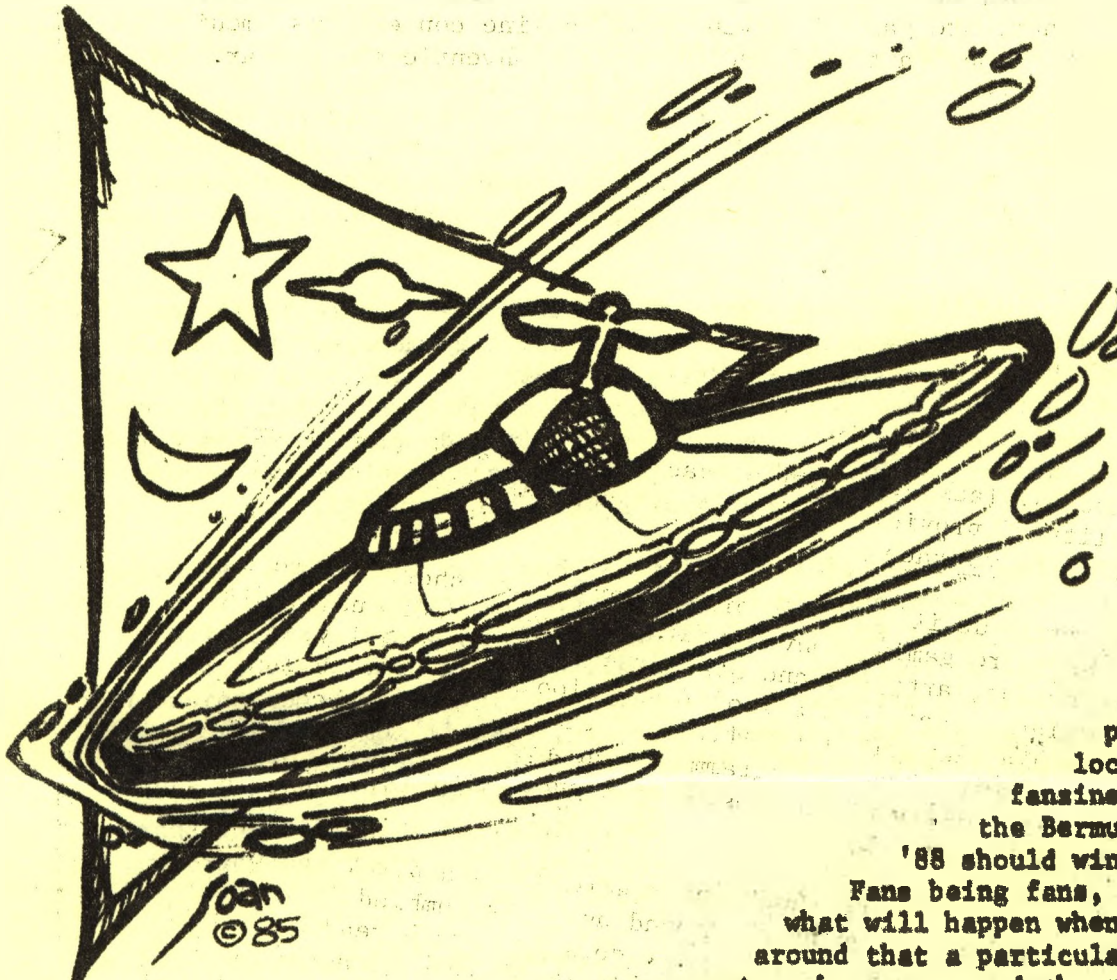
the L.A.con II Dealers' Room. His simple answer was that L.A.con II's policy was cash in advance -- full payment at the time tables were requested. The Dealers' Room table fees are an important source of cashflow to a convention. In the shadow of ConStellation no other policy was considered. George also favored cash-in-advance as a policy because it avoided petty squabbles over precedence between those who sent in part payments, but didn't finish paying until later than someone who wrote a check in full to begin with. You see, there is not merely the matter of getting a table, but of favored positions for those who have tables. I also asked Jack Chalker, whose recollection of earlier Worldcon huckster rooms was that they required full prepayment.

Whether the 1986 Worldcon Dealers' Room is experimenting with a new policy, or following another lead, its allowance of reservations for 50% of the final price appears tailor-made for controversy. It gives the public an opportunity to delay paying during a time when most worldcons are hungry for cash. At the same time it puts the dealers' room manager in the position of issuing collection notices, and presiding over all the complaints from dealers who lose their reservations. The mystery is why anyone would put himself in this position deliberately. ++ ((Since typing the foregoing, I've been able to talk to Richard Spelman, ChiCon IV Dealers' Room chief, who says they also followed a policy allowing deposits. But we recall that ChiCon IV did serious budget revisions to break even.))

CHECKING IN WITH CINCINNATI IN '88: Chairman of the Cincy in '88 bid, Mark Evans, sent along a xerox of the official filing submitted through the Atlanta committee in time to make the mail ballot. Fannish Activities of Ohio Inc. ("FANACO") lists Evans as President, Elizabeth Gross as Vice President and Robert Hillis as Treasurer.

