

FILE 770:64, an issue whose theme unintentionally has become: culminations, is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. We begin by acknowledging many losses to the rolls of fandom, and conclude less solemnly with a summary of 1986's Best Fanzines. FILE 770 is available for subscriptions at 5 issues for \$4.00, mailed first class in North America, or printed matter 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 significant news, sufficiently scandalous DNQs, and the ever popular long-distance phone call to the editor at (818) 787-5061.

POLLY FREAS

We begin with a press release credited to Sabra Jardine: "Polly Freas, beloved wife of award-winning science fiction illustrator Frank Kelly Freas, passed away during the early hours of January 24, 1987, in Norfolk General Hospital, Virginia. Polly was diagnosed as having lymphoma, a form of cancer, in 1979. A terminal case, she healed herself through an anti-cancer nutritional program. According to her doctors, her recent death was not a result of the 1979 diagnosis, but a form of opportunistic cancer that had taken hold due to prescribed immunosuppressants.

"Born to one of the founding families of Black Valley in Everett, PA, Polly grew up in a large family with eight brothers and sisters. Polly was always a voracious reader, an intense student of comparative religion, philosophy, occult studies, gestalt therapy, dianetics, psionics and most recently immortalism and rebirthing. She attended Westminster College, in Westminster PA, graduating with a Bachelor of Arts in Business Administration."

The release adds that Polly met Kelly at an sf club meeting in Pittsburgh in 1949. They married in 1952. She is survived by Kelly, by their daughter Jacqui Freas Neuman, son Jerry Freas, grandson Daniel Tyler Kelly Freas, and four of her seven siblings.

Services were held on January 29, 1987. Polly's body was cremated according to her wishes. A statement from Kelly, quoted in THE NASFA SHUTTLE, said, "It was wonderful to be married to your best friend for thirty years. She hung around just long enough to be sure that I would be taken care of." Respects and condolences may be sent to Frank Kelly Freas, 4216 Blackwater Rd., Virginia Beach VA 23457. Curt Clemmer also relays a request from Kelly for copies of photos of Polly that people might have.

FREAS MEDICAL BILLS FUNDRAISING ANNOUNCED: Arriving with the word of Polly Freas' passing was the information that Kelly was left with at least \$10,000 of uninsured medical bills. Virtually immediately fundraising activity began. Steve Prichard of HARSOFA, a club in the Freas' general area, agreed to funnel donations through its PO Box 9434, Hampton VA 23670. LASFS sent \$100. A quite substantial amount was raised at ConFusion (see following page.) Items for future auctions can be sent to Dick Spelman, PO Box 2079, Chicago IL 60690; or Rusty Hevelin, PO Box 112, Dayton OH 45401.



Con Fusion SETS FREAS FUNDRAISING PACE: Saturday morning at Ann Arbor's annual ConFusion was when some of the Freas' most devoted friends heard the news. Maia Cowan recounts what happened.

"We heard first thing Saturday morning that Polly Freas had died, and that Kelly was left with oppressive medical bills. By noon a benefit auction was scheduled to precede the regular art auction. Dorsals Irregular Bob Passovoy and Steve Simmons were auctioneers along with David Stein. Liz Pearse's 'Team, Eh?' ran the show. Contributions were generous, creative and typically fannish:

"Julia Ecklar's promise of a 60 minute tape of any songs she knows or can learn brought \$110. Another bidder paid \$100 to be drawn into /Ecklar/ and Tom Howell's new graphic novel, HONOR AMONG THIEVES. Tim Zahn's offer to use the high bidder's name for a

character in his upcoming novel, DEAD MAN SWITCH, also raised \$100.

"Among other items auctioned were a Darlene Coltrane pin donated by Elan Litt, which went for \$225; a Hungarian peanut butter cup which Bill Hohman bought for \$20 (whereupon a friend pointed out that he's diabetic and can't even eat it); boxes of cookies and a box of shrimp for \$20 each; numerous artworks which the artists pulled from the regular art auction. As the auction progressed, people spontaneously added contributions like a 30-minute backup and a Tarot reading.

"The last item was a Kelly Freas drawing of Bob Asprin, Gordon Dickson and Mike (Moonwulf) Longcor. As the bids approached \$150, auctioneer Steve Simmons announced, 'You're not just bidding against each other, you're bidding against what we think we could get for it at Capricon.' Brookline MA fan Josh Shain asked from the corner, 'How much have you raised so far?' Upon being told \$1430, he promptly bid \$570. He won a five minute standing ovation along with the drawing.

"Benefit auctions are also planned for Boskone, Capricon and Lunacon. ConFusion challenges other conventions, particularly Boskone, to meet their final figure of \$2.00 per attendee." Maia added a postscript warning me she sent virtually the same wording to LOCUS and SFC. But you guys don't read those zines...

DOC BARRETT

Obituary and reminiscence by Roy Lavender: "I just received word, relayed from Rusty Hevelin to Bob Tucker to me, that Doc Barrett died last Friday, February 6, in Florida. Doc's wife, Jane, is the one who told Rusty.

"It's hard to think of midwest fandom without Doc. He was the one responsible for stepping in at Torcon I in 1948 and, with Don Ford, bringing the worldcon back to Cincinnati for '49. Then, the weekend after Cinvention, he hosted a gathering at his cottage on Indian Lake and invited Ted Cornell and the Cinvention committee so that we could visit with Ted, our GoH. (The concom didn't get to visit anybody during the con.) The idea of a convention devoted to visiting friends instead of programs was proposed there and the following spring saw the first Midwestcon.

