

FALE

770



FILE 770:63 ("obviously not a fanzine", says Jack Herman) is edited by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401, in the official Not A Fanzine editorial offices. FILE 770 is available for subscriptions at 5 issues for \$4.00, mailed first class in North America, or printed rate overseas. Air printed matter delivery is available for \$1.25 per copy. FILE 770 may also be obtained for arranged trades, primarily with other newzines and clubzines. Issues may also be earned for eye-popping gossip to the editor; particularly if you phone him (on your nickel) at (818) 787-5061. The answering machine is dead, long live Ma Bell.

## NESFA GIVES LASFS THE SHAFT

Before the January 8 meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, early-arriving members discovered an eight-foot-long wooden crate outside the meeting room, Freehafer Hall. Directions on the outside of the crate instructed that it could be opened by removing all of the red-painted screws around the top outside face of the box. A dozen members set to with screwdrivers.

Within were three things. The obvious one was a six-foot-long steel shaft mounted on crosspieces in the crate so that it would still turn freely. At one end of the shaft was a wide flywheel. The second enclosure was a letter from the New England Science Fiction Association. NESFA, which acquired a clubhouse early in 1986, had to dispose of two businesses on the premises. One of them was a dry cleaning shop. They sold some of the equipment, but when it came to disposing of the shaft, they naturally thought of LASFS. Paula Lieberman, phoning afterwards to investigate the gift's reception stressed that the freight charges had been paid by donations, not by any coins from the club treasury. She said that several NESFans helped with the handiwork, but she singled out the efforts of Don Eastlake.

The third thing in the crate was a trade copy of INSTANT MESSAGE addressed to FILE 770. In spite of the protective wrapper, my copy was still damaged...

NESFA suggested the drive shaft be installed, to be turned as a prayer wheel. There may be merit in the idea: even laying in the box, the flywheel already attracts attention from fans who like to run string around it, and rev it up like an out-board motor.

LASFS' official response has been entrusted to a green ribbon committee of Craig Miller, Mike Glycer, Elst Weinstein, Tom Digby and Chuck Donahue, who have also planned to enlist other like minds, Ed Buchman and Jack Harness. The first order of business is to decide whether we have to do anything; maybe we've already zinged NESFA and they're just getting even.

DUFF

Marty and Robbie Cantor announce that Lucy Huntzinger won the Down Under Fan Fund selection.

Lucy Huntzinger resides in the Bay Area. If you're looking for voting statistics, join the crowd.

FANNISH ENGAGEMENTS: William Center and Lola Andrew plan a May 9, 1987, wedding. // Marie Bartlett and Kirby Sloan, alumni of DeKalb fandom currently living in Chicago, have announced their plan to wed in August.

CORFLU: An era ended when Bill Bowers' mimeo broke and the paper strippers became embedded in the drum. // COA for Corflu (and Bill): 1874 Sunset Ave. Apt. 56, Cincinnati OH 45238-3142. Corflu is April 3-5, 1987. Full membership \$25.25 til 3/21.

# HARRY WARNER ALIVE

And how else would he be?

FAPAn Milton F. Stevens informed me that Harry Warner Jr. had missed the quarterly Fantasy Amateur Press Association mailing for the first time since 1943, and he suggested the one obvious cause for such an epochal event.

But Harry wrote soon after, "If you heard any rumors about my promotion to that great fandom in the sky because of my FAPA problem, they aren't true. I missed participating in the last mailing, the first time such a thing had happened in 43 years, and some members assumed there was only one possible cause for my failure to have a FAPazine in that mailing. The Postal Service apparently ate the bundle of what I'd published for it. I had some extras, and I've distributed a few of them so I can technically continue to claim an unbroken skein of regular publication."



## WHITE ASKS LIFE SENTENCE

Writes Ted White, who was paroled from jail on December 4, 1986, "I am pleased to inform you and FILE 770's readers that on March 15, 1987, I will marry Lynda Magee of Salem, Oregon. Lynda and I met in Atlanta, at the WorldCon, and corresponded heavily throughout my stay in jail. I proposed to her in November, on her birthday, and she accepted. The week after I was released from jail I visited her in Salem, met her two children, her parents, her sister, and two of her brothers. We are deeply in love and feel that our entire lives prepared us for each other. This is my third marriage; her second. We are both confident this one will last the rest of our lives.

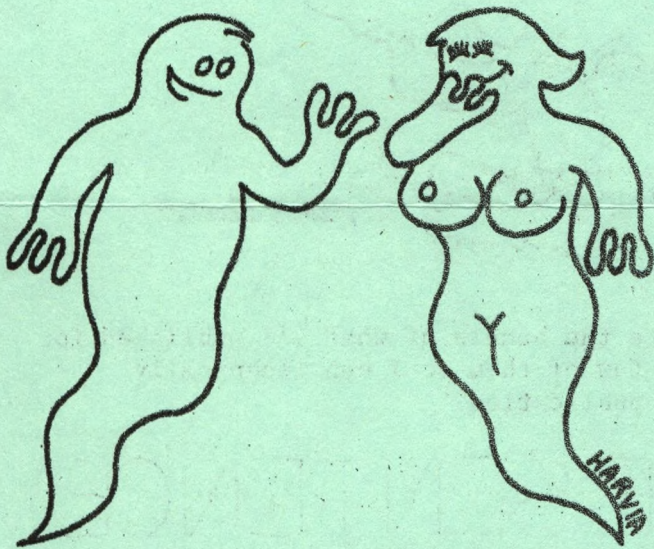
"After the wedding, which my daughter will attend with me, we will pack a trailer and drive east in Lynda's car as a newly-formed family of five. I will be adding a new wing, with two new bedrooms, to my house during the year and -- more news! -- I have rejuvenated my writing career and plan on writing at least two books a year as well as restoring my older books to print.

"For this reason I shall be cutting back somewhat on my fanac -- although to fandom at large I doubt it will have much impact. CRANK, my collaborative fanzine with Rob

Hansen, is dead (actually a victim of my arrest and subsequent depression), and so is EGOSCAN. GAMBIT has been lying half-completed for several years and will be completed. After that my contributions of written fanac will be to others' zines, at least until I feel the urge to Pub My Ish again.... I will continue to attend the conventions of my choice, including, I hope, Corflu 4, and the WorldCon in Brighton, where I hope to see my friends."

*RESCUED FROM THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR:* At ConFederation, Liz Schwarzin came into the Operations room to tell an anecdote about a call from St. Louis fan Dave Klaus. She said Dave was anxious to vote in the '88 Site Selection for the home town bid -- but he was phoning from St. Louis because he not only required someone to line up and cast his vote, he also had to borrow \$20 from Liz to buy the site selection membership. Apparently unaware that she'd already delivered the punchline, Liz added, "And he woke me up from my nap to do it!"

4E 2B 70



Oh, I see you've come  
au supernatural.

"4E 2B 70" read the invitation. Passing one more major milestone, Forrest J Ackerman threw himself a bash at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles and assembled the most eclectic guest list on this or any other world. An international list of 500 were invited to the November 21, 1986, gala. Driving along the Pershing Square side of the Biltmore I saw big sedans stacked up in traffic like a Hollywood premiere. Nor was this a coincidence: many of these people remembered by fannish mythology as pimply-faced fanzine publishers long ago grew up to become successes in the film industry. (And most of the rest managed it without publishing fanzines...)

Dining in one of the Biltmore's ornate ballrooms as gaudy as Louis XIV's bedroom, I was at a table of ten people including Kathleen Sky, whose awesome décolletage complemented the decor.