Evans wrote to renew debate over Mike Resnick's concern that Cincinnati's annual Labor Day celebration makes a Worldcon there untenable. Said Evans, "Mr. Resnick's comments were most unexpected. I am glad he seems to feel that the Labor Day events in Cincinnati deserve mention. The fireworks display on Labor Day is quite nice to watch. I only hope that if we win the '88 race that enough fans choose to stay over on Monday and watch the display to make Mr. Resnick's comments appreciated. Alas, as you know, the trend is for 75% or more of a Worldcon's attendees to be gone by Monday evening. They will miss a nice show." Comment well taken; one wonders what the effect on traffic escaping downtown might be while the fireworks lovers are streaming in? That quibble aside, we may have finally found the crux of this debate, through all the smoke: is there going to be a major, all-weekend celebration in the city, or just a Labor Day night show?

Certainly there is no reticence from the city or its convention industry about a potential Worldcon. Mayor Charles J. Luken has issued an official invitation on his letterhead for the con to come there in 1988. The President of the Greater Cincinnati Hotel-Motel Association was equally cordial. The bid's tentative block of facilities has been confirmed in writing by the Greater Cincinnati Convention and Visitors Bureau. All specified the Labor Day weekend (Thursday September 1 through Monday September 5, 1988). The facilities would include the Cincinnati Convention Center, linked to hotels by a "Skywalk" system. The Convention Center is being expanded and renovated, all to be done by June 1987. A total of 2250 rooms ("the number of guest rooms they normally commit for group business") would be spread over six hotels, the main ones being the Clarion Hotel (700) and the Omni Netherland Plaza (500). These are not the promises one would expect from a city besieged by bicentennial business. Interestingly, Evans says "After all the bidding is done, we intend to publish a breakdown of how we spent our money and how much we spent. Win or lose, I figure that it will be an item of interest." True.



"I think I predicted in a loc to some other fansine trouble if the Bermuda Triangle in '88 should win the Worldcon. Fans being fans, I can foretell what will happen when word gets around that a particularly revealing costume has come on deck or Harlan Ellison is arguing with Dick Bergeron in the fore-castle. About 1746 of the 1750 passengers will rush to that spot, the TILT signs would flash on the Captain's bridge, and thirty seconds later the S.S. Norway would become another paragraph in future NATIONAL ENQUIRER articles about dis-appearances in the Carribean." ++ Harry Warner Jr. ++

Rick Foss: Lost at Sea-Worldcon?

Although I don't particularly support the Bermuda Triangle bid for the 1988 Worldcon, I have to thank Neil Rest and his shipmates for proposing it. This is not because I think it is a particularly good idea, but because the argument over which bid to support may bring about some much needed examination of exactly what a Worldcon is.

Neil's idea centers on the concept of a Worldcon as an international relaxacon, set aboard a ship cruising the Carribean. He points out that a ship is already set up for 24 hour service as is demanded by a convention, and envisions fans and pros baking together in the noonday sun. Quibbles such as the extremely small size of

ship cabins for room parties, lack of function space for programming or an art show, and the impossibility of providing multiple track programming are met by the response, "But this is a relaxacon."

Well, it may be a relaxacon, but it's not a Worldcon by a long shot. There are relaxacons all year. There are gaming conventions, fanzine conventions, media conventions, filmcons, sercons, artcons, and Star Trek conventions all year. There is only one convention a year that all of fandom looks toward to bring together all these groups for our mutual benefit, and that's the Worldcon. If you aren't going to feature multi-track programming, an art show and masquerade, and all the other amenities, you aren't proposing to have a Worldcon, just a relaxacon in the same time slot.

L.A.con II caused some rumblings among those who regard SF as a purely literary pursuit. What is this extravaganza going on around us, they mumbled into their beer. Movies, exhibits, art, costumes, parties... doesn't anyone read any more? The final consensus seemed to be that the Worldcon is actually at least five conventions going on simultaneously. As the avenues for introduction into the world of sf have branched out beyond the traditional, our world convention has become more diverse. You may like it or not, but that's what has happened.

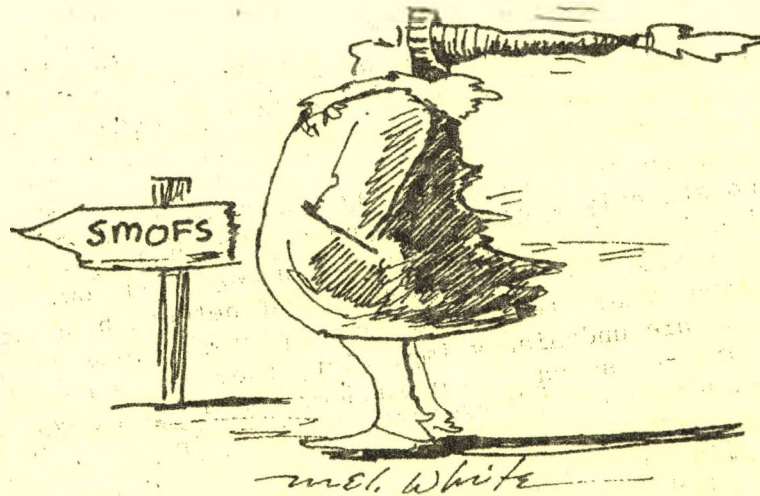
For the first time in the history of the medium, SF has been recognized as having real mass market potential when handled by masters of the genre. We are in the age not of TV atrocities like STARLOST or BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, where scriptwriters went straight from situation comedies to pseudo-sf, but in a time where artists such as Spielberg and Ellison are working carefully to visualize themes unique to science fiction. SF films are being taken seriously, even if some of the big budget ones have been big turkeys. This outpouring of high quality material is going to bring greater interest in science fiction conventions from a public that has been initiated into SF visually. If their interest is sufficient that they are willing to travel hundreds or thousands of miles to enjoy the Worldcon, should we not present some programming to fit their needs?

