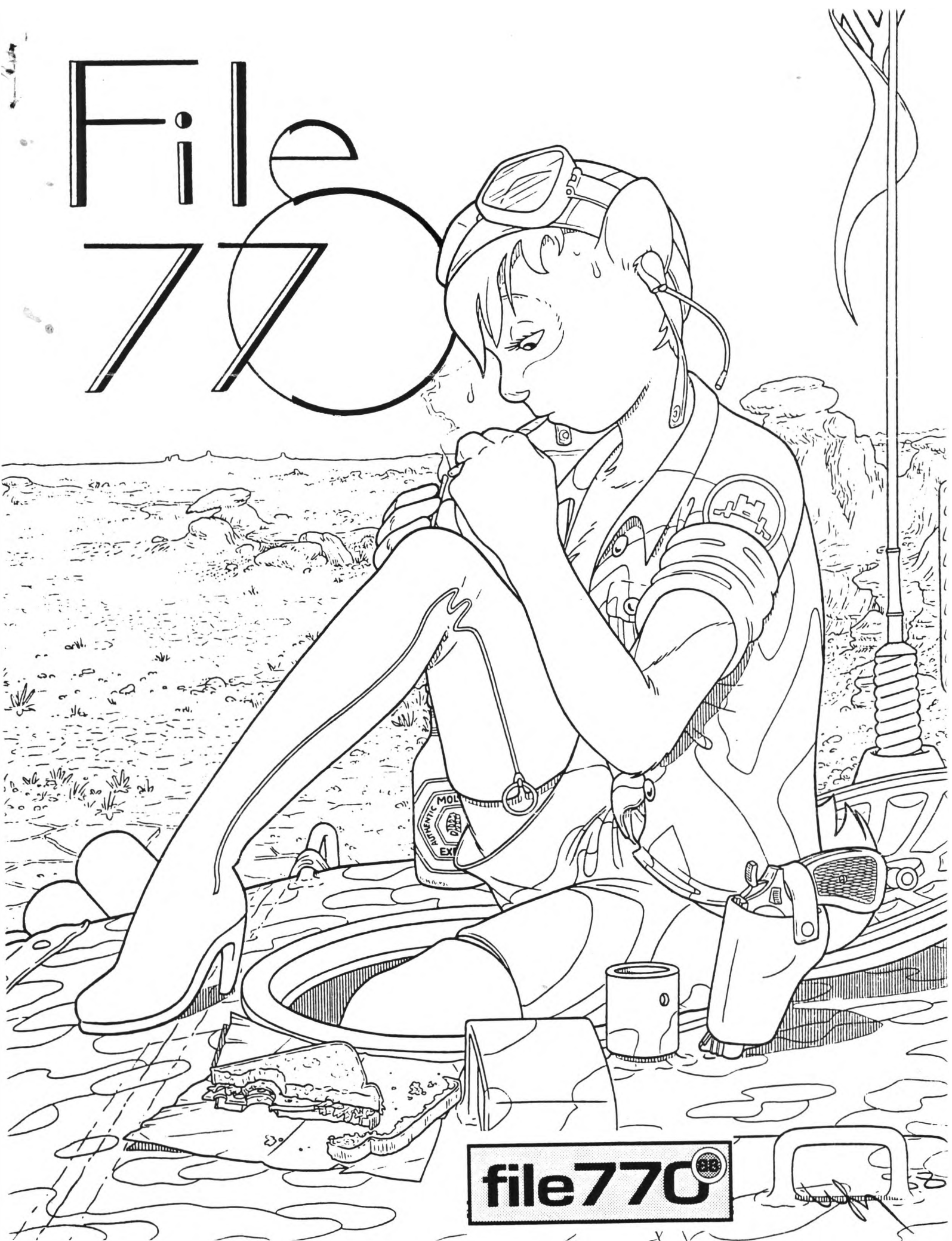


File 770



file770

FILE 770:88 is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Avenue, #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, and produced in nifty-keeno desktop publishing style by Irene Danziger. *File 770* is not slipping to a semi-annual schedule, not not not! Issues are available for news or in arranged trades with other newzines and clubzines. Subscriptions cost \$8.00 for 5 issues mailed first class in North America or printed matter rate overseas. Delivery at the "air printed matter" rate is available for \$2.50 per issue. Buzz the editor with news (on your nickle, please!) at (818) 787-5061, or through CompuServe 72557,1334.

JUDGE CRATER TO EDIT FILE 770

Well, not really, but you must wonder where I disappear to between issues. The readers of *File 770*, who strongly supported its change in format despite the increased cost, certainly deserve an explanation for the zine's tardy appearance. My instinct to rush ahead with excuses is tempered by the realization that friends will not feel they are mere excuses, rather, the personal news and events that forced *File 770* into a temporary limbo include things they want to be aware of.

As an example of the typically overcommitted actfan, in the last three months of 1990 I organized the Loscon program, edited a progress report for MagiCon, and spent a weekend at Armadillocon. On the mundane side, I attended two night classes a week, which probably killed more of my time than anything else. I did all that and still planned to produce issues of *File 770*.

Those priorities needed to be set aside in order to spend more time with my family. My father was hospitalized several times over the past few months, originally for elective surgery on his gall bladder,

in the course of which cancer was discovered that is now progressing into the terminal stages.

Although this is a sad period, working on *File 770* is a morale-booster for me and the end of night classes means I have the time to apply here. Soon after this issue arrives you'll get another issue with my Holland Worldcon report (about twice as long as the *Locus* version), more letters and news. That will put the zine back on its traditional semi-regular schedule.

DEFENDERS OF THE MARK

The Association of Energy Engineers merged three existing trade shows into one event spanning the energy efficiency, power generation and environmental management markets and, casting about for a new title, decided "Worldcon '91" was just perfect.

The trade show takes place April 23-24, 1991 at the Disneyland Hotel and convention center in Anaheim, CA. There was a Worldcon in Anaheim once before but this time even Los Angeles fans have joined the fight to see that it doesn't happen again...not just yet, anyway...

During the 1980's a committee of the World Science Fiction Society, selected at the Worldcon business meeting, succeeded in registering "Worldcon" (and several other titles) with the U.S. government as service marks. Chaired by Donald E. Eastlake III, the Mark Registration and Protection Committee continues to guard against infringement of the WSFS service marks. UCLA Engineering Library acquisitions librarian Bruce Pelz spotted advertisements for the new Worldcon '91 and referred them to Eastlake. The attorney for the Mark Committee wrote to the AEE to warn them off.

The AEE's attorney replied that since their convention is an energy and environment rather than SF and fantasy convention, there is no possibility of confusion or infringement. The opinion of the Mark Committee's attorney was that if AEE proceeded with their use of "Worldcon" it would significantly weaken WSFS' right to control its service mark. The Mark Committee decided to threaten, and if necessary file, a lawsuit. Three nonprofit corporations that ran Worldcons, Worldcon Atlanta, Inc., (1986; also bidding for 1995), Massachusetts Convention Fandom Inc., (1989), and Southern California Institute for Fan Interests, (1984; also bidding for 1996), promptly agreed to become co-plaintiffs in the action.

The AEE's attorney has not changed his tune but recent reports state that the officers of the AEE want to end the fuss. While it is too late for them to rename the event, they will post disclaimers at "Worldcon '91" about the use of title, and change the name of the trade show in the future.

ART CREDITS

Cover - Taral
Brad Foster - 4
Teddy Harvia - 12, 19
Diana Harlan Stein - 14
Sheryl Birkhead - 17
Ray Capella - 20
Joan Hanke Woods - 22



**RICK SNEARY
(1927-1990)
A PERSONAL MEMOIR
BY LEN MOFFATT**

This is a personal memoir. Rick loved fanzines. He might accept a more formal obit in a prozine or semi-prozine but he would not expect — and might even be disgruntled — if I were to write such a piece for any fanzine, even a Hugo-winning fanzine like this one.

I first heard from Rick Sneary during World War II. I was on Saipan at the time, and my mother had forwarded a letter from Rick. He wanted permission to reprint something from a fanzine I published shortly before I went into the service.

I wrote and told him how to get in touch with the author of the story he wanted to reprint in his *Fmz Digest*. I also remember thinking to myself: "This kid will never get anywhere in fandom if he doesn't learn how to spell!" — but I didn't put that in my letter.

I didn't know that Rick had come into this world "with some parts missing and faulty plumbing", as he described his condition in a biographical note back in the Forties. The faulty plumbing referred to his respiratory system. It never got better. The older he got the more hunched over he became, crowding his lungs and his heart, making it more and more difficult for him to breathe properly.

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CONFRANCISCO EXPANDS TO FIVE DAYS

New Headquarters Hotel Named

ConFrancisco, the 51st World Science Fiction Convention, has announced that it is expanding its official dates by one day, and will now begin on Thursday, September 2, 1993 and run through Monday, September 6, 1993. In a related development, the convention has changed its headquarters hotels to the Parc Fifty Five and Le Meridien hotels. The Marriott, which was initially announced as the headquarters hotel, has withdrawn from association with the convention.

ConFrancisco has published a statement in its Progress Report 1 explaining that last July, while San Francisco was still bidding for the 1993 Worldcon, Ford Motor Company approached the Marriott and offered cash up front to reserve a large block of the Marriott hotel rooms during dates overlapping ConFrancisco's. As announced at ConFiction in Holland ConFrancisco expected to be able to negotiate back some of the rooms. However, in early January, it became clear that this was not going to work. ConFrancisco and the Marriott have now agreed to cancel their arrangements. Hotel rooms and function space was quickly obtained at two nearby hotels, the Parc Fifty Five and Le Meridien, and ConFrancisco also increased its space commitment at the Moscone Convention Center.