After dimer Walter J. Daugherty read birthday greetings from Vincent Price, the De Camps, The Frederik Pohls, Earl Korshak, and others, plus introducing a singing tele gram from Twilight Zone director John Landis. There followed a long train of well-spoken admirers. Julie Schwartz told a few early-LA fan stories. Ray Bradbury, who had climbed out of his sickbed (flu) to come, said if everybody who owed 4E money paid him, Ackerman would be a rich man. Humorist Verne Langdon scored when he mentioned 4E's penchant for duplicating and distributing articles published about himself, and termed it "state-of-the-art junk mail." Lawrence Melchior jibed, "My father had a saying: 'Show me your friends and I'll tell you who you are'....Forry, I don't know who the hell you are." Dave Kyle extolled Ackerman for helping him in a financial bind years ago, and also told the story of how 4E went on Dave and Ruth's honeymoon. Bob Bloch, a great after-dinner speaker, said he remembered the first time Forry was 70. Bloch took listeners through an imaginary tour of the Ackermansion

including such alleged exhibits as the empty glass case that Forry tells schoolkids contains Claude Rains' costume from THE INVISIBLE MAN.

There were two media presentations. Someone had edited a montage of Forry's bit parts from the movies, including the riotous movie audience scene from John Landis' SHLOCK! where Ackerman inattentively shares a box of popcorn with the runaway gorilla. Secondly, Bill Rotsler cleverly synopsisized Forry's life, and introduced guest speakers, with widely out-of-context images from his collection of slides about architecture and naked ladies.

During the pre-dinner cocktails I complained to dealer Harry Friedenberg about being elbowed out of line by several septugenerians. Harry set me straight: "I'm 70 years old" and I promptly turned to count the holes in the ceiling. If they set off a bomb in the room, the field of science fiction of the 1940s would have been wiped out. There were Bradbury, Bloch, Van Vogt, Richard Matheson, Dave Kyle, the Moffatts, Julius Schwartz, Ray Beam, Curt Siodmak, Jerry Siegel, George Clayton Johnson, T. Bruce Yerke, Mrs. Bob Clampett, Bela Lugosi Jr., Pogo & Tigrina (of early LASFS), Lil Neville, Mrs. H.L. Gold, Arthur (son of L. Ron) Hubbard, and others. Droppable names of a later vintage included: Gene Roddenberry, George Takei, Brad Linaweaver, Hedi Saha, Hurd Hatfield, Curtis Harrington, Jonathon Post, the Trimble, Don Glut, Ib Melchior, Greg Bear, Dennis Etchison, Hank Stine, Pat LoBrutto, Benfords, Sergio Aragones, June Foray, Shel Dorf, Dann & Roy Thomas, Fred Harris. Travelling farthest to attend were overseas fans: Takumi Shibano and wife; Saki Hijiri and Betibupiko from Japan; Fengzhen Wang and two other fans from China; Peter Vollmann and two other German fans; Stephen Jones and Jo Fletcher of England; and fans from Mexico, Romania, Sweden, and Poland.

The tribute to Ackerman came in more than words. Says 4E, "Outstanding gifts of a fantastic nature were my first issue of AMAZING STORIES (Oct. '26) rescued by Julius Schwartz from the offices of Warren Publishing Co; the head of the main robot from the sci-fi serial THE PHANTOM EMPIRE....a mint set of lobby cards from FREAKS from Anton Szandor LaVey," and others.

There being a few more lines, who else was there? Chuck and Dian Crayne, WALL STREET JOURNAL deputy bureau chief Steve Sansweet, Bongo Wolf, Charlie Jackson 2, Bill and Beverly Warren, Alan White, John Agar (yes, that John Agar), Mike Jittlov, Chaunticleer Michael Smith, Gail Higgins and Joe Celko. When Bilbo Baggins threw birthday parties in the Shire, he didn't get a crew so diverse as the people who attended Ackerman's 70th Birthday Party. And if they don't speak Elvish, there is always Esperanto.

## BOSTON NAMES GOHS

Noreascon 3, the 1989 WorldCon, announced its Professional Guests of Honor in December. They are Andre Norton, and Ian and Betty Ballantine. The Boston committee press release quotes one of its own as saying "Without Andre Norton half of us wouldn't be reading SF; and without the Ballantines half of what we've read wouldn't have been published." While Ballantine Books did publish more than its share of the best sf, I doubt all those Clarke manuscripts would still be sitting in a trunk in Sri Lanka for the lack of Ian and Betty.

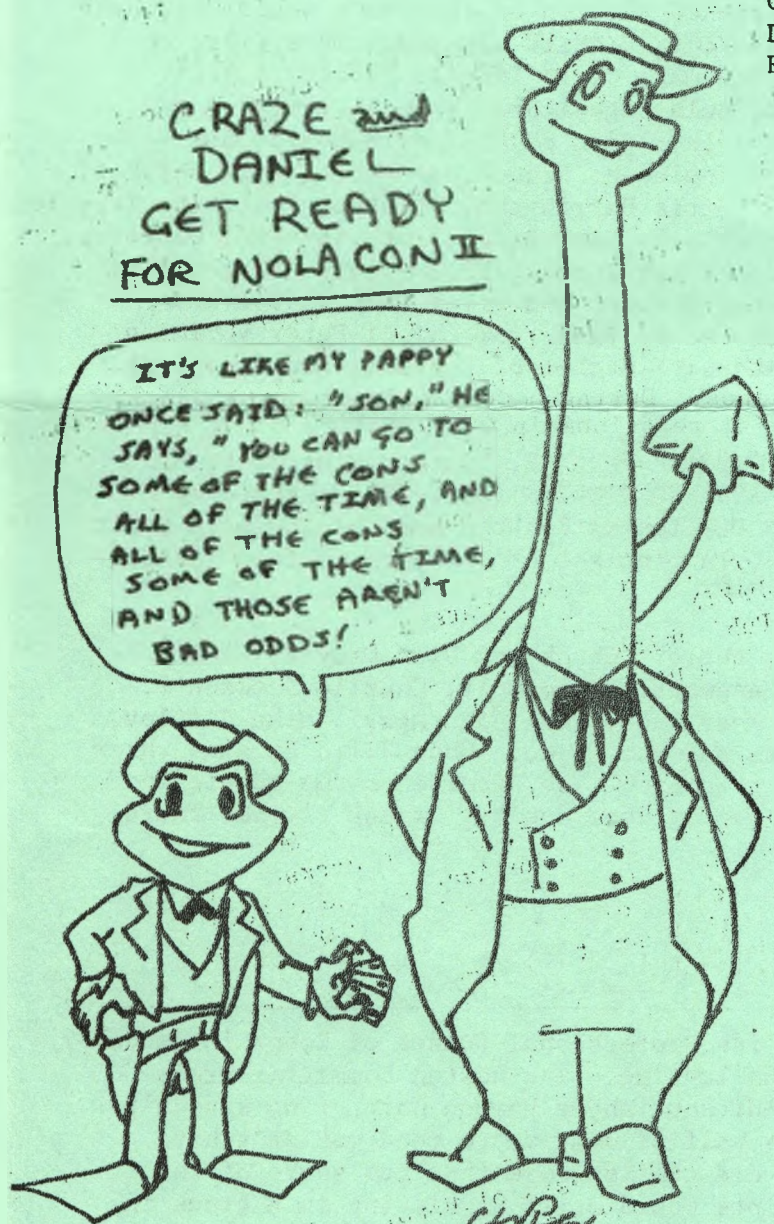
Noreascon 3 delayed announcing its Pro GoH selections initially because the 1988 convention, selected the same year, had first crack at the field. Then they suffered

additional delay waiting for their guests to confirm, only to discover that the letter to the Ballantines had been lost in the mail.

