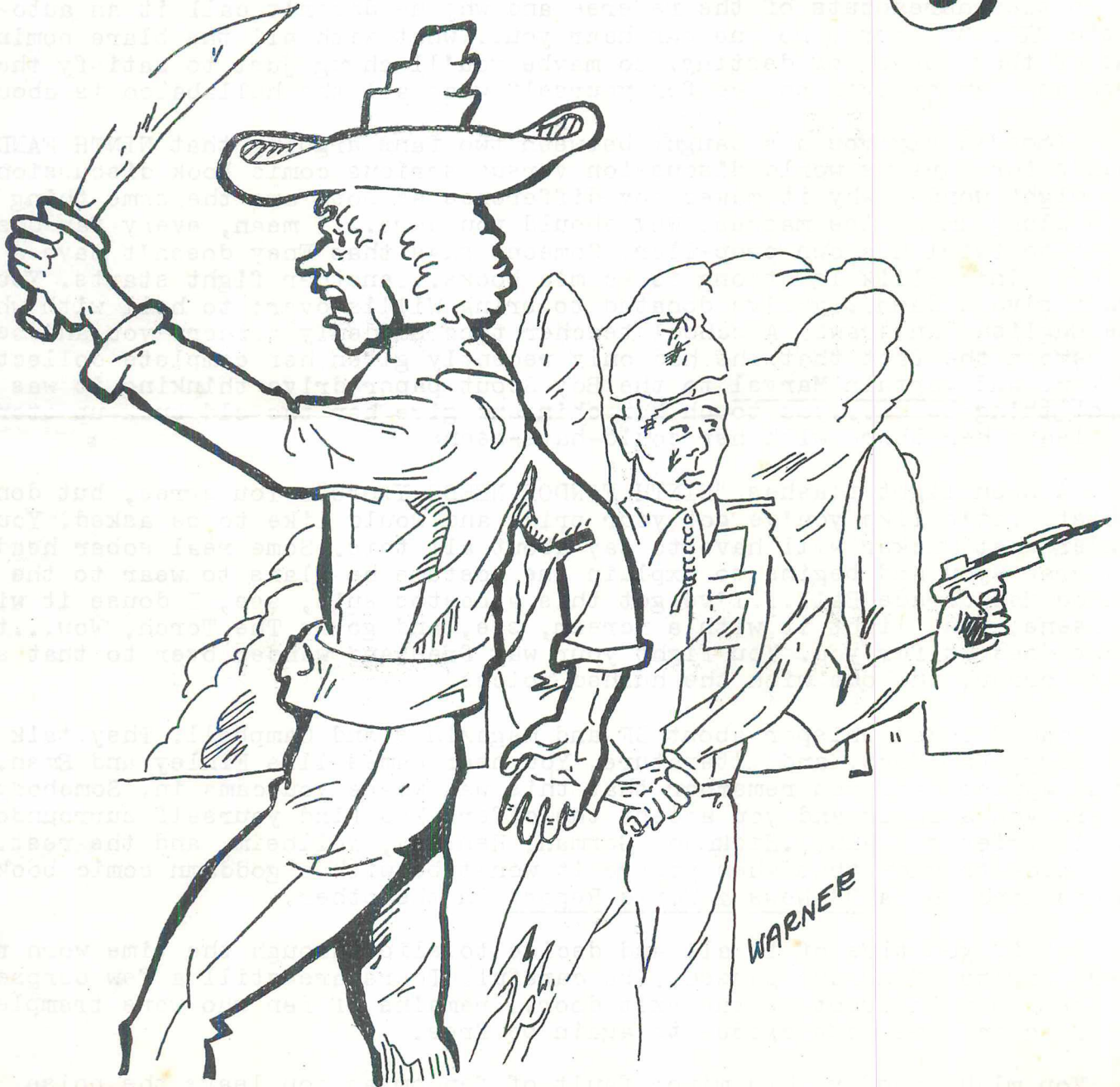


PARSECTION

6



EDITORIAL



Johnson

Away over there in that dark corner you'll find a few shadowy figures mumbling something about fandom being a hobby and not a way of life. The opposite corner contains the milling thousands; cheering, yelling, and giving great speeches. Slipsheets flutter as mimeos drum forever. Huge banners wave the coming of NINTH FANDOM.

The other two corners are neutral. People drift into and out of them with little pattern or aim.

You might, at this point, step to the center of the ring and inquire as to the whereabouts of the referee and why he doesn't call it an automatic TKO. Of course no one can hear you...what with all the blare coming out of that corner of destiny. So maybe you'll shrug just to satisfy the urge and wander over to see for yourself what all the hullabaloo is about.

Immediately you are caught between two fans arguing that NINTH FANDOM stands for serious world discussion versus serious comic book discussion. You might wonder why it makes any difference as both are the same thing and move along among the masses. Why should you care...I mean, every fan has a right to twirl his own propeller. Someone says that Eney doesn't have a chance since Ellik is strong for comic books...another fight starts. You don't give a damn...you've donated to bring Willis over; to hell with what the English fan draws. A school teacher type suddenly corners you and begins to bemoan the fact that she had only recently given her complete collection of Time and Captain Marvel to the Boy Scout paper drive thinking it was the right thing to do...you touch her chin and give her the old buck-up story and leave her there with her could-have-beens.

