

4/11/84

FILE 770:85, is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. F770 has never had bookstore distribution, except by accident: the only time I sent it to Sherri Gottlieb at Change of Hobbit Bookstore she put her free copy out for sale. But we may soon break through to this lucrative market in Chicago. Five copies heading your way, city of the big shoulders. This will save us all when the Postal Service collapses... While you still can, get your copies mailed in return for good news (not much of that in this issue) but mainly 5 for \$5. Others may get it for arranged trades (primarily with other news or clubzines), and any messages you leave on my answering machine that don't end "...but of course, you never return phone calls." (Not much of them either.) The number here is (818) 787-5061. Finished April 3, 1990. (So how come this issue has "March 1990" everywhere?)

HUGOS

Here are the nominees for the 1990 Hugos:

BEST NOVEL: BOAT OF A MILLION YEARS, by Poul Anderson; PRENTICE ALVIN, by Orson Scott Card; FIRE IN THE SUN, by George Alec Effinger; HYPERION, by Dan Simmons; GRASS, by Sheri S. Tepper

BEST NOVELLA: The Mountains of Mourning, by Lois McMaster Bujold; A Touch of Lavender, by Megan Lindholm; Tiny Tango, by Judith Moffett; Father of Stones, by Lucius Shepard; Time Out, by Connie Willis.

BEST NOVELETTE: For I Have Touched the Sky, by Mike Resnick; Enter a Solider. Later: Enter Another, by Robert Silverberg; At the Rialto, by Connie Willis; Dog Walker, by Orson Scott Card; Everything But Honor, by George Alec Effinger; The Price of Oranges, by Nancy Kress.

BEST SHORT STORY: "Lost Boys", by Orson Scott Card; "Boobs", by Suzy McKee Charnas; "Dori Bangs", by Bruce Sterling; "Computer Friendly", by Eileen Sunn; "The Return of William Proxmire", by Larry Niven; "The Edge of the World", by Michael Swanwick.

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: THE ABYSS; THE ADVENTURES OF BARNUM MUNCHHAUSEN; BATMAN; FIELD OF DREAMS; INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM.

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: Ellen Datlow, Gardner Dozois, Ed Ferman, David Hartwell, Beth Meacham, Charles Ryan, Stan Schmidt.

BEST NONFICTION BOOK: ASTOUNDING DAYS, by Arthur C. Clarke; HARLAN ELLISON IS WATCHING, by Harlan Ellison; GRUMBLES FROM THE GRAVE BY ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, ed. by Virginia Heinlein; DANCING AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, by

Ursula K. Le Guin; THE WORLD BEYOND THE HILL, by Alexei and Cory Panshin; THE NOREASCON 3 SOUVENIR BOOK, ed. by Greg Thokar.

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Jim Burns, Tom Canty, David Cherry, Jim Gurney, Tom Kidd, Don Maitz, Michael Whelan.

BEST SEMIPROZINE: Locus, Interzone, New York Review of Science Fiction, Science Fiction Chronicle, Thrust

BEST FANZINE: FILE 770, ed. Mike Glyer; FOSFAX, ed. Timothy Lane; LAN'S LANTERN, ed. George Laskowski; PIRATE JENNY, ed. Pat Mueller; THE MAD 3 PARTY, ed. Leslie Turek.

BEST FANWRITER: rthur Hlavaty, Mike Glyer, Evelyn Leeper, Leslie Turek, Dave Langford.

BEST FANARTIST: Steve Fox; Teddy Harvia; Merle Insinga; Stu Shiffman; Taral Wayne; Joe Mayhev.

BEST ORIGINAL ARTWORK(demonstration category): Jim Gurney, cover "The Stress of Her Regard"; Gary Ruddell, cover, "Hyperion"; Michael Whelan, cover, "Paradise"; Jim Gurney, cover, "Quozo"; Michael Whelan, cover, "The Renegades of Pern"; Don Maitz, cover, "Runrunners".

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD: John Cramer, Nancy Collins, Katherine Neville, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, Allen Steele.

The Dutch committee has cancelled the announced Foreign Language Novel Hugo.

Vote counter Rick Katze says the 1989 Noreascon 3 tally of valid nominating ballots was 538; the 1990 ConFiction tally is 281. As is evident, in many categories there were ties for fifth place resulting in up to 7 nominees.

KING SOLOMON'S MINDS: Harry Andruschak is vacationing in Africa as this is written, having departed March 8 with plans to return April 9. But you didn't say what countries, Harry!

Harry did add "I have fully recovered from my sleep apnea operation, and no longer snore. Also, I seem to be having no side-effects from the anti-malarial pills I have started to take. I should be in good shape for the upcoming relaxing vacation.

ART CREDITS:

Taral: Cover

April Lee: 3, 15

Teddy Harvia: 5

Sheryl Birkhead: 11, 19, 20

Peggy Ranson: 12

Craig Hilton: 6

P. L. Caruthers Montgomery: 7, 17, 18

ARTHUR THOMSON: "You'll have heard that Arthur Thomson has died. It was on 8th February, in hospital, from heart failure resulting from the emphysema from which he had been suffering for some time," writes Walt Willis. "He passed away peacefully in hospital, in his sleep. He was 62 years old." Willis adds, "The funeral was on 15th February, in London. There were about a dozen fans there, including Ethel Lindsay who had traveled all night by bus from Edinburgh. Others were Vince Clarke, who had been a tower of strength during Arthur's long illness, John and Diane Berry, Chuck and Sue Harris, Ted Tubb, Avedon Carol and Rob Hansen.

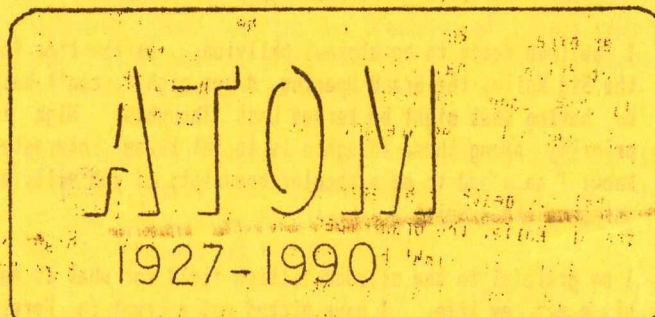
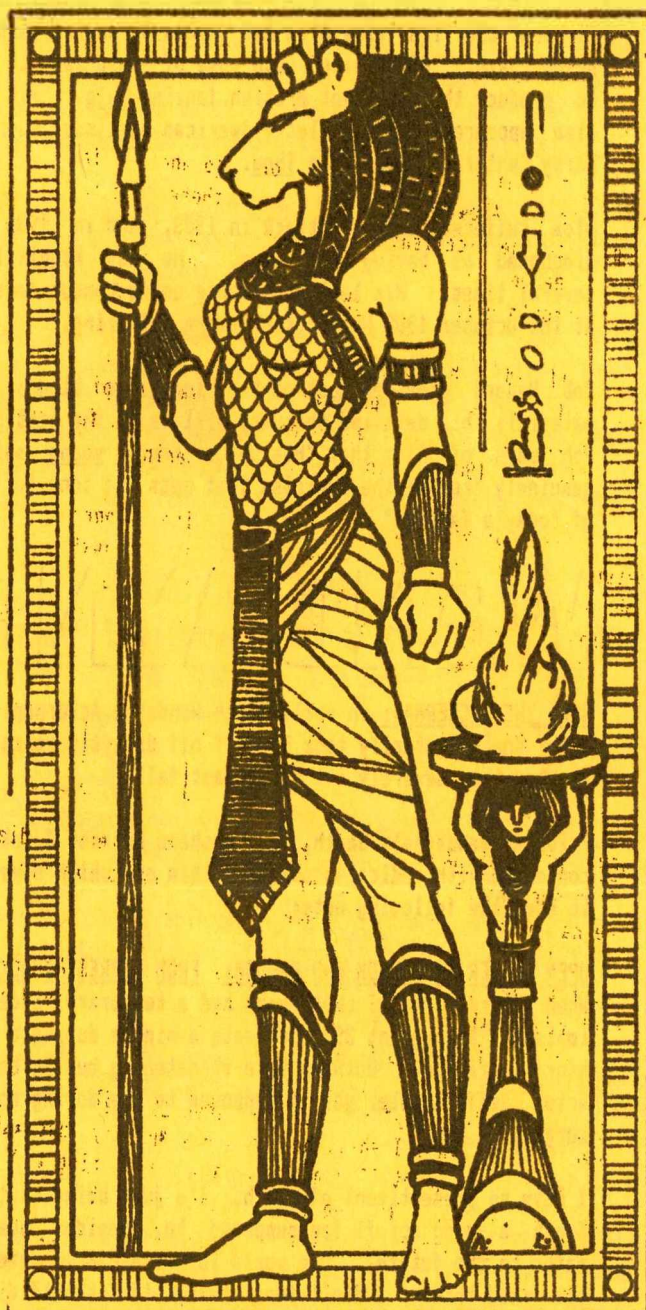
"He was much loved. As to his work, I keep remembering something I wrote in the preface to The Atom Anthology (Ella Parker, 1961). Atom...has given us humor without cruelty, satire without malice, wisdom without arrogance, and good taste without ostentation. We don't know how lucky we are. I'm glad I wrote that while he was alive."