The convention had already announced its Fan Guests of Honor, members of The Stranger Club, first sf club in Boston. So far the committee has heard from: Louis Russell Chauvenet, Chan Davis, Timothy Orrok, Harry Stubbs, R. D. Swisher, and Art Widner.

On December 10, 1986, Noreascon Three had 1541 members (1022 attending, 519 supporting) and 12 Children's Admissions. The MCFI annual meeting, last October, re-elected Mark Olson, Chairman; Ann Broomhead, Treasurer; Jim Mann, Secretary.

The following appointments were also made: Carey Handfield, Australian Agent; Colin Fine, United Kingdom Agent; and Donald Eastlake, member of WSFS Mark Registration and Protection Committee.



## NOLA CON RUMORS

The New Orleans WorldCon committee (Nolacon II, 1988) is also cranking out press releases. The first one to hand denies some rumors about staff appointments, and announces that if any fan has heard anything about Nolacon II he or she would like to verify with the committee, they're welcome to write to Nolacon II at P.O. Box 8010, New Orleans LA 70182. "We will have a letter back to you within ten days giving you the truth," says Guy Lillian III; a heady promise. "Job appointments, for instance, will be verified by a written statement over the signature of John Guidry, our chairman. All other communications on this matter are either premature or bogus." By my hand and for the good of the state...

Nolacon II's British Agent will be Linda Pickersgill. The con will publish a PR in January and October. Attending membership rates are \$35 til 9/30/86, \$40 til 12/31/86 and more afterwards.

# AUTUMN LEAVES

WINDYCON XIII: November 14-16, 1986. (report by Mike Glycer) Topping 1900 attendees, this year's Windycon was the largest non-worldcon ever staged in the Wimpy Zone. Held outside Chicago at the Hyatt Regency Woodfield, a snowball's throw from the world's second largest shopping mall, full attendance left the facility bulging at the seams.

Despite the unmistakable appropriateness of holding the Guest of Honor Interview (with Harry Harrison) in the lounge adjoining the hotel bar, this was inadequate to seat the available audience, and lacked a dais or sufficient lighting to display Harrison well. Not that I had a problem with my seat -- I was across from Harrison doing the interview, and Harry is one hell of a good interview. But this made an interesting contrast to half a dozen pro interviews I've done on con programs in the west -- usually halfway through the interview the writer's devoted fans are squirming in their seats and waving their hands in eagerness to ask questions. They are always well-informed, on point questions; the writers love them; they make it real easy on me. Yet at Windycon perhaps three people asked questions during the entire hour, even after questions were called for.

A second contrast, definitely in the midwest's favor: Windycon's fan program was heavily attended, morning and afternoon, whatever the subject. "Are You Raising Your Children Right?" even drew a full house to listen to the Passovoys, Coulsons, Hinmans, Waitsmans and Roland Green & Freida Murray. Said one of the panelists about kids at cons: "Kids aren't going to see anything here they don't see on Dallas." It was a good con for linos. During a convention-running panel, Maia Cowan asserted, "Fans have an adversarial relationship with reality."

With Don and Elsie Wollheim present as Editor Guests of Honor, people were curious why Don chose against Philcon, running that same weekend, a Philcon commemorating the anniversary of the first sf convention, organized with Wollheim's help. Low rumor held that Wollheim had been hoping for a good excuse to miss it, which the guest-ship at Windycon furnished. On the other hand, Seth Breidbart attributed Ben Yalow's preference for Philcon to the historicity of the occasion, "commemorating 50 years of boring science fiction conventions." Scott Dennis claimed the only people at Philcon were the hucksters who couldn't get into the Windycon dealers room.

On the first night of Windycon, the Chicago in '91 bid was officially launched, with a "spontaneous demonstration" by placard-carrying fanpoliticos during the Opening Ceremonies. The Chicago bidding committee has an unusual new technique, the examples evident at Windycon being: Dick Spelman's sarcastic comments about the LA in '90 bid, and outright ridicule of Milwaukee's '94 NASFiC bid by many Chicago bidders in the audience of the "1990+: Future Worldcons" panel. Puh-leeze -- even Malcolm Edwards didn't talk that way in public until after he won his bid. Don't you need any votes from Milwaukee?

Why, here's competition for 1991 already -- "Trans World Con in 1991" read the flyer. I went to the bid party and found Rich Zellich, Michelle Tenney, Neil Rest and others proposing "to charter a TWA stretch jumbo jet and fly it around the world, for a true 'world' convention." A map on the wall outlined the globe-girdling route. Zellich and others wore white and black clothing imitative of airline garb, and ran a cash bar; not going into the financial dumper on this one like you did on the Boat Bid, eh? Good planning. Other parties were "Perth in '9?", claiming uncertainty about the bid year (which was 1994); LA in '90; the Chicon V bid party; and other blurry parties that Dana Siegel and Midge Reitan dragged me to...

PHILCON: November 14-16, 1986. (report by Jack Chalker) About 1500 people attended Philcon at the Adams Mark hotel in suburban Philadelphia. It was the 50th anniversary of Philcon I, although they did have a war years break so it's not the 50th Philcon. The attendance was the usual Philcon mix, though -- 500 fans you see all the time from the Baltowash corridor and 1000 people for whom Philcon is their only convention.

There was much lamentation about the scarcity of parties, although clearly the big conflict concerning 1988 has spoiled us. Holland in '90 did manage a small but effective affair; LA in '90 was conspicuous for its absence and for a total lack of partisans. DC in '92 wasn't ready for party throwing yet but set up a pre-supporting membership drive and sold 68 presupporting memberships at \$5 apiece. DC had buttons and ersatz bumper stickers for its partisans and was the only '92 bidder organized at this point.

The Adams Mark is a large, nice, modern hotel with a very nice convention center attached, but it did not sell out. The proximity of a Best Western just across the street from the facilities at more than \$25 off the \$72 Mark price had something to do with it, but the fact that the Mark wasn't any better than the average hotel on the room side also contributed. Security was omnipresent for sf fans while local drunks screaming and yelling as they went down the lobby from the hotel bars were ignored, as was a very rowdy group of boys from a bar mitzvah also in the hotel who decided to explode balloons in places like the coffee shop and other public areas. In the early morning hours fans were told they had to leave the lobby, although the convention level remained open and there seemed no hassling there. In other words, fans were OK so long as they knew their place.

Philcon suffered from a number of expected jokes, such as after fifty years they still haven't gotten one quite right (scurrilous lie -- 1961 wasn't bad at all) although this one had a better ambiance than most, partly because it was in a new hotel instead of a relic and also that the hotel was decently designed so that even those still trying to find their way out of Dumphries from last year managed to discover the con this year. More telling was the number of professional cancellations, many of which were because there was absolutely no contact between Philcon and those it placed on its program, beyond the guests. I, for one, almost didn't go and relented only because I was called on by Powers on High and asked to do an Effinger Auction. Thanks to Bob Adams, Dave Hartwell, Cherry Weiner and a host of others we did quite well, raising at least \$500 in a short but spirited session on Sunday afternoon. The fact that Philcon had scheduled it initially for 9 in the morning and I had to raise holy hell on four days notice to get it changed also helped.

When I pointed out to Yale Edeiken that I hadn't been asked to do anything at or by Philcon (even though when I showed up I found myself scheduled for a panel in the Program Book) he responded huffily that he'd asked me about the panel back at Disclave when we were hanging out in front of the Columbinatti party at 2AM. Yeah, sure, and I'm supposed to remember this, right? One wonders if that attitude didn't contribute to the absences; about 15% of the pros scheduled on the programs did not show up at all, possibly because Windycon had discovered the typewriter and the follow-up. An informal carvass of program participants in the SFWA party indicated no one who'd gotten a written invitation, and 11 people like me who found they were on the program only when they arrived at the con.