Personally, I don't own a television, don't go to movies, don't play games, and am not motivated to do more than watch masquerades. This doesn't mean that I don't try to make welcome neofans who pursue an interest in all those endeavors while I continue reading the literature that has fascinated me since childhood: straight SF. I enjoy meeting people from all these subfandoms, and while I don't necessarily understand their interests, I enjoy the chance to sample them at the only chance I get: Worldcon.

The Bermuda Triangle bid has definitely started me thinking about what a Worldcon is, and I think other fans are pondering the same question. I think that we have been voting on the basis of room parties and past memories of same-city cons for too long.

Ask yourself how you have been making your choices over the years, and all the parameters that you have taken into account. The weather? Some drawings of a hotel with no idea of the scale? A bid party? A convention run in the same city by a different committee twelve years ago? If you're not on the SMOF pipeline, or an energetic conrunner yourself, the names on the bid committee list are so much alphabet soup.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to ask for a proposed program from all serious



con bids. Perhaps resumes of committee members should be requested by those who wish to be able to make an intelligent choice. It might be interesting to weigh the merits of different bids on some basis besides geographic location and the ability to throw bid parties. Perhaps fans have a right to demand a statement from each bid regarding the specific emphasis that would be placed on different elements of the con. It may be that those people at L.A.con were right, and fandom would overwhelmingly support a convention bid that emphasized the scientific and literary aspects over the visual and media aspects. It may be that we would see more innovative ideas and themes as cons competed to find really interesting concepts to interest fandom. Since there is a long time between bidding and the con the specific topics could be nonbinding, as trends in SF change along with everything else, but something that would give an idea of the way the convention committee is thinking could be invaluable. (Britain in '87's PR #1 shied away from the concept of "A Worldcon Philosophy," but I think their statement is at least a tentative example of what I am talking about.)

I don't think that the Bermuda Triangle bid has a chance of winning. Besides the above mentioned reasons, the fact that it would not be tax deductible would keep away the pros who many fans come to cons to meet and learn from. The weather in the Carribean at that time is appalling, the low passenger capacity will keep many fans from voting for it simply because they know they couldn't attend. A one thousand person convention a Worldcon? That's an appropriate size for a medium size regional convention. Whoever ran the NASFiC in '88 would be running the closest thing there would be to a Worldcon that year. As a bid, Bermuda Triangle will probably be a flop. As a thought-provoking exercise that has also spawned some very good parties, it is to be congratulated.

((Foss later added:)) Some people reading my proposals have felt that it would make the bidding process a mud slinging match between different committees. To this, I can only observe that it already is. It would be hard to match the low level of character assassination currently circulating about some of the committees that are going for '88. What I am proposing is that bidders should give the fans an idea of who the committee members are, what they have been responsible for in the past, and any innovations that they plan to make in their departments. Some consoms have been very open with this information, many have not.

Is it asking too much of fandom to have any kind of standardization in bidding procedures? It is acknowledged that many people will still make their decision based on geographical considerations. Still, there are many fans who don't get to very many conventions and cannot interact with the bids' representatives.

There is no printed forum where different bids can be discussed frankly and at length. FILE 770 carries general reports that are quite useful, but not at length and rarely with rebuttal. The more information one has available for comparison, the better.

((After writing the remarks before the addendum just above, Foss mailed them to Neil Rest, captain of the Bermuda Triangle in '88 bid. Neil's rebuttal, for publication, consisted of the following paragraphs.))

NEIL REST: LIVE FROM THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE

My responses to Rick Foss' two-page essay divide two ways. First, it's gratifying that he so strongly agrees with one of the things we are doing: goading people into asking just what a Worldcon is, anyway, and how, and what. It is my impression that there hasn't been much disagreement between bids except for charts and lists of hotels and square feet and blocks apart and local warm body counts. While all those things are undeniably important, they are means, not ends. Our end is to put on a world-class party for fandom. We all know the perennial problems with facilities; how about one DESIGNED for partying?

On the details there are several factual corrections. I most emphatically am not criticizing Rick, but partly as the result of the attention we've received, there are some errors in his remarks. Only corrections to those are listed here, not what we feel to be the other positive points of our bid.

We are bidding to put on a RELAXED con. We have room for programming, an art show, and hucksters. We will have the first Masquerade Ball in about fifteen years. In addition to a theater on board, we are wired for closed-circuit television, with half a dozen or more channels.

