

HTT-XXI





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Cover: ESP between a human and a plant. Serigraph. Richard Bergeron	Pg. 1
2. Table of Contents	Pg. 3
3. Why You Received This	Pg. 4
4. Colophon - An Editorial	Robbie Cantor Pg. 5
5. It Ain't Easy Being Brutal	Milt Stevens Pg. 6
6. All My Yesterdays	Harry Warner, Jr. Pg. 8
7. T-Shirts (Britain in '87)	Pg. 13
8. Pied Typer	Mike Glyer Pg. 14
9. Extract from the Student Records.....	Marc Ortlieb Pg. 18
10. NTT back issue availability	Pg. 18
11. Food for Thought	Skel Pg. 19
12. Entropy Reprints	Terry Carr Pg. 27
13. Dogs	Bob Leman Pg. 28
14. Notes from the Outside	Eric Mayer Pg. 33
15. The Peril of the Platypus People, Chapter 2	Joyce Scrivner Pg. 37
16. Cooking with Aunt Adrienne	Adrienne Fein Pg. 41
17. The LoC Ness Monster Pg. 43	
Late LoCs, #18, #19 Pg. 43	Richard Rostrum Pg. 54
Terry Carr Pg. 43	John Betancourt Pg. 55
Mandy Slater Pg. 44	Darrell Schweitzer Pg. 57
David Palter Pg. 44	William T. Center Pg. 58
Steve Green Pg. 44	Bruce Farr Pg. 60
Rickey Sheppard Pg. 44	John Hertz Pg. 61
Paula Lieberman Pg. 45	Pascal Thomas Pg. 61
Barbara Tennison Pg. 45	Sheldon Teitelbaum Pg. 62
Al Sirois Pg. 45	Bernard Earp Pg. 64
D'Arcy Smyke Pg. 46	Joy Hibbert Pg. 65
Jeanne Mealy Pg. 46	Martin Morse Wooster Pg. 66
Edd Vick Pg. 47	Arthur D. Hlavaty Pg. 67
Bob Lee Pg. 47	Robert Whitaker-Sirignano Pg. 67
Ian McKeer Pg. 48	
Ted White Pg. 49	Terry Jeeves Pg. 67
Vicki Rosensweig Pg. 53	Robert Bloch Pg. 68
18. Boredom Alert - The TAFF Brouhaha Ahead	
An Editorial	Marty Cantor Pg. 70
19. More Nessie	Pg. 79
	Avedon Carol Pg. 79
	Ted White Pg. 83
	Pg. 95
	rich brown Pg. 95
	Mike Glicksohn Pg. 106
	Dave Locke Pg. 111
	Joseph Nicholas Pg. 117
	Rob Hansen Pg. 118
	Eric Mayer Pg. 119
	Martin Morse Wooster Pg. 121
	Joy Hibbert Pg. 122
	Rich Rostrom Pg. 122
	Ian McKeer Pg. 122
	Marty Cantor Pg. 123
	Pg. 124
22. In Conclusion	Marty Cantor Pg. 124
23. WAHF	Bill Rotsler Pg. 125
24. Things That Go Bump in the <del>WINE</del> Fanzine	Mike McGann Pg. 126
25. Inside Bacover	
26. Bacover	



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This fanzine supports:

Britain in '87

Los Angeles in '90

Marty Cantor supports: Cesar Ignacio Ramos for TAFF in '87

In case you have noticed the lack of our support for ourselves in the 1985 DUFF race it should be pointed out that we have won that race. (We received word from Jerry Kaufman just before the ending pages of this zine were typed, so this should explain the mentions of the impending conclusion of the race in other, earlier, pages of the zine. Pages 3 & 4 are always the last pages typed.) We will address ourselves to DUFF matters as soon as this issue is mailed. In the meantime we urge interested Aussies who want to run in the 1986 DUFF race to start getting nominators. We also urge any North Americans who are asked by Aussies to be their nominators to break with tradition and to send in their nominating letters ASAP.

## WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS

- ☐ We trade.
- ☐ Would you like to trade?
- ☐ You locced/contributed/sent old fanzines ((many thanks)).
- ☐ We would like for you to loc/contribute.
- ☐ Your contribution(s) is/are being held for a further issue.
- ☐ Surprise! Taral was clearing out his e-stencilled artfile and sent us some of your work. Welcome - and we would like more from you.
- ☐ You subscribe. ☐ Your subscription has run out. We no longer take subscriptions so you will have to Do Something to continue receiving HTT.
- ☐ If you respond to this issue we will send you the next one.
- ☐ You purchased this copy. Thank you. Our psychiatrist will call on you.
- ☐ You have been ~~reviewed~~ mentioned in this issue. You have the right of reply.
- ☐ Your fanzine has been reviewed in this issue. You have the right of reply.
- ☐ It has been so long since we heard from you that we will have to stop sending HTT to you if you do not Do Something soon.
- ☐ Editorial whim/wher.
- ☐ Retroactive thanks for voting for us for DUFF. ~~Now hang your head in shame!~~  
To continue receiving HTT it helps to Do Something at least once a year.

This is the bottom of page four.  
There is no charge for typos.



# HOLLER THAN THOU 21

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Tel. (818)982-1746.

Hoo Hah Publication No. 335. A production of the Foot-In-Mouth Press. Published in Winter-Spring 1985. Electrostencilling by the LASFS's Gestefax. HTT is published thrice-yearly and is available for the usual (including interesting old fanzines) or \$2.00 U.S. per issue. Also available for seven International Reply Coupons per issue. Australian agent is Ken Ozanne, 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776 Australia. A\$2.00 per issue. HTT is not, repeat not, available for subscription.



"Marty has quite an interesting editorial this issue"

## an editorial BY robbie cantor

I have been trying to remain out of the present TAFF brouhaha, as commenced and fueled by Richard Bergeron. However, if that means I have to be accused of "supporting" Bergeron or "attacking" a TAFF administrator, or any number of other asinine notions, then I guess I had better at least declare myself.

I do not believe Richard has "proven his case" nor do I believe Avedon Carol to have done something horribly wrong. Perhaps she has misjudged, in that she trusted Richard Bergeron with a confidence, a DNQ. Obviously, as the results show, this was unwise, but certainly not proof of massive wrongdoing.

I fail, completely, to understand the masses of vituperation which have flowed back and forth over this issue -- an issue I consider minor. Marty disagrees with me on some aspects of this whole thing but neither does he understand all the yelling and screaming which has been going on.

One person has accused us of being "bought" cheaply for "just a column and a cover...", which is patently absurd. Anyone who truly knows Marty knows that he would never forsake his own principles -- *no matter what*. Believe me, I've been on the receiving end of this bull-headed behaviour.

Another has retracted an article because he won't appear in the same zine with Bergeron. While I can appreciate his feeling this is a matter of principle, he sort of condemns all the rest of HTT *along with* the Bergeron piece. Thanks a heap, Stu, you're giving me a great view of fanzine fandom.

And how about that gem, rich brown? He's actively campaigning to have us voted down in the DUFF race because we aren't fit candidates! *\*sheesh!\** This is the sane, sensible bunch who expect me to convert to their ever-so-much-better fandom.

Let's get one thing straight: HTT has two editors who do *not* always agree. In fact, they *often* disagree, sometimes violently so. It also has what I consider to be an unfortunate rule: columnists will not be edited. It's unfortunate because it allows a columnist to use *our* zine for *his*er purposes rather than *our* own. I stress "our". Marty's and my purposes are not always the same, but in HTT they strive to

be. It's not always possible but.....the effort is made.

I could have wished for Marty to consult with me before he said that Bergeron had "proven his case", but he didn't and a whole lot of people have mistakenly assumed that I agree with Marty. Let me put this as clearly as possible: there is only *one* subject upon which Marty and I *always* agree. And that is that we love each other. If it weren't for that, "there'd be murther done..."

- Robbie Cantor

# it ain't easy being brutal

BY

milt stevens



/\*/ Milt Stevens, after spending many years in the wilderness of con-running (his latest position being co-chair of L.A.Con II), has returned to fanzine fandom. He used to pub a zine (A PASSING PARADE)-- now, after loccing a few zines so as to again get his feet wet, he has written this article for HTT -- an article inspired by the "Police Brutality" chapter of "The Law and Order Handbook". Milt, a LASFS member of several decades duration, is employed by the Los Angeles Police Department./\*/

Like most things, brutality is 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration. Police brutality is defined as any type of force used by the police on you. Thus it covers the entire range of police activity from simple diversionary tactics like breaking the little finger or ripping an ear off to more forceful methods such as running the person over with the patrol car.

Some brutality doesn't even involve force. Psychic brutality can be quite satisfying. For instance, you see a guy and you know he's holding. You begin to approach him with your Tread of Doom Walk. He immediately starts gobbling fifty reds.



You get to within arm's reach of him as he takes his last swallow. You smile and walk away. It's his problem to find a stomach pump.

When there is an official personnel complaint on brutality it must contain the word "unnecessarily" along with a description of the act. Something like "Complainant alleges that officers unnecessarily stepped on his head." This has always suggested to me that there must be a section in the Tactical Manual that enumerates those cases in which it will become necessary to step on someone's head. Of course, if something is necessary it is obviously justified. Like the officers who ran the guy over with the patrol car. He was aiming a revolver at them and probably was expecting them to stop so he could get a clear shot. He was wrong.

The baton is an old favourite in the brutality business. Bashing and smashing goes all the way back to the Stone Age (which is scheduled to end next year in South Los Angeles, if they can get Federal financing). The baton can be used in a wide variety of ways. The simplest use is the basic power stroke which is sometimes described as the Louisville Slugger Swing. This move is designed to send the subject's dentures over the left field fence. Natural teeth ought to make it as far as second base. Another popular move is the three-from-the-ring followed by 99-from-the-sky. This is a thunka-thunka-thunka number designed to produce a maximum of contusions and abrasions. An enterprising officer can find hundreds of uses for the baton, and every one of them is capable of producing excruciating pain.

The Taser is an example of new technology being applied to police work. It's 40,000 volts of pure amusement. Next to a vibrator, using a Taser is about the most fun you'll ever get out of an electronic device. When hit with a Taser people go through a motion described as "Doing the Funky Chicken". It's a lot of fun to watch. Tasers are also useful in interrogations. By the time you have a probe attached to each ear lobe, a person will tell you just about anything before you push the button. As part of our psychic brutality programme, we've spread the story on the street that a Taser will reverse your sexual polarity and make you gay. If you're already gay, it'll turn you on to dogs and motorcycles.

There is more chance of making a mistake with a Taser, though. Two sergeants were going out to breakfast shortly after the Taser was introduced. The passenger sergeant picked up the Taser in the car and was inspecting it. You can probably guess the rest. Oops! The incident wasn't a total loss. We always needed a sergeant who glowed in the dark. Of course, we now have to keep him away from motorcycles.

PCP users have opened a whole new area for police brutality. With a PCP user, you can shoot him in the chest with a Taser and he will probably laugh at you. It's about that time that you realise you should have called in sick today. It now looks like a job for.....The Eight Man Swarm. The Eight Man Swarm is designed to make the subject feel like he has just been stepped on by God. Fifteen hundred pounds of pressure applied straight downward will flatten even a PCP suspect. Usually.

The increasing armaments and fortifications of narcotics locations has led to the introduction of the Flashbang grenade. You may recall Flashbangs as the things that the British Army had so much fun with at the Embassy in London. We're just beginning to explore the full potential of the Flashbangs. I'm sort of waiting for the complaint that reads "Complainant alleges that officers unnecessarily placed a Flashbang in his underwear."

The carotid choke hold was one tactic we had to stop using, because folks kept dropping dead from it. That was too bad, since the choke hold was a good control tactic, and you can't get much more controlled than being dead. It has been suggested that, considering the psychic shock of sexual attacks on males that maybe we should try sodomising suspects to control them. In other words, Fuck 'em if they can't take a choke.

- Milt Stevens

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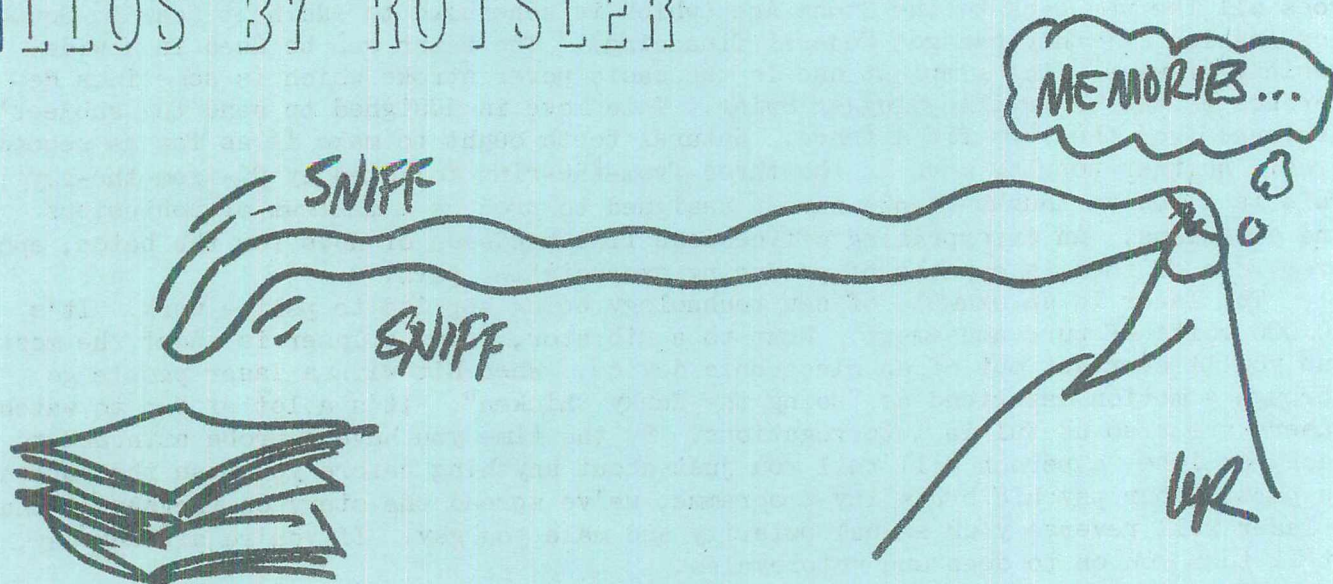
"I'm a sweet gentle soul; I wouldn't hurt a fly... You know, I noticed years ago that people weren't flies."



# ALL MY YESTERDAYS

by harry warner, jr.

ILLOS BY ROTSLER

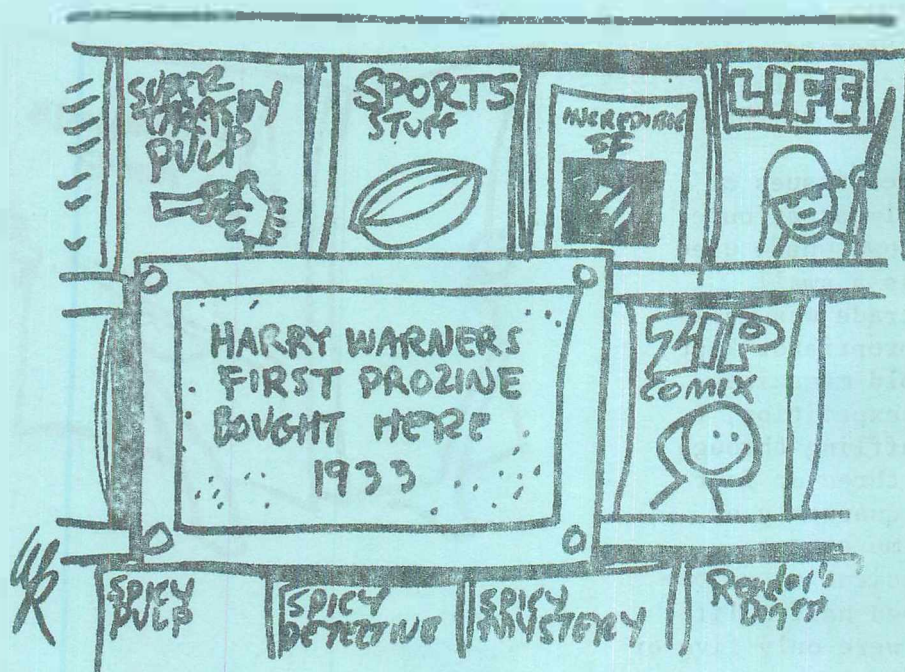


## CHAPTER 3

My first contact with adult science fiction probably took the form of a Little Blue Book whose contents were no longer science fiction in the strict sense.

Few fans today have seen or heard about Little Blue Books. But they were widely advertised during the late 1920s and early 1930s, when I began to explore the world of fiction aimed at grownups. Haldeman-Julius Company sold them for a nickel apiece, kept a couple thousand titles in its catalog, and used mail order to obtain most of its patronage. The format was about half the page size of today's paperbacks, the type was small, the paper was flimsy, and the blue covers were just a trifle thicker and stiffer than the interior pages. Most were condensed mercilessly from previously published books, and I don't remember ever seeing illustrations in them. But the literary standards were quite high and some titles dealt with free love, atheism, and other matters not often discussed in mass circulation publications of that era.

A copy of the Little Blue Book containing an abridgment of Jules Verne's Five Weeks in a Balloon came into my home. I'd read lots of fairy tales and pure fantasies aimed at children, but never anything from an author who specialized in science fiction. It would be impressive to date my love for science fiction from that first contact, but the brutal truth is that the story bored me and I didn't finish reading this shortened version of it. I was too young to understand that balloon expeditions like the one in the story were speculative in Verne's time and I may not have



even known he had written the story several decades earlier.

Even if I'm the only fan who didn't finish the first science fiction story he encountered, I paid partial penance to the memory of the great Frenchman a year or two later. My father brought home from the public library a book containing several Verne novels and *From the Earth to the Moon* captured my fancy. I read it all the way through, even though the story seemed to be terribly slow in getting started. That

must have been the first science fiction story I read from start to finish.

There's no way to date those reading adventures precisely, so I don't know how long it was from then until I encountered the prozines for the first time. But it's easy to pinpoint the prozine discovery by the fact that my collection begins to feature runs of *Wonder Stories* and *Amazing Stories* in mid-1933. I can remember the location of the magazine rack in which I first saw an issue of *Wonder Stories*, in a stationery store, and if this establishment still existed I could point to the precise spot on the third shelf from the bottom where the magazines were displayed. My ten-year-old self had a special sort of odd sensation when he saw a prozine for the first time: a combination of something he had never seen before, combined with a haunting sense of familiarity as if this magazine were something he had long ago known about but had completely forgotten. It's hard to state more clearly this sensation without getting metaphysical about it, but the same thing happened to me the first time I saw a nun when I was being registered for the first grade in a Catholic school, the first time I broke a bone, the first time I entered the Hagerstown newspaper building's news room. It was as if some premonition that such things would form a major factor in my life to come had leaked back into my present and had given me a jolt comparable to but not identical with the much-discussed *deja vu* sensation.

Oddly, I can't remember the identity of the first story I read in my first copy of *Wonder Stories* or in the current issue of *Amazing Stories* which I quickly acquired. But I was hooked on science fiction and prozines, even though some of the stories being published in mid-1933 by those large-sized prozines were tough going for a ten-year-old. I didn't finish several of them, I remember. Of course, I'm envious today of the ability of 1985's children to choose from among a wide variety of well-written science fiction specifically patterned to the interests and capabilities of youthful readers.

These two titles were my only monthly prozine acquisitions for some months. *Weird Tales*, which ran some science fiction in most issues, wasn't on sale at most Hagerstown newsstands at the time. It wasn't until 1937 or 1938 that I found a tiny hobby shop which carried just a few magazines but included *Weird Tales* among its



offerings. The summer of 1933 was a time of troubles for Astounding Stories. I didn't see the first few Street & Smith issues and began to buy it only at the start of 1934

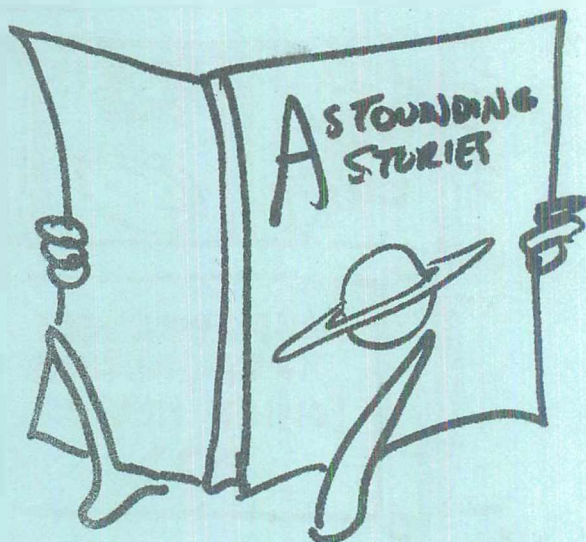
But I began to hunt back issues of science fiction magazines almost at once. The only establishment in town where used magazines were available was a small store whose main stock in trade was musical merchandise. But its proprietor kept a long table covered with old magazines of all sorts. On my first expedition, I must have spent an hour shuffling through the piles and emerged with three or four old monthly issues and one quarterly of *Amazing and Wonder* for a dime apiece. They seemed unimaginably ancient to me because they had been published half a lifetime ago, even though they were only five or six years old. Somehow, they gave me more pleasure to read than the current issues, per-

haps because I had worked so hard to locate them. A freak of memory permits me to see myself reading one story from those back issues, *A Baby on Neptune*, sprawled in the front porch swing on a warm morning, sucking ice cubes held in a piece of cloth.

*Astounding Stories* began to give me more reading pleasure than its more sedate competitors. I wasn't experienced enough to detect any literary superiority that F. Orlin Tremaine's magazine may have possessed. But the stories in *Astounding* were somehow more vivid to me and I began re-reading them over and over, something I rarely did with the stories in *Amazing* or *Wonder*. Wandrei's *Colossus* was one early favorite in *Astounding*, implanting so firmly in my mind the belief our universe may consist of atoms and molecules in some super-universe that modern scientific theory hasn't completely evicted it. McClary's *Rebirth* caused me to have a fascination with disaster possibilities much like that which modern young people nurture for the danger of nuclear warfare. *Born of the Sun* was one of the only two science fiction stories that have ever caused me a nightmare (*When Worlds Collide* was the other), and Jack Williamson's vision of a monstrous creature being hatched from the egg that is our sun was still a fine story when I reread it several years ago.

So far, I hadn't been inspired to do anything by reading science fiction. I hadn't felt the impulse to read non-fiction about science or try to write stories myself or find other readers of science fiction or contribute letters to the readers' sections in the prozines. Obviously, I couldn't be classified as a fan as yet, unless the fact that I saved all the prozines I acquired could categorize me as a collecting fan. But I saved just about everything I acquired, so that was hardly significant. I do remember reading the locs in the prozines and wondering if *The First Staple Was* was a genuine conflict or a joke. Perhaps my greatest regret today about this passivity is my failure to join the Science Fiction League. I'd dearly love to own one of those gaudy membership buttons.

There's a rule of thumb which says that the best science fiction is the science fiction you read first. I know perfectly well that the stories I read in the prozines during the mid-1930s weren't superior to some fiction that came before and later. But many of the stories I loved when prozines were comparatively new to me hold a special place in my affections and I think a case could be made for honoring them for originality, regardless of what they lacked in literary excellence and social significance. Whatever the faults of the early prozines, they didn't follow the dismal modern publishing custom of imitating whatever has already been success-





ful. Dr. David Keller was still being published regularly, and I'm not sure any other author since Wells was so lavish with genuinely new themes for science fiction. I became a prozine reader in the nick of time to catch those wonderful Stanley Weinbaum shorts and novelettes on their first magazine appearances, and I think there's general agreement even today that he was something special for imaginative creation of bems. Dr. E.E. Smith and John W. Campbell, Jr., were publishing novels which contained enough new concepts apiece to put to shame all the new science fiction published nowadays in a typical year. I think it would be possible to make a case for the theory that science fiction gets worse every year in the sense that its earlier creators used up long ago most of the extrapolations that can be drawn from 20th century science and by now most new stories are necessarily hodgepodes of elements borrowed from old ones. If that's so, there's a limited validity to a sentimental fondness for the first science fiction one read, because it is older and therefore fresher than what came later.

Several years after I began to read the prozines, I found it increasingly difficult to find the prozine I wanted when I felt an urge to re-read a favorite story out of the past. So I engaged in a project that could be construed as another faint hint of fannish instincts. I started to create an elaborate index on 3x5 cards of the contents of all the prozines I owned, cross-indexed by title and author. But I don't believe I ever got the index completed for all the prozines stashed away in my closet. That was symptomatic of what was to come: as a fan, I've never been any good at keeping things in my collections tidy and easily found.

Then something tremendous happened in Hagerstown. Its first store specializing in second-hand books and magazines opened. J. Russell Golden, its proprietor, looked a little like Wallace Beery, talked like the latter half of Amos 'n' Andy, and had a James Bond-type plethora of women complicating his life most of the time. His store was on the borderline between the white and black sections of the completely segregated Hagerstown of the 1930s. In the rear of his storeroom was an enormous blanket which separated one section of it and I was so young he didn't inform me of what was behind the curtain. To this day I don't know if it was whores or drugs or a bookie operation. J. Russell had the strangest ability to mispronounce words and make everyone believe he was pronouncing them correctly. It must have been his W.C. Fieldsian personality that imposed on his listeners and made them think he knew things about the language that they didn't.

I found only two or three old prozines in his store on my first visit. But J. Russell expressed confidence that he could obtain more. He did, and almost wrecked my youthful nerves by the manner in which he did it. Once very week or two he would come up with a copy of a 1927 or 1928 issue of *Amazing Stories* in absolutely perfect condition: no smudges, torn edges or other evidence that the old magazine hadn't been just purchased from a newsstand. He sold them to me for only a dime apiece but refused to give any information about his source for such mint-condition rarities or how many more would be forthcoming. I was almost relieved when the supply dried up after I had acquired twelve consecutive issues, because I no longer needed to fret and fume day after day over the question of whether someone would outbid me for one of these treasures and if this would be the last one. I suppose someone had found in an attic the residue of a year's subscription to *Amazing Stories* and was turning them over to J. Russell after reading them one by one, but their perfect condition made any theorem shaky.

J. Russell's store remained active in Hagerstown for six or eight years, with a couple of changes to larger storerooms. I purchased first or early editions of *The Moon Pool* and *The King in Yellow* for a dime apiece, at a time when they were almost legendary to contemporary collectors as the early Arkham House titles are today. Of course, I ignored the ample stocks of other old pulps which he offered because I had no interest in Doc Savage or *The Shadow* or the other titles that are in such demand by collectors today. Moreover, the store had an exceptionally large stock of *Argosy* dating back a quarter-century or more. Willis Conover bought all the *Argosys*

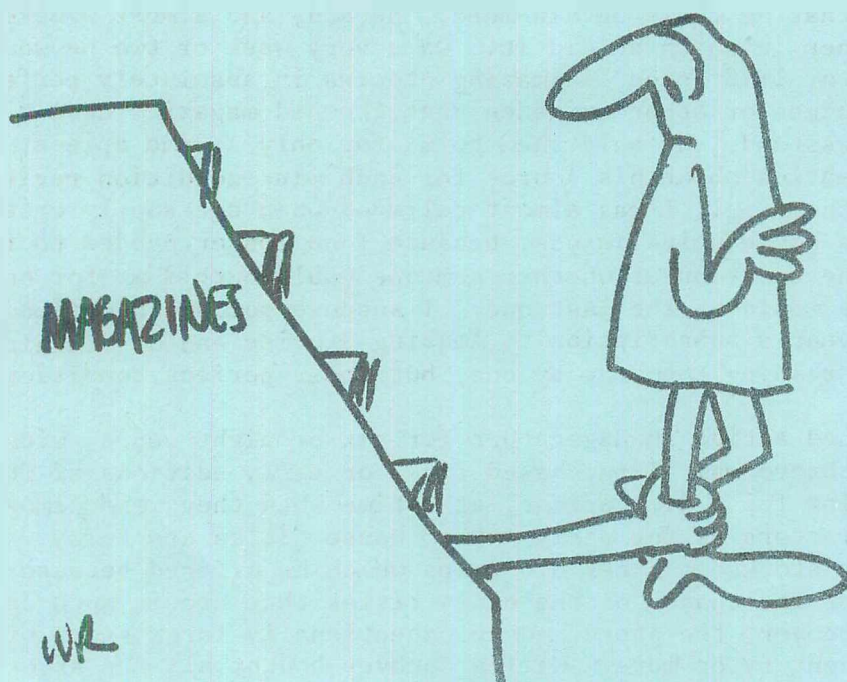
with science fiction or fantasy content during a visit to me.

Eventually, this store began to go to the dogs. J. Russell was drinking more and more. As soon as he sold a dime's or a quater's worth of magazines, he would lock up the store and dash to the nearest watering hole to invest this income. There were also a couple of jail terms for law infractions involving liquor. He took a partner, quarreled with him, and seemed to lose interest in the business. In the fall of 1944, after the store had been closed inexplicably for a week, police investigated, found J. Russell in a coma inside, and he died a day or two later. The partner promptly sold every magazine in the store to a junk dealer as bulk paper and put every book in the store on sale for a dime a copy. I'd already ransacked it for fantasy fiction but I couldn't resist the bargain price and hauled home a cluster of collections of poetry in flashy bindings. It was perhaps the first hint that my tastes in literature were about to broaden from their recent concentration on science fiction and fantasy fiction.

But only the fans who were there can realize how hard it was to find fantasy fiction in book form during that era. The paperback revolution hadn't begun yet. United States publishers might release a half-dozen science fiction books in a year if you didn't count semi-juvenile volumes like Burroughs and his imitators. Science and fantasy fiction books appeared in greater quantities in England but I didn't know that fact until I got into fandom. Then I set up a trading arrangement with British fan J. Michael Rosenblum, sending him American prozines in return for books from England. Only then did I realize how many unsuspected delights appeared between hard covers, and the considerable differences in theme and style that some science fiction books possessed in comparison with science fiction in magazine form. In England, paperbacks became popular earlier than they did in the United States, and they offered my first samplings of famous writers who had been completely unavailable to me up to then, like Stapledon, Wheatley and Beresford.

None of the boys and girls I grew up with in the neighborhood or went to school with had any particular interest in reading science fiction and few of them touched any form of printed matter except in connection with their studies. Newsstand comic magazines didn't become important until I was of high school age, too late for me to find contemporaries to talk over this form of literature. So my interest in science

fiction had next to no effect on my personal contacts. One minor exception occurred when a local theater showed a science fiction serial during its Saturday afternoon matinees featuring western movies. I recall only the fact that this serial centered on an invisible ray with mighty potentials and a scientist or two with dubious mental stability. One chapter reached its cliffhanger ending with the hero in a hopeless situation: he was locked in a small room which he couldn't possibly get out of, a bomb at his side was within ten seconds of blowing him into





eternity, and no rescuer was in the general vicinity. I was the only boy in my neighborhood who thought the serial would continue with more chapters after this impending tragedy. I thought over episodes in science fiction stories which had involved similar dangers and deduced what was about to happen: the hero would break down that locked door and get a safe distance from the explosion after all. Nobody believed me. Then I made the mistake of going around the next weekend crowing "I told you so". This taught me that logic and friendships don't necessarily go together.

I stopped buying most of the prozines regularly during the late 1940s. Since then, I've acquired only scattered issues from newsstands and some more in fair quantities at yard sales. I rarely look at one of those old magazines but I can't imagine myself disposing of any of them unless an all-out financial crises made it necessary. One problem created by hanging onto them is the way I've been deliberately lying from time to time on their account. People around Hagerstown who have knowledge of my long interest in science fiction sometimes ask me if I have any old magazines. I always say I haven't and feel guilty about the outright lie. Burglaries are a major problem in Hagerstown and many of them involve collectibles and antiques. Maybe my lying is mitigated by the possibility that it lessens the temptation for someone who knows the value of early prozines to do some collecting on my attic.

Of course, I sometimes think wistfully about the collection I would possess today if I'd continued to buy all the prozines faithfully as they appeared, or if I'd plunged into systematic back issue buying during the 1960s, before second hand magazine prices soared beyond all reason. I would have one of the few comprehensive prozine collections remaining. I get the impression that most people collect runs of only certain titles like Astounding/Analog or specific types of prozines like those featuring weird and fantasy fiction.

But how can any young person today fall in love with prozines in just the same way as we did back in the 1930s and 1940s? The prozines and science fiction were synonymous then. Today the prozine is just one minor aspect of science fiction, something to be read as a change in pace from paperbacks, hardcovers, movies and television forms of science fiction. For us surviving old time fans, there wasn't much except the prozines when we were young and wanted to enjoy science fiction.

---Harry Warner, Jr.

## T-SHIRTS

HELP SUPPORT THE BRITAIN IN '87  
WORLDCON BID!! Buy T-shirts!

All T-shirts are white with the artwork (the same as that illo over there on the right) in black on the front.

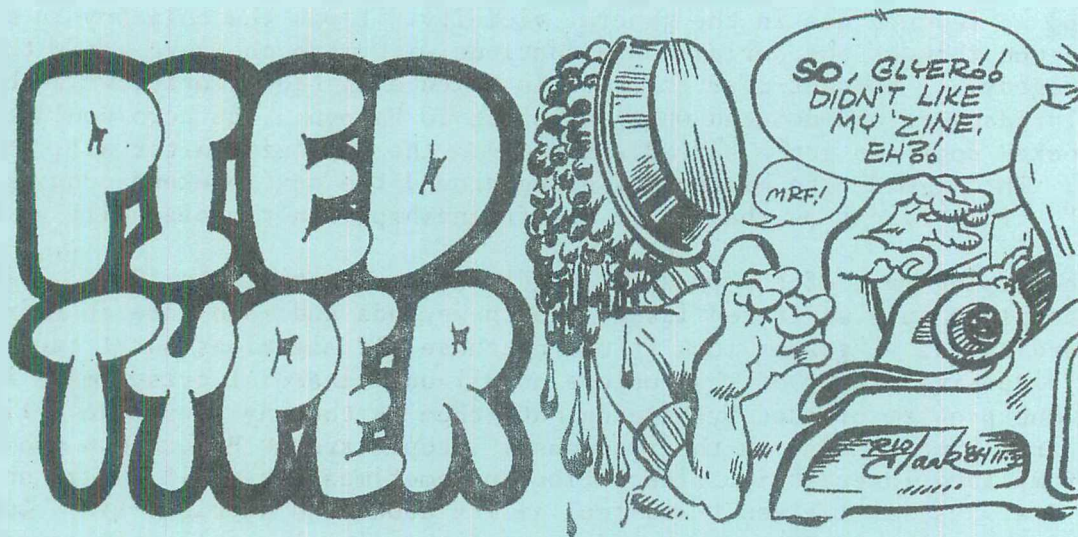
Specify size (small, medium, large, X-large)

\$8.00 in person - if I send it to you add \$2.00 shipping (sent UPS *only*, so no P.O Boxes, please. Make out cheques to: Marty Cantor.

I am also accepting pre-supporting memberships: only \$2.00. Again, make cheques to Marty Cantor.







Let's delve into an area seldom addressed in recent installments of this column: let's review fanzines!

With a full ten months left on my 1985 calendar, there is plenty of opportunity for fandom to yield up a worse fanzine than RATS ON FIRE #39, but it will be an accomplishment not casually achieved. The editors both have years of fanzine experience, have ambitiously experimented with various print mediums, formats and editorial styles, and have discarded every single thing that threatened to improve either the legibility, readability, or entertainment value of RATS ON FIRE. What could possibly dislodge them from the bottom of the heap? Even the most wretched high school kid's crudzine survives with its integrity intact on the excuse that *he doesn't know any better*. The Browns not only know better, they have done better.

Except in 39 issues of RATS ON FIRE. With the zine's consistently execrable reproduction, tabloid newspaper clippings, and failed fannish humor, RATS ON FIRE looks like something Dick Geis used to clean the crud out of his mimeo. Of course the analogy breaks down at this point, because what Dick Geis would have thrown away the Browns have mailed away.

Of ROF's ten pages, a little over five are filled with reprinted newspaper clippings: a new minimum standard for fannish creativity. Another page is taken up by a Wayne Third Foundation membership list -- if nothing else, an unarguable improvement over the newspaper clippings. The balance of the available space is devoted to letters or brief party reports attempting to cast the doings of Detroit fandom in a humorous light. I would have been willing to take any Detroit fan's word that they have interesting parties; it's only when Brian and Denice try to *prove* it that suspicion is raised to the contrary.

The lone, lonely example of quality fanwriting in the issue comes from Keir Santanos, who boasts that the SPOOF (Silly People's Organization of Fans) is proceeding with its 1987 Worldcon bid, and touts specious facilities ("The Book-Cadillac was built back when people only *slept* in hotel rooms..."). The problem with Santanos' letter is the Browns' insulting editing and publishing techniques. They begin with one paragraph of his letter on the front page, then jump back to an unnumbered fourth page where the remaining text is lost in a smear of orange thanks to an overcooked electrostencil. The rest of the zine is even worse for readability: at least the orange page wasn't so underinked that fadeout-bars ran from top to bottom of a page, a chronic problem in the rest of the issue.

Every editor has technical problems on occasion, but only the Browns have

adopted their technical problems as a trademark style. RATS ON FIRE #39 is a routine effort for an editorial pair who persistently prove their contempt for their zine's readership by mailing out illegible editions.

Will RATS ever improve?

Who cares?

The editors obviously don't.

Unlike the alleged fanzine experts who produce RATS, the editorial staff of TIGHTBEAM is devoted to publishing an attractive fanzine. Presumably the lion's share of the credit belongs to Art/Layout Editor David Heath, who shares the masthead with Editor-in-Chief Owen Laurion and Special Editor (Conventions) William T. Center. In a 72-page offset zine, where each page is one-half of a folded legal-length sheet, with judicious placement of art and cleanly-typed double-columned text Heath creates a zine that -- despite being mostly text -- is a delight to the eye.

The quality of art in TIGHTBEAM is second to none: only WESTWIND (the Seattle clubzine) runs a wider range of art, but TIGHTBEAM's layout is more professional in appearance. TIGHTBEAM's high marks for art can be easily explained: most of the art is contributed by Dave Garcia and David Heath, who do work in several styles equally well. Garcia does several illos in this issue that are magazine-quality illustrations of STAR WARS or STAR TREK themes. Garcia and Heath do fillos and larger cartoons, some of which could only be reproduced offset (they involve large black areas). Other artists contribute material in styles reminiscent of Gaughan, Bode, Rotsler and Mike Gilbert; and it is better that they should derive their styles from that list than, say, a list including Bruce Townley and Mel Lazarus. But the other originals I discovered in TIGHTBEAM were Rick McCollum, a Cincinnati fan with a fantastic imagination, here represented by some very old drawings (1977 and 1980); and Catherine Mintz, credited with some fillos and one impressive illustration of C.J. Cherryh's THE FADED SUN.

One must dwell on the art in TIGHTBEAM for several reasons. We're well aware that bland contents can be served up very attractively, and made to seem zippier than they really are. The N3F has really gotten maximum benefit from Heath's design skills, because no matter how you slice it, TIGHTBEAM is still just the N3F letterzine. Until the day arrives when TIGHTBEAM's editors comprehend how important it is to edit letters down to the items of maximum interest, and squeeze out the water (the natter, the "Good job, guys" comments, and the "I liked page 43" drivel), they will never have the impact of ZEEN, MYTHOLOGIES or RHETORICAL DEVICE. TIGHTBEAM will always read like a parochial local apa, with a few features tacked on.

Let's not shortchange those features, though. Several fans submitted Worldcon reports, which were effectively edited and served up different perspectives on a very large convention. I don't know Bob Matthews, Kathy Nerat or Mary Lou Lacefield, but each held my interest to the end of their reports. And I managed to hold my lunch down to the end of William Center's leadoff editorial about conventions, although it was chock full of unintentional understatements ("...back when Science Fiction Conventions were put on by and for fans of the *literature* of Science Fiction and Fantasy. Unfortunately, (in my opinion) this is no longer always the case") and the writer's efforts to score debating points by exploiting his own ignorance ("...the figures I have heard bandied about /L.A.con II/ show that there will be a profit of at least \$100,000 and perhaps as much as one half MILLION DOLLARS or more! This is a far cry from the days when conventions were put on by and for fans and the concom only hoped to break even.") How disappointing that someone who admittedly relies on a runaway rumor mill for data and doesn't even know who put on L.A.con II (all fans last time I looked) will still probably succeed in stirring up his equally uninformed readers.

The one saving grace of N3F as expressed by TIGHTBEAM's letterhacks is the organization's iconoclasm, from which the N3F itself is not spared. T. Kevin Atherton



agonizes over a letter he received from Joe Siclari, which says in part: "The N3F's services, I think, tend to inhibit a fan from exploring the rest of fandom. I hope I'm wrong. If there is a growing body of members that wants to broaden N3F activities, I hope they can. But I doubt it, for as soon as they get involved in other areas of fandom they may shift their focus of interest." While Siclari wonders what use is N3F, Scott Estes in his letter seems to be wondering what use is the rest of fandom. Scott paints a familiar picture, "In college I met my first 'real' fans.... They went to 'cons', circulated barely legible, mimeographed 'zines', spoke a new language liberally sprinkled with an abbreviated and incomprehensible jargon, and they were the most intolerant, clannish, elitist, arrogant, and petty people I had ever met. Compared with these 'fans', the KKK is a paragon of tolerance and warmth." I quickly checked what part of the country Estes lived in, and was relieved to see a Kentucky address: well, old Scott must have run into some imposters. He could hardly be describing those warm, wonderful Midwestern fans! Heh, heh, heh...

Personally, I'm glad the N3F keeps sending me TIGHTBEAM. No matter how critical I sound of its contents, TIGHTBEAM is among the zines I read as an inoculation against my own parochialism and complacency!

Dave Langford needs no inoculation against his parochialism and complacency: would you cure H.L. Mencken? Langford in his newszine, ANSIBLE, presents the pro and fan news of Britain in a humorously acerbic tone, which he can just as easily discard in the rare situations that demand a serious response. Avedon Carol wants to give Langford my fanwriter Hugo, but thanks just the same. With Hugo selection done by members of Aussiecon in 1985, Langford may have all the support he needs, and he's certainly earned every consideration.

ANSIBLE 41 furnishes any number of pithy quotes to choose among for illustrations of Dave's humor. Langford's NOVACON 14 report mentioned, "An art auction saw staggeringly colossal bids, enough to make my bank manager put on the black cap, while Pete Lyons' tatty con-clothes began somehow to look like the affectation of an eccentric millionaire. Chuch Harris, surprise revenant fan of the con, was heard to ask the cost of paint-by-numbers kits." Elsewhere Dave extended his coverage to the media scene, "Spielberg writing script for POLTERGEIST II in special ink supposed to fade instantly if exposed to light from a duplicating machine. A very old-fashioned one, not the new types with 0.001 sec double flash; also he seems blissfully unaware of mini-cameras, etc. Precaution seems excessive -- it's going to be about mobile rotting corpses of a restless disposition, everyone knows that."

The Langford wit never seems to be exhausted, or off-the-mark. All one occasionally hungers for in ANSIBLE is a serious explanation of *anything* happening in British fandom. "Serious" in ANSIBLE's repertoire means nothing more than the deliberately heavy-handed irony that attends the dismissal of people like Bergeron or Martha Beck. As someone wishing to understand British fandom, I would have found it more informative to hear from Langford's viewpoint why *he* thought such dismissals were merited. (I already know why dozens of *Americans* feel that way, and why dozens of others don't.) (And, unfortunately, this issue of HOLIER THAN THOU is going to tell it to me again.)

Thrown off-schedule as the result of a conspiracy between a car with weak brakes and a domineering chiropractor, Paul Willett still produced his latest issue of THE PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON fairly quickly after the last one. Being rear-ended didn't distract Willett from the front end: page 16 contains his lyrics for "The Brass Bra March", intended to be sung to the tune of "Itsy-Bitsy, Teeny-Weenie, Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini." A terrific idea, unfortunately the lyrics need a lot more attention to scansion, and Willett needs to decide whether he's writing a humorous filk (that would have seemed obvious) or a nostalgic recollection of youthful lust (which is rather difficult to take seriously at all, let alone sung to this tune.

Last September Willett produced a special Worldcon issue, an excellent fanzine



that included articles and lots of good filksongs. That special issue was my first exposure to PHILK-FEE-NOM-EE-NON. I was impressed, but I realize I must make a conscious adjustment to give a proper review to an *average* issue of TPFNEN, like #37. There are only so many terrific filksongs written a year, only so many topical articles about filksinging, and it also seems fair to assume that the enthusiastic filksingers who form Paul's readership are more tolerant of songs' shortcomings than the average fan. Therefore do not be deterred from subscribing to the zine just because I found 13 out of 15 songs published in TPFNEN #37 to be uninteresting. Perhaps it only takes one song like "Me, Me" by Vinnie Bartilucci to justify the cost of an issue. Sung to "Beep, Beep", Bartilucci's filk satirizes a long-winded singer trying to outlast a neo who wants his turn to perform.

TPFNEN features high-quality xerox (or kodak, or whatever) reproduction, some modest artwork, and clean layout utilizing word-processed text. If we all worked for Xerox, our fanzines would look like this.

Like Shane riding down from the Wyoming mountains to deliver a community of farmers, Joe Celko flew in from Atlanta last summer, signed on as a hand for the L.A.con II cattle drive, and by the end of 1984 unholstered his clubzine editing skills with the idea in mind that he could make something of LASFS' news publication, D PROFUNDIS.

There are still fans out there who think of LASFS as a fanzine publishing force: there are fans out there who still expect their subscription to the Bjo Trimble and Ken Rudolph SHAGGY to be honored. The truth is that LASFS has boundless energy for APAs, but the club's representation in other forms of fanpublishing is strictly the work of a few individuals. Even DE PROFUNDIS, supposedly a zine about the club containing its calendar and vital announcements, has been struggling for acceptance for years -- since Craig Miller and Bill Warren gave up the editorship (the first time) in 1972. Many editors have tried their hand, some have sustained a schedule, but none ever developed the zine to the level of vitality where club members wanted to contribute, looked forward to issues, and were proud to send it out to other local fan groups as a calling card.

In Atlanta, Joe Celko ran a zine which functioned as a community bulletin board for Atlanta's diverse fan groups, and as a promotional mailing for the Atlanta in '86 Worldcon bid. The same format and style is being grafted onto the Celko issues of DE PROFUNDIS. They are offset on 11 x 16 paper folded over. The zine uses virtually no art, but is dominated by a quirky layout of dot matrix, justified text separated into its component parts by massive (36 pt) titles of generic simplicity: Letters, Books, Calendar, Fanzines. Where Celko's style might be too modest for WESTWIND, or too lavish for INSTANT MESSAGE, it's ideally suited for DE PROFUNDIS because the first thing Celko needs to accomplish is to shake up his lethargic readership and let them know that there's more to club news than condensed meeting minutes and votes expelling a member now and then. He's already attracting letters and reviews: a degree of interaction with the LASFS newzine no one else has recently inspired.

Celko's predecessors should not take umbrage at my enthusiastic endorsement of his work, unless they want to deny the obvious. The most talented fanzine editors who tried their hand at DE PROF weren't competent to keep it on schedule, and the dedicated volunteers who adhered to a schedule were unable to think of interesting material when unsolicited contributions failed to fill up an issue. Two issues into his term as DE PROF editor, Celko has managed to stir up useful news, interesting letters, and topical reviews, and put them out on a regular schedule. Eventually he may succeed in the ambitious undertaking of interpreting LASFS to the rest of the world.

*RATS ON FIRE 39*: Brian and Denice Brown, 20101 W. Chicago #201, Detroit, MI 48228. Available for 25¢, and for other options which were illegible in my copy.

*TIGHTBEAM* #135: Letterzine of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F), available to members. Membership of \$8 annually includes a subscription to *TIGHTBEAM* and *TNFF* (the N3F newzine). Send dues to Lola Andrew, PO Box 713, Webster City, IA 50595.

*ANSIBLE* #41: edited by Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, UK RG1 5AU. \$3.50 for 5 issues to US agents Mary & Bill Burns, 23 Kensington Ct., Hempstead, NY 11550. British newzine, no claims made about its schedule but there'll be another one along soon.

*THE PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON* #37: edited by Paul J. Willett, PO Box 599, Midway City, CA 92655. Monthly, \$18.00 per year by mail.

*DE PROFUNDIS* #155: Edited by Joe Celko for LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601. Availability not listed, but trades are accepted.

---Mike Glycer

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EXTRACT FROM THE STUDENT RECORDS DEPARTMENT OF  
MIXATONIC UNIVERSITY

*School of Mechanical Engineering*

Subject - ME DIC 8: The Maintenance and Use of Gas Ovens

Student - Eichmann, Adolf.

Course - Sociology

Year 1938

Lectures attended 8/8

Assignments	The On Switch	A
	Lighting the Oven	B
	The Off Switch	F
	Final Exam	94%
	FINAL GRADE	87%

Initially we were concerned by Adolf's decision to enroll in this course. The maintenance and use of gas ovens is not usually the sort of subject that one would feel fitted in with a course in sociology. However Adolf has been, in most respects, a model student. He is attentive and always obeys orders. His grasp of the concept of the off switch certainly requires further development, but in all other respects he has completed an excellent term's work. (And let us put to rest all of those unfortunate rumours concerning any possible involvement Adolf had in the unfortunate incident concerning the school mascot and the oven. Two of his fellow students, Heinrich and Martin, made it quite clear that he was nowhere near the ovens at the time.)