Atom was born in Glasgow in 1927 but raised in London. When he was of age to be conscripted into military service he served as an aircraft fitter in post-WWII Palestine during the final days of the British Mandate.

His first contact with fandom came in 1954: through local fans he encountered Hyphen, the legendary fanzine produced by Walt Willis, Chuck Harris and others. He sent a subscription to Willis in Northern Ireland, and Willis put Atom in touch with Chuck Harris, then living in London. Thomson threw himself into all aspects of London fandom: conventions, parties, and meetings of the London Circle at the Globe pub. He contributed cartoons to most of the major and minor fanzines of the day. He won the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund and went to the 1964 Worldcon in San Francisco; his trip report Atom Abroad was published in 1965.

During the early 1960s Atom drew the greeting card signed by members of the SF Club of London now framed and hanging on the wall of the LASFS Clubhouse. The London club broke up in 1968 after which Atom turned his attention mainly to drawing for a gradually narrowing circle of Australian and American fanzines.

In 1982 there began a resurgence of activity among British fans famed in the '50s and '60s: when Vince Clarke called



it was the first time ATom had spoken to another fan in seven years. ATom united with some of these fans in 1986 to produce the excellent British fanzine Pulp. His art also appeared in a few lucky American fanzines such as Marty Cantor's Holier Than Thou.

ATom suffered a heart attack in 1983, and in 1985 was diagnosed as having emphysema. He was hospitalized several times. His last appearance among London fans was at the October 1989 Wellington Tavern gathering.

Rob Hansen provided most of the foregoing biographical material; his detailed obituary will be in the next Pulp. Rob says of ATom that "His was a truly young spirit, genuinely free of the cynicism that sets the tone for much of today's fandom."

WENDAYNE

WENDAYNE ACKERMAN: In early March Wendayne Ackerman died after she voluntarily took herself off dialysis machines. She had been severely ill since last fall.

Prior to Wendayne's death, her husband Forrest J Ackerman contended with medical problems of his own which moved him to send the following note:

OPEN LETTER TO FANDOM AND PRODOM: FROM FORREST J ACKERMAN
When you read this I shall have had a temporary pacemaker implanted to augment 39 heartbeats a minute during a 2 1/2 hour operation. Nothing life-threatening but I believe actor Jeff Chandler wasn't supposed to die during routine surgery.

I have no presentiment of death, I'm just being cautious. Isn't a good sci-fi fan supposed to consider possible paths to the future? One world in which FJA is dead when you read this? I don't fear death; if I should die, I never expect to know it. (One of the things I regret most about dying is that I'll never get to read my obituaries; all those wonderful things I know Harlan and Charlie Brown and other Ackolytes are going to say about me.)

I believe death to be eternal oblivion. As the time for the Big Knife, the Grand Opening, draws nigh, I can't help but having what might be termed Last Thoughts. High in priority among these thoughts is to let those interested know: I am proud to be a secular humanist; if you will, an unregenerate atheist.

I am grateful to the science fiction field for what it has given me: my life. I have picked out a crypt in Forest Lawn and it will be identified with a plaque reading: Science Fiction was My Life.

Approximately 140 of my friends, via my Will (which, Ghu willing, won't be made public til the 21st century); -- will find one day that I am worth more to them dead than alive. Harry Warner Jr. Charles D. Hornig. Rick Sneary. Art Widner Jr. Fred Pohl. Walt Willis. Bill Warren. Dave Kyle. Jack Williamson. Andre Norton. Jay Kay Klein. More names I dare not reveal -- they might wish to accelerate my ascension to that great sci-fi con in the sky.

But don't cancel my subscription yet, Mike.

LA WRITER RECOVERS: Jerry Pournelle reportedly was extremely ill in February from complications after a case of poison oak. According to Larry Niven, "he was near death." Pournelle has recovered sufficiently to present the March 22 program at LASFS, a tribute to the late Robert Adams.

WORLDCON CHAIRMAN HOSPITALIZED: Kathleen Meyer, Chairman of Chicon V, recently entered the hospital for surgery on a benign ovarian cyst, however, a hysterectomy also had to be performed. Meyer said, according to Ross Pavlac, "I'm basically feeling fine at this point, though I'm still a bit woozy. I feel like I've been kicked in the stomach." Pavlac muttered, "That's what it feels like to chair" a Worldcon, Kathleen."

Meyer approved the release from which this report was condensed. She has been convalescing and would love to get cards at: 2522 N. Kedzie, Apt. 2N, Chicago IL 60647.

TYMN

DELAYED WORD: Students of science fiction and fantasy were shocked to hear that Marshall Tynm, the well-known Eastern Michigan University professor, was critically injured and in a coma as the result of a head-on auto crash last October 20. Dora Shirk's "Other Matters" column in the January Westwind reports he was in a coma until November 14. He is now in good condition, has said his first sentences since the accident and is expected to make a full recovery. In December it was estimated Tynm would resume teaching this spring.

HIGH SCHOOL RACE RIOTS: If reports made your local news about high school race riots in Torrance, CA, over the firing of a black principal, rest easy that folksinger Karen Wilson and her husband, who live in a condo across the street from one of the troubled schools, Leuzinger H.S., came through without trouble. (Source: Rick Foss.)

SAY DA! Chairman of the Moscow in '95 campaign, Michael Sinclair and his wife, Christa, are in the family way. As Craig Miller says, "Don't 'Say Da!', say 'Da-da!'"

MUNICH ROUNDUP: Issue 158 of Waldemar Kuuming's German-language fanzine uses its two English-language pages this issue to explain its delayed publication. During 1989 Kuuming's mother died; she had remarried and emigrated to Canada, so upon her death Waldemar dropped everything to travel to Toronto. During the year he reached retirement age, 65, and was caught up in time-consuming government red tape. Thirdly, Kuuming faces eviction from his flat in a house purchased by a building society that intends to remodel. While they discover whether they can get permits for major changes to a structure which enjoys some protection as a historic building, Kuuming is preparing to relocate: his tentative new address is Engadiner Str. 24/II, D 8000 MUENCHEN 71 -- however, he instructs readers not to use it for mail yet since it is not certain he will have to move.

Almost as horrifying, the issue contains two articles on NOLAcon II, and it doesn't take much knowledge of German to figure out what Udo Emmerich's title means: "NolaCOn 1988: Wo bitte geht's zum Panel?"

ST. LOUIS CLUBZINE MAKES GREAT LEAP FORWARD: Deb Roe has taken over and

dramatically improved The Insider from a tired mimeo bulletin to a desktop-published saddle-stapled little magazine with a fresh sense of humor -- and some news worth lifting!

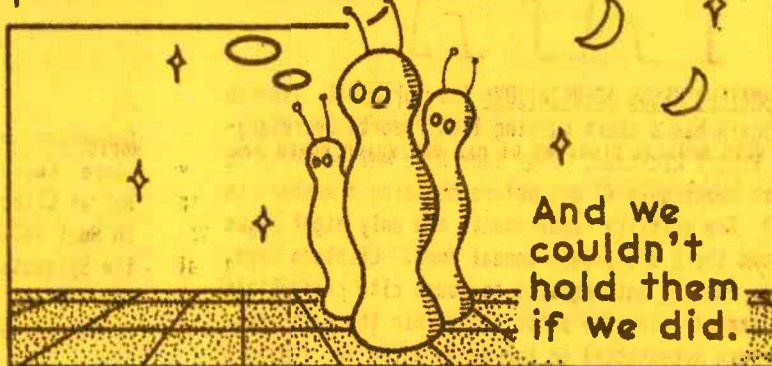
At Buzzardkon, club member Bob Stoltman had a serious scare. He suffered the onset of tachycardia -- his heart racing at 160 beats per minute continually for eight hours despite the efforts of doctors to slow it. Stoltman was held in the hospital for two days of observation, but no explanation was found. "It wasn't an anxiety attack," said Bob. "I had one of those when I bought my house, and this wasn't it!" Stoltman is only 37. Deb Roe "jokingly asked him if it was the get-up that Nancy W. was wearing in the buns contest and he suggested that next year's Czarkon slide show should have a picture of her followed by a picture of him on a stretcher in the emergency room."

THE MINNEAPOLIS BEAT: The March Einblatt announces that Neeters and Jason Hollister had a new son, Terence Ryan, on January 30....Ruth Berman's poem "The Diamond in the Sky" appeared in the March '90 IASFM, and she had two other poems published in the Winter/Spring 1989 Kansas Quarterly.

AMERICAN CULTURAL IMPERIALISM REDUX REDUX (ETC): In BCSFAzine 201 Dale Speirs shows genuine writing flair in an article which begins:

"You are the commandant of a concentration camp, with orders to winnow out the 'pure culture' writers from those who are hopelessly contaminated by the cultural imperialists. A boxcar load of SF writers has just been brought in, every one of whom claims to be a Canadian SF author. Names on the rollcall include Spider Robinson,

We on the planet Eniznaf are too advanced to feel the need to publish fanzines.