Our weather would be likely to be better than the other contenders', and you'd expose yourself to it only by choice. (When did you last go to a Worldcon without having to cross streets?) I'd think that you'd take a jaundiced view of the likelihood of any substantial "tax reform", but in any case, the tax deductions for pros, which some people fear many are dependent on, are intact. *((Editor's note: since the SS Norway is not of United States' registry, that is a problem.))*

I really don't know where his figure of 1000 comes from. The total capacity of the Norway is over 2100, which is about 50% more than the number of people who vote. Incidentally, you may recall that the device of ever escalating membership price as the convention approaches was initiated ten years ago to try to limit attendance. While the reason has been forgotten, the mechanism is still in place; our membership price, should we win, will not escalate.

ROBERT SACKS: A POINT OF ORDER

((New York fan Robert Sacks, a familiar figure at front row center of most Worldcon Business Meetings, in the following letter copied to various worldcon bid committees addresses the rules affecting the Bermuda Triangle in '88 bid. The 1988 Worldcon must be held in the Central North American zone unless it is won by an "outside North America" bidder. Does a cruise ship bid departing Miami for a circuit of the Caribbean satisfy the existing World SF Society Constitutional requirements?))

This is an advisory opinion on the eligibility of the Bermuda Triangle bid. It

does not represent my personal -ishes and desires, but my best reading of the WSFS Constitution as published in the Aussiecon Two Progress Report #3.

1. There is no definition of North America in the Constitution. It is certainly not defined as Mexico, the United States and Canada. North America is a geographic term, defined in the *ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA* as "bounded by the Pacific Ocean (west), the Arctic Ocean (north), and the Atlantic Ocean (east) and is connected to South America by the Isthmus of Panama. North America thus includes the whole of what is sometimes referred to as Central America, or Meso-America, and the northernmost part of the culturally defined entity known as Latin America, as well as the islands of the Carribean Sea. The island of Greenland on the North American continental shelf has firm structural connections with the continent." The encyclopedia also gives the location of Bermuda as "North America (insular)." Hawaii, on the other hand, is described as lying mid-Pacific, and therefore is not part of North America, even though it is a state of the United States.

It is my conclusion that a cruise ship travelling between Florida, Bermuda and Carribean islands never leaves North America.

2. Assuming that the cruise ship travels east from Florida and back, it falls within the eastern region (*(Worldcon rotation zone)*): "Florida and all states and provinces eastward." It is therefore out-of-rotation for 1988.

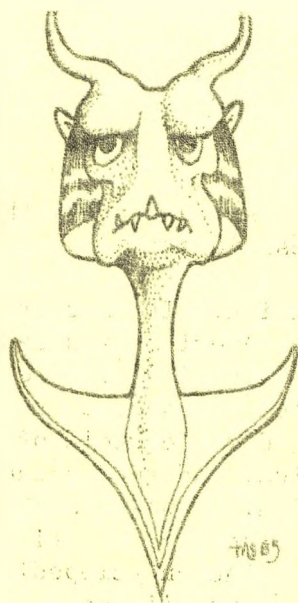
3. The only way for an out-of-rotation bid to be selected is for site selection to devolve upon the Business Meeting if "None of the Above" is selected as the site. (See Article III Section 3.)

I would suggest that in fairness to the Bermuda Triangle bid, they be listed on the ballot with the notation that their votes will be tallied with "None of the Above", and that the votes be so tallied.

4. Much has been made of the right of general attendance in Article I Section 4. I would suggest that the representations of the Bermuda Triangle Bid be accepted: not everyone can afford to go to a Worldcon now, and not everyone can get a reservation in convenient hotels now. I have not seen the Bermuda Triangle Bid literature relating to the option to purchase 2 memberships, but I suggest it be interpreted in terms of a mandatory double room reservation. I would suggest that the bid and the cruise ship be queried to see if triple/quads are possible, which would raise the membership limits. ++ Robert Sacks ++

EDITORIAL CLOSING NOTE: Self-evidently, one way for all of the discussion raised by Foss, Rest and Sacks to resolve itself is to put Bermuda Triangle on the ballot and let people vote. If they want the features offered by the bid, they vote for it. If they feel that the bid is elitist, misrepresentative of a Worldcon, not legal within their personal interpretation of the rules, or defective in some other way, they vote for someone else. But that is the easy way out, and does not take into account the 1986 Worldcon committee's challenging responsibility to administer the Constitution, and assure that no unfair/illegal competition is allowed onto the ballot against legal bids. So in a sense, Atlanta has to make a decision. If all they do is include every declared 1988 bid on the ballot, that's still a decision.

My personal views are as follows. I don't understand why midwestern fans in particular seem so enthusiastic about sending the worldcon somewhere they can't attend it, in a year when three reasonable midwestern venues are offered. I don't like the forced-reduction in scale of the con inherent in the boat bid. But since it would mostly cruise international waters, that makes it legal enough to be on the ballot.



AUSSIECON COVERAGE RESUMES

HON. RACE MATHEWS, M.P.

