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CONFEDERATION PTL

Getting There is ~~Overrated~~ Half the Fun. Thursday, August 28, while hundreds of fans were processing through registration in the Marriott Marquis, I was in an airport shuttle bound from Ogden to the Salt Lake City air terminal. There I stood in line at a ticket counter behind Marjoe Gortner. Later I strolled through the cafeteria line and paid prime rib prices for beef stew.

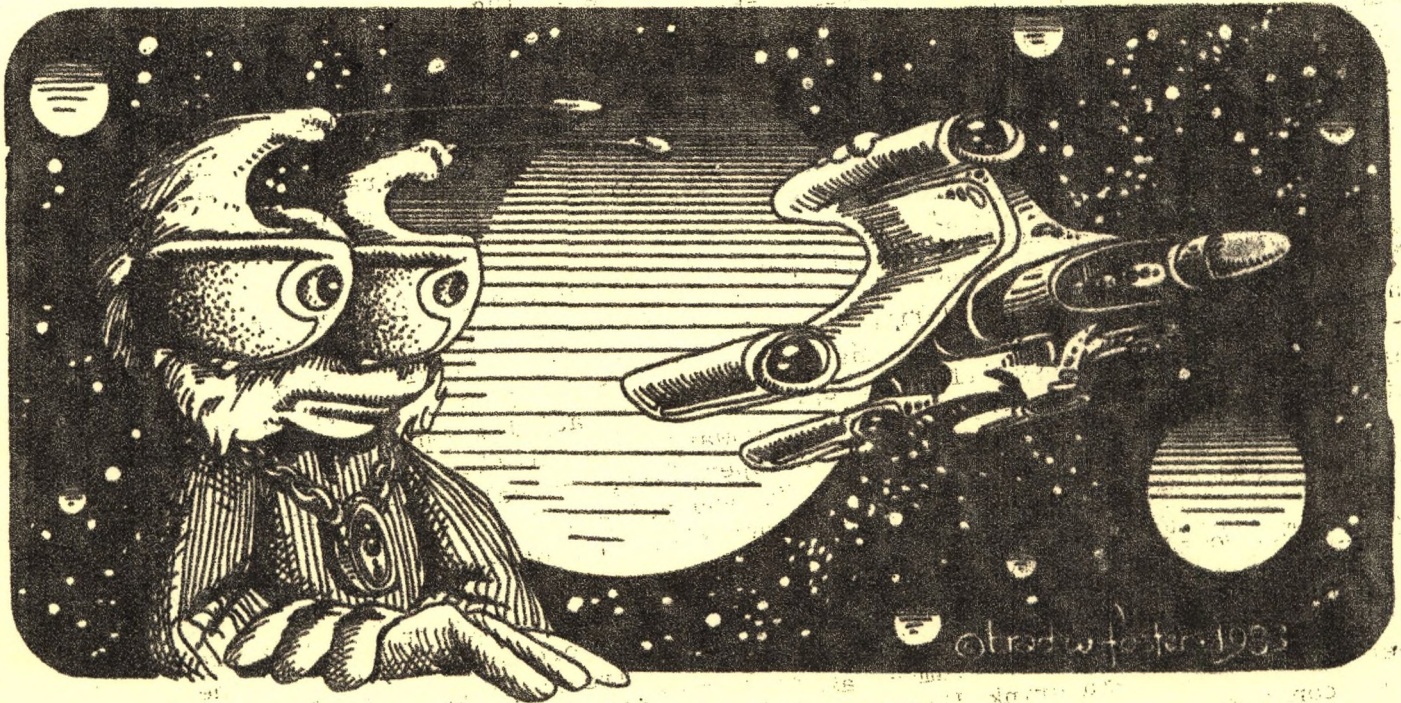
Salt Lake City to Denver was a short hop on one of those 737 cattle cars. We mooed and disembarked at the Denver airport, a United Air Lines hub. I made my connection for an Atlanta flight, and thoughts of IRS' Ogden Service Center were rapidly displaced by plans for the WorldCon. Virtually everyone boarded the right plane. Not everyone. After twenty minutes in the air I noticed the woman in the row ahead of me fanning her hand in distress at the smoke from a cigarette held by a man ahead of her. In short order her complaint led to the man's discovery that his seventh row seat would have been in the smoking section of first class if he'd boarded the correct plane. The man went off. He tiraded forty minutes, first demanding that the plane return to Denver; next shouting that he wanted a parachute; later screaming that they must put him on the airplane's radio so he could call everyone who was waiting for him. The hysterical fool did not become violent, truly disappointing anyone who was ready to punch out his lights.

With incredible irony, at the moment his outburst began, the flight attendants had just started distributing a customer satisfaction rating poll.

The Denver-Atlanta in-flight entertainment distracted me from realizing that half the passengers were on their way to the WorldCon. As I deplaned, I thought I recognized Don C. Thompson. He greeted me. Together we entered the video game subways that connect the Atlanta airport's satellite terminals to the main terminal, and service the parking lots. The subways are fully computerized; every announcement sounds like it's coming from a Bezerk game and ought to be followed by the threat "Kill humanoid intruders!" Don and I collected our bags, and boarded a van with other fans destined for the WorldCon hotel.

Designed by John Portman, the Marriott Marquis seduces a science fiction fan at the very first encounter. Threading a way through traffic lanes made labyrinthine by freeway construction, the airport shuttle turned onto a spiralling concrete ramp entering the Marriott. The shuttle emerged from a 270-degree turn in a loading area that girdled a spotlight pond in which the architect had plunged a large inverted gray dome. It looked like Michael Rennie had just checked into the hotel and didn't know where to park his spaceship.

Almost fifty stories high, the Marquis filled an Atlanta city block: a skyscraping hollow concrete shell. Accomodations were constructed around the walls, leaving a vast and deep atrium, the most striking feature of the hotel. Interrupting the dizzying emptiness of the atrium, a concrete elevator bank appeared to be (by clever architectural illusion) a free-standing column that launched aloft glass-



enclosed passenger capsules, and received them again to a soft landing in the lobby. Stepping from a room high in the hotel one could peer bravely down through the subtle steel bars that seemed intended to hold decorative planters (but actually safeguarded the curious from leaning too far over the perimeter wall) and see microscopic signs of life in the open air restaurants on the Marriott's Garden Level.

The potential danger of objects falling into the hotel bar at terminal velocity was not realized; fortunately for fans. That the Marriott's past experiences were not so benign became evident when a fan overheard two maids in conversation, one of whom said, "I like these people. They throw *soft* things." Yes they did. One midnight I was lounging in a couch at the center of the Garden Level, at the top of the escalators. An empty soda cup smacked the floor at my feet. It was the same kind of cup in common use in the Con Suite, seventy feet above.

The acoustics of the atrium were best appreciated from the Garden Level when the jazz pianist returned with his combo Monday night. Music rang with undistorted clarity all the way to the tenth floor (squelched there by a filksing), Garden was the topmost of three ground levels, above the Convention and Registration levels. The rhythm of piano, drum and cymbals rocked gently against the balconies and elevator column. Looking skyward through the brown steel spokes that rimmed the walkways of the upper floors created the feeling of sitting inside a huge music synthesizer.

The balcony overhanging the Garden Level was ringed with naked light bulbs like a Time Square marquee (uh, get it?) Light bulbs also outlined the elevator cars, evocative of the Victorian ornamentation on Captain Nemo's submarine. They hurtled past the lounge like silent bullets toward Metropolis.

Reaching my room for the first time compared to a human factors test from THE RIGHT STUFF. Stepping into an elevator on the Registration Level, I peered through its glass walls at reassuringly tame ferns in the circulating water of a planter. Then the elevator bolted aloft, leaving the lobby and my stomach below. Afraid of heights? Sorry!

The usual stories arose from the usual overloading during peak elevator usage. An elevator packed with fans departing the Guest of Honor speeches Friday night slipped a few feet and stalled just below the outer door, virtually preventing anyone from climbing out. Standing armpit to armpit, the fans inside mouthed threats and waved the predictable digit at photographers and other amused fans gazing into this goldfish bowl of unfortunates. Similar heavy traffic to the parties was deterred by having con committee playing conductor, counting the riders in and out so that a ten-person limit was never exceeded.

At other times, the illusion of flight and the view of other elevator cars hurtling past inspired new fannish stunts. Late Friday night the car I was riding stopped at the 38th floor, admitting Jerry Pournelle and Barbara Clifford. Seconds later, another car stopped beside us on the 38th floor. Staring from its window was a 3-foot-tall inflatable Godzilla held upright by two laughing fans. Both elevators left the 38th floor together, and raced downward on a parallel course. Like a tailgunner sighting bogies through his perspex dome, Pournelle jackhammered his arms from the recoil of imaginary twin-.50s and yelled, "Die, monster, die!" Godzilla's bodyguards imitated Jerry and they shot each other down into the lobby.

Parties. The WorldCon, always a carnival, was celebrated in Atlanta at a fevered pitch because so many hosts were willing to spend extraordinary amounts of money. The WorldCon itself set the tone, dedicating the entire Marriott tenth floor -- an open lounge overlooking the atrium -- as its Con Suite. The Con Suite was a \$10,000 budget item. A fountain drink dispenser fizzed out endless floods of Coca Cola, and the con committee periodically set out hefty cartons of industrial-strength munchies to be discovered and devoured by swarms of two-legged pirhana.

Other notorious spendthrifts were the committees bidding to hold future WorldCons. Four 1988 bidders, Boston in '89, and two 1990 bidders ran multiple-night parties. The amount of money spent on WorldCon bids has grown enormous in a frenetic contest of endurance intended to impress the voters. Holland in 1990 boasted imported beer and a belly dancer. The St. Louis in '88 party was annointed by Dana Siegel as "the only consistently enjoyable party", possibly because they never ran out of liquor. Yet New Orleans in '88 was rumored to be spending \$1000 a night on booze. LA in '90 premiered a "Grab the Brass Ring" game awarding bid merchandise. Boston in '89s victory party served the tastiest snacks and cookies I scarfed that weekend. Setting aside the spurious connection between lavish parties and bidders' merits, potential voters found hog heaven at ConFederation.

L. Ron Hubbard's promoters, Bridge Publications, hosted a couple of well-provisioned open parties: if they were bidding for anything, they should have been elected.

Scads of open parties were announced -- in the daily newzine, on the con's video service, posted on bulletin boards. Intelligence about invitational parties was more carefully circulated, for example, Keith Kato's famous after-Hugos Chili Party. Keith claims that one past year the only person he told the time and location of his party was Fred Patten, and he still drew a full house. Kato smuggles his cooking gear and supplies into his hotel room, then labors over a hot chili pot all day.

After years of development Kato brags about his "Silverberg grade" chili, pronounced satisfactory by the asbestos-tongued writer. For lesser men there is mild chili.

When I finished in the Hugo winner press area Saturday night I headed for Kato's party. Kato and Steve Barnes were there discussing martial arts techniques, practicing stances and lashing at the air. Joan Vinge and Jim Frenkel half-listened to travel agent Rick Foss, across the room, detailing outrageous experiences leading tour groups in South America. Sometime later the party was interrupted by horrible cheering echoing in the atrium. We poured onto the balcony. Reverberating up and down 38 stories was clapping and rhythmic shouting, encouraging people on two different floors and opposite sides of the atrium to toss a balloon and a beach ball to one another. The game ended when both toys fell short and rolled to rest on a vast mauve textile hanging suspended by steel cables in the atrium. With gradual turnover in the guests, eventually a group of fanzine fans came together: a more soft science crowd than I met at Kato's Westercon chili party -- Professor Benford, Algis Brudrys, and Kato, himself a doctor of physics). Keith continued to prove the breadth of his knowledge, and his patience, by agreeing to explain recent developments in physics (strong/weak forces, etc.) in language suited to our slight grasp of mathematics. Moshe Feder, Eli Cohen, Lise Eisenberg, Michael Ward, Barbara Clifford, Kathy Sanders and I listened raptly.

Opening Ceremonies. ConFederation can be justly proud that most of its major events started on time, although that accomplishment almost undid the Opening Ceremonies. As Charlotte Proctor tells it, the extra time taken by the opening playlet was for the best because after it ended co-chairman Penny Frierson was supposed to introduce the next two speakers, Ray Bradbury and Representative Newt Gingrich. The former was just then arriving at the airport, and the latter wasn't present in the hall. Penny found herself winging it. Mike Rogers, treasurer, had a note passed to Penny on the dais which read, "Ray Bradbury isn't here. Newt Gingrich isn't here. I think I'm going to puke." Eventually, Congressman Gingrich came bobbing down the aisle, to everyone's relief, and opened the con with a good, rousing (but nonpartisan) speech about the space program.

Who Are These Guys? ConFederation made every effort to weld classical fannish values together with big top tradition of American WorldCons. Fan Guest of Honor was Terry Carr, who successfully leads the double life of Hugo-winning pro editor and influential fanzine fan. The Toastmaster was Ireland's Bob Shaw. Like Carr, Shaw has a Best Fanwriter Hugo on his mantlepiece. At the WorldCon Shaw expanded on his well-deserved reputation as a humorous speaker.

In ironic contrast with the committee's careful homages to fanzine fandom, some of the most-repeated stories of the con involved staffers incredible ignorance of the most basic facts about the convention they were trying to run. When Ray Bradbury went to the Dealers' Room, one of the volunteer security refused to admit him unless he wore his membership badge. The volunteer did not accept being told, "I'm Ray Bradbury; I'm the guest of honor of this convention." Ray rummaged in his bag, and pinned on his badge. Pleased by such polite cooperation, the guard said as he glanced at the badge for the name, "That's fine, you may enter Mr. Brad--Oh, shit!" Later the volunteer was seen wearing a badge of his own: "Bradbury, Schmadbury, you can't get in without a badge."

At the Registration line, Bob Silverberg, with one of the most distinctive faces of any writer in the field, was required to produce a photo ID before he was allowed

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TED WHITE
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I've been remiss in responding to past FILE 770s, but cannot pass up the opportunity to comment on your Aussiecon report issue. Basically, I thought it thorough, thoughtful, and good

reading. I have but one nit to pick.