Candas Jane Dorsey, H.A. Hargreaves, J. Brien Clarke, Judith Merril and William Gibson. The gas ovens at camp Piapot work most efficiently, and you have to decide quickly to avoid unnecessary downtime and wasted fuel. The genuine writers of Canadian SF will be spared, and indeed will be given an apology and a Canada Council grant by way of restitution for the trouble they were put through. The imposters and running-dog lackeys of the cultural imperialists will be processed into fertilizer and charcoal briquettes. How do you decide?"

Even though I disagree with virtually everything that follows, Speirs is not polemical and provides a very well-written piece you might like to see: BCSFA, PO Box 35577, Stn. E, Vancouver BC V6M 4G9 Canada.

DO MY EARS DECEIVE ME? The FACT Sheet, publication-of-record for the Fandom Association of Central Texas, reports

the club will cut back The Texas SF Inquirer from six to five issues this year. The current issue of Nova Express, a semiprozine subsidized by FACT, will be sent to subscribers in lieu of the other TTSFI. Lisa Greene, chair of FACT's publications committee, writes, "This is probably the first time in FACT history that the Publications Chair has had to slow down the production of the Inquirer. Had we the funds I would have allowed them to go on and do six."

It was just two years ago the controversy over TTSFI's tardy production compelled Pat Mueller to leave TTSFI and start Pirate Jenny; fandom endorsed the quality of Pat's work by awarding TTSFI the Best Fanzine Hugo in 1988. Of course, the irony of these developments should not overshadow that the latest adjustment to TTSFI's schedule is accomplished without violating FACT's commitment to deliver subscribers the promised number of issues per year.

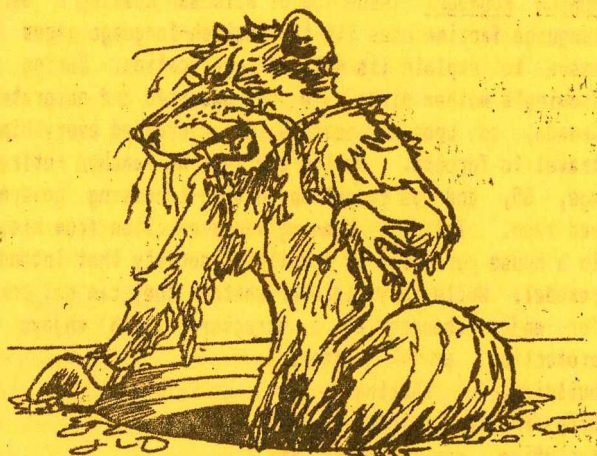
FAPA

FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION: The original fannish apa once again has a short waiting list—reports Secretary-Treasurer Robert Lichtman. Some fans have waited years to climb into membership (I did before becoming a member in the '70s.) The activity requirements are only eight pages a year, and there are modest annual dues. Lichtman says, "To qualify for the waiting list one must cite credentials in the form of a fanzine published within the past year (apazines are acceptable) or two appearances in fanzines (not both published in the same metropolitan area; published letters of comment and artwork are acceptable.)" Contact Lichtman at: PO Box 30, Glen Ellen CA 95442.

"LITIGATION FACTOR THREE, MR SULU"

RANBLIN' WRECK OF RANDALLSTOWN TREK: Geraldine Sylvester and her mother, Theresa, have sued three fellow Trek fans in Baltimore County Circuit Court, asking \$3 million of damages for slander, ruining their reputation in Star Trek fandom, impairing Geraldine's aspiring acting career and inflicting great emotional pain on both women. The February 15, 1990, issue of the Owings Mill (Md.) Times named defendants Cheryl Bobbitt, M. Catherine Chesney and Beverly Ott Volker.

A photo with the article showed the Sylvesters, mother with one hand protectively on her daughter's shoulder, posed before a painting of Mr. Spock shown in robes, his hands folded, looking like a Renaissance pope.



Rats of the Underworld © Craig Heltzer 1989

"The unpleasant bits"

Geraldine Sylvester, now 29, is credited with founding Shore Leave, an annual Trek convention in its 12th year. But at Clippercon last February 18, a large Trek convention in Hunt Valley, MD, a swarm of rumors broke out accusing the Sylvesters of informing on Clippercon to the IRS (which the Sylvesters deny. Then after George Takei publicly presented Geraldine with a plaque left anonymously in his hotel room she suffered the embarrassment of defendant Volker taking to the stage and denying that the plaque was from the Clippercon committee. Rumors accused Geraldine of having planted it herself. Worst of all, Takei denounced his friendship with the Sylvesters loudly and in front of many other Trekkers. Geraldine contends she is now deprived of Takei's (allegedly promised) introduction to Hollywood agents, a severe blow to her acting career. Yes.

HEVELIN

DUTCH TREAT FOR RUSTY HEVELIN: Martha Beck announces the fundraising to send longtime Midwestern fan Rusty Hevelin to this year's Worldcon has yielded \$1,815: "That is surely enough to get him there, and back -- with a little to spare for room and food." Taking satisfaction from the fund's success Martha concludes: "I have been in Fandom (note the Capital) for thirty-three years, and I learned the first five not to volunteer -- just go, enjoy friends, and party... But sometimes, you gotta pitch in for a good cause -- this was a very good one."

TAFF

TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND: North American TAFF Administrator Robert Lichtman offers further explanation of the Fund's 1990 hiatus:

"Real world things like lack of sufficient paid vacation and disinterest in achieving personal burnout by doing two major conventions on successive weekends with considerable traveling between were the primary reasons cited by those British fans queried as to their prospective TAFF candidacy last year. Christina (Lake) and Lilian (Edwards, European Administrators) also expended considerable effort polling British fans concerning a 1990 race. It wasn't just me. However, the decision to postpone the race a year was made by all three co-administrators, not by me unilaterally. Brian Earl Brown to the contrary, 'political correctness' had little to do with it. There just weren't any candidates stepping forward. In fairness, a few British fans did have mildly disparaging things to say about NASFiCs in general, but the reasons above were overwhelmingly the ones given for lack of interest in running for TAFF in 1990.

"One really can't compare the existence of a 1990 DUFF race to the absence of a 1990 TAFF race. The circumstances are considerably different. Mainly, there are no Worldcons or other conventions of similar magnitude taking place within an approximately one-hour plane ride from Australia that would distract people from running for a DUFF trip to North America. Speaking as an individual rather than a TAFF administrator, I'm pleased and surprised that GUFF and DUFF both managed to field a race this year."

"As to Brian's notion that TAFF and DUFF are somehow 'scheduled' and thus, as I read him, somehow required to field a race every year, that simply is not true. TAFF has skipped races on several occasions on purpose (1972, 1975 and 1978) and other races have not occurred due to lack of funds or winners declining to take the trip. DUFF had not 1973 race. There just is no mandate to hold a race every year for either fund. It's certainly nothing ominous when a year is skipped."

NOREASCON THREE ROUGH-CUT FINANCIAL REPORT: In a letter distributed to W3 staff, the committee gave the following income and expense figures:

Total income:	\$681,000
Total expenses:	\$529,000
Net profit:	\$152,000
Membership refunds	\$ 58,000
Other refunds (est.)	20,000
New staff t-shirt	3,000
Surplus	\$ 71,000

The committee states half its surplus "will be used to benefit future Worldcons who agreed to pass along their surplus similarly." The Holland and Orlando committees (1990 and 1992) will share about \$35,500. The Chicago committee did not participate.

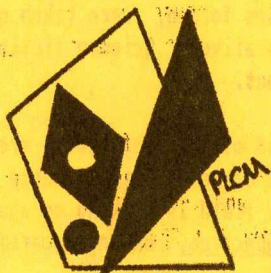
The committee says it will spend about \$20,000 producing a convention memory book (\$20,000) and spend the other \$15,000+ on "the necessary expenses of operating NCFI as we wind things down."

WHAT'S UP WITH TARAL: This month's cover artist, Taral, sends "Greetings from the Land of Life After Fandom. Something sorta snapped this winter and every time I try to 'fanac' I get sick to my stomach. I can do anything I want to do, such as some of the eccentric fan history I've been writing, but when I get out to do something for someone else my mind revolts.

"...The 'fan history' I'm doing is the story of a club called the 'Outworlders', founded in 1937 in a small town called 'Willow Run'. It's an alternate-world scenario that amuses me. The SF club is only a small part of the whole, which I've been working on for a year now. Doubt fandom will get much of a glimpse into Willow Run, but I may put the 'Outworlders' in print at least....

"All last year I did a lot of commercial art which had, unfortunately, cut into my creative work. But I need the income. Also, I haven't managed to get last year's reduced art output into print yet. This year 100% of what I draw is likely to be surplus. Plan to do more writing in 1990. Planned to do it in '89 but the commercial art cut into that too. Much else going on around here, but little that makes SF news. So nerts to SF -- I've got a life to lead whether it makes the pages of SFC or not."

Astute editors of frequent fanzines using full-page art will now run to their mailboxes posting requests for unplaced Taral art, to 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale ONT M2N 5B4 Canada.



ANNEMARIE VAN EWYCK

((The second in a series of three articles about the Netherlands, its fantastic literature and its fandom.))

FANTASTIC LITERATURE BELOW SEA LEVEL: The Netherlands seems to be excellently suited to fantastic literature, if only by name. Still, I'd better confess at once that fantastic literature and especially SF has carved itself only a very shallow niche in the attention of Dutch publishers and readers. SF hardly ever accounts for more, and usually for less, than 1 percent of (Dutch-language) book sales in The Netherlands.