"The first Midwestcon was so small that it was held in Doc's clinic, but it soon outgrew that and moved to Beatley's On The Lake Hotel. It was always around Doc's room where events happened that became legend. Randall Garrett standing in the middle of Doc's bed, ad libbing a science fiction parody on a Gilbert and Sullivan patter song -- and no one had a tape recorder. Doc Smith and Mack Reynolds sitting on Doc's bed while a jug of pulque circulated and Doc Smith outlined the beginning of a story where the heroine had green hair. Arthur Clarke defending the uses of a satellite. Harlan Ellison holding off a half dozen well known authors with verbal fencing. They just don't make them like that any more."

Charles Lee Barrett, M.D. Born 1909; graduated Western Reserve University, School of Medicine, Cleveland, 1933. Licensed 1933, General Surgery; full time GP. American Fracture Association. Member, First Fandom.

Cards and letters should go to: Mrs. Charles Barrett, 363 Spanish Lake Dr., Nokomis FL 33555.

Roy concludes: "After Deedee's death last year, I did all the legal paper work and then just took off back East. Between Midwestcon and InConjunction I stayed with Doc. We talked a lot and he did a great deal to bring me out of my depression and back into the real world."

KAYMAR

K. Martin Carlson, long-time member of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F), died December 12, 1986 at the age of 82. He was interred at a cemetery in his hometown of Moorhead, Minnesota, a town he had lived in since his parents moved there from Sweden when he was but five years old. He and his wife, Stella, had passed their 50th wedding anniversary ten months before his death.

Don Franson, an N3F director, provided this tribute: "K. Martin Carlson was introduced to fandom in 1945 by Walter Dunkelberger of neighboring Fargo, North Dakota, who was then Secretary-Treasurer of N3F. So Kaymar (his own invented nickname) was attracted to the N3F from the beginning and never left. He was elected Vice President the first year and held all other offices eventually, the only member to do so. When Secretary-Treasurer in 1947 he was credited with holding the club together in one of its early crises. He was President in 1952, often served on the Directorate, published the official zines, participated in N'APA, and printed historical booklets. He did an N3F history page in TNFF for many years.

"In the early days he was also known outside N3F for KAYMAR TRADER, an ad-zine which later became NFFF TRADER and part of TNFF. His greatest achievement for N3F was the Kaymar Award (for service to NFFF) which he originated, financed, and carried out almost single-handed for 25 years until forced to retire by illness, when the club took over the responsibilities. That will be his long-lasting memorial, I'm sure. ... Though he was ill the last few years he continued to serve on the Kaymar Committee and voted on the candidates a year ago.

"Kaymar wasn't much of a traveling fan, though I know he went to Sweden once on vacation. And so I never met him, though I have known him since 1960. That often happens in fandom, especially correspondence fandom. The N3F will miss him, and so will I."



CORIELL

ERB-FAN #1 GOES TO DUM-DUM OUT BEYOND
BARSOOM - tribute by Forrest J Ackerman

All fans of Edgar Rice Burroughs, than whom there was none greater than Vern Coriell, have been saddened by the loss of "the leader". For decades at the forefront of things Burroughsesque, Coriell went peacefully to his reward on the night of January 14/15, hopefully still knowing who he was and what he had done and how much he was appreciated not only by all Burroughs fans for his efforts as editor, publisher, collector, dum-dum (banquet) organizer and award-giver, but as a fan-well-met in the greater circle of science fiction. Catherine Moore is not so lucky; she has long since ceased to know who she is, what she wrote, who her friends are, due to the insidious toll of Alzheimer's disease. Charles Beaumont died a silent vegetable the last year of his life. But Coriell, who was in the first stages of Alzheimer's during the recent Worldcon, was still alert enough to appreciate when his fellow ERBianites awarded him an honorary Big Heart certificate, which he thoroughly deserved. Say "Kaor!" to John Carter and give Tarzan a yell for his money, Vern, till next we meet again.

WE INTERRUPT THIS BAD NEWS FOR A BULLETIN:

Ian Randall Deckert was born to parents Dan and Danise Deckert on February 16 at 12:19 pm. At birth the child weighed 7 lb. 7 oz., was 20½" long, and looked nothing like the picture at right. Ian was born in Culver City's Brotman Memorial hospital, one floor up from the Michael Jackson Burn Center. Mom and Dad are doing well -- in their civilian lives they are directors of LASFS Inc., and SCIFI. This is the hard way to get proxies... We now return you to our regularly scheduled grief...

GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER UPDATE: Some of the ongoing efforts to help writer George Alec Effinger, who was burned out of his apartment and incurred significant medical expenses due to his injuries, are being funneled through Science Fiction Writers of America via the President, Jane Yolen, Phoenix Farm, Box 27, 31 School Street, Hattfield MA 01038. By arrangement of his publisher, Effinger was able to come to Los Angeles and promote his new novel WHEN GRAVITY FAILS. Appearing January 30 on "Mike Hodel's Hour 25" (hosted by Harlan Ellison) Effinger said he had just called from New Orleans by his girl friend, Debbie, and told that while she was at work kids broke into their place and stole the smoke-damaged shards of what had been left from the fire.