Writing about my Fan GoH speech, you say, "His delivery seemed impromptu, and conversational, nor did he refer to notes, even though his talk had been carefully written beforehand." Not so.

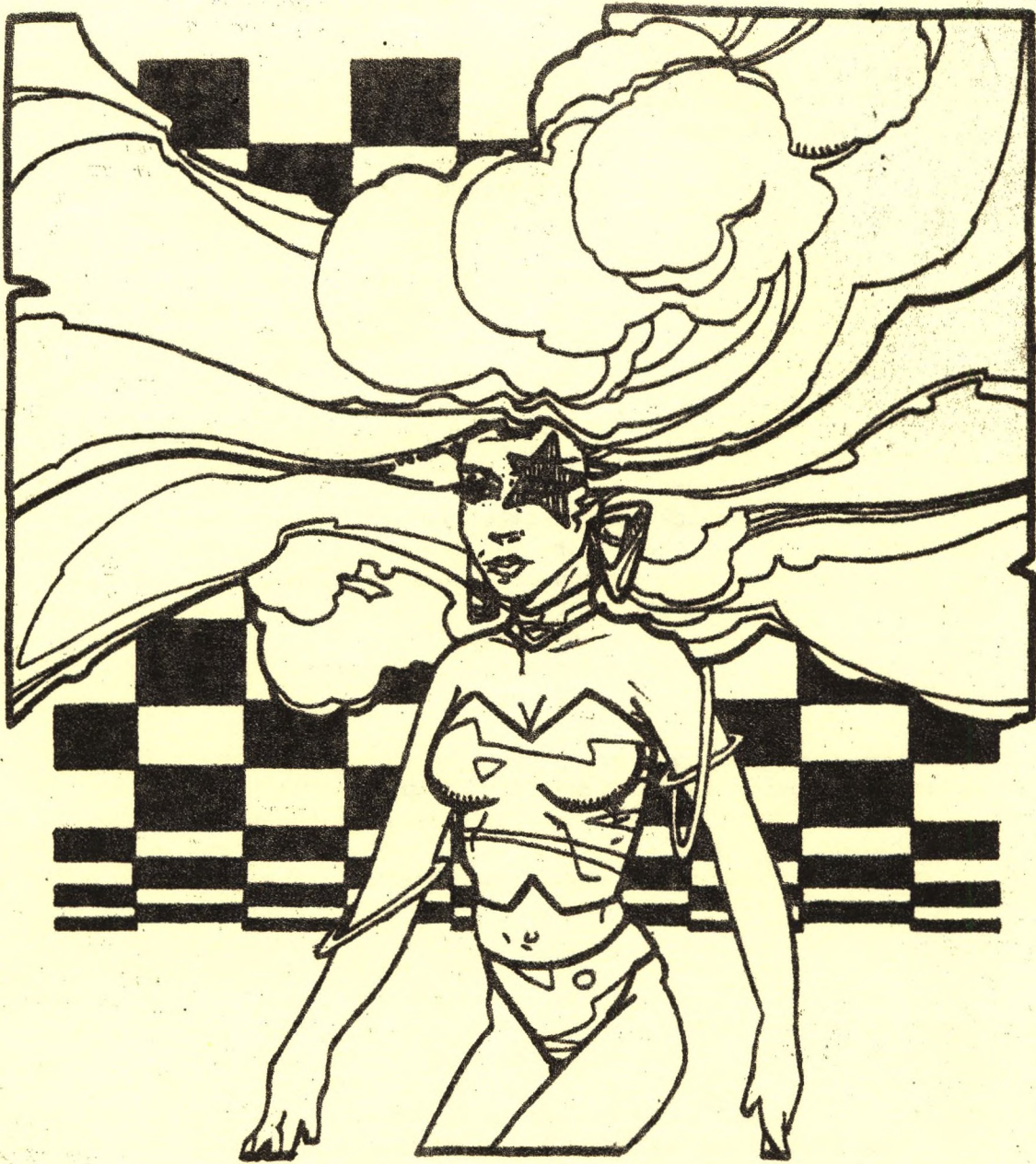
All too often, it seemed to me, a Fan GoH is treated as an appendage to the more "legitimate" GoH, a sop "to the fans" who is relegated to a bad time period for his speech (or interview or whathaveyou), and given a second-class status. This was not the Aussiecon approach -- for which I was grateful -- but it was on my mind when I began thinking, months in advance, about what I wanted to say.

I am not afraid to speak to an audience. I credit fandom with this fact: convention program appearances taught me all I know about public speaking, and I've taken this with me into TV appearances, radio interviews, and my own radio show (back in the 70s). AussieCon provided me with several bad examples of people reading from written-out speeches: Race Mathews (a good speech, but he occasionally lost his place and reread lines) and Gene Wolfe (all of Gene's natural wit disappeared when he read his GoH speech, as we both noted at the time). It had never occurred to me to follow their footsteps and *write out* my speech in advance.

There were things I wanted to say, observations I wanted to make, especially considering the Recent Unpleasantness in fandom. At the same time, I did not want to turn the occasion into an axe-grinding session and I knew that many Australians neither knew nor cared about that largely American Unpleasantness. So all this -- my feelings that the speech needed to Say Something, should not be deadened in delivery by being Written Out, and would have to reflect my own feelings about fandom -- percolated in my mind. The night before the day in which I was scheduled to speak I made a few notes to myself on the hotel nightstand pad. I'd been playing around with the small town metaphor for the previous several months (it dates back several years in casual use, but I'd written it down in a LoC to Debbie Notkin), and I decided to use it as a framework. But my "notes" were quite brief -- only a few lines -- and served only to remind me of the topic highlights I wanted to cover. (Nonetheless I did carry that tiny piece of paper to the podium with me; I guess you missed it).

When I was in England this February I finally had a chance to hear a tape of the speech (and now have a copy for myself). I was struck by the vaguely British accent I affected -- a product in part of hanging out for most of the Australian tour with Bill and Mary Burns, and in part of the vaguely cockney accent most Aussies have. I tend to pick up the speech patterns and inflections of the people around me. I was also impressed by the opening portions of the speech -- the assurance, the delivery -- but then I began remembering what I was feeling as I spoke the lines I was hearing: the long pause that appeared to have dramatic effect, but actually reflected my momentary loss of the train of thought I was pursuing, for instance. Embarrassment flooded over me, as I recalled what I'd intended to say at that point.

Shortly after the speech, I encountered Eve Harvey, who'd missed it in the course of



△ PhyscaDelta ▽

UNEXPECTED DIALOG

LETTERS OF COMMENT

of trying to bleach the color out of laundry that had been stained. Laughingly, I gave her my "notes", and said, "It's all here.." Subsequently she got a tape and transcribed the speech and she's published it in the most recent WALLBANGER -- along with a reproduction of the "notes." I commend WALLBANGER to you for a look at the actual notes I made.

((You'd think as long as I took to get that Aussiecon report into print, I might have gotten lucky and received WALLBANGER beforehand. No sooner had FILE 770:59 hit the mail than I received the issue and the evidence that your speech had been delivered extemporaneously. However it was given, I was paying you a compliment on the speech. Shortly after Wolfe's GoH speech I asked you about your own preparations. The talk looked extemporaneous when given, but you corrected my comment -- saying you had notes. Now we've seen the "notes." But at the time the talk sounded so well rehearsed, and you mentioned notes, I thought I'd observed a prepared speech being delivered from memory. That, too, is a feat -- just a different one than your own.))

Like you, I am a bit taken aback by the reactions of various Australian fanzine fans to AussieCon, but I feel that there is much under the surface about which I am ignorant. Clearly there were personality conflicts among the committee, and strange spots of ignorance concerning the way cons are run -- and vast amounts of inexperience. Aussiecon was roughly the size of the NyCon 3 -- the one I co-chaired -- and we came to that convention equally inexperienced in dealing with a con "that big", so I empathize with the committee.

But what struck me about the convention was that it was put on by fans -- people in the mainstream of Australian (and world) fandom, people who knew something about fandom -- rather than, as has been the case here in recent years, by fringe-fans who see WorldCons as be-alls and end-alls in themselves and who see fandom as something rather less important than, say, Trekdom. I will excuse a lot of errors for this reason.

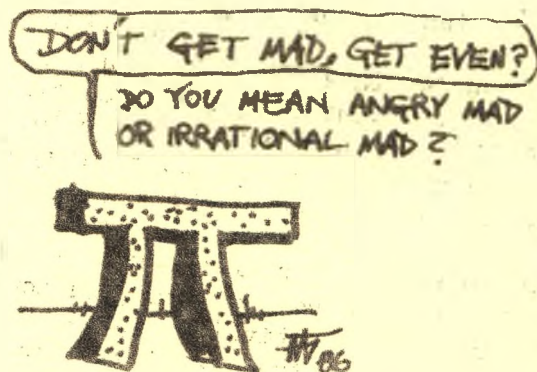
((-- Written in a return letter to Ted -- After reading several Aussie fans (and Joseph Nicholas and Judith Hanna) bitterly describing their efforts at AussieCon, I thought long and hard. Then I decided it hinged on their expectations. Most American fans helping to run WorldCons also do not have what you'd term a pleasant experience, but they know what they're getting into -- at least they do the second time. For them, Worldcons are not a one-shot, but an avocation many are initiated into where they may work toward more responsible positions. The rewards are dissimilar to publishing a fanzine: for 99% of the committee, it's an awful lot of hard work, with only occasional thank-yous, and virtually no awareness or feedback from the beneficiaries of their work. Why do they do it? Their motivation, I submit, comes from that sense of wanting to be where the action is. Running the worldcon is a vast undertaking, and within fandom, terribly important. The usual reward for arduous labor, so the work ethic promises, is financial gain. For con committees the gain is either nonexistent or insignificant compared to the time invested. In exchange there is a great sense of tribal participation: for some, to be an active fan at the worldcon but have no part in running it is a real blow.

((At Aussiecon there assembled many people who had never been welded into a tribe by shared experience and adversity. They weren't ever going to have to ally to run a WorldCon again, so they lacked all the necessary incentives to sacrifice (even though they did), or heal perceived slights (which obviously they didn't). When you commend a "convention that...was put on by fans...rather than...fringefans who see the Worldcons as be-alls and end-alls in themselves..." I must admit I read

that as "fanzine fans" and tend to disagree with the division of fandom that follows from such a conclusion. I believe that in North America there are a lot of "Renaissance fans" -- whose interests and competencies span fanzines, convention running, and other so-called fringe interests. At the same time, it is fine with me if some members of these interest groups share only that one interest. But it's inaccurate to conclude that the most active fans in these specialties participate only in one area.

((Australian fandom is just as diversified, but of course we're only in contact with the fanzine fans -- and the fanzine fans we hear from don't have the con-running experience to completely accurately appraise what happened to them. Running a WorldCon, unlike sex, doesn't necessarily feel good even if you're doing it right. The gratification more likely comes from an underlying sense of belonging to the group, and afterwards, a sense of accomplishment. The actual work of running a convention is an exhausting pain in the ass. They're focusing on the pain in the ass, and that's understandable because they lack perspective, and they won't have the opportunity to grow into the role of WorldCon runners: they'll never collect the delayed egoboo which others receive when they are recruited into the ranks of a later WorldCon committee.))

((From Ted's reply:)) I'll go along with your assessment of those fans who work each year (here) on WorldCons. I've talked to several who regard themselves as part of the "permanent floating WorldCon committee" or somesuch. I gather there's a lot of ego bound up in it for them: the need to be needed, perhaps. You're the first to express to me the "tribal" aspect, but I think you've put your finger on it -- and on one of the problems in Australia.



Back in the Ancient Days of NyCon 3, we rejected the concept of pulling all NYC fandom together -- that had proved disastrous in 1956, leading to the WSFS Inc. lawsuits -- but we (the Committee) had already formed a "tribe" as the Fanoclasts (as the club existed then), and functioned effectively as one. I think we all still look back with pride on the con we put on and the things we accomplished. Oddly, our attendance wasn't much different from that of AussieCon, so I found it easy to sympathize with AussieCon's problems. (But I didn't -- and don't -- sympathize with the internal bickering, which we had very little of, nor with the initial decision to exclude non-banqueters from Bob Shaw's speech. Nor did I approve of the way Bob was manipulated into giving that speech. The Committee was not very ept in its dealings with people, especially the people it was honoring. But I keep thinking that had John Foyster remained the Chair, this might have been different.)

((About the "No Award" ad:)) I was a signer of Moshe's ad. As it happened, I'd already voted (and voted NO AWARD in the fanzine category) when he phoned to ask me for the use of my name. I expect it was a quixotic impulse on Moshe's part; I don't get very worked up on the subject myself. I think the fanzine Hugo has had a mixed reputation from the very beginning, when Jimmy Taurasi's FANTASY TIMES (nee SF TIMES) won twice. Big circulation has always been a determining factor;

so was newsworthiness. FANAC won the year that INNUENDO should have, for example (both Terry Carr fanzines). FANAC was, in my opinion, the very best fannish newzine ever published, but it was essentially ephemeral despite the wittiness of its presentation. INNUENDO, on the other hand, can still be read with pleasure today: a very solid genzine indeed. But then, the best fanzine of the 50s, HYPHEN, never won a Hugo.

Let's be candid about what puts a fanzine on the ballot and gives it a win. First, the fanzine should have a large circulation. That is basic. Anything over 300 stands a chance; 500 is far better. This rules out most "fannish" fanzines immediately; they rarely put out more than 250, and often half that. Second, their circulation should be either wide-ranging (as FILE 770's is: you reach many of the fringe fans who see few other fanzines than, perhaps, a local club newsletter, which F:770 obviously outclasses) or dominate a subfandom (costuming, filksinging, et al). *((This has been conventional wisdom for years, but as you note in the next paragraph, fanzine fans don't seem to exercise their franchise. I guess a zine with 200 circulation could compete for a Hugo nomination if none of its copies were squandered on rich brown's mailing list!))*

Next, who nominates (and votes)? I'd guess that relatively few "fannish" fans do either. Some of them see no point in participating in something that removed from their own fannish interests, thus maintaining its distance from them (a self-fulfilling prophecy thing). Others aren't WorldCon members to begin with. (I doubt even half of "fannish" fanzine fandom joins the WorldCon -- any WorldCon -- and this is in part due to the cost, timing, and the number of fans who "ghost" the WorldCons they do attend.