About the same goes for poetry, of course, but in addition there is very little real appreciation of the fantastic by publishers, booksellers and critics alike. Nietzsche has exclaimed that in The Netherlands everything is always fifty years late in happening. He may be right, for in their general attitude to the fantastic, the Dutch certainly seem 50 years out of date. Not all of them, though; not all of them. For there is a body of lovers of SF, adult fantasy and horror in The Netherlands, and if Nietzsche was right, we all have a very interesting fifty years to look forward to.

Not to speak of what is behind us, for in the 19th and early 20th century Dutch literature also dabbled its toes

in the ocean of fantasy and speculation. We find several utopic novels, some dystopias, fantastic journeys and with the time of Gernsback drawing near, the usual backyard spaceship builders. And since foreign literature must have its impact on a small country at the crossroads of European trade and languages, we find many a translation of Verne, Wells, Burroughs, Lasswitz, Willy Ley and Hans Dominik.

Given time the exciting new work that was being published as "science fiction" in the USA might have reached the Depression-swept Low Lands, but World War II intervened. All connection with English-speaking countries was severed. War and occupation and their aftermath left the Dutch with other priorities than picking up on a new slant in literature.

Some SF elements surfaced in postwar comics anyway -- the typical Dutch comics of that time, that did without balloons, but had a regular story printed underneath taking up as much space as the pictures. Marten Toonder took his Tom Poes & Heer Boemel through some weird tales, Hans Kresse joined SF with heroic adventure in his Eric De Noorman (Vikings and Atlantis) and Pieter Kuhn created the immortal Kapitein Rob, facing among many other fantastic dangers, mad scientist Lupardi of Antarctica with his clutch of remote-controlled penguins.

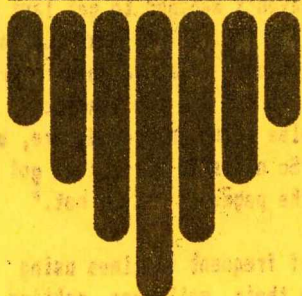
The 50s saw the beginnings of interest in SF as it came from outer space -- the USA or the UK, that is. Anthologies appeared introducing readers to the delights of basic Asimov and Heinlein. The publishing house of Het Spectrum started to feed SF novels into their paperback line, but without yet openly declaring for that treacherous term "science fiction". Indeed, though Spectrum did mark their books with SF later on, they never developed a special SF series.

Bruna, a large paperback house, followed at the end of the 60s with a regular output of SF/fantasy, and in 1967 the house of Meulenhoff started its very successful SF/fantasy series. The 70s were an SF-lover's paradise: some 15-20 different publishers were active in the field an enormous amount of old and new work was translated.

The end of the 70s brought a slight decline and then, in the middle of the 80s, the bottom dropped out of the market -- for all books, not just fantastic literature. At one time even cooking and gardening books didn't sell. Publishing houses folded, were taken over or fused with others to keep alive. Science fiction and fantasy went with the tide: out.

Now, at the end of the 80s, there are a small number of publishers still concerned with science fiction/fantasy and horror, and the field is picking up again, but slowly. We still have Het Spectrum, making a careful comeback, mainly

PRISMA
POCKET



into fantasy, their strong suit; Bruna, after changing hands just barely interested in SF; Veen/Luitingh, now bringing the best of horror but hopefully to be lured back into the spirit in which they brought out nearly all of Stanislaw Lem; De Fontein, faithful Hitchhikers; Sirius & Siderius for fairy tales and fantasy; Oberon, new publishers of the Perry Rhodan magazine novels, now running for nearly 20 years; Loeb, for reprints and anthologies of SF and horror in cheap paperbacks (funnily enough most fantastic literature is published in trade paperback in this country); and lastly Meulenhoff, leader of the fantastic trade fair with its 20-years-old SF series.

One of the effects of this reduction in SF publishers is that once again, as in the 50s when there wasn't nearly enough to go around, SF lovers are actively studying other languages and are reading (mainly) English and German SF, as soon as the books get imported.

There has always been a large flow of foreign literature into this country and it is no wonder that people, given the narrow range of translated SF these last years, prefer to read and buy the original. Especially since imported paperbacks are cheaper. The fairly large body of readers that have always preferred the original and so were way ahead of the others when SF started to be published in translation, may have had its influence on SF sales over the years. And on the very modest part Dutch authors get to play in all this.

Dutch fantastic authors, apart from those mainstream writers that venture into the fantastic now and then, but remain accepted as "literary", have very little scope for sales. Commercial SF magazines never really caught on in this country despite a few spirited attempts. The literary magazines have no room for the

fantastic. So authors have to work up the long wind needed for a novel in one go -- or have try-outs in the fan press. Only a very few get commercially published at all. Much to the public's loss, as their fan efforts often prove.

There is a great deal of interchange with Flemish-speaking Belgium. Some of the Dutch authors have been published in Belgium and Flemish authors in the Netherlands. Both you'll find below. To avoid tedious lists I'll just mention those authors that are, at the moment, active and selling, or are prominent in the small presses: Eddy



Translation: "Sirius and Siderius in fairy tales and fantasy."

Bertin, Patrick Bernauw, Peter Cuypers, Tonke Dragt, Catherine Duval, Guido Eekhaut, Wim Gijssen, Paul Harland, Gerben Heilinga, Jan Kuipers, Kathinka Lannoy, Julian Raesveld, Peter Schaap, Tais Teng, Thomas Mintner.

Wim Gijssen is leader of the field with 12 books to his name, both fantasy and SF, and a roaring popularity among Dutch fans. He is now surpassing Felix Thijssen, who retired from SF to write thrillers and screenplays but who produced some 15 fine, entertaining and at times very deep SF novels. Eddy Bertin (Belgium) must have the longest list of publications, including fan presses and foreign sales. Apart from our star list there are many deserving writers or incipient best selling authors we all know and enjoy, striving to get into the Big Time. And we hope the succeed. But if Nietzsche was right, it won't be until 2039!

++ Annemarie van Ewyck

CHICON 5, MAD 3

WORLDCON CHAIR REBUTTAL: From Kathleen Meyer's standpoint the problem with the last issue of Mad 3 Party (Noreascon's convention-running journal) is that it really was the last issue, leaving her without the desired forum for her to rebut its comment about Chicon V's finances. The 1991 Worldcon chair writes:

"I'd like to correct a statement made in Mad 3 Party on Chicon's behalf regarding reimbursements. A "reasonably reliable source" stated at Smacon [that] Chicon had decided to give suites and expenses to Board members, officers and division heads as well as rooms to other unnamed individuals and to 'pour substantial money' into the upper-level den. To the extent it has been discussed the Board has decided to give if there are enough complimentary rooms provided by the hotel available [sic], suites or rooms with a shared parlor to the board members. No other reimbursements or upfront perks have been promised to anyone. This includes officers, division heads or any 'special' individuals.

"The budget for the upper-level den is \$1,100. In my opinion this is not 'pouring substantial money' into a place set aside for the board, officers and division heads to relax. (Besides, it's too soon for Chicon to be promising any kind of monetary perks or reimbursements simply because the money to fulfill such promises is not available.)

"If anyone has any questions about how we intend to spend

fandom's money for the 49th Worldcon please write us, read the latest PR, or ask any board member or officer at their regional con. We'd love to talk about our plans and we'd love to hear fandom's suggestions on what they'd like to see. This is your convention. We want to make it the best worldcon ever!" (Chicon V, PO Box A3120, Chicago IL 60690-3120.)

1989 NEBULA NOMINEES: (Copied from Insider)

NOVELS: Boat of a Million Years, Poul Anderson; Prentice Alvin, Orson Scott Card; Good News From Outer Space, John Kessel; Ivory, A Legend of Past and Future, Mike Resnick; The Healer's War, Elizabeth Ann Scarborough; Sister Light, Sister Dark, Jane Yolen.

NOVELLAS: The Mountains of Mourning, Lois McMaster Bujold; Great Worlds of Time, John Crowley; Marid Changes His Mind, George Alec Effinger; A Touch of Lavender, Megan Lindholm; Tiny Tango, Judith Moffett; A Dozen Tough Jobs, Howard Waldrop.

NOVELETTES: Sisters, Greg Bear; Silver Lady and the Fortyish Man, Megan Lindholm; For I have touched the sky, Mike Resnick; Fast Cars, Kristine Kathryn Rusch; Enter a Solider. Later: Enter Another, Robert Silverberg; At the Rialto, Connie Willis.

SHORT STORIES: The Adinkra Cloth, Mary Aldridge; The Ommatidium Miniatures, Michael Bishop; Lost Boys, Orson Scott Card; Boobs, Suzy McKee Charnas; Ripples in the Dirac Sea, Geoffrey A. Landis; Dori Bangs, Bruce Sterling.

DUANE

AND NOW YOU KNOW...THE REST OF THE STORY: A copy of File 770:84 made its way into Diane Duane's hands in Ireland thanks to Dave Clark and she mailed me a copy of her report about how the Case of the Duplicate Diane was solved in late Spring '89. (Thanks also to Dave Clark who told me where to find the electronic file of the same text on CompuServe.) Writes Diane Duane:

"Well, now it can be told. I didn't want to say anything until I had confirmation on the whole situation.