OPENING ADDRESS

*Race Mathews is Minister for the Arts
of the State of Victoria legislature.*

INTRODUCTION: I might easily have confined this introduction to the comment that Race Matthew's autobiographical speech holds the same importance to fandom's history as Fred Pohl's *THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS*. But there is more. In November I received a photo of Walt Willis sitting in his garden in Ireland holding FILE 770 in one hand and the 1951 Nolacon Program Book in the other, which he explained: "Many thanks for F770:54; awaiting us on our return from holiday in Majorca (whose only claim to fannish fame is that once in Magaluf I found an unknown pornographic novel by Chas Platt) were also an accidentally disinterred Nolacon Program containing signatures gathered for me by LeeH at the original Room 770; and a note from Bob Shaw... 'The Australian Minister of the Arts -- the Rt. Hon. Race Mathews -- gave a wonderful opening address in which he detailed his experiences as a fanzine publisher in the early '50s. Afterwards I told him I had particularly enjoyed it because I was going through identical experiences in Belfast at exactly the same time, and the first thing he said was, "And how is Walt Willis these days?"...' What a web we have woven, Mike. I looked up the antique card index and sure enough there he was, Race Mathews, exchange for Baccanalia. Wish I could find a copy of that; I'd write him a loc."

INTRODUCTION

Being invited to open a world science fiction convention after a thirty year absence from the ranks of science fiction fandom recalls the parable of the prodigal son. Alternatively, fan chauvinists may see a closer parallel in the story of the clergyman who had among his flock a well-known prostitute. After service one Sunday morning, the clergyman said to the prostitute: "Mary, I prayed for you all last night." Mary, in her turn, replied: "Why Reverend, you needn't have done that. All you had to do was pick up the telephone and I'd have come right over." Be this as it may, it is good to be back briefly on the occasion when the Aussiecon takes its place as a major event in Victoria's 150th birthday celebrations calendar.

It is appropriate, in an age of unprecedented science fiction abundance, to remember an age of scarcity now behind us, I hope, for all time. It is appropriate

on the occasion of Melbourne playing host for the second time to a world science fiction convention that we should recall how science fiction lovers in this city first came to organize themselves in the post-war period. In so doing, they laid the foundations on which this convention has been built. It is appropriate to review the roles of those who were involved -- one dead before his time, others like myself long since departed for other callings or preoccupations, and others again serving science fiction still. It is appropriate to reflect on what science fiction has been and its promise for the future.

FIRST ENCOUNTERS

By definition, there are as many accounts of first encounters with science fiction as there are readers of science fiction. Kingsley Amis has written about how, at the age of "twelve or so", he discovered science fiction while rummaging through a display bin in the neighborhood Woolworths. The bin was labelled *YANK MAGAZINES: Interesting Reading*. Frederik Pohl has described coming across his first copy of *SCIENCE WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY* when he was nine. Predictably, a scaly green monster dominated its cover. As Pohl recalls, "I opened it up. The irremediable virus entered my veins."

There is a common thread which links these episodes and the prewar science fiction experience generally. Science fiction, once discovered, was abundant and readily accessible. As Pohl has pointed out: "Magazines were a Depression business. If you couldn't afford fifty cents to take the family to the movies, you could probably scrape up a dime or twenty cents to buy a magazine, and pass the magazine back and forth to multiply the investment." For Amis, in Britain, the price would have been even lower. The *Yank Magazines* from his Woolworth's bin would almost certainly have been unsold copies returned to the publishers from newsstands across America. "Returns" were shipped out of the country by weight, and ultimately sold through English and Australian department stores for something marginally more than the scrap value of the paper.

A further common thread exists in the relative ease with which prewar science fiction readers were able to make contact with one another. Pohl belonged in quick succession to the Brooklyn Science Fiction League, the East New York Science Fiction League, the Independent League, the International Cosmos Science Club and The Futurians. To quote him for the last time: "We changed clubs the way Detroit changes tailfins, every year we had a new one and last year's was junk." In the unlikely event of Kingsley Amis having wanted to join a fan club, the choice open to him in prewar Britain would have included various chapters of Hugo Gernsback's Science Fiction Association and the British Interplanetary Society. Prewar Australian readers had a Futurian Society of Melbourne and a Futurian Society of Sydney.

SCARCITIES

Matters were otherwise in wartime and immediately postwar Melbourne. There is a passage in Arthur C. Clarke's short story "The Sentinel" which, even today, those of us who were growing up at the time cannot read without emotion. Clarke wrote: *Nearly a hundred thousand million stars are turning in the circle of the Milky Way, and long ago races in the worlds of other suns must have scaled and passed the heights that we have reached. Think of such civilizations, far back in time against the fading afterglow of Creation, masters of a universe so young that life as yet had come to only a handful of worlds. Theirs would have been a loneliness we cannot imagine, the loneliness of gods looking out across infinity and finding none to share their thoughts.*"

Science fiction seemed to us to be truly "...a universe so young that life as yet had come to only a few worlds." Being a science fiction reader was still mostly a solitary pursuit, involving something truly akin to "...the loneliness of gods looking out across infinity and finding none to share their thoughts." Books and magazines were few and far between. Those which were turned up through painstaking searching and scrounging had to be savored, eked out and repeatedly reread. Often a point was reached where a favorite story was known virtually by heart. We had reason to understand better than most the much-quoted paraphrase of a famous 1949 ASTOUNDING punchline, "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan."