Dialog on CompuServe last December revealed that ConFrancisco knew it was having trouble securing rooms in the Marriott, its ostensible headquarters hotel, last July while bidding was in progress. That's why ConFrancisco originally announced a Friday through Monday convention, instead of the customary Thursday start.

Sasha Miller of the '93 committee ultimately admitted that their decision not to reveal the situation was, "an error, a mistake, a goof. We made a bad judgment call on that one, pure and simple. The (fuzzy) thinking was, we'd promise only what we knew dead-certain we could deliver at that time, and then expand as things loosened up. Much better that way, we thought, than promising a lot and perhaps being in the uncomfortable position of having to cut back. Turns out, either way we jumped we were wrong, but that's the direction we chose."

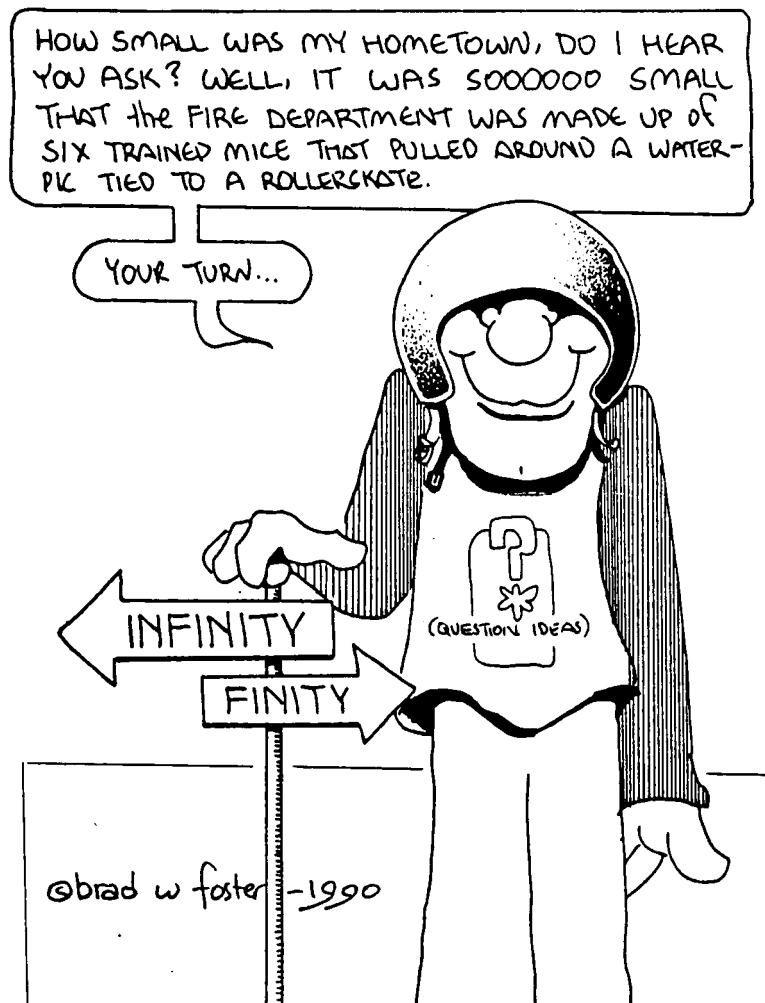
Further describing the committee's decision, Miller said: "We found out about Ford's yanking the hotel out from under us — or apparently so — in July. ConFiction was in late August. One, there was no time to 'publicize a problem with rooms' before the vote. Two, there was no problem with rooms per se — only rooms in what we had wanted to be our main hotel. Being one to plan for worst-case contingencies, I already had Plans B, C, and D ready to go.

continued on page 4

"Plan B involved scrapping the idea of a main hotel altogether and housing ConFrancisco members in hotels surrounding the Moscone, and using the Moscone as our sole convention facility. Not pretty, not neat, but workable. When I notified the Moscone people that this might be in the offing, they were delighted to have it all under their roof. I think someone jumped the gun and snickered to the Marriott people because a day later, I got another phone call from the Marriott, panicking at the prospect of losing the function space we would have been renting and promising to talk some reason with Ford. The situation was in a gigantic state of flux, with nothing definite to report to the 'outside world' for quite a while. By July 18, we had a written agreement giving us more rooms and a promise to endeavor to get more released to us.

"End of problem. Plans B, C, and D went back on the back burner. I've been asked about this before, and I still fail to understand why something that almost happened but didn't should have been publicized."

Attending memberships in ConFrancisco are \$50 until March 31, 1991, and \$70 from April 1 to September 30, 1991. Discounts are available for people who voted on the 1993 Site Selection and/or were pre-supporters of the SF in '93 WorldCon Bid. Write to ConFrancisco, PO Box 22097, San Francisco, CA 94122, and include a self-addressed stamped envelope. Inquiries may also be made via CompuServe Electronic MAIL to User ID 72377,3623.



NEWS



FANTASY FANS SEEK REAL ESTATE

The Baltimore Science Fiction Society has voted to make an offer on a \$75,000 property for use as the BSFS clubhouse provided they find a lender. The amount of loan needed was not published. Meeting minutes in the November and December issues of the BSFS newzine *Mark of the Beast* announced a possible deal in Highlandtown for a place that was once a movie theater before its conversion to an artist's studio. The seats that used to occupy the sloping door are gone, but as the secretary says, "We can take care of that." Should BSFS acquire a clubhouse it will join LASFS and NESFA as clubs owning their own meeting place.

BALTIMORE CLUBHOUSE ROBBED: ROGUE HUCKSTER SOUGHT

Early October 14, thieves broke into the BSFS' current meeting-place in Baltimore City and stole two TV sets, a VCR, photocopier, answering machine, and portable typewriter — plus 154 t-shirts and 31 Balticon coffee mugs.

"The thieves were very picky, though," reported editor Hal Haag in the December issue of the clubzine, *Mark of the Beast*. "They went through every box of t-shirts in the storeroom and took all of them except the Balticon 22 t-shirts. You know, the gray ones with 'Mini-Con' and the spider on the front and the large 'APRIL FOOL' on the back." Also taken were t-shirts for eight past Balticons.

It looked to police officers as though the thieves had been interrupted, for remaining on a hallway floor were other typewriters and pieces of office equipment

deposited as a stage in a methodical removal.

Wakened at 3 a.m. by police, club president Martin Deutsch went to the scene, helped investigators gather evidence and listed the missing property. Four-and-a-half hours later he emerged to find that his vehicle was no longer parked where he had left it in the "No Parking Zone After 7 AM" space. After a taxi ride to an automatic bank teller and to the tow yard Deutsch retrieved his car and went to breakfast. He was there just long enough to earn another parking violation....

REALITY ATTACK

So R. Graeme Cameron titled his reaction to the discovery that his Vancouver-area apartment had been burglarized. *BCSFAzine's* editor wrote in the January issue, "I'm 39 years old, and this is the first time I've been robbed. It's a bit of a shock. \$1600 worth of stuff taken, and me with no insurance." But thieves left his computer, and some other things including a model dinosaur. The model had been moved from its place and so was examined by police for any clues.

As Cameron watched, "Carefully, gingerly, Constable Fiddler grasped the head of the Plesiosaur twixt thumb and forefinger and dangled the beastie inches from his eyes while shining a powerful flashlight over its surface. I wish I'd had the guts to grab my polaroid and snap a picture. Would have made a great cover for BCSF-Azine.

"To be fair, Constable Fiddler was looking for fingerprints, but my Plesiosaur was too dusty, the fingerprints were smeared.

"You should dust your dinosaurs more often," he said.

"Actually, Constable Fiddler was quite helpful. 'We haven't a hope in hell of recovering your stuff.' I always appreciate truthfulness, especially from a man fingering his holstered pistol while he talks to me. Rather keen on the job, are we? Hmmm.

"When I think about it, I become giddy with happiness at the thought of all my wonderful treasures left unscathed. The thieves didn't take my 49 plastic dinosaurs, my inflatable dinosaur, my 15 battle-beasts, my 17 lead Cthulhu figures, my lead figure of the Shah, my lucky-lottery altar to Zeus, my life-size bust of Augustus with pith helmet, my framed photograph of a statue of the Aztec Earth Goddess Coatlicue, my 'Metaluna Mutant' model, my crossbow, my 'Mr. Spock' liquor bust, my 'Chill Wills' autograph, my complete set of *Monster World* my \$100 stereo, my can of Inca Cola, my military Dinky Toys collection, my 'WOMBATS NEXT 9 KM' sign, my 'Mole People' model, my back issues of BCSFazine, my video collection (which includes 'Attack of the Giant Leeches', 'The Giant Gila Monster', 'The Three Stooges Meet Hercules', and 72 other classics) or even the rubber lizard dangling from my ceiling

"I can only conclude that the aforementioned are so common as to be a glut on the 'hot' market, and therefore not worth stealing. Either that, or their eyes were so dazzled by the sight of the splendours before them that they were unable to make up their minds what treasures to seize before they had to scam. I sigh with relief."



TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND

The 1991 TAFF race will select one of three British fans, Abigail Frost, Bruno Ogorolec or Pam Wells, as a delegate to this year's Worldcon, Chicon V.

DOWN-UNDER FAN FUND

DUFF voters selected Art Widner over Janice Murray as the fund's delegate to a major Australian convention. In alternate DUFF races an Australasian fan is sent to the Worldcon or NASFiC, or a North American fan is sent Down Under.

DUFF DELEGATE SURVIVES NASFiC

Turning every whistlestop in North America into a bagpipe stop DUFF delegate Greg Turkich, of Australia, showed that charm and the profession of policeman are not mutually exclusive. At least in Queensland.