"What happened in Omaha was this:

"A lady named Kate Birkel works in a Waldenbooks there. About a month ago now, someone came into the bookstore, bought a whole lot of Trek books, and "hinted extremely broadly" that she was in fact the author of some of these.

The lady in the bookstore was interested to hear this, and when (about a week later) the woman stopped in again, she chatted with her a little more. The woman told her that, among others, she was Diane Duane -- that Diane Duane was one of several pseudonyms she used.

"Kate found this interesting, because about six years ago, she had appeared in a fanzine called GUARDIAN, edited by a lady named Linda Deneroff, and a Diane Duane story had been in there too (something called "The Last Star Wars Story", the only piece of fan fiction I've ever had published -- it came out about two years after DOOR INTO FIRE, if I remember right). Kate set up a lunch date with the woman, and that evening called Linda to tell her about it.

"Linda has been a friend of mine since we first met in New York SF fandom about fifteen years ago. Linda knew perfectly well that 'Diane Duane' was not a pseudonym, and told Kate so. She also told her what she had heard about the 'fake Duane.' The woman's behavior so far fit the patterns established in Denver and Hawaii, right down to the bookstore chain chosen, and the description of her matched.

"At work the next day Kate xeroxed the check the woman had given her for the books, before sending it along to the bank. Meanwhile Linda Deneroff had called one of her* friends, my editor at Bantam, Janna Silverstein, to tell her about this whole business. Janna was understandably interested, having heard about the fake herself. She called me in Ireland about other business the next day, and finished the call with the words, 'And by the way, I have some interesting news for you...'

"It was two months since the woman had gone to ground. I was *interested.*

"I called Linda, got Kate's phone number, and got the pertinent info from her -- especially the address on that check. It was on Offutt AFB in Omaha. The next morning (we had to leave for Belfast just after that call) I called the US Marshal's office in Hawaii. (Sidelight: while trying to get hold of the CID person in question, I got connected to a wrong extension. 'Can you call back?' a bored person said on the other end. 'I'd really rather you transferred the call,' I said. 'I'm calling from Belfast.' '*Where??*' 'Belfast. You know. *Northern Ireland.*' 'Uh....right!' Confused muttering, followed by hurried transfer of call. Apparently telling them you're calling from Belfast makes them nervous. I wonder why....) The officer who had been investigating the case essentially confirmed much that I had heard or surmised: they had been chasing this lady for several years, on numerous counts of alleged fraud, impersonation, credit card fraud, you name it. She was a trained genealogist

and was very skilled at manipulating sources of ID to manufacture identities, as well as cutting herself fake military orders, discharges, you name it. I gave him the address I had been given, from the check, and he said he would get in touch with the US Marshals and the FBI in Omaha.

"Apparently he did, because the next day they turned up at the Waldenbooks and talked to Kate. She said to me, 'Their faces just lit up like little kids' at Christmas when I gave them that address.' They went to the base and caught her. Apparently this was made easier for them by the fact



that she had just gone to the SAC Credit Union and there opened a checking account with a \$2000 check drawn on a closed account in Denver.

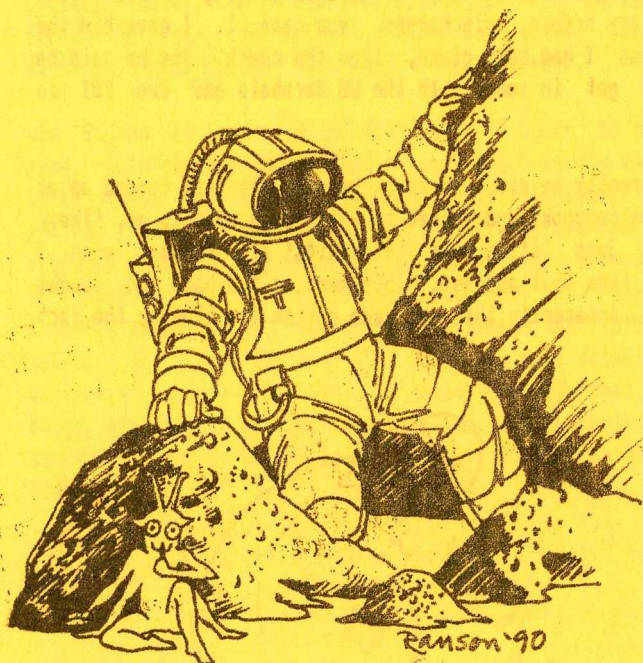
"When she was arraigned, the judge refused to set bail, stating that it was plain that (having jumped bail just before sentencing in October '88, in Denver), nothing would keep her in one place to face charges except bars. So she is in jail, and there she will be for a while, it seems.

"And it was the fannish connection that did it.

"My only concern now is to find out where her children are and satisfy myself that they're OK. My guess is that they've been sent back to her ex-husband, who is military, and not dead in any plane crashes, fires, or other tragedies.

"By the way, the woman's real name turns out to be Diane Muir."

March 1990



KISS YOUR FANZINE GOODBYE

Computer game review by Francis Hamit

The latest fannish craze on the West Coast is SimCity, a complex computer game that is the technophiles' answer to model railroading.

In inCity the player designs and manages a city from scratch. You establish residential, commercial and industrial zones, lay down roads, powerlines and railroads, install power plants (either coal or nuclear), airports, seaports and stadiums and place police and fire departments. From an initial fund of \$20,000 you construct your model and then begin the clock. You can monitor the various functions by graphic maps, line graphs and by accessing the annual budget and the public opinion menu. The latter tells you how well you are playing by indicating net migration and how many people approve of the job you are doing as Mayor.

This would be fairly pedestrian if it were not for inCity's fantastic animated graphics. The quality is better than you could have gotten with a Sun workstation just a few years ago. It is really a kick to watch houses, churches, hospitals, industrial plants and shopping centers spring up on your city plot like miniature mushrooms. The

graphics also provide animation for road traffic, a train moving on railroad tracks and airliners flying overhead.

Still too tame for you? Well, then there are the disasters. Fire, explosion, tornados, earthquakes, ship and air crashes, nuclear power plant meltdowns and even Godzilla are resident in the program memory, ready to appear and wreak havoc. Certain actions will actually inspire disasters (or you can set them loose yourself if you're still at the mean-little-kid level of your personal development.)

There are also eight preset scenarios that you can play, ranging from the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 to Godzilla romping and stomping in Tokyo. For most people the easy level of the game is anything but. Nasty fates await the incompetent (such as being ridden out of town on a rail by a screaming crowd led by your own mother!)

At LASFS the game has become something of an obsession. It is challenging intellectually to manage development, set tax rates, and watch your city grow. My roommate, Leigh, went for 28 hours straight on one game she played on our XT-clone with an amber monitor. Others continue games intermittently over a number of weeks. Indeed, there is no finish to the game.

So be warned: buy the game, but be prepared to kiss your fanzine goodbye.

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THE IMMORTAL STORM by Sam Moskowitz
Review by Robert Lichtman

The Immortal Storm is back! It's been 35 years since the ASFD hardcover and 15 years since Hyperion's trade paperback edition. Copies of these are rare and tend to be pricy. For students or dabblers into fanhistory, this is one of the required texts. This is the original History of Fandom we have here, the first one ever to hit the stands. Surveying the history of the science fiction and fantasy fan movement from before the beginning to the brink of World War II this volume provides a thorough -- some might say exhaustive, or in the extreme, exhausting -- rundown of who was doing what, where and when.

This is fannish history done as an epic Russian novel. The press release that accompanied my copy asserts that the history of fandom "is presented with a verve that carries the reference material along with the narrative drive of a fine novel." I would say that Sam's account of early

fandom, especially in his reporting of feuds and other altercations, is more like an edge of your seat thriller, and one is pulled through the recounting page by purple page as though one were reading words lifted from the quivering jelly of an ancient hektograph.

The book may become at times a little overzealous in its pursuit of detail, but it is never boring for those whom fanhistory is either an acquired taste or a third-person diary encompassing portions of one's own life. As the promo correctly points out, "most of the information in this book can be found nowhere else" unless you're fortunate enough to live near a major and accessible fanzine collection. Few of us do.

It's fashionable these days in some circles to knock fandom's history. Still others lionize it. I'm somewhere in between, believing that at least a cursory knowledge of fan history is good to have so one can avoid the common mistakes endemic to fandom, but that unduly dwelling on the past (in fandom as in life) is unhealthy. Perhaps you're a neofan and want to delve into fandom's history, or perhaps you're an oldphart and just want to Look Something Up. Whatever your personal situation vis a vis fanhistory, The Immortal Storm is one of only a handful of books available on the subject and deserves your attention. This is a rare and limited opportunity to obtain your own copy.

With this edition the book is presented in a larger page format and the text (shot from the 1954 ASFO hardcover) has a 25% larger "footprint" on the page. This makes an enormous difference in readability. It also appears to be printed on good quality acid-free paper, though no notation of this fact appears anywhere. The binding is of decent quality since this printing was done largely to fill back orders from libraries. There's no dustjacket, but the wonderful artwork from the ASFO edition's cover is reproduced after the dedication page in this new edition. And there's still those delightful 12 pages of photographs of the fans and pros of long ago.