According to the 2/87 NASFA SHUTTLE, Wellman Auction co-ordinator Richard Gilliam is organizing a similar event to benefit Effinger, to be held this June at DeepSouthCon.

MARK SHARPE MUGGED: Indiana Sharpe, the Bartender of Doom, handed out his own press release. It started with half the answers to a set of twenty questions: "1. Mugged. 2. Thursday, January 15 at approximately 9:35 pm. 3. In the parking lot of the Rawhide. 4. Two teenaged boys. 5. White and Hispanic. 6. No. 7. Pistol whipped. 8. Shot in the left shoulder, entering and exiting with relatively minor damage. 9. Cuts and scrapes. 10. Yes." Then Mark went on with a



narrative: "I drove to my night job at the Rawhide /Bar, in North Hollywood/ and was jumped by two guys as I got out of my car. First they hit me on the head, knocking off my glasses and assuring I'd never be able to identify them. They also assured I wouldn't be able to see they had a gun. I fought back, assuming it was your run-of-the-mill fag bashing as opposed to a robbery (they hadn't announced their intentions prior to beating me upside the head). Well, we wrestled around for a bit, I was knocked to the ground, and they ran off. All this took at most 15-20 seconds." When Mark went inside and was helped to dress his scalp wounds and other scratches he discovered he'd also been shot in the shoulder.

Sharpe's critique of the affair ended: "Had the two teenagers been competent, there would have been no problems. They would have announced, 'Hi. We have a gun and we're going to rob you.' I would

have handed over my wallet with a smile, offered to write them a check, and invited them to dinner. But NOOOOooo! These amateurs shot my ass and didn't even get my wallet. What jerks!" Other than the medical discovery that Mark's shoulder is joined to his body at his buttocks, he is doing quite well.

AUSTRALIA MUGGED: Lee Smoire called from LAX on her way out of the country to tell me she would be in Perth by February 2. There she expected to infiltrate the audience of NBC's Today Show (then covering the America's Cup Finals) and wave to her friends in Baltimore, or at least mug for the camera.

Lee's interim mailing address is:
c/o Hughes, 57-C Douglas Ave., S, Perth
WA 6151 Australia.

MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER SHAMELESSLY PLUGGED: "My Aussiecon report is being published in two installments in THE WORLD AND I, a monthly published by the WASHINGTON TIMES. Harper's commissioned it and rejected it. The Worldcon is not mentioned, but everything else I did in Australia is described. I'll be happy to send a copy to anyone who wants one." Sign me up, Martin. For others, Wooster can be reached at PO Box 8093, Silver Spring MD 20907.

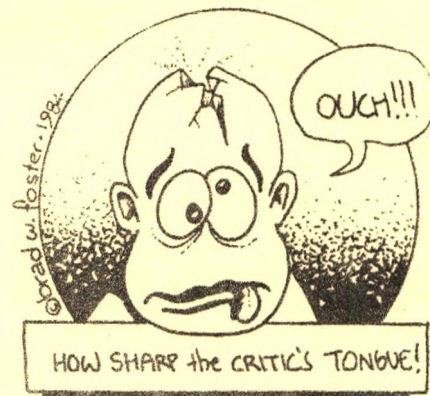
CLEVELAND'S TURN: In a letter on a different subject, Franz Zrillich declared, "...and by '94, we intend to have a Science Fiction Museum with Forrest Ackerman's material and a giant steel statue of a famous Clevelander, Clark Kent, in his alter ego role as Superman."

Franz' startling claim shed light on the flyer I received from Martin Morse Wooster, headlined, "LET'S HAVE A NATIONAL MUSEUM OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY!" The flyer contends that the former director of public information at NASA Lewis Research Center in Cleveland, James Burnett, is involved in development of a Space Camp at Lewis. It says he contacted sf museum promoter

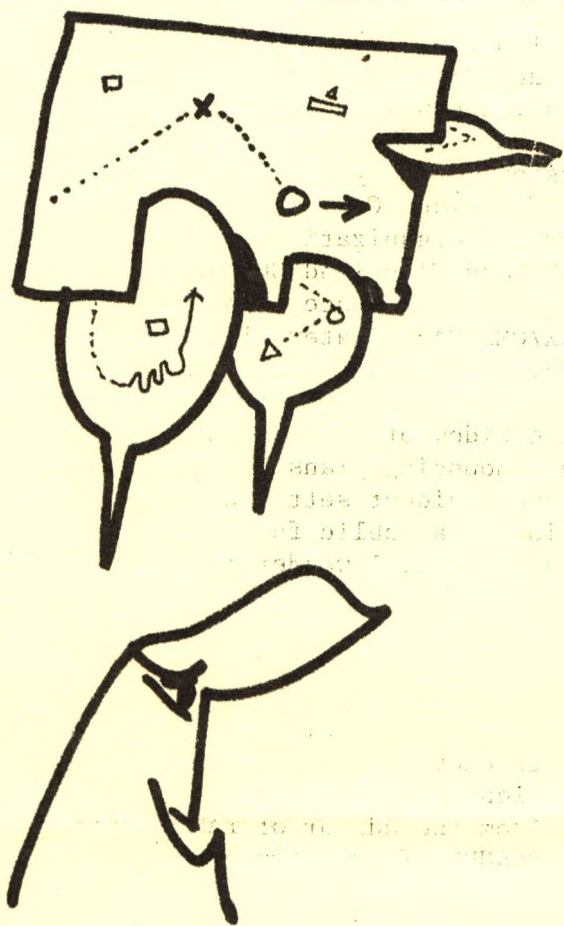
Hap Henriksen of Houston, "and is very excited about including the National Museum of Fantasy and Science Fiction in his plans." NASA Lewis is undergoing an expansion, the flyer says, abetted by the Cleveland Growth Association, a nonprofit organization composed of NASA and Cleveland Chamber of Commerce people. The Space Camp would include an IMAX/OMNIMAX theater, library, restaurant, etc.