On the other hand, the old timers showed up to celebrate the 50th in droves. Unfortunately, at the First Fandom panel only they showed up -- no audience. The half

dozen veteran fans formed a circle in the back of the hall and had their own reunion later joined by about half a dozen more old timers. It is the first time I've seen the likes of Madle, Moskowitz, Eshbach, and other living legends not draw some people and says a lot about the modern Philcon attendee.

Some panels were filled, however; those were the ones with writers who had good-sized contemporary followings (including me) and they went well, with spirited discussions and audience interaction with the panels. Asimov's speech was the usual and was as usual packed to the gills, although Isaac himself tended to appear only for his program items and then vanish. He looked reasonably well and sounded his old self but his near total absence around the con fueled rumors that he was not at all well.

Parties were few but they did exist, although the hotel acted promptly on noise complaints. While I don't know of a party being forcibly shut down they were often warned and halls cleared by hotel security. The Con Suite was spacious and well stocked with all sorts of beverages and munchies, although somebody ought to learn from the four cases of diet ginger ale that went untouched while people

searched early Sunday morning for "real" soft drinks. Also nicely stocked was the green room although the ravenous folk seemed to eat all and sundry there out by 2 PM.

Other parties included BOB fandom, Hexacon, a group playing nonstop Weird Al Yankovic albums, and the Gardner Dozois Worship Circle -- sorry, the SFWA suite, brought to you by ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE. John De Chancie noted at one point that he knew only six pros at the party; I explained to him that the rest of them weren't pros but WSFans -- about 14 of them including the entire officer corps. That's what they get for appointing ex-WSFan Tim Sullivan as door guard.

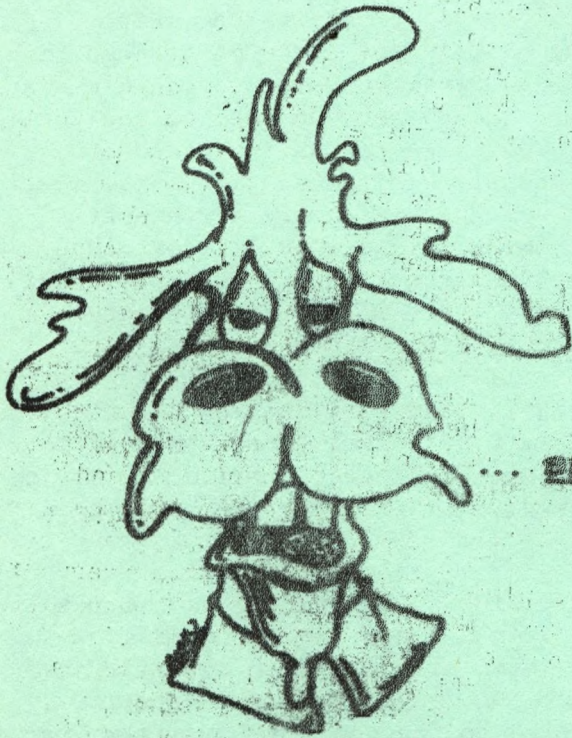
Mary Burns was in the lobby Saturday distributing copies of Conspiracy PR2, which essentially states that it was out in early September..../Conspiracy/ added yet another GoH, Ray Harryhausen, bringing the total of GoHs, Special Guests, etc. to,



twelve. No one was willing to form a pool on how many such guests will be added even later, nor how many pages it will take in the Program Book just to cover them all. There was much notice that they have yet to appoint specials specifically for Wales, Scotland, Eire, Northern Ireland and the various Commonwealth nations, let alone the Common Market and Comecon. Much discussion, too, over the acceptance of Andre Norton as Noreascon III's GoH. No discussion that she deserves it, but tremendous amazement that she said yes and some doubt even now that she won't back out.

GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER FOOTNOTE: As stated in Guy H. Lillian III's Nolacon press release, "Our Pro Liaison and great friend, George Alec Effinger, was injured in a fire in his French Quarter home on September 18, 1986. Apparently George suffered burns to his back and arms while trying to fight the blaze." Effinger was initially hospitalized, and later released. Effinger has been afflicted by medical problems for years, so a particular frustration was his need to spend money on this hospital stay that had been earmarked for other treatment. Dennis Virzi added about the fire in Effinger and Debbie Hodgkinson's apartment: "They lost a bunch of their stuff. All of Debbie's birds and fish died (she grabbed the cats and saved them). All their living room furniture was destroyed, as was 'everything with a plug' as Debbie put it. George suffered smoke inhalation and burns to his back and face when he stopped to put on his pants. Most of their books were lost but fortunately George's manuscripts survived." Virzi said several fans treated the couple to attendance at Armadillocon, where an auction was held for their benefit, as was another auction, the one referred to by Chalker above at Philcon. Virzi concluded, "The fire started in their couch...The fact that Debbie happened to be awake when it broke out probably saved their lives. George reported that 911 was busy when he called. A neighbor reached the fire department for them."

SMOFCON 3: December 5-7, 1986. (reported by Mike Glycer) What other than fan politics would lure fans from warm beds in LA, Phoenix, New Orleans and Texas to the historic but frosty mill town of Lowell, Massachusetts, in deep and dark December? More than half of the con's 99 members hailed from NESFA, but they all spoke the universal language of chocolate, served in vast quantities in the Con Suite. (The Con Suite crew were asked how they enjoyed spending 90% of Smofcon's budget.) Called "the more-or-less-annual conference on convention management", the 1986 edition was hosted by Massachusetts Convention Fandom Inc. -- read: Noreascon Three. Smofcon was slanted to harvesting ideas to implement at the '89 WorldCon, as well as soliciting approval for the committee's own preconceptions of how the con should be run. Quite an example of the latter was the "brainstorming session" I attended on "A Workable Meet-The-Pros Party". To the average person "brainstorming" probably doesn't suggest the corporate ritual many employees (including myself) have been trained to use as a tool in addressing problems. In theory, one first gathers every imaginable idea from the participants, "however silly", then winnows them down by several stages of discussion and vote to a primary recommendation. I don't reject the theory out of hand, but I have never had the experience of doing it that way -- because what usually happens is the facilitator, or some other strong personality, imposes their agenda on the other participants. The "Workable Meet-The-Pros Party" was identical, dominated by the plans of those who already know they'll be running the event at the '89 WorldCon. But I did enjoy hearing people imagining ways to use technology to help their needs. There was one idea that every pro be equipped with a beeper. The master of ceremonies could dial up their number, a spotlight would lance down at the sound, and the pro would be introduced; eliminating embarrassing straw hats, lines, or regimentation. Of course not all pros would cooperate, and we quickly predicted the scenario



where the MC's voice would boom over the public address, "This is Isaac Asimov!" \*beep\*beep\*beep\* The spotlight would lance down on a bewildered 12-year-old who would yelp, "Some old man said 'Hold this!' and lit out!"

There was a meeting of all the members to permit a sharing of brainstorming results. The Art Show sessions yielded the most intriguing suggestions. There was significant support for unofficial grading of art show entries in order to place the highest quality work at the front of the hall, and the most amateurish stuff at the back. There was much discussion of hangings. "Of the

artists?" gasped Michael Whelan. Whelan himself urged convention programmers to invite artists to appear on non-art-related panels. He tossed out the idea of segregating art in the hall based on its sale price. He pointed out that the main

difference between WorldCon and other Art Shows was that exhibition to publishers was more crucial at the WorldCon, for artists. A different brainstorming session was applauded for recommending the use of video for art auctions -- to avoid time-consuming movement of pieces to the auction, to avoid the risk of damaging pieces, and cut out the related paperwork.