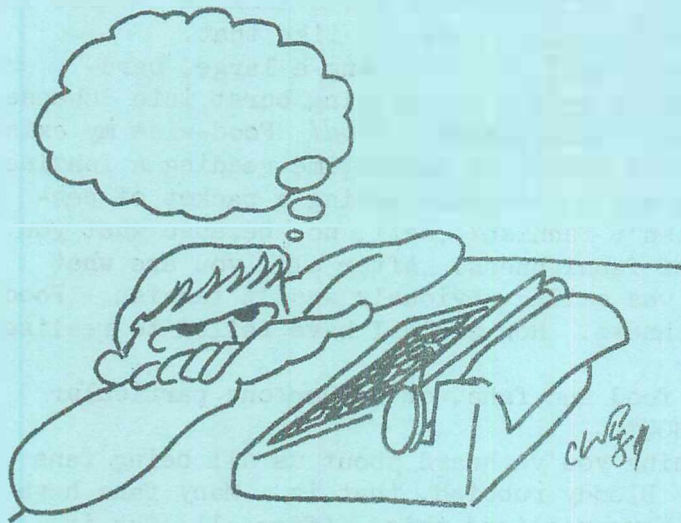
---Marc Ortlieb

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*Back issue availability of HOLIER THAN THOU.* regardless of what the price was listed on the earlier issues, we are selling them all for \$2.00 each.

#4 (slightly incomplete) (5 copies), #9 (8 copies), #12 (1 copy), #15 (5 copies), #18 (3 copies), #19 (17 copies), #20 (7 copies). All proceeds (after postage) to DUFF. First come, first served. If you order a copy which we have previously sold please send instructions for the following: alternate copies, return money, donate money to DUFF (we would prefer the last option). Also please indicate *exactly* what your money is for as we have money coming in for Britain in '87 pre-supporting memberships, new issues of HTT, and other things (including DUFF votes later this year).





# food for thought

BY  
skel

One of the problems with fanac is getting it all together. I know. I have less of it, more widely separated, than any other fanwriter of my acquaintance.....and, believe me, I'm ac-

quainted with quite a few. Take recently, as an example.

Now, normally, I have a few ideas floating around, but I'm too lazy to spend a few days in front of the typewriter hammering them into some sort of shape. Lately, though, this has been wandering around the house muttering, "I want to write a fanarticle, *I want to write one*.....but I've nothing to write about *\*sob\**." Very much a case of, 'I have no scream and I must mouth'. Muse, where are you.....?

And I couldn't figure it out at first. I mean, what was wrong? Where was the missing inspiration? Could it be an unfamiliarity with the common ground? After all, we are s.f. fans, and I haven't read all that much science fiction recently (bugger all, in fact, when we get right down to it). So I rushed down to the Library and emerged clasping a real, genuine s.f. book to my bosom: Barry Longyear's 'Circus World'. Strangely, this didn't seem to help much. Not that the book was particularly *bad*, I hasten to add. In fact, this was the first book I've ever read where the phrase 'The Curate's Egg' occurred to me whilst actually reading it. It *was* good in parts, but there were too many episodes of this 'episodic novel' that were written after he'd run out of steam. It was, though, the first time I'd read anything by him and it was much better than I'd expected it to be; my expectations having been forged by the many references to him which I'd chanced across in the fannish press. You know the ones I mean -- where the writer thinks it the ultimate in wit and critical credibility to refer constantly as 'Barry B. Bongyear'. Actually, such examples of critical acumen merely serve to indicate that there are more assholes in fandom than you would expect if you simply added up the number of legs and divided by two.

However, thinking about the Curate's egg did, in fact, tip me off to the real cause of my problem. Basically, I wasn't leading a fannish life. But how could this be? After all, don't I talk to Roscoe? I mean, how many fans can say that? That they actually talk to Roscoe? And I do, every day of my working life. What's more, Roscoe talks back to me!

The first thing I do, when I get to work, is switch on the VDU screen and type in the word 'Roscoe'. And Roscoe answers. Oh, occasionally, when he's too busy, when too many other people are talking to him, he tells me to piss off (or, as he himself chooses to phrase it, "ER? LOGON REJECTED"), but this is very rare. Usually Roscoe answers me. Of course, we don't usually talk about fannish matters, but I think this is because Roscoe is a bashful God. Whenever I try to steer the subject around to fannish matters, say by typing in "Hey, did you see what Stu Shiffman wrote about you?", he embarrassedly changes the subject by replying "ER! TOO

MANY OPERANDS", whatever that means, or "ER5 THIS FUNCTION NOT AVAILABLE", which I take to mean he doesn't want to talk about himself. Gods are like that.

Well, I was thinking about the Curate's egg, and picturing a large, hard-boiled egg in my mind, when the Jimmy Buffett tape I was playing burst into 'Cheeseburger in Paradise', and suddenly I had it. ~~Indigestion!~~ Food! Food-wise my existence isn't fannish. Every day I sit in the office at lunch-time reading a fanzine, drinking a free cup of oxtail soup out of the machine and eating a packet of peanuts. *Every day!* So, reading fanzines isn't fannish? Well, no, because what you read isn't the most important indicator of fannishness. After all, you are what you eat (or so they tell us), and what I was eating obviously wasn't fannish. Food is the most important indicator of fannishness. How could I have failed to realise this?

After all, didn't I have a piece on food and fans, or rather one particular fan, published in a recent HOLIER THAN THOU?

The thing is, you can forget everything you've heard about us all being fans because of a common appreciation of s.f. Bloody rubbish, that is. Many fans have never had any interest in s.f. I should have realised this. After all, Cas is just such a fan. No, the common interest, which binds fandom together, can be discerned from a reading of most any fanzine. It's food. No, it's a fact. Think about it. More space is taken up in fanzines discussing food than is ever frittered (?) away on science fiction. Take Kevin Rattan's latest fanzine as an example, DON'T GET CAUGHT 4, wherein he has to keep breaking off from his narrative to keep us up to date on the number of bacon butties he's consumed during the typing process. Here's a man who knows what's important in a fanzine. It's odd how some fans can instinctively zero in on what really counts in fandom whilst others of us just flounder (?) around with all the sercon stuff.

Nor is this obsession with food restricted to the pages of fanzines. Convention fans too must have a common genetic background, for what are convention reports other than an interminable list of what one ate, in whose company, and at which restaurants? Why else do thousands of fans travel untold miles every year in order to overcome the supreme logistical problem of getting a specific half-dozen of themselves together, at the specific time and place, in order to go out and eat? Entire convention reports, or so it seems, have been written about the difficulties of assembling a specific group, at an appointed time and in the pre-ordained place, in order to head for the locals' favourite curry place and acquire a feeling of transcendental completion followed by an awareness of certain higher-order intestinal realities.

I, myself, do not attend many conventions, but even I have seen evidence of such an obsession. Did I not once record how Ron Bounds auctioned off his lunch at the Brighton Worldcon? Nor am I always a disinterested observer. After all, were not Cas and I the only people ever to be banished from a convention (the First World Faan Con at Blackpool) for our outrageous behaviour with butter and crispbreads? I don't think it was the butter. 'Last Tango in Paris' *had* established *certain* precedents, but then, Blackpool is a provincial town and it's only to be expected that local hoteliers should display a provincial morality. I guess Blackpool wasn't ready for butter *and* crispbreads.

That this obsession with food and eating is not just confined to UK fandom is proven by a letter from Don Ashby in RATAPLAN 25 wherein he states:

"...conventions are organised so that neofans and casual fans can pay for people from the far reaches of Australia to meet each other and talk...in the small bistros in St. Kilda and Carlton...food and talk figuring high on the list of convention memories... The best two conventions I have ever been to were the relaxacons that Eric Lindsay ran in the Blue Mountains. There, the talking, eating and drinking went on without the tedious interruption of panels talking bullshit, masquerades perpetrating voyeurism and awards raising blood pressures."

So how come I had this blind spot, that I never realised? Well, I blame it



on being married to Cas (but then I blame *everything* on being married to Cas). After all, Cas' obsession with food makes the rest of fandom look anorexic. It's like not noticing a mouse because it's hiding behind an eleph... Whoops, dangerous analogy there. Careful, we don't want this to be the first posthumously published fanarticle, do we? The fact is, Cas' obsession with food and eating is even greater than fandom's in general. Why, I remember her answer to the very first question I ever asked her, as a married woman. We'd just gotten married and, as we walked from the Registrar's office, I asked her how it felt to be 'Mrs. Skelton'. "Hungry," she replied. It remains a fact that her first word to me, as a married woman, was 'hungry'. This set the mood for our marriage and thus it is little wonder that I failed to pick up on fandom's far less prominent obsession.

And that fandom is obsessed with food cannot be denied. All food and any food. On the one extreme we have had Bob Shaw telling us of his liking for greasy green chips whilst, at the other end of the scale, Karen Anderson once wrote in her FAPA-zine about an attempt to recreate a mediaeval banquet menu. Closer to home, of course, doesn't Auntie Adrienne have her occasional cooking column in this very fan-zine? Even allowing for the fact that Cas' obsession screened all this from me, I keep asking myself how I could have been so blind. Mind you, it was re-reading copies of MAINSTREAM which finally tipped me off. Even a dimbo like me couldn't fail to see the light after that. I mean, just about everyone concerned with MAINSTREAM has a food fixation. You want proof? Ok, I'll give you proof. Let's dip at random into some early issues.

Suzle is rabbiting (?) on about preparing a meal for fifty-odd persons, Jon Singer seems obsessed with blue food (no connection with Adrienne's HTT column), Ted White tells us all about a fine, 'fannish' non-fannish meal (and Dick Ellington writes in to the next issue with a bit more detail on the menu), and Ginger Buchanan, in her article 'Jam Today', listed a craving for Szechuan food as the third danger sign of fandom, and, more specifically, warns against a search for the perfect 'beef-in-orange-sauce'.

In fact, the very title of Jon Singer's regular MAINSTREAM column is 'The Technocrat of the *Breakfast* Table'. Nor is this a simple case of fannish misdirection. The subjects he has been concerning himself with have all been edible: Tofu, Tempeh, Bongkrek, Sourdough Bread, as well as various Japanese meals.

Come to think of it, I'm fairly convinced that Joni Stopa must read MAINSTREAM regularly because both 'Japanese Meals' and 'Jam Today' make me think immediately of her. You see, Joni is yet another proof of fandom's food fetish. In a recent FLAPzine she was writing about preparing Japanese delicacies to serve to the staff at Wilmot Mountain Inc., a ski-resort that they run during the 'Doing Silly Things in the Snow' season.

As an aside, I was totally gobsmacked when I received my very first envelope from Joni bearing the 'Wilmot Mountain Inc.' logo. I mean, only Americans would have the effrontery to incorporate a bleeding mountain. Not that we in this country are ever likely to even be tempted. Let's face it, 'The Little Hill Up Out of Stockport on the Buxton Road plc' just doesn't have quite the same ring to it, does it? But, back to Joni and her food fetish....

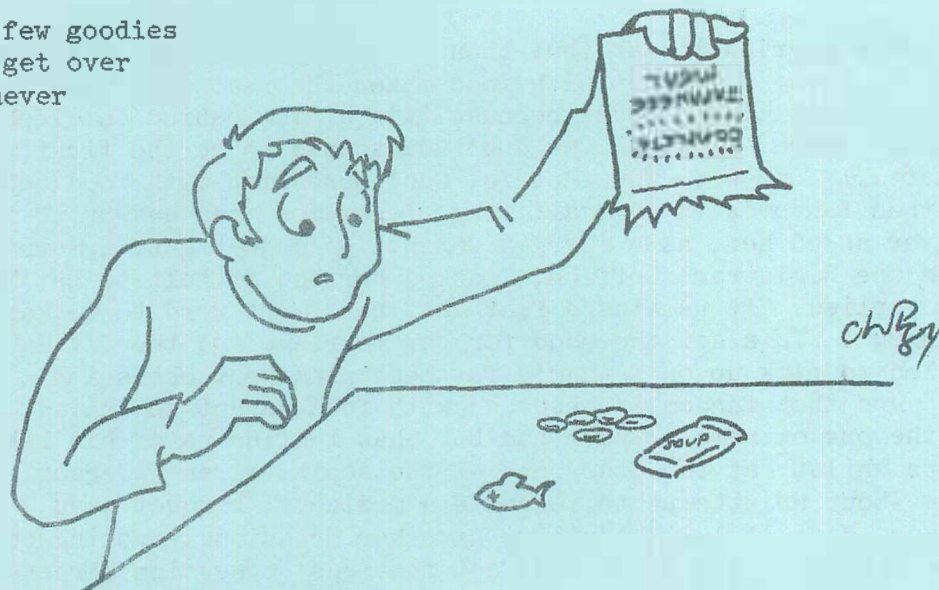
You see, Joni is a wonderful, warm and giving person -- and what does she give? You guessed it, food. The Second World War may be but a fading memory, but there is at least one British family still getting food parcels from the United States. The Skeltons. In the latest such parcel Joni sent us seven jars of her TAFF/DUFF jellies. Well, that's what she sent. What we received was five jars of jellies and a box of blueberry and peach-and-ginger flavoured newspaper. We didn't risk eating the newspaper, but the surviving jellies were absolutely delicious. This was all very well and good, but it immediately presented me with a problem -- how the hell do you LoC a jar of jam? It just doesn't seem right to sit down at the typewriter and begin your letter with "Re:- Your jelly of the fifteenth inst.. ...". Mind you, it's the ealier offering that sticks in my mind the most.

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"I'm sending you a few goodies that you probably don't get over there," wrote Joni. I never realised that Aladdin's Cave had walls of cardboard. Such exotic riches.....taste treats rare upon these shores. Tins of hickory-smoked almonds, both with and without garlic spices. Since then pale imitations of these have become available over here, but they are not the same. How could they be? In this country, 'hickory' is merely a



certain type of 'dickory-dock', and quite what *that* may be, no one is quite certain, although most would opine that it has something to do with mice and clocks. It certainly isn't a type of wood that one would use to smoke almonds.

In fact, "Nuts to you" seemed, at first glance, to be Joni's message with her first parcel because it also contained pistachio nuts, which we'd heard of, of course, but never seen, and a couple of tins of macadamia nuts, with which we were completely unfamiliar. Whow, such delicious nuts.....and we'd never even heard of them. Mind you, I'd only heard of pistachio nuts from reading SFR and, much more recently still, from developing a liking for halva, and, in particular, the pistachio nut variety. "I have also included," she wrote, "a complete Japanese meal."

It was the first time I'd ever realised that the Japanese word for meal is 'divorce', or rather, 'near-divorce'. Perhaps I'd better explain that.

Well, I ripped the box apart looking for this 'complete Japanese meal'. "Bloody hell, Luv!" I said, "The Japanese don't seem to eat very much. Just soup and shrimp crackers -- and there's some sauce and batter here." Of course, what it was was a Japanese meal without the food. Damn cunning these orientals. What we had were the bits and pieces, and the instructions, that would turn your basic everyday ingredients -- fish, prawns, peppers, etc. -- into a Japanese feast. I read the instructions on the packet of batter, and on the tempura sauce, and became obsessed with the idea of having this 'Japanese' meal. Now the fact is that the skelkids are far less adventurous, food-wise, than Cas and I. There is no way they would consider eating anything that hadn't been cooked in the chip-pan, and it just didn't seem worthwhile to make the effort just for ourselves. We decided to wait until we had guests. I could hardly wait. I am a very impatient person, as I have mentioned elsewhere, and my eagerness to sample this novel dietary experience made the waiting hard indeed. Why was nobody visiting us?

It was Christmas 1982 when Mark Bennet came to spend the holiday with us, but for some reason I didn't put two and two together. After all, one simply does not think of Mark as a 'guest'. A 'nuisance', yes, but a guest? It was, I think, New Year's Eve when the penny finally dropped. Well, Mark had agreed to chip in towards the food, but getting that penny off him was some bloody struggle, let me tell you. I remember it clearly. I was sitting on his head at the time and Cas had sunk her teeth into his wrist. She must have hit a nerve or something because Mark's fingers spasmed open and the coin dropped free. We grabbed for it in triumph only to discover that it was in reality a plastic representation of a five yen piece. I looked at Cas and she looked at me. It was but a simple step from imitation Japan-



ese currency to an imitation Japanese meal, conceptually at least. Pausing only to kick Mark in the goolies by way of expressing our displeasure at such perfidy, we hastened to the kitchen cupboard and began reading once more the instructions on the bottles and packets.

Strangely, the food itself did not present much of a problem. We were quickly able to translate the Americanisms in the cooking instructions to their English equivalents -- "First assemble the ingredients" became "Get a bank loan and go out and buy a prawn", etc. No, the difficulty arose in our attempts to bring a degree of cross-cultural fertilisation to this 'Japanese' meal. We simply didn't fancy the idea of frying vast amounts of various substances and then rushing into the dining room and trying to consume them before they cooled and congealed in a most unappetising manner.

We did have a Chinese cookbook, however, which described a meal known as a 'Steamboat dinner', in which you used a container of boiling stock to actually cook your meal, piecemeal, as you sat and conversed at the table. The idea was that you chopped your ingredients up first, popped them into little baskets and immersed them in the boiling stock for a half minute or so, conversing the while. Then you took them out and noshed them, before putting the next batch in and chatting some more. This struck us as an extremely civilised way to eat and we decided to adapt the method for our 'typical' Japanese meal. What we needed was a means of frying the batter-dipped ingredients at the table.

Now, as it happens, the Christmas before we'd bought my brother and his wife a fondue set. "Gosh!" they said. "Just what we've always wanted. This will come in very handy indeed." Lying bastards! Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time... So we rang them up and asked if we could borrow this wondrous thing that would almost certainly be worn out by now from overuse. And, while we were at it, could we also borrow some of the methylated spirits that they used in the burner which heated up the fondue pot. "Certainly you can borrow it," they replied, "but we haven't actually used it yet, so you'll have to get your own meths." It was obvious just how 'handy' our present had in fact turned out to be.

So it was that Saturday morning, New Year's Day, found us heading down to Stockport in search of methylated spirits. Immediately another problem surfaced to confound us. Now you'll already be aware that Britain, unlike the U.S.A., does not have a written constitution. In fact, Britain does not have a written *very-much-at-all*. I suspect that the reason so many countries were able to successfully invade us early in our history was simply that we failed to make a note of the dates of the invasions, on the foolish assumption that somebody would remind us about them a little nearer the date. One can see Harold rushing off to Hastings, still pulling his boots on and saying, "But I thought that was *next* week." The thing is, we haven't changed. Take public holidays as a case in point.

Now New Year's Day is a public holiday, and if it falls on a Saturday or a Sunday then you take the Monday off as 'New Year's Day', even though that is January the second or third. That's official. Except that for some industries Saturday is a working day. Shops, for instance, do most of their trade on a Saturday. So, if New Year's Day is officially a holiday on Monday the third of January, then it isn't an official holiday on Saturday January the first. Only try telling that to the shop assistants you are expecting to work on New Year's Day (as they foolishly insist on thinking of January the first). This is especially difficult as everyone else, who isn't working that day anyway, also thinks of it as New Year's Day and thus doesn't go shopping that day. It is all very confusing. Suffice to say that every few years we get a year with *two* New Year's Days, with a Sunday in between, which is totally ignored as, apart from writing fanarticles, what else is Sunday good for?

So, on Saturday, New Year's Day, Cas and I set off to go shopping. Nobody ever said we were heavy on smarts. Now Saturday is normally 'Market Day' in bustling downtown Stockport. On this particular day there were *two* stalls open, and *no* customers.....except for us. We quickly bought the ingredients we needed and

began mooching around the town looking for a shop that was, (a) open, and (b), sold methylated spirits. I mean, what sort of a shop sells meths? We found a model shop that wasn't sure whether it was open or not. I had images of model brass steam engines, possibly using methylated spirits to heat the boiler, and so we knocked on the locked door (which bore the legend 'open') and the proprietor scuttled warily forward and enquired as to our wants. By means of sign language (mainly) and much shouting we explained our requirements, only to be informed that methylated spirits were 'controlled substances' and could only be purchased from a chemist's shop.

Fortunately chemists' shops have a rota system which means that, even on public holidays, some of them are open in case of pharmaceutical emergencies. Unfortunately it appeared that, on New Year's Day, the nearest rota'd chemist was to be found in a small suburb of Lichtenstein, or somewhere equally obscure and far away. But, were we daunted? Did we give up?

Of course we bloody-well did! Persistence is not one of my virtues. My motto is: 'If at first you don't succeed...it was probably a lousy idea anyway!' So we gave up and trudged on home. Well, we had the ingredients, the food, we'd just have to cook them some other way. Shouldn't be a problem - after all, we do have zillions of cookbooks. Didn't want a bloody 'Japanese' meal anyway. \*GRUMP\*

However, our route home took us past my parents' house and we decided to call in on the off-chance that they'd have some meths. Hah! Off-chance be bugged. My mother has everything - usually two of everything. When she buys a new cooker, because her old one is getting a bit long in the tooth, does she throw the old one out? Nope, she has it installed down in the cellar, just in case anything should ever go wrong with the new one - right down there in the cellar, alongside the old freezer, and all the other appliances. Of course, I couldn't think of any reason she might 'need' to keep a bottle of meths handy, but it seemed a fair bet that she would have thought of a reason. We emerged clutching a half-bottle so old that the price-ticket was in the old pre-decimal coinage. If any s.f.-writer would like to get a better understanding of the problems involved in mankind's communicating with an alien race, that he might write more convincingly about the difficulties of translating truly alien concepts - then I suggest he practise by trying to explain the concept of 'Throwing Something Away' to my mother. I certainly wouldn't want to be the one to explain to her that when she flushes the toilet she isn't merely saving it 'somewhere else'.

We bore the half-bottle of meths home in triumph, for triumph it was. Triumph over adversity. Fate had tried its sneaky best but we were more than equal to it. We had been tried, and not found wanting. We smugly filled the pan with oil, the table immediately burst into flames. Blue flames flickered over its surface and licked at the curtains. We'd overfilled the burner. We hastily pulled the curtains aside, removed the pan of oil, and stood watching our dining-room table gloriously aflame. We weren't smug any more. I think 'shit-scared' would more accurately describe our frame of mind at that point. However, as the pretty flames began to recede across the polished formica surface, leaving the table apparently none the worse for the experience, we began to calm down to the state where we could begin blaming each other: "You stupid cretin!" "It wasn't *my* fault." "You lit it." "You must have spilled it when you put it on the table." "If I did, it was only because you overfilled it." "Only because you wouldn't do it." etc. etc. etc. After going around in these circles for a while we decided to close ranks and in a narrow, 2-1 vote, we decided it was all Mark's fault. We dismissed, with the contempt it deserved, his argument that, as he wasn't even in the room at the time this was palpably unfair. Culpability had been democratically established beyond any reasonable doubt, and if 'guests' expected to eat they'd better bloody well shut up and accept it. Digestion proved to be the better part of valour. Thus we introduced Mark to the Skel & Cas concept of 'Accepting Liar-bility'. This is based on the observable fact that there is nothing more infuriating, when one has made an utter wazzock of oneself, than having to admit it. It is far easier to 'accept' responsi-



bility for something if one isn't at the same time also feeling shame, guilt, and a sense of persecution. Don't knock it - it seems to work. How else could anyone live with Cas for all these years? Right!

Came the meal itself.....

You know how the orientals have a reputation for patience? Well, all I can say is it's not surprising if they eat this way. Generations of breeding a race capable of dining in this manner would result in people who'd make Job look like a case of the fidgets. And have you noticed how orientals tend to be small? Of course they are. They're undernourished. In fact, they're probably starving to death right there at the dinner table. I know. Sitting talking at the dinner table burns up more calories than it is possible to replace with this sort of meal. Here's how it works: First of all you stab something on the fondue fork. It doesn't matter what it is - a prawn, a chunk of haddock, a piece of pepper or aubergine, a ball of crabmeat - and then you dip it in the batter. This is where it falls off your fork. If it's a crabmeat ball you should give up now. Attempts to spear it in the batter dish merely result in breaking it up and leave you with a bowlfull of crab-batter. If it's anything else then repeated attempts to re-spear it will eventually be successful. By now the enquiry "Which is the batter bowl?" has become redundant. The batter bowl is the one that is surrounded, to a radius of about two feet, with enough batter splashes to keep a fish and chip shop going for six months.

Eventually you get your piece of battered sustenance into the bowl of hot oil. This is where it falls off your fork for the second time. Now, whilst it is only passingly difficult spearing a chunk of haddock sitting quietly in a small bowl of batter, it is almost impossible to get one that is bobbing about on the top of a pan of boiling oil. Occasionally it can be done, but usually one is better advised to give up and start again. However, this time, on removing the fork from the batter one grasps the piece of slimy fish firmly in one's left hand and wedges it down on the fork until the prongs emerge out of the backs of one's fingers. Only then can it safely be plunged into the oil, whilst you furtively wipe your fingers clean on the curtains.

Now during all this remember, you are making witty conversation. You must be joking. The witty conversation has long since passed the point of "Bleeding Hell, I'm fucking starving!" and is by now merely a catalogue of swearwords and a list of the items one is attempting to eat, randomly delivered. Of course, one now removes one's cooked morsel from the pan and dunks it in the tempura sauce. Here is where the laws of physics immediately play a part. The sauce, being cooler than the oil, has an effect upon the material dunked into it. It begins to cool it. Of course, it cools the metal of the fork the most rapidly, causing it to contract and the food, which hardly cools at all, immediately falls off again. This is apparently the final straw. After a couple of futile attempts to stab it again one gives up and grabs the red hot little bastard with one's fingers and thrusts it into one's mouth ...before realising how hot it is. There's not a lot you can do about the burnt mouth, as you soon realise whilst gingerly wiping the tempura sauce from your tender fingers onto the much abused curtains.

Of course, you could be unlucky. The fish could *not* fall off your fork into the sauce. In this case there appear to be two options. Either the hot, messy mouthfull will drop straight onto your lap as you try to bring it from the sauce bowl to your mouth, or else it will land on the table and roll messily towards you before landing in your lap with almost awesome inevitability. This is the worst possible case, as in trying to avoid it you will doubtless jump up and in doing so knock over both the sauce and batter bowls which will sweep across the table and plummet over onto your lap, covering both yourself and the carpet in a stickier, messier gunk than you've ever known before.

After about an hour of this, by which time I'd managed to eat one small chunk of haddock and two small prawns, I gave up and went into the kitchen and made myself a couple of cheese and ketchup butties. I think it was well after midnight when Cas

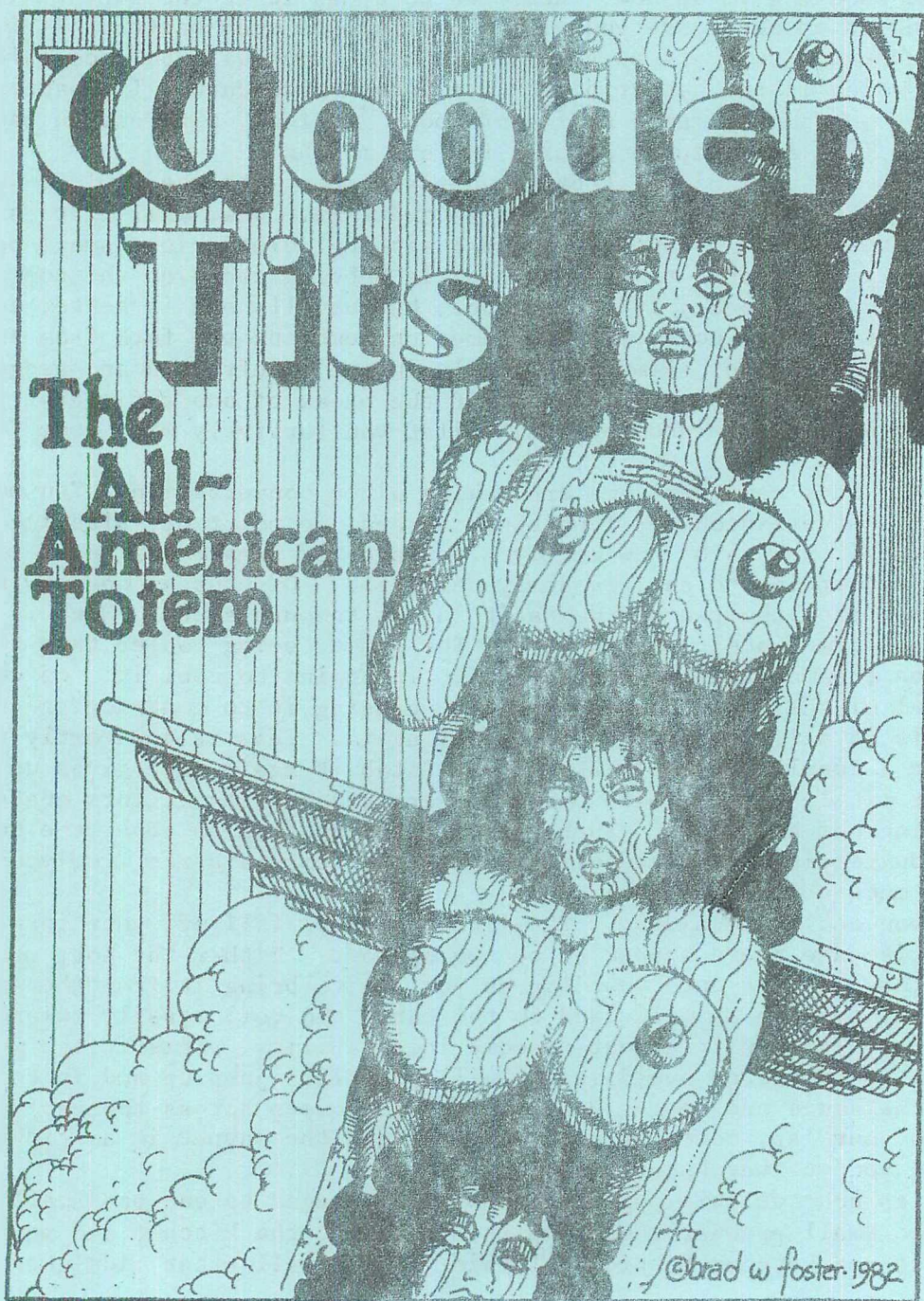


and Mark eventually emerged from the dining room, telling me I'd given up far too soon. Cas would have been far more convincing if she'd delivered this statement *before* going into the kitchen and emerging with her own platefull of sandwiches and several packets of crisps.

'Japanese' meals are not for the impatient. It was however a learning experience. I was able to formulate Skel's umpteenth Law which, I'm sure, will one day stand me in good stead:

'If you find yourself in a Japanese restaurant.....sit by the curtains'.

--Skel



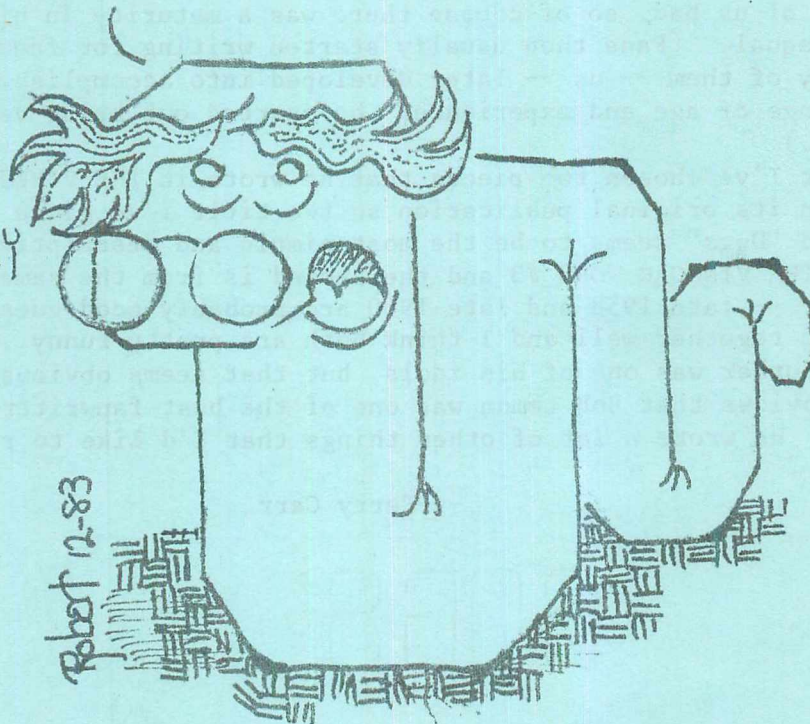


... AND I ASK:  
WHERE ARE THE  
FANDOMS OF  
YESTERYEAR?

ENTROPY

REPRINTS

AM I  
GOING  
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When fans are polled on the question of who were the finest fanwriters of all time, they always seem to name a predictable list: Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, Charles Burbee, Walt Willis, Bob Shaw, and so on. I wouldn't fault any such list, but there's one fan who seldom gets named but certainly should be: that's Bob Leman, who entered fandom about the beginning of 1958 and a year later was voted the Best New Fan of the Year, beating his closest competition by more than 100%. Leman, in fact, was voted to the #8 spot in the list of best fanwriters of 1958, his first year of fanactivity. It was an auspicious debut for a fannish career that lasted till 1971, by which time Leman had sold his first sf story ("Bait," in F&SF for January 1967); he has since gone on to sell many more stories and is probably known to today's fans mainly for his professional writings, e.g., "Window" and "The Pilgrimage of Clifford M."

Perhaps his excellent fantasy stories have overshadowed his earlier writing in fanzines, or maybe he's just been too long absent from fandom; in any case, there have been very few writers in fanhistory who wrote consistently well as did Bob Leman, and I think he should be counted among the very best.

Leman apparently got into fandom by joining the National Fantasy Fan Federation in 1957, which supplied most of his mailing list for the first issue of THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY, retitled THE VINEGAR WORM in its second issue. Leman later wrote that most N3F members had reacted negatively to the satirical pieces in his first issue, which isn't surprising: the N3F has always been a pluperfectly

sercon organization. But when he wandered into general fandom in 1958 he found people who appreciated his skills at writing humor, and he received enough acclaim to keep him busy writing for his own fanzine and those of others for several years. He deserved the plaudits, for he was a stylist who could parody anyone's work and he wrote extremely well in his own right. He wrote fine fanwork for INSIDE and CRY among many other fanzines.

Leman was in his late thirties when he entered fandom, which meant he had more experience than most of us had, so of course there was a maturity in his writing that few fans could equal. (Fans then usually started writing for fanzines in their teens, and while many of them -- us -- later developed into accomplished fanwriters, Leman had the advantage of age and experience: he started out being very good, which was impressive.)

For this reprint I've chosen two pieces that he wrote in THE VINEGAR WORM -- neither was titled in its original publication so the title I've given them is strictly my own; and "Dogs" seems to be the most simple and descriptive title. The first piece is from THE VINEGAR WORM #3 and the second is from the same fanzine a couple of years later -- late 1958 and late 1960 are probably good guesses about their dates. They go together well and I think both are pretty funny...Leman never said in print that Thurber was one of his idols, but that seems obvious to me.

It also seems obvious that Bob Leman was one of the best fanwriters, c. 1960, that we've ever had. He wrote a lot of other things that I'd like to reprint. And maybe I will.

---Terry Carr

# DOGS

by

bob leman

It happens that I am a member of a very select group--a coterie even more exclusive than The After-Shave Club. While this group is not in any sense formally organized, its members have a common bond in their survival of an experience that sent their souls through the fire. From this experience they have emerged purified, purged, and subtly different from other people. (This is called "The Far Look.") All this serves to bind them more closely together than could any formal organization.

The experience to which I allude is that of sleeping with a bulldog. That is not a common undertaking, and thus there are not many people in The Brotherhood--indeed, it may be that Peggy and I are the only members. To tell the truth, I can't imagine anyone else being cloth-headed enough to allow a bulldog to come into his bed--because, God wot, once the dog is in, you'll never get it out.

Two years ago, when we lived in Illinois, Dolly (full name, Dolly Varden, a three-year-old bitch) very happily slept in the basement. She took it for granted that that was where dogs slept. Then I was transferred out here, and then began our trial by fire.

Dolly came out by Railway Express. She was three days on the way, and those three days must have been three days of horror for her. The bulldog is afflicted with a terrible need for affection; there is no creature afoot with such a slobber-



ing well of love inside it. Your bulldog isn't very bright, and he's a pretty timid critter (despite his ferocious aspect) but he's the only really safe dog with strange children, and he loves all humans with an abject adoration. And in Dolly's great love lay our downfall.

When I fetched her home to our new house, she was in a dreadful state; her normally placid temperament had been replaced by a febrile nervousness; she was as jumpy as a cat. Unless the family was all together, she would go loping uneasily from room to room to make sure nobody had disappeared. Three days without her people had shaken her badly.

So Peggy suggested that we put Dolly's bed in our room--just until she returned to normal, of course. And I--God help me--I agreed. The dog bed was duly put in a corner of the bedroom, and Dolly dosed down there each night. But somehow we found her in our bed every morning, and, after a while, she acquired the notion that our bed was also hers. I made fitful efforts to eject her--every time she came sneaking up onto the bed I'd eject her--but in the end I'd always fall asleep, and next morning, there she'd be.

I gave up, eventually; and from that time to this, when bedtime has come, three of us have gone to bed. And I haven't had a good night's sleep since.

The initial problem is leg position. Forty pounds of sleeping bulldog comprise a dead weight not easily dislodged from its place. Now people move in their sleep, shifting about to allow the various muscles to rest and relax--or at any rate, people without bulldogs do so. Not so with me: when I try to move my legs, they encounter our good Dolly, squatting like a toad atop the covers. The frustration thus engendered eventually wakes me, and I give her a mighty kick. But since the covers lie between the foot and the dog, the main result of my spleen-venting is that I uncover myself. Usually Dolly doesn't even wake up.

Of course, as a rule, I'm not very well covered, anyhow; a blanket is so proportioned that it is just adequate to cover two people. When a great lump of a dog is lying between them on top of the blanket, it becomes entirely inadequate. I have by now become quite accustomed to sleeping with the right side of my body in a deep-freeze.

The bulldog's ancestors, as you may know, were, by profession, fighters of bulls; their technique was to seize the bull by the nose, and to hang on until the bull fell exhausted. For the dog to keep his grip for that long a time, it was necessary that he breathe, and to make that possible the dogs were bred for shortness of nose. This selective breeding resulted in the "sourmug" bulldog we know today; it also resulted in a twisting and displacement of the various pipes, tubes and conduits that comprise the dog's breathing apparatus. And the effect of this is that he wheezes and snores.

There is no noise on earth better calculated to prevent slumber than the snoring of a bulldog. It is an ululation of infinite variety and magnificent irregularity, full of surprises and startling *non-sequiturs*. It will drone along for a time with the regularity of a phlegmy metronome--cunningly drawing the unwary into its web--and then, just as the wretched insomniac is about to cross the line into sleep, it abruptly degenerates into a coarse symphony of snorts, hawkings, moans, gasps and gurglings, raising our sleepy subject some three inches off his bed and driving Morpheus to a distance of several leagues. This can go on all night.

There is a further pitfall in sleeping with a bulldog, but it is one which delicacy prompts me not to mention in mixed company. Still, since integrity demands that I place all the facts before you, I will mention, but not elaborate upon, this final refinement of the torture. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the bulldog is by nature flatulent; and while an artful adjustment of feeding times can schedule most of the offensive outbreaks for the daylight hours, there are times when the night is made hideous.

It is said that in every love affair there is one party who is the lover, and another who is the beloved; and that the loved one has the more difficult role.

Something of the sort appears to apply here. It is, I suppose, flattering to have a dog which will go to any length to avoid separation from its master; but how much pleasanter life would be if I could disregard Dolly's suffocating affection and send her to the basement where she belongs.

\* \* \* \* \*

After six glorious months of dogless bliss we have acquired a new pup. When our bulldog died last fall, we found ourselves, for the first time in years, without a dog, and I thought it was wonderful. I missed the old girl, of course, but it was pleasant to be able to go away for a weekend without having to take the dog to a boarding kennel, and it was a relief to be able to cross the lawn without the necessity for watching very carefully where you put your feet, and it was great to sleep without a dog in the bed. I enjoyed it so much that I firmly laid down a ukase to my family: No More Dogs. That was my decree, as immutable as the Law of the Medes and the Persians.

The decree stood for almost five months. But its demise was preordained from the day, six weeks or two months earlier, when my eight-year-old burst in with the electrifying news that Lady Had A Litter of Puppies!

Nine tailors of warning bells sounded in my mind. I didn't stop to enquire who Lady was, or whom she belonged to, or even what kind of dog she was. With the uneasy firmness of a man who is licked before he starts, but who must put up a fight to preserve his honor, I said loudly, "No puppies!"

She gave me the veiled look of a female who is faced with male recalcitrance, but is confident that in the end she will prevail, and she went away.

Next time it was both of them. I was relaxing in my chair after a hard day's toil, engaged in restoring my flagging energies with a vessel of bourbon, when the two entered the room and seated themselves in a decorous manner on the sofa. This was unusual enough to make me look up from my paper: most commonly they dive upon stuffed furniture in a manner calculated to drive the springs through the toughest upholstery fabric in a matter of weeks. It was apparent that I was being cozened.

The elder had been elected spokesman: "Daddy, guess what? Their eyes are open!"

I am a little proud of how nimbly my mind worked on that occasion; if I had said, "Whose eyes?" I would instantly have placed myself at a disadvantage. But in the split second before I said it I comprehended what she was talking about, and I seized the offensive. Fixing them with a basilisk glare, I said, in a manner which I flatter myself would have done credit to Captain Queeg, "No puppies!"

They crept away, giving one of their very best performances as homeless waifs going sadly off to the poorhouse through a snowstorm. A few minutes later I heard, from another room: "Mommy, guess what? Their eyes are open!" The campaign had opened a second front.

The sniping tactics continued for quite some time, but I valiantly held my position. Oh, there was an occasional strategic withdrawal, but no real retreat. Then the heavy artillery was brought to bear.

The timing was perfect. I was taking my ease after an excellent dinner, absorbing a medicinal drop of cognac as a *digestif*, and I was feeling, in a word, mellow. My Frau's practiced eye discerned this, and she remarked, in a conversational way, "I went over to see the puppies today."

Through long experience I have become as cunning as a weasel when confronted with these gambits. "Puppies?" I said. "What puppies?"

"The Tode's Lady has a litter. Eight. They're--"

"Tode's bitch has a litter? Say, that's too bad."

I scored with that one. "Why?" she said. "Why 'too bad'?"

"I've known that old dog for a long time, and I figure Fenwick Tode's going to have a hard time getting rid of any of *her* pups. That's as treacherous a dog as there is in town. Those pups 'll never make safe pets. Who's the sire?"

Notice the way I stayed right in there, keeping her off balance. Lady is a promiscuous old strumpet, and determining the paternity of her get is a matter which



will have to await further developments in medical science.

"Well," said Wife, "I don't think they actually *know* who the father was."

"There you are," I said. "Probably some insanely vicious sheep-killer who wandered into town one night and ravished poor Lady whilst still dripping with the gore of his innocent victims. No Sir, I don't envy Tode the job of finding homes for *those* pups."

She looked thoughtful, and I had difficulty in restraining an urge to grin like a catfish. By George, I might pull it off after all!

She spoke: "You know, they're the *cutest* things."

My sand-castle collapsed about my ears. There was no doubt about it, the battle was lost. I said, with the desperation of a cornered rat, "A Bengal tiger cub is cute, too. The trouble with pups and cubs is that they grow up."

She hadn't heard a word. "Just like little balls of fluff," she said dreamily. Oh, I was a goner.

"We're not getting a puppy, and that's final," I said. She smiled and said, "I think I'd like a black-and-white one."

And so a black-and-white ball of fluff duly came to live with us. But by the time he was old enough to be weaned and taken from his mother he was considerably more than a ball of fluff; he was, in fact, showing signs of becoming a creature of exceptional size. Just what kind of creature, it was impossible to tell at that point, but there was every indication that he wouldn't be small. I was prepared to predict with moderate confidence that he'd grow up to be some sort of dog, but his ultimate size was a total mystery.

It still is. He's still growing. He might stop growing tomorrow, in which case he'll be the size of a small collie, or he may continue to grow for months more, a possibility which I refuse to think about. And he is, indubitably, a dog.

No particular brand, of course. Just dog. I have occasionally occupied myself by attempting to prepare a genealogical table which would account for a dog that looks like this one, but so far I have been unsuccessful. If it were possible to work in a paternal great-grandfather who was a panda, and an anteater on the distaff side four or five generations back, the thing might be done, but since nature decrees that all of his forebears had to be dogs, the precise composition of his ancestry must remain forever unknown. Only this much is certain: they were a highly variegated lot.

Now that in itself is quite all right. A variety of strains can blend to produce a handsome pup. But somehow in this case they didn't quite blend, and Tater appears to have been assembled by a near-sighted worker from odd bits out of some canine salvage yard. Examined individually his various features are presentable, if not of classic beauty; but in combination they present a somewhat unsettling picture.

Take his neck, for example. It is of quite extraordinary length, and is entirely out of proportion to the rest of his body. Normally it is projected horizontally before him, after the fashion of a tired old horse; but occasionally, when something engages his attention, he stands erect and gives his impersonation of the alert sagacious dog, man's best friend, and at such times his great length of neck gives him something of the appearance of a stunted giraffe. Atop this neck is perched a head which has a bulging cranium, a la Sirius, and a long thin nose. From the sides of the head sprout limp ears of generous proportions. These ears are a veritable tropical rainforest of tangled and luxuriant hair, and they have the apparent effect of doubling the size of the head. Viewed from the rear, Tater resembles a critter out of Dr. Seuss--the Tufty-Topped-Tifft, or some such.

So exotic a creature quite naturally arouses a certain amount of curiosity and comment. I have lately been in the habit of exercising him on choke-chain and leash, attempting to teach him the rudiments of dog-manners, and this sometimes takes us out of our own neighborhood, where the neighbors have become habituated to the sight of Dr. Giraffe. There in the outlands I am not infrequently approached by strangers

wearing a somewhat stunned expression who ask, "What kind of a dog is that, anyhow?" For a long time I used to reply to this question in what I hoped was a facetious manner. I would say, "Well, his mother's a mongrel, but we don't know who his father is, so I guess you'd have to call him a mixture ha ha." Or something of the sort. But after a while I got tired of my stale little jokes about Heinz 57 varieties and Curb Setters etcetera, and one day when one of the dumfounded on-lookers put the usual question I said, "He's a Vesuvian Goat-Dog."

My interrogator nodded sagely. Evidently he was some sort of expert on dogs. "Looks like a good one," he said, after staring at Tater in a critical way for a time. "A little long in the legs, maybe. Get 'im in Denver?"

"Phoenix," I said.

"Yeah, sure," he said. "There's a kennel down there that breeds Vesuvians, isn't there?"

"I've got the address. You want a pup?"

"Well, no," he said, "I've already got a boxer. But that's a fine Vesuvian you have there."

"Thanks," I said. I meant it sincerely. The name, "Vesuvian Goat-Dog" had somehow sprung out my subconscious as an irritated reply to a tedious question, but this fellow's ready acceptance of the name suggested that I'd found a useful answer to all such inquiries. And ever since then I've told all inquirers that Tater is a Vesuvian Goat-Dog.

As time has passed, I have bit by bit developed a fairly elaborate mythos of the Vesuvian Goat-Dog. They were first bred in Italy by goatherds who pastured their flocks on the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius, and the dogs were deliberately bred for the astonishing hairiness they now possess. Their hair has a peculiarly fire-resistant quality. This is of course a necessity since they work on the ash- and lava-sprinkled slopes of volcanic Mt. Vesuvius. The curious timbre of their bark (Tater has a voice like no creature known in historical time) is readily comprehensible to goats, and a well-trained Vesuvian can lure a large herd of hysterical goats into a dark cave by the sound of his voice alone. They are still rare in this country, but there is a growing demand for them by municipal fire departments, who prize their ability to pass unharmed through furious conflagrations. A Vesuvian belonging to the Fire Department of Passaic, N.J., for example, has thus far rescued from incineration \$24,500 worth of negotiable securities, four infant children, a valuable painting purported to be by Rembrandt, and an elderly lady who was so grateful that she bequeathed a large sum of money to The American Vesuvian Goat-Dog Breeders Association.

Most of the people to whom I've told these preposterous yarns seem to take me quite seriously. You never know, though. It may be that they've got me tagged as That Nut Who Tells Lies About His Mongrel. That's why I'm recounting all this for FAPA. I know that all of you will accept everything I say as simple fact (I see it as a reciprocal matter--you believe me and I'll believe you) and it gives me a feeling of security to know that there's *somebody* who has faith in my narrations. And if there are any of you who are of such coarse grain as to doubt me, to you I make this simple rejoinder: My old man can lick your old man.