The people who do join religiously and vote fully are those whose fannishness (such as it is) revolves fully around con attendance, and who either are ignorant of most fanzines, or actively disparage them. FILE 770 will appeal to such people more than almost any other fanzine, since it devotes a lot of space and detail to convention politics and doings. I say this purely as an observer; F:770 appeals to me, too, but I think that I am in a minority in several respects among its readers. Thus, the battle will be between regional favorites (ANVIL -- a very minor fanzine, in fact), the heralds of subfandoms, and widely-circulated newzines like F:770. When a "fannish" fanzine even makes the ballot it is surprising; that it finishes last in the voting is no surprise at all.

Most fannish fans are aware of this, and it discourages them from even attempting to make a change. They feel outnumbered at the outset.

As for abolishing all Fan Hugos, I am of two minds about this. On the one hand, I think that *the competition* for Fan Hugos demeans fandom. We are not fans to win awards. The honor of winning an award is always pleasant (I don't regret my Hugo -- but I am tired of explaining to nonfans that it does not honor any of my professional activities in sf, and isn't "as important" in that sense as a Pro Hugo would be; and I feel like a cheat if any publisher identifies me as "a Hugo winner" even though I am one), but when fans strive to win Hugos it is less pleasant.

In 1967 we tried to separate the Fan awards from the Pro awards. We called both Achievement Awards (their original name) and reserved the "Hugo" for the Pro Achievement Awards. We wanted to call the Fan Achievement Awards "Pongs", after Hoy Ping Pong, aka Tucker, our Fan GoH. (After all, "Hugo", like "Oscar", is a nickname.) At that time there was only one Fan Hugo, the fanzine Hugo. Separate but equal was our motto, and in order to strengthen the fan side we added Fan Writer

and Fan Artist. This distressed some fanzine fans -- basically from Chicago and the midwest: the Stopas, Bills Mallardi and Bowers -- who charged us with "trying to take the Hugo away from fandom." They hated calling the awards Pongs: it lacked the glamour of the Hugo, the importance of the Hugo. They totally missed the fannish whimsy, to say nothing of the real tradition and honor, of the name "Pong". Hoy Ping Pong was probably the first aspect of fannishness in the history of fandom, which until then had been Seriously Amateur in its aping of prodom.) We were attacked by these fans -- who even then revealed how demeaning it was to strive for a Hugo -- and we capitulated to them at the Business Session, allowing them to bring to a vote and reaffirm the Fan Awards as Hugos. We took solace in the fact that our added categories had been affirmed as well.

I have always felt that WorldCons should acknowledge fandom and honor it. Pros never put on WorldCons (well, maybe Chicago in 1952...); it was fandom which did so: fandom created and built the WorldCon from scratch and those pros who attended early WorldCons did so as fans, fellow lovers of sf. That's why I added the two new fan categories; I wanted even the fringe fans to be aware

of the fact that fandom had its own pursuits -- writing, drawing, publishing in an amateur context -- and that those who did these things best deserved to be honored for their achievements.

But what I did not take sufficiently into account then was that awards could corrupt the idealistic nature of fandom. We put out fanzines because they appealed to us, we enjoyed them, they satisfied various urges in us. It would be nice to get a pat on the back, a "Well done!" occasionally. The bitter acrimony over calling Fan Hugos "Pongs" revealed to me that some people were starting to *plan on* winning Hugos. And the honor meant nothing at all to them: the name meant everything. There would have been no less honor in being voted a Pong; the same people would have cast the same votes. A rose by any other name, etc. But to these fans a Pong was not something they could brag about, while a Hugo was. Winning a Hugo would make them as important (in their own esteem) as a Heinlein, or any other professional Hugo winner. So, I want to see fandom honored, but not if it's corrupted in the process. *((Many of your points bear consideration. I would only go one step farther and say the existence of the award would have this effect no matter if it's a Hugo or a Pong.))*



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I was much interested by the Aussiecon II report you published in FILE 770:59. May I comment particularly on the security types who started telling you about Australia and military history? The

story you reported from them is very familiar; I heard it from my British family, as I grew up here in Canada -- and they're not very military. The version I got is that (a) the US never committed its military forces until the war was more than half won, in either World War; and then it was more than half won by Britons, Canadians and ANZACs. (Dieppe and Gallipoli are very much alive to us). (b) Then the US media turn around and try to con everybody that both world wars were American wars, fought almost entirely by Americans, from start to finish. It's bad enough that American films, history, and media coverage seem to portray the US armed forces as the main, or sole, Allied combatants -- that's just provincialism; but when they peddle that view to Commonwealth nationals, it's galling, insulting and enraging.

((This exchange of perspectives continues to fascinate me: and I hope your mind is as open to discovering cultural blind spots as you'd like mine to be. The attitude that America entered these two wars tardily and afterwards tried to hog all the credit is full of unstated assumptions that fare poorly in historical light. From a historian's standpoint, America had poor reasons for getting into WWI at all. Several scholars of the Wilson era feel two substantive reasons America was drawn into the war were British propaganda, and economic self-interest (US bankers lent so heavily to the Allies they couldn't afford for them to lose). After the war, strong suspicion that the British had suckered America into the war contributed to neutrality legislation that in turn limited US assistance of the Allies in WWII before Pearl Harbor. Any assertion that the US claimed too much credit for the Allied victory in WWI begs the question of what is the US due credit? Unlike WWII, you can't point to strategic defeats administered to the Germans by the US. Some military historians minimize the US role to taking up some of the slack from war-weary and mutinous French forces. On the other hand, it's probably more than mere coincidence that the year after the US entered WWI, a military solution was effected to a previously deadlocked war. Hopefully one can recognize the distinction between claiming all the credit, and saying one tipped the balance decisively.))

((Concerning the media -- American entertainment companies wouldn't make much money if they made war movies disregarding our native participants. WW2 was the biggest event of the generation. If "Commonwealth nationals" don't want to see American war movies, they shouldn't pay to see them -- they'll go away, that's how a free market works. But implicit in that statement is the observation that these films' overseas success already proves "Commonwealth nationals" aren't all that offended -- more accurately, they are attracted! Concerning "provincialism", you "Commonwealth nationals" don't really spend any time or money at the cinema watching films about heroic Russian troops in WW2, do you? They only engaged about 240 German divisions on their front, and lost millions of casualties. I imagine that helped the Allied cause somewhat. By the logic you apply to the US, most war films should be about Russians. Not only American, but all popular culture serves to reflect the interests of its makers: not for example, to give us a fuller appreciation of the Russians, or even Dieppe.))

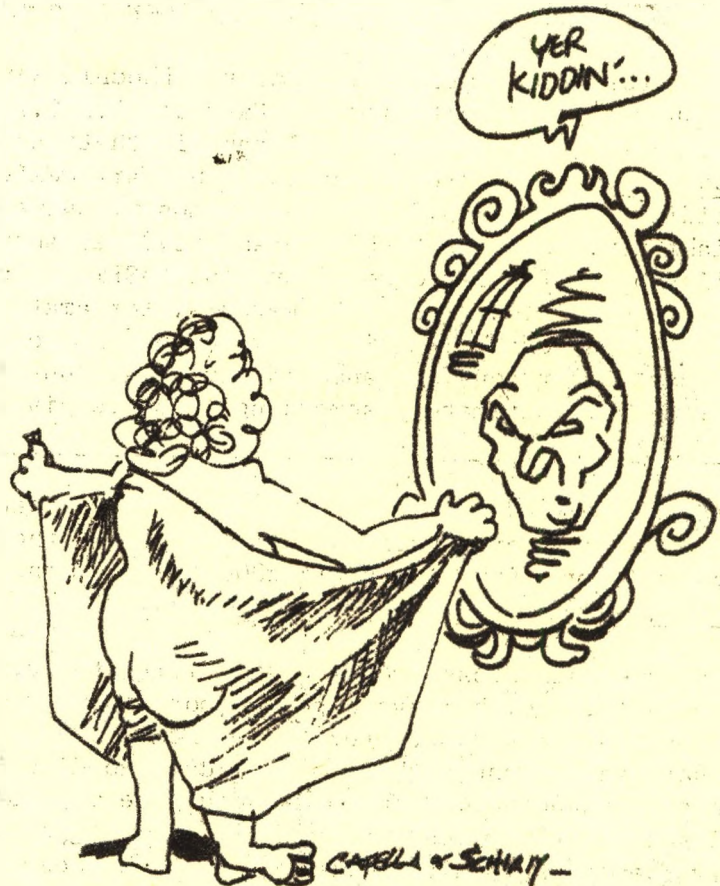
In connection with awards: I've been doing some thinking, and realize that what concerns me most is access. In view of which, I must support Dora Auvil's suggestions for broadening the Hugo balloting, rather than your arguments for

limiting it.. See, I'm a typical fan, impoverished, in my late 20s, living too far away from any WorldCon site to get to one. I've long felt as if everybody were invited to a big party, but me; now I realize that most people are passed over, and in fact very few people get to participate in the awards, and if I want to I might look at the Hugos as America's national sf award, given by Yanks to Yanks, wherever the WorldCon is held. As you note yourself, some parties (often but not always eastern US fans) could be construed as keeping the WorldCon, and access to the Hugos in the continental US.

It's all right if you want to hold a regional award and a national convention, but it is not, and should not be confused with, a central institution for internationalized fandom.

If the Hugos really are meant as a worldwide fan award, then of course they must be made more accessible. Unless there's more to Dora Auvil's letter than you printed, I don't take her suggestion as an intention to raise the quality of the voting -- nor yet to lower it. Merely to get more people the chance to vote.

((You articulate well a certain point of view about the Hugos with which I utterly disagree. The Hugo is already admittedly an award for science fiction in the English language. Since 1972 the rules have permitted a story to be nominated both in the year of its publication in its native language, and in its first year published in English translation. Such a rule does not interfere with nominees in the native language of a host country -- the 1970 WorldCon in Heidelberg was then fresh in memory -- but it helps compensate for the acknowledged handicap on any foreign language story attempting to compete for the Hugo given that the WorldCon has been hosted by an English-speaking country every single year except 1970. I'm not really interested in debating whether that's unfair, viewed from some idealistic hilltop: it's a workable compromise by people hoping to globalize the Hugo to a greater extent, but who didn't have any intention of learning five European languages, plus Russian and Japanese. Lowering the Hugo voting fee, therefore, has no realistic chance of making the Hugo a more worldwide award. The attempt to forge a connection between the fee and the international composition of the voters is illogical. The expense of voting is not what currently excludes non-English-speaking voters, it is the nature of the award itself. This is not the Nobel Prize for Literature, but a popular poll of WorldCon members, who (with some



accuracy) consider themselves the best informed and most active readers of sf. Even British fans barely participate in the Hugos when the WorldCon is held anywhere but Britain. Looking back on the brief history of the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards, when last asked, the Brits didn't object to paying a given amount, they objected paying any amount to vote in a popularity poll. From your point of view, a \$5 voting fee will merely bring in more Yanks!))

Your story about Bruce Farr and the Phoenix NASFiC was fascinating, if only because it shows quite simply how Mr. Farr and F.A.C.T. start out with vastly different assumptions about cons. Do I take it that (a) Farr believes a viable con is, ipso facto, a profit-making con? (b) Farr believes the advantages of one individual holding control of a con, and its money, outweighs the disadvantages of financial liability? Or lack of accountability? (c) American fans have a general belief/predilection in/for large WorldCons and NASFiCs, but also believe cons must and should be run on amateur lines by amateurs, for amateur goals? Each of these assumptions needs to be examined critically. I put it to you that we can go for large cons, or we can go for cons by fans and for fans...but I scarcely think we can have it both ways. Ultimately something's got to give.

JACK R. HERMAN
Box 272 Wentworth Building
Sydney University, AUSTRALIA 2006

Thanks for FILE 770:59, particularly for the good notices which came my way via the AussieCon report. I was surprised but not shocked to see very little about the fan lounge in the review, although

I assume this arose from your inability to actually get to the Victoria to see it. Similarly, I might have expected more comment on the poor logistics involved with spreading the con out over three hotels and a movie house, all sufficiently separated to insure that one couldn't go direct from an item in one location to one in another. The news about the mess up in GoH liaison was also news to me. Little of this seems to have filtered out here. In fact, most of the organizers have become so reclusive that little has been heard from them since the con: only the real official Cary Handfield seems to be actively going about his fannish life unaffected by Aussiecon. ((Over the course of the con I spent several hours in the fan lounge, though it's true none of that made it to the report. Programming I attended there stayed with me and influenced me quite a bit on a personal level.))

While I cannot fully concur with the comments you heard about Americans coming into wars after they were won, I must admit to understanding the impetus behind them: American history, especially as promulgated through pervasive film and tv outlets, has constantly emphasized how the Yanks won the 1st and 2nd world wars, even in areas they had little involvement in, like (in WW2) Burma and North Africa. ((Space requirements compel me to edit some of your further interesting historical observations; in spirit, they are similar to Garth Spencer's views, so they are to some extent already represented above. But in both your and Garth's letters there is a hazardous assumption that American commercial entertainment conveys the American scholar or politician's view of the country's role in these wars. It seldom does. But to cite an exception -- after I read Ladislav Farago's PATTON, and Field Marshal Montgomery's memoirs, I saw (in 1970) the movie PATTON, and thought the film's characterization of each man to be uncommonly perceptive for a Hollywood production. Anyone reading this zine who has seen PATTON can gather insight on our exchanges here from that film's illustration of the nationalistic rivalries of Allied generals. It is fairly evident that some of the assumptions Garth is operating under are as biased as the ones he criticizes in American movies.))