One night a dinner expedition collected virtually all the attendees from west of the Appalachians -- John Guidry, Justin Winston, Scott and Jane Dennis, Willie Siros, Monica Stevens, Gary Robe and myself. Out of this dinner came a new nickname for Justin Winston: "Reader of Missing Lips."

The first night of the con, NESFA introduced Role Playing Fantasy games to SMOFdom. "If I Ran the Zöö...Con" divided participants into Eastern, Central and Western zone teams. The team captaincy rotated within each team, permitting all players to take a crack at handling one of the true-to-wildlife scenarios associated with WorldCon bidding, planning, and operating. Each con member received a printed copy of the game instructions, scenarios and implements to try out in their home town. The game was riddled with humor, and (understandably) riddled with NESFA's editorial attitudes. Particularly in the scoring (and explanation of scoring) were local biases obviously at work. But it was still an awfully clever and well-written game.

Smocon 4 will be held in Columbus, OH, November 20-22, 1987. For information write to FANACO Inc., c/o Liz Gross, 376 Colonial Ave., Worthington OH 43085.

XANADU: November 7-9, 1986. (report by Jack Chalker) XANADU, the sf con held by Nashville insurgents in November (as opposed to Kubla Kahn in May) was held at the Days Inn, with me as pro GoH, Joan Hanke-Woods as artist GoH, and Bob Tucker

as Toastmaster. I would love to tell you who the fan GoHs were but I had never heard of them and we were never introduced. Attendance was about 400 in spite of the timing (close to other major cons) and the incredibly bad weather which included near constant torrential, almost tropical rain and loads of tornado watches and warnings. Unfortunately the hotel had never bothered to caulk their windows so virtually every room accumulated small lakes between the bed and the window. This was not as bad as the con suite, which was the entire ninth (and top) floor -- a Minicon-like region that was actually a bar/disco and large meeting room along with outside balcony -- since their ceiling was partly atrium-style glass and it wasn't caulked either. I am not making a joke when I report that complaints to the desk elicited, "Well, we can't caulk when it's raining." And when asked why they hadn't caulked between rains, we actually got, straight-faced and serious, "Well, it doesn't need caulking then."

Nashville fandom is known for its prodigious parties and this one was no exception, although the disco part was designated at the start the smoking room and had loud blaring rock music beyond even my ability to talk. We finally decided that since nobody was using the vast No Smoking suite we would change to "TALKING" and "NO TALKING" suites and after that it worked just fine.

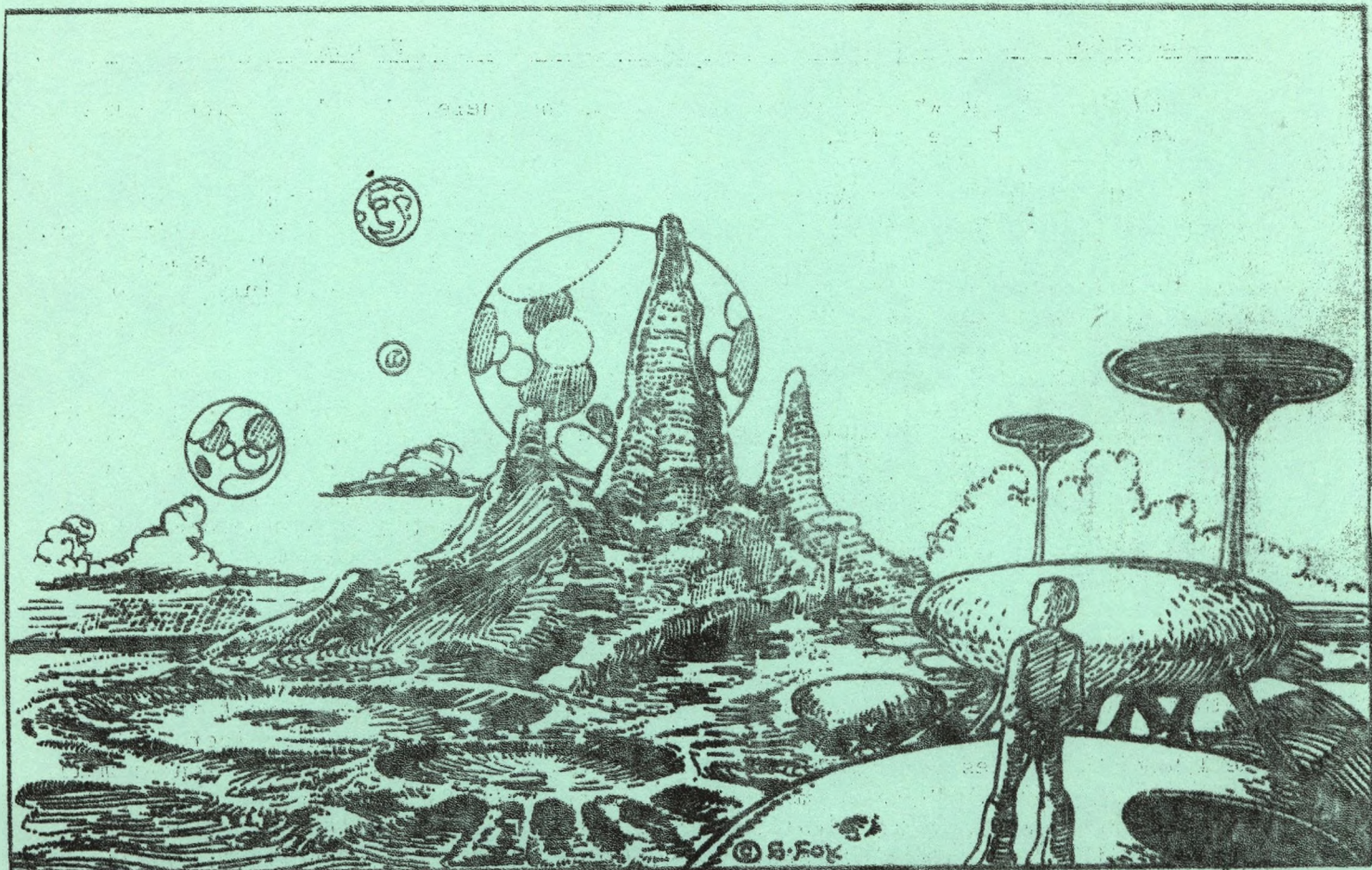
Attendance came from the usual crew in Nashville plus a fair number of the regulars of Knetucky fandom, Knoxville, Chattanooga and even Atlanta fandom, with a smattering of midwestern fans as well. At one point at a party it looked like a ConFederation Department Heads reunion with much Smoffing, particularly about a few specific fans who were not there. In addition to the con itself, parties were thrown by the Huntsville DSC group and the legendary L&N consortium. Programming was light but seemed to go well, with my talk attracting a nearly full house. It's possible, of course, that this was because it was discovered that the program room and the huckster and art show rooms were the only ones that didn't leak.

I did an Effinger auction as well as the art auction, neither or which elicited a great deal of money from the crowd -- there didn't seem to be much money there -- and they had a small but nice masquerade on Saturday night. In fact, except for the cruddy weather, it felt and looked exactly like Kubla Kahn, including Ken Moore striding through it all in his patented cut-offs, although this time Ken wasn't running anything. Fandom may be fragmented in Nashville (there are three separate clubs) but it's not acrimonious; all three clubs were there.

A HITCH IN HIS GITALONG: When dog bites man, that's not news, they say. Still, it probably received the full attention of mail carrier and NESFA President Joe Rico, since he was recently on the receiving end of the canines. INSTANT MESSAGE #412 also reports that the Marriott bites the big one; they won't pencil in Boskone on its schedule for the foreseeable future. "Behavior at Boskone XXIII was mentioned as one reason."