---Bob Leman

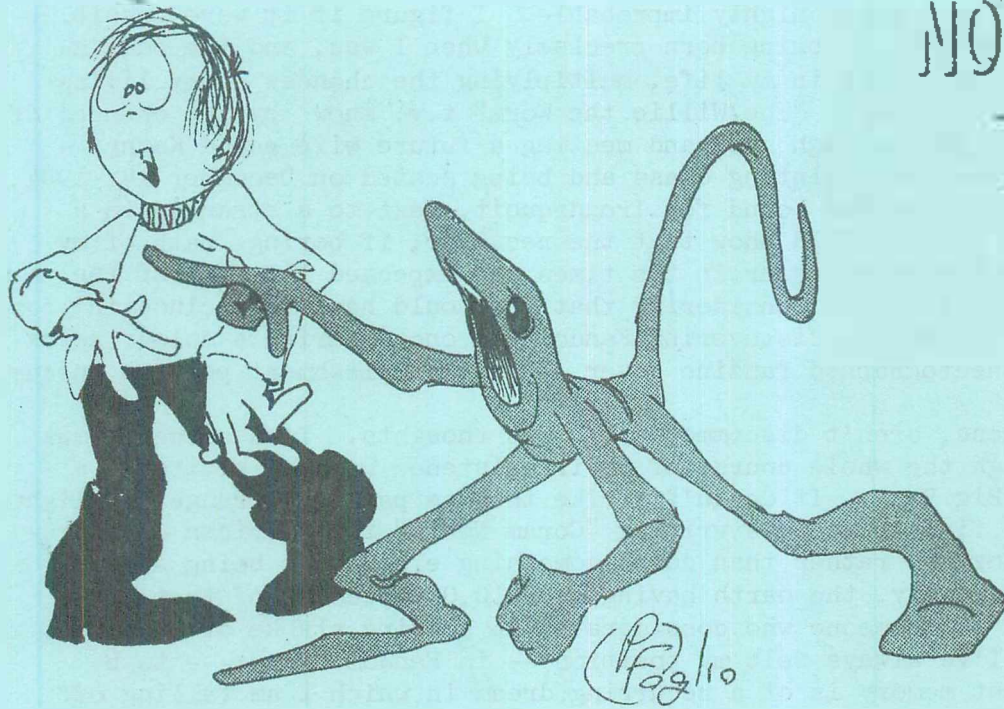
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In all the years I've been writing science fiction I've been wondering about this. Tell me, how do you readers go about not getting ideas? --Thom Digby

((Thom Digby addressed some comments to the problem of getting a geosynchronous satellite to 'hover' over Los Angeles. The comments ended thusly:)) Or else why not just build a large geodesic dome around the Earth at some convenient height and hang "satellites" wherever you want them? --Thom Digby

Mankind's only known natural enemy is the automobile. --Kim L. Neidigh





# NOTES FROM THE OUTSIDE BY ERIC mayer

/\*/ One of  
HTT's insi-  
dious plots  
is to try to  
involve  
within its  
pages as many  
as possible of  
fandom's out-  
standing talents.  
Eric Mayer is  
one of fandom's

*fine writers, and we are glad to welcome him to our "family". For many years Eric has pubbed a hecto'd personalzine, GROGGY. He has also written articles for other fanzines. Below is a first for Eric: a column, which we hope will be a regular feature in HTT./\*/*

At the beginning of the Holidays I was asked to get out of Fandom. It didn't surprise me. Fandom has always reminded me of Alice's Wonderland, a place full of funny and fascinating characters, a bit too skewed from everyday life to be entirely real. And Alice's dream ended with someone demanding her head.

If Fandom has seemed to me a sort of dream it's probably because I've experienced it for the most part through the mail with its abrupt scene shifts as randomly produced fanzines from around the world make their way to Irondequoit; with its time flow jumbled by the mixture of first class, bulk and sea mailings, frequent zines and infrequent, three year old lettercolumns where people who used to be address each other from places they no longer live. In Fandom, as in dreams, it feels perfectly normal to know people you've never met.

The communication in question showed up in my mailbox the day after Thanksgiving, impeccably mimeoed in the best fannish tradition and as incongruous as a steaming meteorite amid the mundane welter of overdue bills conspicuously marked "Confidential", please for donations from my alma mater, the early Christmas card from my spinster aunt and her dog, a dachshund whose paw-print signature looked suspiciously like the paw-print of my aunt's late companion -- a short-haired terrier.

The fan who wanted me to go, speaking as a spokesman for fandom but sounding suspiciously like a friend of his I'd fannishly quarreled with earlier in the year, argued that I didn't belong in Fandom. I didn't fit. The argument gave me pause. I have wondered what I'm doing in Fandom often. Almost as often as I've wondered what I'm doing working as a legal editor, or being 34 years old already and having two kids, astonishingly aged 2 and 4, or what I'm doing living in the twentieth century, or on this particular planet, or simply why I happen to be presently on what is commonly thought to be the right side of the grave.

Life has always struck me as highly improbable. I figure if it were possible to calculate the odds against my being born precisely when I was, and the odds against all the succeeding events in my life, multiplying the chances of my living at age 3 within broadcast area of "The Willie the Worm" t.v. show, by the chances of my breaking my leg in a Junior High gym, and meeting a future wife named Kathy -- with a 'K' -- at a watercolour painting class and being seated on December 14, 1984, on a Rochester Transit System bus bound for Irondequoit, next to a stranger in a paisley tie, the final result would show that the peculiar, if boring, path of my existence would not be likely to occur in ten times the expected lifespan of the universe. Or maybe twenty times, considering that you would have to include in your calculations the odds against my discovering Fandom and once wearing a colour xerox t-shirt copied from a hectographed fanzine cover -- an accomplishment perhaps unique among sentient beings.

Most people, I guess, aren't discommoded by such thoughts. I've actually met people who act as though the whole course of their existence became inevitable a millisecond after the Big Bang. It doesn't strike them as passing strange or slightly ludicrous that they find themselves writing "Coram Nobis" for American Jurisprudence or publishing fanzines rather than doing something else -- or being someone else, a trilobite most likely, the earth having seen 10,000 species of them.

Not surprisingly, for someone who considers it an amazing stroke of luck that he isn't a trilobite, I've always felt my position -- in Fandom or out -- to be precarious. My earliest memory is of a recurring dream in which I am falling off the second storey back porch of my parents' apartment. Photographs show the porch to be a normal one. Skinny as I was, I still would have had to do contortions to slip through the terror-inspiring gaps in the railings and between the steps. But it is the nightmare porch inspired by the vanishingly small chance of calamity that I recall; a rickety, trembling wooden tower from whose summit I glimpsed the earth's curvature before slipping and falling, endlessly, through gently tumbling clouds of building blocks, crayons and Little Golden Books. Even today, in my rare dreams, I will burst through a doorway of some dim, apparently subterranean corridor, only to find myself on a vertiginous balcony overlooking a landscape of incredible skyscrapers and horrible, plunging perspectives.

This uneasiness of mine might be traceable to the unlikely circumstances of my birth. At the time, my parents were living in Philadelphia with my Great Aunt Birda who worked as a nurse for the family of Connie Mack, owner and manager of the Philadelphia Athletics baseball team. I was a preemie -- a grave business in 1950 -- but because of my aunt's connection, so I've been told, I spent the first incubated weeks of my existence at the modern, private hospital utilized by the wealthy Macks. It is an article of faith in my family that I would not have survived otherwise. Of course, the odds against someone whose father was studying to be a school teacher and whose grandfather worked as a gardener, being attended at birth by Connie Mack's personal physician must be astronomical. I lived, at any rate, and the A's finished last.

My fannish birth was a close call also. Kathy and I used to frequent a used book store a few blocks from Public Square in Wilkes-Barre. We hauled away shopping bags full of coverless paperbacks at 6 for a quarter, to the amusement of the cigar-chomping proprietor whose raised eyebrows as he rang up our purchases clearly signalled his belief that we would never read them all. He was right. I did, however, happen to read some "Amazings" which mentioned an undreamt of place called Fandom. My life would have been different had I read "Runts of 61 Cygni" instead. It also would have been different had we failed to discover the bookstore when we did because a year later the Susquehanna River flooded, destroying the store with a all its cheap paperbacks, and incidentally the rest of downtown Wilkes-Barre. After that there was not within a hundred mile radius of the city any place where I could have found the address for Terry Hughes and MOTA nor any other clue of Fandom's existence.

My chance discovery of Fandom opened up a whole new universe of uncertainties.



Whereas before I had been plagued only by mundane doubts -- would I ever graduate from High School, get into college, get a job, learn long division -- I was suddenly open to fannish doubts as well. Would Bill Bowers print my LoC? Wouldn't I really look silly in a propeller beanie? Luckily, although I never ceased to be amazed that I had stumbled into Fandom and was never sure of my position in it, it never occurred to me that I might not be entitled to participate. In real life I spent nightmarish hours being grilled by possible employers who had little difficulty in wringing from me the confession that I was not the aggressive, money-oriented individual their classified advertisement had demanded. Worse, I had no "experience". I used to leave these job interviews with a sinking feeling in my stomach, thoroughly convinced that I had managed to fall off the metaphysical porch of life and would be dead before I hit bottom. Fandom was different. No one checked your resume. No experience was necessary. It was sufficient that you had stumbled onto Fandom and decided to call yourself a fan. Or so I thought, until last year.

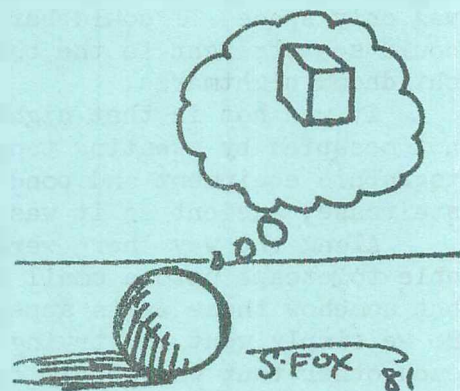
Last year people began asking for credentials. There was a lot of discussion about who was or was not a fan, about who was or was not entitled to comment on this or that. I heard it proposed that you cannot be a fan if you never attend conventions, or if you only attend conventions, or if you're liable to wear the wrong kind of scarf at conventions.

Somewhere in the back room of my basement, on the other side of the wall from the desk I'm typing at, in the dark where the gas meter clicks fiendishly, that part of the house identified on maps with the legend "here there be monsters.....and old s.f. books, rock newspapers, discarded baby toys, mini skirts and broken refrigerators", there is a crushed, pink, propeller beanie. Were I to place this on your head and send you off to the main concourse of the New York City Port Authority -- and, I admit, I would not mind doing that to some of you -- how long do you suppose you would have to wait before anyone in the crowds of tourists, run-aways and New Jersey commuters got the joke and said, "Hi, I'm a fan too."? I imagine it would be a long wait even though New York City has a large fan population, if not a large amount of fan publishing, compared to, say, New Delhi.

There simply aren't that many of us. A few hundred, maybe. A thousand. Certainly, we all would have had a better chance of being born millionaires than ever knowing the joys of fanac. We would have stood a better chance of being murdered by age twenty-five than of becoming fans. Our being here is a fluke, a particularly improbable happening in lives full of improbable happenings, less predictable than the jobs we ended up with, our life styles, the places we live. Fans love to recount the accident that led to their being hooked on the hobby but I've never heard a fan explain how he had actively sought out Fandom.

Yet it's easy to get comfortable in Fandom, even for those who tend to be uneasy most of the time, which is most of us, I suppose. We forget how chancey it is that we're here at all. We begin to worry about the tenor of someone's critical approach, forgetting how remarkable it is that the person should be criticising fanzines in the first place. We take mutual umbrage at mutually nasty remarks without remembering that the remarks could never have been made except in the free and easy medium of the Fandom we share, that the antagonists would never have met to antagonize one another if they didn't share the overriding and uncommon attribute of their being fans. Then we start calling for heads and the only heads lost are our own.

I think it's best to stay uncomfortable, to retain the sense of precariousness we all have upon discovering Fandom when we wonder, as neos, whether we truly be-



long, whether Fandom itself isn't just a paper dream. We try harder that way. And it is quite possible, in Fandom as out, to get along without being sure of yourself all the time.

I remember the summer Kathy and I were living in Brooklyn and took Kathy's younger sister to visit the Statue of Liberty. At the base of the statue we came upon what appeared to be a normal stairway. To be sure, a sign on the wall warned of a difficult climb, in large red letters, and stated that the temperature at the crown on that July day was 110 degrees. But the stairway was so mundane looking, like the concrete stairway in any office building, that we paid no attention and started up without a second thought.

At some point the stairway changed. I don't recall the transition any more than I recall how I stopped being puzzled by the weird twiltone publications landing in my mailbox and started calling myself a fan. But suddenly Kathy, Jackie and I were no longer on the safe, wide staircase, but on a narrow, metal, spiral staircase. My heels stuck out over the edges of the tiny wedges of stairs. The slick railing was barely waist high. The staircase wound up and up around the central column of the statue and between it and the corroded, green shell of Lady Liberty was only space. I could hardly avoid looking over the railing and, when I did, I could see straight to the bottom. Incredibly enough, I was on the back porch of my childhood nightmares.

It was hot in that nightmare, too, and crowded. There was not a step that was not occupied by sweating tourists, many of them fat, weighted down by tons of photographic equipment and ponderous handbags. It seemed impossible that the rickety staircase, ancient as it was, would support all that weight. I wanted to get out.

Along the way there were places marked "Exit", where it seemed you might be able to escape unto a small platform which perhaps led to the descending spiral, but somehow these exits appeared even more foreboding than the staircase itself. So we simply went on, trying to maintain our sense of humour, trying to convince each other that we weren't facing imminent death, no matter how bad things seemed, but only enacting a tourist ritual. Eventually we reached the crown and had a momentary peek through the grimy little windows there. I don't remember the view, but getting there was worth it.

The staircase was, of course, not my nightmare staircase. Our danger was imagined. There was no need to get out, or even consider it. Likewise, though we may project our dreams and nightmares unto Fandom -- and how easy it is given paper Fandom's dreamlike qualities -- the reality is always considerably less dire than it seems. Sometimes in Fandom, as in life, it is easiest to just go on.

- Eric Mayer



## THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM

Sixth Edition

Edited by Marty Cantor & Mike Glycer

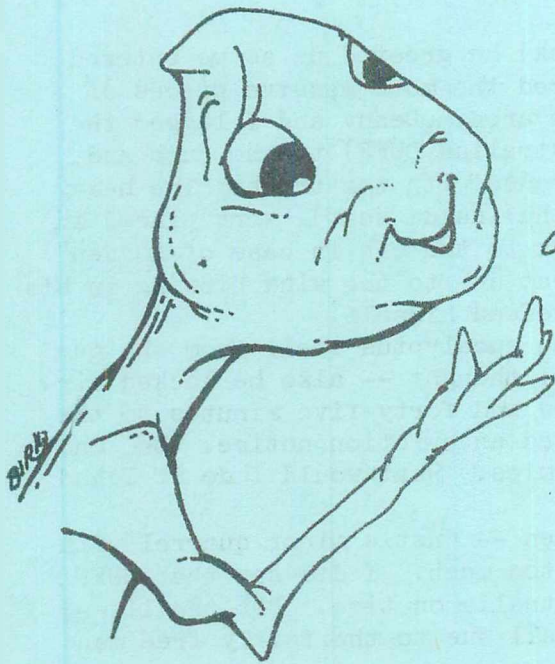
Available from Marty Cantor  
for only US\$1.60

all profits split between TAFF & DUFF

fully illustrated by Brad W. Foster  
(the illo on the left is typical)

This project of L.A.CON II has now paid back all of its costs; therefore all monies above postage and envelope costs will be turned over to the fan funds.





and then...

# THE PERIL OF THE PLATYPUS PEOPLE CHAPTER TWO UNKNOWN TO LASFS BY joyce scrivner

*/\*/ Joyce Scrivner was the 1981 DUFF winner. Below is the second chapter of her trip report -- the first chapter having appeared in early 1983 in QUINAPOLIS, a Minneapolis fanzine published by M.K. Digre./\*/*

NOTE: This episode of my DUFF report is being produced after L.A.Con II and is gestated partially by the guilty feelings generated in me by 1) Bruce Pelz, 2) Jack Herman, 3) Jerry Kaufman, 4) Marty Cantor (who has refused me any more HTT until I cough up) and 5) the unnamed others who know who they are all too well and who don't need the egoboo here. Publication is especially helped by the loan of a typewriter from a local fan, who would rather not be named (nick-named BF), when my own personal captive electric machine gave up all capabilities of automatic return and use of its 'w' shortly after L.A.Con II. - Joyce Scrivner

I had a couple more bourbons on the plane.

I'm not sure how flying appeals to any of you out there, but, even though I used to be able to think of the excitement of taking off as an adventure, I am now shaking in my shoes and clutching at the seat when the plane takes off. This tendency is not helped by my recall (usually while waiting in the take-off queue at the runway) of the photos of the 727 going down in flames over L.A. and the 737 that crashed in Chicago on its way to the ABA conference when the luggage door came off and the 727 that landed on the Seventh Street bridge in Washington D.C. while heading up the Potomac.

Take-offs make me shivery and queezy. Landings, when I can see the ground, don't bother me that much at all. After all, safety is just down there and I can see how soon it will arrive. Besides, I usually worry about things that are due to happen after arrival, like whether Charles Curley *will* meet us at the terminal, and even that fades into the haze that I've created for my id with alcohol.

While Denny and I sorted through coats, sweaters and small packages which we'd brought on board at Minneapolis, the pilot announced that it was 90°F outside. I turned the pile of clothes into a short pile on the luggage carrier and peeled one more layer of sweater off as well. If I was going to bake, I'd steam in the natural humidity; I didn't need to steam in my own sweat.

Charles Curley *did* meet us at the plane. In his ungainly free masonly way (he

is a long time libertarian and general computer freak) he greeted us as we entered the smoggy hot bath of the L.A. airport. We recovered the more massive pieces of luggage in the general bowels of Northwest's service area. Denny and I lugged the suitcases full of books (autographed to sell for Australian DUFF) to the curb and, after waiting for a bit, Charles arrived at the entrance with the truck. The heavy pieces, along with Denny (I, as DUFF winner, rated the inside seat), were placed in the truck bed. Denny was warned to sit with his back to the cab in case of sudden stops, though I think he had the more comfortable seat due to the wind blowing in his hair anyway. He was given a pair of sunglasses to defend himself.

While Charles drove with the windows open to the eucalyptus smell from the gum trees lining the roads (an early taste of Australia I thought -- also he lacked air-conditioning), he talked to me during the forty miles and forty-five minutes to the LASFS clubhouse. His news was that he'd just received an eviction notice. Uh, oh. My little heart went pitty pat, dear friends and enemies. What would I do if I had my ticket to Australia evicted?

Charles seemed to think that nothing would happen -- just a minor quarrel with his landlord, nothing important. So I didn't worry too much. I did say that DUFF would be happy to sue him if I didn't get off to Australia on time. But the likelihood of that, as all of us know, is vanishingly small due to the fairly free manner of the fan funds and fandom in general.

My news came from a letter from Buck Coulson (long time fan and editor of YANDRO) that arrived just as I was leaving for the airport in Minneapolis. Buck is one of the best correspondents I know. He is always prompt in replying to letters and his general iconoclastic views generate discussions. This time his news was mostly bad: Ed Cagle and Lou Tabakow had died and C.D. Doyle and Dave Rowe were married.

Ed Cagle was an older fan who I'd never met. He and Dave Locke (a long time L.A. fan) had published SHAMBLES, a humorous fanzine well-remembered in L.A. He had died suddenly, surprising everyone. Lou Tabakow was a member of First Fandom who had been slowly dying from Lou Gehrig's disease for several years. He was the runner/"owner" of Midwescon and its more private relaxacon, Octocon. He was kind to neos, sweet-talking to hotels, friendly to the obnoxious and had more favours owed him than any other ten people I know. For all the expectation of his death, it was sad in its actuality.

C.D. Doyle and Dave Rowe, however, were a representation of the viability of international fandom. C.D. was an *enfant terrible* from the U.S. (she'd been writing letters and articles in fanzines since she was 12); Dave was a genial fan editor from London. They'd known each other in fanzines for years, but didn't meet until he came over to the U.S. I think it's a pity that they have disappeared from fannish ken recently while C.D. has been going to school. I hope that she brings some of her enthusiasm back.

I, as a visitor, carrying these stories around the world with me, represent some of the more noticeable traits of fandom, its binding over time and distance. For all of us there are also times we hate that aspect of it, too. After all, I don't always want Jophan in Israel to know (or care) that I have loved Japhan in Detroit *\*sigh\**.

We arrived at the LASFS clubhouse windblown, and hot. Denny dug out a new t-shirt (decorated with a Jim Odbert drawing of a wombat wearing a Denny Lien t-shirt). He ducked behind the truck and revealed his chest hair while Charles and I moved the luggage into the cab. I was leery about meeting LASFS fandom. I had met very few of them outside of fanzines because most of my previous involvement had been on the East Coast or in the Midwest. I was hoping that I'd spot someone I knew heading into the clubhouse so I could enter with familiar people. But it didn't work. I didn't see anyone enter. I'd have to be my own defence. (Not necessarily hard for someone as large as I am. After all, don't you think it would be hard to be aggressive with 200-odd pounds of female standing on your toes? This isn't something I've ever purposely done, but I've thought about it at times.)

The LASFS clubhouse is famed in fannish lore as being created by a group of financial hardhearts (led by Bruce Pelz) who loaned the money and created an economic



dynasty. I had expected that the clubhouse would have a glowing neon sign outside and a special refrigerator full of Coke (Moshe Feder's drink) and Pepsi (Ben Yalow's preference). It wasn't true. I was a shade disappointed.

I wandered in with Denny and Charles and looked into a couple of the rooms. I didn't recognise anyone. I followed Charles through the corridor. Nobody recognised me either. What good is it being a DUFF winner at the first stop if no one comes up, shakes your hand and says "good going". I was disappointed again. Until... I turned a corner and there was Dan Deckert leaning over a rack of books facing me. He raised his blond head and said, "Hi, aren't you Joyce Scrivner?"

Then Marty Cantor, dressed in black with a black Prince Valiant page boy hair cut, came out of a room and offered me a jelly bean. "Come to my jelly bean party at Denvention? I haven't thrown a party at a Worldcon yet and this seemed to be a good time to do it. I could use another familiar face. Nice to meet you, Joyce." And I knew I was with friendly, friendly people. (Hi, Marty, you editor, you!)

After a slow beginning they treated me well. I crept away into the midst of people who were glad to talk with me, some who I'd even met before. Don Fitch even has the same handicap as I do -- we both cup our hands behind our ears and say "What? What?" and try to catch the syllables that we've misheard. I appreciate feeling at home with people like that. His cowboy hat and boots reminded me of Denver where I grew up, too.

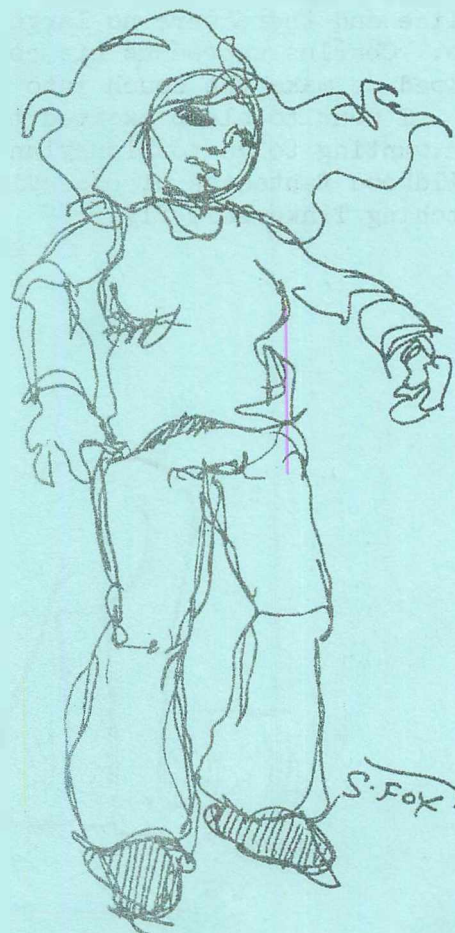
I was talking in a corner with Marty Massoglia about some of his cartoon creations (fancy talking, slinky weasels and foxes) that I hadn't seen before when a voice from behind propounded statements at my back. I was reminded of certain teachers I have known.

"Young lady, either you or that appurtenance attached to you need to be removed so that people may get out."

I turned around to figure out what the difficulty was at my back (I thought I'd misheard again). I saw a large man dressed in military mufti. He appeared to expect me to move. The "appurtenance attached" was merely my purse filled with books, passport, female junk. It bulged out away from me when I slung it over my head and across my back. I bulge a bit too. My turning cleared the way and the gentleman made his way past me and through a door to the outside. When I turned back to Marty he informed me that I had just been greeted by Jerry Pournelle, so I knew it wasn't my hearing that was a problem.

As I finished talking with Marty, Bill Rotsler, a previous DUFF winner and all around good guy (I don't know anyone who has had more art in more fanzines than he has -- he admits to producing creative typing to make a living, but I've heard tales of his photography for men's magazines) wandered by. He stopped briefly to invite Denny and I to spend Sunday with his roommate and he at Venice Beach. I accepted with pleasure and followed him outside.

It had gotten dark, but I walked with Rotsler across the cement to a second building where there was a meeting in progress. Shades of NESFA! I stopped just inside the door and let my eyes adjust. Mike Glyer came at me in bulky form. He was carrying the latest issue of FAPA.



"Joyce, if I'd known you were arriving today I wouldn't have mailed your copy this morning."

Always something comes up, always something forgotten. Still, I didn't need to carry a large apa around the world with me as well as all the books.

Rotsler took the floor and began declaiming about how his book company had ruined the covers of the books that he had just written. He held up a book and showed how the artist had portrayed the hero breathing the vacuum of space and detailed other absurdities.

I turned about as a tall dark lady touched my shoulder.

"Hi, I'm Andrea Antonoff."

This was someone who I'd met through A Woman's Apa. She introduced me to her fiance, Greg Chalfin, and we went outside to sit in more comfort than that afforded by the hot, overcrowded building. We talked of my travels and her soon-to-be trip to the Northeast -- Maine, etc. It was pleasant to realise, again, that there are people who are interested in what I have to say in a place I hadn't been in ten years. I sat and talked with people coming and going until Denny and Charles came by with Tom Digby (tall, frizzy-haired, exotic male and purveyor of the marvels of Plergb, concerning which you will have to ask him -- I may have chaired a con called Plergbcon, but I know when I don't understand something).

Tom, Denny, Charles and I and, it seemed, half the LASFS piled into various cars and went off to fill up a cafe half-way across town (only about forty miles or so, I guess). I had the same thing Tom was eating: huge piles of mashed potatoes with red-eye gravy, beef and milk and all sorts of stuff. I was introduced to hundreds of people as they appeared. I was charmed by the company, tired from the trip and my mind didn't comprehend anyone's name for very long. I didn't write the names in my miniature diary either. Sorry, folks.

At some time in the early morning we did arrive safely at Charles' place after a long, sleepy(for me) ride in the truck. The apartment wasn't locked up by the police and there were no large notices on the door. The furniture was still inside, too. Charles showed us his computer security system, gave us a towel or two and helped us make the couch into a bed.

I went to sleep excited to be on my way to Australia and snickering at myself for wanting to go to Disneyland on the morrow. But I wanted to be silly and recall childhood fantasies of Disneyland: the Mickey Mouse Club, the Jungle Ride, and watching Tinkerbell fly.

- Joyce Scrivner

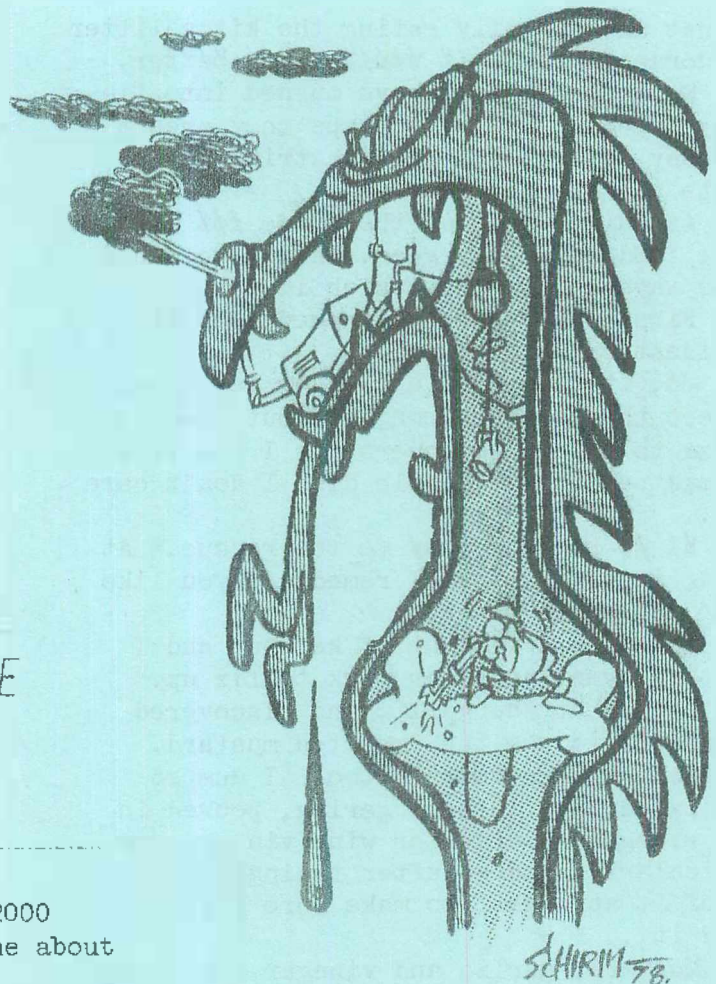




# cooking with aunt adrienne

BY  
adrienne fein

## THE DIET OF THE FUTURE IS IT FANNISH? WILL CATS EAT IT?



I was on a diet for a while.

My mother quit her Nutri-System 2000 (Foods of the Future) diet, and gave me about three weeks' worth of alleged food.

The Nutri-System food is rather amusing; lots of it is powdered and dissolves in milk, or is quick-frozen in packets, or is freeze-dried. Much of it can be cooked in the microwave (just remove the poodles and Gremlins first), or even made up with hot water from the office teapot. The stuff also has names like Space Cakes (imitation pancakes), Jupiter Gel, Nebula Nectar, etc. Cute enough to gag a maggot. (Actually, self-induced vomiting is a really bad idea for dieting -- the digestive juices from the stomach dissolve the teeth, and a few little things like that -- but I suppose it would be okay once in a while, or if one had swallowed poison...)

I used to think that if a feline was interested in something, that proved it was real food, because cats don't eat plastic. I've seen cats eat olives, potato chips, pizza crusts, peas, asparagus, honeydew and cantaloup melons, strawberry yogurt pie, ice cream, cereal with milk, butter and sugar -- not to mention crabmeat, gingerbread, manicotti, the sauce off Italian vegetables, spaghetti (it is really weird to see a cat slurping up pasta) and sauerkraut.

Then I say my mother's cat Eloise licking up spilled orange flavour Liquid Protein. Now my cats have started going after the space foods, so I really wonder. (Then again, Boris insisted on tasting gingerbread once and didn't really seem to like it once he'd gotten it.)

As to why I was dieting: one *could* eat a diet dinner and go out for a hot fudge sundae, or add sugar to a diet cereal, but it seems wasteful, or maybe waist-full, which is where I don't need the extra weight, not to use the diet food for its intended purpose.

In addition to the diet foods, Mom gave me some cat food and some kitty litter deodorant. She warned me not to eat the cat food; she warned me most earnestly

against accidentally eating the kitty litter deodorant ~~even if it would taste better~~.

My mother's cats have turned into finicky eaters. Still, perhaps they aren't so fussy after all: Melissa tried to take a bite out of one of my apas.

Actually, some of the space ~~food~~ ~~is~~ food is pretty good. And I've found a few ways to fix that which is not:

First, the universal remedy for kitchen disasters: ketchup.

Oh, it won't fix a cake or ice cream dessert that's gone wrong.....but when I'm trying to use up leftovers, or I create a new meat and/or vegetable dish I don't care for...

~~It's~~ ketchup ~~away~~ to the rescue. At least, it's a universal remedy if you like it in the first place.

But once I was out of ketchup and I had this sweet and sour pork to fix up. So I opened up the garlic and discovered it wasn't; it was the imported mustard. Oh, well, I like mustard too. I dumped some in, dumped in some garlic, poured in some vinegar -- cider or wine vinegar are particularly good -- after taking a little sip of it straight, to make sure I still liked it...

Mustard, garlic and vinegar are another universal kitchen remedy. Also good for first aid in cases of poisoning, I believe.

One could also add some curry powder and chili powder -- why not?

Even if I were to name the stuff I created Sweet and Sour Saturn Saute, though, I don't think that would be what ~~fen~~ have in mind when talking about that crazy Buck Rogers stuff. In fact, I doubt if even starving refugees from "Battlestar Galactica" would eat it.

I liked it, but, as I said, I like vinegar. For years I've been drinking off the extra salad dressing in the bottom of the bowl, especially on a hot day. Only every time I drink vinegar I keep wondering why people get so upset about the vinegar-soaked sponge someone offered Christ.....

Maybe it should have been a piece of lettuce -- maybe they don't like sponges...

- Adrienne Fein



Not to confuse everybody, but... at the point where I am typing words to fill up this hole in the stencils all of the other pages have been typed except pages 3 & 4 (which are always the last pages typed for each issue). Due to the extreme lateness of much of our material all of the stencils were typed without page numbers (we typed the material as we received it and did not figure out the order of the articles until we had typed all of the stencils). I am typing this as I put in the page numbers. Items which did not make it into this issue include Taral's massive study of fanart (which has not yet arrived), Bergeron's column (it arrived late, it was way too large, so Richard may print it himself and send us another column for next issue), The Law & Order Handbook, material by Darrell Schweitzer - and much more. See it all next issue.



# The LOCNESS MONSTER

A bit different Nessie, this time around. As is usual, though, comments by me *will be in this light italic typeface* and comments by Robbie *will be in this script typeface*. The differences this time around are caused by the sheer volume of the material. As can be expected, most of this was caused by Richard Bergeron's FANGDOM column in HTT #20. But there was a lot of other commentary, also. Changes: the late locs will just be mentioned and the contributors named (with the unfortunate consequence that some very good locs will not be pubbed), lots of locs will be cut rather sharply, and Nessie will be semi-segmented with the material on the TAFF brouhaha being placed by itself after the other material has been covered. Also, as my editorial is integrally entwined with the TAFF material, it will be placed at the beginning of the locs on that subject matter. Another annoyance caused by the overabundance of loc material is that this issue of HTT will use far less artwork than I would like to use. Next issue, back to normal. Promise.

**LATE LOCS:** On #18 - Creath Thorne, David Wolff, Adrienne Losin (who, anticipating our DUFF win, has sent us some interesting material on Melbourne).

On #19 - Gerald Smith, John D. Owen, Bev Clark, Marc Ortlieb, Eric Lindsay, Jean Weber, Adrienne Losin, Ed Meskys, Paul Kincaid, Diane Fox.

We now move on to the locs on HTT #20.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* **TERRY CARR** \* Brad Foster's cover for HOLIER THAN THOU XX is spendid even  
\*\*\*\*\* though I could make about two dozen complaints about it and  
in fact I shall bitch a little about a few things real soon  
now, but first I want to make it clear that in general I like the cover a  
lot and I admire Brad's guts and even your intestines for presenting it to  
us. I hope you don't get into legal trouble because of it, because I've  
noticed that even the "men's slicks" -- meaning *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and  
such, right down to *Hustler* -- draw the line short of depicting men's  
cocks in the erect state even though some of them go all out in publishing  
photos of women's genitalia. But still, I object to this cover on the  
grounds that it shows, let's see, at least two women going down on men,  
while there's only one man going down on a woman...wait a minute, as I stu-  
dy this more carefully I seem to see more than was apparent at a casual  
lingering glance. Well, maybe the oral sex part is reasonably equal, I  
dunno. But what truly appalls me is the fact that every woman in the draw-  
ing has enormous breasts. Yes, sure they're all firm and don't sag at all  
as real breasts of that size usually do even on eighteen-year-olds; but  
different women are built differently, so where are those with medium-  
sized or even small breasts? Don't tell me all these large-breasted wo-  
men are aliens, because I can see that some of them don't have tentacles.  
Therefore I have to assume that Brad himself chose all them big tits, and  
though that isn't a federal crime, it does violate the esthetic law of  
conforming to reality. Fortunately for both you and Brad, esthetic laws  
aren't enforced by statute, otherwise you'd both be in deep shit.

The above is the best I can do at remarking on a cover that shows an  
orgy which includes -- oh dear -- it looks like even some ass-fucking.  
Mighod, have you *no taste*?

\*\*\*\*\*

\* MANDY SLATER \* I'm sure that this will not be the only letter of its type in  
\*\*\*\*\* response to your cover of HTT 20. Let me be one of many to say  
how crude, tasteless and horrible this cover was. I'm very  
surprised that it got through customs. Brad Foster is a very good artist; his  
pen and inks are very detailed. His rendering was well done but I honestly feel  
he went a bit too far on the subject matter.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* DAVID PALTER \* Thank you for HTT XX. I honestly would not have thought it poss-  
\*\*\*\*\* ible for you to produce a more remarkable cover than the one which  
graced HTT XIX, but you have, an amazing accomplishment. Wonder-  
ful cover, I love it. I have admired the work of Brad Foster for some time (and  
nominated him for the 84 Best Fan Artist Hugo) but this time he has truly outdone  
himself. And it probably could have been published in no other fanzine - at least  
not as a cover (possibly some editors might have been willing to hide it in the  
interior.) It takes courage to publish a cover which despite its clear beauty and  
artistry will inevitably be regarded as violently if not criminally offensive by  
any conventionally-minded viewers (who presumably comprise a very small portion of  
the HTT readership - but I will be most interested to see if in fact any complaints  
do appear in the next lettercol). Of course we have always known you to be a  
courageous editor, but even so this is a signal accomplishment.

I wish to take issue with your comment (pg. 73) that "Those fans with a serious  
interest in folksongs (such as Fred Haskell and myself) find folksinging of not  
much interest." It is no doubt true that there are many fans, such as Fred Haskell  
and yourself, who have a serious interest in folksongs but little interest in  
folksinging. However, I can easily name many fans - let us say, for example,  
Leslie Fish and myself - who clearly *do* have a serious interest in folksongs and  
yet who also find folksinging to be of great interest (actually the best example  
may be a good friend of mine, George Hawk, who has a vast collection of every type  
of folkmusic from all over the world, and is also a devoted follower of filk and  
a member of the Filk Foundation). And, let us face it, filk music *is* a perfectly  
legitimate type of folk music. The comment you made is something like saying  
"Those readers with a serious interest in literature find science fiction of not  
much interest." I think the analogy that filk is to folk as SF is to literature  
will hold up pretty well. Furthermore, I rather suspect that those of you who are  
seriously interested in folk music but not in filk, have just never heard much (or  
any) of the particularly good folksongs.

Several people comment in this issue on HTT becoming a focus for fandom, and  
it is. I think you are performing a very valuable service for fandom and I hope  
you will keep it up.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* STEVE GREEN \* Yes, I can see why Brad's cover for HTT #20 might incur the wrath  
\*\*\*\*\* of the Post Office; a more overt example of heterosexual cul-  
tural imperialism would be hard to find. I mean, aren't there  
any astronauts from San Francisco? Still, I'd love to have attended the room  
party Brad used for reference -- or is Irving, Texas, more liberal than I'd  
hitherto suspected?

\*\*\*\*\*

\* RICKEY SHEPPARD \* I just looked through the SOKY SATELLITE's trade copy of  
\*\*\*\*\* HOLIER THAN THOU and just had to send this card and say  
"Great cover!"



\*\*\*\*\*

\* PAULA LIEBERMAN \* The cover is interesting, but I noticed that the homosexual  
\*\*\*\*\* relations going on on it are female-female only (no male-male).  
Sigh; even on hardcore covers there appears to be sexism.  
The ratio is also not equal - more female than male, which seems unreasonable to me,  
too.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* BARBARA TENNISON \* If I loc #19 as well as #20, can I have that lady with one  
\*\*\*\*\* breast on page 95? And I don't want to hear any carping  
about politically incorrect feminism. *Who* ran the picture  
in the first place?

The issue's getting rather threadbare, but again I wish to support Robbie's  
stance on mediafans, being one myself and not wishing to apologize for it. Let me  
define that: I've always read SF (well, since I could read...), and don't own a  
TV, and see movies, SF and others, only occasionally. I participate in fanzine  
fandom to at least the degree demonstrated by this letter. I still read SF every  
chance I get. However, I have seen SW, Trek, etc., and find that other mediafans  
are frequently more fun to talk to than at least some faanish types... particularly  
those who denounce anything produced after 1960 in mentality.

(Now, now, Marty, I don't mean *you*, or not very often, anyway. Anyone with  
hair like yours can't be all bad, no matter what gems of idiocy pour out from be-  
hind your pipe on occasion. Besides, who else ever published a pun about "pop  
tarts"? They don't do that in media fandom, er, at least not with the concentra-  
ted glee you bring to it.)

Fannish fandom as a self-aware group is paralleled by a media fandom which is  
also cohesive and self-aware, if not as long-standing. Mediafans might be defined  
as those who interact with other mediafans by choice. This doesn't generally in-  
clude the run-an-blast destructive types, who no more choose to join discussions  
of Dr. Who's physics than they care to read E.E. Smith. Now about the costumed  
fans -- think of it as a kind of advanced beanie. It's a badge of one of the  
wearer's interests, and doesn't exclude others any more than an equation-covered  
T-shirt indicates that the wearer can't talk about anything but mathematics.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* AL SIROIS \* Thanks for HTT XX (an apt number, considering the subject matter of  
\*\*\*\*\* the cover). The first thing I noticed *was* that cover...wow! I  
have a coffee cup like that cover, with a lot of penguins doing a  
lot of weird things...but Foster has outdone himself. I would say that you could  
sell off-prints of this as posters. Did your printer give you any flack about it?  
If not, he/she deserves a merit badge for professional bravery. Sure hope the PO  
doesn't open an HTT envelope for a spot inspection.

*No problem from the printer (which is located next to the shop I manage).  
Also no problem from the PO (and one envelope, in a rather torn-open condition,  
was returned as unclaimed).*

I also enjoyed, very much, Harry Warner's autobiography installment. Harry  
should get an award for being one of the most tolerant, positive, and modest in-  
dividuals in fandom. We are all better off because he is here, and could use more  
like him.

Oh, and in reference to the negative remarks which Brad's cover is sure to  
engender from certain quarters, joke 'em if they can't take a fuck.

*Most responses were laudatory, some in the extreme - there was relatively  
little negative response.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* D'ARCY SMYKE \* Issue twenty was my first taste of HOLIER THAN THOU. I was  
\*\*\*\*\* amazed by the number of pages. I was shocked by the cover. That  
type of scene was the last thing I thought would be on the cover  
of a science fiction mag. After two days of debating with myself, I tore it off  
and into the garbage it went. Cute aliens kissing and holding hands is my idea of  
a get-it-on far future science fiction convention party.

*Of the three negative responses to the cover which we got, two were from  
Canadians and one was from an English fan. I do not know if this tells us any-  
thing. I will say that the cover on HTT #20 would certainly not be appropriate on  
many fanzines but is just the kind of cover most longtime readers of our zine have  
come to expect: to be more precise (as you have not seen the zine before) I should  
point out that HTT covers are known for quality artwork and reproduction with any  
type of subject matter being allowed. This was our first cover that could possi-  
bly be considered "porno", but longtime readers should know that we are freethinkers  
about such things - and the cover readily fits into my own rather wide definition  
of putridity, something of which I am inordinately fond.*

The articles I enjoyed most were AFTER THE A-BOMB-SOME FANNISH MEMORIES, ALL  
MY YESTERDAYS, and THE LIMEY RUN. The best of all was FANGDOM, because of the  
possible dirt it exposed.

If I contribute to HTT, besides a letter of comment, are there regulations I  
should know about? If I send a drawing must it be a certain size, and on certain  
paper?

*Draw on ordinary white paper, and as small as is practicable.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* JEANNE MEALY \* Uh. Oh, hi. Just looking at the fold-out cover, and wondering  
\*\*\*\*\* why it's not in the center of HTT. Flaunting tradition, huh?

Was that an assignment, or did Brad present it out of his very  
own fevered imagination? The publishers of Playbody, Penthouse, Hustler, and all  
the rest are probably camping on Brad's doorstep at this very moment... I see it  
as a parody that he had fun with, and look forward to hearing the comments next  
time, and the next, and... Yes, my copy was delivered with its plain brown wrapper  
intact. (You mean I was supposed to remove it?)

Do you have any idea how many volunteers for the astronaut program are going  
to result from this cover?? ("To boldly go... where no man has ever gone before."  
...but may come again?)

*I know of no tradition where a zine cover is placed in the center of the zine.  
You are being silly. // Brad offered to do the cover and we corresponded back and  
forth a bit before we wound up with the cover as you saw it. At no time did we  
attempt to have Brad tone down any "graphicness". // Brad has our express per-  
mission to do what he wants with this cover (as if he needs permission - upon  
our publication of it all rights returned to him) and we wish him luck if he tries  
to sell it to one of the above-mentioned publications.*

I like "Bird Raising" by Barbara Tennison. She did a Great Job on a rather  
odd subject. Our family tried all the wrong ways to raise the birds that fell from  
their nests or were snared by the cat, and never did achieve success.

HA! to William Center's remark that "Diversity is the key (There is a lot to  
be said for perversity, too.)" It nearly rhymes, as well as being intriguingly  
amusing and maybe even true. I will bow to your word on this, Marty, as my per-  
verse experience will never approach yours. I just have this... feeling about it.  
(There could be a nod in passing, however.)



Brrr, the cold touch of the "WAHF" column has become the Fannish Fickle Finger of Fate stage... I'm curious if people are happy or terror-stricken to discover their innocent names stretched on the rack within its foul walls (although some definitely *intend* such a position to occur).

\*\*\*\*\*

\* EDD VICK \* Hoo! And likewise Hah! Such a cover. If I didn't know Brad, I'd think he did the raunchy cover just to see what reaction it'd get. But I know Brad, and I *know* he did the raunchy cover just to see what reaction it'd get. As to *my* reaction, I can't view his cover as degrading in any way, since everybody, male and female, is having fun and joining in, with no sex (or race) taking a dominant position.

Of course the point could be made that the cover is degrading to small pencil-stub shaped robots, who obviously do not have the equipment to participate. Their frustration would know no bounds.

The conclusion to The Limey Run reminded me even more of a con report than the first part, especially when Berry drops the occasional fannish name. "...as we travelled further into Illinois the terrain became absolutely flat, with rich brown soil, and farm complexes here and there." Imagine that, rich brown owning central Illinois when all this time I thought Washington, D.C. was his bailiwick. I commend John on being au courant enough to remember not to capitalize rich's name.

Mike Glicksohn addresses a couple of questions to fanartists. ~~WINE GET LOSE IN THE WALL~~ 'Are covers all that fanartists faunch for?' By and large - yes, and the reasons Taral cites are really the most valid ones. The larger size allows the artist to show off. The cover position is the most prestigious, and usually the most-commented-upon piece of art of the issue.

'Can interiors really be so quickly dismissed?' No, not really. I talked to Brad Foster soon after he received his copy of the current ish, and his second comment was about the relative dearth of illos in thish. I'd say the Bergeron arkle had a lot to do with that particular impression. I think there are very few articles that would not be improved by illustrations. Often a mediocre piece of fanwriting can be made immensely better by the right illos. Taral in his column only differentiates between cover and interior illustrations, but the latter should be further divided between illos done to order for an article or column (like ATom's for the Berry) and cartoons sent in on spec (fillos). The latter type of interior illos is the least important, and the most seen.

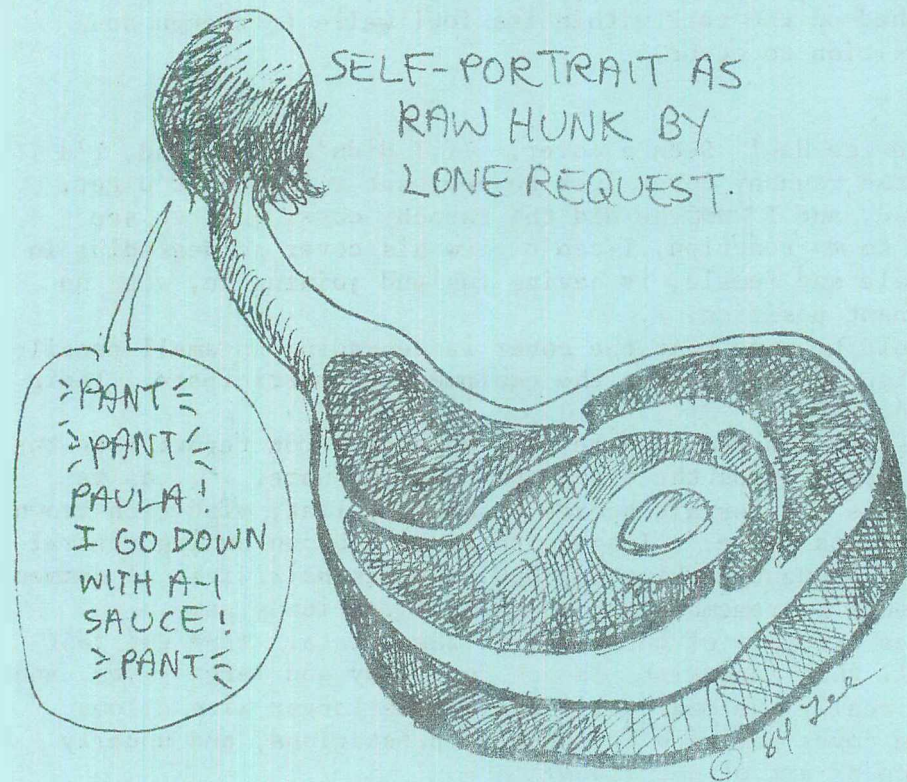
\*\*\*\*\*

\* BOB LEE \* YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, SEE? Your vile, vicious, unprincipled and business-as-usual threats to confine me to the WAHF section don't scare me, you tobacco-twerping toads! You're just afraid of competition in smartassness. Keep this up and I will recount in detail your butterfingere attempts to Xerox defenseless kidneys instead of using a mimeograph. And why the ritual sacrifice was no virgin---in *any* orifice. That the selection in your nonfat milk cellar is provincial and ill-informed. How boring your deodorant is. That you deep-fry bowling balls, stuffing the holes first with prunes.

*Which just might explain my low scores of late - but which does not explain why I always get low bowling scores.*

Well, that Foster creature has finally and thoroughly exposed himself to all your readers. The depraved, lewd, immoral, shameless, lustfull, and otherwise silly nit has the whole rest of the universe to probe, and he has the nerve to demand why I get to test the schoolgirls first!

Apparently Paula Lieberman doesn't think bragging or sex is funny. Oh, Paula, I am so thrilled by your just DARLING obscene suggestion that I undrape myself and



so here I am in all my glorious hunkiness, and I think I'm pretty raw too. I might be even prettier cooked, but fire hurts. Your table or mine? There aren't any Brussels sprouts in your kitchen, are there? Asparagi are OK, but I can't stand Brussels sprouts. I refuse to lie on the same plate with them. They breed like mushrooms, and they're always using that AWFUL cream sauce on their hair.