Having heard the widow of the Challenger's pilot on radio announcing plans to apply part of the accident settlement money to creation of a public facility she termed a space camp, I wonder if there is a connection.

Wooster noted, "my friend Mr. DNQ suggests that a national museum of horror would be more appropriate for Cleveland." Well, Mr. DNQ, if Cleveland got the Ackerman collection, what else would you be getting from the editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND? Many a truth...



MR. & MS. COUTH IN LA: Stephen Jones and Jo Fletcher, who furnish "The London Report" to SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE, reported Forry Ackerman's 70th birthday party in the recent column. How unfortunate they weren't consulted for their approval of the celebration, so that they could have exercised a ~~stabilizing~~ moderating influence on all the media hype and tacky speakers. It never occurred to them that most likely Forry enjoyed himself. So did his "tacky" friends.



PLOT

CON
SCENERY

HEXAACON 6: (report by Martin Morse Wooster)

Back in 1978 Neil Belsky and his friends began Hexacon as a training ground from which to capture the 1986 WorldCon bid. Although Belsky seems to have vanished, Hexacon and the Holland in 1990 bid remain his two enduring good ideas. Hexacon has become the East Coast's premier relaxacon.

Most of what happened at Hexacon this year happened last year, and will happen next year. Most of the regulars at Hexacon returned; the 200 fans who gathered in Lancaster, PA's Brunswick Motor Inn included large numbers of fen from Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, and very few professionals. (Ben Bova wandered throughout the weekend in a daze, his eyes perpetually searching for nonexistent groupies.) GoH Christopher Stasheff said that what really ticked him off that particular day were pros campaigning for awards, and then explained that his goals as a novelist were to write nice clean novels full of virtue. Cyberpreps take note. The major change this year was that, for the first time, a majority of fans present did not pig out at local smorgasbords. The weekend concluded with a rousing round of Lee Smoie stories, the saga of Lee, Ronald McDonald, and John Lennon's assassination being a particular favorite.

CHATTACON 12: (report by Curt Phillips)

This year one of southern fandom's most famous conventions had a new con chairman: Bob Zielke replacing "Uncle Timmy" Bolgeo; a new hotel: the modern Carter Plaza Holiday Inn replacing the classic old Read House; and lots of new problems which replaced the smooth efficiency that I'd come to expect from previous Chattacons. The problems started as soon as I walked into the hotel and tried to register for the con. I had to join a line of about 75 fans waiting to register. This included both pre-registered and non-registered fans, but even so one would expect a line of 75 people to move along without too much of a wait. I had to stand in that line for 2 hours 24 minutes. I'm sure of that figure because I timed it carefully so that I'd have it as a conversation piece when I found a chance to talk to the folks who set up that registration line. It seems that the con committee thought it would be nifty to use a computer

to register each and every shining face that appeared before it, so we each had to give the registrars our name, address, phone number, hotel room number and date of birth. Just how devoted they were to their routine was demonstrated when I saw the registrar ask C. L. "Doc" Barrett -- who was obviously at least in his 70s for his date of birth in order to determine if he could legally drink beer in the con suite. C'mon, folks, Tennessee's drinking laws aren't that strict!

But happily, once one did manage to get registered the worst problem that remained was that there was a bit too much butter on the popcorn in the consuite and this could be easily written off as a matter of taste. Attending pros Larry Niven, Christopher Stasheff, David Cherry, Bob Tucker, Orson Scott Card, Timothy Zahn, and several others leapt into action in a four track program that packed 48 program items into the weekend without making things seemed rushed. A panel on the "Bad Old Days of Fandom" with Bob Tucker, Julius Schwartz, Rusty Hevelin, "Doc" Barrett and Perry Chapdelaine drew an audience of about 50 as did a slide show by Julius Schwartz about the 1939 WorldCon. Come back to the South, Mike Glyer, traditional fandom is alive and kicking out here!

The program was stolen by Orson Scott Card all weekend. He was the hit of every panel he was on and he set the con on its ear Sunday morning with a repeat of his Secular Humanist Revival which he first did at the most recent DeepSouthCon in Huntsville. We all filed into the auditorium, quiet as churchmice, and sat enthralled as Bro. Card approached the pulpit and gazed out at us, his somewhat rowdy flock. "DO YOU BELIEVE?" he intoned at us, and we responded, "YES!" "NO!" he cried sorrowfully, "No, you do NOT believe! How can you say that you believe, when I haven't asked you what you believe IN? When I ask 'DO YOU BELIEVE?' you should ask me, 'IN WHAT?'" And that was the start of a powerful and witty presentation that attacked certain fundamentalist Christian tv preachers and the repressive policies they promote, all done by Card in the persona of the type of evangelist he was criticizing. Even though Card's satire was a but of a lampoon at times, he did have a very serious message and it plainly got through to a large part of the audience. The hour-long program ~~was~~ recorded by National Public Radio for presentation in the near future.