FOR THE RECORD: The 1986 Susan C. Petrey Clarion Scholarship was awarded to Wally Metts of Horton, Michigan. That was the fifth time the scholarship had been awarded, paying the costs of in-state tuition, room and board at the Clarion Writer's Workshop conducted at Michigan State University. The fund is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions Inc.

DATELINE FRAMINGHAM: Ron Salomon, a long-time fanzine fan, recently married Lori Gillen, "formerly of Newton, MA, NYC and Mundania."



## FLASHBACKS ON FILE

**JWC LETTERS ELIGIBILITY:** The only response that has been made concerning the initial availability of the JOHN W. CAMPBELL LETTERS came from Curt Phillips of Virginia. Curt says, "I got my copy at the last Chattacon in Chattanooga back in January '86. Perry Chapdelaine was just setting up his sales table when I bought it and he told me that I was 'one of the first to buy a copy', and I understood him to mean one of the first ever rather than just at that con. I certainly hope that the book can be ruled eligible for next year because it really is a fine work that deserves an award." The LETTERS, VOL. 1, had poor distribution until mid-1986, despite a copyright of 1985, and there is fannish sentiment to interpret the Best Non-Fiction Book Hugo rules in a way that would make it eligible this year, despite its nomination (and loss) in 1986.

**JERRY JACKS:** Jack Chalker adds to the obituary for Jerry Jacks, who died late last year in San Francisco. Writes Chalker, "Jerry Jacks was one of the charter members of the Baltimore Science Fiction Society, an organization that still exists and which gave enormous numbers of well known fans to the world from that generation. He was the youngest of the charter group and the first to die. By the time he went west he'd already contributed to the publication of most fanzines out of Baltimore, the early Mirage Press, building the club into a major one, and helping out on numerous conventions. From the time he was in his low teens fandom was his closest family and he lived his entire adolescence and adult life pretty much within it and amassing quite a record of accomplishment. He was not only an early fan colleague of mine but also one of my former students, as he was in his senior

year at City College while I was student teaching there. His dedication to the field was matched by very few, and he will be missed."

Chalker also says, "In the Andy Porter strikes again category, it should be noted that there is nothing yet to prove that Jerry Jacks had AIDS that I've seen, but Andy not only states it he also in the same paragraph notes that fandom escaped Legionnaire's Disease. Considering that Bob Pavlat, certainly a major figure in fandom, died of Legionnaire's Disease, I'd say that made the comment rather odd for a newzine."

STICKY WICKET: Brian Earl Brown devotes part of STICKY QUARTERS 16 to chastizing editors for what didn't appear in their newzines. Brian furnishes his theory about the lack of publicity for Ted White's drug arrest, and asks, "So why try to hide the news, and I'm convinced that Langford and Glyer cooperated with Ted's desire that this news not be spread." All I can say is Thank God there's Brian Earl Brown to keep me from life as a Ted White mind slave. Langford, of course, went to Silly Putty years ago.

Ted White's views, in brief, are: "First, as should be obvious, my incarceration is behind me. I served three months, which, as you know from my LETTERS FROM PRISON, was not a terrible hardship although I'd hardly wish to repeat it. I am currently on parole and will be until June 4th, 1987. My parole officer tells me I have the highest category of parole, requiring the least supervision: I mail in monthly reports. Brown seems to see a conspiracy among newzine editors, and arrogates to himself a position he neither holds nor deserves to hold. He also has significant facts wrong. Brown says, 'I was disappointed to discover that Ted White wrote about his arrest only because I'd asked Dave Langford a question.' As we both know, and as was implicit in your response to Brian, this is not true. Let me make it explicit. I wrote you about my arrest because you asked me to. The timing was such that I was able to include in that letter the query from Langford and his quote from Brian, but that certainly was not my motivation for writing you. (Langford, by the way, had been aware of my arrest since shortly after it occurred.)"

Harry Warner Jr.'s comment helps conclude the discussion: "I was one of the small minority who didn't know about Ted's trouble with the law until it finally broke out in fanzines. I assumed Eric Mayer, Dick Bergeron and Bill Danner would be the only other fans who hadn't heard about it by word of mouth at cons during the time between the arrest and the first publicity given to the matter. Incidentally, there is fannish precedent for the failure of the matter to appear in fanzines as soon as it happened. Back in the 1940s, E. Everett Evans got arrested, tried and sent to jail without any inkling of that fact appearing in any fanzine. A misleading announcement of his fafiaction gave fans the impression he'd undertaken some sort of secret work until someone finally broke the real story. I don't think any fanzine ever published an account of the arrest of a prominent fan of the 1930s in a metropolitan city, even though the episode was covered by one or more daily newspapers in that city and this fan had enough fannish enemies to increase the probability that his difficulties would get lots of fanzine play."

UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR CROAKS: Elizabeth Osborne reports: "UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR, a zine nominated for /the 1986/ Hugos, is ending publication." The editors give their reasons in the 32nd issue -- the time demands of the zine are more than the editors, Linda and Susan (last names?) can willingly give it. Efforts to trim the time factor have affected quality, they feel, so they intend to quit. "It's just not fun anymore. And we always said that we would quit when we reached that stage."



**TAFF RACE HEATS UP:** Recent TAFF delegate Greg Pickersgill was in North America "for just under two months, during which time he attended two conventions, visited fan centers in New York, the Bay Area, Seattle, Madison, Toronto and Washington DC; crossed the continent by both air and rail; saw diverse Americana including an aircraft carrier, a mass-market publisher's office, and a jail (as an outside observer, we hasten to add)," reports TAFFLUVIA 8. Greg has gone back to the UK where he had better be hard at work on his trip report.

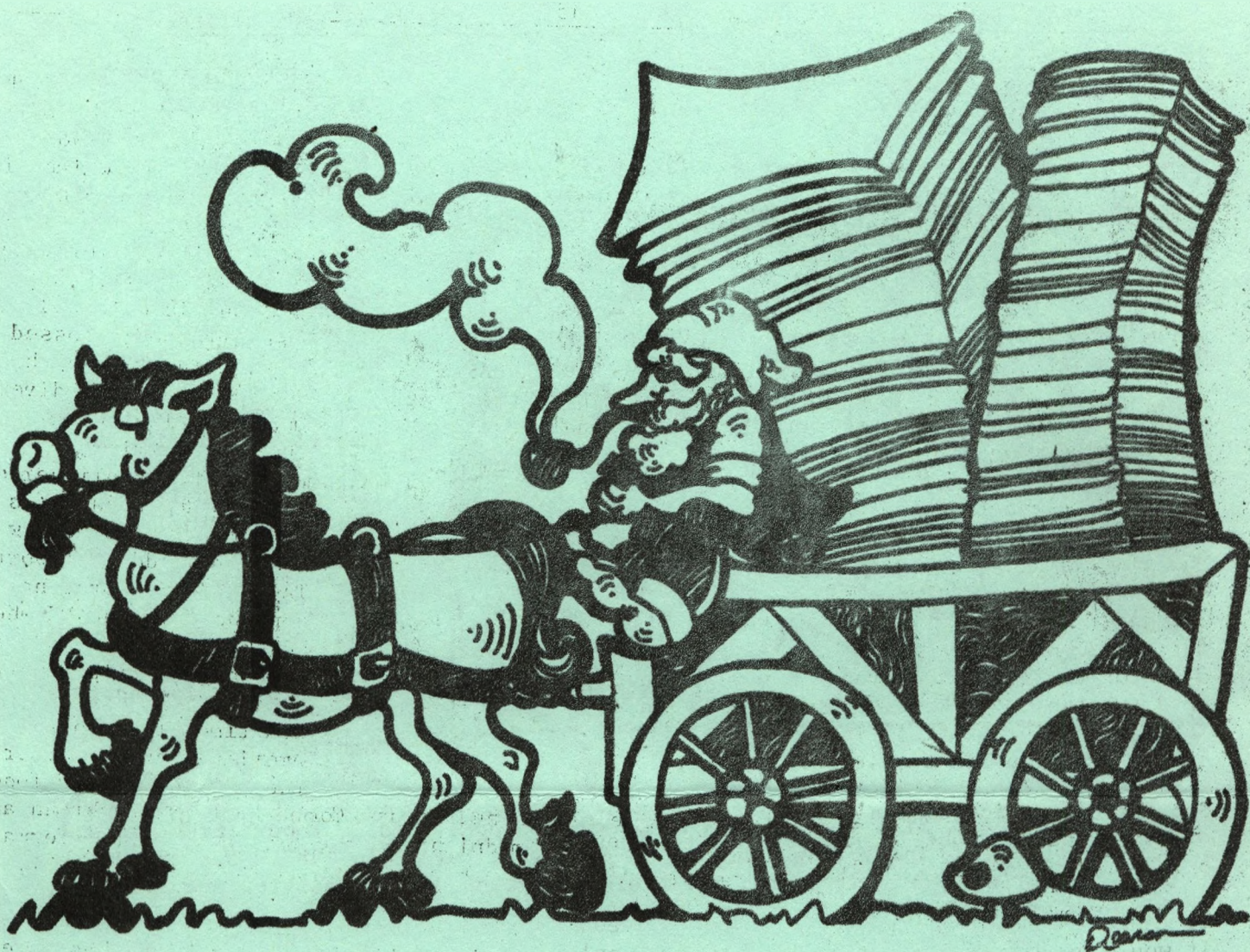
Meantime, five North Americans humbly offer themselves as TAFF-fodder:

Brian Earl Brown, Bill Bowers, Mike Glicksohn, Jeanne Gomoll, Robert Lichtman and Hold Over Funds. The voting deadline is midnight, March 14, 1987. For information, contact American Administrators, the Nielsen Haydens, at 75 Fairview Ave. #2D, New York NY 10040.

**DC IN '92 BID LAUNCHED:** "WSFA (Washington Science Fiction Association) has voted to authorize and partly finance the DC in '92 bid, and conditional contracts exist with the hotels to be used," writes Jack Chalker. The bid flyer announces the prospective Discon III facilities would be the Sheraton Washington, Omni Shoreham, and Washington Hilton and Towers, encompassing 3425 guest rooms and 102,000 square feet "of major ballroom space." At the time Jack wrote in November, he added, "Officers (except provisional bid treasurer Bob MacIntosh) have yet to be selected, and who those officers are will determine just how strong a bid it will be. Front runner for chairman is Alan Huff, whose Worldcon credentials are as long or longer than mine, and if he gets it this will be as strong a Discon bid as any I've been associated with."

**OTHER HOT RUMORS:** Chalker returned from his GoH-ship at Xanadu with these bidding notes: "There was much talk of future Worldcon bids, including a possible Ken Moore bid for Nashville in either '91 or '94 and a rumored Atlanta rebid for '95. There was also a lot of ominous rumblings of an impending major shakeup coming in the Nolacon II committee but I could not get specifics and this was the first I'd heard of it. Since the heart of southern Smofdom was present, though, there may be something to it."

**CLOSING THE SOUTHERN FANDOM FILE:** At DeepSouthCon, Cliff Amos was elected to succeed Guy H. Lillian III as President of the Southern Fandom Confederation. Amos defeated Michael Sinclair for the post.



## FAN MAIL

JERRY POURNELLE  
c/o BYTE  
70 Main St.  
Petersborough NH 03458

The discussion about proprietary conventions got me to thinking. When I first started going to conventions, in Seattle 1961, you could meet everyone there over the course of the weekend. I recall with considerable fondness a late night

party/discussion in George Price's room, with myself, Poul Anderson, and a dozen others. I'd met Poul that afternoon (I think we had corresponded previously). The next year Earl Kemp was genuinely worried that he'd end up in the poorhouse, and a number of us pitched in to help see that the con didn't lose money.

In those days I was an aerospace type and my connection with sf was purely fannish (although some made the distinction between fan and 'reader' and gave me the latter appellation.) Those were times when the pros and anyone else with anything to offer -- souvenirs of the space program, books, anything at all -- were

expected to pitch in, because there was no way conventions could make money, and often the Committee didn't even get their room rent paid.

It's different now. That may or may not be a good thing. It's certainly better for me in a commercial sense, in that conventions sell a lot of books now. They may or may not be quite as much fun as they used to be. One thing is certain, though: much of the expanded membership in SF conventions comes from 'readers', rather than traditional fans. These are people drawn not by fellowship, but by the Big Names who are attending. I suppose some of those are later recruited into fandom itself. It would be interesting to see just how many of those who first appear in fannish circles at WorldCons later contribute to fanzines or other fanac. (I do know that the LASFS Showcase has been one of LASFS' better recruiting devices, as was the LA WorldCon.) Still, most of the thousands and thousands who make WorldCons potentially lucrative are drawn by the Big Names and probably are never heard of again.

All of which is fine, except that it gets expensive for the Big Names, and the sales/publicity isn't THAT good. Many of us routinely get reasonable lecture fees and all expenses from mundane organizations to do less work than WorldCons expect from us. This isn't a complaint: I'd rather work at a Con than sit around doing nothing. However: having been one of the drawing cards, and having given speeches for not a lot more than free beer, I do get an odd feeling from the notion that the profits from the convention may be nothing but private income for someone. Note too that if I make several unpaid appearances at a convention, it probably lowers what institutions in that area will pay to have me come speak for money; so the donation isn't just one of time.

So: the convention couldn't be put on without the unpaid help of one heck of a lot of fans, and not just locals, either; nor would it draw all those crowds without the unpaid help of a fair number of professionals.

If there weren't any way to get competent people to put on cons except to pay them, it would be different; but in fact that doesn't seem to be the case. I think we still get competent nonprofit bids. Me, I'd rather see the time and effort and whatever contribution I've made to a con result in something beneficial to fandom than to see it used as personal income to the Committee. Since conventions consume an enormous amount of time and energy from the fans local to the place putting on the convention, I've no objection to most of that money going to something that primarily benefits those locals: clubhouses, new fanzine printing equipment, whatever.

I make no doubt there are probably better ways to control and distribute con profits -- you may recall I years ago proposed a permanent WSFS Board Structure to give the thing some continuity and achieve some economies of scale -- but I've no strenuous objection to the muddling through approach we've been using. I would hate to see SF conventions become proprietary. Too many good people have worked too hard building what we have to see it turn into just another commercial venture. (As often as I have argued the point in local policy debates, I'm surprised that you had to remind me of the fundamental truth that sf conventions not only rely on free staff -- they also take for granted the uncompensated appearances of sf writers and artists: and it is to these people that we owe most of our attendance. It is absurd for anyone to assume that the fans can pocket a WorldCon or NASFiC surplus uncommented upon by the writers. Let me add: though I never received any communication for the 1987 NASFiC committee, Terry Gish told me at Smofcon that it had returned its operation to CASFS, the local nonprofit corporation. It seems

the NASFiC is still using some ingenuity, one specific example being Gish's status as an independent contractor, autonomously running the Art Show for Phoenix, and assuming the profits or losses from that function.))