*Bob, whenever I feel that it is necessary to prove that I am not the luniest person around here, all I need do is to point in your direction. Thanks.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* IAN McKEER \* Were it not for the TAFF row I'd hazard a guess that the cover would have aroused (hal hal) more comment than it possibly will.

I was quite interested in my own reaction to it for I didn't think it putrid, indeed it was more a case of ho hum as regards the topic though the technical merits of Brad Foster's artwork are well worth applauding. What I'd like to know is; why weren't all those quivering antennae being put to some use, really, there's a certain lack of imagination as far as innovative alien sex organs are concerned. Despite my apparent indifference I discovered that I was extremely reluctant to let anybody else see I was reading something with a cover like that! I share an office with two women and tend to do my fanzine reading in my lunch break and I found I was always being very careful not to take out HTT whenever either of my colleagues were present. One would probably have denounced it as sexist and not been convinced by any argument to the contrary on my part whilst the other would probably have said nothing but decided my criticism of her for being unconcerned about photos of topless women in newspapers or calenders of similar nature in the labs was hypocritical. So I found myself furtively slipping HTT out of my carrier bag and leaving it at the bottom of my pending tray, face down, taking it out to read only when I was alone in the office! The colleague I referred to first had a loot at VECTOR once and managed to open it at a book review and latch on to a passage being quoted from the book which was a sex scene. Ah, she waid, so this is what it's all about is it. No, no, I said, the reviewer's probably denouncity the book as sexist. So he way, but my colleague didn't bother to read the rest of the review to find out. Something similar happened several years ago in



another lab, this time with a male colleague. He picked up a copy of TRITON that I was reading and opening it at random located a passage about a woman turning up again, who was wearing suspenders. In vain did I tell him it was an American book that may have been printed in Britain but which was in American English and that suspenders meant braces. He too deduced that SF was all about sex, maybe seeing paperback covers in newsagents and bookshops had helped condition him to expect SF to be about sex.

The debate about "media" and media fans has reached an interesting point where there appears to be something of a consensus; the ones nobody likes are the ones who wouldn't loc HTT anyway, no doubt because they're illiterate according to you, Marty! Still, it does rather smother the debate, it'd be nice if one of these be-costumed and beweaponed people were to loc HTT and then the debate could really go on in earnest (as well as in print!). Insofar as the debate has gone on I think the most significant aspect is that trying to draw clear cut barriers becomes increasingly difficult as you learn more about the individual involved. So that labelling Robbie a mediafan is clearly restrictive because it's not the be-all and end-all of her life, in or out of fandom. This debate reminds me of all those that attempt to define SF. In the end I think we learn more about the pitfalls of attempting to label things for our own convenience and then assuming there are rigid barriers between categories.

*The following loc was addressed to Robbie.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* TED WHITE \* I'm addressing this loc on HTT 20 to you rather than Marty, in part  
\*\*\*\*\* because I am not in good charity with Marty just now, and partly because I wanted to respond to your editorial in particular.

You describe yourself as "uncomfortable" with fanzine fans, but comfortable with media fans. I don't suppose this should be surprising, when it is looked at dispassionately: you entered media fandom first, and obviously felt comfortable with it initially and now find it comfortably familiar. It is "your church," in a sense, as fanzine fandom is not (yet, anyway) for you.

And here in fanzine fandom you find yourself almost automatically place on the defensive in the face of the withering scorn many fanzine fans express toward media fen. I think almost anyone would find that offputting and uncomfortable.

But then there is the separate question of getting along *socially* with these two groups. No one among the fanzine fans, you say, *talks* to you.

Well, I can't speak for anyone other than myself, but I have met you at both ConStellation and LACon II, and I would expect you see me as someone who hasn't really talked to you, so let me tell you how it looks from my point of view.

I was curious to meet you at ConStellation, having "met" you in HTT earlier in the year. But perhaps the circumstances of our meeting were less than ideal: you were working in the fanzine room and I was dropping off fanzines for sale. We were both busy, distracted, and preoccupied. Significantly, these were pretty much the circumstances in which I encountered you at LA as well.

Uh, Ted, I never worked in the Fanzine room at either ConStellation or L.A. CON. I was in Programme Ops in Baltimore and in Facilities Liaison for L.A.CON. In Baltimore I met you once in the Convention Centre near the escalators and once at the Jelly Bean Party. Neither time was I busy. There's more on this but we'll wait until you get the next bit out, shall we?

As I remember it, there was another time when the two of you met, and that was in the Fanzine Room at the sales table - I was taking zines from Ted, you came in the room to tell me something, I briefly introduced the two of you to each other, but the three of us were too busy to do anything but acknowledge that we were meeting.

I conducted the Friday afternoon roundtable discussion and was present at Saturday's (conducted by Terry Carr). I hung out in the fanroom area extensively this year. But if you were there you were busy, and you did not participate in one possible forum for conversation.

In the evening I attended and threw parties. I think I can say without modesty that some of the most fannish parties at the con were held in my room -- several of them occurring spontaneously (on one occasion Rob Hansen and I were swapping fanzines and went from his room to mine. On the elevator we were joined by Malcolm Edwards. Once in my room we started talking and were interrupted successively by knocks at the door and phone calls. In twenty minutes we were sitting in the middle of a full-fledged party....) -- but I tried to get to as many of the bidding parties and other parties I heard about as I could. I did not encounter you at any of the parties I attended.

I missed the jellybean party. Please forgive me, but I have trouble working up much enthusiasm for jellybeans (especially now that they're endorsed by that blithering idiot at 1600 Penna Ave), or the people who usually attend Marty's jellybean parties. They come from a segment of fanzine fandom which I find relatively boring. But it sounds like if I *had* been there, I'd have been sufficiently uncomfortable and you *were* sufficiently uncomfortable that it is unlikely we'd have fallen into a rewarding conversation.

Relaxed and enjoyable circumstances are required. Certainly I've not encountered you thus, and the question arises in my mind: has any fanzine fan (save Marty) run into you under such circumstances?

*When we met in the Con Centre at Constellation I was certainly relaxed. And at the jelly bean party I ensconced myself in the hallway outside with a friend from Ottawa. Anyone who wanted to see me in a relaxed mood certainly could have. No one else tried to join us though Ian made friendly noises in our direction both when entering and leaving the party.*

*As for L.A.Con - well, hell, man! Who had time for parties. Every time I tried to get to one, my blasted beeper went off. There's only one party I attended where my beeper remained adamantly silent - the jellybean party. Bloody hell, they even beeped me out of the Hugo ceremonies!*

Part of it obviously depends on you. If you're not in a good humor, if you're feeling uncomfortable and out of place, not only will you find it difficult to enjoy the people you're around, but they may find you hard to approach.

On the other hand, with time I should think these problems will diminish. You will come to know specific people as friends and to enjoy seeing them again -- and the fact that they're fanzine fans rather than media fans will be irrelevant. In the long run the labels are less important than the individuals.

*Well, I certainly get along fairly well with the fans in L.A. Ah, but, then, with the exception of Marty, there isn't a rabid fanzine fan in the lot.*

*Glyer, pretend that the above comment by Robbie does not exist.*

The other night I was playing with the wireless remote-control to my new VCR, using it to channel-hop during commercials, while viewing TV through the VCR's tuner, and I chanced upon *Dr. Who*. "Aha!" I thought. "Time to check this thing out." So I watched the remaining twenty minutes or so.

At the end it was revealed that the episode had been written by Douglas Adams, and I said "Aha!" to myself again, because it was quite clear that in tone and style the episode owed much to *The Hitchhiker's Guide* -- with the significant difference that it was not a full-fledged parody. But the same pseudo-science double-talk, clever paradoxes and the rest were there (along with a few nice effects),



and I felt as if I was watching a more clever and up-to-date version of the old movie serials I used to see as a kid -- "King of the Rocketmen," "Captain Video" -- with characters equally two-dimensional, situations equally flimsily resolved with double-talk-logic, and the same sense that the actors took little of what they were doing seriously.

I can enjoy this sort of thing in much the same way that I enjoy candy. When I was a kid I ate lots of candy; now I rarely eat much at all. It's too insubstantial, too unrewarding to make a diet of it. I don't dislike it, however. I enjoy small amounts.

Many of my friends watch (and, I presume, enjoy) *Dr. Who*, *Star Trek*, et al. It is not a cause of friction between us. But none of them are fanatics about this stuff. They don't gorge on candy, although they may eat more of it than I.

It's only when people become obsessive about such intellectual candy that I shy back somewhat. Then I can't help thinking that there is something wrong with them -- even as I would a grossly fat person who ate candy all day, every day.

You poor boy! Stuck with the Douglas Adams episode of "Dr. Who" for your first one! \*Gaack\* That *thing's* from the infamous Graham Williams era. Titled "The Pirate Planet", many "Dr. Who" fans look on it as the precursor of the awfulness of the seventeenth season that came the next year when, not only was Graham Williams still Producer, but Douglas Adams was now Script Editor. For something truly awful, try to watch "The Horns of Nimon" some day. It makes "Pirate Planet" look like a work of genius!

And, as for obsession, sorry, I see just as much "obsession" in faanish feuds and even less reason for it since the intelligence is hardly stimulated at all by the in-print-screamed-obscenities. Sugar rushes can be useful; high blood pressure is usually always very bad for you.

Related to the foregoing is Eric Mayer's letter in which he says that "You would think that Fandom, which considers itself a collection of broadminded people, would operate by attempting to include people, but it appears to operate more by exclusion." He amplifies, "Perhaps the reason Fandom seems more and more to operate upon principles of exclusion is that it is becoming less and less a creative community and more a social club or a political organization. A creative group would embrace anyone who had something to offer. A club, or a political group makes its members seem more important, the more exclusive it is."

Eric betrays considerable ignorance here -- both about fandom and about what has been occurring in fandom in the past decade or more. His description runs counter to the observable facts.

To begin with, what has *your* experience been, Robbie? You "happened" to most of us right here in the pages of HTT. How have you been received by HTT's readers? I haven't noticed any "exclusion" going on -- but then, it would be a lot harder for me to in my removed position. But my impression is that you were welcomed by HTT's readers -- that you were accepted into the "community" fairly immediately.

Indeed, fandom's ready acceptance of most of those who come through its doors has been the basic cause of many of fandom's problems -- problems which might be called "growing pains."

My acceptance in HTT comes in two varieties. The "all-around" fans who don't care what my background is - even if it doesn't mesh exactly with their own. And the rabid fanzine fans who seem to have decided that my "media" days are obviously behind me and now I'm a good little fanzine fan being shown the "true path" by Marty. Not bloody likely!

Fandom used to be very small. Con attendance -- even at Worldcons -- was in the low hundreds when I started going to cons, some twenty-five years after the first one. In the fifties many fans were concerned about the possibility that fan-

dom would wither and die from lack of fresh blood in the wake of the prozine failures and the absence of prozine lettercols and fanzine-review columns (which had been common in the forties and early fifties). In 1959 some fans were genuinely concerned about where the "next generation" of fans would come from.

We were all just fans then. Fanzine fandom was not a separate thing; con-fans were either former or current fanzine fans as well, and we all had our collections.

Well, without any help from prozine lettercols or fanzine-review columns, fandom burgeoned in the sixties and in 1967 the Worldcon was twice as large as any which had preceded it. And, by no coincidence, it was in 1967 that proto-media fans began bitching about us. In those days Trek-fandom was just beginning, but Forrie's FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND had spawned a whole bunch of horror-film fans who thought they had a right to come to a Worldcon and demand special programming for their exclusive benefit. No one said they couldn't come -- but many of us thought their presumption obnoxious. Nonetheless, they had their way and within a few years 24-hour movies were a fixture of Worldcons. Incidentally, the large expense of these movies (union projectionists required in many cities, plus rentals, etc.) was a significant factor in raising the membership fee from \$5.00 (1967) to what it is today -- a sum vastly greater than can be explained solely by "inflation of expenses".

Ted, you are one dense "tête-carre". A good look at any Worldcon budget will show that the "large expense" of films is a piece of trite garbage hauled out by fanzine fans whenever they're feeling threatened.

I'm not expert enough to quote numbers at you, but I have heard them quoted extensively by the likes of Craig Miller (L.A.CON II co-chair) to know that this is garbage. And I do know that even at media cons, films are not the biggest budget items; guests are at media cons, followed by facilities. And, at a media con, filmed presentations are a must!

As a last point, the biggest union problem at L.A.CON II wasn't the projectionists, it was the Teamsters who had to be used to set up the Dealers Room, Art Show, and Exhibit Hall.

For your interest and that of other readers, I'd like to quote John Nathan-Turner, the present Producer of "Dr. Who" on "Dr. Who" conventions! "They take over an entire hotel, with fans filling all the bedrooms and events in all the public rooms. There'll be a room full of merchandising, another with an art exhibition, at least one room for video where they'll show "Dr. Who" 24 hours a day, and in the main room, there'll be question-and-answer sessions with guests, a masquerade contest..., and a tremendous social atmosphere - parties all the time!" (Italics added - R.C.) Is it really so different from fanzine fandom? Take out the video room and you have a fairly normal SF con, pre-film days, don't you?

The argument over Hubbard's BATTLEFIELD EARTH seems to divide fans into those who are style-deaf and those who are conscious of the quality of the prose they read. Like Robert Whitaker, I found the book unreadable. I obtained a copy in manuscript, before publication, and tried to read it. I was not prejudiced by Hubbard's long foray into Dianetics/Scientology -- I've had several friends who were Scientologists -- and I recalled his SF with some fondness. But his introduction was patronizing and (as I recall) false to fact, in that it elevated him to a status equal to that of Heinlein and Asimov which was never in fact his. It was a sort of good-humored and condescending "Look at what a Great Big Man I am -- but I haven't forgotten my Lowly Origins in sci-fi."

But when I tried to read the story proper I bogged down in three (ms.) pages. It was like slugging through something out of the slush pile: the words were correctly used and without obvious fault, but they didn't come to life. I felt no urge to keep reading. Had I been an editor, I'd have rejected the book, no matter how large a guaranteed sale it had.



David Palter "enjoyed the novel," despite "Hubbard's cavalier disregard of scientific plausibility," and "plotting" that "admittedly rests upon some of SF's oldest cliches," because of its "sheer story-telling."

"Sheer story-telling" is a code-phrase that says "I can't think of anything else to praise," and in this context it's obvious that it is meant to substitute for all the normal virtues we look for in good fiction -- like good characterization, plausibility, and prose which pulls us into the story situation. Sorry, David, but "sheer story-telling" has as one of its requirements, *sheer readability*.

BATTLEFIELD EARTH is unreadable for anyone who has graduated past the Rover Boys naivete of Doc Smith, Tom Swift, et al. I admit my amazement that fandom has so many people in it who *haven't* yet graduated from pre-adolescent writing, and can enjoy BATTLEFIELD EARTH. But if I were them, I wouldn't brag about it.

"BE" is a history - told entirely in the present tense; and, though I may enjoy the occasional historical novel, I require a high level of writing expertise in such and a short span of time covered. Epics should not be told in the present tense using pulp novel style -- the mind breaks down eventually.

In my opinion, Hubbard's mind broke down decades ago even though he retained enough low cunning to con a bunch of suckers out of millions of dollars (Hi, John Hertz - Robbie says that you will kill me for that remark).

Now, if both of you two wordy people are finished, there is a lot of material yet to cover. (Actually, Ted has written many more good words in this loc - it is unfortunate that the pressure of all of this material on hand has made us cut him short.

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\* VICKI ROSENZWEIG \* This loc is an example of true fannish dedication, since I'm writing it during finals week. First off, the Brad Foster cover is gorgeous. It's so gorgeous, in fact, that I'm seriously considering removing it from the zine, framing it, and putting it on my wall.

I'm most comfortable with people whose print personas are fairly close to their actual face-to-face personalities. I know fen who are considerably more pleasant in person than their zines had led me to expect. While this was a pleasant surprise, I am somewhat wary of them nonetheless. Print does seem to give people permission for both snideness and a surprising degree of self-revelation, which generally balance each other out. The one great advantage of print over verbal communication is that people rarely make small talk in print.

If people think Jean Weber is a man-hating separatist, they obviously aren't reading what she writes. More to the point, I wonder how they would react if they met a woman who did hate men, or even a separatist who didn't (I assume there are some such, though the separatists around here won't associate with me, I think I'm politically incorrect).

As for Joy's loc: I cannot really see circumstances that would see the U.S. an independent communist country. Not if the independence were more than nominal (Czechoslovakia and Hungary are technically independent nations). Socialist I could see, but I don't think this country is, or will be, ripe for the sort of armed revolution that puts communist regimes in power. Too many Americans hate the idea of communism, whether or not they understand it. For that matter, the socialist aspects of our society (such as Medicare, Social Security, and Unemployment Insurance) are rarely described as such, and never by the people implementing them.

In reference to Leigh Edmonds' letter: the western concern with the individual can be traced in a continuous line to the twelfth century (there are hints further back, but not continuously) and derives from Catholicism. At that point the Church decided that everyone could be saved (rather than only monks and nuns, and not all of them). This meant everyone started worrying about the condition of their souls, and eventually other individual concerns. The Reformation did add to

this, by eventually giving us the idea of freedom of conscience, but neither side really wanted religious toleration, it was just that the alternative was continuous bloody warfare.

Not meaning to sound too nasty, but: I think a fair amount of the fanzine-fandom vs. media-fandom stuff is really about exclusivity. Now, there's nothing inherently wrong with elitism, but let's look at the criteria. Mediafen don't know your references and are hence excluded from the in-group. Many of them reasonably say that they have better things to do than to learn the history of fanzine fandom. Now, this leaves me with mixed feelings. On one hand, I am definitely a print fan. I read lots of science fiction (and read more back in high school when I had free time). I rarely go to movies (the only 1984 release I've seen is Buckaroo Banzai, which I liked, in part because it can laugh at itself). I got into fandom via APAs (and am currently a member of five). On the other hand, I have only the vaguest idea of who Willis is and am too young to remember Sixth Fandom. Now, I like history and wouldn't mind learning it, but nobody seems inclined to teach. So I'm not at all sure how much I can be a part of 'fanzine fandom', and wonder if I should go back to my APAs and occasional cons. I doubt I will do it (this letterhack stuff is fun! (especially when the alternative is studying for a final)), but I do feel a certain distance. After three and a half years, I don't really think of myself as a neo, but I wonder how much longer I have to go before I can be accepted as part of this group.

*Granted, there is neither a school nor any accredited teachers of fan history; however, there are places where one can go to acquire this information (albeit, you have to piece together the various pieces into a coherent whole). Many fanzines (amongst them HTT) reprint items from our past, and soon (I hope, I hope) LACon II will publish FANCYCLOPEDIA III, a massive compendium of fannish lore, including much history. You can also send Richard Bergeron \$25 for a copy of WARHOON #28 (a four-pound fanzine that will introduce you to Walt Willis, Sixth Fandom, fan history, and all sorts of good things - well worth the money). But none of that is really the point. You see, you do not have to know much (or even any) fan history to be accepted by fanzine fandom. The easiest path to acceptance is putting out a fanzine (the better the zine, the quicker the acceptance). Next easiest is to have articles printed in well known fanzines. A bit harder is printed locs in fanzines. The progression here is one of visibility and impact. Once your name is known to those involved in putting out the major fanzines you will find acceptance - and knowledge of fan history will gradually come as a matter of course. // I wish that there was space to print some more of your loc - it had some things which needed saying in print. \*sigh\**

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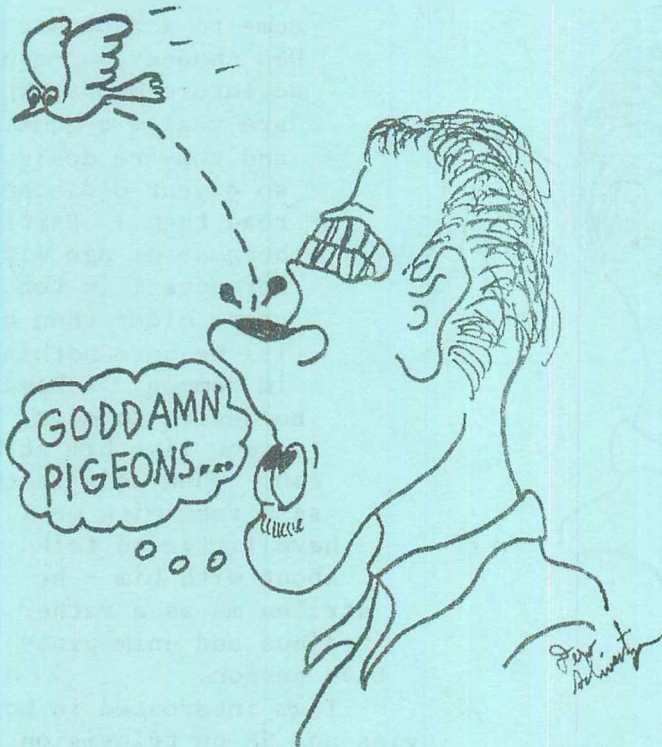
\* RICHARD ROSTROM \* I am not surprised that Robbie feels not quite comfortable  
\*\*\*\*\* around zine fen as opposed to media fen. As a relative new-  
comer to the zine world, I find that zinish discourse assumes a lot of background which is not publically available. There are times when I find the historical or even current references utterly obscure. On the other hand, the subject of media discourse is public, and complete novices can be well up in it, and strangers share a common background.

The question of trufen versus mediafen calls one comment from me here. Why do mediafen (and certain groups of printfen) offer such intense devotion to such mediocre or even lousy works? "Dr. Who" is basically a joke; a very well-told joke, to be sure, but no more than a joke. As SF it is hardly in the same class as LeGuin or Asimov or Pohl. So why the specialized conventions, fanzines, and so on?

Because it's fun. Which, I've been told, is the main reason for sinking your life-savings into a fanzine.



Ahem.



Some print oriented fandoms are nearly as bad. Take Pern fandom. McCaffrey has written some excellent novels, but I have not heard of a CRYSTAL SINGER fanzine or an atlas of DINOSAUR PLANET. Yet as the Dragonoid books have descended from decent to dreadful, the enthusiasm of Pern fans has climbed to new heights. I think it is this apparent complete suspension of judgement towards a subject that provokes hostility from "mainstream" fans.

Spot on there, Richard.

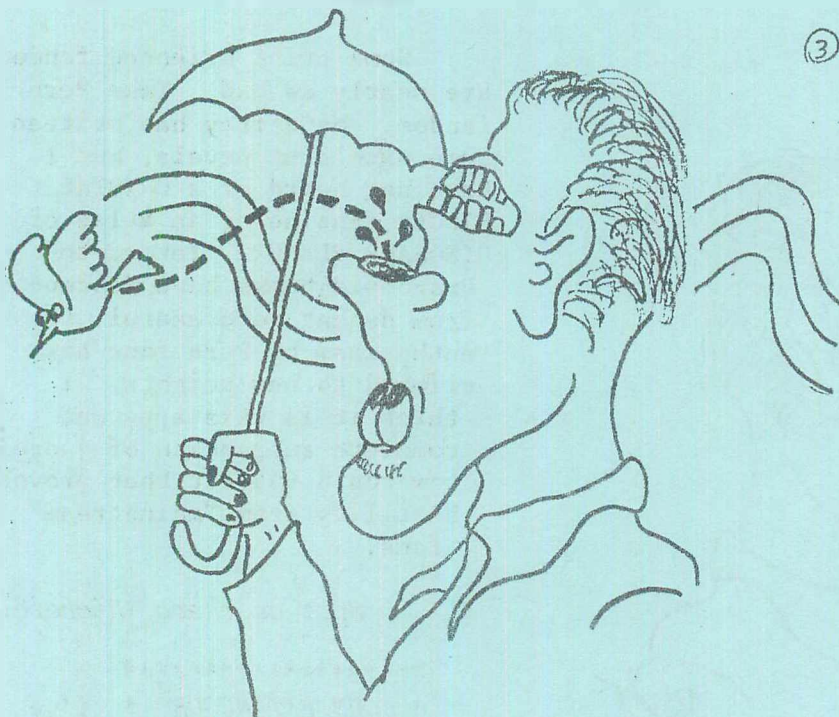
\*\*\*\*\*

\* JOHN BETANCOURT \* I've  
\*\*\*\*\* been  
meaning

to loc HTT #20 for quite a while, it seems, but haven't really been sure what to say. The cover's certainly vulgar, in a pleasant sort of way. I've found I like Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprint" section best consistently. Followed closely by John Berry's "The Limey Run" - how perceptive his comments are!

But anyway, I'm really writing about media fandom again. I still believe that media fandom has no place in science fiction fandom (the same with role-playing-gaming fandom). Why? Not because I have anything against role-playing or the media, but because people who are involved exclusively with one or the other (or both) tend to have little in common with science fiction/fanzine fandom.

My brother, for instance, is only interested in media fandom and gaming. He has no interest in reading. In fact, he has trouble reading a cereal box... not because he's not intelligent, but because he'd rather be watching a rerun of something -- anything -- on television than reading a book. He's almost a tele-



vision illiterate. (The closest he'll come to a book are the D&D choose-your-own-adventure books, which are really a game... and they're designed so 8 year olds can read them.) Partly because of age differences (I'm ten years older than he is) we have nothing in common. I have no desire to meet anyone like him at a con. When he's in the same room with me I have little to talk about with him - he strikes me as a rather tedious and unimaginative person.

I am interested in movies and SF on television. But my interests (to paraphrase Marty) are not limited to media fandom. Nor do I want to talk about such things at conventions. There are more interesting topics.

Perhaps what I'm trying to get at is this: Maybe conventions would be more enjoyable (for those of us interested in eclectic subjects) if conventions didn't cater so heavily (or at all) to media/gaming fandoms.

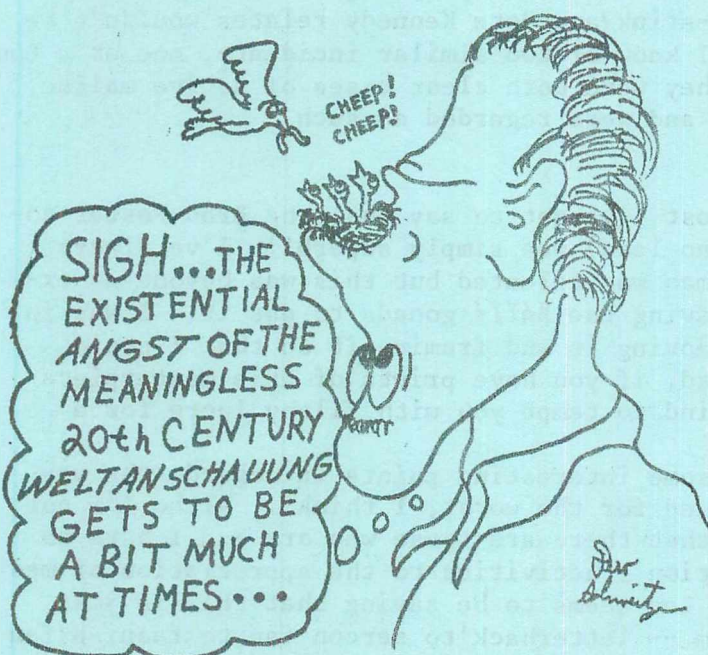


Cater so heavily? LACon II had 2 film rooms, a poorly advertized gaming hall, and approximately 4 panels that were media centred. Period. The masquerade, the Hugo ceremonies, 90% of the programming, the Art Show, the Exhibit Hall (which did have some media exhibits along with the hard science ones), the Dealers Room -- these did not "cater heavily" to the media/gaming crowd. Which, by the way, are two distinct

groups; just because your brother's a cross-over doesn't mean it's common. More common are the comics/gaming or comics/media cross-overs.

Uh, and, by the way, had it ever occurred to you that most older brothers find





themselves with little in common with their younger siblings? It's also true of older sister/younger sister situations. My sisters think me tedious and unimaginative; I find them to be stick-in-the-muds. And there's only a 3 year difference in my case.

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\* DARRELL SCHWEITZER \* The cover of  
\*\*\*\*\* HTT 20

was reassuring in a way, because it shows a renewed commitment to Putridity. For a while there you seemed to be wavering in the Faith. But I do notice that the aliens depicted are quite clean-cut in their choice of sexual activities, and surprisingly Earth-like in their equipment, for all that the cock being sucked by the blonde in the lower right of the first panel seems to be either abnormally long and perhaps jointed (so it can go around corners) or else growing out of an alien woman's right side, about where the kidneys are located in a human.

I'm sure I could come up with something far kinkier, or at least anatomically bizarre, although the drawing would not be as well executed, since Brad is far ahead of me in perspective, the use of shading, detail, etc.

Now there is a need for a word meaning, "costumed strangers we ignore at conventions", and fandom has unfortunately settled on "media fan", which is a misnomer, carries very imprecise connotations, and can cause offense to movie/TV enthusiasts like Robbie, who is one of us. The properly applied term would offend few, since the people it would be used to indicate don't read

fanzines or mix with fans enough to ever encounter it.

Robbie may very well demur at being called "one of us"; however, as a goodly proportion of those who are considered "us" are those who are both literate and who also enjoy various of the visual media, I think that you are at least technically correct when you so identify Robbie. Especially when you connote "them" as the illiterate, be-costumed media slobs - something which Robbie is most decidedly not.

The majority of people I see at cons in costume are costume fans like Kathy Sanders. These costumes far outnumber the be-costumed media fans, and I'll just bet they'd scream bloody murder if you called them illiterate.

Lee Hoffman speaks much sense on this subject. "They" are obviously here to stay, and they actually aren't as obnoxious to fandom as the Beanie Brigade must have been. They aren't out to spite us. They don't even know we exist.

It is of course an exercise in prejudice to ignore anyone wearing a costume, but when experience teaches us that the people wandering in costumes tend to be 1) dull 2) non-literate 3) without anything in common with fandom, well, it is very convenient for the rest of us that dullards have evolved an easily recognizable uniform (the more insidious ones are the dullards of *our* fandom, who have not), and it only follows that if you go to a convention wearing a dullard's uniform, you will be taken for a dullard. That's life. I am reminded of an analogy Tom Disch once used: If you open fifty boxes marked "laundry soap" and find that they do indeed contain laundry soap, how much faith are you going to have that the fifty-first will contain Wheaties?

I enjoyed the fannish memoirs of Harry Warner and also the reprinted ones of Joe Kennedy. One thing that strikes me is how obnoxious a lot of fans can be, how lacking in the most basic manners, let alone social nuances. I suppose things have improved. Degler could not have gotten as far, or become as prominent in today's fandom, for all there are dozens of proto-Deglers now waiting in the wings. (I will not name names, but some of you will recognise the one who was so disliked and famous for passing back checks that when word came that he'd been arrested, a cheer broke out in the mimeo room at a Balticon some years ago. Alas, the rumor turned out to be false.) The chemical-stink anecdote Kennedy relates wouldn't be treated so lightly in modern fandom. I know of two similar incidents, one at a Lunacon, one at a World Fantasy Con, but they were both clear cases of active malice, rather than someone trying to be cute, and were regarded as such.

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\* WILLIAM T. CENTER \* First and foremost I've got to say that the Brad Foster cover (fold out, no less) was simply superb!! I've always known that the man was talented but this was beyond my expectations. Kudos to ye editors for having the ~~WALLA~~ gonads to use it. I was in fact so impressed that I considered removing it and framing it so that I could hang it on the wall to appreciate. Brad, if you have prints of this masterpiece (sans the HTT title) I would be of a mind to tempt you with filthy lucre for a copy.

The Lee Hoffman piece brought up some interesting points in regards the way that conventions seem to be changing (and for the worst, I think). Altho I'm not a media fan I can appreciate the fact that there are those who are and I have no objection to devoting *some* of a convention's activities to the appreciation of media oriented science fiction and fantasy. Lee seems to be saying that this is just another step in the evolution of fandom -- letterhack to sercon fan to faanish fan to media fan -- but I think that she is overlooking something. Merely because a person is a "fan" of something, it doesn't necessarily follow that they should have their share of a convention not even a Worldcon. There are after all baseball "fans", etc. but what do they have to do with science fiction? Not a damned thing.



Media fans could claim a portion of the programming since some of the media events that they faunch over are of a sciencefictional nature. Why then do we see a growing preponderance of ~~media~~ media fans and programming at cons? Not because media science fiction is overtaking written science fiction in regards to quantity or quality, oh no. I believe it is because the concons have found that there is money to be made, big money, off of these media fen. Let's take a look at L.A.CON II. This was the highest priced con to date. While I don't claim to have any mindreading ability and can't say what the concom had in mind, the results are fairly obvious. Cater to the fringe fans with media interests (ala the Star Wars marathon) and you will pack them in. Make a mint.

Interesting idea, but, *if true*, why wasn't the marathon showing of all three Star Wars films packed? There were plenty of seats still left after everyone was let in. In fact, those who stood in line to be sure of getting in wasted their time as anyone could have walked in at the last minute and had a seat. The room was not filled to capacity even once that night. Where were all those slavering media fans, eh? The room holds less than 900. There were more people in the line at Grauman's Chinese Theatre for the opening of Jedi. *Hell*, there were more people in those lines even 2 weeks later.

I hear that L.A.CON II turned a profit of at least \$100,000 and some figures that I heard put it at over half a MILLION. Tis a far cry from days of yore. Now I realise that the concom had to have in mind the problems that CONSTELLATION ran into and so wanted to avoid having this happen to ehm and maybe this was a part of their reasoning for trying to bring in as much money as they could. Maybe they were right in this. I just don't know. I will wait to pass judgement until I see what they are going to do with all this profit. I certainly hope that the rumors that I've heard, such as spending part of it to aircondition the LASFS clubhouse have no basis. in fact. Be that as it may, I do know that I don't like the trend that I've seen developing at the cons that I've attended lately. The focus seems to be drifting away from the literature of science fiction and into...what? There doesn't seem to be a focus anymore. The huckster rooms seem to be filling up with people selling games, candles, movie posters, records, costumes, etc. and the booksellers seem to be dwindling away. There are a lot of cons where you don't even see fanzines anymore. It seems that many people are going to cons just for the masquerade, many to just watch movies, etc. and this seems to be their sole purpose in attending. Maybe I'm just set in my ways but most of these people just don't seem to be very *Fannish*. The sad part is that I just don't know what can (or should) be done about it. The times they are a changin'.

O.K., from the top. A certain fan from the Wimpy Zone seems to be printing misinformation even though he has been told the facts, so let me give you some of the facts (some of which is from the official figures which have just been released). (By the way, whilst I am a member of the concom, I am not an "official spokesman" for it; nevertheless, what I am about to print are the facts of the situation.) So. It is true that the concom has the example of CONSTELLATION on its collective mind: as a given, we did not "spend money in advance of having it in hand". We budgeted conservatively. When we reached the "break-even" point of our original budget in late July/early August, and money was still coming in, we began planning to spend more money on/at the con. And the money kept on rolling in, and there were all those walk-ins. We had not expected so many walk-ins; and, like any prudent concom, we did not count on walk-ins to generate needed money. So all of this was "profit". But what the hell just is profit, anyway? When you take all this money and turn around and give it to fans in various ways is the money profit or is it convention expenses? Not to put too fine a point on it, but most of this so-called profit was (or is being) returned to fandom in many ways and therefore is,

a proper con expenditure. Before I give some exact details I will mention that there are still some bills outstanding (preventing an exact determination of revenue above expenses). Now: the concom appreciated the work of the volunteers, spaekers, and others who helped at the con, so \$65,000 in expenses were reimbursed to these people (formula details are in the official release). \$10,000 was donated to the Consortium to Bail Out CONSTELLATION. \$10,000 was donated to LASFS for the purpose of adding a heating and air conditioning system to its clubhouse. (The rest of the cost was picked up by the LASFS. And, since this seems to bother you, let me editorialise here. The concom and LASFS are two entirely separate entities even though the concom people are LASFS members. The concom appreciated the fact that many LASFS people helped out at the con; we also appreciated the fact that the LASFS allowed us the free use of the clubhouse for several years (concom meetings, envelope stuffing sessions, storage of concom stuff, etc.). Consider the facts that: between 100-150 fans meet at the club every week, the clubhouse is used for many other fan functions in addition to LASFS meetings (Robbie and I got married there), and most fans who visit Los Angeles usually visit the clubhouse - well, this money is a direct benefit to very many fans, and will continue to benefit them for many years.) To continue: \$10,000 invested in NESFA's Lunar Realty Trust, an aid to that group acquiring a permanent meeting facility. (We feel that such facilities (aka clubhouses) are good things; amongst other things, fanzine fans find that the collating racks, e-stencillers, mimeo machines and other nice things which tend to hang around such facilities are handy to have around.) \$7,500 held for the pubbing of FANCY III. \$3,000 conditionally donated to TAFF, DUFF, & GUFF (they get their money when trip reports are pubbed). \$2,000 donated to Aussiecon II for an event to be determined. \$1,000 donated to the Fan Fund Publishing Project, for use in keeping the reports in print. \$500 donated to the British Columbia Science Fiction Assoc. to defray losses at V-Con 12. \$65,000 is being held for the benefit of fandom - read that as we do not know what to do with the money yet but it will be spent for the benefit of fandom (send your suggestions to: SCIFI, Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409, USA. All in all, the above shows a respect for fandom higher than that shown by some of our critics - much of that money will benefit fans who did not attend the con, and that is certainly a nice thing for a Worldcon to do for a fandom which supported it with many members of that fandom unable to attend the Worldcon. Enough creebing, lowlifes - go out and do better.

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\* BRUCE FARR \* To Lee Hoffman: You're my kind of people...I've seen the wave of  
\*\*\*\*\* fans hit the beaches even recently with Star Wars and Doctor Who  
nad now, most recently, the Road Warrior fans. It's made many  
changes in the makeup of con attendees, including a large increase most recently  
in con (in)Security problems. But what's important is that *every* group brings  
something different and that's what makes fandom so interesting to me. The *diver-*  
*sity*. It's nice being able to meet with others like myself who like partying or  
talking about our own special interests. I need to recharge my batteries every  
now and again, however, with a change in scenery.

Ah, diversity! The spice of life.

I'll take cinnamon.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* CHARLIE BELOV \* I find Ed Rom's comment on labels to Robbie patronizine.  
\*\*\*\*\* Loosely translated, "you're right but it's not important".  
However, it IS important to Robbie and therefore comments on  
it should be done in that light.



\*\*\*\*\*

\* JOHN HERTZ \* While my politics don't match Ed Rom's, I think that history sup-  
\*\*\*\*\* ports beyond question the point that "personal freedom is in fact a  
good thing", as Leigh Edmunds puts it. Of course this is a "recent  
idea": that's what was so revolutionary about the American Revolution. Since then  
this idea has flourished brilliantly. (One may also trace its development earlier,  
as don e.g. by Winston Churchill, to name one historian who is superbly readable  
and whos biasses are obvious enough to be untroublesome.) We can say it has flour-  
ished, not because we've arrived thus far with it and so it must be good, but on  
the history of contrary experiments. Even in the world today there are still those  
who would sell enforced conformity, under one slogan or another. It's difficult to  
imagine a fan, of all persons, buying that, no matter who does the enforcing. In  
passing, it's also irrelevant to say that "Ed assumes that personal freedom is...  
good...whereas even my limited historical studies give me the impression that the  
idea...is quite a recent one". That's just a *non sequitur*.

Now come on, Rabert Whitaker. It could scarcely have been a chore for Dave  
Langford to trash BATTLEFIELD EARTH. He's wonderful at that, and I suspect he en-  
joys it. Nor was his scintillating hatchet job any answer to me. He blackened the  
book long before he read it; that he happened to say what he did after he did  
read it is another *non sequitur* (and again no news, since he confirmed his existing  
opinion). I wrote myself that BE is an 800-page Tom Swift novel, a quality which  
is horrible or delightful according to taste. David Palter got much closer than  
this to the mark: BATTLEFIELD EARTH unreservedly employs our "oldest cliches" or  
if you will our "elemental archetypes", palters with science *a la mode* of all space  
opera including Doc Smith, and excels in sheer story-telling and the representa-  
tion of its genre. It has all the defects of its virtues.

Now for my first published reaction to BE: I am a devotee of action/adventure  
science fiction who has been reading the stuff since 1945 - way back when I consi-  
dered Hubbard a hack who was only occasionally readable - I consider BE a good  
doorstop only for a lightweight door; to have to read every word of it should be  
considered 'cruel and unusual punishment'.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* PASCAL THOMAS \* I just finished HTT 20. Full of the usual good stuff, too full  
\*\*\*\*\* in fact, although this time the bacover managed to hold on by  
at least one staple, a feat not duplicated by the facover of  
issue 19. I guess you understand the threat posed by fat fanzines to Western ci-  
vilisation...

Yes. We intend to cover the Earth with falling bacovers.

Sadly, maybe, I seem to have lost my taste for travelogues and long lists of  
anecdotes. In that category, Joe Kennedy's "After the Atom" was, I think, not re-  
ally worthy of reprinting. Harry Warner's article, a modern recounting of incidents  
just as old, was rather more entertaining. I thought John Berry's second install-  
ment of "The Limey Run" started out better with his description of Greyhound tra-  
veling. It sounds so funny to picture an elderly (well, maybe I should not use  
that term... he will resent it...) respectable white man using that mode of trans-  
portation seemingly reserved for those temporarily or permanently strapped for funds.  
I have done my share of Greyhound traveling, at various hours of the day or night,  
over varying stretches, and now that I don't do so much of it, I can look back on  
it fondly (sort of). It does offer a glimpse of America's seamier sides, if only  
thanks to the location of nearly every bus terminal I can think of (New York and  
Los Angeles stand out as glaring examples). But the real adventure is discovering  
the West when going overland to the Pacific, when you *have* to spend some 24 hours

in a bus to go from anywhere to anywhere across deserts and mountains. You can think of the Road, great American mythos, or you can remember those rest stops in Wyoming, where you find always the same donut shop around the block, always the same condoms in the men's room vending machines, and all life several miles around seems to consist of pick-up trucks... Unfortunately, John Berry and his article wander over to Boston to get bogged down in rainy suburbs.

There were some interesting political points made. I think Marty's answers to Ed Rom were excellent. On (more or less) the same subject, this time about individual freedom, I tend to think that the smaller a community, the more it restricts the freedom of each individual which makes it up, because the behavior of each individual is more important to such a community. (Extreme example: a marriage). On the other hand, the impositions felt from a larger community are less personal, which some people might feel badly about. I tend to think it leaves more freedom to your conscience (in the absence of brainwashing, adverse economic conditions, and all sorts of relevant factors, of course).

\*\*\*\*\*

\* SHELDON TEITELBAUM \* Mr. D'Ammassa's pro-Israeli sentiments are of little concern to me. I am not a paid public relations executive for the Israeli Foreign Ministry - a fact I am often forced to outline when accused of disloyalty for my sometimes scathing reporting in the JERUSALEM POST, where I work as a feature writer and night desk editor. If Mr. D'Ammassa has seen fit to defend "virtually all" of my country's military and political actions, he has left me trailing in his adoring wake by many magnitudes. Because if it were up to me, I would take this country apart by its component parts and rearrange them until they worked. I expect there are some 3.5 million Israeli Jews and another 700,000 Arab citizens who would propose a similar course of action, not to mention our inescapably zealous neighbours.

No, the subject, as I recall, was Lebanon, and Mr. D'Ammassa's pronouncements ticked me off because they were, to the best of my knowledge, off the mark and pretentious.

To continue with the Miami analogy, yes, the Cuban residents of that city should share power *if they are U.S. citizens*. As for the rest of the illegals in the U.S., well, you folks do seem to have a problem, from what I gathered from my last visit Stateside this summer. There are so many of them you people are too frightened to establish precisely *how* many.

By the standards of legal immigration procedures, most of the Palestinian and Shi'ite Moslems living in Lebanon don't belong there. They just picked up, whether in 1948 when, from the evidence I've seen, they cleared out of Israel to make way for an Arab clean-up operation, or after 1970, when the Jordanians Arafat seems so chummy with these days wiped out his people because they were trying to pull a similar number on the Hashemite kingdom.

Dear dear D'Ammassa - this is the Middle-East, not Iowa. They do things differently out here. I won't say worse - a Western humanities education precludes me from making that kind of comparison (against my better instincts) - but anyone here who doesn't catch on real quick that Mao was right about guns is dead meat. Lebanon is not an anomaly in the region. Israel, for all its blustering, bugling and bungling, is, because it does the unimaginable of letting people like me point out its considerable shortcomings in print while the bullets are flying overhead.

Speaking of Quebec, Robbie, I was amused/puzzled by your remarks that it was incumbent upon French Quebecois to learn English and that "It's a bit better nowadays".

You know, the embittered Quebecois have made an art out of *kvetching* over the years. The fact is that every "vendu" provincial government since self-government came to Lower Canada was freely elected by these same Quebecois. Good ol' Duplessis sold the province down the American river and *never* was a politician so beloved and unbeatable.



English wasn't forced down the Quebecois gullet simply because some Ontario Orangemen wanted to off the French language and culture (which they most certainly did). English is the language of North America and, consequently, of the industrialised world. The Chinese know it, the Russians know it and in time the bloody Albanians will catch on too. Even the French know it. Only the quaint Quebecois persists in championing French *in place* of English. Strange that such proximity to Anglic civilisation causes such distressing blindness to the fact, as Mordechai Richler told me this summer, that "the French thing here in North America was a dead-end street".

And what did we get when the much put upon Quebecois French decided to set things right? Well, the Parti Quebecois wrecked itself on the shoals of economic self destruction. Many of its policies, to paraphrase Richler again, were mean, petty, nasty and hastily considered.

Sheldon goes on at length about Quebec's situation. It is a bitter little tirade. It is the kind of bitter backlash that Quebec will probably have to endure fairly soon for having lashed back itself but the cycle of history goes on. I'm going to answer him briefly. Marty can decide what parts of the tirade to include.

Anyone wanting to be in public service in a place where 80% of the natives speak a certain language ought not to be surprised if he/she can't get the job for lack of command of the native tongue. Certainly no French-speaking doctors, nurses, sales clerks etc. in the Province of Ontario were surprised that they needed to speak English. As for reporters, well now, if you can't talk to the people who make news or were involved in an event, how can you report it. The reporters at "Le Devoir" in Montreal who do the important stories are fluently bilingual. If the "Gazette" (the English paper) could only get news from English people or misquoted a French source, the respect of their readers would soon be lost.

At this point I think that I should interject a quote from Sheldon, "My French is fair, Robbie..."

Tell me Sheldon, how would you feel if your Rabbi told you how to vote and threatened you with social ostracism and other nastiness if you didn't comply. Your children wouldn't be allowed to be circumcised or bar mitzvahed. For a very religious person, this would be pure hell. I doubt very many Jews would sit still for it. Unfortunately, French Canadian Roman Catholics did. If the priest said vote this way or you'll be excommunicated, you voted as told. It took Duplessis and the Quiet Revolution to change all that. So, of course, they transferred loyalty to Duplessis. Probably not any wiser, but a step. A further step happened as Duplessis died. They realised they'd been had by Duplessis' government. His death saved him from the ignominy of ouster, but not his government.

Today's government? Well, let's look at some facts. This is from a report by Paul Mooney, a reporter for Canadian Press International.

A generation ago this is how it was for a French-speaking Quebecor -- i.e. for 80% of the population of Quebec.

-In a downtown Montreal department store he would be unable to find a single clerk to answer questions in French. If he persisted, he could be told to go elsewhere.

-At a business meeting, he would find that he and a dozen other French colleagues were all speaking English because one or two others at the meeting, even those born in Quebec, couldn't understand a simple sentence in French.

-In Montreal hospitals he would be unable to describe his illness or injury properly because the doctors and nurses knew no French.

-In a phone call to some municipal governments, he would be unable to register a complaint or ask for help because the staff were under no obligation to know French and resented any suggestion that they should.



This is only a small portion of an endless list of abuse. Yes, North America is predominantly English. Yes, English is an important language. But French Canada was guaranteed its language rights by treaty and just as I don't expect Japan or France or China or Germany to give up their own language internally I see no reason for Quebec to when 80% of the province is still French-speaking by birth.

Bill 22 and Bill 101 turned this around. Unfortunately they did so by going to extremes. But... and this is important... the most extreme parts of Bill 101 have been systematically struck down in the courts. The most recent court judgments have:

- Struck down provisions of the law requiring most businesses to post French-only signs.

- Eliminated French-language proficiency tests for some professionals working in Quebec.

- Allowed the use of English as well as French on advertising flyers;

- Broadened access to English-language schools for children born elsewhere in Canada.

- Allowed managers to communicate with their employees in individual cases in language of choice.

As for the PQ? Even they admit that with only 24% of the population supporting them, their day is over. They hope to rebuild again but for now... They've even abandoned separation because if they supported it their

backing would slip to 12%.

And, as a last note, I am not Catholic - never was - and, as a French Canadian have never been treated as less than an equal by other French Canadians. Now, I had an English teacher once who marked me down constantly because I wasn't English enough.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* BERNARD EARP \* I'd like to start off with an apology. Not to Joy, as you said she can defend herself, but to Dave. I've never minded dropping myself in it but I shouldn't have dropped Dave in as well. Life in the Rowley/Nibbert house must have been less than peaceful when that was read.

The more I re-read Joy's loc, the more I admire the perfection of the trap I'm in.

"...he was impotent when I met him (he got better in a couple of weeks)..."

Now nothing I say here can carry any weight as "Of course he'd have to say that." will be in everybody's mind.

Similarly any of my somewhat public affairs that have occurred after Joy and I parted don't count "...he got better after a couple of weeks..." remember. So any denial would have to come from someone else. Now someone outside fandom wouldn't count. I can see Joy writing "That's really Bernard writing under another name." So it would have to come from someone else in fandom and convention fandom at that. Joy knows most if not all my pen-names but a lingering doubt would attach to anyone never seen at a con.