There was a banquet at Chattacon, but I don't know anything about what happened there as I managed to tag along to the famous Chattacon "fanquet" which is the alternate banquet indulged in by the cheapskates bigshots of southern fandom. This year we found the best of all possible Chinese restaurants and overran it with fannish hoards. Smoffing with chopsticks is an old tradition, but one that still has much to recommend it.

As I was leaving the con Sunday afternoon I heard a rumor that this might be the last Chattacon. There has certainly been a split of sorts in Chattanooga fandom with past Chattacon chair Tim Bolgeo leaving the committee to run Libertycon, a new con to be held this summer in the same city. However, Tim was at this convention and there didn't seem to be any hard feelings between him and the new committee. I certainly don't know of any reason to think that there won't be a Chattacon 13 and I rather hope that there will. Assuming that they find someone to run registration who knows how to keep the line moving, they'll fix the biggest problem they have and Chattanooga will henceforth be known as the home of two fine conventions.

A Chattacon footnote from Jackie Watkins' report published in MEMPHEN #103: Christopher Stasheff is making quite a name for himself around the autograph circuit. First at ConFederation he showed up for his autograph session over thirty minutes late

and then complained because no one was there waiting for him. Now at Chattacon he just forgot all about his session. Funny how Larry Niven sat for two signings at WorldCon and stayed past his allotted hour each time and signed for at least an hour at Chatta. And to think the King Kobold series doesn't hold a candle to some of the Niven-Pournelle works.

SERCON 1: (report by Craig Miller, co-chairman) Sercon 1 took place over the last weekend of January at the Claremont Resort Hotel in Oakland, CA. This was the first in a new series of conventions, intended to be science fiction fandom's answer to horror & fantasy fandom's World Fantasy Con.

Sercon had no film or video program, no gaming, and no masquerade. What it did have was a program devoted to a serious discussion of written sf. Samuel Delany, Ian Watson and Malcolm Edwards were the convention's featured speakers, with Robert Silverberg, Terry Carr, Greg Benford, Fred Pohl, Poul and Karen Anderson, Greg Bear, Michael Cassutt, Martha Soukup, Suzy McKee Charnas, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Norman Spinrad, Rhea Rose, Donald Kingsbury, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Richard Lupoff, Marta Randall, Lisa Goldstein, Julius Schwartz, Rudy Rucker, Pat Murphy, Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle, Algis Budrys, Beth Meacham and David Hartwell among the convention's many professional participants. The single track program included panels ranging from "The Pitfalls of Formula" and "Science vs. Fiction" to "Censorship From Within" and "Class Issues." Particularly popular were Ian Watson's talk "The Author as Torturer" and the reading and freewheeling discussion conducted by Samuel Delany.

What came as a surprise to most everyone was the strength of interest (not to mention bladder control) of the attendees. Whereas at most conventions people wander in and out of panels, attending only a few, people tended to stay in the panels throughout the day, at Sercon. A frequent complaint was the lack of breaks between panels so that one could attend the requirements of life before attending the next item.

Also a part of the convention were a small Dealers Room, devoted almost exclusively to books, and a small Art Show. Unlike the World Fantasy Con, which sports a large and well-attended Art Show, the Sercon Art Show went wanting for viewers. Perhaps serious science fiction fans aren't interested in artwork?

The parties were limited but all were open and of high quality. Friday night found a party in David Hartwell's suite, with spillover into the hallway and Fred Pohl's nearby room. Saturday night had a party hosted by the folks from Austin, TX, who'll be hosting Sercon 2, as well as a catered party from Bridge Publications. It was an incident following this latter party, involving Ian Watson, Rudy Rucker, a door, a flight bag, Bridge Publication's Simone Welch, mistaken identity and large quantities of inebriating substances that became the hit story of the Dead Dog Party. Speaking of which, Sunday's Dead Dog party was thrown by Charlie Brown at the nearby Locus offices.

Being the first in a series, and with relatively little publicity, Sercon 1 had an attendance of around 265. But the overall response was very favorable. Next year's Sercon is expected to have 400 or more members. There are already bids told hold the third, fourth and fifth Sercons. Like the popular World Fantasy Con, I expect Sercon will quickly grow in popularity and size until it reaches its built-in limit of 750 members.

"The family that moves in together, lives together."

Craig Ledbetter PO Box 5367, Kingwood TX 77325

John A. Purcell 6433 Topanga Cyn. Blvd. #251, Canoga Park CA 91303

Phyllis Eide 2470 Roundtop Drive, Honolulu HI 96822

Diana Pavlac 5250 North Sawyer, Chicago IL 60625

Jean Weber 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia

Barry & Marcia Workman 1925 E. Mountain, Pasadena CA 91104

Ross Pavlac 5250 North Sawyer, Chicago IL 60625

Eva Whitley Chalker 629 Jasontown Rd., Westminster MD 21157

Alan White 455 E. 7th St. #4, San Jacinto CA 92383

Jack L. Chalker 629 Jasontown Rd., Westminster MD 21157

CONQUISTADOR 4: (February 6-8, 1987): (report by Mike Glycer) The destiny of a cute little St. Bernard puppy is to grow into a huge and serviceable dog. In that vein, one tries to enjoy the early cons in the Conquistador series -- small, well-run but relaxed gatherings in a resort setting -- all the while seeing signs of the growth so avidly sought by its committee. This year's con returned to an outstanding vacation hotel, the Bahia, on Mission Bay in San Diego -- escaping last year's downtown venue just a short streetwalker from the carrier Kittyhawk. Without the patronage of David Brin, Conquistador apparently still achieved a membership increase. They campaigned to make their room-night minimum (affecting the hotel facilities charge) by offering a \$10 bounty for fans to stay over an extra night. There was much evidence that the con had been thoughtfully planned, making it fairly easy to believe that the committee will benefit from its experience and in time successfully carry out all the things they are attempting. For example, did this con of less than 300 members need four-track programming, including instances where three events went on against a panel featuring the Pro GoH, R. A. MacAvoy? Obviously not. Yet I would say Jamie Hanrahan's program items -- considered individually -- were creative, and often led to lively discussions.