---

JACK CHALKER  
629 Jasontown Road  
Westminster MD 21157

---

I agree with just about everything Jerry Pournelle says on the Nebulas but he is being diplomatic on how these things are chosen. I never attended a SFWA gathering without large

numbers of the usual cliques sitting around with Nebula recommendation ballots trading nominations. Only the novel seems to be less subject to this sort of thing, and then only slightly so. Once on the final ballot, members usually get sent copies of the select stories and, since those are usually the only ones the voting members actually read, they usually win. When I was a member of SFWA, I often also got lobbying phone calls from writers, friends and even editors and publishers in an almost Oscar-like campaign. I can't remember when, as a member, I didn't know well in advance who was going to win based on the level of the campaign.

I appreciate the nod to Eva and Rick who did an incredible job with no budget and against all odds and the worst the worldcon committee could do. Imagine what they could have done with some money. Too often the people who do such amazing jobs get ignored while the asshole who made life a horror for them gets all the kudos.

Actually, Charlie Brown is correct that Judy Lynn's Hugo worked out perfectly for morality, statement and the record. In fact, the only thing wrong was Owen Locke's/ failure to alert Eva ahead of time that this might be the case should Judy Lynn win to avoid just what happened -- placing Bob Shaw in a very uncomfortable situation by having to recover and somehow pick up the funny schtick after such a thing. Yeah, it looked okay to the audience but Bob was really placed in a bad situation and shouldn't have been.

As it happens I totally support Lester's sentiments in this. Hugo voters are notorious for taking people they like, buy and read so much for granted and overlooking them for awards nominations, let alone awards. Then somebody dies and all of a sudden they want to give one. Judy Lynn was the most influential force in our field since John Campbell and nothing would have meant more to her than walking up there and picking one up as she deserved. Even those who didn't work under her owe her a major debt; she is the one who decided that SF was mainstream and through tremendous promotional and political skills made many of us front-of-the-store best seller types, and if SF is still a ghetto, it's a highly envied one that everyone else wants to get into. I can think of no one who deserved a Hugo more and I think it's a damned sad commentary on the voters generally that somebody like that has to die to get recognition these days. ((About ten years ago Dick Geis, in SFR, dismissed Ballantine/Del Rey in editorial terms, attributing their success to the ability to outbid everyone for major books. I think it took fandom a long time to be educated to an understanding of what Judy Lynn -- and Terry Carr, and book editors generally -- were contributing to the field.))

---

MIKE GLICKSOHN  
508 Windermere Ave.  
Toronto ONT M6S 3L6 CANADA

---

((Edited for space)) Let's agree that anyone who is really concerned with the fan Hugo situation really ought to get actively involved in bringing about a situation they'll be able to live with.

Ideally this would be a Nice Thing. Ideally I'd have been happy if all the people who signed our ad had previously done their best to avoid a situation they'd be unhappy with. (Guess who one of those four who both signed and nominated and voted was? Guess who has nominated and voted in the fan Hugo categories for the last nineteen years? Guess who feels his reasoned opinion is at the very least as valid as anyone else's? You get only one guess...) The pure and simple fact of the matter is that regardless of whether anyone else in the ad paid the cash to nominate, their opinion is still valid as to the relative merits of the nominees on the final ballot. Ideally every critic should have written a best-selling novel. Ideally everyone who objects to a Moral Majority candidate on a ballot should have voted in every previous election. Ideally everyone who criticizes a racist/sexist/-anti-Semite should have marches against the things they disagree with on previous opportunities. Sure. But even if they didn't it doesn't make their objections any less meritorious. ((Try another "ideal" on for size -- those who don't play the game don't get to make the rules. I'm sure in Canada you enjoy a fine record of turnout in public elections, but here in the US we have pretty lousy turnout measured by the total number of eligible voters. Everybody's entitled to express their opinion of government and the laws it makes -- it says so right in the Constitution. But it sure would help the country if more of these lip service idealists would put their hands to the wheel. Since I never agreed with the "No Award" attitude to begin with, despite the rhetoric invested in unprinted portions of your letter to insinuate that I unconsciously do, I view the ad as an exercise of rights through a kind of parasitism on a system supported by others.))

...I believe you feel as strongly about this issue as I do, Mike; and for that reason I respect your attempt to offer an alternate position to the ad I was a co-signer of. But if you're going to argue against us (while admitting that you "could name a dozen /fanzines/ that are better than most of the entries on this year's ballot") I think you owe it to your readers and to your own credibility as a fannish commentator to argue from some sort of reasoned platform. This rampant emotionalism and fringe-fannish nonsequitur promulgation just doesn't hack it. Hell, if you actually think about what you said you might even be inclined to give back your Hugo for Best Fan Writer. ((While I admire the acerbity of your parting shot, I have yet to understand how it applies. Although it's not true of 1986, there have been many years in which the person I voted in first place as Best Fan Writer failed to win -- and I don't refer to myself, here -- but I never suggested that Dick Geis or Bob Shaw turn back one of their Hugos. As an analogy: you have never had too much difficulty accepting differences of opinion between us. That's how I view the Hugos -- while I prefer for my choices to win, I don't consider the award bankrupt when they lose. I do view with alarm a situation where several nominees in a category are shit, but when the best informed fans abdicate their responsibility to vote for good zines, voting "No Award" is a superficial and misleading gesture.)) ((And I'll bet somebody out there fainted when they read I didn't vote for Shaw. Well, usually I did the years he won, but I once put D'Amassa ahead of him. So shoot me.))

#### EXCERPTS

DAVE TRAVIS: I was glad for Judy Lynn Del Rey won the Hugo. I was sorry Lester Del Rey seemed bitter. I have nominated Judy Lynn Del Rey for the Hugo at least three years. Perhaps the line from the (not too) old song "You don't know what you've got 'til it's gone" is appropriate. There has been a problem with the award for a long time. I think Dave Hartwell and Jim Baen have been slighted. The trouble is that book editors are anonymous; many readers have no idea who edited the books they read -- or even what a book editor actually does. No editorials or responses

to letters. And they also move around a lot.

DAVID CLARK: A word on my reaction to Spider Robinson's Lord Buckley rap, which I witnessed at Norwescon. I agree with Spinrad that it was in dubious taste and that Sturgeon might have been embarrassed, but not because of any "tinges" of racism (I don't have to reach that far to be politically correct). What Robinson had done was rewrite an existing Buckley rap called "The Naz", in which Buckley had narrated portions of the Jesus Christ story. Now I'm sure Sturgeon can be compared to a lot of other fine men, but that's pushing things a bit.

ALLAN BEATTY: Loved the Jerry Pournelle quote comparing the Nebula Awards to Special Olympics! (Should that have been explained for some overseas readers?)

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: I understand your argument about the voting category for the Hugo -- as a type of membership, but I also know that shelling out the \$\$ for the supporting membership has made it an impossibility several years -- and I joined this year even though I knew the money should go elsewhere. I readily admit that I like getting the printed materials, but the years I couldn't rationalize the money, had there been a voting category, I WOULD have paid the fee to vote. As I say, I understand your reasoning, but I'm not sure I feel it is completely justified.

*((I'm still holding onto a number of letters hoping space will be available to run them before time renders them hopelessly out of date. I'm run COAs next time, too, and the last of the ConFederation coverage. Meanwhile, one overdue COA: Janice Gelb, 1241 S. Holt Ave. #6, Los Angeles CA 90035.))*

-----  
ART CREDITS: Brad Foster, Cover. Ray Capella & Marc Schirmeister: 3. Teddy Harvia: 4. Charles Lee Jackson 2: 6,9. Sheryl Birkhead: 11. Steven Fox: 13. Jeanne Gomoll: 15. Joe Pearson: 16.



Mark L. Olson (80)  
1000 Lexington St. #22  
Waltham MA 02154

FILE 770:63

Mike Glycer

5828 Woodman Ave. #2  
Van Nuys CA 91401

FIRST CLASS

If marked        your subscription has  
expired. Please renew 5/\$4.00