CHILDHOOD

It was my good luck to be born into a household where both reading generally and science fiction were as much a part of life as drawing breath. As a baby, I was walked up and down in my father's arms while he recited Macaulay's LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" from memory, over and over again. Books from the children's shelves in the Melbourne Public Lending Library were read to me for hours on end, until I learned to read for myself when I was five or six. In addition, I was brought home copies of Oakey-Doakes, Alley-Oop, Flash Gordon and other imaginative American comics in the FAMOUS FUNNIES series, which Coles' and Woolworth's used to remainder until the war choked off their supplies in 1940 and '41. Most of the material my father chose for me reflected his own liking for imaginative writing. He had once owned a collection of early issues of AMAZING STORIES, which unhappily for me had to be sold to meet mid-Depression household expenses before I was born. The library books included such magnificent fantasies for children as H.C.F. Morant's neglected Australian classic WHIRLAWAY, Hugh Lofting's DR. DOOLITTLE stories, THE MIDNIGHT FOLK and THE BOX OF DELIGHTS by the poet laureate, John Masefield, Kathleen Tozer's MUNFIE books, AN EXPERIMENT WITH ST. GEORGE by the mathematician and philosopher J.W. Dunne, who also wrote the much better known AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME, and MY FRIEND MR. LEAKEY by the geneticist J.B.S. Haldane. My father had a special affection for THE THREE MULLA-MULGAS by Walter De La Mare and A.E. Coppard's PINK FURNITURE, and I came to know sections of them almost by heart.

J.R.R. Tolkien's THE HOBBIT reached Melbourne in the early 40s. My brothers and I loved it so much that we may have worn out the library's copy single-handed. When I was eleven or twelve, we wrote to Tolkien asking the sort of questions about Moria, Gondolin and the Newcromancer which Humphrey Carpenter's two books -- J.R.R. TOLKIEN, A BIOGRAPHY and THE LETTERS OF J.R.R. TOLKIEN -- have shown were addressed to him by hundreds of readers. There was no reply, but the effort did not go unrewarded. Years later, in 1953, Allen and Unwin sent me their prospectus for a new story about hobbits. As a result, I was able to savor the exquisite suspense of waiting months after THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING reached me for THE TWO TOWERS to be published, and months again for THE RETURN OF THE KING.

The books I owned myself were mostly acquired as Christmas and birthday presents. These were usually waryime "austerity editions" of well-known children's writers, such as Edith Nesbitt, Richmal Crompton and Captain W.E. Johns. Crompton and Johns were the creators respectively of "William" and "Biggles". Nesbitt wrote such glorious fantasies as FIVE CHILDREN AND IT, THE PHOENIX AND THE CARPET, and THE STORY OF AMULET, but my favorite was a collection of her short stories called THE MAGIC WORLD. There were also CHUMS ANNUALS and NELSON LEE LIBRARY school story weeklies which had been left behind in a garden shed at my grandfather's house by my father and uncles. CHUMS and NELSON LEE belonged to a departed era which the social historian E.S. Turner has styled: *"that agreeable period when steam men*



puffed across the prairie trampling Indians underfoot; when the elect of Britain's boarding schools set off every other week by balloon or submarine to discover a lost city or a vanishing island; when almost every Northcliffe boys' paper carried a serial describing the invasion of Britain by Germans, French or Russians; when wellnigh every tramp ice-cream vendor, organ-grinder or muffin-man turned out to be Sexton Blake; and when every self-respecting football team had a mysterious masked centre-forward."

Contemporary boys' weeklies -- CHAMPION, WIZARD, HOTSPUR, ROVER and ADVENTURE -- had to run the gauntlet of enemy submarines before going on sale each Wednesday at the local newsagency. Their shrunken wartime pages were taken up largely by serials, with a large element of fairly primitive science fiction. Characters such as the Iron Teacher and Wilson the superhuman athlete abounded. Following their adventures acquired a special quality of heightened expectancy. It was never certain, from week to week, whether the next installment might not already be lying somewhere on the bottom of the sea.

When I was eight or nine, I discovered that the family's "grown-up" bookshelves included tattered copies of Jules Verne's *A JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH* and Rider Haggard's

THE IVORY CHILD. I read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *THE LOST WORLD* at about the same time, and had nightmares about it for weeks. I acquired the early habit of haunting every secondhand bookshop I could find, in hope of obtaining Allen Quartermain and Tarzan novels, which were out of print for the duration of the war.

SCIENCE FICTION

All this was prelude. The circumstances of my first real encounter with science fiction were much the same as for Amis and Pohl. The year was 1944. I, too, was nine. Travelling to school involved a change of trams at the junction of Balaclava Road and High Street in St. Kilda. Close by, second hand comics and magazines were sold by a down-at-heel shop with a veranda which carried in faded letters the word "Saddler", alongside a lifesize wooden horsehead. Accordingly, it was as "Saddler" that the equally down-at-heel proprietor figured in my mind.

At first, the daily wait for my change of trams was passed simply by staring at the exotic American comics such as *CAPTAIN MARVEL* and *TORCH AND TORRO* which dominated Saddler's window. American comics, unlike their local poor relations, were printed in full color. Their content was similarly believed to be superior. Their value as schoolyard status symbols was immense. The combination of these qualities enabled Saddler to price any item of American origin at 2/6. British and Australian comics cost no more than a penny, twopence or threepence. 2/6 in my terms was pocket money for an entire week.