ROGER WEDDALL
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their idiocy myself. I remember quite well Louisa Gordon and I coming out of the Southern Cross Hotel lift on the 15th floor and being physically escorted by two Security goons and told that we had to be quiet. We had not so much as said one word at that point or, heaven forbid, done anything so unseemly as to laugh. I distinctly remember whispering to one of these people, who had his hand firmly on my shoulder, that I would rather die than make a noise, but even as I attempted to make fun of this idiot I saw violence in his eyes. I believe that if I had continued to bait him in a whispered voice, he would have become violent.

Imagine how I felt, a couple of months later when, visiting a fannish household in Canberra I was confronted with the same Larry you mention in your report (who isn't always loud and obnoxious) and another fan, a woman who had also been in Security, talking about what fun it was being a member of the Security Team at AussieCon. The phrase "surrounded by the enemy" sprang to mind, I recall.

On the subject of fuckwits in positions of power, allow me one more Security anecdote: walking into the CQ room one lazy AussieCon II afternoon, I came across a stripling of a lad in his Wonderful Red T-Shirt contedly reflecting aloud what fun it was being on Security, "Being able to tell people where to go and keeping everyone in order" (a verbatim quote!) In walked laughing boy Peter Darling with the comment that it was okay to do that sort of thing but only to the right sort of people. Security stripling replies, "Oh, that's okay, I know who everybody important is; I wouldn't do anything like that," whereupon laughing boy replies in a tired voice, "Well, I wish the two Security people who just told Gene Wolfe to fuck off had known that." 'Nuff said.

DAVID AND CYNTHIA MANSHIP
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While we don't normally write in, we feel the need to respond to a comment made in your AussieCon report. It is as unfair to lump everyone who works or has worked con security together as officious incompetents; as it is to say all Italians are Mafia hit men. Sure, there are a large enough group of these people who are such jerks that they give everyone else a bad name. They are unfortunately the ones who get noticed. Don't blame everybody else that tries to do a good job. What's the alternative to fan security? Rent-a-cops? No security at all? Contrary to what we would like to believe, thefts do occur at cons. We'd like to see everybody that complains about "those security people" volunteer to work or even run security at any reasonable sized con. Yes, it can be fun. It can also be a major headache. Try doing it, then let us know how it went.

((There may be a few readers who remember my undercover adventure as "John Braziman" when I worked registration and security at a Doug Wright con, cons noted for their repressive tactics against disapproved fans. The quality of security volunteers at a given con depends on the philosophy of the concom. If they select the security staff as carefully as other positions, they should wind up with patient, civil people. But often Security is a patronage job given to fellow fans who aren't qualified or trusted to do "real work." Ironically, security people have more contact with convention members than anyone besides the registrar. Based on a generally satis-

factory experience using rent-a-cops at several LA Westercons, I recommend them to any con that can afford to hire security from an agency with good references. They provoke less reaction from fans, and have a better understanding of the limits of their own authority. Using rent-a-cops in high-traffic areas, and using volunteers to guard closed doors, etc., would be an efficient choice.))

GARY FARBER
c/o AVON BOOKS
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I don't want
Venetian blinds
on my windows.

Then it's
curtains
for you.

I'm Back From The Dead. Y'know, in the latter quarter of 1985 I became Gravely Ill. I joined the diagnosis of the week club, and they were so nice they kept giving me two a week: viral meningitis, fungal meningitis, lymphoma, tumors, who the hell knows. At one point they tentatively diagnosed ARC (Aids Related Condition) for six weeks, and wasn't that cheery! However, ultimately they decided that it wasn't mono, wasn't cytomegalovirus, wasn't AIDS, etc., and was a series of overlapping infections: viral lung infection, walking pneumonia, bacterial lung infection, aseptic virusemia of the blood, possible urinary tract infection and a virus related to mono, but more power-

ful and lasting six months to a year. So, I learned all about how skiffy CAT scanners are, what it's like to be pumped full of iodine (stimulating, if you find nausea and waves of heat exciting), how you can tell the difference between Professional Neurologists and Whiz G.P.s (the PN knows to stand to the side when he hits you with the little hammer -- I don't feel at all guilty for the pain in the WPG's shin -- that's why they call it a reflex. Can you say reflex? I knew you could.) and other delightfully educational things. Like The Meaning of Debt.

I'm overwhelmingly grateful for all those who gave money to the Fund For Me at Corflu, and overwhelmingly guilty at what to do to pay people back. It's true that I've otherwise Given My Life to Fandom, and that I didn't intend to Give My Life for Fandom, but still. Getting money out of the blue is weird, strange, very fannish, and I Don't Know What To Do About It. Thank everyone for me, or something.

Now, however, and since Mayish, I've been a-ok, and spiffy, and having arrived in the Big Apricot, have been working in publishing since my health allowed. I started reading for John Douglas at Avon and Ginjer Buchanan at Berkeley/Ace, got a job offer to be Jim Frenkel's assistant at Bluejay, was offered part-time, temp work from David Hartwell, turned away work from Sharon Jarvis because I was too busy, and then had the fun experience of being made essentially simultaneous job offers from Tappan King at TWILIGHT ZONE and NIGHT CRY to be managing editor, and from John Douglas to be Editorial Assistant at Avon. I had a wonderful week in which they bid up \$2000 on me, and painted wonderful pictures of why I should

take this wonderful job. Can you guess which job I took? I knew you could.

So, if people would like to send their fanzines to me at the above address, that would be fine. If people would like to send their novels to me at the above address, that would be fine.

Excellent AussieCon report, incidentally. I agree with you (us sensible people always share sensible conclusions, eh?) on what to do about Fred Pohl. Rubbing him out or sending him back to Futurian re-education school is indeed the, whoops, that's not right. Granting World SF rights to their name, like it or lump it, that's the story, yeah, that's it...

Re: DUFF. Now that the Cantors have made a wonderful precedent of three unrelated people running together, I think you're an appropriate forum to ask what the hell the rules are? Can four people run together? Five? Will LASFS be nominated to run against NESFA next year? Where, as they say, does it all end? Concerned in

Brooklyn. This is a serious question. Will I get a serious answer? I'm holding my breath. *((Since there is probably a finite number of slanshacks, and since most members of LASFS and NESFA would not accept the condition of having to make the trip, I doubt we'll see tag teams nominated for fan funds very often. One thing I can say about the Pride-Morley-Stathopolous crew is they each were worthy individuals based on their fanac, and could not have afforded the trip without the Fund. The type of fans standing for TAFF and DUFF don't always fit both criteria. While many people have told me they will be happy to continue the fan funds just for the sake of awarding a trip to fans they'd like to see, it remains my opinion that when the day arrives that voters choose someone who can afford the trip (the evidence being that they have in the past paid for an overseas trip) these funds will cease to be fan charities, and their support base will erode.))*

Re: voting memberships in WorldCon for \$5 or some low price, I may be for this. Moshe and I were discussing problems once I actually convinced him to give the new fanzine category a chance for a year or two. We obviously encourage all real fanzine fans to join, nominate and vote. But \$25 is a lot to ask of someone who has no real plans to attend, and just wants to vote. I'm not so worried about manipulating the system at this point since (a) it's already so easy to do, (b) it's not yet ever really been a big problem, and (c) I'd rather see a couple of real decent fanzines nominated. I certainly urge you to set aside some space next year for discussion of recommended fanzines, and urge other good fanzine editors to do the same. *((A 'real fanzine fan' should be able to figure out how to buy a voting membership each year if he only wants to secure a supporting member's franchise to vote in the Hugos. This is considerably less than \$25. And I already saw HOLIER THAN THOU on the ballot, and voted for it. I'm happy to offer advice...))*



WALT WILLIS
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Many thanks for FILE 770:59. Normally it's difficult to comment on a report of a convention one wasn't at, but this one impressed me very much, it was so full of interest, perceptiveness and

transparent honesty. And every now and then a name that kicked my sense of wonder right off its chaise lounge. For instance, that of Ray Nelson among the members of a convention committee. The same Ray Nelson who wrote the funniest and most outrageous letter ever published in HYPHEN? About when he was living with this girl we'd met at Chicon... "She was on her Lesbian period at the time and...I had to wear girls' nightgowns and perfume in bed with her. Finally I had to throw her out...As we parted, I asked her, 'Do you have any message for me to carry back to the fan world?' and she said, 'Yes, tell Harlan Ellison our engagement is off.'" You do mean THAT Ray Nelson?

RACE MATHEWS
Minister for Police & Emergency
Services; Victoria Legislature
Melbourne, VIC AUSTRALIA

Thank you for sending me the issue of FILE 770 with the first half of my AussieCon Opening speech. I appreciated your kind comments, and also enjoyed the references to Bob Shaw and Walt Willis.

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

((From various letters, dates as shown))
December 30, 1985: I enjoyed very much your 56th issue, although a couple of corrections might be in order. I think The Wimpy Zone beat both Los Angeles

and Boston to the honor of owning their own clubhouse. The Decker Dillies, who published PLUTO and various other things in the late 1930s or early 1940s, had their own clubhouse, somewhere out on the windswept plains of Indiana where there wasn't another building in sight. It's been a long time ago, but I have a vague memory that the club owned it instead of renting it or occupying it on a squatters' basis. Bob Tucker should know for sure.

The other inaccuracy is in your otherwise authoritative account of the strategy to keep fan writer awards in North America. I do not go out onto the porch to pick up the newspaper. The two young ladies who deliver the local daily in this block understand how much I hate to travel. So they put it inside the storm door for me, permitting me to pick it up by opening my front door without venturing out into this wide, wide world beyond its peeling paint. I thought at first you'd also made a mistake in omitting my name from the list of fan guests of honor at WorldCons in the FILE 770 Poll ballot. But a little more contemplation convinced me that you'd deliberately left it out in order to prevent recipients of the ballot from discarding it as a joke for its outrageous implication that I actually went to WorldCons long, long ago.

February 24, 1986. It might not be polite to say so about a fanzine written in large part by its editor. But to me the most exciting thing in the latest FILE 770 was the start of Race Mathews' AussieCon talk. I would attend cons if I could be sure of hearing something like this once in awhile. Fannish blood must last a long time, if he took the time and trouble to write this long and detailed description of his memories, when he could have resorted to the same strategy any public official

adopts to make a speech at such a function: tell a secretary or other staff member to do a bit of research and write a speech for him.

I'll be looking forward to the remainder of it, even though I was completely out of touch with Australian fandom during the years Race was an active fan and only a few of the fanzines and fans he mentions are more than abstract names to me. But the talk is exceptional for the way it recaptures the excitement we felt long ago when we first came upon such things as prozines and other fans. I don't suppose the average youngster growing up today ever enjoys this particular sort of thrill because there is such an abundance of books and movies and television programs with science fiction themes around him from infancy and half the people around these days spend at least some time enjoying science fiction. I didn't think I could ever get myself as worked up again as I used to be when I bought my first few prozines and received my first fanzines and paid my first visits to sources of used books and magazines. Then several years ago I became obsessed with opera on television and on videotape and my enthusiasm reverts to the age of 12 or thereabouts every time I learn about an upcoming opera on the tube or receive a tape from someone who supplies me with telecasts from Canada.

I appreciated the egoboo in Milt Stevens' article "Fannish Squirrel Revival". Just think, instead of those fans chanting "Harry Warner, Harry Warner", they would be intoning "Harry, Carrie, Harry, Carrie" if I had grown up to be an all-out Star Wars fan and had sickened unto death through unrequited love for the heroine of that series. It would be the Japanese thing to do. I might also point out that I've been negotiating with a television series' producers who hope to improve their faltering ratings. If someone in First Fandom actually did confess my sins, it might cost me some income and a chance for national publicity on "Believe It Or Not" by leaking the information.

April 29, 1986. The conclusion of Race Mathews' talk equalled the first part for interest. I have an uneasy feeling that most of it meant little to most of those who heard it in person, because it concerned such long-ago events and because it came from such a prominent member of The Establishment. But it should have a prominent place if anyone ever compiles an anthology of the texts of major convention speeches. I gather that Mathews has retained some fannish artifacts all these years. since he quoted from a long-ago letter received from Graham Stone. This seems to demonstrate something or other about what fandom can mean even to a person long gaffiated from it, provided that the gaffiation wasn't done in anger and loathing.

June 27, 1986. Of course, I enjoyed immensely all the information in your AussieCon report... And my sense of wonder got stirred up by the indignation the guests of honor felt over AussieCon Two's financial arrangements for them. Expectations have changed since I was the fan guest of honor for the first Noreascon. I accepted the con's arrangement to pay for my hotel room and I ate two meals with con financial backing. But I rejected the con's offer to pay my transportation, feeling that it smacked of charity to be subsidized before and after I was actually on hand to be a guest. And I fretted all the way from Boston to Hagerstown over a telephone call I'd made from my room on departure morning, which was very foggy; I'd called the airport to make sure my flight wouldn't be weathered in, I didn't tell anyone on the con committee about the phone call, and I wasn't sure if it was a long distance call which would appear on my bill.

I couldn't help musing over how much controversy could have never existed, if the First WorldCon had been staged a year earlier. All the evidence points to the "world convention" designation for the first event in New York City deriving solely

from the fact that New York was hosting a World's Fair the same year and the sponsoring fans thought a tie-in of a world's convention with a World's Fair would help to lure people to the con. If there hadn't been a World's Fair, I'm sure it would have been designated a national convention or an all-fandom convention or something of the sort; there weren't enough countries represented in fandom at the time to inspire anyone to think about a world convention without help from the fair. No world convention, no dispute by Fred Pohl over duplication of one word and his right to use it.

I can't imagine how you managed to take notes on all those panels and Business Sessions and such while enjoying the con. However you managed it, I believe this is the most thorough coverage of any WorldCon I've seen in the past two or three years at least as far as the official program is concerned.