Turkich visited the LASFS on September 6, charming and entertaining members for over an hour while he raised hundreds of dollars to replenish the treasury of the Down Under Fan Fund. Greg treated the 60 people in the meeting room to a bagpipe serenade, beginning with "an ancient song of your homeland" — the Mickey Mouse Club theme. Regaling the audience with stories of his Western Australian origins, and participation at an international police sports festival in Vancouver, Turkich built interest in the souvenirs he'd brought for sale. Besides such tame stuff as an authentic team rugby jersey, or pins and patches made for boosters of his local police soccer team, he also sold police badges, and even sold the Western Australian flag given him by his chief to fly at the games and return to Perth. "I'll tell him it was lost," Greg said at first, then admitted he actually intended to replace it and moved a LASFSian to buy the old flag for more than the replacement cost.

MIRACLES OF MODERN SMOFFING

While Turkich auctioned his friend sat nearby taking in DUFF donations and fielding questions from SMOFs anxious for reliable word that the Sydney in '95 bid is dead. The friend's report that Jack Herman had resigned crystallized listeners' belief that the conspicuous inactivity of the Sydney bid, rumored not even to be in communication with fans in two US cities who had committed to host their parties, justified the conclusion it had been abandoned. A third agent-recruit, Dennis Virzi, never even received an answer from the bid when he replied to their request for help.

As summer passed into fall SMOFs meeting at NASFiC, Armadillocon and elsewhere repeated the news that the Sydney bid was dead that each had heard directly from an Aussie fan. The very same Aussie fan. Before it could be determined whether this news distribution pattern more closely resembled a grapevine or a daisy chain, the secret masters were thrown into an uproar the like of which has not been seen since Lazarus walked from the grave.

Jack Herman circulated a letter to agents of the Sydney bid stating, "As you may know, Cath and I have been trying to establish our own business — running conferences professionally. In late July, we got our first

job but not paying enough for either of us to resign from our jobs — so we've been working most nights on the seminar we're organizing. Consequently in early August I resigned from the Sydney in '95 Committee. Therefore as a parting gesture, let me introduce you to Jo Kaye, the new speaker-to-agents."

Jo Kaye's letter announced a bid APA is in formation. She also reported, "Some of us in the bid have sent money overseas to the 'Magicon' bid. We also asked if they had appointed an Australian agent. We haven't heard anything back from them. If anyone could find out what's happening with that could you please get back to us and let us know as some of us are rather worried about what's happened to our money." (Sydney in '95, GPO Box 429, Sydney NSW 2001 Australia.)

Of course, the world did not stand still while the Sydney bid pulled out of its tailspin and chairman Rod Kearins' accompanying letter admitted, "Lastly, and probably most importantly, we are trying to ascertain the relative strengths of the Glasgow/UK bid and ours. To my mind it seems silly to have competing non-North American bids especially if they are both strong bids. This competition will probably prove fatal for both. We need to know on-the-ground strength of both bids in order to make a decision about the future of ours."

Meanwhile, Virzi writes in *Uncle Oswald's Journal*, "Let me know if my name shows up in Aussie bid flyers. I'd like to know what it is they think I've agreed to."

NOVA MOB AGES TWENTY YEARS OVERNIGHT

The "sheet of shame", John Foyster's *Doxy*, tells us, "Aged fans gathered in Melbourne at the Mexicali Rose (Richmond) on the evening of 11 August to try to remember the first meeting of The Nova Mob (aka The Returned Starmen's League), which had taken place twenty years previously. Also present were New Wavers Ian Gunn and Karen Pender-Gunn, but they can't drink the way old fans can and probably don't need this note to remind them about the event.

"There were dreary reminiscences of the early meetings with Bruce Gillespie speaking into two rooms (but no one was listening) and of the meeting at which Lee Harding made a bid for the *Guinness Book of Records* by interrupting the speaker more than 100 times.

"John Bangsund was not present.

"Meanwhile in Adelaide the August gathering of *Critical Mass*, meeting at its new central city location, was assured by John Foyster that science fiction no longer existed, that it probably never had existed, and that in any case Sam Moskowitz was wrong in all respects."

CONGRATULATIONS!

Three fannish households have been graced with newly-arrived children, we learn from fanzines and letters. Adrian Jamie Hirsh was born to Aussie fans Wendy and Irwin Hirsh on July 14. Alexander Dafydd Lee Sinclair was born to Louisville fans Christa and Michael Sinclair on November 6. Karen Celeste Digre was born to Minn-Stf members Maryellen Mueller and Mark Digre on December 19.

MORE NEWS STOLEN FROM EINBLATT

Elise Krueger and John ("Juan") Ladwig are engaged, according to the August 1990 issue of *Einblatt*, the Minneapolis clubzine. The same issue reported that "Cats Laughing", a favorite local band featuring several sf writers, was "about to join the Choir Invisible."

DANIEL MURPHY RECOVERING

Bay Area fan/writer Daniel Murphy became seriously ill for several weeks in July and August. He was diagnosed with a rare and acute form of viral meningitis, a disease of the tissue surrounding his brain. While things were dicey for a while, he is at home, recovering, and hopes to return to work and normal life soon. He was hospitalized at the University of California, San Francisco, and credits their neurology department with his recovery. ((Source: David L. Jadiker on CompuServe.))

CARD FUND

Sales of the Charlie Card Fund's 1990 fantasy art calendar raised approximately \$300 for United Cerebral Palsy. The Card Fund, named for Orson Scott Card's son, who has the disease, is run by the Contraption convention committee of Michigan.

Now the Card Fund announces its 1991 Fantasy Art Calendar featuring black-and-white drawings by Sheryl Birkhead, Heather Bruton, P.L. Carruthers-Montgomery, Colleen Doran, Tom Dow, Brad Foster, Teddy Harvia, Linda Leach Hardy, April Lee, Peggy Ranson, Laurel Slate, Diana Stein, Gale Tang, Sylvus Tam, Ruth Thompson and Robin Wood. The calendar includes convention dates and addresses,

major and minor holidays and astronomical information. Buy it for \$6.00 (including postage). Make checks payable to The Charlie Card Fund, P.O. Box 2285, Ann Arbor MI 48106. The after-expenses income from the fund will be donated to United Cerebral Palsy.

Collectors and the curious can still receive copies of the 1990 edition — with black-and-white art by Teddy Harvia, Peggy Ranson, Diana Harlan Stein and Mary Hanson-Roberts — for \$5.00 from Maia Cowan, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills MI 48304.

ENCHANTED DUPLICATION

Two unexpected sequels to *The Enchanted Duplicator* have been completed by Walt Willis and James White and will be published in mimeographed editions in early 1991. Illustrations are by Stu Shiffman. *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator*, and *To The Enchanted Convention* may be ordered from Geri Sullivan, 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis MN 55408-4315: \$15 for the collector's edition (numbered and signed), \$6 for the standard edition. Proceeds to fanish causes, it says here.

INNUENDO

After many years the last issue of Terry Carr's genzine, *Innuendo*, reached print last May, with editorial help by Robert Lichtman, and reproduction by Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins. Aficianados will welcome a chance to read articles by Carr, Greg Benford, Calvin Demmon, Harry Warner, Arnie Katz, Susan Wood, Elmer Perdue, Sidney Coleman, Tom Perry, Carol Carr, Carl Brandon, plus an letter-column filled with familiar names out of the past including Philip K. Dick. The 80 page issue, mimeographed on twiltone, naturally, is available for

\$6.00 (postpaid) from Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins, 8618 Linden Ave. N., Seattle WA 98103

NOVA ODYSSEUS CONTEMPLATES NAME CHANGE

The science fiction club of Panama City, FL, known as Nova Odysseus since its founding in 1977 is on the verge of renaming itself the Panhandle Science Fiction Society. [Source: *Transmissions*, January 1991]

MYTHOPOEIC SOCIETY AWARD WINNERS

Tim Powers' novel *The Stress of Her Regard* has won the 1990 Mythopoeic Fantasy Award. This historical fantasy, set in early 19th-century Europe, features poets Byron, Keats and Shelley as major characters. Powers mixes them thoroughly with the supernatural and creates fantastic origins for that feverish Romantic poetry.

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award went to *The Annotated Hobbit*, text by J. R. R. Tolkien, annotations by Douglas A. Anderson. This volume combines an authoritative text of *The Hobbit* with some useful annotations, an international selection of illustrations, and a comprehensive textual history.

The winners were announced at Mythcon XXI in Long Beach, CA, on August 5, 1990. Both awards are presented for achievement in fantasy by the Mythopoeic Society, an international organization devoted to the study, discussion and enjoyment of myth and fantasy literature, especially the works of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis and Charles Williams. For more information, contact the Mythopoeic Society, P.O. Box 6707, Altadena CA 91001.

TRIAL BY SFWA NEBULA JURY

The Nebula Award is presented by the Science Fiction Writers of America for achievement in science fiction. SFWA appoints two Nebula Juries to survey the original works published in each year and each chooses a single work to supplement the titles voted onto the preliminary ballot by the membership at large, one novel and one shorter length work.

The novel jury for 1991 are Kevin O'Donnell Jr., chair, Adrienne Martine-Barnes, Susan Schwartz, Sherwood Smith and Thomas Perry. The short fiction jury for 1991 is Marilyn Holt (chair), Julia Ecklar, Scott Edelman, Brad Strickland and Todd Johnson. For more information contact Chuq Von Rospach, Nebula Awards Administrator, 35111-F Newark Bl., Suite 255, Newark CA 94560.

BOOKS TO READ WHILE YOU'RE WAITING TO GROW UP

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society has put together a recommended reading list for young people age 9 and up. Galen Tripp announces that the list of 149 books and series is available free to anyone who sends a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Recommended Reading List, LASFS, 11513 Burbank Bl., North Hollywood CA 91601.

continued from page 1

I met him at the 1946 Worldcon in Los Angeles, Pacificon I. Shortly thereafter we got together, along with Stan Woolston and a few other fans who lived on the outskirts of Los Angeles. The Outlander Society came into being. We published a popular fanzine, sponsored the third Westercon in 1950, and sponsored the Westercon combined with the Worldcon in 1958.