Did the con need a four-room con suite? It was a generous idea, but Conquistador still attracts a high percentage of commuters, therefore its con suite tended to be underutilized. The parties Saturday night traded the same 25 or so festive souls -- including my favorite (as LA in 90 party host) -- the woman who made origami penguins, and sang a Star Trek IV satire to the tune of "Whale of a Tale" (from 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA). Second prize for best guest went to Rick Foss, who was challenged upon entering, "Is that a snake in your ear or are you just glad to see me?" Foss had a rosy boa looped over his glasses and around one ear. Movie pun of the con: "Indiana Clones and the Movie That's Doomed."

Midday Saturday R. A. MacAvoy began her scheduled GoH speech by announcing, "I'm going to betray your trust." She had a speech -- written by G.K. Chesterton as the introduction to his book HERETICS. The 1905 essay was full of wonderful lines on "the importance of orthodoxy." One passage concluded, "The dynamiter, in general, ought to take pride in his orthodoxy." And, "Materialism is, for us, too theological. Revolution is too much of a system." In the end, MacAvoy did have a bit of reading whose premise she stated, "I think I am the only writer I know who has never been done dirt by a publisher. There is yet time." With self-effacing humor, she performed a kind of mental judo, showing how the circumstances other west coast writers bemoan in her mind work to her advantage. (I'm pleased to say the text will be published in a fanzine of mine this spring.) MacAvoy tamed a tough audience. Tough? When she offered to repeat someone's question so that others might hear, the audience replied, "Why? We don't have to answer it!"

ORIGIN STORY: Is it true that when a certain TAFF candidate told a certain Hugo-winning fanzine editor that he had voted 'No Award', said editor's confidante decided to tweak the noses of those four-out-of-five TAFF candidates who signed last summer's 'No Award' ad in SFC?

Vote For The Most Deserving Candidate For TAFF:

"HOLD OVER FUNDS"

In our opinion, TAFF should exist to recognize those who genuinely personify the eclectic nature of fannish interests, not just appeal to a narrow special interest. While congratulating the TAFF nominees on their longevity in fandom, we respectfully maintain that none of them represents the broad range of activities that we associate with the phrase "North American fan." "Hold Over Funds" is offered as an option on every TAFF ballot; it's an option too often overlooked. By using it this year, you can help prove that fan funds can still be meaningful. Vote "Hold Over Funds" for TAFF delegate. There is no substitute for trufannishness.

Heather Ashby, Wendy Council, Maia Cowan, Mark Evans, Ben James, Sherri Linn Kline, Kathy Nerat, Tim of Angle, Lee Pelton, Neil Rest, Peter Roberts, Steve Simmons, Charlie Terry, Brad Westervelt, Ruth Woodring

COUNTING THE DUFFBERRIES: What a base canard in F770:63 that the DUFF statistics weren't released. Marty Cantor, in mock rage, commented, "Damnitall, Mike! You got my previous loc a whole eight hours before FILE 770 went to press. It was just fannish incompetence on your part that kept you from printing that loc." Well, how fortunate that I don't publish a real fanzine, and therefore cannot be held accountable to those lofty standards. (Here are the DUFF runoff figures)

ROUND:	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>Total</u>	<u>NA</u>	<u>Aus</u>
Lucy Huntzinger	82	2	3	18	105	76	29
Tom Whitmore	56	0	11	7	74	73	1
R. Laurraine Tutihasi	30	1			31	25	6
Kathy Sanders	14				14	14	0
No Preference	6	1			7	7	0
Hold Over Funds	2				2	2	0
Write-ins	2				2	0	2

The North American administrators received 160 ballots, the Australian administrator received 32. The Cantors closed out their administration with \$4007.49 in the US till. The Australian administrator as \$1788(A). The Cantors trip report (68pp) is \$6.00 by mail: 11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood CA 91606-1703.

THE DESTINY OF SMOFCON: Calling all Secret Masters. The people who tried to bring you Columbinatti have succeeded in bringing you Smofcon 4. November 20-22, 1987, the con for convention-running fans will take place at the Quality Inn, Columbus Airport, 4801 E. Broad St., Columbus OH 43213. Rooms will be \$39 a night (flat rate). Memberships are \$25 until April 1 (no fooling). Send your checks to FANACO Inc., c/o Liz Gross, 376 Colonial Ave., Worthington OH 43085.