I did show the loc to one guy and his original reaction was that he'd write you. But, and I don't in the least bit blame him, on thinking it over he decided



not to.

Yes, that's the other part of the problem in that I'm Bisexual and most of the people I've had affairs with in Fandom have been male. It's only post-Joy that most of my affairs seem to have become public and blatant so what I need is someone who had successful sexual encounter with me about two or more years ago *and* who has managed to hide it all this time (not all Bisexuals are or can be as open about it as I am now) to come forward.

Is that likely? Will someone lose their reputation to salvage part of mine? Well, let's just say that I'm glad it's only my reputation and not my life that's on the line here.

Let's take a few other little barbs on.

"In order to get what he wanted..." As I remember I'd been invited to a party at Joy's and we were both sitting on a bed and both trying to chat up a young fan-ed, unsuccessfully, when Joy's hand which had been resting on my knee moved right up my thigh. I went over backwards on the bed.

"You alright?"

"Yes, it's just painful having an erection in these tight trousers."

"Lying" as Joy says. Well, yes if I was impotent at that time.

"Slimy personality" I'm actually pleased with this as it means that Joy and her mother have finally managed to agree on something. It was her mother who described me as a "slimy little creep..." after Joy had taken Dave and I 'round to meet her after informing her we were having an affair.

"...he pretended to be anti-sexist and sympathetic to my views..." I like to think I am anti-sexist, it's just that I like a change of conversation occassionally. A monomaniac on any subject becomes boring very quickly to anyone who isn't as obsessed as they.

"...he gets sexually excited if I abuse him..." The germ of truth in this is that before we split as we lived a fair distance apart we kept in contact by 'phone and occasionally I would masturbate while Joy would describe what we would do next time we met. After we split and talked on the 'phone Joy was, no is, suspicious about any pause at my end. Generally these are because I've just been stunned by a non-statement of hers. Now if only I could convince Joy that I'm really turned on by *written* abuse and that I consider her loc the grossest pornography...

The cover - personally I loved it though one fan looked at it and said "I used to like Brad Foster artwork before I saw THAT." Score one on the gross-out scale.

Joy's loc: "...when I first asked for a copy of HTT, I expected it to be totally nauseating..." When Joy so willingly admits that she goes out looking for things to be offended at do I really need to defend myself?

\*\*\*\*\*

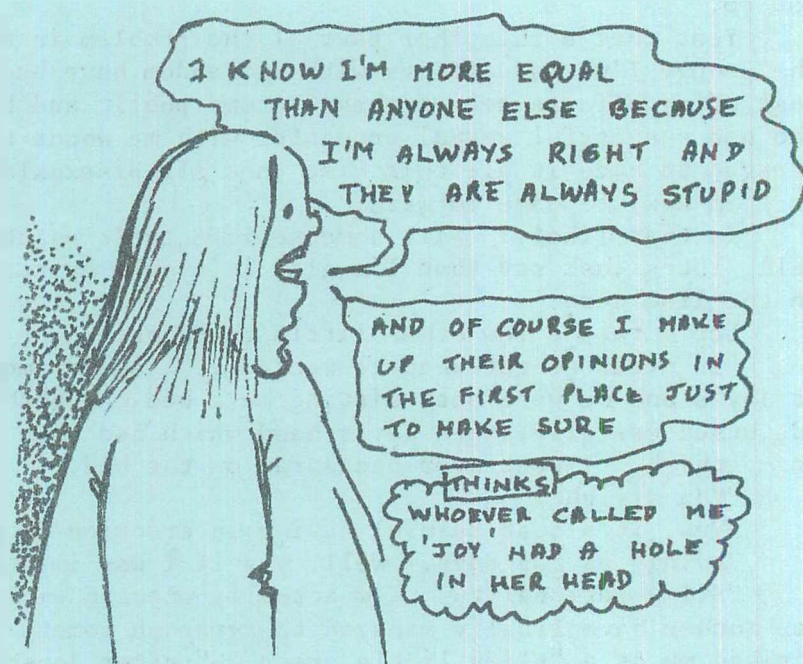
\* JOY HIBBERT \* Thanks for HTT 20. Liked the cover although it could have been a  
\*\*\*\*\* bit more varied and realistic. Loved the poor confused-looking  
little robots.

*They were my favourites, too.*

I think Richard Weinstock missed two points. The first is the belief of the ordinary respectable citizen that police brutality is ok because it won't happen to him, because he's respectable. I wonder how long that'll last? The second re. the Policemen's S&M Ball is the idea that some such people are particularly turned on by American police uniforms. Personally, I feel that uniform fetishists give decent perverts a bad name, but what does it say about the behaviour of the police that from all accounts the American police uniform is the 2nd favourite among uniform fetishists?

Covell: going by where I've seen his locs, I'd say it was more a question of him getting a certain group of US zines, but a wider range of British ones. I'd

better correct what he says about the Matrix 48 cover: there were various reasons for objecting to it. The most basic was that it is an unsuitable cover for what is the public face of British fandom. The BSFA exists to promote sf, not pornography (or, as one person put it "not *that* sort of fantasy"). Apparently the cover was supposed to have been the illo with an article, where it would have been more comprehensible. What bothered me about the reactions to the cover was the way no-one saw it as offensive to men, which it was: after all Marty, seriously now, do you think it is representative of male sexuality to say men like dressing up in barbarian costumes and pissing over women? The fact that Covell saw the cover as erotic suggests that this is his view of male sexuality.



*No, it just suggests that this is his view of his sexuality.*

\* MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER \*

Avedon Carol has the most interesting comments about mediafen. The sort of mediafan most fen object to is not someone who wears costumes, but who passively hides in the video room to catch up on the three episodes of Blake's Seven never before pirated from British airwaves.

*Hate to mention it, but reality is that the video rooms of any SF con will not have television videos from the UK - they are all illegal unless brought over specifically by the producers and that only happens at media cons. Once, pirated tapes used to show up but now cons are too worried about legal action - with cause.*

I liked the Entropy Reprint by Joe Kennedy, an intelligent way to write about the past. I was particularly amused by the scenes of Ricky Slavin as a fifteen-year-old terror. I first met her at a Hexacon where she brought a pile of manuscripts from MS., where she was (and perhaps still is) fiction editor. I remember her sitting at a table, glancing at the first page or so of the story, and throwing the manuscript, into a reject pile. "I've been reading women's fiction since the Forties, when I read slush for LOVE ROMANCES," she said. "Most of it was crap then, and most of it is crap now."

Children can be fun if you remember to turn them off when you're through playing with them. ---Kim L. Neidigh, From the Cynic's Notebook.



\*\*\*\*\*

\* ARTHUR D. HLAVATY \* Another excellent HTT. I love Foster's cover, and I commend  
\*\*\*\*\* you for having the guts to print it. *Yoda/11 LINA federal*  
*prison*

On D.W. Howard's letter: Trek fans did get on the ballot in the mid-70s. Jacqueline Lichtenberg and Laura Basta showed up on the Fan Writer ballot on the strength of their Trek writings, and Phil Foglio's victories in the Fan Artist category were widely believed to come from Trekkie votes. Fanzine fandom's response was to institute the FAAN awards with, originally, a half-page eligibility statement that read like something written by two government lawyers, which attempted to keep out Trekzines and high-circulation zines without mentioning Star Trek by name or setting a circulation limit.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* ROBERT WHITAKER SIRIGNANO \* As a postal worker I see nothing on the cover of HTT  
\*\*\*\*\* XX which would get it "banned" from the mails. I  
don't find it offensive myself, just erotic. Since  
I don't find eroticism offensive, this is fine.

Esco Productions, which D.W. Howard quotes a page of "findings" about conventions, was run by a New York fan who will remain nameless, went bankrupt, bounced checks and ran a convention in Delaware a few years back where there were 18 dealers and about a dozen attendees. I can see why it stresses the dealers. The guest of honor at this convention left Saturday morning to go home; movies were limited to what was shown on Saturday afternoon on the tube. Pleasing people will never be an exact science when dealing with large numbers of people. Some can hold their own conventions for their own interests. The latter idea doesn't seem to disturb anyone.

I must say there is a fannish clique I haven't been able to get used to and it is the "Church of the Sub-Genius". I find it insultingly stupid and am surprised to find people who take its sense of "fun" as seriously as people take baseball. I don't like baseball, but it has a legitimate basis. I know it's supposed to be a put one, but I've met people who seem to have become wired up over the Church of The Sub-Genius and sound monomaniacal when they talk about it (which is all the time). The Sub-Genius and the "Couch Potatoes" seem to be the worst areas of fannish styled movements that have leaked into fandom. The motivations aren't for fun or giving a sense of fun to others (like the early Star Trek cons were) but making money. The hell with them.

Please note that I am in the process of changing my name. It is to be Robert Whitaker Sirignano, as I married Giovanna M. Sirignano on Oct. 31st this year. There aren't too many Sirignanos in the world and there are a double handful of Whitakers (with variant spellings). Besides I always wanted to be an Italian, even though I'll be a blond Italian.

*It has a certain ring, Robert Whitaker Sirignano, and you can always claim to be from the North of Italy.*

*Of course it has a certain ring - Robert is a ding-y person. And I betcha that faneds are going to complain about the space which his new name takes up.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* TERRY JEEVES \* Many thanks for the latest HTT...but for my money, that cover was  
\*\*\*\*\* repulsive.

I did enjoy John Berry's (ATom illustrated) trip natter, and having had some I know how much he must have enjoyed it all. America is wonderful, and you Americans so friendly and hospitable (well, all those I met seemed to be) that Val and I would live to make a third trip over there...but sadly, not with the £ down to \$1.18. Berry plus ATom made me think the old Goon Detective Agency had

been resurrected for a moment.

*Well, if they were to resurrect it (how about it, fellas?) we would gleefully pub it here.*

All My Yesterdays was much my cup of tea..informative, chatty, friendly..and fun. Anent the bit on fanzine Awards...I have solved the problem to my personal satisfaction by awarding ERG the 'Distinguished fanzine medal for the best fanzine ever produced from 230 Bannerdale Road'...and also gave it the 'My Favourite Fmz Trophy'..and a few others.

Lettercol, Ah, I see I am the latest to be besmirched by the slings and arrows of outrageous Hibbert..as usual she sets up what she would LIKE me to say/believe before attacking her own target. Rebuttal of such mental cases is pointless as they simply head off on another tack. Viz her reference to her letters in ERG...one of which accused me of having been brought up in a 'typically middle class background' ...and when I disproved this by pointing out I was born and reared in a one-cold-tap house with a tin bath hanging on the wall (water heated over the fire) and an outside toilet across the back yard, our Joy ignored her error (as usual) and tried another trick. As for my supporting Ms. Thatcher, I'm sorry I didn't ask Joy's permission as to who I could be allowed to support..obviously she believes in 'Them as ain't for us is agin' us'. As for using names as an insult...I will refrain from quoting examples of what Ms. Hibbert's name is used as a synonym for..after all, this *is* a family zine. Let's face it, although seh can't help it, she gets her (dubious) jollies by attacking anyone in sight..so why should I spoil her tiny-minded fun.

Incidentally, one or two loccers..not just in HTT, but in many other fanzines seem to be adopting this us v them attitude. Be it film, boo, fanzine, TV show.. or even political credo....if Joe Soap holds different views from Mary Detergent (Deterperson??), then he slams her..and she slams him..instead of both agreeing to differ. I mildly enjoy Star Trek..but wouldn't enter the lists either for or against it other than in gentle discussion...likewise whether or not BRAND X is a top fanzine or the pits...whether SANDY DUNES is the greatest/worst film ever made and so on. Oh, like everyone else, I have opinions...but let's face it..that's *all* they are, opinions...you can't put them on any scale, weigh 'em and say this one is worth more than that one. Why can't we all ENJOY our SF, our fandom and our lives.... and when differences crop up, either discuss 'em without rancour...or else avoid the people with whom we disagree. 'They' have as much right to their views as 'us'.

*Such a sensible view. I knew I liked you.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* ROBERT BLOCH \* I must tell you right now that HTT #20 is longer than WAR AND  
\*\*\*\*\* PEACE - and funnier, too. The Kennedy material was new to me,  
as I imagine it was to most of your readers, and I'm thankful  
it was resurrected. Now all that's necessary is to sit back and wait until the  
Bergeron piece hits the fans. This may well be the greatest *cause celebre* since  
the Staple Wars; it has already topped the recent Presidential debates. Let's  
hope the whole thing doesn't degenerate into a godawful mess.

*\*Sigh\* It is a godawful mess. And the rest of Nessie is devoted to it.*

\*\*\*\*\*

On Surveys, I too sometimes draw in a box for something they didn't provide, then  
check it. Sometimes I'll draw in more than one box. Then check one of them.  
On rare occasions I'll draw in one or more boxes, but then check one of the  
printed ones. ---Thom Digby, APA-L #1012.

\*\*\*\*\*



# TAFF NO HOPE WARS

FAW!!  
YINGVI!  
YARGLE!  
ROWRBRAZZLE  
MUTTERMUMBLEGRIPE  
BITCH!! A-HENH!  
HA! FEH!  
\*GRUMP\*

WHAT IS HE SAYING?  
CAN'T UNDERSTAND A  
WORD! WHAT'S WITH  
HIM?

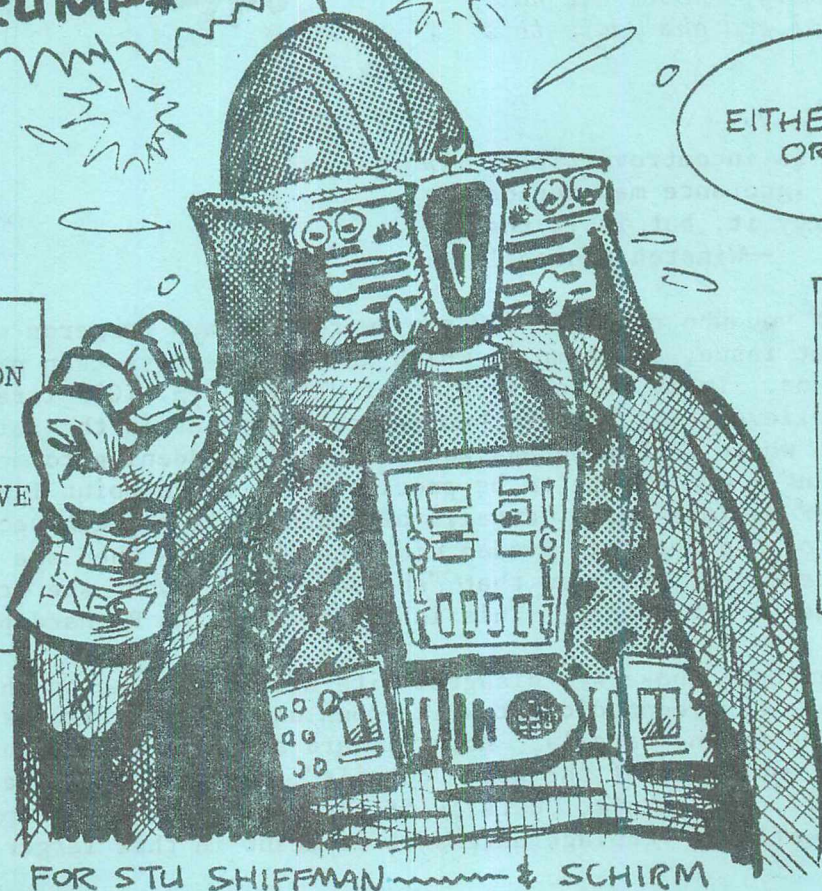
EITHER THE FORCE  
OR AIDS.....

STARRING  
RICHARD BERGERON  
as  
Dick Vader

JACKIE CAUSGROVE  
as  
Locke  
Taffwhacker

with  
AVEDON CAROL  
as  
Princess  
Leiarmenia

MIKE GLYER  
as  
C-F770



FOR STU SHIFFMAN & SCHIRM

© 1985



# BOREDOM ALERT -

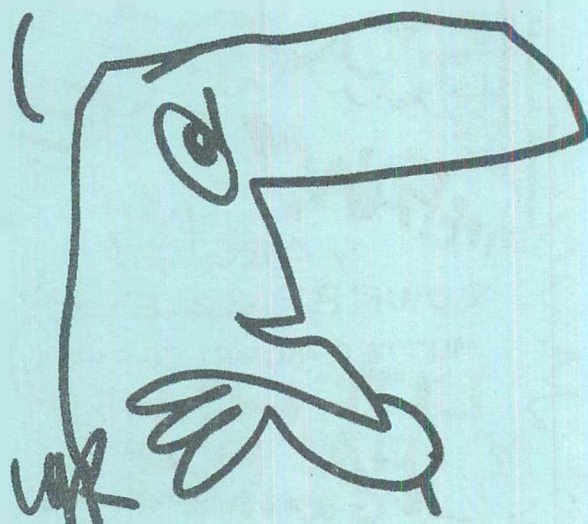
## THE TAFF BROUHAHA

an editorial

by

marty cantor

I PLEDGE  
ALLEGIANCE TO  
UNITED FANDOM  
MAY IT NEVER  
GAFFATE



*/\*Two very important caveats before I begin: all of the Rotsler illos used in this TAFF Brouhaha section of Nessie are from stock and should in no way be considered indicative of his position on this mess (whatever that may happen to be) - I am using them in my usual smartass manner. Secondly, to keep peace in the family, Robbie has not read my editorial and she wants this pointed out.\*/*

"The truth is incontrovertible. Panic may resent it; ignorance may deride it; malice may destroy it, but it is there."

--Winston Churchill

As those of you who read HTT #20 are aware, Richard Bergeron wrote a column (FANGDOM) in that issue, a column in which he had some less than nice things to say about certain fans. In my Natter section of HTT #20 (pg. 109) I rather imprecisely stated that I believed that Richard had proved his point in the column. I also mentioned that this whole TAFF brouhaha was profoundly saddening to me.

At this point I would like to be precise about which point I believed Richard proved. All TAFF ballots state "details of voting will be kept secret". There is not a scintilla of a doubt that Avedon violated this rule when she wrote her letter to Bergeron. Worse yet, she knew that "she done wrong" when she wrote this and she commented on this in her letter. This is the point which Richard proved when he quoted her.

Robbie is amongst those who disagree with Richard and me on this point; they seem to feel that, as Avedon did not write down any *precise* figures, she did not divulge any of the voting details. Both Richard and I feel that this is much too narrow a reading, not only of the word "details", but also of the apparent meaning of the rule itself. As a rule, "details of the voting shall be kept secret" is just so much superfluous verbiage unless it is meant in this larger sense. Let



me give a hypothetical example of a situation in which absolutely *no* details (in the restricted sense used by those who do not concede that Richard has proven this point) are divulged, and yet all *pertinent* details are really divulged. Administrator X calls candidate Y and tells Y, "if you get just 2 more votes you will be going across the pond later this year". Candidate Y then goes out and hustles up 2 more votes - and, lo and behold, candidate Y wins by one vote. Well, no vote totals were divulged here, were they? As you can see by this hypothetical situation (which I in no way mean to be anything other than hypothetical, used just to clarify my stand, and am not implying AT ALL that anything like this occurred in the real-life situation which has brought about this mess), it is Richard's contention (and one in which I concur) that it is unnecessary for any exact vote totals to be divulged for the rule to be violated. We further contend that the only reason for such a rule in the first place is to keep an administrator from actively interfering in any on-going races; should, in fact, just administer the race and not get involved on behalf of any candidate.

O.K., so where do we go from here? Reasonable people will then go on to debate whether or not what she did was a major or minor infraction of this rule and whether or not Richard was reasonable in his reaction to this. (See later on in this issue for Mike Glicksohn's reasonable letter on this - Mike has struck a tone which I wish most people would have matched in this debate.)

Digression #1: I have publically stated/written that I believe that Richard has come on too strong in his presentation. I presume, though, that he was acting on the same principle one uses when trying to get a mule to do something - the first thing you do is to hit it over the head with a 2 x 4 to get its attention. Well, knowing the muleish propensities of much of fandom, I find it hard to put down this approach. In my Natter section I mentioned that Richard had come on too strongly - I also mentioned that the reactions to him were stronger still in some quarters. Richard and I have had many telephone conversations about this; to put it briefly, despite Richard's assertions about this I tended to somewhat downplay his reactions as the reactions of a very sensitive person. As I will prove later on in this extended editorial, some of the same people who Richard accuses of being abusive towards him (with very little reason) have also dumped on me - with even less reason.

Digression #2: When I printed HTT #20 I printed up some extra copies of Bergeron's column and also pg. 109, my response to his column. Before I mailed out #20 I sent (First Class) these extra copies to Avedon Carol, Ted White, rich brown, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, and a few others. I felt that the above-named people deserved to get these copies before fandom-at-large saw Bergeron's column. With these extra copies of his column and my reaction to it I also sent an explanatory cover letter (a different one to each recipient) the tone of each one mostly a bemoaning over the current state of fandom vis-a-vis the TAFF brouhaha.

Digression #3: I sincerely like all of the people on both sides of this mess and I am deeply distressed at some of the things I going to have to say about some of them. Probably I am going to go overboard in reactions to some of the things which some of them have written about me; in most cases, though, I will let them convict themselves with their own words.

The first response which I received was a letter from Avedon - in the interests of fairness I will print her letter (right after this editorial) in *full*, something I promised her I would do in my cover letter to her.

But, before I go on, let me remind all of you that it was *Bergeron* who made the accusations, not I - I merely said that he had proved his point. (As a matter of fact, I personally believe that *and* his detractors is just so much persiflage unless it addresses the point of Avedon betraying (or not) her TAFF administratorship when she wrote her letter to Richard and discussed some of the details of the TAFF voting.) Anyway, my *sole* contribution to this discussion was my saying that I believed that Richard had proved his point. So let us see just what the reaction to *this* is.

From rich brown we get VOTING PACKET, a zine in which rich details the reasons why he is resigning from the current DUFF race and asking people who would otherwise vote for him to support Mike Glicksohn instead. I have no quarrel with that action (and am sorry that rich cannot continue with the race), but let us look at the next couple of paragraphs in VOTING PACKET.

"My resolution to make this announcement solidified when Marty Cantor published Richard Bergeron's "Fangdom" in HOLIER THAN THOU, pillorying the US TAFF administrator, Avedon Carol, for telling him in DNZ correspondence after he voted that voting was slow and a candidate in the race might win because he'd insulted the right people ("details of the voting," Bergeron says.) I know *most* fans familiar with TAFF and DUFF understand these confidential details are things like who voted for who or how many votes a candidate received--neither of which Avedon violated. When Marty (who should know better) gives currency to the attack by saying publication of Avedon's DNQ letter "proves" Dick's allegations, even though it does nothing of the sort, it seems possible that others who should know better may be swayed.

"Sure, Marty was duped; I don't think he's Evil Incarnate. But I do feel, quite strongly, that he should be held accountable for his actions and, accordingly, hope those voting in this race will have the *decency* to avoid bestowing a DUFF trip on him. By stepping out of the way, and narrowing his competition, I hope to improve the chances of those who wish to ensure that the honor of DUFF goes to someone worthy of receiving it. Toward that end, as a possible stop-gap, I would mind receiving *second*-place votes."

Oh, fine, just what we need in fandom - a political litmus test of "correct belief" to qualify for any sort of honour. Well, if it ever becomes necessary in fandom to hold only certain "politically correct" views on things faanish I think that I would have trouble leading over 90% of fans out of fandom as *all* of those other 90% would be vying for the honour of leaving first. I am sorry rich, but I have to say that you should lower your head to the level of your asshole and then pull yourself in. You deserve *lots* of nasty letters on this one; in fact, your action is SO abhorrent that I believe that I just might get some sympathy vote in reaction. Arthur Hlavaty wrote me a letter about this:

"I have just received rich brown's VOTING PACKET. I suspect that the idea that people should punish you for supporting the incorrect side in one particular disagreement by not voting for you for DUFF may be the ugliest one to come out of the whole mess, although the Gods know it has enough competition.

"As it happens, I disagree with Richard Bergeron's interpretation of what happened, and thus with your support of that interpretation, but I hardly think that your opinion makes you unworthy to be a fan-fund winner. What is more important is that I would hate to see fans feel that they dared not express opinions on controversial questions if they ever wanted to run in a fan fund.

"I disagree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.' Well, no. I always was too chickenshit for that. I cannot even offer my vote, as I had already voted for you. At least you have my best wishes that this nonsense will not harm your chances. (This letter is not DNQ.)"

Now we get to what I consider an excersize in childishness. Just after mailing out HTT #20 we got a fantastic article (with illos) from Stu Shiffman. Both Robbie and I loved this article and I wrote back to Stu telling him that we accepted his article with enthusiasm. By that time Stu had read #20 and Bergeron's column - Stu sent us a note saying that he was withdrawing his article because he did not want to appear in the same fanzine as Bergeron. I sent the article back, with regrets, honouring his request. I pointed out that, whilst I might mention



this as a result of the brouhaha I would certainly not use his name so as to protect him from the sneers of other fans who would consider this action on his part to be childish. After all, as I pointed out to him, there were many others who participated in HTT, not just Bergeron; anyway, a writer as good as Bergeron was not going to harp on this one subject forever and ever (and had indicated to me on the telephone that he would like to start writing about other subjects, especially now that he had fully covered the topic in his column in #20). Stu wrote back, "Marty - that note I sent is intended for publication - no secrets here. So print the note and mention the name so that it will be clear that wishy-washy quiet-voiced mellow Stu Shiffman (fan-artist, fan-editor, Hugo nominee, ex-TAFF administrator, human being, me) is outraged at Dick Bergeron's continual personal attacks on Avedon..." etc. O.K. Stu, take your ball and bat and go home. I am sorry friend, but your pouting on this matter seems to me to be small minded. I am printing this *only* because you made it clear to me that you want me to do so. Personally I see you doing more harm to yourself than good - a sharply-worded loc would have done you more good than this action. At least you did not stoop to the level of others, you did not indulge in any vileness in my direction. Certainly you do not think that I am going to can Bergeron as a columnist so as to get your contributions? Well, I am not accusing you of playing *that* silly game, one which I never play. HTT is gradually accreting to itself some of fandom's finest talents and I am sorry that your fit of pique is keeping you out of its pages. Our door will remain open to you.

Ted White sent a rather largish package - it included "FANGDOM" DEFANGED and separate letters to both Robbie and me. At this point I will quote Ted's letter to me, in toto. As preface to his letter I should point out that what he is quoting are parts of my cover letter (mentioned previously) and that the quotes are accurate. I would also like to point out that the context of my letter should have made it clear the the "would-be peacemaker" to whom I was refering was not Bergeron (after all, Bergeron is one of the feud participants, so he is obviously not the person to whom I was referring (even though Ted seems to think so)). Not to let *this* subject dangle, the person to whom I was referring was Dave Locke (formerly neutral, now opting for Bergeron's position). So now, Ted:

"Bullshit: 'What really bothers me, though, is the heated OVERreaction which he is getting from some quarters.' '...the portions of Avedon's letter which Dick quotes prove his allegations against her.' 'Bergeron is being unfairly villified and is having unbelievable nastiness written in his direction. Misrepresentation and innuendo poison the air. A would-be peacemaker has been shat upon.'

"Are you serious? How can you utter those statements with anything approaching a straight face? *What do you think is going on here?*

"From where I sit, Richard Bergeron has launched a campaign of villification and innuendo against Avedon Carol. The sly sneers in WIZ #11 can hardly be characterized as even remotely in good taste, and the attack itself rests on amazingly flimsy logic. You have to believe that a twice-repeated joke is a sinister campaign, that Avedon's letter divulged "details of the voting" (name me *one* "detail" that was presented in the portion you ran), although it wasn't published "with TAFF funds" "for the TAFF electorate," etc., to even grant Bergeron a *case*. Even granting him a case -- which I don't -- does not excuse the gutter-level of his attack on Avedon, which was as *ad hominem* as any attack on any fan I've seen in any fanzine since 1964.

"*Nothing* in response to WIZ #11 or Bergeron's subsequent publications has approached the level of nastiness revealed by Bergeron. I am stunned to see you calling him "a wouldbe peacemaker" -- *who* do you think fired the first shots here?

"Decent fans have told Bergeron that they are shocked and appalled by what he has done and continues to do. Bergeron shrugs this off. He shrugs off his closest friends in fandom and virtually all of his peers in Britain. He *widens* the scope of his attack. Because I defended Avedon in egoscan he has attacked me and called me a liar, seeking to discredit me in an effort to shrug off my criticisms. But he has answered *none of them*. He resorts to *ad hominem* attacks on me, buttressed by out-of-context quotes and attempts to prove me a liar by twisting chronology. Because Patrick Nielsen Hayden seconded my comments in ego-scan, Bergeron has turned on him and has made him the object of his attack in WIZ #12.

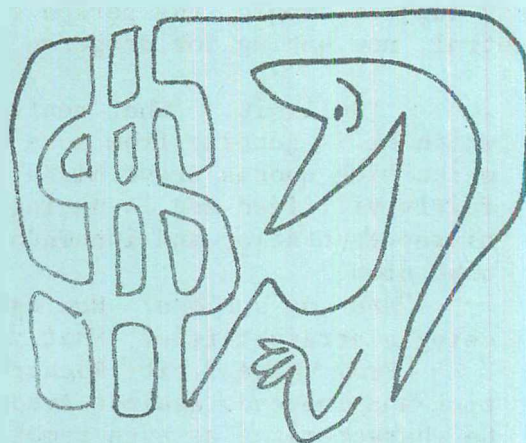
"In HTT Bergeron has calmed himself considerably from the rabid DISCOVERY PROCEEDING, but his column is simply yet another widening of the war, another escalation to a yet bigger audience, one which he hopes to find as pliable in its ignorance as he has found you to be. What purpose does his column serve? It sets out to belittle me, and to do yet another smear on Avedon, but in a tone of slightly more reasonableness and less obvious rage. It offers nothing constructive whatsoever.

"As one of the piece's victims, I deeply resent the hypocrisy of your stance, as well as your gross misrepresentation of the situation. You know very well that no one is "OVERreacting" to Bergeron; and you know very well that there exists not one shred of proof for such a statement. Fans have reacted to Bergeron with amazing restraint, considering the rabid nature of his activities -- probably out of respect for his past achievements and reputation. But that reputation has been eroding and was doing so before WIZ #11. The events since July have pretty well sunk Bergeron's boat, and I view his column in HTT as his last attempt to bail it out. A desperate act from a desperate man.

"I enclose an article entitled "FANGDOM" DEFANGED, which is my response to Bergeron's FANGDOM. I expect to see it in the very next HTT -- which is even then far too long a wait.

"'I thought fandom was supposed to be fun.' Well, Marty, you have certainly done Your Bit to decrease the amount of Fun in Fandom, and I hope you are pleased with yourself. You have certainly earned my contempt.

"It doesn't take much to buy your unthinking loyalty, does it? Just a column and a cover...."



Point by point. "Even granting him a case -- which I don't -- does not excuse the gutter-level of his attack on Avedon, which was as *ad hominem* as any attack on any fan I've seen in any fanzine since 1964." Well, Ted, you have just seen an attack even *more* *ad hominem* - your attack on me. Richard at least had the fact (or presumed fact - I am not getting into that here) of Avedon's performance as TAFF administrator as the basis of his attack. All that I have done is to say that I believed that Richard proved his point, and *surely*, in a 1984 fanzine pubbed in the United States of America (and my own fanzine at that), I have the right to state my own opinion? Or is that only ok if my opinion happens to agree with yours (or rich brown's, for that matter)? Your letter was entirely an *ad hominem* attack on me, Ted, so I am hoisting you on your own petard. When you state that "my unthinking loyalty" was bought, *you* are the one stooping to the gutter-level arguments which you ascribe to



Bergeron. To quote a favourite Ted White line - prove it! (It is too bad that Robbie's sense of humour is not exactly congruent to mine as Bergeron and I had cooked up a little humour for that charge of being bought - I would have reduced and repro'd a cheque from Richard -- in the amount of 25¢ -- to prove that I had been cheaply bought - but Robbie did not think that was funny.) At this point I will type something that Robbie wrote at the end of Ted's letter. "This is the viscious mewling of a petty mind. I may not agree with Marty's stand but I know damn well he *can't* be bought -- cheaply or otherwise." Anyway, Ted, if you disagree with a position I take you can quite forcefully state it without the gutter-level tactics you have just taken (and I have just quoted *every bit* of your letter to show the readers *your* tactics. Fandom expects better of you, Ted.

As for your implied threat vis-a-vis "FANGDOM" DEFANGED - "I expect to see it in the very next HTT" - threats do not wash with me. "FANGDOM" DEFANGED is pubbed in HTT #21 because I am a fair person - as you were attacked in #20 you were given the right of reply in #21 and I am printing your reply ONLY in fairness to you, NOT because you threatened me.

"You know very well that no one is 'OVERreacting' to Bergeron..." Considering your gross overreaction to me all that I can say is that when Richard says that you have been overreacting to him I will not any longer find that hard to believe.

And then there was a second letter from Avedon. Avedon will have her first letter printed (complete) right after this editorial, but I want to quote here some portions of her second letter where she attacks me.

"Another thing you don't seem to understand about the reactions of people like Stu Shiffman is that they have no desire to be published in a fanzine which is produced by a man who is on the record as having no journalistic ethics whatsoever. You talk about "right of reply" while virtually guaranteeing that your victims will not have it.

"Look at what you've done, Marty. You publish an 11-page advertisement from this real-estate dealer about how Avedon Carol and all of her friends are rotten devious people. You do not consult a single one of us for our side of the story, nor even consult Arthur Thomson or other witnesses who might give you the scoop. You take the word of Richard Bergeron, a man who isn't anywhere near anyone who knows what's going on and who has fabricated his scenarios without benefit of a single eye-witness. Journalistic ethics would have required you to attempt to reach those of us who were being discussed in your publication for our comments, rebuttals, and accounts -- but you don't happen to *have* those ethics, do you Marty? You're a moral coward who can't stand to hear the other side of the story -- it might influence you, eh?

"And then, after publishing this nonsense to an audience of three hundred or more people, you announce that you probably won't have another issue out until March. Much good your so-called right-of-reply does when these lies will have had many months to circulate and fester and be passed on to people who don't actually get HTT and will never see the rebuttals or retractions if they are forthcoming."

I have no journalistic ethics? Bah - *you* and all of those attacked in Bergeron's column are getting your right of reply right here in the next issue, an action which is 100% completely in accord with journalistic ethics as practised in fanzine fandom. The fact that this issue might not be out until March (possibly even later) is merely a reflection of the fact that the expected deluge of rights-of-reply is making this a monster issue that will take even longer than usual to prepare. I am employed in the retail trade - this means that I am too busy during most of December to do much work on HTT, so that also makes the issue (#21) later than I would like for it to be. However, as HTT is the *only* large-sized genzine being put out currently that also comes out with ANY regular fast frequency (and three times a

year IS fast and frequent when you consider its size and the fact that both its editors: work full-time jobs (I work 6 days a week, as does Robbie in December as she works in my store on Saturdays), your complaint is frivolous.

As for wanting me to "stop the presses" so that I should get replies from those Bergeron "attacked" (and then keep the presses on hold whilst Bergeron replies to those replies etc. ad nauseum), that is ridiculous on its face - not only is such a thing not considered necessary by fanzine fandom but even you did not do that when you once said negative things about those fans presumably part of what we now call "Sixth Fandom Fandom" - you did not stop your ish at that point (BLATANT #11) and get any immediate replies from those who might be considered attacked.

No, Avedon, your accusations of my being "a man who is on the record as having no journalistic ethics whatsoever" is nothing more than a gutter-level attack.

And, for the record, let me quote Stu Shiffman as to why he really did not want his article in HTT - not, as you state, because he did not want it in a fanzine produced by a man who is on the record as having no journalistic ethics whatsoever, but, "I cannot countenance the appearance of an article of mine in your otherwise fairly fine fanzine while you retain Bergeron as a columnist on these themes." Avedon, if you are going to quote your friends in support of your position, be sure to get their positions correct. From what Stu wrote to me I doubt that he considers that "I have no journalistic ethics whatsoever".

"And even if we *could* respond in time to the material in HTT, there is what you haven't told us, isn't there, Marty? Without mentioning it to us, you also sent WIZ #12 and a number of interesting letters out to some of the people who got this piece of Bergeron's. In fact, you circulated #12 with HTT itself, assuring us that several hundred people who did not see WIZ #10 and WIZ #11 and who therefore haven't a clue to the genesis of all this nonsense will receive this confusing attack on Patrick Nielsen Hayden out of the blue. They may not know that the real reason for WIZ #12 is that Bergeron set Patrick up because he was done with his love-affaire with Patrick and wanted everyone to know it. They may be under the mistaken notion that Bergeron really gives a good god damn about TAFF. It's deliberate misrepresentation of Patrick, but how are your readers to know that, and how is Patrick supposed to respond when he is left unaware that you mailed it out to your readers? And even when he *does* discover what you've done, what is he supposed to do? How can he use this "right-of-reply" you pretend to offer him? He can write you a letter which won't be published until March--months after the TAFF race he is running is over--the TAFF race which Richard Bergeron is trying to scuttle, which was of course his entire purpose in producing WIZ #12.

The only other recourse Patrick has, of course, is to go to great expense to produce an entire fanzine and send it out to your entire mailing list of, what, 300 people? You may not be aware of this, Marty, but the reason most of us don't have mailing lists of that size is because we can't afford it--we would *love* to be able to reach everyone in fandom, extend our hand to them all, but we just *can't*.

"And we can't afford to put our time and energy into defining our fanac by what some loony who doesn't even know us decides to publish. I simply can't afford to go mailing out hundreds of fanzines explaining my side of the story every time some jerk runs around publishing lies about me (and apparantly there are two or three people in America who have nothing better to spend theri money on right now and can generate as many charges as they want. I guess their time isn't very valuable either, but *mine is*, and I can't spend my every waking moment responding to this nonsense). I know Patrick can't afford to, either."

Piggy-backing WIZ 12 along with HTT #20 is not all that unusual type of occurrence for me. I have done the same for several of Mike Glycer's zines in the past and will undoubtedly do this in the future for other zines. Anyway, in following



the fannish tradition of piggy-backing zines from other faneds I am no more responsible for the contents of those other zines than any other faned in the same position has ever been considered. Patrick's right-of-reply to WIZ #12 *is to* the editor of WIZ #12, *not* to me. Patrick's right-of-reply to HTT #20 concerns *only* those items in HTT #20, not in any other zine in the universe. You know, I am sick unto death of you and your friends suddenly rewriting fannish traditions to suit your feud-of-the-moment - and then accuse others of not following these rules nobody every heard of until you made them up. Keep up *that* kind of nonsense and you will rapidly alienate just about all of fanzine fandom.

You bring up the point of money; well, Robbie and I are not made of money either. The yearly cost of HTT is in the neighbourhood of \$1,500, so we are not loathe to share postage costs, where practicable, with other fans. Which means combined mailings where we can. It should be obvious that we are not going to check in advance to see if any zines we are piggy-backing can pass some sort of "fannish purity" litmus test or are not going to be offensive to some of our regular readers before we agree to accept them to send along with HTT. Hell, anybody who gets HTT on a regular basis is in no position to complain about what they get in the mail.

Now - are *you* a mind-reader? If not, just how in hell do you know just what is (or was) in Bergeron's mind when he pubbed WIZ #12? C'mon, Avedon, you are stooping to the depths of vituperation of which you are accusing Bergeron.

"Perhaps your readers are unaware that you sent out letters with your several advance copies of Bergeron's piece, making further charges against me which, once again, you did not consult *me* about. You never asked *me* why I didn't send you stuff for LAcon (because I asked everyone who said they had contributions to send them directly to LA, Marty, thus saving TAFF the postage). You never asked *me* about Arthur's letter (and you never asked Arthur, either). You never asked Patrick about Terry Carr's letter (and I assume you never asked Terry, either). Oh, no, that would have taken more guts and more ethics than you've *got* Marty-- which is a disaster, of course, because those are the minimum guts and ethics necessary to produce an even acceptable publication."

It was not necessary (until now) to mention that I had sent out covering letters with the extra copies of FANGDOM; however, I will say that in only one of those letters did I make any charges against you, and those charges were solely concerned with one part of your TAFF administratorship, a part which affected me as TAFF/DUFF liaison at L.A.CON II. I wrote this *only* to rich brown (and the onus now goes to rich for spreading them to you and to you for sending them to me to put before fandom (you mentioned that you wanted this letter pubbed)). Basically: when I left CONSTELLATION I left you with a pile of fanzines and stuff. With L.A.CON II coming up I wrote to you asking you to send me any remaining stuff (either to my shop or to my apartment, I forget which) which I would then personally take to the con and put into the TAFF/DUFF auction. *You* never replied - and the only person who brought stuff for TAFF (to my knowledge, and I was collecting things for the auction in the Fan Room) was Rob Hansen. As it turns out I had been collecting some things myself, things I intended to have Jerry Kaufman, Jack Herman, and Rob Hansen go through and divide up 'twixt the two funds. With nothing coming in for TAFF I told Jerry (who had lots of DUFF stuff) to try to let TAFF have most of the better stuff in my box so that TAFF could have some money raised for it. I kept my "attack" limited to the one person who had recently written that you were an exemplary TAFF administrator and merely used it in a letter to him as an example of an area where you were less than exemplary. Indeed, maybe you are a good or many other kind of administrator - exemplary is a status as administrator I do not think that you have attained. And that is not even necessarily a bad thing; we all are, here, after all, amateurs. Not that this means that we should not all try to do our best, it means that absolute perfection is not something which fans should expect from other fans on a 100%-always basis.

Now, as for this foolishness about all of this checking and research which I did not do: Avedon, has it ever occurred to you that I do not have the research staff of the Associated Press? Shit - not even newszines are expected to perform up to the standard you have suddenly invented for HTT (which, in case you have not noticed, is *not* a newszine). In fact, and much more to the point, the things to which you purportedly object (and I say "purportedly" because you object all over the place but never once address yourself to Bergeron's main complaint against you) were printed in Richard Bergeron's column in HTT; and, in case some of the things which happen in the 20th Century have passed you by, it is *de rigueur* in both mundane and fandom that columnists not only do not necessarily have to be held to the same exacting standards as do ordinary reporters (except that they are usually held to *higher* standards of quality writing - especially in fandom), but in neither mundane nor fandom are columnists expected to turn in all of their background material. And, in case it has escaped you, Bergeron is a columnist for HTT, not a reporter.

One last point about Avedon's second letter. Avedon was given right-of-reply because of Bergeron's attack on her in his column in HTT #20. Not *one* of the paragraphs in Avedon's second letter concerns itself with that column; in fact, most of it is an attack on *me*. As such I consider it entirely *my* prerogative to print just which parts of it which *I* (or Robbie) want to print. Need I have to mention that right-of-reply means replying to charges? It certainly does not mean an automatic platform for saying anything you want to say about anything else.

And, as you will see in much of the following (and in *all* of the preceeding) the main proponents of the anti-Bergeron camp spend very little time refuting Bergeron's charges; instead they seem to want to vituperate at high speed. You may read and judge for yourself.

In case any of you are not aware of this, all of the above has made me intensely depressed. Bright spots in this mess have been Mike Glicksohn's loc (reprinted later in this zine) (a loc which adopts a rational tone I wish most of the participants would use), and I appreciate his letter even though he is on "the opposite side" - and ZERO SUM GAME, a zine from Taral, a zine which attempts to put this mess into some kind of perspective. Umph. As Taral says, *everybody* seems to have tone beyond the pale. I guess that this means me, too, now.

I do not know how to put the pieces back together again; however, the best that I can do is this: Bergeron had his say in #20, those who consider themselves attacked in Bergeron's column are having their say in #21 (if they choose to respond). Unless somebody wants to issue a public apology (in which case I will print it) this zine is *CLOSED* to any further discussion of this topic after this issue - they can argue it out in some other fanzine. Personally, I think that Bergeron reacted too strongly - and many of those who think that he is incorrect have reacted *FAR* too strongly towards him (AND to those who support at least some of what he had written on this topic). And, in case those in the anti-Bergeron camp have not noticed it, this policy of closing the discussion at the end of this issue effectively disenfranchises Richard Bergeron in these pages as I have disallowed him his proper right-of-reply. Richard knows this, and we remain friends - and that is further proof that Patrick and Teresa and Ted and rich and Avedon are *\*\*\*g* when they say that Richard "began to treat them as enemies when they tried to reason with him and to convince him that he was incorrect in what he was doing". Bosh. Richard knows that I disagree with him on some aspects of this matter; actually, I believe that our friendship has grown stronger in the past few months despite our disagreements on some things.

As we have written in this issue, Robbie and I do not see eye to eye on this TAFF brouhaha; and that, gentlepeople, is the main reason why we are discontinuing this discussion in this zine. We need no more of this mess.

Does anybody remember when HTT was devoted to putridity instead of being a reincarnation of World War II?



## ADDENDUM

During the course of writing this editorial it came to my attention that Dave Locke was attempting to get a damper put on this whole mess by getting all of the participants to agree to some sort of statement in which nobody would admit to any wrongdoing, the past would be left in the past, and let us all stop doing things which are fragmenting fandom. I called Dave; mentioning that I was quite ill (it turns out with 2 different illnesses) and was quite busy with Christmas business in the shop - so would he please send enquiries about this statement to the following main participants: Bergeron, brown, Carol, Patrick & Teresa? If even *one* of them objected to such a thing I would continue with my plans for this issue; otherwise, I would chuck *all* of the material in the interests of peace and would just print the statement (in whatever final form it appeared). Please note the implication here - the anti-Bergeron faction was being asked to give up their right of reply for the greater good of fandom but if only *one* of them insisted upon being heard than I would respect that right and would bolster it by letting the others have their say too.

rich brown, in a more-or-less reasonable letter demurred from objuring his right of reply. Ted White, though, was unnecessarily inflammatory in his letter. No, Ted, I was not having any second thoughts about this when I proposed that some sort of "truce" be arranged and things dropped in HTT. And no, I was not being irresponsible - do you honestly think that the letters which I have quoted in this editorial show that some of the people on your side even know the meaning of the word "irresponsible"? They seem to be it, that is all.

I apologize to Allen Sundry for my above prolonged temper tantrum. I believe that I have been Provoked.

---Marty Cantor

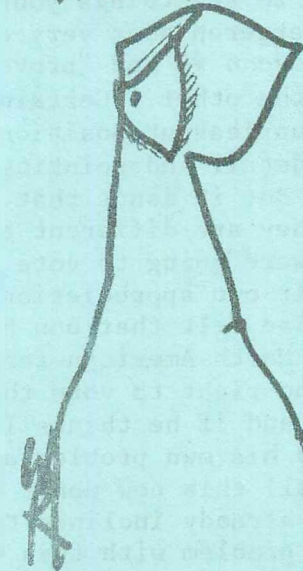
\*\*\*\*\*

\* AVEDON CAROL \* Well, I suppose I could  
\*\*\*\*\* spend eleven pages, or a  
hundred, explaining what  
the flaw in Bergeron's logic is and why  
he's wrong, but even if I presented a  
perfect case that would stun you with its  
beauty, cohesiveness, and precise and  
undeniable refutations, I doubt fandom  
would be pleased to see yet another tree  
die over this essentially stupid and  
pointless debate.

You say in your cover letter that you think Bergeron has proved his case, but that you'd like to remain friends with all concerned. Given that Bergeron's "case" seems to be that I--along with several other people--are vicious liars whose motives are always venal and malicious--why would you want to be friends with any of us?

*The main component of Richard's case is, as I have shown in my editorial, that you disclosed details of the voting before the voting was over. At the time that I wrote that I believed that Richard*

BUT AFTER I INHERIT  
THE EARTH...



WILL  
THERE  
BE  
TAXES?

was indulging in the written pyrotechnic style for which he has just fame and I was willing to forgive him this excess because his writing is a wonder to behold. Anyway, I had not received at this time the abusive material which I quoted in my editorial - such material not only making me no longer doubt Richard when he complains of abuse on the part of these people but also making me now doubt that I want to remain friends with certain people.

What case has Bergeron proved, Marty? That I held no opinion in the TAFF race? So what? Did anyone imagine I had no opinion? Anyone who has won an award that they feel honored by wants to believe that successive winners will also have earned and deserved it. I felt, plainly, that Hansen had earned that award, and I naturally wanted to see him win it, rather than someone who, in my opinion, hadn't even shown a real interest in winning it.

I know that I can speak for Richard in this - he is not denying your right to hold an opinion in the TAFF race; it is just that he, and I, are dismayed that you expressed your opinion in the way that you did at the time which you did it. Anyway, in case you are not aware of it, the above paragraph of yours is your admittance wanted to publically sway the voting towards one of the candidates. And, as you did not deny that you wrote the letter to Bergeron (which he quoted), you have just publically admitted to unethical conduct (even though you do not seem to realise that you have done so).

And I expressed this opinion to Bergeron--after he had voted. If you read my letter without Bergeron's "explanation" of what it says, you see that this is really all I did, and you might also note that the only "trend" in the voting I actually reveal is that the ballots were trickling in slowly. Yes, I convey a depressive tone that suggests I'm not happy with the way things are going (but I have already said that one of the things that depress me is the slowness of the turn-out), and I say I am not satisfied with the reasons some people are giving for their West votes. But I *don't* say that West is winning. I only say that it makes me unhappy that he *might* win for what I feel are the wrong reasons, when someone else ought to win for the right reasons. And this is not the same thing at all.

And it goes on--I'm not going to waste time giving a point-by-point refutation for the simple reason that, I have already seen, such attempts accomplish nothing, no matter how they are presented. It doesn't matter who is right, because the people who are inclined to see things your way will see them that way, and the others won't.

Something Bergeron does very effectively is compare separate sentences in the letter and in *egoscan* #8 and "prove" that they directly contradict each other and that one denies the other. Certainly, if you want to pretend this is the case, you put me into the unpleasant position of having to spend an enormous amount of energy going over each detail and pointing out why this is not the case.