Rick, who had come into fandom as a letterhack in the prozines, had not been able to attend regular school and his tutoring at home failed to teach him correct spelling. He often wished that the pro and fan editors would correct his spelling before publishing his letters or articles, but few of them did. Some thought of it as creative spelling, dubbed it "Snearyese" and would not change it at all lest the fannish ghods punish them.

Rick was among those who kept the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society going during the Fifties, serving as president (then called director) and as treasurer. Trained as an accountant, he took the latter job seriously, as he did when he was treasurer for more than one convention. We wanted him to chair the Solacon in 1958 but he insisted that he would do more good as treasurer, and of course he was right. It was the first Worldcon in two years to make enough money to pay its bills and pass on money to the next convention.

He started Young Fandom, and held offices in the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) and the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA), and probably some clubs I have forgotten about. He and Stan Woolston joined me in publishing *Moonshine* for FAPA, a zine I had started in the Forties.

One of my own proudest achievements in fandom was putting together and publishing *The Selected Writings of Rick Sneary* just a year or so before the Solacon. Another was talking the Mayor of South Gate into getting the Mayor of Los Angeles to agree to make the site of the Solacon (the Hotel Alexandria in downtown LA) a part of South Gate during that weekend. So it really was South Gate in '58! The slogan had started as a joke (from Rex Ward, one of the original Outlanders) but it kept popping up in fanzines and in time we knew we would have to bid for it.

The Solacon was marred for Rick and the rest of us by the antics of the feuding parties in the WSFS hassle. I don't want to talk about that now, but hindsight tells us that we put on a pretty good fannish convention despite the fussing, thanks to some good advice from the late, great Tony Boucher, and to the steadfastness of Rick Sneary, who — at the end of the con — marched across the stage bearing a sign that read: "South Gate Again in 2010!" And, as he was to add later on, not a moment sooner!

After living most of his 63 years in South Gate, he moved to Henderson, Nevada, to be near his sister and family because of his failing health. He lived only two weeks in his new house over there and then had to go into the hospital where the specialists tried but failed to find a way to help him. So they sent him home where he died peacefully in his sleep, Friday night, November 30.

With him in his last hours were his family and Toni Anderson, a long time friend of which he had so many all over the world. June and I wanted to go over there to see him before he died but my own bronchial problems prevented it. We did talk to him once on the phone while he was still in the

hospital. He sounded completely exhausted and I think we knew then although we didn't want to think about it.

We still can't quite believe that he is gone — or even that he moved out of South Gate. I still think of him as Sir Richard, Knight of St. Fantony, sitting over there in South Gate, typing a loc or writing an article like the one he did on the care and feeding of young fans.

When I first met him at that 1946 Worldcon he looked at my badge which told him I was living in Bell Gardens. "Hah!" he said. "You live just across the river from me!"

In later years he told me that he thought of me as his brother. I was four years his senior but to me he always seemed like my older, wiser brother.

When we moved to Downey we still lived just across the river from him. Then he moved to Nevada — and beyond. I would like to believe that he is still "just across the river." Maybe he is.

One day we will know — or know nothing.

• • • • •

DON C. THOMPSON

In the November issue of *Don-o-Saur* Colorado fan Don C. Thompson informed readers, "During the Holland/England trip, I found myself getting much tired sooner than I thought I should. It wasn't entirely due to advancing age or the general flabbiness of my physical condition." One evening on the trip he found the source of the sharp pain in his left side was a swollen lymph node in his armpit. "I knew what that meant, but there was nothing I could do about it at the moment, so I simply insisted on a much slower pace for myself during the remainder of my visit."

Tests revealed the cancer involved other places in Don's body, and he made it clear he was against a long course of treatment, particularly since it was unlikely to be effective against the variety of melanoma he had.

Don passed away in late January.

HAROLD ZITZOW

Long-time NESFA member Harold Zitzow passed away this summer. As announced in the August 22, 1990, *Instant Message*, "A long time fan, NESFA member and Life Member of Boskone, Harold worked on many a Boskone and was a welcome face around NESFA. He looked like Jim Blish and had a T-shirt he wore which said, 'I look like him but I'm not him.'"

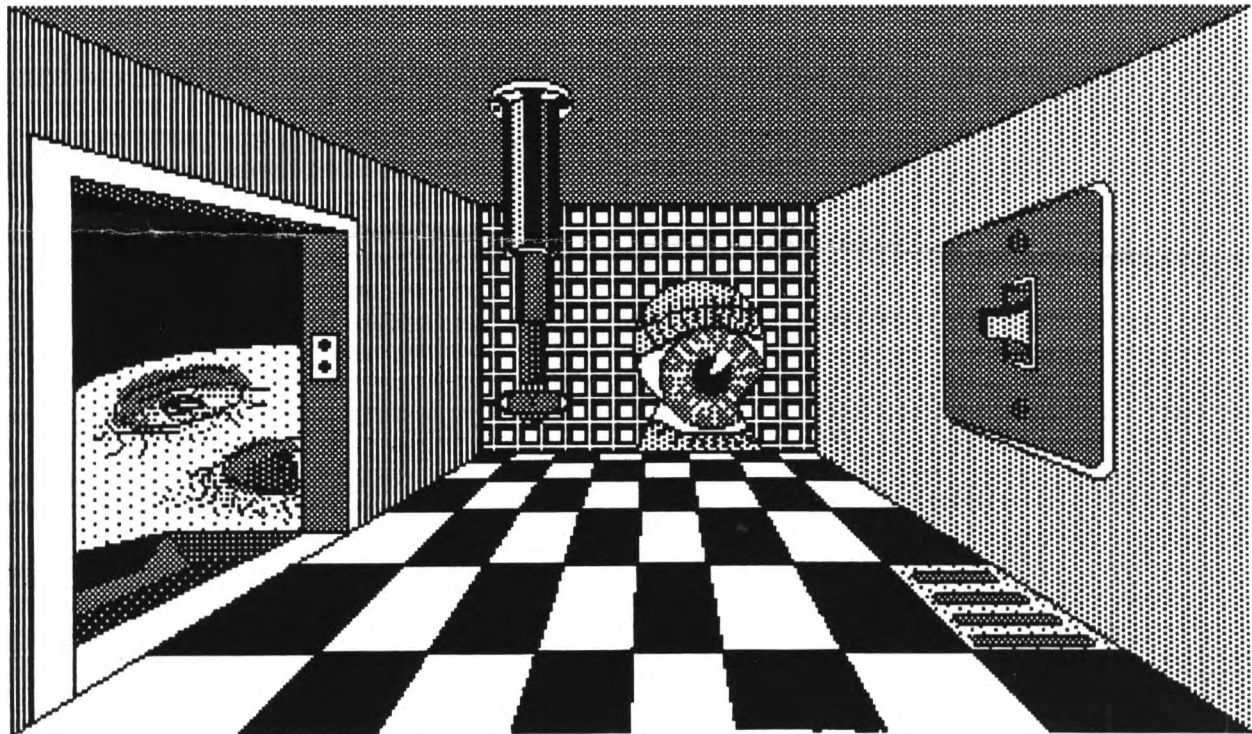
KEITH WHITEHURST

Member of Nova Odysseus, the Panama City, FL, science fiction club, Keith Whitehurst died October 8 at the age of 39. Whitehurst was born with hemophilia and had many other health problems,

in spite of which he earned a reputation among club members for his cheerfulness and wit. According to Anne Davenport, editor of *Transmissions*, "Sadly, the funeral was not appropriate for Keith. The minister was just a bit too evangelical and at one point in the service he said, 'With all of his health problems, at least he didn't have a chance to do much sinning.' Obviously this man had never met Keith. Hopefully a more fitting send-off can be arranged with continuous showings of Star Trek videos, saki, and some of his other favorite vices. He was buried [wearing] his headband and his samauri sword."

DENIS QUANE

Known to fandom in the early 1970s for his sercon genzine, *Notes From the Chemistry Department*, Denis Quane died September 28 of kidney failure. Quane passed away in Dallas at the age of 54. He was a chemistry professor at East Texas State University for 25 years. *Notes*, one of several fanzines of its era trademarked by its "Energumen-blue" Gestetner mimeograph stock, was one of the best editor-written review and criticism fanzines published over the past two decades. [Obituary data from *Science Fiction Chronicle*.]



roundttings



THE REAL DIANE DUANE

DIANE DUANE: May I respond briefly to Allan Burrows? There definitely was monetary loss involved: the fake "me" (her name turns out to be Diane Muir) was writing bad checks to fans and fan organizations in Hawaii and Denver, in my name — taking orders for t-shirts and other Trek goods which were never delivered to the people who had ordered them. Those people, dealers and others, were cheated out of some four or five hundred dollars which they never recovered. Does it necessarily have to be "my" money that's lost for me to be concerned? Especially since it was in my name that they were cheated.

Regarding "enlisting fandom as unpaid sleuths", Mr. Burrows seems not to have seen much or all of the text of the open letter in which I informed people about what this woman had been doing. My concern was primarily that she not cheat anyone else by pretending to be me. If anyone came across her, naturally I was interested to hear about it, but that's as far as it went. I started out faanish, and remain that way: I had a problem, and went to my friends for help. And they did help, to my great joy.

In response to Taral, I can only say that if he really believes I just made the story up to get my name into print, well, I have to laugh. My name's on more than one million books at the moment: that should be enough to keep me happy for the time being. ...Anyway, I was going to suggest that Taral call the nice lieutenant in Military Intelligence who spent three years chasing the woman around the USA, and ask him whether the fake really exists. I should love to hear a tape of *that* conversation! Either way, since Taral clearly doesn't know me at all well enough to make such a statement, the accusation is an irresponsible one; and if

it was intended as a joke, it was a poor one indeed.