Hyperion Press is a modest house that appears from their catalog "Classics of Science Fiction" to specialize in printing small library editions of various obscure and not-so-obscure works of science fiction and fantasy. The size of this printing was enlarged at the urging of Sam, me (in a letter) and a handful of others. Their literature says, "We have added a limited number of copies to our standard library print order and will make the available to anyone while they last." Better believe it! From what I've heard a "limited number" could be as few as fifty copies. If you don't have this book get off your butt and order a copy directly from the publisher (address above) before they're gone.

The Immortal Storm covers fandom's history through the end of 1939. Sam has indicated at various times that he has notes and documentation to carry this history forward through much of the 1940s. Though Harry Warner Jr. has already covered the '40s in his estimable All Our Yesterdays (still available, I believe, from Advent:Publishers PO Box A3228, Chicago IL 60690) I hope that someday Sam will find the time to carry out such a continuation. I'd love to read it.

The Immortal Storm, Sam Moskowitz. \$34. Hyperion Press 47 Riverside Ave., Westport CT 06880. Telephone: (203) 225-1091.

DIVINE INVASION: A LIFE OF PHILIP K.

DICK, by Lawrence Sutin; Harmony Books \$25.95

Reviewed by Francis Hamit

Philip K. Dick, best known for his science fiction, was one of the most original voices in contemporary American letters. Dick's fiction inspired an entire generation of science fiction writers though such novels as The Man in the High Castle, The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch, and Radio Free Albemuth. The 1982 tech noir thriller Bladerunner was based upon his Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? and it was shortly before its release that he died of a stroke.

In life, Philip K. Dick was a perpetually unhappy and obsessed man. Lawrence Sutin, with the full endorsement of Dick's friend and literary executor, has turned out a very well-researched and painfully complete examination of Dick, his life, and how that life influenced his many works.

If Philip Dick sometimes struck people as strange, he had every excuse. His twin sister died in infancy and Dick would feel both a psychic connection and great feelings of loss throughout his life. His parents' marriage never recovered from this tragedy. They divorced and Dick was raised by his mother, Dorothy. She was cool and distant. Her relationship with her son was painful for them both. Her controlling behavior both repelled and attracted him. He blamed her for his sister's death and grew to hate her. When he left home she threatened to have him arrested, fearing that he would become a homosexual. He did not, of course, and was soon involved in the first of his many marriages and other relationships with women.

An indifferent student with phobias that kept him from completing his first year of college, he began writing in his teens. His unique vision found easy acceptance in the science fiction pulps of the post-World-War-II era. He

soon quit his first and only job to write full-time. He was prolific, but continually frustrated by his inability to break out of the SF genre and have a career as a mainstream novelist. He struggled for years to break through, to no avail. The many awards and the admiration of his fans gave him little satisfaction for he was as much of a literary snob as his contemporaries about such things.

Like most writers he was something of an autodidact, obsessive and self-involved. His first marriage broke up over an argument about a record collection. While he usually cast himself in the role of a rescuer, it was he who most needed a rescue. Dick seems to have always been searching. Even a mysterious religious revelation in February of 1974 produced more pain than satisfaction. He would commit 10,000 pages of writing to analysis of this event and its import. At the end, he had no more peace of mind than before.

Much of Sutin's book is a relentless portrayal of Dick as a man badly in need of help. Paranoid, suicidal, often given to mild hallucinations, at times drug-addicted, he seemed to be a classic obsessive-compulsive. Out of all this pain and turmoil came great fiction, but at a terrible cost.

The truth is that this book is, itself, painful to read. For those who tend to idolize authors it might well be a slap in the face; evidence that great artists are seldom great people to be around. (Nor should one come away with the idea that such a life-script is a necessary part of a writer's life. The halls of literature are littered with the bones of those who have bought into that fable.)

Sutin's research as a biographer is impeccable but his execution is flawed by a breezy, overly-familiar style that seems to treat the tragedy of Dick's life as humor on a cosmic scale. Perhaps Phil Dick would see it that way himself, but somehow I don't think so. By Sutin's own account he was rather sensitive about such things.

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====+(((CHANGES OF ADDRESS)))====
Dick & Nicki Lynch (ZIP change only) PO Box 1270,
Germantown MD 20875

G. Lee Healy, 4753 Paula Ct., Livermore CA 94550

Randy Council & Brad Westervelt, 1594 17th Ave., San Francisco CA 94122

Karl Olsen, 1 James Ct., Gansevoort NY 12831

Dana Siegel, 140 Mill St., Natick MA 01760

Michael Wallis, 1647 Willow Pass Rd. #331, Concord CA 94520

Mike Todd, PO Box 1294, Harvey LA 70058

TRIMBLES IN TEXAS: Bjo got to play the guest of honor at a funeral in Crystal Phoenix's Haunted House last Halloween. Writes Bjo, "[The] Haunted House had a velvet-draped coffin with a 'dummy' (me) in it; when someone came to view it, I'd reach up, whispering, 'Don't leave me here!' Even adults jumped!"

When in LA to be Loscon's Fan 60H, Bjo went to Paramount and visited the ST:TNG sets, meeting Patrick Stewart, and Whoopi Goldberg who "insisted on being introduced to 'the lady who made it possible for me to work on Star Trek.'" These and other adventures of Bjo, John, and Kat are outlined in their 2-page family newsletter circulated in January.

DUFF

DOWN UNDER FAN FUND: And the race is on! There are Australian candidates for the trip to North America coinciding with the 1990 NASFiC, ConDiego.

Greg Turkich is sponsored by Jack Herman, Carey Handfield, John McDouall, Charlotte Proctor and Lucy Huntzinger. Turkich describes himself as a cop, and adds, "I once got invited to play bagpipes at the Good Doctor's room party; I declined on account of I failed to notice who he was. Us cops are observant like that."

Roger Weddall is sponsored by Marc Ortlieb, Nick Stathopoulos, Bruce Gillespie, Dick & Nicki Lynch and Teddy Harvia. Weddall co-edited the Australian newzine Thyge (before the days when it published bondage photos), but just the same is "a dedicated Wild Party attendee."

Meantime Terry Dowling has done something completely out of character for fan fund winners -- he has published his trip report! Prints From A Far Land runs 52 pages in A4 format with numerous photos and drawings. Dowling's text is co-authored with his traveling companion Kerrie Hanlon.

Further information can be obtained from DUFF administrators Terry Dowling, 11 Everard St., Hunters Hill NSW, 2110, Australia; or John D. Berry, 525 19th Ave. East, Seattle WA 98112.

HOLLAND ORGANIZATION WORK CONTINUES: A letter from British fan Martin Easterbook, part of the operations group formed for ConFiction, appeared in Instant Message 473 recruiting gopher hole managers. The convention's strategy for assuring enough workers at the con includes having 7 shifts of gopher hole managers including a mixture of nationalities and a fan from each US site selection zone (east, central, west.)

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM

WINDYCON 16: (Nov. 13-15, 1989) by Mike Glycer

If you're very lucky your Windycon weekend starts Thursday night at the committee dinner: the Woodfield Hyatt can do a pretty decent prime rib. Food for thought arrived ahead of the waiters -- the rotund con chairman who'd invited me last year to be fan GoH had disappeared and I had to be reintroduced to the narrow-gauge Leonard Wensche: the Windycon committee dinner was his first full meal in ages. It only compounded the shock of discovering at Westercon half of Rick Katze was missing. Where will physical fitness wantonly strike next?

George Alec Effinger, Marie and Kirby Bartlett-Sloane, Lanny Waitzman and others joined our table so the conversation was lively. I guess it was a mistake to check the time, for Lanny said, "It's okay to look at your watch: it's not okay to shake it and see if it stopped!" How could I worry about anything so mundane as the time when Cathy FitzSimmons was holding forth on, "The best roadkill I ever saw --" a dead armadillo upright with a bottle of Lone Star beer between its paws. Another fan thought there was a market for northern U.S. roadkill and it should be called "Bits-o-Bambi."

Before dinner I ran into Julie Schwartz of DC Comics, former editor of Batman. (As Julie said, "Last year I was former editor of Superman, this year I'm the former editor of Batman, and next year I'll be the former editor of Wonder Woman when it has its fiftieth anniversary.") That's where I also greeted author GoH Barry B. Longyear and Jean Longyear.

Dinner was followed by gourmet chocolate tasting in the con suite. Marie Bartlett-Sloane made a small presentation to Ross Pavlac, a member of her Chicon V division whose tasks encompass one capable of being summed up by a tag from a bottle of designer cologne: "HUGO BOSS."

Scott Dennis joked with Jane, "She doesn't know how hard I work to keep the living room so that it can be picked up in two or three hours if we want to." Later I talked to artist GoH David Lee Anderson and his wife; David made good-natured fun of the generosity of the Windycon committee, which had subsidized a number of guests besides the GoHs, we envisioned how the committee Greyhound serpentine around the midwest picking them all up...

The official start of the convention didn't come for another 24 hours. At the Opening Ceremonies toastmaster Bob Tucker pointed out the guests on the podium: "You'll have noticed one of them isn't a guy -- she is an editor."