Very nice. But it isn't that those statements directly contradict each other--it's only that they are different aspects of the same basic structure. I thought that, if people were going to vote for D. West, they should vote for D. West, on the basis of their own appreciation of what they actually knew about his (copious) talents, but I also felt that Don had demonstrated no interest in actually winning TAFF and meeting North American fans, while Rob Hansen *had*. I certainly never told Bergeron he had no right to vote the way he was voting, and I didn't tell him to change his vote, and if he thinks I was trying to pull the wool over his eyes about something, that's his own problem and I feel sorry for him.

But saying all this now won't help, because the subtleties will go right by anyone who isn't already inclined to look for them.

Part of the problem with this whole thing is that, based on long-past experience of Bergeron, we were all willing to grant him some of his assumptions even though we had no evidence--that is, we pretended to ourselves that he really did have



a letter from me which said all of the things he pretended it said. But it doesn't, and for that matter, even if it did, it wouldn't prove anything.

You say Bergeron has proved his case, Marty. OK, so tell me what the case is, what it means, and what we're supposed to do about it. Because from what I can see, Bergeron is merely using this whole TAFF thing as an excuse to try to make my life miserable and what he wants is to drive me into such a searing depression that I will gafiate (and perhaps take the TAFF money with me, if I do this before the end of the current election) and maybe, if he's really successful, kill myself when he succeeds in convincing all of fandom that I haven't got any ethics or decency or morality.

Oh, I'd *love* to resign as administrator. God knows, if I thought it would make it all go away, I would have done it as soon as I saw WIZ #11. The only thing is, I'm not allowed to, and I can't imagine why anyone else would want to take the job over. Do you understand? I am not *permitted* to resign as administrator. I am permitted to hold opinions, yes, and I am permitted to express them, as an individual, whether there is a TAFF race in progress or not--there are no rules saying I can't--but I can not resign as administrator just because Richard Bergeron has decided he's mad at me. Personal attacks are not a basis for TAFF policy. Richard Bergeron's vendetta against me is not sufficient grounds upon which to base *any* TAFF policy. Do you understand?

*I understand that you are wrong on two counts. Firstly, as I show in my editorial, you are not allowed to express your opinions about the candidates in an ongoing TAFF race as allowing an administrator to do that is just plain unfair to those candidates with which you are upset - it is for the voters to express their opinions on the candidates through their votes. Secondly, as there are no rules which forbid you to resign as administrator, you can go ahead and do so if you wish. Nixon resigned as President of the USA even though there were no rules about that, and nobody tried to stop him on the grounds that he could not do that.*

When you strip away the character assassination from Bergeron's article, what you are left with is just the charge that I held an opinion in the TAFF race, and that--long prior to the election--I told the dominoes joke--and that after the race was over, I repeated the joke. Bergeron sees Great Import and evil manipulations revealed in this, but the truth is, I'm afraid, much simpler and a lot more boring than the spectacular indictment.

Don West told me he did not want to stand for TAFF. In person. Face-to-face. By the time of the nomination deadline, he was still refusing to run--that was, what? Nine months later? Only after Kevin Smith extended the deadline in order to try to find an opposition candidate did West finally decide to run. But the dominoes joke was in the little mini-conrep I sent to Dave Langford (at his request), quite soon after I returned from my TAFF trip--shortly after the conversation in which D. West said he would not run.

The original form of the dominoes joke was meant solely to express--light-heartedly, playfully--my frustration that I had been unable to get an opportunity to know West any better, because he was so quiet and shy about it all. By the time I wrote that letter to Bergeron, I was irritated at West's continued harping on how "boring" Americans were. But my black mood (which was less a result of anything having to do with TAFF than my own problems here at home) lifted in March after Lunacon, and I was back in a playful mood when I put out a little perzine (*The Amnesia Report*) before taking off for Britain, and I repeated the joke, having forgotten using it in print previously.

Horrors! I made a joke about D. West long before he decided to run for TAFF, and I made the joke again after the race was over. Those are the *only* times I wrote such things for publication. In my own fanzines I said only positive things about the Great Man, and in fact I wrote laudatory things about him to Richard Bergeron for publication in WIZ. And matching the numbers to the ends of dominoes is still

not something which many people find all that thrilling to watch, although Don West can be pretty cute when he wants to.

None of which I should have to explain to anyone. But Bergeron seems to think it's important. Bergeron seems to think it is so important that fandom must be treated to many pages here, most of WIZ #11, a two-page issue of WIZ #12, and god knows how many more pages of vilification of Patrick, Ted, me, and anyone else who disagrees with him, I guess. At least that's the way it looks to me. We have already found that Bergeron's motives are not to be questioned while he questions everyone else's every thought, motivation, and act; and that we cannot suggest that Bergeron is trying to say things which he merely implies without specifically making charges, and that--and that Bergeron is Good and Avedon and all of her friends and defenders are Bad.

Forgive me, Marty, but I don't believe Bergeron is doing this out of concern for TAFF, and I think that the evidence is right here in this article of his. I don't think someone who is simply concerned that the TAFF rules are so vague that almost every decision of an administrator is left to a judgement call writes an article like this.

And this is the real problem about TAFF, of course, since the rules *are* so vague, too much *is* left to the individual's judgement, and thus what may be perceived as a debatable decision--no matter how it may have been made honestly and in good faith--leaves the administrator open to all sorts of nonsense like this. Just as "Details of the voting will be kept secret" has generally been taken to mean that the administrator will not release the information that a specific individual voted for a specific person, and yet Bergeron and a handful of others have been insisting that it means something else again--and trying to hang me for it. Good lord, if we wanted to be so extreme about what that phrase means, we would have to say that I violated that rule by sending Mike Glycer a list of the voters and by releasing the numbers of first place votes and admitting that someone had actually won. We could even say that I may have violated the actual spirit of that rule by giving Glycer that list, because some people are smart enough to look at those numbers and at that list and surmise from it exactly how each voter voted.

*As it is expected of an administrator that the final vote totals and a list of those who voted will be released to the public after the race, it is rather silly to try to confuse the issue by bringing up this red herring.*

But this isn't what Bergeron is talking about. He makes it plain that he is calling me a liar, and a few of my friends and defenders with me. He brings in a lot of specious nonsense and runs down a lot of minor errors and assumptions on our part as if it was sufficient to justify plunging all of fandom into war. So people speculate beyond the facts? So what? So I didn't listen as closely as Ted thinks I did when he read me his letter to ERic? Big deal. What does it all mean? Does it prove something? Do you really care?

*Yes, I really care. Personally, I believe that Richard has wandered all over the place with his charges - I think that he should have just stuck to what I conceive to be the main point (that you divulged details of the voting before the race was over) and forgotten all of the rest. I have told Richard that he was wrong to bring up the other stuff. Guess what? We are still friends, despite the charges that he has turned on those who disagree with him.*

It would be nice if we could all shut up about it and go back to what we were doing before all this began, but I'm afraid the mail I'm getting suggests that a lot of people in Britain want little to do with fandom in America because of what Bergeron is doing, and a lot of people in America have been so deeply hurt that they contemplate gafia daily. Has TAFF been helped by any of this? Even if it has,



would it justify the kind of hatchet job Bergeron has given you to print? *Should* all these people be hurt and vilified like this? What is the point?

I'm not going to violate the law and give you the quote that proves Bergeron is lying when he says it was the dominoes quote that set him off. He would have to give blanket release for publication of any of his letters to anyone--legally, you can't print letters without a release for publication, you see. And I'm not going to involve myself in a conspiracy to violate a law I happen to approve of. And I don't want any further involvement in this mess. I think Bergeron is behaving very badly for no good reason, and I don't think any of us deserve to have to put up with it.

*I see that you do not deny writing the letter which Richard (and I) consider to be a violation of the rules. If all concerned (and that includes Richard, by the way) had confined themselves to just how that rule was to be interpreted I believe that most of this mess could have been avoided. The escalation of rhetoric from those responding to Richard's overblown wordage really makes the laying of blame for this whole mess a pointless exercise.*

Avedon signed her letter after the above paragraph, but there was a P.S. The only part of her letter which I did not print was that P.S. - which was an introductory paragraph to D. West's A STATEMENT ON TAFF and the complete STATEMENT. As West's STATEMENT has been pubbed all over the place (and as it is not germane as a direct refutation to what Bergeron wrote in HTT #20) I felt that it did not need repubbing in this overly large fanzine.

## "FANGDOM" DEFANGED

by ted white

CONTEXT: Back in 1953, when I still pretended to be a fanartist/cartoonist, I was aware of Richard Bergeron's fanart. For the most part familiar stfnal cliches, like rockets, were the subject matter; but the style, the execution was unique. Bergeron abstracted his subjects and dealt with those abstractions with a very stylized line. I was particularly conscious of his line because it didn't lend itself to easy stencilling, and looked better in ditto.

When Bergeron revived his early-fifties SAPSzine, WARHOON, around 1960, my interest in him grew. No longer the unknown personality behind attractive fanart, he was now the literate and opinionated editor/publisher of a fanzine which seemed to effortlessly don the mantle of Redd Boggs' SKYHOOK, and a great many others.

During the sixties WARHOON was a major force in fanzines. In its blue pages appeared much of the best fanwriting of the decade: Willis in his maturity, Blish and Lowndes carrying the banner from SKYHOOK, and a great many others.

oh, no!  
He learned  
how to write!



I met Richard Bergeron once, in 1961, when he paid a brief visit to Towner Hall. He took in the scene -- Terry Carr, Pete Graham and me all working on VOID and our respective FAPAZines, LIGHTHOUSE and NULL-F, besides; Andy Main putting out *his* fanzine, and perhaps two or three other fans wandering about -- and pronounced it "exhausting."

I corresponded rarely with Bergeron in those days: I locced WARHOON infrequently (it was intimidating; the WRHN lettercol was filled with the biggest names of fandom and prodom), and I don't recall Bergeron loccing my zines much if at all. But we were not unfriendly; we took the same side in 1964, and it was Bergeron who solicited my review of *Dangerous Visions* (serialized in two issues of WRHN), and offered a column to EGOBOO when I was coediting that fanzine in the late sixties with John D. Berry. (Somehow that column didn't get written and ended up years later in another fanzine....)

I think it was around 1976 that we got back into communication. Bergeron wrote me about material I'd published in VOID which he wanted to use in his forthcoming Willis issue of WARHOON. In the ensuing correspondence I mentioned that I'd never gotten the last issue of WARHOON -- published in the fall of 1970, right about the time I'd moved from Brooklyn to Falls Church -- and he sent me a copy. I was delighted by it; I enjoyed it as I'd enjoyed no fanzine in the previous five years. I'd been editing AMAZING and FANTASTIC and had wondered if my particular perspective was the reason I wasn't enjoying most of the fanzines that still came in the mail. But WARHOON #27 -- published in 1970 but fresh to me years later -- proved that it wasn't me. I could still get off on a good fanzine. I enjoyed it so much that I wrote Bergeron a long loc on it, despite the unlikelihood (in my estimation) of it ever being published. (I get, once in a while, "old" locs -- newly written locs on fanzines I published years ago -- and they delight me. Egoboo never "dates". Thus, I felt no hesitation in writing such a loc in 1976 or thereabouts on a 1970 fanzine.)

From that point onwards it seemed to me that things warmed between us. I no longer saw myself as Bergeron's inferior (fannishly speaking), and he treated me as a peer. When he finally published WARHOON 28 in 1980, he not only hand-delivered a copy to my Manhattan office, he solicited my comments on it and asked me to make it the topice of a column in BOONFARK, which I did. Subsequently he solicited me for material for the revived WARHOON. Initially he wanted me to respond to D. West's 1977 WRINKLED SHREW review-column in which West tried to despoil Willis's reputation, but then -- after sending me xeroxes of West in case I'd missed his piece (which I hadn't) -- he withdrew the topic. Willis had agreed to "appear" in WARHOON via the republication of his *The Improbable Irish*, and there was no point in raking up past unpleasantness. I wrote instead "The Politics of Fandom."

When Dan Steffan and I started up PONG, Bergeron got a fair amount of space in its pages, at first in our newsbits about him and Dan's serialized "Stalking the Wild Bergeron," and subsequently in contributions of his own, which metamorphized into a semi-regular column. Bergeron became an integral part of PONG, and was enormously supportive. Both Dan and I indulged in considerable correspondence with Bergeron, writing him letters that often ran as many as half a dozen pages. We talked about fandom and we talked about ourselves. Ove the period of 1980-84 I grew to think of Bergeron as a friend, someone to whom I could talk unguardedly and about the most personal of topics. Additionally I rurned to him for advice, and answered his requests for advice. I have letters from him with opening lines like, "6AM. On arising. (I go to sleep about 10:30-11:00 at night.)" or "7:30 AM. Have had breakfast. Fed the dogs and cat (I'm house sitting) and cut the roses. Yesterday I made progress on WIZ 10. Edited Harris, Steve Green, and Nicholas into the letter col. When I finish this note I'll start on Hansen, Avedon (I have an excellent letter from her), and Steffan."

I turned to Bergeron for advice in May of this year, when I found myself unable to successfully communicate in the English language with Eric Mayer. I made



up an "Eric Mayer File" consisting of two letters Eric had written me, a xerox copy of the page in Linda Blanchard's MOVING PAPER FANTASY in which Eric had called me a fannish sadist, a copy of my fifteen-page response to these three things to Mayer, and Eric's half-page reply in which he misread me and informed me that he'd accept no further mail from me. An "appendix" was a copy of his loc to Irwin Hirsh in response to my piece in SIKANDER - four pages of bitter denunciation of me. I found this behavior on Mayer's part perplexing and so I sought Bergeron's advice. I sent him the "Eric Mayer File."

In his response of May 18th, Bergeron was wholly supportive: "I think you tend to over-react to people who on the evidence of their apparent intellectual qualifications are hardly in any position to pass judgment on you.... It's the intellectual *poverty* of /Mayer's/ attack that appalls me. Obviously it's just an emotional outburst. ... Cool out. Lighten up. I still think you're pretty neat. Surely the regard of your friends counts for something?" And on May 31st Bergeron sent me a carbon of a letter he'd written to Mayer, responding to *Eric's* request for advice in dealing with me! Bergeron told Eric nicely, diplomatically, that he was wrong about me.

TRYING TO PLUNGE ALL FANDOM INTO WAR: As recently as HTT #19, Richard Bergeron was talking about me like this: "...Ted has a keen awareness based on both practice and observation of what makes a fanzine great whereas a vocal theoretician like D. West, who has only recently noticed that the wheel might be round, produces about equal amounts of gloom and light and little in the way of examples." And, "I always find Ted's writing fascinating -- even when he's arguing from premises I find as obvious as the rising of the sun but which, for some odd reason, many of you find novel and enlightening."

There is a considerable contrast in tone and content between those statements and the way Bergeron discusses me in HTT #20. In the interim I have become an "ambulance chaser," and "a master of the private face and the public mask. As Eric Mayer has good reason to know." Suddenly I am the target for ridicule and vilification.

What happened?

What happened is that I came to the reluctant conclusion that Richard Bergeron was going too far and told him so.

I don't know where it started. The first time I found myself arguing against a position he had taken was after we'd each received copies of Chris Priest's DEADLOSS #3. Devoted exclusively to responding in depth to the fanzines on his desk, DEADLOSS was not only a sharp and insightful (for the most part) piece of fan-writing on Priest's part, it was also the kind of feedback every fanned lusts for. PONG received considerable attention in DEADLOSS, and Bergeron as well, but he was treated less well: Priest called him a boring old fart.

Bergeron didn't take that too well, for which he can't be blamed. He asked me what I thought he should do. I told him that he should dodge the bait and devote himself to refuting by his actions the charge. As Bergeron recalled in his May 18th letter, "I can be bothered by a Chris Priest, however, as you'll recall and I recall (and appreciated) your counsel of other days on that subject. Priest was a person I admired (and admire). And, as well, his judgments carry weight because of his considerable intellectual accomplishment and taste. Of course, there was an element of the theatrical in my response to him, as well, I saw as I got going and got in the groove and consciously made the decision to do one of my old-time Wrhn full-length pieces. Oh well, so much for that. As for your approach to Mayer: well, it depends how far he wants to take it. I'd let the air out of him with a few deft pin pricks...."

Certainly Bergeron's response (in a section of his editorial in WARHOON #30) to Priest cannot be called "a few deft pin pricks." It went on at great length, in an embarrassingly cute style. I felt my "counsel" had been ignored, and I hated to

see Bergeron making such a fool of himself. One is always embarrassed for a friend when he commits such a folly.

Then, early this year, came the covert attacks on Rob Hansen, who was ragged for nearly everything he did, right down to the graffiti on the cover of EPSILON #15, which Bergeron misread. When Rob read WIZ #9 he wrote Bergeron a sensible, reasoned letter of response. Bergeron quoted from it only the following four words: "...if so, fuck that...."

Rob was not the only one who wondered what Bergeron was up to. Dan Steffan wrote Bergeron a long letter in April (1984) which he showed me before mailing it. I was in the midst of a long letter to Bergeron myself and alluded in it to Dan's as a good statement with which I agreed. Dan came over several days later to show me the response he'd gotten back from Bergeron: it chided him for expecting his letter to be published in the small and obviously valuable space available in the pages (legalength) of WIZ. Dan was hurt. He could not understand why Bergeron was, in effect, brushing him off.

Then came WIZ #10 with its strange covert attack on Avedon. In egoscan #7 I remarked, "I was going to write a section for this fanzine, maybe a month or so ago, to be titled, 'The Game Players of Puerto Rico,' and in it I was going to chide Richard Bergeron for the snide and catty references to Avedon which he'd scattered through WIZ #10. I was going to quote them -- line them up against the wall -- and then ask just what it was that Richard meant to imply with these remarks. Was he hinting that Avedon was dishonest, or that she cooked the results of the just-concluded TAFF race? Or was he just calling her, in his inimitable way, a slut?..."

"What stopped me?" My answer was to describe, without naming him, the harrassment I'd been getting from Eric Mayer, and how dispiriting I found it. (Since then Eric has upped the ante, publishing a scurilous little fanzine called TEDSCAN (-- "the fanzine that talks about Ted White" -- in which he quotes bits from my letter to him in reverse order and out of context in order to support his lies about me: Eric Mayer appears to view me as Evil Incarnate and himself as a Defender of Innocence, which is why he's slandering me in a fanzine which he's too gutless to send to me.)

I concluded as follows: "When I sit down to write one of these issues I have in the past approached the task with joy. Much of that joy is lacking right now, and I think it shows. It's like riding a bicycle down a country lane, enjoying the ride and the air, and suddenly finding a pack of mongrels barking and snapping at your heels. The fun goes out of it. The pleasure of an honest engagement with a worthy fan -- like, say, Richard Bergeron -- over an issue he has raised is diminished by the sudden thought of how the curs will treat it all, with their yipping and yapping (no doubt it would please them enormously if Bergeron and I were perceived to be at odds). Then comes the resolution that I'll not give fandom's curs that opportunity -- and with it the realisation that I've still allowed the fuckers to diminish my pleasure in fandom."

At that point while I disagreed with what I saw Bergeron doing, I nonetheless retained full respect for him. And the piece, titled "Fandom At The Moment," elicited some very supportive responses. Walt Willis, for instance, said, "'Fandom At The Moment' worried me a lot. Please don't feel like that, Ted. If you gave up on fandom it would depress me unutterably because you are one of the few people I keep in touch with it for. I value your presence more than I have been able to say. I understand how faans can get one down at times, but then maybe if they weren't hypersensitive creatures like they are, they wouldn't be fans in the first place." (Walt also picked up on the references to "mongrels" and "curs" and reminded me in his usual subtle fashion of the last well-known fan to invoke a canine metaphor for his enemies: "I'm in correspondence with Rober Bloch again... 'Got a phonecall from Harlan about an hour ago; mentioned hearing from you and told him about your sheep-dog. Right away he began to experience premonitions of pain in his groin. I tried to tell him sheep-dogs have no knees, but you know Harlan. Hard to realise he turned 50 this summer.'")



Then came WIZ #11. Bergeron sent out two advance copies, both by Express Mail. One went to Avedon Carol, and the other to the Nielsen Haydens, to whom Bergeron turned as D. West's major U.S. nominators and from whom he expected support. He accompanied the copies of WIZ with copies of a letter in which he demanded Avedon resign from her position as TAFF administrator.

Avedon called me up the night the package arrived. She sounded stunned and depressed, and she read to me, over the phone, the first three (legal length) pages, and some of the remaining passages scattered through the ten-page issue in which Bergeron returned to his attack on her. I listened with growing dismay. This was far more than the tacky innuendo which had graced WIZ #10. This was an ongoing, full-fledged attack on Avedon's honesty, morality, and character. It offered her no respect on any level, only a kind of contempt, simmered with rage. It was a shocking attack.

But what shocked me the most, when I first heard it over the phone, was that *Richard Bergeron* was doing this thing. Richard Bergeron, whom I liked, admired, and respected. I found it hard to believe of him. And my first thought was of the damage this would do him. As I told him in the first letter I wrote him after hearing about WIZ #11, he was committing fannish suicide and I found it fully as painful as I would his real suicide.

Bergeron's response to me, written August 11th, was strikingly flippant in the face of my expression of shock and concern: "...take care which side of the debate you choose: you'd be amazed what she's written to confess to me! Amazed."

Well, what *had* Avedon "written to confess" to Bergeron? He describes her February 24th letter in WIZ #11 like this:

"...shortly after mailing my /TAFF/ ballot I received an astonishing and agitated letter from Avedon Carol appraising me of the drift of the voting -- a drift which she makes abundantly clear was *not* to be liking. She analyses the reasons for and the sources of West's support and laments with some feeling the trends in the voting. She even projects a possible victory for West. In retrospect, I believe this letter was nothing more than a devious bit of manipulation intended to lull West's supporters (with whom she might have assumed I was in general contact) into a false sense of success *and* spur Hansen's supporters into voting. The major part of the letter is DNQ, but I would question whether a DNQ should have force in a matter which I regard as nothing less than a betrayal of public trust. ... The implications of Avedon's actions are ruinous. She is compromised. If she would communicate such information to a casual correspondent, what was she telling her best friends? What was she telling *other* Hansen supporters who she trusted implicitly?"

(Parenthetically, I should remark that the Nielsen Haydens -- "West's supporters" -- *are* among Avedon's best friends, and that I, a local Hansen supporter whom Avedon trusts fairly implicitly, never heard he utter a word about what was happening in the ongoing TAFF race.)

Contrast that *description* of Avedon's letter with the relevant passages quoted by Bergeron in his column in HTT #20. It turns out that the largest part of her letter had nothing to do with TAFF, and was DNQ because in it she described the breakup of her relationship with the man she had loved and lived with for the previous year and a half, and who was now destroying the mail he received at his address for her. Her "ruinous" comments on TAFF were confined to two paragraphs, in which, we can now plainly see, she did *not* divulge *any* of the "details of voting" but rather complained at how slowly the ballots were coming in, and that voters appeared to be voting either out of ignorance or out of malice directed at *me* -- "And in addition to that, there is an obvious anti-Ted White vote, people who will vote for anyone Ted's feuding with, obviously -- I mean, they even tell me so -- and so on." As for "project/ing/ a possible victory for West," the closest she got was to continue her thought about the "anti-Ted White vote" with this: "And it seems a fucking shame that a candidate who has spent years putting out zines and doing art and maintaining a good, positive relationship with fandom might lose the race just because his opponent has managed to insult the right people at the right time." "Might lose"

became "a possible victory for West." That's thin.

"The foregoing is *all* DNQ, of course," Avedon said in a letter which has now been quoted to one of the largest audiences in fandom. (In August Avedon told Bergeron that she explicitly denied him permission to quote from *any* of her letters. In August I explicitly denied Bergeron permission to quote from any of *my* letters. In each case we had come to realize that Bergeron was no respecter of contexts and would quote out of context even if it reversed the intended meaning of the author, if it advanced Bergeron's position to do so. Legally, all letters written to individuals remain the property of their authors, who retain all legal control over the disposition of their letters. Knowing this, Bergeron has quoted freely from the letters of each of us whenever it suited his purposes, despite the fact that we explicitly denied him permission to do so. This being the case, I feel no remaining compunction about quoting his letters to me, irrespective of any DNQs they may bear.) Avedon explained that "I only speak this far out of school to you because you've already voted and you don't hang out with a lot of people you're likely to forget yourself and spill the beans to." This, it turns out, was Avedon's biggest mistake: trusting Richard Bergeron with *her reactions* to the way the voting was going, and *not* to any *details* thereof.

Richard Bergeron got that letter in February, 1984, but chose not to mention it publicly until WIZ #11, dated in its colophon July 25, 1984. WIZ #11 postdates Bergeron's receipt of an 11-page letter, written July 13th, by Patrick Nielsen Hayden, in which -- responding to WIZ #10 and three personal letters from Bergeron, Patrick straightforwardly answered all Bergeron's criticisms and complaints against Avedon, pretty much demolishing Bergeron's case against her.

Patrick had thought his letter would do the necessary job. Since he was close friends with both Avedon and Bergeron, he thought he could mediate the situation, overcome the apparent misunderstandings, and settle the situation amicably.

He was wrong, as WIZ #11 proved. Indeed, Bergeron made charges against Avedon in WIZ #11 which Patrick had already rebutted and refuted.

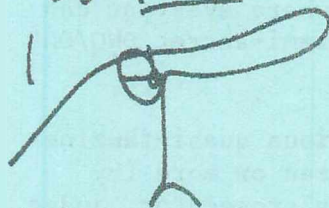
His response directly to Patrick was mocking and flippant. And it ignored the substance of Patrick's letter. On August 21st, Patrick wrote Bergeron in disappointment: "I put my heart and soul into that letter of 13 July...What I got /back/ were fragments of response. A seeming contradiction spotted here, an ingenuous request for 'The Remembrance Report' there. Nowhere have you addressed my central points. Nowhere have you shown good faith: willingness to entertain my views, to understand and confront them. I did you the courtesy of granting you your assumptions, and arguing with them: of dealing with you on your own wemantic turf. You have taken this as admission that your turf is, indeed, the objectively central turf of the argument, and proceeded from there. No more. You wish to discuss whether Avedon has behaved in a reprehensible fashion. I -- along with the rest of fandom, as far as I can tell -- wish to discuss whether *your* behavior is reprehensible. The question of whether Avedon 'stole TAFF' provokes nothing more than a chuckle. The question of whether your judgment has suddenly become seriously defective is *the* topic of earnest speculation." Patrick placed a covering letter over that five-page letter before he mailed it the following day. In that cover-letter he said "I want you to see to what lengths your behaviour is driving your friends. You appear to disbelieve Ted's professions of friendship, considering what he's said to you. This attitude of yours gives me the shakes. You *could not* be more wrong. And your apparent refusal to consider this drives the whole situation even further towards a tragic resolution.

"'Tragic.' Is that an excessive, melodramatic word? Usually. But I take friendships -- and particularly the dynamic context of creative friendships and associations that you have done so much to create in our fandom over the past few years -- seriously. All our lives would be seriously impoverished were that to go away. Please *listen*. You're spending more than you know."

Prophetic words. WIZ #12 is devoted wholly to an attack on Patrick Nielsen



CAN THAT  
BE TRUE?



Hayden (with Teresa) TAFF candidacy. Patrick and I have been added to the growing pantheon that began with Avedon and are now the object of Bergeron's withering contempt and condemnation.

My role in this was to publish egoscan #8 -- my response to WIZ #11.

As I told Bergeron at the time, it is never easy to chose between friends, especially when one of them is someone I've known and admired for so long, but in the end it was deeds which I chose to criticise, and not the person (I called Bergeron "a respected friend" and "one of fandom's best minds" and I viewed his actions with sorrow and regret).

Bergeron's immediate response to egoscan #8 was this, dated August 15th: "Got e 8 & 9. Can't decide which one I like better. I'll probably settle for #9." (I had published #9 simultaneously with #8 in order to keep this business with Bergeron from swamping the whole mailing and in order to get some of the bad taste out of my mouth.) "I can't decide if #8 is fascinating or boring. But how could so much copy about *me* be boring? Perhaps its a triumph of style over content or something. Certainly, no one has complained that WIZ #11 is dull." By the time he came to write his column for HTT #20, Bergeron had made his decision about that issue of egoscan: "...egoscan #8, a White paper only surpassed in wealth of detail by the minutia of the publishing history of Amazing Stories, which Ted lavished on the readers of HTT last issue. Not as interesting, though."

I was, in August, taken aback by Bergeron's response. As a friend I wrote first to express my shock and dismay at what he'd done. Then I responded publicly with a reasoned refutation (characterized by Tom Weber and the Nielsen Haydens in KILLING TIME as "a tighter refutation of Bergeron's attacks than we could ever compose"). Somehow, in the back of my mind, I'd expected Richard Bergeron to react to this as a gentleman might: to suddenly realize that it wasn't a funny little joke to most people and to apologize for it. Instead of a gentleman, I found Bergeron instead to be a vandal, bent on turning all of civilized fandom into a nightmare.

I am far from standing alone in my reaction to Bergeron's recent activities. He has been condemned by a wide variety of fans, many of them his peers in long-time activity in fandom. He has been condemned by, among others, Chuck Harris, Arthur Thomson (ATom), Dave Langford, Kevin Smith, Malcolm Edwards, and -- yes! -- D. West.

D. West, in whose ostensible support Bergeron mounted his campaign against Avedon, has this to say in a recently-received letter dated October 29th:

A STATEMENT ON TAFF by D. West: As the losing candidate I wish to make it absolutely clear that I have no complaints whatsoever about either the result or the administration of the 1983/84 TAFF election. I consider that the attacks made upon the integrity of Avedon Carol as North American TAFF Administrator are wholly unjustified and unjustifiable and represent nothing more solid than slurs and innuendos arising from personal animosity and malice. To date no evidence at all has been produced to show Avedon Carol is guilty of any wrongdoing, and I therefore call upon those concerned either to produce their proofs without further delay and equivocation or to make a full public withdrawal of all their allegations. In the event that this is not speedily done I urge fans everywhere to join me in publicly condemning with the utmost severity the behavior of Avedon Carol's attackers. (26th Oct. 1984)

West adds, "That seems to make my position clear enough. I wrote to Bergeron as long ago as September 3rd pointing out that I had no complaints to make and that his allegations were nonsense, but it doesn't seem to have had any effect. If the above

doesn't do anything either then I shall give up on diplomacy and get down to smething rather less polite. 'Utmost severity' means just that. Meanwhile, reproduction of this statement is encouraged. People like Dave Locke will then have a choice between crawling back under their stones or coming right out in the open where everyone can take a good look at them. I am not at all in favour of all this semi-secret DNQ/DNP stuff."

This brings up the next stage of this epic affair.

When I got back from LACON in early September I found a curious quasi-fanzine awaiting me: DOMINO THEORY, published in an edition of half a dozen or more (by xerox) by Dave Locke. In this publication Locke set himself up as prosecutor, judge, and jury in the matter of the charges against Avedon by Bergeron in WIZ #11. Not content with demanding that Bergeron produce Avedon's February 24th letter for him to read ("the DNQ means nothing. Nothing!"), Locke interleaved Bergeron's attack on Avedon with Eric Mayer's attack on me (principally from TEDSCAN) and ended up implying that the whole affair was my doing. Subsequently Locke has made it clear -- despite protestations of impartiality -- that he accepts Bergeron's stand at face value and that he completely mistrusts those who have opposed Bergeron's stand. (When Avedon sent him a copy of Bergeron's original response to her February 24th letter -- which betrayed none of the reactions he subsequently has had to her letter -- Locke observed that the signature was different from those on letters *he* had received from Bergeron and snidely suggested she'd forged the entire letter.)

I wrote Locke a long letter in response to DOMINO THEORY -- which had interrupted the flow of a "Chat" we were preparing for OUTWORLDS -- and as a courtesy sent copies to those he'd listed in his colophon as recipients of DOMINO THEORY. (Subsequently he sent DOMINO THEORY to a number of others.) One copy went to Bergeron.

Bergeron's response to my letter was DISCOVERY PROCEEDING, an "open letter in reference to Ted White's letter of September 15, 1984, addressed to Dave Locke and Rob Hansen's letter of 19 September, 1984 addressed to Dave Locke," which was distributed to at least 27 fans named at the bottom of the final page.

Very obviously the large majority of the recipients of DISCOVER PROCEEDING had not seen the letters it responded to, and could have no way of telling to what extent those letters were quoted out of context. Terry Carr called me up at 2:30 one morning and we talked for two and a half hours, during the course of which he said, "Bergeron really killed you with DISCOVERY PROCEEDING, Ted."

"But Terry," I protested. "You've seen the letter it was responding to --" (he'd gotten the copy I'd sent him that very day) " -- so you know the full context of what I was saying."

"Sure," Terry said. "I know, and you know, but the average fan who gets that thing -- he just *killed* you, Ted!"

And Bob Lichtman, in a recent letter, says, "The thing about it as is, Ted, that I have a lot of trouble confronting some of the stuff that's been quoted from your letters in places like TEDSCAN and DISCOVERY PROCEEDING and relating that to the more relaxed way you were about it at the con. (And I like the way your writing and perceptions are so, well, fannish in the way you deal with these issues in egoscan, while at the same time seeing how some of your wording is being overreacted to by some.) I reserve any sort of Final Judgment on the excerpts from your letters because I don't have enough of a sense of *your* context to make one, but even you would probably admit that in the way they're quoted, they kind of make you appear as Out There as anyone. Were you?"

Yes, Bergeron "killed" me in DISCOVERY PROCEEDING. It's not hard, if you are unscrupulous about truth, fairness, or context. And Mayer's brief excerpts from my fifteen-page letter in TEDSCAN were even reversed in order to make me look worse.

At LACON, where this entire mess was Topic A, a general consensus was reached by most of those discussing the affair, and that was that we should each make our Statement of Position and then drop the matter. None of us wished to see fandom polluted by any ongoing brangle over the affair. Having made my Statement in egoscan



#8, I felt I had done all I needed to.

When I received Dave Locke's DOMINO THEORY I allowed myself to get sucked into further involvement. I wrote Dave a fourteen-page letter but I told him I would not subsequently argue or nitpick details. Nonetheless, I received several letters from Dave and Jackie Causgrove (with whom he lives) which picked nits and tried to further involve me in this argument. I resisted them.

But after talking with Terry Carr I decided that I could not follow my inclinations and continue to ignore Bergeron as I felt we all should. For that reason I have published REALITY CHECK. It is a collection, basically, of The Documents In The Case. It contains the vast majority of Patrick Nielsen Hayden's July 13th letter to Bergeron -- showing exactly what Bergeron knew (from a friendly source) *before* he published WIZ #11. It contains in addition portions of Patrick's letter of August 21st and 22nd, and statements from people like Dave Langford and Kevin Smith which specifically refute Bergeron's charges. It does not attempt to answer Bergeron point by point on the material in DISCOVERY PROCEEDING, and it doesn't respond to his HTT column. I had originally intended to publish it only for those listed as recipients of DISCOVERY PROCEEDING, but I have now enlarged its print run and a copy is available to anyone who requests one and sends me 37c in US stamps for postage.

*/\*/Editors note: as US postage has now gone up, please send 39¢./\*/*

I see this situation in very simple terms: Richard Bergeron has mounted a campaign of malicious vilification against Avedon Carol and I think it is Wrong. I believe his charges are without foundation, especially as they relate to Avedon's character (of which I believe I am, through years' acquaintance, a better judge). For having said as much, I have been identified by Bergeron as Avedon's "mouthpiece," and made the victim of further attacks. Patrick Nielsen Hayden has been similarly treated. Neither of us expected it of our old "friend," Richard Bergeron, and both of us are hurt and disillusioned.

WHO CAN YOU BELIEVE? In his DISCOVER PROCEEDING, Bergeron quotes a "fragment of a two-page letter" written by Avedon on December 17, 1982 -- some time ago. He must have misquoted it, because as it stands it says, "Ted White happens to be a friend of mine, someone I happen to regard highly in a number of areas. But I'm beginning to think it is pointless to argue with him on any subject, no matter how wrong or right he is and no matter how much proof you may have to support your point of view, because he is far less likely than Joe or D. West to make pointless attacks using specious arguments, dragging in useless 'facts' and dismissing any evidence that just doesn't happen to support his theory." Do you suppose the *intended* phrasing was "...because he is far *more* likely..."? Certainly Bergeron took it to mean that, despite the actual words he typed (or mistyped), because he says "I think Avedon's letter was, perhaps, the beginning of change in my perception of Ted White. ... Avedon's letter was a turning point in my evaluation of the intellectual honesty of Ted White and, I believe, if it were published it would be for many people as well. I now perceive that it would be salutatory /he means "salutary;" Bergeron has always needed an editor/ for the health/emotional climate of fandom if people like Avedon, who know Ted *very* well would help us to understand him. Certainly it would underline the pointlessness of anyone taking him terribly seriously...which by the time I had received his last three letters I had completely ceased to do."

Cute play, that: Use *Avedon* to discredit *me*. No matter that Bergeron has already done his level best to discredit Avedon; suddenly she is an Authority -- and suddenly Bergeron has backdated his mistrust of me to December, 1982 -- almost two years earlier. As a side effect, perhaps he can throw a monkey-wrench between us. Divide and conquer.

The vast majority of his points in refutation to my letter to Locke consist of

simply denying things (eg, "I *deny* writing any lies about Avedon Carol. Prove it, Ted.") which he can deny till blue in the face without effect.

But one point goes to him. On one point he is absolutely right -- and that point is one he repeats in HTT. He quotes me from my letter to Locke as saying, "To Dave Langford he wrote five pages which harped on such things as Avedon's misspelling of Rob Hansen's name in a letter (as 'Hamson'), in which he saw dire evidence of misdeeds on Avedon's part. Langford has expressed complete disgust with Bergeron." Bergeron totally denies this -- and he's right. I was mistaken.

What happened was that when I was at a party at Avedon's during Rob Hansen's visit here I saw and briefly scanned a letter of Langford's (to Avedon) in which the following passage appeared:

"Bergeron writes: 'A further example of Avedon's disingenuousness is seen in the letter she wrote Langford on 27 August, in which she misspells Rob Hansen's name as "Hanson" throughout. Who does she think she's fooling with this transparent effort to spread the implication that she's already forgotten her co-conspirator in this coldly calculated plot to stab D. West to the heart with a poisoned domino...' (etc, etc, for five pages...)" In fact this was a response to "a letter from Avedon in which she still hadn't learnt to spell 'Hansen'" and the joke is obvious upon careful reading. Alas, I did not give the letter a careful reading (I didn't even have it in my own hands), and I caught only the key words: "Bergeron writes," and the complaint, and "for five pages." I missed the obvious tipoff -- "is seen in the letter she wrote Langford on 27 August" -- which was something of which Bergeron obviously could not have been aware.

So, yes, *I was wrong*. Bergeron has caught me out. He has discredited *one sentence* in a fourteen-page letter. I am humbled.

On the other hand, most of Bergeron's other attempts to discredit me or prove me to be either a liar or part of the proof that Avedon is lying, are without merit. And Langford remains disgusted with him.

For instance, he makes much of her piece in THE AMNESIA REPORT titled "Ted White's Group Mind," which he characterized in WIZ #11 as "lethal babble *anonymously* directed at Eric Mayer about Ted White's Group Mind." The piece simply made the point that my friends, Avedon among them, are not my mindless minions but have minds and ideas of their own. Its application was universal: anyone who thought me some sort of Svengali exercising hypnotic control over my friends could well stand to read and think about Avedon's piece. It attacked no one, albeit passingly defended me, and its real point was to assert Avedon's own independence of mind.

I ran THE AMNESIA REPORT off for Avedon very shortly before she took a two-month holiday in Britain. I read her piece -- which I did not discuss with her before she left -- as a response to Eric Mayer's letter about me in MOVING PAPER FANTASY, in which he (among other things) accused my friends of defending me with blind loyalty against criticisms like his. Thus, my comment (to rich brown! -- isn't it amazing the letters of mine Bergeron feels free to quote?) that "Avedon wrote that piece about the Ted White Group Mind specifically *for* Eric. Too bad he didn't understand it." I wrote that on July 2nd -- before Avedon's late-July return from overseas, and thus I'd had no chance to check it with her -- it was simply my *assumption*.

It appears (or so Avedon tells me) that I was mistaken. Oh, the piece was no less *appropriate* as a response to Mayer, but it had not been he whom she'd had in mind back in April or May when she'd written the piece. (At that time no copies of MOVING PAPER FANTASY had yet arrived on the east coast, and I didn't see a copy until Linda arrived and showed me hers. Mine arrived several weeks later.)

To prove that someone must be deliberately lying about the piece and who it was written about, Bergeron further quotes from my letter to Dave Locke my statement that "In fact, I *read* my entire 15 page letter */To Eric Mayer/ out loud* to Avedon." Bergeron says this proves that "Avedon Carol was *totally* familiar with White's letter (and through it Mayer's letter) *before* the production of THE AMNESIA REPORT on May 21, 1984."



Unfortunately for Bergeron's argument, I read that letter out loud to Avedon in late July, after he return from Britain. Bergeron *should* have realized this, since *he had* my copy of my letter to Mayer -- the "Eric Mayer File" mentioned earlier -- throughout most of May, returning it to me only at the end of the month.

Do you find this stuff as tedious as I do? Unfortunately, straightening out the twisted logic and rhetoric employed by Bergeron in his HTT column requires this sort of attention to detail, and lacks the sort of visceral impact that carries most readers along. I believe he is banking on this. I believe Bergeron is well aware that the truth rarely catches up to a good lie, and that no matter how closely or thoroughly he is refuted, the impression he wishes to make will remain with many of his readers. That is a genuine shame, because Bergeron is not playing fair with the facts, and has failed to do so since the inception of this sorry mess.

There is no point in my going through fourteen pages of elite type and identifying all the errors and misstatements of fact therein. To do so would require that I set up the actual context of each remark Bergeron has ripped so unseemly from its place, and demonstrate, as I have above, that either his chronology is askew or that he has misrepresented his "facts." In other words, to completely straighten out the twisted arguments he offers would require two to three times the wordage he employed. That would be ridiculous.

Yet it is hard to refuse the bait he dangles so enticingly. Bergeron says he "received (in the form of 'NOT FOR PUBLICATION' letters) such salutations as 'prime jerk,' 'cur,' 'wimp,' 'asshole,' 'you are sick,' 'sunovabitch,' 'lying,' and a curious slur on the mentality of some British fans among whom, Ted tells me with no hint of disapproval he means "disapproval" or "disapprobation"/, I am known as "Buggeron."

What I actually said -- in my final letter to Bergeron, written August 28th -- was, "In England they call you 'Buggeron,' but they don't know you as well over there." And I ended my letter like this:

"So far you've handled the situation *so* adroitly that you've kissed off most of those who once considered themselves your friends. Now, if you truly devote yourself to the task it should be possible for you to make of us all real enemies. Should be fun, huh? You've already succeeded where I'm concerned. Cheery-l, you sunovabitch." (As Bergeron well knows, that slosing line comes from a Willis pastiche on Micky Spillane, "Make Hammer at the Clenvention." But it suits him to pretend otherwise.)

In an earlier letter, on August 20th, I wrote him, "You say to me, 'Your protestations of "friendship" are confusing in the face of remarks like "sick stuff from one of fandom's best minds," etc.' I wonder if you have any real idea of what friendship is -- or should be. To begin with, if you actually *read* the sentence of mine you typed out you'd find that I referred to you as 'one of fandom's best minds,' and clearly differentiated *you* from *your work* ('sick stuff'). I *could* have said, 'This guy's sick.' Can you grasp that distinction? You're so good at splitting hairs, I was sure you'd see it immediately. Imagine my surprise...." From this Bergeron has distilled "you are sick" and footnoted it, "To my knowledge, White has called *five* people 'sick' since April, 1984..." Sure I have.

And so it goes, on and on.

Bergeron accuses me of being "a master of the private face and public mask," and complains of "getting sandbagged in private by someone who later poses in public as a model of sedate dialectic inquiry." Who, me?

I think most of us have (at least) two modes of behavior, which might be called Formal and Informal. By way of example, a convention speech (especially if fully written in advance) is a Formal Mode of speech. Party conversation, on the other hand, is in the Informal Mode. Analogously, personal correspondence is usually an Informal Mode of writing, while material written for publication is in the Formal Mode.

My letters to friends -- in contrast to the letters of comment which I write

with the expectation of publication -- are definitely like informal conversation, and may include self-interruptions, digressions, and other examples of thinking-on-paper (thinking out loud, in effect). They reflect my emotion of the moment, whether it is elation or anger, and as more than one of my correspondents knows, I have on occasion vented fairly strong emotions in my letters.

I hold that it is entirely proper to go first to the person who has inspired my emotion, and to vent that emotion privately and directly to that person. Thus, when something I've read in a fanzine pisses me off and I hold some respect for its author, I don't write a loc to the fanzine and vent my anger there. I write a letter directly to the author, telling him or her how I feel and why.

I have several reasons for doing this. One is that anger is not a lasting emotion, and while I may want someone to know that he or she has angered me, I will not in most cases want to publicly embarrass that person. A loc may get printed months or years later, long after my anger has worn off. Additionally, expressing anger "in public", via a published letter, becomes something other than an honest and spontaneous expression of one's feelings: it is a performance, and the audience must be taken into account. And material committed to print has a permanence: it is On The Record, and remains there long after the feelings and attitudes have changed.

I am stunned to discover that some people -- principally Richard Bergeron and Eric Mayer -- find direct direct personal communication of feelings "two-faced" precisely because it is done in private and not out in the public fanprint. It appears that they want *witnesses* to anything that is said. They want my feelings expressed to them in the Formal Mode, "a model of sedate dialectic inquiry."

Richard Bergeron fails to appreciate the fact that I kept the expression of my feelings about his treatment of Avedon Carol to a bare minimum in egoscan, while to him I expressed the full range: shock, concern, bewilderment, and -- after discovering his dishonesty -- amazement and anger. He apparently thinks this is "getting sandbagged." O hypocrite!

"Have you no *decency*, man?" Joseph Welch cried out at Joe McCarthy during the famous Army-McCarthy Senate Hearings in the early fifties -- McCarthy's Waterloo.

I can only echo that cry to Richard Bergeron, who has somehow squandered in only a few months the respect and admiration he'd earned over more than thirty years from the fans who knew him.

Richard Bergeron owes fandom an apology. He owes specific apologies to Avedon Carol, Patrick Nielsen Hayden and me -- each of whom he has tried to besmirch -- but he owes all of fandom an apology for the singular nastiness he has unleashed upon us all.

--Ted White

*The history of your involvement with Bergeron was a fascinating bit (even though it was not germane to the topic at hand); however, as it was part of your right-of-reply, I did not feel that I should edit it out because of space considerations even though I feel that I had every right to do so. After all, right-of-reply means that you have the right to respond to Richard's attacks on you in HTT #20 - it does not mean that you have the right to respond to Richard's attacks on you anywhere else; neither does it mean that you have any inherent right to recap most of the history of the brouhaha from your viewpoint.*

*I also find it interesting that you drag into this reply to Bergeron your other ongoing feud, the one with Eric Mayer. The only real connexion which I can see 'twixt the two feuds is that Eric seems to be supporting Bergeron's position in the TAFF brouhaha so you are possibly trying to discredit Eric because of his stand with Bergeron, thus killing two birds with one stone (as it were). Personally, I believe that your argument with Richard would have been better served by sticking to the point; however, as this is your reply, you may use your own words and arguments.*



And your own words betray you. Your words do not disprove Richard's case: indeed, as Bergeron's main point is that Avedon divulged the details of the voting whilst the race was still in progress, you could have immensely strengthened your "side" by trying to rationally prove that this was an erroneous reading of the rule. Instead you have tried to build a case that something is "wrong" with him. My point is this: a proper right-of-reply would have been the destroying Richard's main point, thus collapsing the whole structure of his argument like a house of cards. Instead you have proved something which Richard has mentioned to me on the telephone, that you have been overreacting to him in an emotional manner. Your letter to me (quoted in full in my editorial) shows that you have done this to me as well. When you say that Richard "...owes all of fandom an apology for the singular nastiness he has unleashed upon us all." you should know that there are fans who expect an apology from you.

I now expect that you will object to my printing your letter to me (the one in the editorial) as it is an example of the personal letter you mentioned on the previous page. Firstly, it came in the package which included a letter to Robbie (printed earlier in Nessie) and "FANGDOM" DEFANGED. Secondly, you did not mark it DNQ -- and I always honour DNQ's addressed to me. Thirdly, as you have now publicly ((hah! I have finally spelled that word correctly)) written that you feel free to pub any part of any Bergeron letter to you, it ill behooves you to complain when I print a letter of yours which is not marked DNQ when said letter concerns the immediate matter at hand. Let me put it another way: any letter which starts out "Bullshit" and ends with an accusation of my suseptability to bribery is damned well going to be shown to fandom (unless marked DNQ) so that fandom can make up its own collective mind about the person who writes such letters. I do not mind my friends taking me to task in letters; damn it though, Ted, there was absolutely no indication in that letter that you held any respect or friendship for me (such indications obviously being part of the guidelines for writing this type of letter which you have described) - and, actually, upon reflecting on what you have just written on the subject, I still feel that way. It is my opinion that your remarks on the matter are merely a public excuse for trying to get away with private nastiness. Well, that is how it looks from here.

Now we get to rich brown's loc. Only one part of rich brown's loc has been excised, and that is the first 1½ pages, a part which concerns the legal ramifications of printing Avedon's DNQ letter. He leaves out some very important considerations and the ramifications of all of this, properly discussed, would take up far too many pages in this already embigged fanzine; therefore, this part of his loc has been edited out. I am, though, serious about bringing this up with him later; possibly it will see print (in an expanded form from the both of us - it is, at least to me, a topic with some fascination) somewhere or other.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* rich brown \* \*sigh\*

\*\*\*\*\* After saying all this, it'll no doubt surprise you to hear I'm actually glad to see Avedon's letter in print. Having now read it several times, I emphatically disagree with you that it in any way "proves" Bergeron's point. If it proves anything at all, it's how far around the bend Dick is to be trotting this out for our inspection when it falls so far short of proving his allegations.