ALLAN BURROWS: Mike, please let me tell your readers, for the record, that my intention in writing the paragraph in question was to voice my opinion, not to accuse anyone of anything, and that my opinion, first and last, was that the whole Diane Duane Impostor business was unpleasant. If I gave the impression that Diane Duane is and of herself either sleazy or cheesy, then it was due to poor wording on my part and not out of malice, spite or any attempt to besmirch her good name. I apologize for any damage I might have done to Ms. Duane.

FANARCHISTS DISSECTED

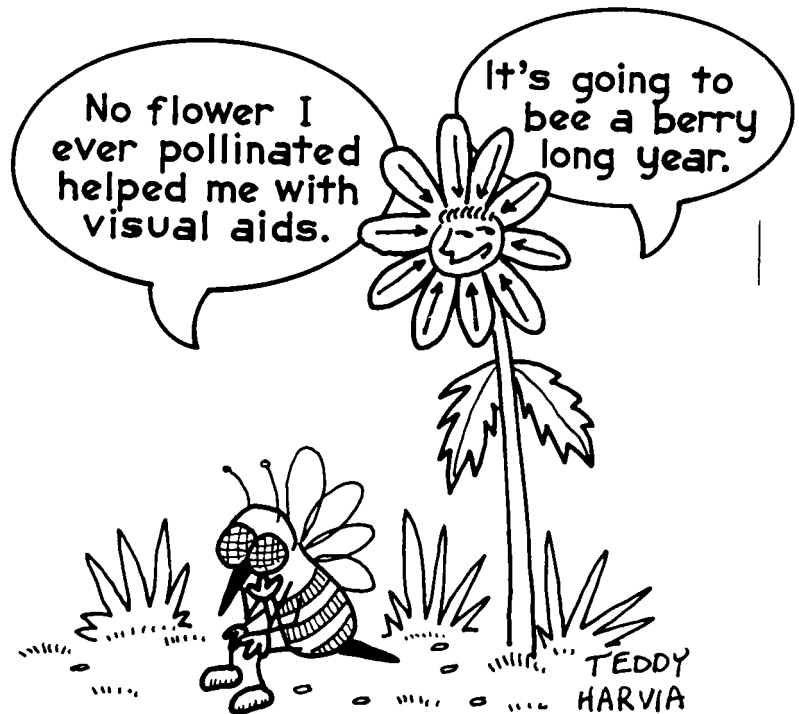
DAVID BRATMAN: I went to Baycon, but I avoided the open parties; now I know why. The number of non-fannish, party-hearty teenagers running around even during the daytime (mostly playing videogames) boded ill. Yes, I'm prejudiced. I keep thinking of Patrick Nielsen Hayden's dictum, "Fandom is being filled with the sort of people I went into fandom to get away from."

ALEXIS GILLILAND: The phenomenon of fanarchists noted at Baycon seems to be pretty general around the country. The attitude of the young men involved seems to be the very essence of 'punk', that THEY are going to have a good time at *your* convention, which they haven't the slightest interest in, or the least intention of supporting, and if YOU lose anything because THEY had a good time trashing the hotel, TFB. Part of the problem is one of scale. If one percent of the con is apt to make trouble, a 200 person con has 2 people, but a 2000 person con has 20, which is enough to

get organized and even to have a leader, who may or may not be charismatic.

What to do about them? Advertise, perhaps, displaying false colors to repel the unwanted. As, for example, "Our forthcoming con will have authors reading from their latest works, critical discussions of literary theories, and panels discussing 'Sentence Structure in Contemporary Fiction.'" With care, you will discourage the yob who doesn't already have the con on his calendar, and you won't pick up more than the usual number of hopeless nerds who tend to be the mainstay of fandom anyway. Another possibility is pre-emption. Ask them to help. Which isn't going to do much if you don't have anything for them to do. But it's about all I can think of.

HARRY WARNER JR: It's not surprising that Baycon has joined the list of cons troubled with vandalism and misbehavior by kids pretending to be fans. However, I can always hope that this problem will become so severe and so universal at cons that real fans will stop going to cons and will instead express themselves by publishing and writing and drawing for fanzines, and thus I'll find myself in my dotage in the fanzine-dominated fandom that I entered so long ago. I don't think the troublemakers should be called fanarchists, as Lex Nakashima suggested, because that name is sacred to a group of New York City fans, none of whom ever pulverized a concrete ash receptacle.



FRANZ C. ZRILICH: As to Baycon and the problems with punks, I offer a series of fascistic proposals — inspired by the same fear as George Jumper that we'll wind up with a severe blow to fandom from a sloppily-run con one of these days — this is for all future cons.

- (1) Flatly ban all booze at SF cons. Even beer.
- (2) No local advertising or media coverage. Don't even run the Masquerade on the local cable system until *after* the event is gone.
- (3) Charge higher admission rates. Pinecone II and the three western Canadian cons would have been able to survive if they had charged enough for the unexpected, and to provide for kitties for future cons to work with. Most local cons still charge about \$25 for admission. A charge of \$100 that would cover a banquet, set aside, and a few freebies — such as pizza at the consuite — would discourage punks.
- (4) Ban people under the age of 18, unless accompanied by a parent or guardian.
- (5) Examine the types of locations where cons have problems with assholes. Possibly they have something in common, such as easy access from a university, downtown vs. suburban location, etc. Avoid locating future cons in places similar to those where past cons have been troubled.

continued on page 17

NEW ORLEANS CON OUSTED BY HOTEL Vul-Con

(August 17-19, 1990)

New Orleans' Fairmont Hotel canceled its agreement to host the 1990 Vul-Con at the last moment, forcing its organizer, Jim Mule, to salvage the convention by finding nearby hotel to rent its facilities. Said Mule, quoted in the Baton Rouge, La., *Morning Advocate*, "We thought everything was ready to go, but when we got to the hotel [Thursday night] we were told we'd been canceled. They said we had a history of damaging hotels and that we're enticing to people who are derelicts and drunks."

Further details are provided by Guy H. Lillian III, below.

FAIRMONT HOTEL AWASH IN BLUE PEE

Report by Guy H. Lillian III

Wanted to write *File 770* about Vul-Con and its recovery from a sleazy bit of hotel chicanery.

You see, originally this fifteenth Vul-Con was scheduled for the Fairmont Hotel, one of downtown New Orleans' most prestigious. On Thursday night, after Chairman (he likes to say "Captain") Jim Mule already had his hucksters room and registration table set up, his Guest of Honor in place, and everything ready to roll, the hotel abruptly withdrew from its *written* contract and booted Vul-Con bod and baggage out the door. Reason given? Apparently the "riff-raff" attendees scared the blue pee out of the hotel staff.

A less stubborn chair would have folded his tent and stolen into the night. Not so Mule. He went out and found another hotel and re-established his convention — overnight. He went to a nearby Holiday Inn and by Friday afternoon had Vul-Con XV set

up. Out- of-town attendees were stuck with their expensive Fairmont rooms — the new place was booked solid — but Jim got his hucksters room (never mind that you had to walk through the hotel restaurant to get there), his banquet (never mind that the facilities were so cramped we had to eat in two shifts; the food was pretty good), and his dance (featuring the Band of the Damned, a gang of local twits dressed up like pirates lip-synching various modern ditties — whattya mean, The Who?) He also got the entire convention roused to his support. What's a little inconvenience when faced with such heroics, especially from a man, frequently hospitalized, suffering from kidney and liver failure?

The Fairmont is going to pay and pay for this. As an attorney, it was my raw rank pleasure to urge Mule to sue the dogs till blue pee runs out of their ears.

The Vul-Con itself? Delightful. Its Guest of Honor was Ray Harryhausen (or "Ray Harryharrison" as — who else? — John Guidry called him), the greatest special effects wizard alive. He was friendly and fascinating, showing clips, including his early family project *Mother Goose*, models, like the Medusa from his masterpiece *Jason and the Argonauts*, and a generous wit. A great.

BUBONICON 22

(August 24-26, 1990)

Report by Roy Tackett

Bubonicon 22 was held August 24-26 in Albuquerque and was, from the point of view of the concon, a moderate success. Which is to say that we were able to pay all our bills and have a nestegg left over for Bubonicon 23. Much better than Bubonicon 21 which left us collecting aluminum cans and holding flea market sales in order to raise enough cash to get started.

Jennifer Roberson was properly charming, witty and decorative as Guest of Honor and Horry O. Morris was properly weird and Lovecraftian as Artist Guest of Honor.

Attendance was about 225 and included most of New Mexico's writers in residence including Fred Saberhagen who had just undergone heart bypass surgery and been released from the hospital a couple of days earlier.

Highlights included Jennifer's telling us of her sex-change when she wrote a western story, the wedding of writer Robert Cornett to Mary Ann Lenth and, for the first time in six years, the 3 a.m. Nessie Dunk which took place in broad daylight to the surprise of mundanes sitting around the pool.

convention
reportage

The Green Slime Awards were announced. Book: *Tek War* by William Shatner. Movie: *Moon-trap*, which was apparently so bad it had no credits. Artist: Janet Aulisio for her really ugly illustrations.

The hotel was apparently so pleased with the convention that management handed us a contract, at this year's terms, for Bubonicon 23 the day after Bubonicon 22 closed. "You people are weird," they said, "but you are not rowdy." We did not hesitate in accepting.

ARMADILLOCON 12 (October 12-14, 1990)

Report by Mike Glycer

"Lucy Huntzinger Killed Laura Palmer," read Bryan Barrett's t-shirt. Barrett watched over his table in the Armadillocon dealer's room on Friday afternoon, bantering wishfully, "It's a pity Iain Banks isn't here. Whenever he speaks I can't help but think of Scrooge McDuck."