October 20, 1986. Milt Stevens' analysis of what the Masquerade/Hugo switch causes is probably accurate. But I'm different from most people, I suppose, so it wouldn't apply to me. I attended one WorldCon when I was nominated for a fan writer Hugo award but didn't win it and I didn't feel any trace of ignomy after Alexei Panshin received the Hugo. I've felt all along that too much is made of the final victory and not enough attention is paid to nomination, which strikes me as almost as great an honor as the rocketship. Maybe future worldcons could contrive some sort of physical object to present to all nominees as a means of helping to increase the importance of nomination.

None of which is meant to reflect on your triumph this year, which you deserve fully and on which I offer you congratulations. I hope you understand that what I'm trying to get across in the previous paragraph, particularly in view of the fact that the fan writer category has been won in the past by individuals who we wouldn't consider fan writers, and other nominees in those years should have some token of fandom's esteem other than a place in the published lists of nominees.

It was very pleasant to read about Harlan's good deed with the Wellman fund auction. I'm sure it isn't the only episode of the kind and that the others have been overlooked in fanzines because of the old habit of playing up Harlan's tantrums.

ALLAN BEATTY
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It was good to see Race Mathews' AussieCon Opening speech serialized in FILE 770. I would have thought such material would be too lengthy for a newzine, but I'm glad you were able to work it in. Is

midwinter a slow season for faanish news? (Maybe all SMOFs are taking Carribean cruises!)

RICHARD BERGERON: Please start sub with #60. I understand it contains an incredible letter by Ted White.

DAVID CLARK: I suppose I could follow the current trend and offer a testimonial on how using FILE 770 has given me the cleanest waffles in town, as well as cleaning the oil stains on the driveway...but that might delay getting this letter out.

GAIL S. KAUFMAN: To set the AussieCon trip record straight, both Alan Rachlin and myself were there at the Business Meetings. ((Okay, but by now I've forgotten in what respect the record was crooked.))

GEORGE "LAN" LASKOWSKI
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whom preliminary ballots are sent I find rather amusing. I have had several encounters with Scott and each time I am impressed by the man's jovial attitude, sense of humor, but above all, his integrity. If the implication is that he rigged the results, the implication is wrong, wrong, wrong! I just spent the weekend at a convention where he was the GoH, and talking with him just confirmed my belief in him being an honest man.

On the other hand, I do not know Bruce Farr, and the fact that the 1987 NASFiC is being run to make a profit, and he is the one who gets the profit, does not set well with me. It goes well against what I consider to be a fannish convention that a person would profit, not a fan corporation. Despite his assurances that he is not out to make money on fans, and that any money over the breakeven point would be plowed back into the con to make it better, we have only his word and nothing more. Since there is no guarantee on this, I am reluctant to support such a convention. Besides, I am saving my money for England that year.

It is nice to see David Thayer back in the fan art business. I was quite surprised to see the "Harvia" drawings but it was good to see them.

((It is not Bruce Farr's integrity that is questioned -- let us suppose he will do exactly as he says. It's the precedent itself I object to: running a NASFiC -- or a WorldCon -- for the personal profit of the committee. We need to influence fans to understand that this is an important distinction. The view is hardly widespread, judging from the next two letters by respected fans.))

J.R. MADDEN
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Re "No DC in '92": I hope this story receives wide circulation among fandom. With the national economy slowly picking up, there will be more business conventions and they will be larger. Therefore, they will be competing with WorldCons for facility space. Generally, and in our favor, business conventions tend to be during the week and avoid holiday weekends. However, as space gets booked up, holiday weekends such as Labor Day will increasingly be used by such business groups. Not in our favor is the fact that we can now vote for WorldCon sites only three years ahead. Business groups, with professional, permanent staff, can book convention facilities as much

I was pleased to see Scott Card get the Nebula Award for ENDER'S GAME. The discontent you mention that other SFWA members had about Card editing the quarterly report and also being the person to



Whiepen

as ten years in advance as my technical societies currently do. It may become very difficult for WorldCons of 8000-10,000 attendance to contract facilities only three years ahead. The long-dreaded World-Sf Association INC may not be too far away. The need for a professional staff (perhaps, of only one) may finally arrive to the dismay of fannish anarchists. ((Since your letter, a different committee with different facilities has reignited a DC in '92 bid attempt.))

Re "NASFiC Being Run for Profit": What is wrong with that, i.e., trying to make money off of fandom? Haven't dealers been trying to do that for years with only a minimal number actually succeeding? If Farr is running the convention as a sole proprietorship, as opposed to an incorporated body, doesn't that mean his personal assets are on the line should the convention come out in the red? If he is dumb enough to risk it, I have no objection. If WorldCon/NASFiCs start making money, is that bad? Or will the fannish anarchists referred to in the previous paragraph suddenly change their tune to call for a formal organization to receive any profits from such conventions so that they can be passed along to future efforts thereby reducing the impact of successful entrepreneurs and supporting bozo business practices such as were used by ConStellation in '83?

...Re "Alternate History"; If you get to Britain in '87, check out the Imperial War Museum in London, specifically the section dealing with World War II. You will find, unless revisions have been made since I saw it in '79, that Britain won said World War II with some help from its then-Empire though some folks living a little south of Canada seem to have shipped from guns and food over once in awhile to help out during some of the rougher spots.

jan howard finder
164 Williamsburg Court
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I've been meaning to drop you a note for some time now. I read with amusement all the high and mighty statements about the nasty folk in Phoenix running the NASFiC for profit. Task, tsk. Yes

indeed, those terrible folk in Phoenix should be punished somehow. After all, it is totally against Phaaannish principles to run anything for profit ~~at all~~.

...Back to the topic of profit vs. non-profit. The whole thing is ridiculous. The main question is what kind of con is put on. LACon was ok and it made Sagans of dollars. Baltimore put on a pretty good con and lost lots. Who knows what Austin did. The fen there put on a good show. I had fun at the con, though I'd never want to return to the city. Boskone runs a profit of \$20,000, if not more each year. How else can they afford to buy their clubhouse. Yet no one seems to mind. Before the nonprofit SMOFS crucify Bruce /Farr/, why not just see what kind of con he puts on. What sort of amenities he provides for the fen. I seem to remember that LACon was in the black before the doors opened and they seemed to do everything on the cheap. It was BANK THE BREAD, not give it back to the fans attending. Well, that is the way it appeared.

((The gist of your letter, I believe, is the challenge to show an ethical difference between the "nonprofit SMOFs" and Farr as sole proprietor of NASFiC. Legally and morally, each is an acceptable means of organizing a convention. In fact, until the mid-1970s, WorldCons and NASFiCs never routinely incorporated themselves. But when that became the usual practice, it was not only for the legal protection a corporation affords convention organizers. WorldCon profits have long been a source of controversy -- even the trivial amounts made in the early 1970s -- for

a subtle but emotional reason. WorldCons/NASFiCs, the same as any con but affecting an international range of fans, rely on a lot of communal fanish free labor to exist. They couldn't possibly function if people were compensated for their time. A conflict arises when people suspect the residue of their uncompensated labor is going into someone's pockets. Farr planned to break with recent precedent, for reasons previously reported. Site selection voters were not so informed. It certainly would have changed my vote. But if Phoenix had still won the bid, I would have accepted the result because the voters would have implicitly endorsed the arrangement. The significance of a nonprofit corporation in fandom is the web of law and enforcement that assures whatever profit arises from volunteer labor will not be pocketed by the organizers. It matters to me that when I spend 40 hours on WorldCon weekend creating the daily newzine, unpaid, that the convention committee has to function under the same restrictions. In Phoenix, CASFS, a nonprofit corporation, has administered conventions for years so this is certainly as much a standard operating procedure there as it is anywhere. So my complaint has been that the different arrangement was not candidly discussed in advance of the vote.

((I don't want to speculate about whether Farr will put the NASFiC back under CASFS, as he has intimated to me, or suggest that if he doesn't, there is any reason not to believe his statements about how money will be used. My concern is for anyone who goes back to the bad old days when con chairmen were haunted by the spectre of their potential responsibility for convention debts -- while at the same time I hate to see any precedent created that will accelerate fandom's largest cons into the hands of entrepreneurs and disturb fan relationships premised on a certain traditional way of running them..

((This does not exclude the need for improvement -- but emphasizes the importance of fans running their own activities on a communal basis.))

ELIZABETH ANN OSBORNE
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I disagreed with your opinion on the location of the WorldCon and East Coast fandom. If I read correctly you seem unhappy with the way that the WorldCon location is chosen and also accused the

East Coast of hogging it all, as we say in the Midwest.

You seem to think that WorldCon should become more international and complained about the WorldCon being on the East Coast so often. As you mentioned, Aussiecon hardly broke membership records. With 400 Americans, 100 other foreigners, that leaves about 1300 as the number of local fans, a number found more often at a good regional /US/ con. Even locals can bring in up to 400 people. At the same time, some 6000 to 8000 people had to sit out the WorldCon because they can't afford or want to travel halfway around the world. The number of pros that made the trip was also small. Sure, we could have a WorldCon anywhere, in Nepal even, but would anyone show up? This question must be added to the problems of international exchange rates, government control by cultural ministers (AussieCon was lucky in theirs), and the problem of science fiction being even less respectable or popular as a form of fiction /overseas/ than in the United States. I also wonder if other fan groups realize what they are getting into with a WorldCon. Reading a letter from one of the Aussiecon committee in LAN'S LANTERN, it told of the overwhelming work it took to stage the WorldCon and how all of them were surprised and unprepared for something this big. Is International Fandom big enough to handle WorldCons on a regular basis?

Simply to hold the WorldCon outside the US in order to hold them outside the US does a disservice to US fans and a possible danger to the WorldCon itself. If people can't year after year attend WorldCons because of distance or money, I wonder how long they will continue to support it.

((Evidently some readers have blurred together my analysis of motives behind the Site Selection Rotation study, and what I myself believe. In the beginning I wanted to contrast the Site Selection study committee's assumptions with (1) real demographics and (2) majority fan opinion. My perception of the majority view based on voter comments and selection results is: American fans want the WorldCon to be shared with international fandom. They want domestic and overseas bids strengthened by competition against each other -- they do not support a reserved zone for overseas bids. They are perfectly willing to lower their expectations about facilities, committee experience, and their own opportunity to attend in order to share the WorldCon. This appears to me to be the majority viewpoint. But repeatedly over the past 15 years this ideal has been abandoned whenever it might impose on eastern zone bidders, and American fans of that zone. Yes, let someone else step aside for Australia. When overseas bidders could not be persuaded to take on a western or central zone year, as when Australia and Copenhagen bid for 1983, they were flattened by the voter support for Baltimore.

((My personal views differ from the majority in several respects. For example, Jack Herman is humored in his contention that American fans are a minority of world sf readers, and that American fans unjustly withhold the WorldCon from global fandom. At the moment, almost all of the people who share the American concept of fandom (excepting Japan) have the English language in common. Fan history, and the pre-eminence of America as a market for commercial fiction, have led to Americans being a majority of all sf fans. Herman's contention is unsupported by the facts. Perhaps in the next decade sufficient Japanese fans will become conscious of the WorldCon and seek to run one. But at this time there is no reason North American shouldn't host the majority of WorldCons.))

EXCERPTS

WALT WILLIS: Rob Hansen sent me a tape of the Bob Hansen sent me a tape of the Bob Shaw Aussiecon speech which I passed on to James White for him to send to Forry Ackerman to give to A.E. Van Vogt, for whom there is so much egoboo in it. There's connectivity for you.

LESLIE TUREK: I really enjoyed your AussieCon report in spite of it being a little late. Hadn't seen it in SFC as I don't subscribe to SFC. I like the way you can criticize without being really nasty, and that you find a balance between blame and praise.

LEIGH EDMONDS: I enjoyed your AussieCon report (disagreed with some bits, but it's water under the bridge). Your comments on Alternate History were interesting and while I believe that Cary /Linehan/ and company were wrong, the power of their sentiment is easy enough to understand since it was deliberate US policy to exclude her allies from the main theater of war in the Pacific. So Australian troops fought a meaningless war in New Guinea when the main action was going on much farther north. Many Australians regard themselves as slighted and humiliated by the US so that a bitter attitude toward the US is more than understandable.
// As to why we were so bitter about the convention, it's a fairly complex business and a simple card or even a sheet or two of paper would not suffice.

TARAI.

1812-415 Willowdale Ave.
Willowdale ONT M2N 5B4 CANADA

It's not usual for me to loc a fanzine anymore, but this recent issue of F770 was such a provoking issue that I felt I ought to shrug off my normal lassitude, for the moment or two it takes to write a short letter at least.

First of all, there was the spectacle of Mike Glycer, taking on the responsibility of being Champion of the oppressed majorities in fandom. If I had signed that ad in SFC and subsequently failed to vote for the Hugos, my face would be red, as should the faces of 26 of the 31 signatories. On the other hand, I don't exactly thank you for seeing that they got their comeuppance. Since you don't seem to disagree with them that the slate of candidates in this year's category of fanzine Hugo was poor, I can only assume that you've put the boot in our of principal. That is, they may be right, but by golly they have no business showing a soft underbelly, so I'm going in for the kill just because. It's a little like shooting yourself in the foot because the offending member happened to step in some doggie-do while you were wool-gathering. (I suppose there's no point in asking if Mike Glycer voted for Best Fanzine -- you'd have to be awfully stupid to raise the issue if you hadn't.)



On the whole I got the impression that you were performing for an audience, future subscribers of FILE 770 if this year's Hugos were any indication of things to come. ((You seem to have erroneously extended my disapproval of Hugo nominations for UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR and the costumer's zine to cover the whole category. Unlike the majority of fans, I thought HOLIER THAN THOU was the best genzine out last year. So that's how I voted. I'll tell you, too, that when I withdrew FILE 770 for the year, I expected the brahmans of fanzine fandom to vote in a slate of their favorite nominees. But then they not only didn't nominate, they signed up by the dozen to urge No Award on the same uninformed voters they'd blamed over the years for supporting LOCUS, SFC and SFR. So that's why I "put the boot in." Also bear in mind the first half of that editorial explained why UT and GCFEG NEWSLETTER had been voted on. It was plain to me that fanzine fans misunderstood their motives.