Where, I ask you, are the "details" of the TAFF race which this letter supposedly contained? Is it the bit about some fans (no names named) admitting they were voting "against" Ted White? Bergeron infers, incorrectly, a prediction of a victory for West on the basis of Avedon's statement that one candidate "might" lose because the other had insulted the right people--although she also said the ballots were slow coming in. For Foo's sake, man, these aren't details of the voting--they're fucking

generalities, the minimum necessary to express an opinion on a TAFF matter about which Avedon felt strong concern, but about which she equally obviously realized she was in no position to comment on "in public," else it would not have been DNQd! I believe most fans would have considered her wrong had she said West was leading Hansen by X number of votes, or named any of those who'd admitted voting for West because they didn't like Ted--*that* would have been "details" of the voting. Bergeron's depiction of the things Avedon mentions here as the kind of "details" which are proscribed by the TAFF ballot strikes me as downright *absurd*--and if you believe him on that one, if you're really *that* gullible, I've got a suspension bridge in New York I could let you have for a song...

*See my editorial for my interpretation of the details of the argument - the fact that I believe that position rather than your more narrow interpretation is no reason for you to stoop to innuendo.*

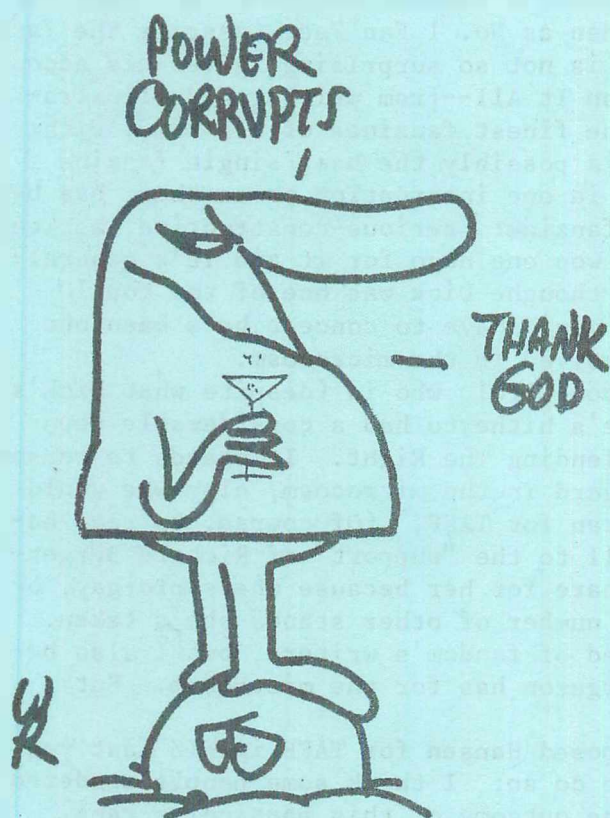
Seriously, Marty, that's tantamount to accepting the notion that the TAFF and DUFF winners should be muzzled, forced to totally gafiate--or at least do nothing beyond distributing ballots--for a minimum of two years following their trip, lest something they say or do broach some "controversial" subject (e.g., whether the friction-type belst buckle is the thing of the future or dominoes is an entertaining spectator sport) which might "influence" some future race. If that's your view, I think you should come right out and say so. Along with it, let us all hear how long you believe the TAFF/DUFF winners should refrain from writing and publishing their trip reports so as to avoid saying anything about anyone or any thing which might conceivably have some influence on some future race. Somehow, in the years I've been in fandom, I got the ridiculous notion that the idea in sending/bringing fans overseas via TAFF and DUFF was partly so they could write up their impressions and share them with us. Silly old me-- I see now I *must* have been mistaken.

*Sorry, but I consider this another red herring, but a more subtle one. An "honest" trip report may very well mention the candidates in an on-going fanfund race (and I am of the opinion that the kind of winners fandom wants (and is entitled to) will slightly delay their trip-reports if they believe that the material mentioned therein will influence an on-going race); but, in the final analyses, most fans will probably look at trip-reports as exactly that, trip-reports, and not as a sudden effort on the part of an administrator to either torpedo a given candidate or a boost to another candidate. Anyway, the case in point is not about a trip-report but about a letter which was written during an on-going race. As to your implied greater principle, I believe the following: administrators can hold any opinion they wish about any candidate in an on-going race, but it is improper to state those opinions during an on-going race. To anyone!*

What really exasperates me is how in hell you can seriously accept Bergeron's view that someone's (even an administrator's) "influence" is going to have much effect on how people vote in TAFF. But then, I doubt people are really influenced by Presidential debates; I think *most* people have already made up their minds long before; if their candidate does well, that's wonderful--but if not, well, they're certainly not going to change their vote just because their candidate lost a few debating points. As for its application to TAFF, I think most of us know who we would prefer to vote for even before we read the platforms--and, arguably, that those who *don't* know enough to have such a preference probably should not be voting. (And before anyone tries to accuse me of denying anyone's "right" to vote, let me opine that this sentiment is implied in the requirement that voters be involved in fandom for at least a year--in the hope that they will *know* something about the candidates!)

As it turns out, *not one* of Bergeron's readers (including some, he says, who've accepted his worst conclusions about Avedon) has been able to say she tried to in-





fluence them. At least, if Dick could prove she'd done so elsewhere--if any WIZ readers had said, "Hey, man, she was writing that stuff to me, too," or, "Right on, Dick, I heard her at such-and-such a club/convention urging fans to vote for Rob and against D."--I presume he would have told us...instead of, as in this column, trotting out his still unsubstantiated suspicion once again, apparently wide-eyed and innocently wondering how many others Avedon must have been writing this sort of thing to, since she wrote it to him and he was only one of her casual correspondents--just as though he had not been told by dozens of fans that Avedon's conduct of TAFF business at clubs and conventions has been above reproach and that far from advocating any candidate she had been urging fans to vote for TAFF, period.

To prove a charge of disclosing details about an ongoing race it is not necessary to show that it was done any more than once; so, as Richard proved that Avedon did do it once, anything more on the subject was superfluous.

I think that Richard went too far when he wondered if she had told anybody else about this as he had no proof of that charge (it was just speculation on his part, possibly fuelled by the fact that she had written this information to him, a person (as you say) who was only a casual correspondent, so it would have been natural to assume that she might have been even more indiscreet with those who knew better). Anyway, this can be explained by my analogy with hitting a mule over its head with a 2x4 to get its attention - he certainly did get fandom's attention with all of this. Still, as he could not prove this additional allegation, he should not have mentioned it. (By the way, I am still friends with Richard, even after pointing this out to him.)

I submit to you, Marty, that constant repetition of unsubstantiated allegations to try to make people believe that they are true, even though every indication is that they are absolutely false, is what's known as the Big Lie technique. And that this technique is altogether typical of Richard Bergeron's unconscionable attack on Avedon Carol. In my opinion, since you wonder about it, that's why so many of his former friends have become disgusted with Richard Bergeron.

Big Lie technique? You mean that technique used by those who have been writing that Bergeron is sick?

Uh, uh, Marty, don't accuse the man of red herring if you're going to do the same back.

However, since you do accept Dick's view on this, let me run it by you to see if I have it straight:

Over in this corner, we have fan *par excellence* Richard Bergeron, who last year tied in the PONG Poll with Teresa Nielsen Hayden as No. 1 Fan Face (despite the fact that few fans have ever seen his face). This is not so surprising, given his accomplishments in fanzine fandom. Bergeron has Don It All--from writing and illustrating superbly to publishing WARHOON, one of the finest fanzines of all time, either considered for the Willis issue alone (which is possibly the best single fanzine ever published) or for the entire run (which, in one incarnation or another, has been the *ne plus ultra* of three distinct types of fanzine: serious-constructive, serious social/political discussion and fannish). He won one Hugo for it and it's generally agreed he should have received another. I thought Dick was one of the top 10 fans of all time--but even if you *don't* agree, you'd have to concede he's been one of fandom's BNFs longer than Avedon's been involved in the microcosm.

And over in the other corner we have Avedon Carol, who is (despite what Dick's been saying) an honorable person; indeed, she's hitherto had a considerable reputation for fearlessness and integrity when Defending The Right. It stands to reason she *has* to be held at least in fairly high regard in the microcosm, else she would not have won a first-ballot victory when she ran for TAFF. (Of course, to read between the lines here, she *may* simply owe it all to the "support" of Richard Bergeron.) It's also possible some fans might not care for her because she's pro-gay, or because she's pro-feminist, or because of any number of other stands she's taken. I happen to think she's among the most talented of fandom's writers, but I also believe it's obvious she's not done half what Bergeron has for the microcosm. But then, few fans *have*.

So, okay. Richard supported West and opposed Hansen for TAFF in WIZ last year. No one (not even Avedon) disputes his right to do so; I think some people wondered *why* he seemed to have so much ego riding on the outcome of this particular race, but again this should not be confused with denying his *right* to vote for and/or support anyone. Avedon, in her letter, wondered why he supported D., since Dick had printed and written many things *far* more critical than that D. engaged in boring spectator sports. West himself agrees with this. Ted White stands accused of denying Dick's right to participate because, in personal correspondence *to Bergeron* Ted told Dick his opinion was irrelevant to *him* (i.e., would have no effect on how Ted would vote), since he would meet the delegate and Bergeron would not. Just another case of Bergeron twisting what others have said to him to make them fit his point.

*At this point I disagree (although it may just be my reading of it and I may be being misled by White's stylistic use of words) - I read it as Richard does, that Ted is denying Bergeron's right to participate.*

However, *here's* where I think your & Dick's view about "influence" gets ridiculous: Richard Bergeron, one of the most universally *admired* fans of our microcosm, worked his best typing fingers to the bone in support of D. West--yet how much "influence" did *he* have on the outcome? Not, it seems, a whole lot. In a letter to me dated November 1, West writes: "I doubt Bergeron's support had any positive effect at all, considering that it was somewhat qualified by all the less-than-complimentary things he's said about me." By way of "support," Dick choose to exercise what influence he could by printing much that was negative about West's opponent, Rob Hansen--and simply (or so he's said) couldn't find space to print Rob's reply, or much else of what anyone had to say in his defense, either. But since Richard is *not* a TAFF administrator, any tactic he can devise in support of his candidate, even if it's printing only the least favorable "side" of an issue which involves his opponent and ignoring everything else--indeed, whether it can pass any objective test of "fairness" or not--must be considered reasonable; it's not prohibited, so it must be allowed.



*Red herring time again, I am afraid. The point of contention has nothing at all to do with Bergeron's influence or lack of same; the point, as I must boringly reiterate, is Avedon's writing of her letter. It matters not one whit whether or not Bergeron could have influenced the voting in any way after receiving the letter, the fact is that he might have tried to do so whilst the race was still underway as a result of reading her letter. It is what an administrator does during a race which is the main point here, not anything else.*

Now can you tell me, Marty, what it was that, according to Richard Bergeron here, apparently *completely negated* the concentrated influence of one of our all-time great fans and kept Don West from winning? Why, a deadly thrice-repeated remark of Avedon's, it seems. What is truly *amazing* about Avedon's influence--what leaves me, as it were, fantistied by the scoop and power of her remark--is that this comment appeared only *once* where it might have had *any* influence on anyone's vote. The other two times were in a DNQ letter to Bergeron after he had voted (which no one saw unless he was showing it around earlier) and in THE AMNESIA REPORT, which was published after the voting deadline.

The *one* place it appeared where it might have had any effect at all was in ANSIBLE, a *British* fanzine, quite some time *before* West's candidacy was announced. In case no one's pointed it out to you lately, the vote in Britain was a *tie*. But hey, I'm a science fiction fan, I can put on my disbelief suspenders with the best of 'em. Let me tighten mine and follow this a bit further, then. Obviously, Avedon did not influence anyone in Britain. Either these Britfen are too dense to "get" it or a goodly number of them are "closet" dominoes watchers. So it must simply have been that, among ANSIBLE's readers, some 60 or more U.S. fans, *months* later, no doubt on the verge of filling out their TAFF ballots, their pens poised over D.'s name, suddenly recalled Avedon's remark before they could finish making their 'l,' and they all immediately slapped their foreheads and said, "My God! How *true* that is-- dominoes *is* a fucking *boring* spectator sport. Damn! I guess that means I'm going to have to vote for Rob Hansen instead!"

Hey. Right. In-fucking-credible.

But if you *do* believe this, Marty, I have to wonder if you've stopped to reflect on the implications of what you're doing. I mean if, in your considered opinion, Avedon really has *that much* influence over what goes down in fandom, and you're nonetheless taking up a position *against* her...well, even though I disagree with you, I have to admire that kind of courage. I mean, two words from Avedon Carol and you're on your way out of fandom forever.

I was nearly two pages into a response to Bergeron's quote of Eric Mayer, speaking as an "outsider," explaining why it's so obvious that "impartiality" should be a requirement for TAFF administrators, when I received the letter I mentioned on the previous page from Don West which said everything I was trying to say so succinctly that I'd like to quote it here instead:

Personally, I am in favour of scrapping the (unwritten) 'impartiality' rule altogether. It does nothing to protect either the voters or the candidates, and it lays Administrators open to attack from any ill-disposed person. As you say, short of gaffiation there's no way an Administrator can avoid technical offences against 'impartiality.' And in reality the rule is completely useless, since an outwardly 'impartial' administrator can do just as much vote-fiddling as anyone else. In the end, TAFF has to run on trust, and surrounding it with pettifogging rules and regulations just means treating the voters like morons and the candidates and the Administrators like criminals--all to no effective purpose whatsoever. The purpose of TAFF is to get fans from one side of the Atlantic to the other, not to provide pretexts for displays of self-importance (Locke) and venom (Bergeron).

Scrapping the "(unwritten) 'impartiality' rule" might be a good idea, but discussion of it here is out of place as the conduct in question occurred when that rule was in place.

"In the end, TAFF has to run on trust..." That's really where it's at, Marty-- TAFF and DUFF are signal honors, and if we are going to subject these people to spite and vindictiveness of the like of Richard Bergeron's, then it truly is no honor. Further, if we can't trust the very people we've elected to receive this honor, then who the fuck *should* we trust? Would a committee of 50 well-known fans, representing "all" segments of fandom, be any better? Would it help matters to have the balloting administered by Price, Waterhouse and the finances under the supervision of Peak, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.? (This last *could* be expensive, but arguably we could cut a few corners to make ends meet--perhaps paying just the airfare to the *closest* coast of the country involved and letting the delegate take a bus or go by "thumb" the rest of the way, or finding a fleabag hotel within a few miles of the convention site for the delegate to stay in, or even providing them with box lunches to avoid the expense of eating at or near the convention hotel. Why, the possibilities are almost as endless as they are ignoble.)

Do you think it would be sufficient, to avoid this sort of mess in the future, simply to have the delegates fingerprinted and their names and addresses left on file with local authorities for a couple of years so that an eye can be kept on them, lest they do something which might not meet with the approval of Richard Bergeron or any other "ill-disposed person"?

Bergeron has made--and, in the face of a *total* lack of evidence, has *continued* to make--serious charges with respect to Avedon Carol's integrity in the conduct of the last TAFF race.

These are *not* simply limited to her DNQ letter where she "talked out of school" about an early trend in the voting which seemed to indicate some fans were voting for the "wrong" reasons (because they disliked someone who *wasn't running* but who had argued with one of the candidates and was one of his opponent's nominators).

Although Patrick Nielsen Hayden--up to that time, one of Bergeron's closest friends in fandom--told him in advance of WIZ II that THE AMNESIA REPORT had *not* been sent out with TAFF funds, the charge that it *was* is implied throughout Richard's attack on Avedon there. Although he had absolutely no basis for making this claim outside his own fevered imagination, Bergeron has neither justified, retracted nor apologized for it--he's simply moved on to new charges which are equally specious and equally untrue.

The charge that THE AMNESIA REPORT was distributed to the entire TAFF electorate also runs all through WIZ II. This is simply not true. As the supplier of Avedon's labels, I subsequently told Dick she had asked for mailing labels only for her regular list, which she used to mail out THE AMNESIA REPORT prior to leaving for England. I told him she did not have me set up and run out labels for the TAFF voters (which were sent to those who would be running in the next race) until she got back, subsequent to the publication of WIZ II. This charge surfaces again in Cesar Ignacio Ramos' AEON, and while presumably Richard and Cesar talk to each other about this matter, it may be inferred that this is *not* the case when Richard's absurdities have been exposed for what they are. Bergeron has *never* retracted, justified or apologized for *this* wholly erroneous charge, either.

When the list of TAFF voters published in FILE 770 came up five short of the reported total--because Mike Glycer accidentally skipped a line in typing them up--Bergeron fired off a petition (counter-signed by Eric Mayer and Cesar, neither of whom had voted in the last election--nor, to my knowledge, in any *other* TAFF election) demanding a recount and full financial disclosure. Now, some *months* after the facts have been made clear to him--that the typo was Glycer's, that *one* vote for D. West (Dave Rike's) had been mislaid because it had been sent in on the back of a postcard of comment, but which turned out not to have changed a thing since one U.S.



voter had voted twice, once in the U.S. and once in the U.K.--there's *still* not so much as a hint of a retraction or apology.

No, according to Dick in his appropriately-named "Fangdom," which continues his slimy attack, the "question at issue" is *still* "whether or not Avedon Carol 'cooked the TAFF results' for Rob Hansen."

Your own involvement and support for what Richard Bergeron has done and is continuing to do bothers me profoundly, Marty. In your column of "Natter," you say you feel the portions of Avedon's letter which he quotes "prove his allegations against her." Since this is rather sweeping and all-inclusive, and presumably you actually read Bergeron's column, would you mind quoting to me the portion of her letter which you think "proves" the allegation that she cooked the results for Rob?

As my editorial *this ish* shows, I'm *inclined to slide* with rich in this. The other allegations made by Richard were totally unsubstantiated and should not have seen print. Were I sole editor of HTT the article would have been returned and Richard would have been told to prove every statement or rewrite to omit unsubstantiated charges. But, Marty and I disagree about this sort of thing and HTT is more his than mine.

I plead guilty to imprecission on this and I have clarified it in my editorial *thisish*. I will again say that Richard has gone overboard in his attacks - I did not mean to imply (in my Natter section) that I believed that everything which Richard wrote in his column in HTT #20 was 100% correct but I still believe that his main case against Avedon was her divulging the details of the voting during an on-going race - and he proved THAT to the last decimal point. Not to put too fine a point on it, but I should say that the allegation that Avedon might have "cooked" the TAFF results for Rob Hansen remain just an allegation as far as I am concerned - not proven. And not necessary to be proven given that his main point was proven. Anyway, Richard is one of our columnists, not a reporter. The important difference here is that a reporter is expected to be accurate in his facts and to keep his editorial opinions out of his writing; a columnist, though, is not only expected to colour his writing with his opinions but is usually expected to be blatantly opinionated. In SF fandom his writing style is what makes his columns sought after. In the case in point I think that Richard has allowed his style to overpower the subject matter. Which is not to say, though, that he is incorrect in bringing up what appears to be an administrator being caught in an indiscretion.

Your letter to me, accompanying this material, takes issue with "Avedon being called an 'exemplary administrator'" and in support of your contention that she was not (for all that you say you like her), you offer that (a) since THE AMNESIA REPORT is not an official TAFF publication she has "still" not "officially" announced the TAFF winner and (b) she failed to send you her TAFF auction material (which you acknowledge she may not have had) for LACon.

Briefly: First, Avedon's decision to make the "official" announcement via the fannish newszines was a judgment call-she figured, thereby, to save the Fund about \$20 in postage costs for a two-pager which most people would have thrown away, anyway. You may quibble all you want with that decision--so long as you take into your considerations that Avedon is certainly not the first Administrator not to have made the announcement in an "official" TAFF publication.

Second, I understand Avedon had no TAFF auction material to send you and that she told those who did to send it directly to you. I think, however, you would have been better advised to have taken this up directly with her, rather than bandying it about with your correspondents as a possible indication that she was not as "exemplary" as others may feel.

Fooof. And stuff. You were the one who had written that Avedon was an "exem-

plary administrator" and I was just writing to you an example of why I thought that she was less than exemplary. It is on your (and Avedon's) head(s) that this piece of opinion is being made public. I did not DNQ it because I thought that you had the good sense to understand that I was writing an opinion based on some information I had, an opinion which I had no intention to mention to anybody other than the person who had written something which my information contradicted. And that piece of writing of mine has been, until my editorial thisish, the ONLY piece of negative writing about Avedon which I have written. Please note - other than my comment in that cover letter (concerning some irrefutable fact) my "attacks" on Avedon in my editorial thisish are 100% in response to what she has written about me. (It is to be assumed that you understand that my belief that she divulged the details of the voting during the race are not an attack on her but my reading of the rule and how it applied to her.) Anyway, I was acting as TAFF/DUFF liaison for L.A.CON II and I expected more response than I got from her. An administrator, after all, should respond to requests for auction material, even if it is just a postcard replying that there was no material. Considering the several thousand dollars which Avedon turned over to Patrick and Teresa, the cost of a postcard would not have bankrupted the fund. It is by little things like that that give us the judgment as to whether or not an administrator is exemplary - and Avedon failed that test.

I say this because, finally, that statement was made about Avedon in response to Bergeron's charges--charges of dishonesty, "cooking the results," embezzling TAFF funds. I mean, Jesus fucking Christ, Marty, where's your goddddamned sense?

Well, maybe I do not have much sense, but I know damned well that the attempts made by you and others on your "side" to intimidate those who dare to agree with Bergeron that something wrong happened during Avedon's administratorship will not silence this free thinker. Chew on that, all you would-be Torquemadas. As long as there is free speech in fandom I will not only continue to write what I wish but I resist to the utmost ANY attempts to introduce what I perceive to be "politically correct litmus tests" into fandom. Your attempts to intimidate me - well, you have picked the wrong fucker for that - I will not cow!

The specific instances which you cite may not have been what you would have done in her place, and I even grant that they could indicate a degree of sloppiness which you might not practice yourself, but they're certainly not an indication of the kind of malfeasance with which Bergeron has slagged Avedon. Since they are not relevant to the charges to which the remark about Avedon being an exemplary administrator responds, why the fuck do you bring them up as though they were or could be?

I never indicated that my remarks had anything whatsoever to do with any pre-summed malfeasance on Avedon's part; they do, however, relate DIRECTLY to any judgment as to whether or not Avedon was exemplary. Personally, I think that your judging of Avedon's administratorship is coloured solely by your friendship for/with her.

There are a number of other comments, in "Natter" and your accompanying letter, with which I cannot agree:

What really bothers me, though, is the heated OVERreaction which /Bergeron is getting from some quarters...

One of the worst things about all this are the multi-copies of DNQ letters which seem to be criss-crossing the country.

Bergeron is being unfairly villified (sic) and is having unbelievable nastiness written in his direction. Misrepresentation and innuendo poison the air. A wouldbe (sic) peacemaker has been shat upon.



I just cannot believe all of the malicious lies being manufactured against Richard...with Bergeron raising and proving improprieties on Avedon's part, just why is East Coast SMOFdom dumping on him?

...entirely TOO MUCH shit has gone Avedon's way, even though it is a mole's hill amount compared to the mountain range shoveled at Bergeron.

On the basis of these quotes, I cannot help but feel that you have *no* direct knowledge of what has been going here beyond Bergeron's distorted depiction. If you'll tell me what you're talking about by reference to "multi-copies of DNQ letters which seem to be criss-crossing the country," I'll try to respond. Likewise, I wonder who the "wouldbe peacemaker" you refer to could be--*certainly* not Richard Bergeron?????!! Or Dave Locke?????!!

*See my editorial about this.*

As for the rest...

I don't agree that Dick's attack on Avedon has been over-reacted to, nor that he's been unfairly vilified, nor that the "shit" heaped upon him makes even a mole hill compared to the mountain he's dumped on Avedon. I know nothing of any misrepresentation, innuendo or malicious lies in this mess *beyond Bergeron's own*.

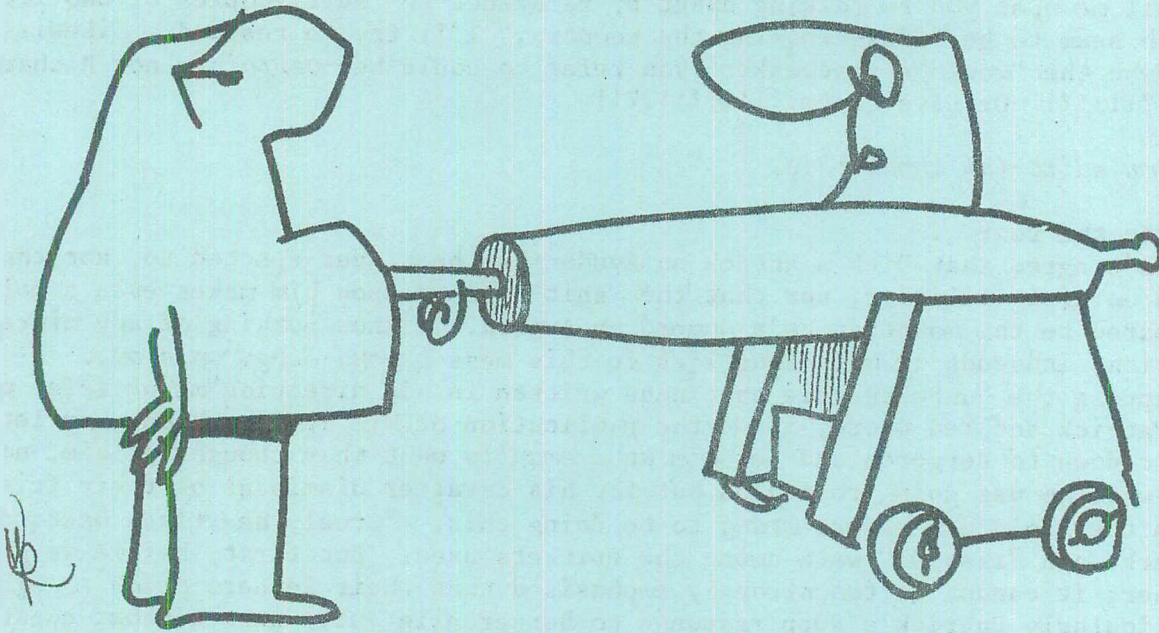
I suppose the "unbelievable nastiness written in his direction" might refer to letters Patrick and Ted wrote, *after* the publication of WIZ 11, in which they let their hair down to Bergeron and let him know *exactly* what they thought of him, not only for what he was doing to Avedon but for his cavalier dismissal of their friendship when they told him he was *wrong* to be doing this. "Cruel, heartless bastard," "prime jerk" and "asshole" were among the epithets used. But first, before we go any further, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that their letters *prior* to WIZ 11 (and particularly Patrick's 10pp response to Bergeron in July) were without question *friendly*, if concerned. Bergeron responded with contempt--surprising and *abrupt* contempt, given their previous friendship for him. Second, even after the publication of that WIZ, these comments were in letters which were DNP and thus never intended for publication, sent *directly* to Bergeron so that he could not simply dismiss what was said to him as "performance" or "playing to the audience." Finally, it is *Bergeron* who has made these comments public, not Ted, not Patrick. The material which they have written publicly in Avedon's defense has otherwise clearly been directed at what Bergeron has *done*.

Richard's quote from my letter to Mike Glyer and Eric Mayer of 13 September 1984--a copy of which I sent him myself, else he would not have been able to quote (selectively) from it--is accurate as far as it goes. I speculated that he might be "sick." Obviously my "knowledge" that he retired from advertising some years back for medical reasons was in error; a correspondent, whom Richard had been commiserating with over a serious illness, told me Dick had said his doctors told him he'd be dead in a few years if he didn't get out of advertising. From what he ways in HTT, he was apparently only in danger of dying from boredom.

"But," I wrote, "I would be the first to admit that this may be putting two and two together and coming up with five." To which Dick responds, "*Why* then does he do it?" Since the letter from which he quotes *also* contains an explanation of why I engaged in this kind of speculation, his question is obviously rhetorical. Intended, no doubt, to make your readers think about all the dirty, underhanded, sneaky reasons why I might have done it.

I did it out of friendship, Marty. Like almost all the other friends of Richard Bergeron's who've grown disgusted and/or taken issue with him on this matter--and I'm just one of many---I tried to tell him that, in addition to all the hurt he was inflicting on Avedon, he was doing irreparable damage to the reputation of one of the finest fans I have ever known...a fellow named Richard Bergeron. But, like his other friends, I was beginning to despair; I was living in Woodbridge at the time,

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!  
I PROMISE NOT TO FIRE  
UNTIL AFTER YOU GET UP--!



seeing little if any of Ted and nothing of Patrick, undergoing the same process they had endured perhaps a month earlier--offering what knowledge I had in Avedon's defense to a friend who seemed sincerely but seriously mistaken, only to have my points dismissed out of hand, ignored other than to concentrate on picking nits with ambiguities, apparently intent on seeing lies where only honest confusion existed.

There's a clear example of this sort of thing in Richard's column. H quotes a letter I sent him, in which I said Avedon had not seen Eric Mayer's loc in PAPER FAN when she wrote the "Group Mind" piece for THE AMNESIA REPORT. (In fact, I told him, she'd been talking about doing that piece since Constellation--long before Mayer's letter saw print.) He then quotes from a letter which Ted wrote me *a month and a half before* which said the article was written with Eric in mind, and follows it with another quote from a letter Ted wrote nearly a month *after* mine to Bergeron in which Ted said he'd *read* the letter he'd written Eric (which recapitulated Eric's PAPER FAN letter in detail) to Avedon, and thus (Dick concludes) she "knew" what it contained all along, even if she'd not seen it in PAPER FAN. "And yet," he writes, "it is Bergeron who is the 'sick liar.'"

I assumed, when I wrote him back in August, Bergeron was "honestly" mistaken in assuming the article was an attack on Mayer. This, because I had made the same mistake--since Avedon's article addressed a point Eric had made--which I believed until Avedon told me otherwise. But Dick believes if Ted made the *same* error a month and a half earlier, it proves Ted to be a sick liar. The nail in Ted's coffin is the admission that he read Avedon the letter he'd written Eric. Well, Ted *did* read that



letter to Avedon--just as soon as the "Eric Mayer File" (Ted's copy of his letter to Eric, a couple of letters Eric wrote Ted and a copy of a letter Eric wrote responding to Ted's piece in SIKANDER) was returned to him by a well-known fan, who'd kept the material in his possession through the *entire month of May* (THE AMNESIA REPORT was produced on May 21st). And who *was* this well-known fan who held on to these letters during this period? Would you believe...Richard Bergeron?

I'm straying from what I started out to say, but there *is* another observation worth making with respect to this. Bergeron's *whole point* in mentioning that article was to prove what a "devious" person Avedon was. It was "devious"--he calls it that several times in the course of WIZ 11--to write a piece "about" Eric without mentioning him by name. Strangely enough, there's a short bit by Eric *in that very issue* which Bergeron told me Eric had subsequently said was in response to something I'd written to him. Stranger still, *my* name doesn't appear in Eric's piece. And stranger than any of the other strangenesses, I have *yet* to hear Bergeron call Eric Mayer "devious" for having done this. Tell me, do you think this could possibly be because, in Richard Bergeron's mind, this label applies *only* if the person who has done it is a TAFF administrator who's implied, however jokingly, that Bergeron could be gay?

Well, as I said, I also wrote him letters (none of which called him unspeakable names), trying to reason with him and stressing that I was talking to him in sincere friendship and concern. But, like others who'd already done the same with him, I found my hope that he might ever be able to see reason on this matter rapidly dwindling. That hope was snuffed out completely when Patrick showed me a copy of a letter he'd written Richard, months before, which contained *many* of the points I had but lately been trying to make to him. I've admired and liked Richard Bergeron for quite some time--the "admiration" beginning with the late '50s incarnation of WRHN, the "liking" when he had done so much to help the Bob Shaw Fund which I co-chaired with Arnie Katz--but, really, we'd only been corresponding and finding expression of our friendship during the past few years. Since Patrick had been a *closer* friend of Dick's longer than that, I concluded that if Bergeron wasn't listening to him, he wasn't about to start listening to me. Of course, I also found out that some of what I had thought to be Bergeron's "honest" mistakes were not so honest--since Patrick had pointed them out long before Bergeron went ahead and put them into print.

Given this experience, and what I'd heard (but which now seems to be untrue) about Richard's reasons for retiring from advertising, I wondered if he could be sick. In the letter from which he extracts that quote--and Mike Glyer has my permission to let you see it, if you care to check this out--I admitted that I was "grasping at straws" like this because I did not want to *blame* Bergeron...I wanted an excuse which would explain his altogether vicious attack on Avedon. My appreciation and high regard for Richard Bergeron was, you see, of long standing, and quite sincere; I wanted something to help me focus the blame on what he had *done* but which might, at least partially, separate him from it.

*How about this for a reason: Richard saw Avedon violating (in his opinion) a public trust and he was trying to bring it to fannish attention. Or is that explanation too simple for you (and I do not mean that in a nasty vein). Under this very plausible scenario he has no choice but to escalate his charges when he finds either indifference or vehement rebuttal. You know, rich, there are still some people around who operate from points of principle (I am one of them and I believe that Bergeron is another); as a person who operates from points of principle I find Richard's actions quite understandable given the base fact that Avedon did violate her public trust by writing about the voting in progress. If you had understood this you could have gotten Richard to change what he did if you could have convinced him that his reading of the rule was wrong. You cannot get a person who operates from principle to change his principle but you can get him to change something which he is doing*

*if you can prove to him that some of his data is wrong.*

Another straw at which I grasped, in the same letter and in about the same vein, was the notion that maybe Dick, as some sort of "joke" on all of us and perhaps on Fan Polls generally, was trying to go from No. 1 Fan Face to Fugghead of the Year in a single year. I said at the time that, if this were his goal, I was afraid he would probably succeed; while writing you this letter, I learned that Richard had wone, hands down, COFF (the Cement Overcoat Fan Fund) in Great Britain. It would appear that Richard Bergeron is already on his way.

*To keep the record straight I should point out that I also eliminated some interlineations from rich's letter. Rich's loc was layed out with the interlineations at the top of several of the pages; obviously, they would not have been in his intended positions if I had put them at the top of various of the pages here. Not only that, but it is quite possible, despite their anti-Bergeron tone, that some people could have mistaken them for interlineations which I might have put in.*

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\* MIKE GLICKSOHN \* I think it's important to recognize that this is a complex issue  
\*\*\*\*\* with at least four different charges and countercharges being levelled. First, there are Richard Bergeron's charges that Avedon Carol was guilty of abuse of her position as a TAFF administrator which is what this column is mainly about. Second, there are the charges from Avedon and her supporters that Bergeron's activities are essentially a character assassination provoked by his pique at Avedon's reference to his possible homosexuality and have little to do with his interest in TAFF. Third, there are charges from Dave Locke and others that Avedon and her friends are guilty of attempting to cover up problems with TAFF by directing a massive smear campaign against Bergeron instead of responding to his accusations. And fourth, there are charges that the current TAFF campaign is being run in a nepotistical manner in an attempt to keep it the private province of a small coterie of friends.

These issues, of course, along with the people involved with them, are so inter-related that it is extremely difficult to discuss them separately. However, since Dick's column deals primarily with the first set of charges, for which he claims to offer proof, I'm going to try to segregate them from the resulting reactions and over-reactions and see just what evidence is provided to substantiate those charges. Perhaps later I'll get back to the rest of the tangled web.

Quoting from Dick's article, his charges are: (1) Avedon "selectively divulged results of the voting as the campaign was in progress" (2) "she conducted the election in bias for Rob Hansen and in opposition to D. West" and (3) Avedon "Questioned the participation of /Bergeron/ in TAFF on the basis that I would not be meeting the candidate." You, Marty, seem to feel that what Dick has written substantiates these charges but a careful reading of the column reveals to me that he has actual evidence for only the first charge, an accusation that Dave Locke admits is tantamount to a minor indiscretion at best Let's take a closer look...

Did Avedon divulge the results of the voting while the campaign was in progress? Yes, of course she did. And she was wrong to do so. I've said that from the start. She was guilty of bad judgement and indiscretion and she whould admit it and apologise. But look at the way she did it. She wrote one DNQ letter to an isolated fan who had already voted so she could talk about some concerns she had about the manner fans participated in the race. She admitted she should not have been writing to Bergeron but thought he was a "safe" outlet for thoughts she was having trouble bottling up inside. The evidence is there in The Letter and Avedon stands convicted on the first charge. Bergeron has offered concrete proof and substantiated his claim. But where does he take it from there?

He does what a very clever writer like Richard Bergeron does nasterfully well:



without making a single concrete accusation he raises doubts about Avedon's conduct which are almost certain to be taken as additional accusations by many casual readers. "Who else did she alert to the voting trends?" he wonders. "How many others she told is open to question," he says. Note that there is not one single shred of evidence provided here. Yet he has certainly sown the seeds of doubt quite deeply. *Without any substantiation whatsoever!* And if called to task for innuendo of this sort he can always reply that he never formally accused Avedon of a thing, which is quite true. This is "substantiation", Marty? This is "proof"? Let us grant Bergeron the one small indiscretion he has proven but let us not imagine we can identify the body of a nefarious villain from one smudged fingerprint.

*Assuming that you have read the rest of what I have written about this you now know that I have clarified my position on this matter - and you agree with me that Bergeron has proven the point that Avedon "spilled the beans" (as it were) during the on-going race. Where we disagree is in the severity of this action. I, like Richard, consider it major whereas you seem to consider it a minor picadillo. Personally, I consider it a major indiscretion. After all, there is no such thing as being "slightly" pregnant.*

*It is interesting that you say that "a very clever writer like Richard" "masterfully", "without making a single concrete accusation...raises doubts about Avedon's conduct which are almost certain to be taken as additional accusations by many casual readers." You are now aware that it is the decidedly non-casual anti-Bergeron SMOFs who are beating Richard over the head with this. I leave it to others to make any deductions about this conduct by these people.*

Looking back at The Letter we observe that Dick has offered proof that Avedon Carol was definitely biased towards Rob Hansen and against D. West. No question about it; she puts it down herself in black and white. And Bergeron himself offers the only possible response: "So what?" Does he have proof of his actual charge, namely that this bias was evident in Avedon's handling of the campaign itself? You seem to think he does but that's not the way I read his column. Dick makes much of the differences between what Avedon had to say in The Letter and what she wrote in egoscans 8 & 9 but those two fanzines came out *after the race was over!* So did WIZ 11. So did THE AMNESIA REPORT. Think about it: NOTHING IN ANY OF THOSE PLACES IS EVIDENCE THAT AVEDON RAN A BIASED RACE!! Does Bergeron offer a single shred of actual evidence that Avedon's handling of the TAFF race was biased towards one candidate and against the other? No, he doesn't. The *only* actual proof he shows of Avedon's bias comes from a private letter to someone whose participation in the race couldn't possibly be influenced by anything the administrator thought because he'd already voted. From that single cited piece of concrete evidence he postulates an entire campaign waged against poor D. West but he never cites a single verifiable piece of evidence for the existence of any such campaign!

*Postulate: Richard is not Avedon's closest confidant, yet he gets this amazing revelation from her? Is it not logical to assume that she has been at least as indiscrete with those closer to her?*

Let me quote Bergeron on this: "I contend that she prepared West for defeat in support of Hansen..." Okay, Dick, back that contention up. What proof do you have? You certainly don't cite anything that was published while the TAFF campaign was going on. Again: "This, I submit, is far closer to the "truth" Avedon was presenting *during the campaign.*" What truth, Dick? You fail to show us this truth. All you show us is things she said *afterwards*. The implication is clear: she said this later on so she must have said it earlier as well. That's "proof", Marty? That's a "substantiated" accusation? No, it's innuendo and nothing more.

I quote Dick right back at himself: "Where during the campaign did she "emphasize" that D. West was "really a nice guy?" So tell me, Dick, where during the

campaign did she emphasize that he wasn't? You claim to know but you don't share that information with us which is strange because if you did Avedon wouldn't have a leg to stand on. And again: "Maybe she was going around saying West was nice, but dull. You couldn't prove it by me, though." What the hell, maybe she was going around saying nobody should vote for West but you couldn't prove it by me or by any evidence Richard Bergeron has to offer.

Marty, I don't think Dick has substantiated this charge at all. But he certainly states often enough that there's plenty of evidence, even if he fails to produce it. If he doesn't even offer to show us the proof of the charges he's actually willing to formally list, what are we to make of the off-the-cuff suggestions of illicit goings-on which are tossed off in the way of innuendo rather than accusation? I refer to throwaway lines such as "If Big Daddy (or Big Mama) feels that the voters need to be protected from themselves because they can't make an intelligent selection among the offerings, the administrator is always there to see that Things Get Done Right."

But, says Dick, I never said Avedon cheated on the count. No, he didn't. But by god the implication is pretty damn clear, isn't it? Without offering any evidence whatsoever he has made the point that since an administrator *could* be dishonest then maybe one has been. A very machiavellian ploy but except for casting doubt on Avedon's integrity it doesn't prove a damn thing.

Nor does Dick's "wondering how an administrator...withrank...impartiality... is going to protect the sanctity of the ballot box." Again, there is no outright suggestion of misbehaviour, just the implication that anyone with an interest in how an event turns out couldn't possibly have the integrity to judge it fairly. Having counted FAAN Award Ballots & judged artshows and masquerades at regional and world conventions I know I resent the implication of Dick's remark. And all offered without any proof or substantiation whatever. See my point, Marty?

Which probably brings us to The Joke. Yes, Avedon made the joke. She undoubtedly thought it was funny. Some other people did, some didn't. I believe she first made it in ANSIBLE at a time when West had publicly stated he was not going to run for TAFF. She made it again in THE AMNESIA REPORT, after the TAFF race was all over. She referred to it in The Letter, a private communication. Dick says this comment was "repeated from the beginning of the TAFF campaign to the punchline of her announcement of the TAFF voting results." A casual reader might infer that Avedon scattered this comment throughout fandom in an effort to sway the great mass of (almost a hundred, wasn't it?) TAFF voters but if there's any evidence of that Dick certainly doesn't give it to us.

On the other hand, I think it was tasteless and tactless for Avedon to have concluded her "unofficial" statement of the TAFF race results with The Joke. Had Bergeron accused her of thoughtlessness I probably would have agreed with him. Extrapolating it into "the administrator...actively working to increase the chances of one candidate by focusing fandom's attention on the administrator's negative perception of another candidate", however, just does not seem to be justified by the minimal amount of actual evidence presented. I don't think Avedon comes out of this lily white but neither do I think her errors in judgement deserve suggestions that she "Cooked the TAFF results for Rob Hansen" as Dick suggests.

There is, of course, no evidence at all that the actual results of the race were in any way changed by the administrator and yet there seems to be an underlying thread to the column that this *might* have happened. Dozens, perhaps hundreds of HTT readers who were previously unaware of this bitter and vitriolic fannish feud are going to get the impression that just maybe this year's TAFF race wasn't on the up and up. And they're going to get that impression because Richard Bergeron keeps writing cleverly-worded non-accusations that if someone wanted to rig a fan fund from the position of administrator they certainly could do so. If I wrote an article for HTT suggesting that Ronald Reagan really won the election because a lot of returning officers were in a position to lie about the actual counts, nobody would



give me the time of day but TAFF is small and Bergeron is respected and if he wonders about the sanctity of the ballot box so will a lot of other people. *That's* my problem with this column: Dick creates an atmosphere of doubt largely based on unverified speculation. He demonstrates that Avedon was foolish in a couple of areas and then postulates much more serious machinations which he fails to justify. And Marty Cantor thinks his claims have been substantiated. I just wish I could see it.

Finally there is the third of Dick's accusations: that Avedon questioned his participation in TAFF. I've always thought this was the shakiest part of Dick's platform and I'm glad to see that he's downplayed it here compared to earlier versions of the situation. But he still makes it one of his major complaints and Marty thinks that complaint is substantiated. The mind boggles.

Did Avedon ask "Why did you participate in TAFF when you won't meet the winner?" No! She asked Dick why he voted for West and even went as far as to explain what she meant by adding the qualifying explanation "when you know damn well he doesn't even really want to meet anyone in the US". Even if Bergeron had misunderstood the initial question (and I freely admit that when I first heard about it I didn't catch the drift of what Avedon was getting at) it has been abundantly clear for several months just what she was asking: namely, what were your reasons for picking West rather than Hansen since it obviously wasn't a desire to meet West personally. I think that's a perfectly legitimate question, especially considering much of what Bergeron himself wrote about West in the period after the appearance of West's "Performance". (Bergeron was rather obviously underwhelmed by West in those earlier issues of WIZ.)

I think it somewhat significant that Dick usually quotes Avedon as saying "why in God's name did you vote for West...you wouldn't meet him anyway" because that elipsis renders the question far more damning to Avedon than the full statement would be. For me, the full question emphasises "why West" much more than the shortened form which can come across as "why vote." I'd never suggest that Dick did this on purpose but I do believe it helps his case. But no matter how you quote it, the question doesn't come close to questioning Dick's right to be a part of TAFF. It's a question as to why he selected one candidate over the other and try as he might Dick has no evidence to the contrary. Not, then, an "implication of irrelevancy" but rather a query as to motivation. That Avedon's vote was to go to the other candidate does not invalidate her curiosity as to why Bergeron voted for a candidate he had previously said some pretty negative things about. ("You mean you voted for Reagan after calling him 'a senile disaster-bound second-rate actor: why?'" Avedon never attempted to disenfranchise Richard Bergeron and a careful reading of her question in The Letter would show that. If Dick has no evidence for Accusation #3 beyond what he offers here then I fail to see that he has substantiated the claim at all.

*Personally I think that an administrator is out of line to ask anybody except his or her closest friends why they voted the way that they did.*

(And to try to present a full picture, let me admit that Dick omitted re-quoting an infamous Ted White remark that he's used to good effect in the past. Much as I respect Ted, his comment that Bergeron's TAFF vote was irrelevant because Bergeron had opted out of interpersonal fandom was Just Plain Dumb. (See, Marty, I really *do* disagree with Ted in public!) Dick has every right to be pissed off...but at Ted, not at Avedon and I'd like to interpret his failure to mention that remark as evidence that he realizes that silly things said by friends of Avedon cannot be used to substantiate charges against Avedon herself. Unfortunately for Dick, he really didn't have much else to go on for this particular accusation.)

So where do we stand? Three charges by Richard Bergeron: one proven, but even his most ardent supporter admits it's a misdemeanor at best, and two for which there is no real evidence at all. One relies on unsupported innuendo and the suggestion

that the *potential* for abuse existed and the other dissipates when looked at closely. I'm sorry, Marty: if there's proof and substantiation in this column it must be written between the lines, not on them.

And that's the way I see the first of those four sets of charges. (Don't worry, I have no intention of dealing with the other three sets at the same length.) Before I get to the rest of this mess, though, a word or two about the impartiality of fan fund administrators.

I happen to agree with Bergeron on this. No matter what the founder of TAFF might say, I believe that over the years there has developed an understanding that fund administrators should at least try to be unbiased. But it certainly isn't a law or even a rule; at best it's an unstated, unwritten guideline. Even if Bergeron had been able to prove his charges against Avedon, which he couldn't (or at least didn't), she wouldn't have been censurable as she had no obligations in that direction in the first place. Let us hope that future fund administrators will have a much clearer picture of exactly what their responsibilities and obligations are.

Closely tied to this is the question of the one obligation every TAFF winner/administrator *does* have, namely the writing of a TAFF report. Should TAFF reports be censored of any personal observations that might possibly reflect in a negative way on future TAFF candidates? I'd like to think that this is one question we can *all* agree on: of course not! So how do you rationalize the need for impartiality by the TAFF administrator and personal integrity by the TAFF report writer? I guess you just separate the two. Let the TAFF report say what its writer wants it to say and set up some guidelines for administrative impartiality. But it won't be easy to design or enforce.

Which brings me, I suppose, to everything that has happened *since* WIZ 11 (where Dick's charges against Avedon were first unveiled.) Let us take a couple of things as given: (1) Many fans are intelligent, over-sensitive, volatile and have trigger-finger egos. (2) Any time n people share an activity there will be n different versions of it, most of them sincerely believed by those who hold them. (If you've ever been divorced you'll know about that one.)

I believe that a lot of what has happened since WIZ 11 can be placed at the feet of misinterpretation. This does not excuse it, but it might help explain it. Massive over-reaction has almost become the order of the day. Friendships have been sundered, fans I respect have made fools of themselves, passion has replaced reason, insult has replaced argument, invective and vitriole have replaced refutation and the whole mess has become so hopelessly muddled that the important issues have become lost in a sea of vicious personality clashes. *Nobody* comes out of this looking good: Dave Locke says "the future is here"; I say, "welcome to 1964."

Since nobody can ever be sure of anyone else's motivation, it is very likely that we'll never really know why what happened happened. This leaves everything open to interpretation and interpretation depends on a thousand subtle factors. A sympathetic person will view an action and say "That person misremembered." A hostile person will see the same thing and say "That person is a liar." When you're caught in the middle, like Marty and I, you grit your teeth and hope you have at least a *few* friends when it's all over.

Here is one *brief* scenario for what *might* have happened:

- 1) Avedon publishes THE AMNESIA REPORT, announces the TAFF results, makes The Joke and makes reference to Bergeron, Ramos, reality and homosexuality.
- 2) Bergeron publishes WIZ 10, attacks Avedon rather nastily in a manner supposed to be a parody.
- 3) Avedon and friends react to the tone of Bergeron's remarks, not to the content, and fight insult with insult, slur with slur, start writing letters.
- 4) Bergeron, stung by letters, fires both barrels in WIZ 11 which he himself calls "an exercise in yellow journalism."
- 5) Avedon and friends, stung, escalate letters, launch "Bergeron is sick" theme, more and more bystanders and third parties get dragged in.