Expectations are a powerful force in making or breaking a convention's reputation. While Bryan spoke I couldn't help but think how much I enjoyed the ambience created by the compact layout of Armadillocon's dealer's room, registration area and principal program rooms, and how ConDigeo, despite its larger scale, boasted a comparable nerve center: yet one convention is reputed to be the country's best regional, while the other was badmouthed as a poor excuse for a NASFiC.

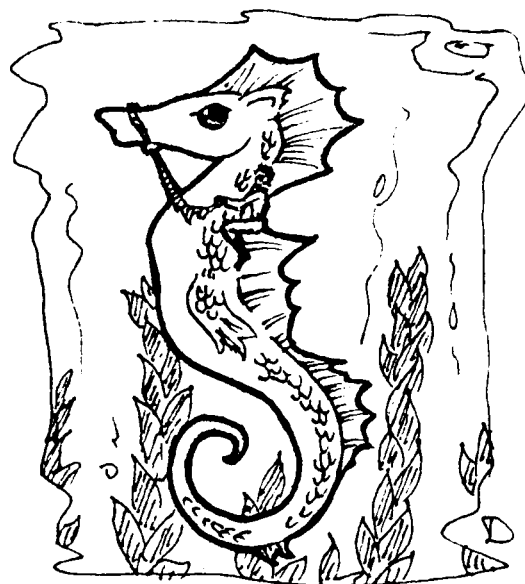
Armadillocon may boast 104 professional guests and other impressive numbers, but the reason these people come is because they have a good time. They succeed because the

committee works diligently to extend hospitality to all, and because its core of southwestern pros (with a leavening of New York editors) have sparked a healthy rivalry to surpass each other's ability to entertain.

Armadillocon 12's pro guests of honor were author Pat Cadigan, artist Jean Elizabeth Martin and editor Susan Allison. Melinda Snodgrass took up the gauntlet of Toastmisstress, and with it the challenge to equal the standard set in two previous years by Lew Shiner and Connie Willis.

Armadillocon's toastmaster presides over Opening Ceremonies on Friday evening, beginning with a humorous talk and ending with introductions around a room packed with science fiction celebrities. Melinda Snodgrass started her talk wearing a demure dress, and pearls. She explained how she wanted to grow up to be Pat Cadigan then ducked behind a canvas changing booth placed at the corner of the stage and emerged dressed in a black t-shirt and slacks, like Pat Cadigan. But Melissa said Cadigan wasn't the only woman present she admired: putting the pearls back on, she named editor GoH Susan Allison. Or to name another — stepping out of the booth wrapped in a print skirt — there's Ellen Datlow. Melinda admitted, "We can't all look like Pat Cadigan — how about Lew Shiner?" — and she tied a red ribbon around her neck which Shiner had given her earlier. Melinda used several more props, as when she took fishing pole in hand to introduce Chad Oliver.

Melissa said others, not singled out by fashion, are known for their nicknames and backstories — and tried to point out "Piglet", George Alex Effinger, but George spent Friday night holed up in his room to complete a short story in time for the last Federal Express pickup.



Melinda's introduction to Debbie Hodgkinson, fan Guest of Honor, was modest compared with Effinger's extravagant description of her in the program book:

"Yes, you may be saying, but what is Debbie *really* like? That is more difficult to put into words. For one thing, she dislikes baseball. She hates the fact that you can't turn left in New Orleans. She has no use for any music that predates Buddy Holly. She barely tolerates Coke. And she loathes 'Days of Our Lives.' In other words, we have virtually nothing in common. On the other hand, she is extremely knowledgeable about botany and science fiction. You can't pass a tree or shrub without Debbie telling you its Latin name, which can be very educational. And her taste in SF is broad and, I must say, very forgiving. She reads books by people you've never heard of, and won't throw a book across the room because the author spelled 'all right' as one word. In some ways, Debbie is the science fiction world's perfect audience — sophisticated, intelligent, well-read, and living with someone who gets dozens of free books every week."

From the attendee's perspective the cornucopic Armadillocon program is a delight, starting early and running late. From a participant's standpoint it seemed to me the bane of having any notoriety as a faneditor is that the flattery of being invited to join in programming was more than offset by being scheduled in the shadowing hours of the convention. For example, I was on a panel that ended 11:00 PM Friday, and had to come back for a panel that began 10:30 AM Saturday. But that is a minor creeb, because both programs were interesting experiences.

At "Fan Communications" I was surprised to learn that Bruce Sterling and I shared virtually identical opinions about the significant differences in the reading and editing experiences of printed fanzines and computer bulletin boards.

The next morning at "So You Want To Be A Convention Chairman" Robert Taylor offered the delightful advice that a convention committee should be required to watch *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* well in advance of their convention so they will understand the value of setting policies for handling convention profits and what the consequences are if you don't. I quoted Mark Olson's point that for all the attention to moneyhandling, fans are more likely to overcommit labor than money — people understand money better than they understand labor. Scott Dennis joked about the convention staffing algorithm that made it possible for 5 people to run a con for 50, while it took 50 to run a con for 500, and 500 to run a con for 5000. Would it take a committee of 50,000 to run a con for 50,000? Tom Hanlon speculated that con chairmen are like intercontinental ballistic missiles — you hope you never have to use them."

Some fans brag that they never attend programming; others bestir themselves to see a few panels with their friends or favorite pros. I was merely trying to get a good seat for Armadillocon's "Family Feud", when I stumbled into the last 20 minutes of "Tumbling Dice Meets Godzilla: The State of the Gaming World." One earnest game designer expounded that there were two schools of gamewriting: "the empty-the-clip" school and the "rip-off-his-head-and-shit-down-his-throat" school. A TSR writer moaned his company "not only operated under the Comics Code, but we operate under the 1950's Comics Code! I tried explaining this to DC and they only said, 'Oh, my God!'" But another fan paid TSR a left-handed

compliment, calling its gaming systems the "background static" against which everyone else plays," except the companies on the West Coast who aren't worried about selling to Toys'R Us or Waldenbooks.

Modeled on the tv game show, Armadillocon's "Family Feud" is Pat Cadigan's annual star turn. She wore mirrorshades, an "Exterminator Chili" t-shirt, and leather pants; she carried a bullwhip, and looked like a graduate of the "Cool Hand Luke School of Prison Guards." Cadigan downplayed the whip, declaring, "This is only for the prevention of disease."

The Fan team of Debbie Hodgkinson, Ben Yalow, L. Bishop and Spike Parsons was given a large cowbell. The Pro team boasted Dell Harris, Susan Allison, Lew Shiner and George Alec Effinger: they were given a small cowbell. Said Cadigan, "Those with little bells should definitely keep their tempers."

Computer bulletin board users were polled for responses to such questions as, "Name a robot" and "Which character on Star Trek or ST:TNG should be the next to die?"

After both teams had weeded through a list of "failed civilizations" including Rome, Human, Krell and Slavers, Cadigan advised, "Maybe we should stop and take a look at the names on this list: whatever you do, don't model your civilization after them."

George Alec Effinger wished they would ask *contract* questions, while Cadigan mercilessly quick-drew the committee's question cards from her back pocket, like a gun. When the Pros lost Lew Shiner said, "There weren't any sex questions, that's why we lost." Effinger agreed, "Lew stayed up all night studying for that one." Pat Cadigan scoffed, if the fans surveyed knew anything about sex would they spend all their time on USENET?

After the toastmaster's opening and Cadigan's performance in "Family Feud", the third pillar of the Armadillocon program is the Howard Waldrop Reading, the last item of the weekend. Waldrop boasted his reading used "fewer props this year, but one of them is a special effect that will dazzle you in inverse proportion to your intelligence."

Waldrop began, "If you've been foolish enough to follow my career, instead of somebody who actually produces books you can buy..." then alerted the audience to several of his books in the publishers' pipeline. Waldrop wants the recognition accorded to novelists, and has been frustrated by his proclivity to write short stories. Typically, he laughed it off, blaming it on "the Lew Shiner procedure: if you have an idea for a novel, you think about it for a long time and it turns into a novella," and reductively to the point where if you have an idea for a short story...you shouldn't think about it at all.

Waldrop read several story fragments, brilliant parodies that draw on 19th century French history and literature. Everyone enjoyed them, especially those most familiar with the period. I had delayed my getaway flight to allow me to hear the Waldrop reading, but as I left for the airport, dozens of others headed for the con's ultimate last gasp, barbecue dinner at the County Line.

HUTTCON

(November 23-25, 1990)

Notes by Adrienne Losin

This year I went to Huttcon in Melbourne. I was okay, just exhausted, but it was great to catch up with people who thought I was still in the U.S., etc. Curiously this convention was supposed to be the National Media con, but was run

by sf fans — what a disaster. Worst con I've ever been to: minimal and poorly arranged program in a real rabbit warren of a hotel with no service. However, I've no complaints about this hotel: their attitude was laissez-faire. The cardinal sin was committed by these sf fans running the show. They went off to the banquet and forgot their guest of honor! He was rescued by us Melbourne Star Trek fans and shown a really good time for the rest of his stay!

MINICON DRIES UP

Denny Lien was first to notify *File 770*, "Minicon 1991 has followed Wiscon's lead in Politically Correct Fandom and has decided to stop supplying beer and blog in the party suite (and to ball all alcohol brought thereto.) This is described as an 'experiment.' Who said Mad Scientist plots weren't relevant in contemporary skiffy? Ah well, I had plans to do my laundry that weekend anyway."

Karen Cooper wrote in September: "Reading *File 770:86*, with its con reports and letters about Noreascons minded me to write about what is happening with Minicon. I'm on the Executive Committee against this year and have been watching a trend within the committee that I don't much like and can't determine any way to change.