Like most F770 readers, I am a fanzine fan, and a convention-running fan. If I wanted to pander to my subscribers' biases, I would never criticize the No Award ad or its signers. In fact, I assumed a certain risk of alienating my friends who are fanzine fans by attacking their rationalizations about why they signed the ad. But we are not the only point of view in fandom -- and we are not diluted in our worth by acknowledging that there are other valid viewpoints -- in fact we open dialog that might lead others to share our interests. Although we attach a great deal of loyalty to the proposition that our fandom revolves around reading sf, and I think the victory of LAN'S LANTERN has its roots in that feeling, I have my doubts that the quantity of sf read by fanzine fans, conrunners, filkers, artists, masquerade fans etc. is so great, or sufficiently varies between interest groups, to be a serious suggestion for distinguishing 'them' from 'us'.))

JOE RICO
193 School Street #1
Taunton MA 02780-1912

I think it is about time that people realize what the Hugos are. They are not the mark of excellence in the field that the signers of the 'No Award' advertisement seem to feel they should

be. Rather, they are expressions of personal taste of those fen who bother to nominate and vote for the Hugo. The Hugos are not chosen by a panel of recognized experts but rather by the rank and file of the fannish community as a whole. They are indeed "fandom's equivalent to the People's Choice Awards." (My quote is of a person who did the video newscast for Atlanta. She used the term "People's Choice Award" with regard to BACK TO THE FUTURE's winning Best Dramatic Presentation. She intended the remark to be disparaging, apparently forgetting how the Hugos are chosen.)

This is not to say that the works that are nominated for and receive Hugos are not being honored by their selection. Contrary to what some may believe, popularity is not the equivalent of mediocrity. All the Hugo nominees that I was familiar with were excellent works. The fact that some number of fans thought highly enough of them to nominate them attests to their quality. There are those who would say that better works deserved nomination. I am certain that is true in some cases; though, when I challenged one of the signers of the "No Award" ad to name a fanzine he thought should've been nominated his only response was to look confused for a moment and mutter, "There are some British zines that were better."

There are also those who believe that some nominees got on the ballot due to their wide distribution through clubs or because of blatant electioneering. This is another true statement but I do not consider it a valid criticism. We must believe in democracy so much that we are willing to put ourselves at the mercy of the electorate. If Joe Phan wants to nominate the only fanzine he is familiar with or votes for a clubzine due to an appeal by the editor, we can shake our heads ruefully but that is the price we pay by making the Hugo a democratic institution.

Those who complain that the Hugos have lost their status as an award for excellence should be moving to abolish the awards or to remove them from being sullied by the "unimportant" opinions of the average fan, ie let's have panels of trufen choose the winners each year. Of course, these critics are also begging the question of whose standards of excellence are the Hugos failing. A group of people who couldn't be bothered to nominate selections this year?

To that last point I must make one additional comment. It was a shocking revelation

that a group of people who did not nominate any work for any Hugo (26 of the 31 persons who signed the No Award ad in SF CHRONICLE) had the gall to suggest that this year's fanzine nominees weren't good enough for the Hugos. Nonetheless, I am disturbed by the manner by which we learned of the high percentage of signers of the ad who did not nominate. The letter by the Hugo administrators Jeff Copeland and Liz Schwarzin that appeared in SFC, while it did not violate anyone's rights to have their nominations secret, strained the spirit of the principle of secret nominations.

AVEDON CAROL
9A Greenleaf Road
East Ham, London E6 1DX ENGLAND

I was baffled by your piece about the SFC ad. Censorship? Where? Mike, I'm really surprised to see you fall for that one. There's no one phrase in that ad which suggests any of the fanzines

nominated -- or any other fanzines -- should not be published and read. You're going to need the Twinkie Defense to get out of this one, kid!

....I gather you heard about it at the WorldCon. But I have to say I get pretty irritated by these imaginative theories about why any of us signed that ad. I suppose others may have had different reasons than I have, but you certainly managed to miss all of mine. I've been complaining for years about the fact that not enough people who actually read a lot of fanzines actually nominate for the Hugos, and it occurred to me that if they could be moved to vote for No Award this year, they might think about who to nominate next time. But all your theories to the contrary, I've actually enjoyed ANVIL, I like some of the costumers (Marty Gear is a good guy, I'll have you know), and I think it was pretty cheeky of you to assume you knew otherwise about my reasoning.

Should I congratulate you on your Hugo? No, because I know you can write very well, but you seem to keep a lid on that talent when you put on your Disinterested Newsman hat in F770, which is what you did for most of 1985.

BRIAN EARL BROWN
11675 Beaconsfield
Detroit MI 48224

Your editorial about the fan Hugos made some very pointed comments about politics, resentment (revenge, even). Much of your analysis of how this year's ballot came about seems to me to be on the mark.

However, I was disturbed by the general hostility of your editorial towards fanzine fans. Perhaps it's because I see nothing wrong with the ad. I would have voted "No Award" in any case, as none met my criteria for excellence. And I don't see any difference between this ad and t-shirt logos that read "Trufans Suck -- Vote U.T."

I was particularly disturbed by your attacks on Moshe Feder. Moshe has held consistently to a vision of what the fan Hugos should do. His efforts over the years to launch the FAAn awards, to strike down the fan Hugos, and this current ad all follow one consistent premise. You seem desirous of reducing this whole issue to some petty crusade of one isolated fan but it's bigger than that; as you know. ((Among many problems with the "No Award" ad is the illusion it fosters that there was a consensus not only about No Award, but the purpose of the ad, and what the proper concept of quality fanzines is. Avedon's letter above helps illustrate that many signers lacked a unified purpose -- other than to snuff the Best Fanzine Hugo this year. See further replies to Moshe's letter below.))

I was disappointed to discover that Ted wrote about his arrest only because I'd asked Dave Langford a question. I was also surprised at how many people Dave told about that question. I was just curious. I thought the question was phrased in neutral terms. I certainly wasn't making threats, calling for resignations, or trying to blacken people's reputation as people on both sides were doing during the TAFF wars, and yet the response seems much the same. I'm still curious why none of the newzines as much as admit Ted's arrest happened. As Ted said, it was public news. It was apparently no secret at Corflu 3 and hotly discussed at Ad Astra and Rivercon (and Lord knows how many other cons)



....At the WorldCon Teresa Nielsen Hayden tried to convince me that this was primarily a private matter, one that fandom as a whole didn't need to know. I'm not convinced by that argument. Ted is not just an ordinary fan. He was last year's WorldCon fan Guest of Honor. Six months after his triumph at AussieCon II he was arrested on felony charges. I was also told that "everybody" knew that Ted dealt. Well, I certainly didn't, and I suspect neither did the AussieCon II concomm who picked him to honor at their convention....This was serious news and should have been reported long before this.

:(In hindsight, I think I can provide an explanation. LOCUS never prints anything which might pose the slightest risk of lawsuit; only after Ted's letter appeared in F770 did they pursue the story. Andy Porter says he simply didn't know, and considering his relationship with those in NY fandom who did, I find this a plausible claim. I can't speak for Langford. That leaves FILE 770 -- and if I developed the facts slowly, I apologize. One of Ted's feud partners wrote to me DNQ last February with enough vague hints that I could have phoned the

Falls Church police and had the story earlier. Again, the end of May at Disclave I heard Ted willingly discuss the matter with Linda Bushyager. So in June I wrote to Ted to see if he would discuss it in print. Eventually he did. I found that a much more satisfactory resolution to the whole matter than if I pretended it was an expose -- even though the arrest was news, Ted's activity was hardly a revelation. And Brian, would it shock you to discover that the Aussiecon committee included fans who smoke illegal substances? I don't know if it's true, but it wouldn't surprise me. A more conservative speculation, which only requires one to remember that the Aussiecon committee can read English, would assume the committee read Ted's zines where his attitude about drugs and social use of them was never secret.))

MOSHE FEDER
142-34 Booth Memorial Avenue
Flushing NY 11355

You claim to find an inconsistency between my having said so many times that the fanzine Hugos (and, for that matter, the other two fan categories) have become meaningless (because of the mismatch between

the producing and voting communities) and our having made the effort to influence the Hugo result. I don't see any inconsistency at all. If we can't abolish the damn things, why not try to make them less meaningless? Even discussion of abolishing them arises from caring about them, from a sense of what they could mean. *((Tactics which draw attention to quality fanzines, and create a more informed voter base, would help make them more meaningful. An advertisement out of the blue endorsing "No Award" is a lazy spoiler tactic having nothing to do*

with improving the award, and everything to do with an expedient back-of-my-hand attitude towards those who made an effort to nominate.))

You're probably right in believing that not all the signers of the ad saw all the nominated zines -- some probably were going on reputation or on beliefs about certain types of zines (such as clubzines or newzines). And in soliciting signers we didn't demand proof that they had seen them all, or that they'd nominated in the fanzine category. (It was more important to secure a wide range of fans, to demonstrate that the feelings expressed in the ad were not just those of a narrow faction.) I do know some of us did make a point of seeing them all (as we do every year in every category), and I know that most of the signers in New York saw them all because the zines we hadn't previously been familiar with were passed around at a couple of meetings for that very purpose. In any case, I wonder who saw a wider variety of potential nominees last year, one of the signers of our ad or any three of the nominators of the campaigned-for zines? ((Your obvious insight is exactly what makes so many of us critical of ad signers who didn't nominate.))

As someone who did nominate, I disagree with those who say that not nominating disqualifies one from having or expressing an opinion about the nominees. ((You, Avedon, and other signers have resorted to this red herring about your freedom of speech. You can say what you want: the crux of the matter is whether anyone should listen to complaints about the results from people who could have easily influenced the outcome for the better, but didn't nominate.)) Whether one nominated or not has no bearing on whether you are capable of an informed evaluation of the nominees. Your and Jeff and Liz's attitude about our nominating, or lack of it, is understandable, as a first reaction; surely there was a rather painful irony here, and clearly, it was in our own interest to nominate and I wish we all had. The reasons we all didn't -- and I can only speculate -- were various, ranging from financial considerations to procrastination to long-term despair with the awards. However, even if all of us had nominated, the final list of nominees would probably not have looked very different. Exposed to many more zines than the bloc voters, and with a diverse range of tastes, we probably would have scattered our votes among too many zines for any three or two or even one to get boosted onto the ballot. ((This is begging the question. By bloc voting "No Award" you have already shown your ability to create a sufficient consensus to support several possible nominees onto the ballot. You have also explicitly approved the tactic -- contradicting your slam against UT and GCSFCGN's ballot stuffing, in the second paragraph.))

It's also our capability of making informed evaluations of the nominees that underlies our right to advocate No Award, which is always on the ballot. We felt that No Award has been an unfortunately neglected option, an unused tool to improve the meaningfulness of the awards, a candidate in its own right (a sort of stand-in for all those that didn't get nominated) that deserves serious consideration at all times. Why is supporting No Award more reprehensible than supporting any other nominee? Indeed, I feel strongly that No Award should play a stronger role in every category; that voters need to set a minimum standard of quality below which they will support No Award over any nominee. I have no problem voting No Award and I do it from one to three times per year. In my opinion, those who have understood our ad as raising solely a fanzine-related issue are missing part of the point.

As for Craig Miller's comment in LASFAPA which you approvingly quote, and your comments framing it, I'm surprised that years of LASFS debates haven't given you both a better grasp of democratic principles. Is it "arrogance" as you call it, to express an opinion about quality? Have all the fanzine reviews you've written over the years

been "expressions of arrogance"? I don't think so. Craig asks, "Who gave these people the right to decide what is acceptable quality in a fanzine?" Does someone really have to give us the right to decide this for ourselves, and the right to advise others of what we think?Our ad was no different in essence from newspaper editorials or issue-oriented political advertising -- squarely in the democratic tradition.

....Then there's the "ethical breakdance" you accuse me of because I railed against the former semiprozine domination of the fan Hugos, but now used one as a vehicle to propagate my ideas to the voters. I suppose this is fair, if you completely ignore the limitation of time and funds we faced....We ran the ad in SF CHRONICLE, because it would reach a lot of voters (including informed voters who do see more than just the semi-pros) efficiently....Much as I'd like to claim such copywriting prowess, I can't believe that a single late appearance of our small ad was going to appreciably influence "ignorant...thousands who read SF CHRONICLE" who aren't already interested in this issue or this category. That you pretend for rhetorical purposes that you couldn't figure this out for yourself makes me wonder why you're trying so hard to make me look like a hypocrite. A stuck-up, elitist, intellectual snob I may be, as some of the media and costume fans would probably have it, but a hypocrite? I'm too stubborn for that. *((The fact that you would not consciously betray a principle is not under attack here. But I disagree with your belief that the ad was a valid tactic to advance the cause you assert it served. It certainly didn't try to inform and expand the voter base -- it was a pure appeal to authority signed by targeted leaders -- not necessarily fanzine fans, but WorldCon chairs and division chiefs who rarely if ever participate in fanzine fandom. This distinguished list of names was run, twice, in the second-largest semiprozine. There is a lot of influence-voting in the Hugos, and the upsurge in No Award voting for fan categories this time was plain to see. The ad was very effective: I just don't accept it as a valid substitute for getting informed people to nominate..))*

You're missing the point of our phrase "the standard of excellence we associate with the phrase 'Hugo Winner.'" That's an ideal we're talking about, an ideal which some of the past winners have met and which still stands despite the fact that some of them didn't. Surely you aren't saying that we should define a worth Hugo winner as one merely as good as the weakest previous winner in that category? Doesn't it make more sense to hope for nominees and winners as good as they can possibly be?