Beth Fleischer rounded out our quintet of speakers, and I think the audience was well-entertained from start to finish. As a litmus test let me ask the fanzine editors when is the last time you asked to reprint the Artist guest of honor's speech? Read David Lee Anderson's speech elsewhere in this issue and see what you almost missed. Fittingly, Barry surpassed us all, eliciting such crescendos of laughter from the audience they barely had a chance to catch their breath.

With heavy irony Longyear reminded us he is "the author of 'Enemy Mine' -- which there was an attempt to make into a movie." Longyear explained his unappreciated attempt to make a celebrity endorsement of Stay-free minipads (which he found a less-painful substitute for adhesive dressings

on a wounded, hairy part of his stomach.) His phone call to the advertiser ended when the woman on the other end realized out the caller with the deep voice didn't spell the name "Barrie", or "Barree", but Barry....

The proper spelling of Longyear's name is indeed a sensitive subject. Barry declared that all successful science fiction writers have a middle initial -- Robert A. Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke, John W. Campbell. To help him achieve equal success Longyear wants his publishers and fans to use "Barry B. Longyear" but he has been very frustrated in getting this accepted. Longyear confided experts have told him that visual aids help people remember and he had come equipped. Barry B. Longyear dramatically unfurled the hem of his sweatshirt, which was striped with alternating yellow-and-black bands down to his knees, reached into a paper sack behind the lectern and removed headgear with two steel-spring antennae each bobbling a fuzzy yellow ball on the end. Fully costumed he rehearsed the audience in his full name, Barry B. Longyear. His wife, Jean, emerged from the audience costumed as a sunflower with a halo of yellow petals and green-leaf gloves. George Alec Effinger said in admiration, "Nobody I've ever been married to would do that for me!"

Chairman Len Wensche's reaction upon realizing the Program Book showed the name only as "Barry Longyear" said "There are 2,000 program books and 2,000 pocket programs to correct--" "When can you start?" asked Tucker. Instead, Wensche told everyone to take a ballpoint pen and go to work.

On Friday, before Opening Ceremonies, I spent most of my time renewing acquaintances. A feature I very much like about the Woodfield Hyatt is how the dining area of the hotel coffee shop is entirely visible from the lobby, making you feel you can easily keep track of your friends. It's a comparable feeling to that of the coffee at the San Jose Red Lion Inn, home of Baycon, but the design is even more open, so nothing more stands between you and a table full of friends you want to join than a few potted palms.

I joined Bob Passovoy ("auctioneer guest of honor"), Joni Stopa, Midge Reitan and Martha Beck, who were just finishing lunch. Martha was irate that "her" room at Windycon -- the one she had reserved three years in a row -- was occupied by mundanes with no inclination to check out and make it available to her.

Despite the fuss she had taken a room and made sure we would be there at midnight for Bob Tucker's 75th birthday party. Come midnight there were more fans than air in that room, barely enough space to pass the Jim Beam and swing your arm in a communal "Smoo-o-o-o-th!" Claustrophobia getting the better of me, I squeezed towards the door. I

saw Mark Riley caught with an unfamiliar drink, coffee, promptly spill some on himself. Todd Hamilton was trying to pass through the crowd to see Tucker, brandishing a gallon jar of maraschino cherries that had been marinating in Manhattan mix since April. I passed Dick and Leah Zeldes, the Aronsons, Glen Boettcher, Rich Zellich, Nancy Mildebrant, Ray Beam, Karl Olson and Midge Reitan.

Windycon programming starts Saturday. I was part of the annual "Meet the Bids" panel, most memorable for a fan in the audience wearing a t-shirt which had the DC in '92 logo overpainted in red, "Never mind." The LA in '96 bid ran a party that night, getting a cross section of response that included someone who blurted, "I'm not ready to think about the '90s yet!" Bruce Pelz answered, "If you don't want to think about the '90s you better die in the next two months!"

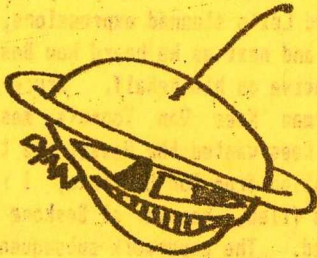
Sometime on Saturday I noted Siamese-twin Dr. Who's joined at the scarf -- two fans costumed vaguely like Tom Baker, but wearing two ends of the same enormous rainbow scarf.

Another program I was on had a delayed start. The program staff had tried to flip-flop two rooms assigned to fan and pro-track program items and had to relent when 60-75 people showed up for "Stupid Fan Tricks", a panel with Lan Laskowski, Bob Passovoy, Julie Schwartz, Bob Tucker, Joni Stopa, Bruce Pelz, myself and probably one or two others! This panel, in various guises, has been run several years and grows in popularity each year. Especially in the midwest they listen to the old stories with great relish -- and appreciate out-of-town fans who can tell choice old stories for the first time in these parts.

As you know, meals are the major fannish social occasions and mine were booked solid. Besides lunch with the Passovoy party, a rendezvous at the fajita bar with Janice Coulter and the annual cinnamon roll expedition with Janice and Diana Pavlac, I also ferried away for Mongolian barbecue and Chicago stuffed pizza two evenings as part of a Ross Pavlac expedition. I wound up in a car with Darrell Martin, Ross Pavlac and George R.R. Martin, so we couldn't pass up the opportunity to interrogate George whether a recent TV Guide article revealing Beauty and the Beast plot lines was correct. George wouldn't give us more than his name, rank and serial number, and said we should watch the first episode and give it a chance.

SYDNEY COMMITTED: So says Jack Herman's press release informing the world there is officially a Sydney bid to return the Worldcon to Australia in 1995. The con would use the Sydney Convention Centre at Darling Harbour/West Sydney area. A coalition of local "media, general and wargaming fans, as well as Space Associations and Computer User groups" have organized an interim committee of Herman, Rod Kearins and Gary Luckman.

DAVID LEE ANDERSON: WINDYCON SPEECH



Tonight I would like to explode some myths about artists. We are touchy, jumpy, sensitive individuals with few social skills and less manners than your average adult Americans. We rate low on USA Today's graphs for income, job choice and relative sanity -- but you already know this; I'm talkin' about lifestyle, how we really live: the glamorous jet-setting-entrepreneurs of the SF postmodern cybermetal discodroid ART CULT!! We're beyond fashion, beyond taste, ahead of the pack and ridin' the fast track to commercial success!

We want to sell you art!

Now that the truth is told, you must face reality.

My son Nathan came home from kindergarten in 1985, looking a little pale, and said, "Dad, did you know that most kids' dads go to work and their mons stay at home?"

Recently, Julia, age seven, said, "Ah, Dad, you don't have to work upstairs." Emma, age four, said, "Yeh, Dad, all you do is paint!"

Myth number one: painting is work.

Painting is like working. It depends on whether work is fun or work is suffering. If you suffer for fun, this myth is for you.

Myth number two: Artists cannot express themselves verbally.

Are you kiddin' me? Just criticize an artist's work while they are hovering around; praise-hungry eyes change to hard, cold marbles and they proceed to justify their existence and philosophy of life. (I know, I accidentally did it myself. Do yourself a favor: find out what the

artist looks like. They prominently display name badges so they they may be recognized!)

Myth number three: artists are sensitive.

On the contrary, we love rejection. It makes us suffer for our art. It also gives us an excuse to tell our spouses when we don't sell anything.

Myth number four: Artists are wealthy.

Artists are poor. They need patrons, or a spouse with a paycheck, or an inheritance. Creativity and monetary sense are incompatible. That's why artists' prices are so flagrant; they never know how many zeroes go before or after the decimal point.

Myth number five: Artists are better dancers than writers.

By my purely unscientific observation, writers lost it when they gave up manual typewriters and went to word processors. No keys striking that paper: tap-tap tap-tap tap-tap-tap, no more rhythm. Writers in the forties could dance. I'll bet Raymond Chandler could dance!

Myth number six: Artists secretly wish they were writers.

Artists don't want to be writers, they don't want to be as respectable as writers. They want to suffer more visibly. Besides, writers have to wear turtleneck sweaters and tweed sportcoats. Artists reject fashion classics. They need to be decadent.

Myth number seven, and last: Artists are humble.

On the contrary!!

Thank you, Vicki Bone, art show chairperson, for putting up with us. Thanks, Len Wenshe and the Windycon committee and staff for recognizing we, the artists, and we do appreciate you. Thank you especially, the people who come to conventions so that we may show you the wonders of visual imagination. We wouldn't be here if it weren't for you, and your comments and criticism help make us better artists. Just remember that we are sensitive!

NECRONOMICON '89: report by Elizabeth Osborne

As I trashed it two years ago I think I should write to you about the Tampa convention, Necronomicon. As some persons say know, I wrote up a very nasty review of the convention in 1987. The situation did not improve the next year when Sunday looked like the aftermath of a cross between a nuclear war and a college beer bash; \$400 of damage to the hotel finally got the Stone Hill SF Association to clean up their act.

This year's convention had a "no weapons" policy and a dry Con Suite. The result was a convention that was 100 percent better than the last two. There were no 14-year-olds chasing hotel maids with edged weapons, or drunken fistfights in the hallways. One person told me that by banning a few persons the bills for hotel vandalism were reduced to nothing. While the con was 100 people smaller it easily did have more than 500 people present who enjoyed themselves.