"Though Minicon is the annual fundraiser for the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, this year we have had to put together a Minicon committee directory because so many of the concon are not active members of Minn-Stf. This is symptomatic of the new blood on the committee: the new, eager faces we have to have to run Minicon as we have in the past are coming from the *five* Star Trek clubs here, from *four* Doctor Who clubs, from SCA and the Mythopoeic Society, and the Space Frontiers Society and from offbeat little groups like Of Things That Are Not And Should Not Be. This is not inherently awful, but it is a problem.

"There are so many new people about that they are changing Minicon rather than letting Minicon change them. The fine fannish sense of tradition that makes Minicon such fun for me is something these folks are unaware of and uninterested in. Committee votes show this. Minicon will not be serving beer or blog in the consuite next year. While this vote has the honorable intention of discouraging those who come to Minicon because it is a good party not because of any great love for SF in any of its forms, it has had the backfire effect of alienating lots of Minn-Stfers who have worked hard on Minicon for years. Not only does it sadden me that they don't want to come to Minicon next year, I know their spots on the concon are going to be taken by people whose sensibilities of hospitality, fun and fannishness are unproved. It's a self-perpetuating phenomenon.

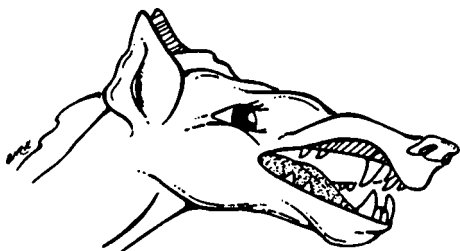
"Partly in response to the untenable atmosphere in last Minicon's consuite, we are going to do what some of those quoted in your Baycon report would cringe at: we are going to subsidize open room parties. We only just managed to find a volunteer to head the Parties Dept. — up til now, no one has been willing to run the consuite. In order to take the pressure off that department, then, we are allocating all suites with an eye to those hosting open parties. We are planning to seed them with some dollar amount of party supplies, again to encourage con members to party throughout the hotel.

"This means we are taking all our nuts out of one basket and it scares me.

"Minicon hasn't been totally overrun by media types, however. Any conventions that features a Minneapolis in '73 suite hosted by Geri Sullivan has a real viable spark of Trufandom (hell, it's a conflagration!) Our Fan Guests of Honor next year are to be Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, and the Lunch GoH will be Jon Singer. The media fen hereabouts don't actually want to do media programming. Truth to tell, they came up with some well-attended, well-put-together, fascinating panels that were among the best programming Minicon offered last year. Most departments are still headed by Minn-Stf members whose Minicon participation goes back ten or fifteen years or more. This is the local manifestation of the changing face of fandom, though, and I doubt there is anything one can do to reverse the trend.

"All of the above is my personal opinion, by the way, not the opinion of the Minicon Excec, or of the general committee." [Karen Cooper, 5230 33rd Ave. S., Minneapolis MN 55417-2039]

Karen's report is slightly modified by the statement in the November issue of the clubzine *Einblatt*, "While Minicon will not be serving alcohol [in the consuite], individuals may BYOB into the consuite. According to latest Minicon minutes, like policy in effect for the gaming area: 'Beer brought in is ok, but should bring enough to share.'"



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ART OR VULGARITY?

HELGA TRAUTWETTER: I think your vulgarity detector is on the blink. Am I talking about nudity? Do I mean you should rethink your quota of naked women? (2.5 per issue by my count — two full frontal, one in profile)? Perhaps you should. But my complaint doesn't have anything to do with T or A.

My complaint is with cartoons like the one on page 17 of *F770:83*. But then maybe Peter Larsen has no sense of humor either: in issue #36 of *Cube* he loudly praises your tenth anniversary issue but comments that "A Sinking Feeling" is "the weakest offering in the issue, possibly because this is the type of humor that the reviewer finds a bit dreadful." I didn't find "A Sinking Feeling" dreadful. I reserve that sort of epithet for jokes about Hugo award winners that drop their balls.

And cartoons like the one on page 17 of *F770:83*. It offends me because it is in poor taste. It is offensive for more than that — it doesn't serve any discernible purpose. Even the risqué can be okay if it supports larger goals like insight into the human condition, or clever language play.

I've applied every editorial criterion I can think of to justify including that illo in you zine: illustrate the text, comment on fandom, present some truth about life, make clever use of language.

How about this editorial justification for an illo: be funny. It isn't. It fails. And on top of that, it offends. Get it checked.

FIRST FANDOM HALL OF FAME AND WORLDCONS

MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER: I found your position about First Fandom quite sensible. I well remember the First Fandom coverage at Nolacon, where the fans of the past spent *one hour* giving each other prizes, causing the whole convention considerable irritation. If First Fandom wanted to present themselves to fandom at large as a bunch of boring old farts who constantly tell each other how wonderful they are, they could not have done a better job than their Nolacon II ceremony. If First Fandom awards must be given at Worldcons, the concon should limit them to *one* award. And remember, first fans: holding the Hugo audience hostage does your organization little good.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: As a First Fandom member, I've felt its awards should be moved from the worldcon to some other regular con where the atmosphere is more fannish and the recognition to those receiving the awards would be more noticeable. On the other hand, I sort of hate to see the worldcon lose First Fandom's awards, because if they go there won't be anything at all fannish remaining to the worldcon, except in the years when a fan actually wins one of the fan Hugos. I'm sure First Fandom would have no difficulty finding a place on the program of every worldcon if it went pro and spent a lot of money in one way or another at the con. Nobody questions the right of a dealer in the huckster room to sell any particular type of merchandise, because the dealer has paid for that right.

♦ Even now, First Fandom has no trouble finding a place on the Worldcon program to present its awards: the trouble is its unwillingness to accept that most Worldcon committees don't consider the Hugo Awards ceremonies to be that place.

MARJIE ELLERS: Years ago I heard about First Fandom. Just about all my contemporaries among the fans were members and I wasn't. I could not establish my credentials as a fan. Little girls like me did not write letters to magazines. All I did was to read s/f and as Rick Sneary says, a reader is the lowest form of fan.

However, First Fandom has lowered its standards to include me and I am now one of the dinosaurs. Now I can get together with the other Old Pharts and remember "Revolt of the Pedestrians" and "Skylark of Space" — when they were first published!

NEW FORMAT

WILSON TUCKER: I don't object to a price increase, but it sure is a far cry from the days when I peddled *Le Zombie* for 5 cents or 10 cents a copy. I wonder what went wrong. I suppose we should blame it on that fella Franklin Roosevelt. The postage costs DID begin to creep upward when he was in office. I remember a dark day in 1932 (maybe 1933) when first class stamps jumped overnight from 2 cents to 3 cents. There was moaning and crying in the streets and the printing company I worked for stopped mailing bills to customers. Instead, I had to hand-deliver them.

FILTHY PIERRE STRAUSS: The new F770 format sure looks nice (though your address in the colophon got clobbered.) But I miss the linos at the tops of the pages. Can't the technology accomodate them?

SARAH PRINCE: I approve your change to DTP; I thought it was pointless to complain about your condensed dot-matrix type but I really hated it.

ALEXIS GILLILAND: So twiltone is no longer available in the LA area? Reminds me of the debate at the '89 Corflu about traditional vs. modern methods of reproduction. Mimeography was the (sentimental?) favorite to the extent that it beat out desktop publishing and xerography by a convincing margin. Nobody wanted to hear that mimeography was going the way of hektography, another eotechnic method of reproduction, but the traditionalists are just going to have to find themselves a new tradition. Maybe they can slice up newsprint; or toilet paper. Warm and fuzzy twiltone will be missed, as will the truly frugal fanzines it made possible.

Nevertheless I look forward to future *FILE 770*'s. Even with the inevitable neep*neep technical discussions.

MICHAEL W. WAITE: *File 770* and desktop publishing? Sounds like a marriage made in heaven! I am a traditionalist who dearly misses the mimeographed zines that used to proliferate fandom, but, alas, have now gone the way of the dinosaur. I am also a realist and understand the need to change with the times, especially since mimeo paper is so hard to come by. I endorse your move to desktop publishing. (Unless, of course, you can find an entrepreneur on your mailing list willing to take on the responsibility of manufacturing mimeo paper.

MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER: *File 770:87*. Desktop published. Advertisements. What would Ted White say?

APPRECIATIONS AND OBITUARIES

FRANZ ZRILICH: The listing of deceased fans and personalities was, well, GRIM! I suspect we will see more of this as fandom gets older. I don't think that the current generation will provide us with more fodder for fandom. By current generation, I refer to the famous disinterested teens and young adults who don't read, and increasingly don't even watch television on a regular basis. The latter seems incredible, but recent surveys, plus my experiences with my students, indicates that today's college students do not even watch dramas and sitcoms anymore. They might watch *America's Funniest Home Video*, or *Geraldo*, but that's about it. It is very frustrating for me, as I was — like you — trained in Popular Culture, and had assumed that I could teach composition and basic literary criticism by using movies and television shows as benchmarks or springboards from which to say, "Well, *Hamlet* is a revenge play — sort of like *High Noon* or last night's episodes of *Gunsmoke*." I can't do that, Mike. I can't refer to last night's episode of *Star Trek: the Next Generation* to draw an analogy to, say, *Bartleby, the Scrivener: a Tale of Wall Street*. They don't watch TV and they don't see films. They're brain dead.

MICHAEL W. WAITE: Forry's obituary of his wife, Wendyne, was very moving (and informative.) I read it twice. I wish I had known her; she must have been a wonderful person.

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: Nice cover by Ruth Thompson, but I don't think I've ever seen work by her which wasn't!

I never knew J. J. Johnson but I heard the story of his death. It's really sad (but all too true) that we rally AFTER someone is gone (also note ATom.) In ATom's case, it is interesting (?) to note that he is still eligible on Chicon's ballot. I hope the cons that run a "J.J. Johnson Auction" let us know how they do!