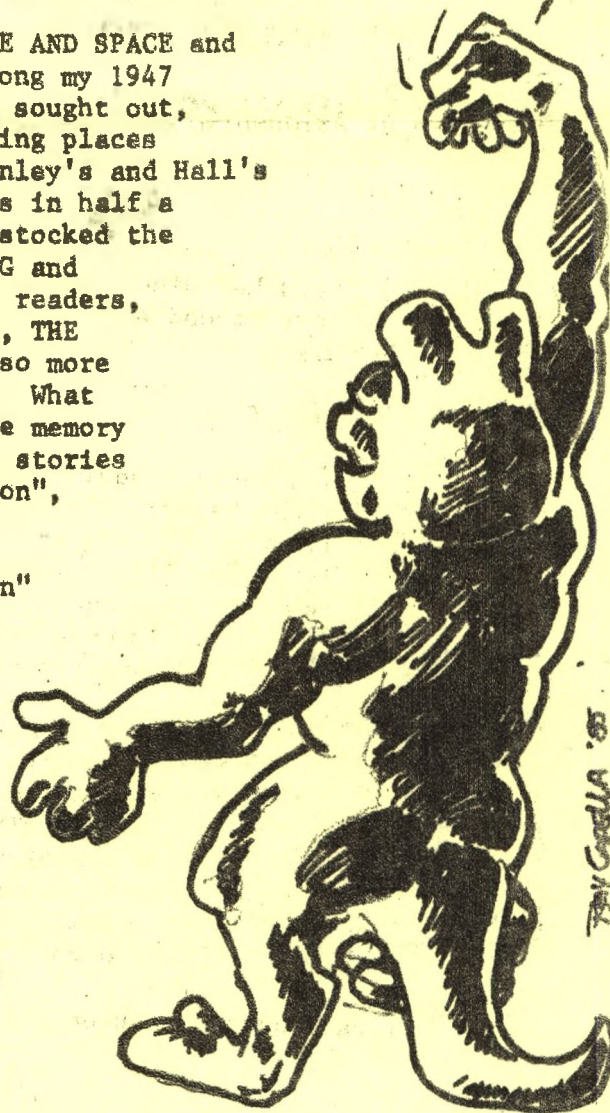
I was shortly to need it all. The two-and-sixpenny market section of Saddler's

stock had a display stand to itself. One Thursday, the comics there had been moved to make room for a thicker magazine, with untrimmed edges. The cover featured a couple of bulbous red bipeds, directing something like an old-fashioned movie camera at a man and woman dressed for tropical exploration and confined in a cage. It was the tenth anniversary issue of THRILLING WONDER STORIES published five years earlier in 1939.

The effect on me was instantaneous. No glittering prize in later life has ever beckoned me quite so alluringly. I lived on tenterhooks for the next two days, hoping against hope that no other buyer would appear before my pocket money came due on Saturday morning. In the event, no such disaster occurred. The precious 2/6 passed across the counter, and I walked back up High Street to the tramstop, engrossed in John Taine's THE ULTIMATE CATALYST.

The issue also contained DAWN OF FLAME by Stanley Weinbaum, THE MAN WITHOUT A WORLD by two sons of Edgar Rice Burroughs, and -- I think -- one of the VIA series by Gordon A. Giles, which for years afterwards exercised a special grip on my imagination. As the weeks went by, further prewar issues of THRILLING WONDER STORIES made their appearance in Saddler's window, along with occasional copies of AMAZING, STARTLING STORIES, ASTOUNDING and FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. I bought all that I could afford, and, where all else failed, endured the exquisite agony of swapping from among the least favored items already in my possession.

The great McComas/Healy anthology ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE and Groff Conklin's THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION were among my 1947 Christmas presents. More secondhand bookshops were sought out, and their proprietors cultivated. My regular stopping places included Quaine's and Hall's in Prahran, Bird's, Hanley's and Hall's in the city, sundry opportunity shops and bookstalls in half a dozen suburban markets. Newsagents, I discovered, stocked the pitifully thin British reprint editions of ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN WORLDS, from which, unbeknown to Australian readers, the great serials of the 40s -- novels such as SLAN, THE WEAPON MAKERS, CHILDREN OF THE LENS and a dozen or so more of comparable quality -- were consistently omitted. What remained was magical. For thirty and more years the memory has remained with me of savoring for the first time stories such as Clifford Simak's CITY series; "Vintage Season", "Mimsy Were the Borogroves" and the BALDY series by Henry Kuttner; "Rescue Party" by Arthur C. Clarke; "Child's Play" by William Tenn; "Tomorrow's Children" by Paul Anderson; "Hobbyist" by Eric Frank Russell; "He Walked Around Horses" by H. Beam Piper; "In Hiding" by Wilmar H. Shiras; and Murray Leinster's "The Strange Case of John Kingman." I was left with the conviction that one sure test of a good piece of science fiction was whether the editor of ASTOUNDING, John W. Campbell Jr., would have found a place for it in his magazine. Today, writers like -- for example -- Larry Niven in RINGWORLD and THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE, Arthur C. Clarke in RENDEZ-VOUS WITH RAMA, Robert Forward in THE FLIGHT OF THE