....After all the fuss in fandom not so long ago about alleged violation of secret ballots, I can't imagine what possessed /Hugo Administrators Jeff Copeland and Liz Schwarzin/ to violate the spirit, if not the letter, of the Hugo confidentiality rule to advocate a personal opinion. Surely this was taking improper advantage of their special position. I suppose I shouldn't then have been surprised that they would go on to say "If all of them had nominated in a pack, they could have put any fanzine they wanted on the final ballot." This is openly advocating bloc voting. I disagree with this opinion from any source; I would find it offensive coming from any officer of the WorldCon; and I find it astounding coming from the very ones concerned with voting. If the awards require that kind of manipulation to produce a just result, then really have outlived their usefulness. *((In my opinion this is a further example of how you have failed to fully consider the implications of your "No Award" ad..It is a classic solicitation to cast a bloc vote..))*

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: L.H. McNallie, Jeff Schalles, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Thomas Endrey, Lloyd Penney, J.R. Madden (again), Brian Earl Brown, Charles Lee Jackson II, Lee Smoire, Rick Sneary, Martin Morse Wooster, Franz Zrillich, Tim Sullivan, David Thayer, and others. A few letters held over.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Marc S. Glasser PO Box 1252, Bowling Green Station, New York NY 10274
Becky & John Thomson 1656 W. Holden Ave. Apt. #228, Orlando FL 32809
Frank Balazs & Sue-Rae Rosenfeld 870 W. 181st Street Apt. 66, NY NY 10033
Pat Mueller 618 Westridge, Duncanville TX 75116
Harry Andruschak PO Box 1422, Arcadia CA 91006
David Axler 4419 Walnut Street, Philadelphia PA 19104
Richard H. Gilliam 309 Gilliam Rd., Gurley AL 35478
Somtow Sucharitkul 7540 Haskell #13, Van Nuys CA 91406
Daniel Murphy 1283 38th Ave., San Francisco CA 94122
Dave Travis PO Box 191, Glassboro NJ 08028
Brad Westervelt & Wendy Counsil 8270 Nectar #759, Canton MI 48187
Minn-Stf PO Box 8297 Lake Street Station, Minneapolis MN 55408
Harry Hopkins (FANDOM DIRECTORY) 7761 Asterella Court, Springfield VA 22152
Craig Chrissinger 915 Idlewilde Lane SE, Albuquerque NM 87108
Janice Murray 4135 Midvale Ave. N., Seattle WA 98103
Bill Bowers 1874 Sunset Ave., Apt. 56, Cincinnati OH 45238
John Mitchell 2736 Bryant Evanston IL 60201
Dana Siegel & Eric Rowe 84 Arundel, St. Paul MN 55102
Elizabeth Osborne 2441 Oakway North Canton OH 44720
Paul Koch 1314 Hinman Ave., Evanston IL 60201

1986 HOGU AWARD WINNERS

As determined by vote and bribe, the winners of the 1986 Hogu and Blackhole Awards were announced by Elst Weinstein at the Hogu Ranquet in an Atlanta McDonald's near the WorldCon hotel.

THE DEROACH AWARD: "Dollywood"

THE ARISTOTLE AWARD: Lyndon LaRouche

BEST NEW FEUD: Archon Vs. IRS

BEST TRAUMATIC PRESENTATION: Ukrainian Easter Plague

BEST RELIGIOUS HOAX: Satanic Messages in Mr. Ed's Theme

BEST HOAX AWARDS: 1986 Best Editor Hugo

BEST TYPEFACE: Nibelungen Ringed

BEST PROFESSIONAL HOAX: Al Capone's Secret Vaults

BEST DEAD WRITER: Charles Platt (still qualifies despite Harlan Ellison's best efforts to the contrary) (Winner must be living to qualify)

BEST PSEUDONYM: (Guinness Record longest name)

SPECIAL BAGELBASH AWARD: "Yuppie Chow"

DEVO AWARD: John Norman

BEST HAS-BEEN: Imelda "Shoes" Marcos

FREE FOR ALL: "Child In Trunk"

MOST DESIRED GAFIATION: Robert Sacks (over Nielsen Haydens, \$20 to \$18.25)

MIXED MEDIA: "Enema Mine"

CLOSEST ENCOUNTER OF THE FOURTH KIND: Somtow Sucharitkul's Nuptials

MOST DISGUSTING CHILDREN'S TOY: Teddy Ruxpin

LIBYAN SPELLING BEE: Godawfful

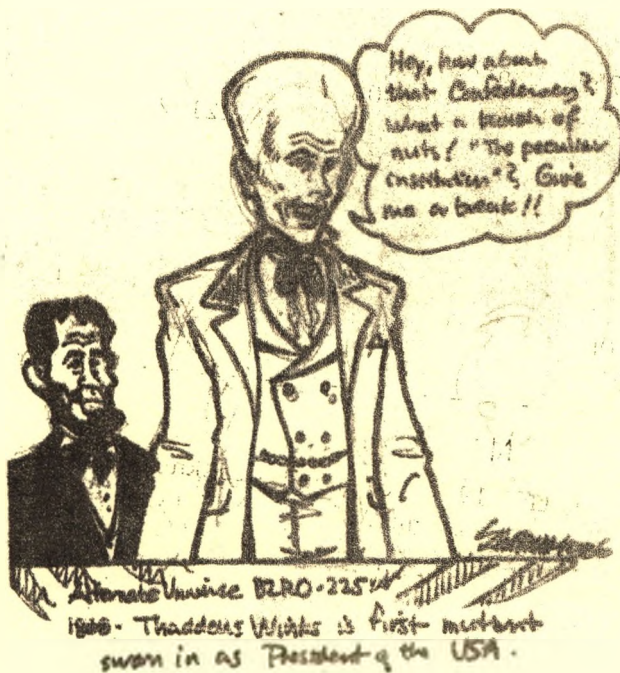
BEST ALIEN VIDEO: Marcos Family "We Are The World"

BEST NEW DISEASE: Waldheimer's Disease (You get old and forget you were a Nazi.)

MINGS THE MERCILESS MOUTH AWARD: Brenda Mings (Brian Burley \$20 write-in)

(please turn page for 'Blackhole Award' winners)

STANDARD BLACKHOLE: Ronald Reagan, Sylvester Stallone, Marvelous Marcos, Lyndon LaRouche
 INVISIBILITY AWARD: Layers At Chernobyl
 INCOMPETENCE AWARD: NASA Management
 PUBLISHERS AWARD: Stardate
 GREED AWARD: SCIFI, Inc.
 HALF-ASSED CON OFFICIOUSNESS: Archon
 BROWN HOLE AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING PROFESSIONALISM: Edwin Meese



CONFEDERATION TALES

((continued from page 5)): to pick up a friend's registration packet. Legend has it that the exasperated Silverberg asked, "Doesn't anyone here read science fiction?"

Almost in the same spirit, Charlotte Proctor located Terry Carr on Sunday night to present him with a plastic "Usher" button and promise, "It'll get you in anywhere!" The suspicion that fans don't read af is not new, but one seldom hears such blatantly humorous proof.

Opening Ceremonies: ConFederation could be justly proud that its events started on time, though that accomplishment almost undid the Opening Ceremonies. Charlotte Proctor says it was fine that the leadoff skit ran overtime, for when it ended co-

chair Penny Frierson rose with the intention of introducing the next two speakers, Ray Bradbury and Congressman Newt Gingrich. The former was just then arriving at the airport, and the latter was outside the hall. Penny found herself winging it. Treasurer Mike Rogers wrote a note to be passed to Penny on the dais which read, "Ray Bradbury isn't here. Newt Gingrich isn't here. I think I'm going to Puke." Finally, Congressman Gingrich came bobbing down the aisle to everyone's relief, and opened the con with a good, rousing, nonpartisan speech about the space program.

Guest of Honor Speeches: Waiting in the audience for the start of the Guest of Honor speeches Friday night, I sat between Martha Beck and Phyllis Eisenstein. We saw test patterns and color bars on the large video projection screens flanking the stage while sf movie themes blared from rock concert speakers nearby. When Ray Bradbury, wearing white, and Terry Carr, in his editorial lunch suit, were guided to their front row seats by convention officials, Martha mentioned how Terry looked covered with dignity in his suit, contrasted to some distant time only Martha remembered. "That's the advantage of being a dinosaur," she explained. She also reminisced about Phil Farmer's infamous 1968 BayCon guest of honor speech. Phyllis said that it took ten minutes to read later in transcript, but he talked for two hours in 95 degree heat to men in suits, and women who made the ladies room very popular. When a friend of Martha's noticed Bradbury wasn't in his seat anymore, Martha waved up her hands and said, "Somebody tried to buy an ice cream off of him and he left."

Georgia legislator Chesley Morton opened the occasion formally by reading aloud

MEET THE PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

by Marjii Ellers: "Meet the Pros" was generously enlarged by this WorldCon to include all program participants, who were given thin tubes filled with ampules of glowing colored substances. Ray Bradbury, of course, needed nothing to identify him. Instead, he was flanked by Robbie and Curtis Dyer, his Security People, supervising snapshots with deserving teachers.

Most wore their glow tubes like necklaces, like Fred Pohl and Hal Clement. Harry Turtledove and Tappan King discovered how to shorten their torcs into chokers; Lawrence Watt-Evans wore a red torc on red; Sue Stone looked smart in a red torc over black and white striped shirt.

Favoring the headband mode were Donald Kingsbury, Martha Beck and Angelique Van Toorn, looking quite Roman. Forrest J Ackerman, Dave Kyle and Jack Chalker wore theirs as halos with varied appropriateness. Jacqueline Lichtenberg gave herself more of a 20s appearance, while Amy Thomson was inspired by Alice in Wonderland.

Robert Silverberg and Gary Farber proved a bit of punk jewelry looks good even with a sports jacket or a suit, when contrasted with the usual Fan garb. William Affleck Asch-Lowe got the most brilliance from his by shading it with the brim of his hat. Leonard Carpenter gets the Paczolt Originality Award for his red Chernobyl spaghetti draped around a Viking helmet.

Bob Shaw had none, he admitted, because he was late; Lise Eisenberg, the organizer, is going to see to it that he has a braid of all three colors.

State HR 1004, a resolution honoring Ray Bradbury. The young lawmaker sounded exceptionally well-informed about his subject, and he later credited Brad Lineaweaver with an assist in drafting the motion.

Bob Shaw, master of ceremonies, struck a fannish note as he briefly referred to his mundane jobs before he "became a proper writer -- meaning, a science fiction writer." He introduced Terry Carr, the Fan Guest of Honor. Carr's very first words defended his selection as Fan Guest of Honor, the most self-revelatory comments in his entire speech. Carr emphasized that he built his pro writing and editing career on skills honed writing for fanzines. The balance of the speech was rambling autobiography.

Before Bradbury spoke, the convention heard a performance of his poetry set to music by an earnest-voiced, slightly balding composer named Gresham. The work began self-importantly with the cadence of a hymn. The choir of four men and four women gradually upped tempo, pacing a synthesizer melody dripping with pathos -- like the tunes generally heard backing Burgess Meredith's unctuous commercials for United Airlines. The audience endured this stilted tribute on behalf of the guest of honor, but Ray presumably loved it. Not unlike God, Ray loves everything.

In Atlanta, all of Ray's love was rewarded with an ecstatic ovation and he came to the podium waving both hands overhead as if he'd just been elected Pope. But Bradbury is more accurately termed a prophet of the Space Age. As one who's attended or read about many Bradbury speeches during the past two decades, I recognized Ray's talk in Atlanta as the distillation of twenty years' public speaking. "All his

best stories were told, in Bradbury's most compelling revivalist style, with the gestures perfected and the anticipated applause willingly given by the audience. Once more we heard about John Huston, Moby Dick, Ireland, Disneyland, Moon Landing Night on the David Frost Show, and the inspiring dream of space exploration. As always, by the end of Ray's speech the audience was ready to get up, go into the streets and make something happen to bring us closer to the stars.

PROGRAM: ConFederation's indispensable Pocket Program, brilliantly conceived by John Sapienza from an original design by Pat Mueller, made brutally clear what a cornucopia of intriguing discussions Joe Siclari and his division gathered, which was entirely missed by everyone trapped in the stupidly scheduled afternoon Business Meetings. ConFederation's program was in the best tradition of American 17-ring circus WorldCons. The saving grace for those outside the Business Meeting was that everything was so interesting they were unlikely to be sorry whatever they chose to attend.

Between the Business Meeting and my commitments on the fannish programming track, I saw few other aspects of the program. I have read enviously accounts of panels in FOSFAX, MEMPHEN, and other (mainly Southern) clubzines. Janice Gelb in LASFAPA included in her convention highlights Orson Scott Card's "Secular Humanist Revival", and some kind of Sex in SF panel led by Gardner Dozois complete with wind-up, plastic instructional aids. Striking a similar chord, FOSFAX described "Which Hard Sciences Will We Write About Next?", headlined by Greg Benford, Charles Sheffield, Kathryn Cramer and Jack McDevitt, which was memorable for a panelist's recollection of attending all the hard sf panels at his first WorldCon after Larry Niven told him, "Hard SF is SF that makes you hard."

Widely reported in fanzines was "How To Stop The Space Program: A Satire", a panel that asked writers usually known for their boundless optimism about our future in space to unleash their cynical senses of humor. Larry Niven, Ben Bova, David Brin, Alexis Gilliland, Blake Powers and Melinda Snodgrass advised: don't tell your Congressman to support the space program; don't join L-5; be effusive in approaching others: "Hi! I'm a born-again Spacey! Let me send you into orbit!" Niven's suggestion for paralyzing the space program was to have all countries ratify the Moon Treaty. It states that no one owns anything in space, and that if anyone makes money in space, a UN organization will decide how much they can keep. Bova sneered that the surest way to ruin the space program was to keep fans sitting on their butts reading sf, and complaining about the program while not doing anything to support it.

After "Feminist SF Novels: Feminist or Non-Sexist" I saw Connie Willis steaming away with several friends, including Gay Haldeman. She told Gay that David Brin had attempted to laugh her out of the discussion because Connie was, by her own admission, happily married, and therefore "hadn't suffered." Willis derided Brin's self-styled feminism, and described how he told her, "You are not qualified to represent your race." Willis laughed. "Do you know what my 'race' was? Women!"