HELGA TRAUTWETTER: In F770:85 Lloyd Penney writes that he knows of no field other than fandom that would gain him friends worldwide. He bases his praise on the lineup of international Christmas cards on his mantle. To equate a lineup of Hallmark cards with friends is to confuse somebody who knows your address with someone who knows you, to confuse someone who shares your interests with someone who shares your life.

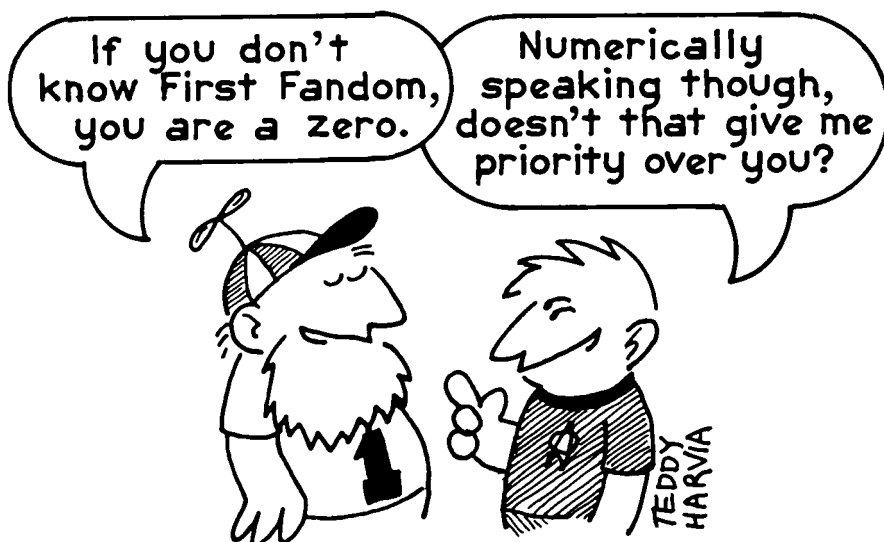
I find the thought chilling.

In F770:85 Forry Ackerman writes, "I am grateful to the science fiction field for what it has given me: my life." Then he equates death with "eternal oblivion" and "that great sci-fi con in the sky." If A equals both B and C does that mean eternal oblivion and cons are the same thing?

On that score, and none other in his letter, I am inclined to agree with him.

FANDOM IN HOLLAND

HARRY WARNER: Annemarie Van Ewyck's brief history of fandom in The Netherlands was interesting. My first contact with any of its fans was Wim Struyck, with whom I shared spots on a round robin open-reel tape for several years. His English was near-perfect and he was a most interesting person to listen to. I hope he'll show up for the worldcon, although he doesn't seem to have been very active in fandom in recent years. He still has an occasional loc in Bill Danner's *Stefantasy*.



FAN ARTIST HUGO

HARRY WARNER JR: I agree with Allan D. Burrows about the fan artist Hugo situation. I know that there have been occasional instances of a fanzine editor buying an illustration from an artist with the understanding that the purchase price included the right to publish it in the fanzine. And I assume there are a few artists who simply show their pictures at convention art shows but don't offer many or any of them for sale. However, the case of an artist who doesn't contribute to fanzines and does sell regularly at cons should be sufficient for him or her to be moved into the pro artist category for Hugo purposes. I'm pretty sure that a lot of the art purchased at the large cons brings the artists larger sums than they would get for illustrating prozines or providing covers for jackets of the smaller book publishing firms.

FOR THE RECORD

MARK OLSON: Just a quick note in the giving-credit-where-it's-due department. There were two sources of inspiration for the ConCourse at N3: As soon as we saw the Fan Lounge at Conspiracy we wanted to do something like it for N3 (but how could we serve that wonderful beer?) That's probably where the idea of mixing people sit-around-and-talk areas with exhibits came from. Our other source was the DisCave at DisClave — they've managed to make a con suite which is actually fun to go to, so we used many of their ideas (and most of their people, too!)

And a lot of hard work by a lot of people turned it into reality: The ConCourse was planned and organized by Leslie Turek, Peggy Rae Pavlat, Jane Hawkins and Fred Isaacs. The exhibits were put together by Gary and Janet

Anderson, Nancy Atherton, Mike Glyer, Jane Jewell, Bruce Pelz, Joe Siclari and Kees Van Toorn. I don't know where to stop naming names. There are at least 50 other people who had a hand in planning, collecting materials, setting up or running the ConCourse. The credit goes to them.

DICK LYNCH: I guess I should write a follow-up letter to the one published in issue #87, especially since it was run under the provocative headline "A Scandal in Bost-hernia." I want to emphasize that I am not impugning the honesty of either NESFA or Hugo Administrator Rick Katze when I pointed out problems with the new rule that allows previous year Worldcon members to nominate for Hugo Awards, even if they're not members of the current Worldcon. I still maintain that this rule is flawed, though, and should be amended or repealed.

♦♦ *My perception of your letter was that it was satirical in tone, therefore it was given a mock-serious headline to play on its stentorian accusation that the number of NESFA members among the nominees paralleled the — paltry — level of evidence which triggered the ballot-stuffing uproar of 1989.*

KEES VAN TOORN: [Chairman, 1990 Worldcon; from a letter to Dick Lynch] For the record I would like to state that I have absolutely no second thought on the integrity of the Hugo ballot gatherer [Richard Katze] who has not only collected the US ballots but also the ballots cast by all members.

I would like to state that the Hugo ballots have been distributed as widely and timely as we

could. Richard Katze, who is the administrator, always was in close communication with the Chair (myself) as I was appointed on the Hugo committee to keep a close look on the proceedings. And they were well conducted, with no ballot-stuffing, etc.

What it did show, however — and that is clear — is that the rest of the world does not understand the system and the thought behind the Hugos yet. We have tried to explain and activate people to vote, but we have failed. Maybe in future years this will change.

I would not say that it has anything to do with a NESFA being our authorized agent...





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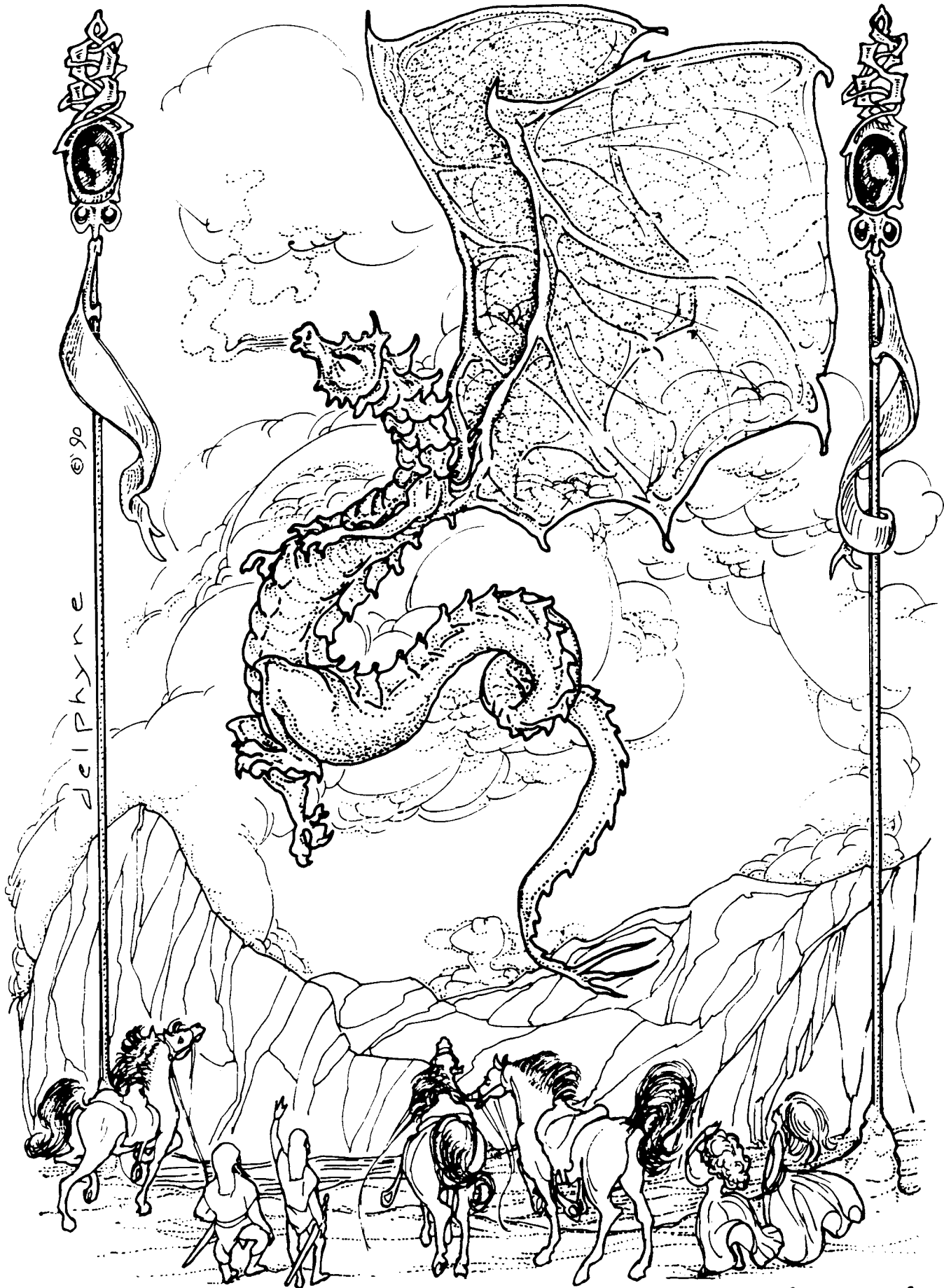
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