RAY GORDON '55

DRAGONFLY, and Brian Aldiss in the HELLICONIA trilogy still triumphantly meet the Campbell test. In defiance of the lessons of RINGWORLD ENGINEERS and all Frank Herbert's sequels to DUNE, I continue to hope that Arthur C. Clarke will someday take up the option he left open for himself with those lines of infinite promise which conclude RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA. Clarke wrote: *And on far-off Earth, Dr. Carlisle Perera had as yet told no one how he had woken from a restless sleep with the message from his subconscious still echoing in his brain: "The Ramans do everything in threes."*

Ursula LeGuin -- in THE DISPOSSESSED and THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS -- has expanded the conceptual horizons of science fiction in ways which Campbell could never have imagined. Along with other women writers such as Joanna Russ and Vonda McInture, she has created a body of work which he would have welcomed into ASTOUNDING with awe and delight.

FANS

By 1950, I was buying my science fiction by mail from Britain. An advertisement in one of these purchases introduced me to Ken Slater's "Operation Fantast" network. Ken was a captain with the British Army on the Rhine. His purpose in life was putting science fiction readers in touch with one another. He also supplied American magazines and pocket books to countries where the postwar dollar shortage meant they were otherwise unobtainable. Operation Fantast linked me with Roger Dard in Perth. Roger, in his turn, gave me the address of Graham Stone, who was running the Australian Science Fiction Society from Box 61 in the Student Union House at Sydney University. A middle-aged schoolteacher named Bob McCubbin struck up a conversation with me while we were browsing side-by-side over the Franklin Lending Library's stock of prewar pulps, in the Eastern Market, now long since vanished from the site of this hotel. ((The Southern Cross)) My copies of ASTOUNDING were passed to me across the counter at McGill's newsagency in Elizabeth Street by a shop assistant who ultimately made himself known as Mervyn Binns. Through Graham Stone I got to know Dick Jenssen, a student of the school which I had just left, and Lee Harding, an aspiring professional photographer who has since become a notable science fiction writer.

Sorting out some papers recently, I found some samples of Lee Harding's earliest work. In April, 1952, Lee sent me a letter introducing himself which read in part: *I'm fifteen years of old age, a stf. fan for five and a an intelligent one for two. Get what I mean? I know the difference between a Bradbury and a Kuttner. I know my pen names too.At the moment I'm just a newcomer to Fandom, but in three months I've (1) joined Ken Slater's "Operation Fantast", (2) subscribed to Stone's STOPGAP etc., (3) become a member of the Australian Science Fiction Society, (4) subscribed to WOOMERA, (5) have made arrangements to get the good U.S. mags regularly, and all the British dittoes, ecept of course the four Spencer mags (ugh!), (7) (Am I boring you?) Stopped getting THRILLS INC. (again, ugh!), (8) made contact with booksellers Carnell and Chapman, (9) (Phew!) Begun my career of collecting rejection slips from stf. magazines, under the able guidance of Roger Dard.*

Lee and I became good friends. This did not mean that we were uncritical of one another. When I failed to answer his letters regularly enough or at acceptable length, he wrote: *I've just about had it. If you don't want your books back, okay. If you don't want to correspond with me, okay again, but I still think it's a dirty show. There's plenty of important fans who don't think it's going out of their way to write to me regularly -- Dard, Stone, Haddon, Solnstef, Slater,*

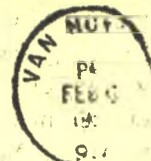
Carnell and the rest. Tell me, how important are you? A week later, peace was restored. A further letter from Lee commenced: I'm a cad! I'm a bounder. I'm ungrateful. I'm a Yank. I'm a no-hoper.Please, tear up or atomise that letter I wrote you. I've buried yours!

Lee was not alone in bringing a certain frenzy to everything he did. All our activities were colored by the frenetic quality which prompted Sam Moskowitz to title his history of early fandom THE IMMORTAL STORM.

*** CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE ***

ART CREDITS: Cover - Alan White. Stu Shiffman: 3. Joan Hanke-Woods: 5, 11. Jim Shull: 8. Mel. White: 12. Jim McLeod: 16. Ray Capella: 19, 20.

IT'S SO EASY TO BE CRITICAL: Reading the third issue of THE DESK SET GAZETTE, part of a series of progress reports on CORFLU III (the fanzine fans' convention), I read the following by Ted White which brings a tear to the eye: "As fanzine fans, we're keepers of the flame: our scattered, tattered fanzines contain the entire written record of fandom -- its myths, its histories, its entertainments; the works. So as historians we look backward, while as stfnal people we look forward: ~~reactionary and revolutionary. Fandom as synthesis.~~" Suppressing a slight doubt that average faneditors go about in the posture of a pro football-center, looking behind while posed to advance, I waited to see what Ted would say about the program. He had a vision. Of "the living fanzine." Said Ted, "The fanzine will be 'edited' by myself, and presented to you by the 'authors' and 'artists'." As the audience you will have the opportunity to respond with vocal 'letters'..." Doubtless this will be an exciting program. But ~~revolutionary?~~ Well, it was when Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins orchestrated the "Live SPANISH INQUISITION" at Balticon years ago. Yes, fanzines are the repositories of all knowledge. If nobody opens them, though, it doesn't help.



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