Parties could serve beer but good order was kept and dances on Friday and Saturday night kept people busy. They had a great but small art show and a large dealers room. The dealers room was the only thing I didn't care for as there were no booksellers.

There were Star Trek fans, horror movie fans, literary SF fans, SNOFs, artists and filkers. Everyone seemed to have a good time and I heard only one complaint that the con "wasn't fun anymore." I did hear lots of people say that they were enjoying themselves for once. The parties included an Atlanta in '95 party and no group had its hotel room trashed as in years past. I really enjoyed it: that's something to say considering how much I disliked the last two. I hope that the Stone Hill SF Association keeps the same control they now have on the convention.

BOSKONE 27: report by Mike Glyer

Braving rain, sleet and gloom of night, 970 fans kept their appointed rounds at the 1990 Boskone. Attendance at the Springfield convention dropped 22% from the previous year. Weather, ice storms and fog that tied up airports all over the East Coast, discouraged travel even from Boston-to-Springfield. Fans may have also waited to attend Arisia, the new downtown Boston convention, held soon after Boskone.

Having made the trip spur-of-the-moment to throw a Phoenix in '93 bid party I spent my time getting supplies and making party preparations. I saw virtually none of the formal convention, which assures this will be a brief report. The most memorable impression was of discovering

Pam Fremon and cronies selling Hawaii in '93 bid t-shirts and presupporting memberships out of the Boskone services office. This was all the more remarkable because the

shirts, memberships, and ads they were placing in convention program books on the East Coast was all done completely without the knowledge of Lex Nakashima, who fathered the Hawaii bid. Also unbeknownst to Lex, Hawaii co-hosted a Saturday-night bid party with Nashville in '94.

Robbie Cantor, Bruce Pelz and I bought shirts and wore them to Bruce's annual wine and cheese party a week later. Robbie photographed Lex's stunned expressions, first as he saw the shirts, and next as he heard how Boston fans had seized the initiative on his behalf. Bruce also related ConFiction chairman Kees Van Toorn's message to Lex emphasizing that Kees wanted the Hawaii bid to be filed. (Based on information from Don Eastlake, I reported last issue the bid was filed, however at Boskone Kees said it had not been filed. The paperwork subsequently has been faxed to Holland.)

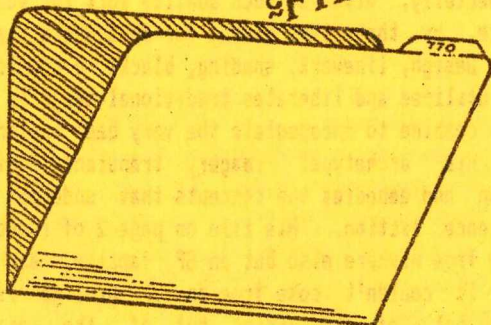


NEW AUSSIE NEWZINE SURFACES: Just as Jack Herman announces his role in the '95 bid will cut back frequency of his newzine Sweetness and Light, here comes John Foyster circulating several issues of Doxy: The Sheet of Shame. Doxy adopts a tabloid approach, sans pictures, toward Aussie fan news as exemplified by its headlined quote of Peter Nicholls slightly-leering remark at a New Years' party wishing somebody in particular would get into the spa, or its account of the Herman/McGann feud headlined, "Small Fan Feud In Sydney: Not Many Dead."

Four or five letters published in Doxy 2 hint that the tabloid approach is not appreciated by Australian readers, especially Peter Nicholls who defended himself, "I am an exhibitionist rather than a voyeur, and I do not recall offering to leer at anybody's body." How come File 770 never gets mail like this? Doxy does have one thing nobody's likely to complain about, which I haven't seen in an Aussie newzine in years: reviews of American genzines.

Doxy 1 and 2 both came wrapped around a pair of one-sheets by Roman Orszanski called Doxa, "a fanzine of opinions, outrageous and otherwise", which seems to be a non-sf, vaguely Green-oriented political apazine. (Doxy, no rates published, from John Foyster, PO Box 3086, Grenfell St., Adelaide, SA 5000 Australia.)

FILE 770~



FAN MAIL

FLASHBACK ON FILE 770:83

TOM HANLON: Well, buddy, you blew it! I scanned the entire contents of your latest issue and no a thing about the "N-word". There goes your streak as well as any hopes of getting a NOLAcon Corporation grant by claiming 770 was the Nolacon post convention zine. I think you can live with that.

MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER: I don't think I've ever locced an issue of File 770 before, but I agree wholeheartedly with Francis Hamit's Comments in #83. I cover a lot of conventions (mostly mundane ones) and I've never had to pay for a convention membership and then get reimbursed. The proper rules, which the people who ran the Noreascon press room should have known, is that anyone with a press pass or a letter of accreditation should get free admission. The convention, however, would be justified in restricting journalists' access to meals or dinners; journalists usually do not get free meals, but get seats in the back of the room to listen to any after-meal speeches which may have news value.

Why should journalists or reporters get free admission to cons? Simply because journalists should neither accept nor receive gifts in order to do stories. There is no moral difference between paying \$100 to cover Noreascon

and paying thousands of dollars to interview Richard Nixon; checkbook journalism is checkbook journalism. The only difference is in the scale of the offense.

By restricting press membership Noreascon chose to present an image of science fiction to the world as cheap, amateurish and loubrow. In my opinion, press rooms at conventions shouldn't send out press releases, but should be open and eager to answer reporters' questions. The best way to ensure the prevention of stupid articles in newspapers is to be helpful, not stonewall as Noreascon did.

I'm confused by Edward Roe's comment about Isaac Asimov being "the only writer to have done a commissioned work for the New York Times Magazine." Surely he means the only fiction writer? I can think of numerous cases where people have been commissioned by the Times Magazine to produce non-fiction, but perhaps Asimov was the only person who ever wrote a commissioned short story.

LLOYD PENNEY: I grew up with Asimov's short stories, reading anthologies to begin with. I've met him a few times, at from everything from a Star Trek Con to a Worldcon. We may joke that he's his own favorite topic of conversation, but he's still an excellent writer, and has worked hard for many years to improve the field.

I agree with Mike Resnick on the sense of community in fandom. I find myself lucky to have as many friends as I do, and the fact that I might only see many of those friends at a Worldcon makes little difference. As it's Christmas time, I have Christmas cards on my shelves from across Canada, the US, Britain, Ireland, West Germany, the Netherlands, Japan and Australia. I don't know of any other field I could take part in that would gain me friends worldwide.

Even though I work outside the field that Francis Hamit does, my training is in journalism as well, and having a press card, I know to what I'm entitled. I didn't know how press relations were handled in Boston, but they should have been given better treatment. Any PR consultant could have told them that. At-con treatment sounded much better, and pro-level. The funny-people journalism gave rise to fandom's hostility, which gives rise to more funny-people journalism. We recognize the situation; now, how do we fix it?

((I think we fix it by handling press relations in a savvy manner, following the example Hamit described of Fred Harris at LAcon II, adopting the helpful, organized and generous attitude taught by the Bay Area's Susan Potter, and preparing to the degree advised in the Smofcon 5 manual -- Phoenix fandom and Bruce Farr's collection of convention communications advice. The techniques for handling the

press are well-known, but inconsistently applied; press relations were handled very well at several '80s Worldcons.))

KEN KELLER: My SF-NAME-THAT-TUNE panel/gameshow at 'dillo Con went well, but the buzzer system you reported in the new issue didn't survive the plane ride to Austin and had to be abandoned after delaying the start of the show by almost half an hour. We wound up using the old hands-up-in-the-air approach to play the game. Wild Card writer Walton Simons was the big winner, with Howard Waldrop coming in a close second. It looks like I'll be doing it again next year!

PAT CADIGAN: Great con report. We all sure did have a great time, didn't we? You should seriously consider coming back for the next one, or I'll have to hunt you down like the dog you are. Seriously, the DilloCons are habit-forming. I've been going since '86 and can't stop.

TEDDY HARVIA: Alexis Gilliland's vaudeville cartoon on page 17 seems to answer the age-old question, "Do you know what really burns my ass?" I was [also] amused that Peggy Ranson was able to incorporate in one drawing, on page 3, all the important elements of the science fiction genre: a dinosaur, a spaceship and a cowboy.



File 770:85

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SKEL: Jim McLeod's artwork has graced (in every sense of the word) many fanzines to the extent that if anyone were to try and produce a typical quality fanzine representing the best of the 70s and 80s, I don't think it would have any credibility without one or more of his illos. His fillos especially, with so much quality work in such a small space, by themselves embody for me a whole era of fanzines. Design, linework, shading, blacks, a consistent style that utilizes and liberates traditional subjects and treatments, combine to encapsulate the very best in fannish artwork. His archetypal imagery transcends simple illustration and embodies the concepts that underpin and define science fiction. His illo on page 2 of issue 82 could come from nowhere else but an SF fanzine, and the fact that it couldn't come from an SF prozine is an indictment not of the artist but of the graphic requirements of current prozines. Jim is possibly the most undervalued, underappreciated fanartist of our entire era.



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