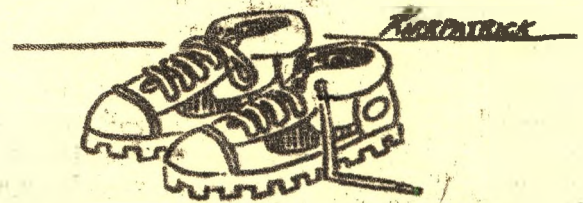
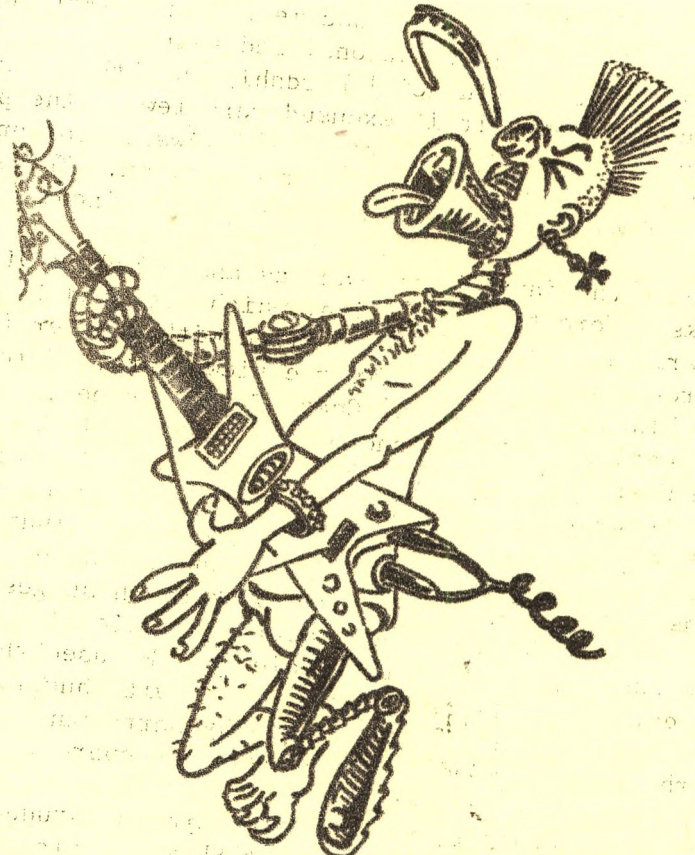
While the overall program was outstanding, it was evident that the amount of organizational work that had been telescoped into a short time before the con had been too great to allow good communication between the creative forces. All the panels I was on had been set up by Tony Lewis or Dick Lynch. When Dick Lynch gave me permission to assemble a panel I proposed about the Hugo Awards, he mentioned having heard vaguely that Tony Lewis was doing a Hugo panel, too. I'd heard nothing about it, and went ahead with mine figuring (correctly) we'd have different approaches.

What I discovered in August, from the official program participants' mailing, was that I was on Tony Lewis' panel, too!

"How To Win A Hugo -- By Sealed Bid" was an inspired chemistry: not only was the topic certain to be controversial, but under the guidance of George R.R. Martin a crew of opinionated writers covered quite a lot of philosophical ground in their allotted hour. Martin, Brad Strickland, Tappan King (TWILIGHT ZONE magazine), Moshe Feder and I discussed all the imaginable improper influences that sway the Hugos away from a selection based solely on merit. I described known attempts to stuff the ballot box, then contrasted them with several goodhearted efforts to hand out Hugos to specific pros with the connivance of the voters -- Asimov's Hugo for "All-Time Best SF Series" in particular. The pros on the panel were convinced that advertising and distribution manipulated the Hugo results. Tappan King injected a famous quote, "Bantam Books can publish any book that makes money, no matter how good it is." Brad Strickland countered with his own quote, Jeremy Bentham's definition of good as that which brings happiness to the most people. In these two quotes was the crux of the panel's disagreement about the proper role of the Hugo voter. Is he supposed to reward literary excellence? Does he simply pick out the best stories of a particular year? Or must he vote only for those rare stories which give him the same special thrill that first drew him to science fiction? No one agreed.

Tappan King led the analysis of Hugo voters' psychology as an influence on the winner. He believes there is a "warm feeling effect", and people will vote for the story they think will win. Moshe Feder felt another aspect of the voter profile was revealed by the instant Hugo successes of "Jeffty Is Five" and ENDER'S GAME. Moshe said that stories about oppressed, intelligent kids are aimed square at the heart of the Hugo voter.

My own panel, "The Care and Feeding of the Fan Hugo", had come earlier in the day and gone in dramatically different directions as a cathartic experience for fanzine fandom. I moderated a panel of Hugo nominees, Charlotte Proctor, George Laskowski, Marty Cantor and Patrick Nielsen Hayden. We started from day one when the nominations



CYBERPUNK

came out and everybody said, "Oh my God!", through the afternoon before the Hugos when the strength of support generated by the "No Award" ad would be measured. There was heavy audience participation -- which at one point had to be steered forcibly away from a re-enactment of the TAFF feud. Signers of the "No Award" ad, present in strength, rationalized that not all of them could have been expected to nominate due to financial hardship, health, or whatever. (I agreed with the principle, but felt it excused very few of the people concerned.) Others spoke persuasively in defense of the "No Award" concept -- and these views are well represented in this issue's letter column. The level of interaction was excellent, even if no one changed his position one inch!

Much of the fannish program was assembled by Dick and Nicki Lynch in the last six weeks before the convention, which resulted in an excessive number of commonplace, generically-titled panels filled with whoever first agreed to speak, rather than appropriate fans with diverse viewpoints. Illustrative of these deficiencies was the blandly named "West Coast Fandom" panel. Bruce Pelz, Marty Cantor and I were the entirety of the announced panel. Perhaps we were there to discuss fandom on the West Coast of the Los Angeles River -- where we all live? Fans from the rest of the western US showed up to stone us, incorrectly assuming LASFS was to blame for the panel's composition. No one was more indignant than Portland's Debbie Cross, but we gladly added her to the panel. There wasn't any good reason for the foulup considering that I had given Dick Lynch suggestions for panelists from the Bay Area, Portland, Vancouver and Seattle. Ironically, all of the people I suggested attended the panel as part of the audience. We used the audience as a resource, and tried to defuse any lingering resentment with humor. An Austin fan, who said he planned to move to Seattle, was warned by Marty Cantor, "Prepare for rain!" "That's garbage!" defended Debbie Cross. "Prepare for garbage!" smiled Bruce Pelz.

Charlotte Proctor, the world's foremost student of Bob Shaw, realized that the best way to achieve her aim and get Shaw to relax and talk about himself in front of an audience was to surround him with friends who would prime him, then get out of his way after he got rolling. Based on my audition at the "Care and Feeding" panel, I was Charlotte's last-minute recruit to join her, Bob Shaw, Mike Glicksohn and Teresa Nielsen Hayden. Teresa remembered Bob's tolerant attention to a dramatization of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. Charlotte confessed her initial excitement in meeting the man who had written "Slow Glass", and how she had driven with Bob into a ditch in front of her house as the indirect but inevitable result of that meeting. Mike Glicksohn described how Bob Shaw's speech at a British convention in 1975 was paid the highest compliment: British fans left the bar to attend it. Lastly, I recalled how Bob was our guest of honor at the 1985 Ranquet, and asked if he received many such unsought-for honors (ahem)? Each panelist's introduction of Shaw was rewarded by one of the Irishman's classical humorous anecdotes. In the process, Shaw defined his success as a humorist. "It is a well-known fact that if you want to write something funny, you remember the worst thing that ever happened to you, the kind of thing you'd never want to remember, and write about it in detail. Human nature being what it is..."

Mixed Media: Video services for Atlanta made the most effective use of hotel closed-circuit television of any WorldCon so far. The primary service was the continuous broadcast of the daily schedule, using attractive and easily legible color graphics. As one who reached the Marriott Marquis at 12:30 AM Friday, I was delighted to flick on the tv and find instant information about the panels I was assigned to later in the day. During the con, service was expanded to include the party list.

Ace reporter, Florida's Eve Ackerman, anchored the con's innovative half hour daily

news program, and interviewed pros on the air including Ray Bradbury and Terry Carr. Eve neatly melded her years in fandom with a crisp newswriting style to deliver useful and interesting facts in proper context. She looked wonderful, too: Eve doesn't smoke her Cuban cigars on camera.

The quality of in-studio video was very good, but tapes made on location in the convention betrayed their makers' inexperience. There was seldom anything better than a sound track over a dim blur vaguely suggesting the speaker. Closed circuit coverage of the Guest of Honor Speeches, Hugos, and the Masquerade came out nearly as well as the studio productions.

Although excellence in convention video services is limited in its rewards because the audience wants to get out of their rooms and go to the con, Atlanta's video crew easily surpassed MAC, ConStellation and AussieCon 2 as masters of media.

High-tech fans who have long abhorred a worldcon daily newzine done on typewriter and mimeo would have been pleased by the Atlanta setup. Editor Dan Taylor sat surrounded by a personal computer, printer, xerox machines, and mimeos. Taylor is an experienced editor of Atlanta SCA publications, which showed in ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION's clean layout and excellent reproduction. He and his crew turned out a highly credible nine issues in five days.

Of course, when you're reinventing the wheel, even if it's a good wheel, inexperience will out. Taylor imposed his eccentric preference for military time -- the Hugos started at 20:00 -- rather than write AM or PM. He had to be coached by the hoaxzine PARTICLES OF CONFETTI to organize a party list in descending order of the hotel floors where they were held, instead of the order of their starting times. Since literally hundreds of partiers use the daily newzine list as their itinerary, ordering the parties by floor helps fans work their way down through the hotel by the stairs, easing the elevator crunch. Taylor also exploited the computer's capabilities to his disadvantage, repeating whole chunks of text in each edition. One chronic paragraph, Charlotte Proctor's blurb about Ellison's agreement to auctioneer at the Wellman fundraiser, originally contained one of those alleged jokes about Ellison having "a heart of gold (hard, cold and yellow)." When Ken Keller and I saw that in issue #2, we set out to save Taylor's life and explained to him that such "humor" strikes Ellison as far worse than merely not funny. While Keller was afraid Harlan would walk out of the convention (and fail to do a bookplate signing for a volume Ken published), I was afraid Harlan would stay, to impress his displeasure on the editors who no doubt thought they were making a simple little joke like "everyone" makes. Taylor was understanding, and excised that line from the later, eventually excruciatingly boring, repetitions of the paragraph.

Closing Ceremonies: Taking one of the front row seats left after accommodations had been made for handicapped fans, I sat beside Bob Shaw and Dave Kyle. Shaw had never interrupted his intake of Irish jet fuel during the convention, and affably discussed the reaction to his emceeing the Hugo Awards. The Closing Ceremonies were cleverly scripted. They began with co-chairman Ron Zukowski on the PA system complaining how many things he hadn't seen yet -- including Ray Bradbury. Another voice replied, "He's already gone, Ron." Then a spotlight lanced down on Zukowski in the middle of the audience as voices shouted, "There he is! Blame him!" in mock homage to the chairman's role as scapegoat. Zukowski mounted the stage and joined the other co-chair, Penny Frierson, and division heads Peggy Rae Pavlat, Mike Rogers, Jim Gilpatrick and Don Cook to celebrate with great self-satisfaction their triumph over pessimism. Zukowski specially complimented the absent Joe D.

Siclari, who spent three years of his life organizing the WorldCon program, then was prevented from attending by his father's terminal illness. Siclari received a sustained round of applause and a loud chord from Filthy Pierre's keyboard.

The committee's remarks, though immodest, were deservedly answered by the audience's applause. ConFederation was a pleasure to attend -- and isn't that the acid test? What blemishes there were became most apparent during the Art Show and Masquerade. Those events, and the Business Meeting, will form the third leg of ConFederation coverage. ++ Mike Glycer

ART CREDITS: TaraL - cover. Brad Foster - 3, 28. Bard - 11. Teddy Harvia - 16
Guy Brownlee - 7. Alexis Gilliland - 9. Ray Capella & Marc Schirmeister - 13.
Stu Shiffman - 17. Bill Rotsler - 21. Mark Bondurant - 25. Kyle Kirkpatrick - 35.

LEE SMOIRE WILL OUT: After years of effort, Lee Smoire has received official permission to emigrate to Australia. She must go by the end of February, or she will lose her visa. But she is in need of friends' help, despite her best efforts to round up cash for her transportation and shipping her belongings, and household setup expenses (in Australia). Jul Owings is trying to meet the need by inventing the A.L.I.E.N. Fund ("Assist Lee In Emigrating Now"). Jul's announcement describes two ways of helping Lee: "We are accepting donations, larger or small, and we are offering formal promissory notes in \$50 and \$100 denominations -- fixed term at \$5 or \$10 every other month, starting 3 months after her arrival in Australia, with 10% of the principal added on to be paid at mid term and end of term." Astutely, Jul adds the appeal: "If you like her, help her out. If you're indifferent to her, help her out, too, for fannishness' sake -- Lee will be representing WSFA (and BSFS) in Australia for poker, DC in '92, and good partying! If you don't like her, well, contribute anyway; it'll help get her out of your hair faster!" The ALIEN Fund c/o Jul Owings, 3903 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore MD 21218.

BILL MARASCHIELLO DEAD: Maia Cowan writes, "Popular Midwest filksinger Bill Maraschiello was found dead of accidental suffocation Sunday, November 16. He earned the name 'Bill of Many Instruments' for amusing and amazing audiences with the incredible assortment of instruments he played. His repertoire ranged from traditional songs to wicked parodies and original songs such as 'Music, Sex and Cookies', and 'The Jedi Knight Blue Yodel'. He was Fan Guest of Honor at ConClave VIII in 1983, and a featured performer at Ohio Valley Filk Fest.

"This describes what Bill did; it's harder to explain what he was. Small and shy, he frequently looked more dismayed than flattered by his friends' admiration. His quiet presence disguised a sharp sense of humor and staggering talent. It was hard to get to know him, but easy to become fond of him at first meeting. He himself will be missed as much as his music."