- 6) Bystanders read barrage of insults as cover-up, start probing for possible TAFF irregularities.
- 7) Whole mess spills over into current TAFF campaign causing new round of accusations and hostilities.

Well, that's one possibility. There are probably as many others as there are people involved in this less-than-pleasant situation. I don't claim to have any answers but I *am* trying to see all sides of the questions. And it's hard when they are so often completely contradictory.

I do not think Richard Bergeron is sick. But I do think he might have had a personal axe to grind above and beyond his concern for TAFF. I do not think Avedon Carol cheated for Rob Hansen. But I do think she could have handled this whole mess better by addressing the issues rather than the insults. And I really don't know what to think about the mess that the current TAFF race has found itself in: serious charges have been made but as yet no rebuttal has been offered. I'd like a few answers myself: why was the deadline for TAFF candidates so close to the announcement in FILE 770? (Show me the deadline was publicised somewhere else much earlier and I'll be satisfied.) Why were ballots available in New York two and a half weeks before they reached the midwest? These are legitimate concerns. As such they deserve legitimate answers. I hope those answers will be forthcoming.

What I'd like to do is sit down with Dick, Avedon, Dave, Ted and a few bottles of good scotch, Pepsi or Perrier and thrash this whole thing out. I think a lot of reasonable questions have gone unanswered because of the way they were asked. I know a lot of people have contradicted themselves in embarrassing ways and I'd like to know why. I've seen a few people carried away by the emotion of the moment and I'd like to hear that under the calmer light of reason they're capable of apologising for their outbursts. But obviously this will never happen.

Instead we'll have thousands and thousands of additional words to wade through and it's very possible that friendly associations will be permanently sundered by what's happened over the last few months and what will happen over the next few months.

Let me repeat something I said at the start: let us focus on the issues. *Everyone* has been insulted so let's try to put that aside and answer the questions. That's the only way we'll get anything positive out of the most negative situation I've encountered in eighteen years of fanac.

*Mike, as the colloquialism goes, "Right on!"*

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\* DAVE LOCKE \* In your "NATTER", Marty, I agree with you that Dick Bergeron wrote "forcefully" and reacted a "little bit strongly", but what "really bothers me", too, is "the heated OVERreaction which he is getting from some quarters". Here, in his "FANGDOM" column, his approach is more straightforward and balanced, and I also agree with you that Dick does "prove his allegations" against Avedon with the material he has in this installment. Actually, her own words prove it. I think the subject is overblown in terms of importance, but the "OVERreaction" is mostly to blame for that.

As you know, I did try to arbitrate this -- back before Dick's last HTT column. I'd received WIZ #10 & #11, egoscan #8, and KILLING TIME #1, and sent off a letter with the distribution restricted to the immediate participants (for which Teresa called to thank me; much later I learned that this was at the same time that Patrick, Avedon, and Ted were engaged in a massive behind-the-scenes letter and phone campaign to have Dick branded sick and insane). I offered a compromise where all that that was required was a consensus of opinion on what was to be considered valid, on points where everybody seemed to be in agreement anyway, and in part it went: "STATEMENT: The undersigned have agreed to bury the hatchet in the interests

of harmony and the conservation of twill-tone. Without comment on what has gone before, we are in basic agreement on the following points of ethics and common sense." I asked, which scenario shall we choose: the typical one (attack and counter-attack until the rest of fandom drop-kicks their mailboxes and takes up hang-gliding as their hobby), or the mature one.

Primarily this resulted in an exchange between Ted and I. If we set aside Ted's screaming and name-calling and constant fabrication as to what Dick's charges were, the only really pertinent things he divulged were that "there are problems with TAFF which this situation has exposed" and that "I do not see any indication that these concern you". Along the way he accused me of illegally copying his 9/15 14-page "not for publication *anywhere*" letter; it was indeed photocopied for one person, and right here at my elbow is a 9/17 letter from Ted giving me explicit authorization to do so. As I told him: "I don't know what you're smoking down there, Ted, but the next time we get together at a convention let's just use my stuff..."

In Ted's final letter to me he said "you seem obsessed with proving (or disproving) Bergeron's attack on Avedon" and (wonderfully tortured logic) "Your attempts to dignify this attack by not only taking it seriously but arrogating to yourselves the position of prosecutors does much to ally ourselves with the attack itself." It was easy enough to see where he was coming from. Any Bergeron supporter (which I am, now) or any neutral (which I was, then) were assumed by Ted to be "taking it seriously", and were not "involved to any degree in the matter" anyway so it did not "concern" them. I think he overlooked, or disagreed, that TAFF belongs to fandom. Obviously he thought that *he* had a piece of the rock -- "there are problems with TAFF which this situation has exposed", and he was certainly doing a lot of writing about "this situation" strictly as a fan and not as a past or present TAFF official -- but I didn't. I asked him if he was going to say this to one fan at a time or en masse.

*Yeah, that gets to me too -- Ted White, non-TAFF winner feeling that not only does he have the right to write about TAFF but he also has the right to tell other non-TAFF winners that they do not have the right to write about TAFF. Well, TAFF belongs to all of fandom, not just the winners, and ALL fans have the right to express opinions about it.*

What fascinates me is that no one wants to talk about Ted White, even though he served as Avedon's 'Second Voice'. As soon as his name comes up, he gets shrugged off; sort of with a "well, that's Ted; you know..." This applies to those who think Dick has valid charges, those who are rabidly or at least determinedly neutral, and those who think that Avedon has been wronged. It even applies to Avedon! A couple of examples. Alexis Gilliland thinks Avedon was wronged by Dick. Re Ted, he told me: "Now granted, when Avedon got WIZ #11, the first thing she did was call Ted White. An unfortunate choice of advocate if you wish to engage in reasoned discourse. And in the natural course of events the shit hit the fans, but I think that neither of us would choose to operate at Ted's level." Alexis' comment is typical of what I've been hearing, but what takes the cake is Avedon telling me that "I am not responsible for anything Ted White writes to Richard Bergeron or anyone else in private correspondence, locs, or for publication. I am not even responsible for the manner in which he chose to quote me in *egosean*. Ted makes his own decisions about what he types--decisions I frequently do not concur with." It is an interesting situation to choose an advocate and then disavow that advocate -- not that I can't see it happening, but it is interesting. Even more interesting are the letters which Avedon has been writing to others, particularly with regard to Ted. Not to mention Ted writing in regard to Avedon. These people are vicious with regard to how they speak about *each other*, so it should come as no surprise when they seem vicious in speaking about anyone else.

Examples, though, of Avedon speaking about Ted: "What I want you to believe about Ted is that he is not nearly as good a writer as he thinks he is and can be



woefully insensitive, but he really has no idea that he hurts people. He's the most self-referential person I've ever known. Unlike most of us, he can hold a perception even when a dozen eye-witnesses contradict him." "Bergeron managed to incense virtually everyone (not least of all P&T) including Ted with the last issue of WIZ ... Ted *assumes* that "everyone" agrees with him, and he writes as if he had already polled the general populace and found unanimous agreement. Yep, that's Ted: The Voice of Fandom." "But you know Ted, he never stops 'til he's said everything he thinks of -- no stone left unturned and all that. He thinks every word he says is golden (he *always* complains if you edit one word -- he can't imagine that you *can* get enough of it)." "Well, I was still so upset that I called Ted, and he had me read the whole issue to him. He is now Moved. Bergeron is malicious, he says. This is out of line -- off-the-wall reasoning. He advises me to say nothing, he will Come To My Defense. He will be a hero, pull no punches. As I say, he has his own weird integrity. An injustice has been committed, and he must speak out for The Right Side, The Truth. As he sees it." "See, Ted is most of my local fandom. Sometimes it's worth it to have him as a friend." "I'm afraid it's too late to stop Ted from 'stomping' on Bergeron -- once I showed him WIZ #11, he made up his own mind." "Well, to his credit (although once again, I think Ted has overdone it, but at least he's trying to overdo it in my favor, for a change), White addressed that whole issue in *egoscan* in his refutation of WIZ #11 (to which he devotes an entire issue -- overkill ...). "But the bottom line is that I don't agree" with Bergeron "and I say so clearly in *egoscan*." "I mean, we *screamed* and yelled and hollered at each other that day I was at his place, and within a few days he put out a whole issue of *egoscan* defending me against Bergeron. That's how he is. Being defended by Ted may not do you any good, but at least he wasn't holding it against me that I sat in his livingroom or library or whatever that fire hazard is called, and told him he sounded to people like a pompous jerk and a supercilious twit half the time." "I think I'd throw up if I got a 15-page letter from Ted 'defending' himself. Ted, you will notice, never really *does* defend himself -- he usually throws a charge back at the person making it, like saying "prove it" and all that. Ted is very good with the ad hominem attack, too, only he never seems to realize he's doing it. That's what I mean about Ted not being such a hot writer -- he just never seems to realize he *does* this stuff. He's deaf to his own tone". "Ted always over-reacts to criticism and gets incredibly picky about minor stuff and it bores my ass off." "The truth is, the *real* thing that pisses me off about the Ted's Group Mind rubbish is that the minute you say it it distracts from the perfectly reasonable charges people make about Ted. It's a bad tactic and I wish people would stop saying it so we can get down to the business of just criticising Ted for his real faults instead of criticising Ted for having friends." I'll stop here because this is overlong as it is, but in the cover note for these 25 pages, from which this is extracted, it says: "You might note, when reading Avedon's stuff that in all the time I've been in Fandom she's never sent me more than a two paragraph note. You might think from the enclosed that we'd been carrying on some sort of terrific correspondence for years. Can't blame her for trying though since it seems to have worked quite effectively in many cases." Amazing. I guess what it amounts to is that there are friendships and then there are friendships, but more pertinent to the subject at hand it means that any further words from Ted in defense of Avedon are pointless except for their amusement value.

*Fascinating. A truly remarkable series of insights on Ted White from one of his friends - and I understand such friendships; they are not all that rare in this thing called fandom. I wish that I were not on the outs with Ted, this revelation of facets of his character make me want to know him better. Such "non-standard issue" people are well worth knowing. I mean, there are more than enough bland people around (and fandom has its share of them); people like Ted are rare and should be cherished. Fandom needs Ted, in part because of his "faults".*

It was October when I learned about the campaign to have Bergeron branded sick and insane. Dave Langford let the cat out of the bag when, in CLOUD CHAMBER #30, he quoted from a letter he'd received from Patrick Nielsen Hayden: "L'affaire Bergeron grows more and more surreal by the day... The few thousand words fandom at large has seen are nothing. His correspondences with us, Tom Weber, Ted White, and various others are stunning in the width and breadth of their lunacy. In nine years in fandom I've seen nothing like it: literal, clinical paranoia on a truly awesome scale. No fact stops it. No tactic too low. Terry Carr wrote him three pages of dressing down; a week later, I get a letter announcing that Terry 'agrees with him completely'. Given Avedon's history with the estimable Carr (of which Bergeron is probably ignorant) this is amazing. Get ready for Wiz 12, in which, doubtless, Rob Hansen will be cited as a character witness against Avedon's probity. At this point I wouldn't be surprised."

Most of those letters were DNP, and Ted White sent me copies of many of them (Dick filled in gaps). Dick's letters, or 99% of them, were less than a page each, I've read each of them several times, and there isn't a damn thing strange about any of them. They're not long, they're not nuts, and I don't know where Patrick is coming from but I tend to smell something oderiferous about him.

The smell intensifies when we get to the specific point of "Terry 'agrees with him completely'." You see, on 10/9 Terry wrote to Dick saying that, while at the worldcon (which ended 9/3) he had phoned Avedon and spoken to her and then to Patrick *specifically* to inform them what particular point he had agreed with Dick about and why. Afterward, Terry says to Dick, "Patrick wrote me a one-page letter mostly to quote the relevant passage from your letter so that I'd know you hadn't misrepresented me." However, what Patrick wrote to Langford -- per Langford -- was written on 9/4 *after* the Worldcon phone call where things were supposedly clarified.

Looks bad for Patrick, right? Mike Glicksohn passed along the claim that, according to Patrick, Terry had called him from the Worldcon while Terry was stoned. I pointed out to Mike that Terry had said he'd called the next morning when he got up at noon. Mike queries Patrick and then comes back with the comment that he, Mike, must have gotten the story confused because Patrick says that, no, Terry wasn't stoned. On 12/26 Terry writes Bruce Arthurs on the subject. What he says is that, okay, he thought the phone call cleared things up when he spoke to Avedon about this and then when he spoke to Patrick about this, but he'll take Patrick's word that Patrick was confused. He says that, okay, when Patrick wrote to quote Bergeron he thought Patrick was just reassuring him that Dick hadn't been playing dirty pool, but he'll take Patrick's word that it was still a misunderstanding. He winds up, in part, saying "I still don't quite understand how Patrick could have continued to misread Bergeron's letter even after typing out for me the relevant portion, but feelings were riding high then". Obviously they still are.

I'm confused on a few points: 1) that, sober, Terry would have called and spoken with Avedon and then Patrick and come away with the impression that they each understood his 'agreement' with Dick had been on just a specific point, and 2) that Avedon and Patrick wouldn't have talked about the phone call afterwards without discovering that Patrick that Patrick didn't understand (unless Avedon didn't, either), and 3) that if Avedon didn't understand, either, we have a mind-bobbling situation where Terry Carr explains a simple point to two people in a row and neither of them comprehend what he's telling them, and 4) that Patrick would write what he wrote to Langford and, after Langford publishes it, discover he was wrong (in a *big* way) and not try to make amends for it.

The next thing I heard about the behind-the-scenes letter and phone campaign came from Jackie Causgrove. At Octocon, on 10/19, Mike Glicksohn came up to her and said "I can't understand how Dave can be so wrong about this Bergeron thing." As Mike was not one of the participants in the group discussion back in my neutral or arbitrator period, that comment came out of the blue. On 10/21, at home, Jackie said to me "Mike said he wants to hear from you. He's been getting letters from



Avedon Carol, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, and Ted White.<sup>11</sup> I sent Mike 26 pages I had written in the group discussion and he comes back with: "I'd been wondering how we managed to end up with differing viewpoints on an issue I thought we ought to see eye to eye on and I find out that this isn't the case at all." Since then we've both moved off center, in different directions, but oddly enough kicking this subject around in a rather dispassionate manner has intensified our friendship rather than compromising it (I mention this because so many so-called 'friendships' have been sundered by the emotional freight which obscures and smothers the issues; and most everyone has a different idea -- or at least a different presentation -- of what the 'issues' are).

And that's part of the problem -- people interpreting Bergeron's charges. Alexis, for example, says that Dick "used true facts to reach false conclusions", which is something that others have said, too, in their own way. But ask people what Dick's conclusions were, or what charges he was making, and suddenly you get a feedback not of what Dick was saying but of what Avedon has said or what Ted has said Dick was saying. I think Eric Mayer was dead-nuts on when he wrote me to describe "two theories of mine. (1) Most of those getting all overwrought about poor Avedon aren't doing so because of any facts but simply as an automatic reaction to "one of us" being attacked by "one of them". (2) Patrick, Ted, rich et al have this neat method of saying anything they think will be effective, true or not, and hoping it works. If caught out then it was all a mistake, or can be explained away with some kind of doubletalk."

Example, from Ted in *egoscan* 8: "Does Richard Bergeron *really think* that there existed a Conspiracy to Defeat West which felt the need to 'discredit (his) voice in TAFF'? Does Richard Bergeron *really think* that his support for West was crucial, and would determine the outcome of the voting? This is, sad to say, sick stuff from one of fandom's best minds. The egotism and arrogance implicit" blah blah blah. From the idea that someone or other might want to discredit his voice in TAFF, and we all know who it was that gave Richard this idea (Ted White to Richard: your "opinions on in-person fanac like ... Taff ... are irrelevant" and "as a non-participant, your opinion has no weight and ought to be ignored" and "The arrogance is yours: the belief that although you will have no share in the consequences, you should be able to advocate or help determine the outcome of a (any) Taff race.") -- from *this* Ted conjectures that Richard might think his support for West was *crucial*, and would *determine* the outcome of the voting. As Richard told Ted: "No. In fact, I was surprised that other people seemed to think that my participation was so important." Ted was promulgating things that were not in evidence or subject to being inferred from the evidence. In other words, fabrication.

Example, from Avedon: "To my knowledge, *no one* ever questioned Mr. Bergeron's right to vote in TAFF, least of all me. And I believe he knows this." Right to vote? What was talking about a right to vote? Certainly not Dick Bergeron.

Here's a couple of things Avedon wrote to me that look more than a bit forked-tongue when laid up against what Dick quoted from her 2/24 letter: "And if you've been reading WIZ as carefully as you say you have, then surely you've noticed that most of my writing about D. West has been highly laudatory." No, I haven't noticed it. Upon giving them a rereading, I still don't. Perhaps she can point them out. "I had been arguing with Bergeron in Don's favour. Richard Bergeron was portraying West as wrong-headed, self-contradictory, and unfannish, and I was responding that West was a fine writer whose work transcended the kind of interpretation Bergeron was trivializing it with." Lay that up against the 2/24 letter and see if you think they're both from the same universe.

As for Avedon asking Dick why the hell he voted for West, I don't really think it's too strange for someone to vote for a candidate they've publicly endorsed, do you?

You'll hear people say that Dick thought Avedon was responsible for D. West's loss, yet right here in HTT we can read Dick saying "...not that I think it was

necessary for Avedon to do anything more than simply shut up to save US fandom from D. West." But yes, right there in her 2/24 letter she bemoans that circumstances conspired against getting her whole trip report written so that she could have "clued the world in" about West, because it was "disheartening" to see the number of people who seem to be voting for someone they know little about because they assume (and wrongly so) that because he is an interesting and acerbic writer, he must be as interesting in person". Yet in public she says she was going around saying West was a "nice guy". Yet Avedon's friends, who had not met West, were -- during the campaign -- parroting her about how "boring" and "dull" he was.

Yeah, Dick made his case. But Avedon's friends aren't going to let him get away with using the truth to attack her...

Oh, sure, Dick was uncharitable. Bruce Arthurs may be right when he says "It appears to me that the originating cause behind this lack of charity rests in Avedon's 'gay' remark ... I think it was a tactless remark on Avedon's part, and I still think she owes Bergeron an apology for it. Being labeled 'gay', even jokingly, may not offend Avedon, but her feelings do not give her the right to put the label onto others."

No one disagrees that Avedon is rude. Not even her friends. Even setting aside the Rude Bitch shtick, she is rude. As one of her friends, Ted says she is rude. As one of her friends, Alexis says she is "outspoken and tactless, rude and thoughtless". All her friends say these things on the way to enumerating her good points. That Bergeron was driven by pique is quite likely. That what he has said was true is also quite likely. Another quite likely thing is this, which Alexis wrote for publication: "Patrick Nielsen Hayden's description of Avedon as an 'exemplary' TAFF administrator is clearly off the mark. Bergeron's charges in WIZ #10 and #11 do have an element of truth in them, and a balanced assessment of the way Avedon conducted herself might be...in view of Bergeron's totally serious demand that she resign as TAFF administrator...that she was 'not unfit to serve.'" And ... Bergeron withdrew his demand that she resign (after all, who would take over the job...?).

Of course, that was concerning Avedon's administration of her *first* of two TAFF races. And now the second race has been run, and we have TAFFgate #2...

But that's not for HTT, Marty, and I'm sure you've already taken enough vicious personal abuse just for dealing with Avedon's involvement in the first race. Dick Bergeron may have been uncharitable, but he was right. Prophetic, even. Avedon may have been "not unfit to serve", but I think what she did in the first race reflected poorly on the office she held. I think what some of her friends did in her defense was to shoot themselves in the foot, and some of what they did was shitty and despicable. But in the second race ... there was a whole different ballgame, and ultimately what happened points out the need for we fanzine fans to clean up our act. Either accept that TAFF is what it presents itself to be as stated on the ballot form, or modify the ballot so that TAFF is presented as many fanzine fans accept it to be. TAFF needs to be open and up-front so that anyone picking up a ballot form can understand it without reference to unstated qualifications which vary depending on who pops up to retroactively state them.

This is the absolute last thing that I intend to write on the '83 TAFF race, probably the absolute last thing that I will write on the '84 TAFF race, and not nearly the last thing that I'll write on the *issue* of TAFF being placed on an open footing to the general fan populace. "Up front". An old '60s term, I believe. I hope the concept is not regarded with disdain in the '80s. DUFF is up front. GUFF is up front. TAFF is opaque. I really have no objection to what form it takes, so long as it presents itself as it actually is. Of course, I'd *like* to see more TAFF administrators who conduct the duties of the office with impartiality and, unlike Avedon, are not "concerned with who deserves to win."

*It can be presumed that the fan who "deserves to win" is the fan who garners the most votes. Fanfund races are supposed to be democratic, are they not?*



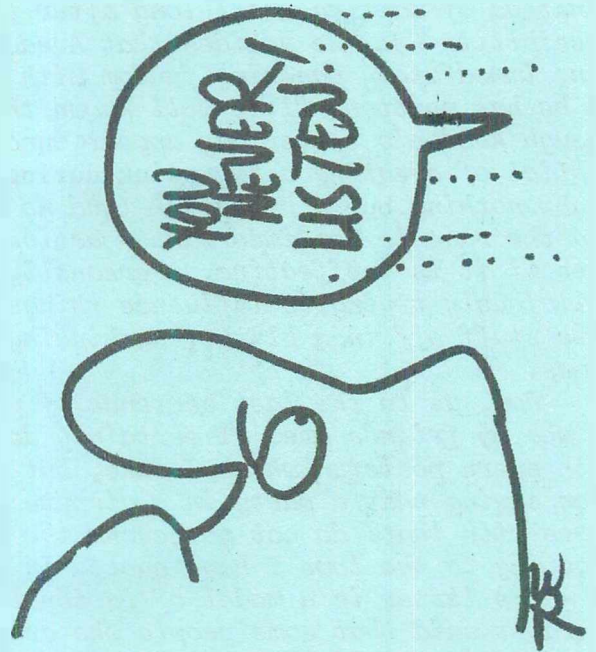
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\* JOSEPH NICHOLAS \* The charges Bergeron  
\*\*\*\*\* makes are as insub-  
stantial as they  
have always been. Not to put too fine a  
point on it: Bergeron's reaction to  
Avedon's remarks is based on nothing  
more than spite, jealousy and rampant  
paranoia. The alleged "case" he con-  
structs to "prove" his claims is com-  
plete garbage; a tissue of innuendo,  
distortion and downright lies from  
beginning to end.

*Not to put too fine a point on it,  
but try reading Avedon's letter again  
in the light of my editorial - you  
will find that Bergeron has indeed  
established the main point of his con-  
tentions. To call his claims "com-  
plete garbage; a tissue of innuendo,  
distortions and downright lies from  
beginning to end" is merely indulging in  
gutter-level nastiness in contravention  
of the facts - and is to be substituting  
emotional blithering in favour of a friend  
of yours in lieu of rational argument.*

Which is why I am surprised to find that you, in your editorial afterword, have accepted his arguments at face value and believe that they are in fact self-justifying. There are, for instance, certain unspoken (and entirely unacknowledged) assumptions implicit in Bergeron's claims which he never once questions and which you, as editor, certainly should have done. Didn't it occur to you to wonder how anyone could hope to influence the voting by writing a DNQ letter to someone who had already voted? Didn't it occur to you to enquire as to what grounds Bergeron has for believing that this letter was only the tip of the iceberg, one of several being written at around the same time? Didn't it occur to you to ask why Bergeron thought his vote was being rejected, and what possible suggestion there is in Avedon's letter that it was not being accepted? Didn't it occur to you that Bergeron's championing of D. West's TAFF candidacy appeared very odd in comparison to the amount of time and energy he's devoted to attacking both the man and his ideas? Didn't it occur to you that this is the sole reason for Avedon's questions? Bergeron never once stops to consider such matters, perhaps because he knows that if he does his entire case will be revealed to be without foundation; but, as I say, these are certainly matters that you should have considered. (And to utter the pious hope, as you do, that all your friendships can survive your coming out in favour of Bergeron's arguments is merely to confirm your naivete. Do you seriously imagine that those who now loathe the very name of Bergeron will manage to restrain themselves from extending the same disgust and hostility to his supporters?)

*And what makes you think that I did not think of these things? You seem to have not thought of a few things. Such as the fact that Avedon's letter was written several months before the close of the race and that Bergeron (who can be rather flamboyant in print) might have taken some unneduate actions which might have had an influence on the race? Possibility #1: he takes immediate umbrage and decides to paper fandom with letters and zines denouncing everything right then and there*



(instead of waiting until long after the race in question, as he has in fact done). Possibility #2: he decides that Avedon is correct and changes his support to Hansen, immediately papering fandom with letters and zines announcing his new position. As he has written, "It's well known that I am given to dramatic incidents." So, even though Avedon's letter may appear innocent under its cover of DNQ, it had the potential of creating a big stink during (and about) a race-in-progress. The fact that maybe nothing but a big stink (and no vote changes) might have been its result during the race is not important - active interference is still active interference even if it is ineffective. Personally, I do not think that Avedon was knowingly and maliciously trying to influence things - to me it is more like she was just tossing this stuff off in a blithe, unthinking manner. She does seem to write that way at times.

Now, as to the last sentence of your paragraph. Well, it has certainly told me who my friends are. I certainly do not require of my friends that they agree with every position which I take, but I do expect that when I decide to take a position saying that a party in a dispute has proven his point my friends (who may disagree with that) do not go beyond the bounds of civilised remonstrance with me, stooping to the lows I have quoted in my editorial. Mike Glicksohn disagrees with me - his letter is a model of rational argument and we remain friends. (I have heard it said that some people who are on the anti-Bergeron side have accused him (Bergeron, not Glicksohn - new sentence here, you know) of turning on them solely because they tried to remonstrate with him (out of friendship) and get him to change his position on this topic. Stuff and nonsense. Not only have I told him to his ear (which is where I assume he had the receiver of his telephone when I was talking to him) that he was wrong on certain things and have not had him decide that I was vermin, but, after receiving a copy of Glicksohn's loc (not sent by me, but by Glicksohn) Richard sent Mike a letter thanking him for its high tone - Richard still thinks of Mike as a friend. In the same vein I should note that I have no quarrel with what you wrote above insofar as how you wrote it in a questioning vein, not as an outright blast of namecalling at me. I can live with this.

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\* ROB HANSEN \* In the section of the column headed "'TRUTH' & 'HONESTY', INC.  
\*\*\*\*\* (Falls Church Division):' Bergeron tries to prove Avedon a liar by quoting apparently contradictory statements from Ted White and rich brown as to whether or not the Ted White Group Mind bit in AMNESIA REPORT is an attack on Eric Mayer (and no, I don't know what any of this has to do with whether or not Avedon tried to influence TAFF voting in my favour). Now, Avedon was over here for two months this summer from 23rd May - two days after AMNESIA REPORT was published. When she gave me my copy I asked what the 'Ted White Group Mind' bit was about and she told me that she'd written it because she was getting fed up with the way she was always being lumped in with Ted by people when she often disagreed with him. At no point did she mention Eric Mayer. When Ted wrote on 2nd July that Avedon had written that piece "...specifically for Eric..." he was making an incorrect assumption. As Avedon wrote in a letter to me on 7 August, after her return to the US: "...I wrote a letter to Linda Blanchard commenting on the loc in PAPERFAN she showed me the other nite (from Eric Mayer, which I hadn't seen before but which rich thought had inspired my Ted White Group Mind piece)...". I hardly think Avedon would lie in a personal letter to me and this fits in perfectly with the rich brown letter of 22 August that Bergeron quotes.

So what then of this 15 page letter written to Eric by Ted on 17 April in which, if one is to believe Richard Bergeron, "...Eric's remarks about Ted White in the Paper Fan letter are completely recapitulated and alaysed in detail..."? Ted says "...I read my entire 15 page letter out loud to Avedon. It is a mark of our friendship that she allowed this." and Bergeron sees in this final proof that Avedon has been lying. How, after all, can 'Ted White's Group Mind' have been about anyone other



than Eric Mayer when Avedon had sat thro' a reading of a 15 page Ted White letter to Eric only a month earlier? Might I suggest that she wasn't paying as much attention as she should have been? While in DC I read a similarly huge Ted White missive to Dave Locke and I would have had difficulty recalling it in more than the most general terms a couple of days later. Life goes on, and unless there's a particular reason for you to think about it in the meantime it's remarkably easy to forget something you read or heard a month earlier, particularly if it wasn't something you chose to read or listen to but which you endured politely because a friend wanted to know what you thought of it.

Getting on to the main body of FANGDOM it's really quite astonishing that Bergeron has to preface the half-page quote from Avedon's letter with six and a half pages of verbiage and to follow it with a further three. Clearly he's not as certain that this letter is as totally damning as he'd like to have us believe it is. Which is rather remarkable considering that, according to one of the many bits of paper produced by Dave Locke, Bergeron wrote a letter to Ted in which he cautioned "'take care which side of the debate you choose: you'd be amazed what she's written to confess to me!'" Next paragraph, one word: 'Amazed.'" It appears that the letter wasn't quite so amazing that it was capable of being presented without being buttressed by a forest of indigestible justification and misdirection, however.

Amazing.

*Not so, really. You seem to forget that Bergeron is a master of written rhetoric and stylist par excellence. As such he presented Avedon's letter in what he felt was the proper dramatic context.*

The 'details of voting' that were revealed amount to no more than the news that Avedon was disturbed by the number of people who were voting for negative reasons. (As for Bergeron's assertion that the letter was "...a devious bit of manipulation..." I refer you to my EPSILON piece which shows the logical fallacies behind his argument.) Quite apart from the fact that those who are getting worked up over the 'details of voting will be kept secret' line are misinterpreting it (it actually means that details of just who voted for whom will be kept secret - something I've recently had confirmed to me by the guy who drafted the rule in the first place) the one fact about this letter that really can't be brushed aside is that it was clearly labelled 'Do Not Quote'. It was a private letter expressing private opinions and was sent to Bergeron *after* he'd already voted. The text of the letter shows that Avedon thought she was dealing with an honourable man who would respect her DNQ - "...I only speak this far out of school because you've already voted and you don't hang out with a lot of people you're likely to forget yourself and spill the beans to..." - more fool she, eh? The other thing it's impossible for Bergeron and his supporters to get around is that the supposed 'victim' in all this, D. West, has seen a copy of FANGDOM (which I sent him) and he shares my view that the letter proves nothing.

*The real victim of an administrator who writes an indiscrete letter, says "Opps! I guess that I should not have written that" but sends the letter anyway, is fandom. The resultant uproar has proven that. And, as to the breaking of a DNQ, well, when the DNQ is covering up some sort of indiscretion, it is a judgement call as to whether or not one brings this to the attention of the proper authorities. In this case the proper authorities are fandom as a whole.*

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\* ERIC MAYER \* It seems that friendship and ethics count for nothing beside fannish status and Taff trips.  
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I'm glad to see that *you* don't feel that way, Marty. It took guts for you to point out that it is the anti-Bergeron group which is truly OVER-

reacting. No one else has done so yet for publication, and you did so despite the fact that you are currently standing for DUFF. It would've been easy and good politics for you to take an "evenhanded" approach, as some have done, and refuse to recognize what's going on. I see already rich brown is standing in opposition. Did he get wind that you were going to publish Richard's column? You and Robbie are far more qualified than the other candidates and if there is any fairness in fandom you will win despite your honesty!

*A demurrer here - I feel that the other candidates are fully qualified to run for DUFF (even though rich brown currently seems to be running around with his head on backwards, at least as far as the DUFF race is concerned).*

Too many fans are not, I fear, putting this dispute in the proper perspective. They consider the shenanigans of White and the Nielsen Haydens, who have of course disseminated the "sickness" story dreamed up by White in his egoscan 8 defense of Avedon, to be simply a reaction to Richard's supposed attacks on Avedon. It is bad enough that anyone would consider a calculated campaign of character assassination to be no worse than Richard's asking of tough questions, but there is more to it even than that, for these tactics, this particular amoral and elitist mindset colours all the actions of the White Group.

For example, White denigrated Richard's opinions on Taff last winter, on the basis that Richard had "opted out of in person fanac." Coincidentally, last May, rich brown in those exact words, sought to prove to me that I had no right to criticize White's critical approach. Is there some specious logic to be found in the argument that a person who will not attend a con and meet a Taff winner has no right to participate in the Taff process: If you will buy that will you also accept that a person who does not attend cons, does not know a fanwriter personally, has no right to criticize that fanwriter's on paper persona?

*You have opted to follow fandom's oldest tradition - all of your fanac is paper fanac. For that you deserve praise, not brickbats.*

Where does this sort of reasoning end? Aren't we really seeing an attempt, by a small clique, to redefine Fandom to their benefit, to divide Fandom into castes with paper fans below con attenders, and at the very top, unaccountable to anyone, according to rich brown, winners of Taff and Duff?

*It is to giggle. We just found out that we won DUFF - I guess, according to rich brown, we must be on a level with Avedon Carol and above rich and Ted and the rest of that gaggle. Seriously, what you say that rich is proposing goes against what many fanzine fans have been saying for years, that being that fanzine fanac is the best and purest fanac. So, yes, it does appear that rich et al seem to be redefining fandom to suit their purposes of the moment. If so, up theirs!*

As for the "sickness" ploy - I've been corresponding regularly with Richard Bergeron lately and have not detected any sign of illness, unless being royally pissed off at an attempt to write him out of Fandom after thirty years of brilliant contributions is a symptom of psychosis. We keep hearing that Richard's actions are odd. Isn't it odder that White and Company should suddenly try to make Richard a non-fan simply because he asked Avedon Carol a few tough questions?

The Nielsen Haydens have told me that they are genuinely concerned about their friend's illness. They are concerned that he's losing his mind. How helpful and considerate of them to broadcast their concern about their friend's sanity to everybody in Fandom, friend and enemy and stranger alike. What a touching demonstration of their loyalty and basic human decency.

But wait - this doesn't sound like me does it? I'm supposed to be writing about



my flowergarden or what I did in the fourth grade. Maybe I'm losing my mind as well. When White sent the "Eric Mayer File" to Richard back in May he told Richard that it proved I was not sane. So this is just more grist for the mill, isn't it?

Is this the new fanac - psychiatry? It seems to be. I write a loc opining that White's critical style is hurtful. He calls me insane and then mounts a secret campaign against me. Richard asks some questions about Taff. The White group calls Richard insane and mounts a secret campaign against him. The clique has somehow gotten the idea the proper and most efficient response to any criticism is character assassination. And until your closing editorial, Marty, no one in Fandom dared state in print that the clique was mistaken.

*For my trouble - I get trouble, witness my editorial thisish. Actually, until all of this had gotten out into the open recently, I do not think that fandom has been aware of the vileness of the tactics of the "White Group".*

A few months ago I had the temerity to co-sign, with Richard and Cesar Ramos, a letter calling upon Avedon to account for Taff funds. The day it arrived I got a phone call from Avedon, and the Nielsen Haydens. I wish I had a tape of that conversation. Its purpose was obvious. They wanted to convince me to disavow the letter, just as White, with his more recent anonymous mailing was seeking to convince me to disavow my support for Richard. To this end, the Taff administrator and the apparant next Taff winners, sought to convince me that Richard Bergeron was mentally ill, that he was, furthermore, an isolated and hated figure in Fandom, and that anyone who stuck by him in the Taff dispute -- like me -- was headed down the toilet of fan history along with him.

This was bad enough, but what followed was worse. I did not disavow the letter, as they wished. Nevertheless, a few days afterwards, in one of those ubiquitous semi-public xeroxed letters, rich brown claimed I had. Had the Nielsen Haydens and/or Avedon lied to brown? Had brown taken it upon himself to lie? Considering that Avedon had refused to defend herself in the Taff affair, leaving it instead to brown and White, considering how White's characteristic refrain of "sick, sick" had gotten into the Nielsen Hayden's mouths, considering how they were all busy answering each other's mail, did it really matter? *Someone lied.*

And what is the motivation behind the lying and character assassination? Taff administrators have been known to make accountings. It was perhaps an unusual request but hardly outrageous. And there was no personal enmity involved, as there often is in feuds - Richard had been on the very best of terms with the people who are now working hardest to vilify him.

This is a sad situation and it seems to me that it is time Fandom makes it go away - not by averting its gaze, not by pretending all the viscious things that have been done and said have not been done and said, but by letting White and Company know, in no uncertain terms, that the fanac of character assassination is unacceptable even in such a tolerant society as Fandom -- and then figuring out what prompted such a bizarre, extreme reaction in the first place.

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\* MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER \* One thing I learned at LACon was that I was not a faanish  
\*\*\*\*\* faan as these terms are now defined by the two current  
poles of faanishness, Richard Bergeron and Ted White. On  
the one hand, Bergeron is clearly spinning an overwrought and boring conspiracy theory of little consequence to anyone not directly involved. On the other hand, I heard Ted White boast at an LACon fan panel that the highest achievement of faanishness was "public denunciation," as he proceeded to give elaborate accounts of everyone who he had denounced as dangerous heretics during the past year. The remnants of fandine fandom licked their lips in glee when White told of the victories he had scored in trouncing dangerous deviationists.

There are no winners in the Bergeron/White war. No doubt I'm hopelessly mundane, but I find the idea of writing 15-page fulminations to anyone on anything as Ted White did, terribly nutty. (White is, after all, allegedly a professional writer.) However, what is of interest in Bergeron's piece is confined to five paragraphs between p. 46 and p. 47. I don't care about TAFF politics. I don't even care about Bergeron's sexual habits. I *do* care about Bergeron's adventures in the art world and interior decorating. Bergeron has led an interesting life; he should let HTT readers know about it.

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\* JOY HIBBERT \* Thanks for printing Bergeron's article. Since I don't get WIZ (I hope to remedy that soon) I've only heard the other side of the argument with Ted White doing his "more in sorrow than in anger" act, Avedon saying approx. nothing, Langford overacting (anyone would think there'd never been a feud before the way he goes on) and Hansen accusing Bergeron of spite as well as dishonesty. Me, I'm a simple soul at heart and tend to have more trust in people who will discuss things openly rather than in DNQ letters. I'm also rather attached to the principle that justice must not only be done, but must be seen to be done, and if I'd been a TAFF administrator with any known connexion *at all* to one of the candidates, I would have kept my opinions to myself till after the race was run, even if it meant I couldn't print my trip report until late. But it is nice to see what Ted White says when he thinks no-one is looking. Particularly since even in the most recent egoscans he prates his great respect for Bergeron.

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\* RICH ROSTROM \* Bergeron's column (and the accompanying fanzine) strike me as a valiant effort in a lost cause. In any kind of controversy or debate the side which is trying to explain itself has already lost. What the other parties have done is surround him with a smoke cloud of allegations, aspersions, and loose statements. Bergeron is trying to refute these statements in detail, one at a time, which is about as effective as trying to clear away smoke by waving one's hands through it. All that does is stir it about and make one look silly. One cannot chase down innuendo as fast as malice spreads it. That simply exhausts one's energy, as a bull's strength is exhausted by the distracting jabs of the banderilleros.

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\* IAN McKEER \* Sitting on the sidelines, so to speak, I'll restrict myself to one or two observations. For a start I agree with Marty that the most worrying aspect of it all is the way confidentiality has been disregarded with DNQ material seeing the light of day, nay the full glare of exposure to the fannish world. Hopefully that will stop once the furore dies down and won't happen more frequently in future with this episode being taken as a precedent.

Whilst Chuck Harris may claim some right as a TAFF founder to say what the administrator may or may not do, unless there are written regulations, whichever then may be open to varying interpretations just like any constitution, then surely his is only one more opinion. There arises the question of custom and practice; even if TAFF administrators behaved in one way to start with there's no reason to expect them to continue to do so; the necessities of the job may alter or the interpretation of the job by the administrator's themselves. Surely "Participation and Involvement" can, as Bergeron points out, go too far and end up being counter-productive. Getting people to vote must be what counts and here also I agree with Bergeron when he attacks Avedon Carol's comment about him voting when he'd never meet the winner. Surely too goodness you can't expect to restrict voting to only those who will meet the winner or who know him/her in his/her country of origin because you'd probably fail to raise enough money. There's a DUFF voting form in my copy of HTT - should



I not vote because I'm not going to be in Australia to meet the winner? Support has to be what counts.

I think that, irrespective of just what Avedon Carol did or did not say about D. West, it would be the case that the administrator's veracity would not be questioned if "all the vote counter does...IS COUNT VOTES HONESTLY" and all is here interpreted as the only thing he/she does as opposed to that and campaigning for one of the candidates though then it would be up to the rest of fandom who are interested enough to get on with the task of drumming up the votes and money. Not only must the vote counting be fair but the teller must be believed to be fair or else the whole system ends up being questioned and possibly devalued.

#### IN CONCLUSION -- by Marty Canton

I am a person who operates on very clearly defined principles. From this viewpoint I tend to find that most other people not only do not live their lives in such a strict manner but they also find it difficult to understand people who do - and I find that immensely strange. When a person operating from this rigid outlook discerns someone violating a principle (or law or whatever) that he holds dear, it makes no difference if the violator is a friend or a stranger - that person deserves to be publicly excoriated. Or punished in some way.

To me it has become obvious that Richard Bergeron is a person who operates on blindingly clear principles (as I do), so I understand *why* he is finger-pointing at Avedon. People who *seem* to operate on what appears to us to be any variation of a "me-first-and-damn-everybody-else" system drive us up the wall. The person who parks his automobile in two adjacent parking places, the person who butts into a queue, the person who violates a public trust - these persons are held by us to be abominations, as are all who, for whatever reason, violate the rights of others even if they just do it as a thoughtless disregard for the needs of others.

I am not saying that people such as Richard and I are always correct in our perceptions; what I am saying is that we tend to operate as I have just described when we perceive what we consider a wrong action. We also tend to not understand why most other people do not rise up in righteous wrath to help us smite the evil-doer - the facts, after all, seem to be crystal clear.

But, as I long ago learned (even though I still do not understand it), what is crystal clear to some people is just murk to otherwise equally (or even more) intelligent people. Even worse, there are some people who see the clarity but it seems to mean little to them.

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By the definition used by Richard and myself, Avedon divulged details of the voting during an on-going TAFF race. Others (many with *no* axes to grind) prefer a narrower definition of this.

It is too bad that the argument could not have been limited to this point.

Richard, in his righteous indignation, did not limit himself to this (to us) provable point; in fact, by using a wide rather than a narrow brush to paint his charges, he lost would-be supporters because some of his charges were suppositions, *not* immediately provable fact, yet he painted them all the same colour. People have lost sight of the provable facts in the resulting charges, countercharges, and side-taking. We are *all* diminished by this.

Not to leave, though, the "other side" off of the hook. Witness what they have written about me ((see my editorial)). I aried all of this garbage so that fandom can see that their protestations of being innocent victims are nonsense - they more than share the blame for escalating the argument our of all reason.

This escalation is such that it seems to be impossible to only *slightly* commit oneself, at least not to Bergeron's side. Just look at what happened to me.

By cutting off debate at this time in HTT at least *some* people have been done a favour - not only will there not be any comments on this matter in future issues of this zine (thereby saving these people from possible obloquy), but I am saving *all*

of our readers from terminal boredom. I tired of this argument months ago and am pubbing this stuff now only because of various obligations. So, to hammer home the point: there will be no more discussion of this matter in future HTTs. Both sides have now been heard in these pages.

---Marty Cantor

WAHF: *Things have gone on too long as is; so, without any smartass this time, here is a list of those for whom there was no room in Nessie.* Jerry Kaufman, Suzle, Ian Covell, Alex McKale, Michaela Duncan, Tom Dunn, S.E. Woodard-Vladyla, Ben Indick, Lynne Holdom, Bruce Townley, Nola Frame, and Harry Andruschak.

#### THINGS THAT BO BUMP IN THE NIGHT FANZINE by Marty Cantor

The list of addresses went West this time around; well, I do assume that you have seen the size of this issue - something had to go. Unfortunately, so did the illos (or most of them), this time. All will return to some semblance of normalcy nextish.

On the personal front, there have been some rather drastic changes.

In the midst of all of the depression brought on by the TAFF brouhaha came the news from my boss that he was unhappy with the return on his investment in the shop; he had a new deal cooking (which would wind up with me working a 5-day a week job with him when he got the store sold). Happy news. Unfortunately, he was unable to get the store sold as rapidly as he wanted to so he had to hire somebody to take over the job which was to be mine as I was needed to keep the store running - until the store was CLOSED. Fun time, running a "Going Out Of Business Sale". The shop had been in existence since 1947 in that location so many local people came in to commiserate with me on the shop's demise during the sale - and business was unbelievably good during that sale. Of course, given the prices which we were charging, it would have been unusual had it not been.

Feb. 28 was our last day of business, but the tiredness did not stop there. There was inventory and packing to do. Some merchandise was going back to wholesalers, but most of the remaining stock was being purchased by another pipe shop. A shop at which I commence working on March 11. The job was set up for me by my former boss; I worked out the details with my new boss at his house in early Feb. (I saw the new shop this morning, March 9, when I brought in a box of my personal effects which I will be needing there). Same salary (except I now have to pay for parking), same hours (mostly), same damned 6 days a week. Except, instead of being the manager, I am just a clerk as my new boss works on the premises.

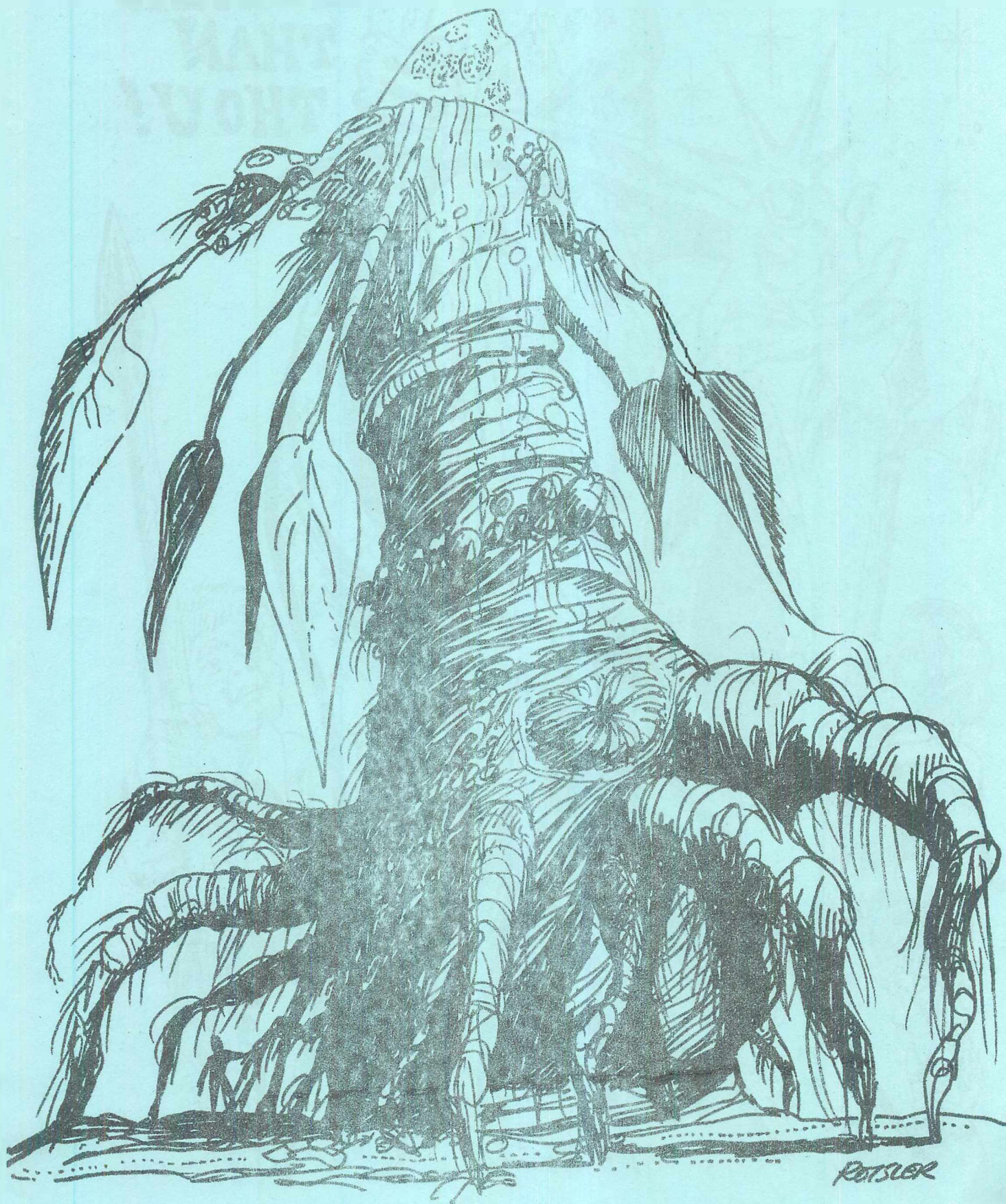
During this interim week+ I have worked my tail off cleaning out the old shop (I still work for my old boss until the end of this week - and I will be getting severance pay of either one or two months' value (depending upon how the final books come out) from him. I have also put my automobile into the shop for some carburetor work - and have had some free time. But not too much as we (Robbie and I) were entertaining her mother and Robbie's 7-year-old son (who lives with his father), both down here from Quebec. Mostly a delightful time - when I had the time away from the shop to visit with them.

And then there was the news from Jerry Kaufman on the evening of March 1 - Robbie and I had won DUFF. We have no time to do any DUFF newsletter right now (but Jerry is getting something out) - soon after this issue of HTT is in the mails we will start DUFFing it. But it is now time for Aussies to start getting ready to run for 1986. Believe me, I know how long it takes to get overseas nominators. Umph. I just spoke to Jack Herman (to settle some deadlines and a few other important DUFF things). So here is the deadline date for when those Aussies who want to run in the next DUFF race must have their material to Jack - August 26, the last day of Worldcon.

And that is absolutely all for this issue of HTT. I need a vacation.

---Marty Cantor







**HOLIER  
THAN  
THOU!**