Then, if you were already fretting about the 1988 Smofcon, Bruce Farr can allay your fears. He writes, "We're in the process of confirming it right now with the SMOFcon 4 people, etc., but we've evidently been awarded the right to conduct 1988's Smofcon 5. It will probably be conducted by Leprecon Inc. or CASPS Inc., or both organizations. Terry Gish is running the Hospitality and handling the hotel arrangements (she was quoted \$60 room rates -- great for Phoenix in prime season -- and comp. function and hospitality space by the Hyatt Regency). I'm chair and will coordinate program, treasury, and publications/publicity (primarily through CON GAMES publication). We'll be keeping the attendance to about 100." Bruce says the theme in 1988 will be committee communications, including Progress Reports, publicity and committee newsletters.

THE FARR PAVILIONS

1987 NASFiC Chair Bruce Farr reports they have sold out their dealer's room (150 tables) and have 25 hucksters on the waitlist to get in. Their first artists' mailing went out in mid-December, and with one-third of their Art Show panels already spoken for, a pre-con sellout in that area is also expected. Convention membership presently exceeds 1400; Farr predicts 3000-4000 as the eventual total membership. He has 293 volunteers signed up to help run the con already, but would like additional experienced communications and coordination people

~~PR3 for CactusCon will be distributed on March 15, containing travel information, sightseeing data, hotel reservation sheets and a list of over 100 confirmed program participants.~~ Bruce adds, "We still have only two official guests (count them... one, two). Harry ('Hal Clement') Stubbs and Marjii Ellers."

NASFiC will do a 10,000+ piece mailing to Atlanta WorldCon attendees, WesterCon attendees, and others. They may even emulate Austin's SF Book Club member mailing. Persons wishing to receive CON GAMES, NASFiC's convention-running discussion zine, may obtain a free subscription upon request to PO Box 27201, Tempe AZ 85282. Farr cautions, "However, circulation is being kept at 200-210 by mail and 40 in person (250 total copy count). We'll eventually have to drop people/organizations who don't contribute /material/ or return questionnaires."

Bruce Farr confirms that the 1987 NASFiC was turned over to the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society Inc. (a nonprofit corporation) in August 1986. He adds, "We sent a letter through STICKY ISSUES to all volunteers for the convention after you brought up in FILE 770 that the volunteers surely didn't know that they were helping enrich someone. The ownership of the convention was known to everyone on the committee and most of the volunteers already. It was therefore no great surprise that not one of the (then) 194 volunteers quit after receiving the letter. In fact, there was a lot of support for keeping the former status of the convention."

Farr also responded to my editorial comments in F770:63 -- "Yes, it's absurd to think that fans can pocket a WorldCon or NASfic surplus uncommented upon by the

writers. Think what has happened regarding LAcon II. It's received a great deal of comment and (from personal experiences of talking with a lot of fans at a lot of cons) has damaged LA's chances for 1990, even though many of the uses of the funds were quite beneficent. LAcon II needed to have more of their uses of the money known earlier and more widely."

FANARTIST BREAKS INTO PROZINE PAGES: Brad Foster says, "You should start seeing a few illustrations from me showing up in the pages of AMAZING STORIES in 1987. I've finished two assignments, working on a third now. Also sold a comic-book series to a small California publisher, Renegade Press. Look for MECHTHINGS #1 to be showing up in the finer comic/sf specialty shops around the country early in August. Nicely skiffy robots and such, all drawn with the 50 million dots per panel style I can't seem to shake." Complimenting Brad's cover on the last FILE 770, Harry Warner Jr. wrote, "Your cover is particularly fine this time. Rotsler and ATom undoubtedly hold the lead in the number of illustrations contributed to fanzines over the years, but if Brad Foster keeps up his current pace, he'll approach or exceed those two artists in output before many more years pass."

NOLACON II FUNCTION CONTACTS ANNOUNCED: In a recent information release, Nolacon II began to organize its functional areas. Dealers, for example, "may reserve up to three tables and place a request for up to three additional tables by mailing a deposit of \$50 per table through July 1, 1987; after that date dealers may reserve up to a maximum of six tables subject to availability." The deposits should be mailed to NOLACON II DEALERS ROOM c/o Dick Spelman, PO Box 2079, Chicago IL 60690. The Art Show will be run by Sandie Hollingshead and crew. Send inquiries to UNITE 205, 10 Parkway Forest Dr., Willowdale ONT M2J 1L3 CANADA. The Nolacon Masque will be directed by Drew Sanders, 13657 Rayen, Arleta CA 91331. Program ideas can be sent to Dennis Dolbear at the con's new office address, Nolacon II, 921 Canal St., Suite 831, New Orleans LA 70112.

FINAL CONFEDERATION REPORT: Atlanta WorldCon director of finance, Mike ("My friends now call me 'Draco'") Rogers, generated some final numbers for the con. There were 6476 attending and 373 supporting members for a total of 6849 members. Attendance was 5811. Of that total, 1220 bought memberships at the door and another 202 converted from supporting to attending at the door. "Financially speaking, ConFederation is healthy. All debts have been paid and a surplus is anticipated. Financial reports will be published as soon as possible." Rogers adds that is unlikely to happen in the near future. He predicts membership fees for staff and program participants will be refunded. The Art Show and Print Shop grossed \$132,660, and paid out \$119,394 to artists.

A popular rumor holds that the Atlanta surplus will hit \$100,000 after expenses. A closely placed source (like, he was standing next to him at a con) quotes Mike Rogers as saying, "There certainly is no obligation for us to do anything with the money other than spend it on ourselves." The corporate directors met January 17 in Chattanooga to discuss the fate of the profits. Ideas bandied about included construction of a clubhouse in Atlanta, sponsoring new, small regional Southern cons, or throwing the matter open to public suggestion as LAcon II did.

One thing the committee has already budgeted is a \$25 reward for the return of its mascot, Wilberforce the Wombat. Wilber did not return to the convention office after teardown was finished. "No questions will be asked," they promise.

~~DISCON III COMMITTEE:~~ Joe Mayhew their efficient bid secretary, informs me that the Discon III bid to bring the 1992 WorldCon to Washington DC has already sold more than 100 supporter buttons at \$5.00 apiece. They plan a publication, DISCONTINUITY, and T-shirts to promote their cause.

The committee held its incorporating meeting on December 13, 1987. The corporate name will be Disclave III Inc. The board of seven directors includes President Kent Bloom, Secretary Joe Mayhew, Treasurer Naomi Ronis, plus Alan Huff, Peggy Rae Pavlat, Dick Roepke and Mike Walsh. The current bid address is PO Box 971, College Park MD 20740.

There is also an Orlando, Florida, bid for 1992 -- since some of you bidders are on the mailing list, don't be shy.

SHAFT

Let it be recorded that Mike Glycer was the first person to make money off the NESFA shaft (now parked under the eaves of LASFS' Freehafer Hall). Glycer accomplished this quintessentially LASFSian feat when Ken Moore used the shipping crate to lean on while writing a subscription check to FILE 770. A visiting dignitary from Nashville, Moore received a guided tour of the shaft, and was told, "We used to be able to count on NESFA having no sense of humor. This is like Gorbachev taking over from Brezhnev."

From Hagerstown, Harry Warner asked, "Why not put the shaft from NESFA atop your club building, running a wire from it to a proper ground so you'll have a good lightning rod, installing a motor in the base, perching a propellor beanie at the top, and turning on the power so the prop will whirl around whenever the LASFS is in session? It would be even more appropriate if you could arrange to do away with a motor and furnish the propulsion instead

through the Dean Drive." That's a very constructive suggestion, Harry, but we already have Frank Gasperik in charge of disposing of all the white lightning on the premises. When it starts coming in other colors, we'll remember your idea.

Truth be told, it wasn't very long ago that the LASFS succeeded in ridding itself of the 100-foot radio tower that came with the property. For a couple of years we tried to sell it. Then we offered the tower without charge to anyone who would take it down. Still no luck. In the end, the only way we unloaded the tower was by telling a radio club at CalTech they were forbidden to dismantle it. As you can see, we've no desire to promptly replace it with another nuisance.

INSTANT MESSAGE, NESFA's newzine, has enjoyed a field day reporting this trans-continental practical joke. Don "Anonymous" Eastlake furnished an account of the undertaking. It contained supposed reports from an LA spy about the object's delivery, not without errors (for example, the shaft was never inside the building). Then IM published LASFS' thank-you note which I wrote on behalf of the club. After the letter was read at a NESFA meeting, Mark Olson said "the letter contained five puns for which the Treasurer is directed to send a letter dunning them for punfines."

LOVE YOU MADLY: Noreascon III's THE MAD 3 PARTY edited by Leslie Turek does quite a smart job of reporting committee planning news, management philosophy, and general WorldCon-related discussion. The opinions also presented in the zine may not be universally appreciated, judging by the appearance of THE BAD BRIE PARTY, postmarked Bristol, Tennessee. BAD BRIE paraphrased some of the articles in MAD 3 #15, for example: "Clearly an advantage is given to a /World-con bid/ funded from an established treasury. Our bid rejected such tactics. We spent only \$9000. In contrast, the 1988 bidders estimate that they spent over \$130,000 combined. It is evident that if we wish to avoid waste and immoral

excess only unopposed bids should be allowed. The question is, how will we control bid spending in the other 8 out of 9 years that we are not running? Answer: give us the money and we'll run the bids for you!"

BAD BRIE simulated the layout and computer typeset, laserwritten format of the Boston zine. The difficulty in guessing who did it is that most of the people to whom I attribute that amount of creativity don't share the opinions evidenced in the zine. Just the opposite of the problem with AUNT LEAH'S BIG THING, where everybody shared those opinions, to some degree.

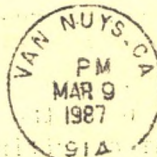
The genesis of the quote above from BAD BRIE was Leslie Turek's brilliant bit of reportage in TM3P#15, "Comparison of Bid Finances." Leslie had obtained bid expense estimates or summaries from all four 1988 bidders, set them up on a spreadsheet, and threw in the same

data from Boston's '89 bid for purpose of comparison. In very abbreviated form the data was:

	BID EXPENSE	BIDDER PERS TRAVEL
'88 BIDS		
NEW ORLEANS	\$45,094	\$ 4,820
BERMUDA TRI	19,835	8,000
ST LOUIS	15,545	21,500
CINCY	11,936	10,000
BOSTON('89)	8,928	11,557

The two categories represent a not entirely successful effort to distinguish between party and promotional expenses communally funded by the bid committees, and whatever personal airfare, meal or miscellaneous expenses they paid out of pocket. Income for official bid expenses came about 60% from committee "loans" and 40% from presupporters and merchandise sales. Leslie Turek said, all told, about \$137,000 was spent on the '88 WorldCon campaign.

ART CREDITS: Cover: David Joiner. Steve Fox: 3. Linda Leach: 5. Stu Shiffman: 6. Brad Foster: 7. William Rotsler: 8.



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