A neon light flashes "NINTH FANDOM NEEDS Y*O*U". You agree, but don't enlist...it's like you've got your pride and would like to be asked. You wonder what Tucker will have to say about all this. Some real sober headed kid grabs you and begins to explain the costume he plans to wear to the SeaCon Masquerade Ball...I've got this asbestos suit, see, I douse it with kerosene, see, light it with a scream, see, and go as The Torch, Wow...that about does it for you. You fight your way free and wander over to that silent corner, the one with the hushed voices.

Shaded faces whisper about SF and magazines and Campbell. They talk of Bradbury, Van Vogt, and literature. You hear names like Finley and Emsh. A light appears and you remember that this was where you came in. Somebody offers you a chair and you accept the offer. You find yourself surrounded by old friends again...Hickman, Gorman, Hensley, Wollheim, and the rest. It's nice to know that when you go it won't be with a goddamn comic book in one hand and a US News & World Report in the other.

But if you tire of it all and decide to slip through the time worn ropes where greater fen have passed...be careful. There are still a few corpses on the floor in front of the exit door...remains of fen who were trampled to death in some past exodus to again be free.

You might ponder this minor fault of fandom as you leave the noise, the feuds, the asinine quarrels, the slam remark, the really big deals, behind: this fault of fandom that in its house of many mansions there are no closets...no closets in which it can hang its skeletons.

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PARSECTION is published every 45 days by George C Willick, 856 East Street, Madison, Indiana. 8 issues for \$1. Overseas contributions of art and written material are encouraged.

A new trade policy is in effect. Trades will be with all general fanzines on an all for all basis. No trading with apa zines except for POLHODE, PSI PHI, and WARHOON. Contributors and LOC writers will get a free issue if their material or letter appears therein.

Par will assume a new size, format, and design beginning with issue 9. Subscriptions will be raised to 8 issues for \$2. All previous subscriptions in prior to issue 9 will be unaffected by the raise.

Your opinions on either expanding the Hugo Awards to cover new categories or starting a new set of fan awards would be appreciated.

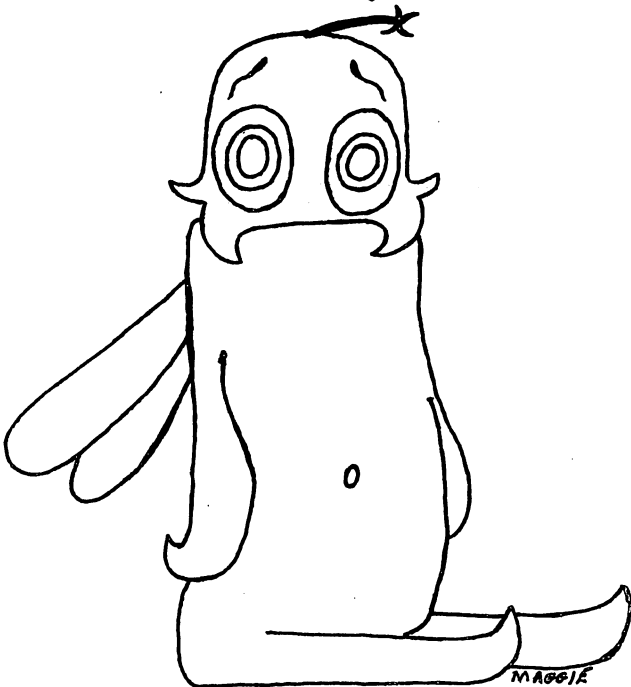
ARS GRATIA EGOBOO by

Rog Ebert
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I would like to introduce fandom to a new word: idzine.

Something like it is needed to cover the phenomenon of "new trend" ideazines that have spread like cultured crabgrass in the past two years or so, remaking the "traditional" concept of fanzine format. The highly personalized products have made it impossible for all but the best genzines to capture attention and good writing on a regular basis. By their built-in nature, idzines are more challenging, more entertaining, more promising to the future of a tottering fandom. And even some of the genzines are swinging over to the most dynamic movement to hit fandom since ghod created the mimmygraf.

It has become necessary to have opinions on HUAC as well as humanoids, the Peace Corps as well as Poul Anderson, the San Francisco riots as well as SF: The Year's Greatest. And this is not necessarily a bad thing (except, of course, for those unfortunate neofan who now find a whole new universe of things they should know more about). The growing emphasis on nonSF and even nonfannish subjects has opened fandom up for the entry of a new, valuable group of educated neos, I believe. The first signs of this exodus are now appearing on several fannish campuses...Berkeley for one...where fans are in close intellectual contact with uninitiated fannish types. The results of the loss of inbred, incestuous fannishness may not be fully known for another ten years, but the change is at hand, and it seems important and necessary.



One immediate result of the "new trend" has been an increase in the average quality of run-of-the-mailbox fmz. Neos are becoming hesitant about trusting crudzines to the mails, and BNFs are becoming too proud to release substandard work on the selling point of their by-line. It has always been difficult to maintain quality in a voluntary, self-financed genre such as fandom, but self-consciousness may yet accomplish what impassioned requests from faneds usually do not. Writing is more polished this year; artwork is stenciled with an eye to layout; letters are cut and edited until they emerge as high-gloss KIPPLEgrams. And the citadel of unrestrained pubbing ecstasy, CRY OF THE NAMELESS, is very subtly taking the nostalgic place Planet held a decade ago. Any day now I expect to see CRY referred to in the past tense. Seriously.

Idzine editorials are often written, I suspect, with one eye to posterity and the other to The New York Times. Only the nose is left for fandom, but fandom has grown highly skilled recently in detecting the odor of raw, unjustified fanzines published "just to get something in the mail."

This month well over half of the fanzines received were at least nominally idzines. Many of them are relatively new, and their editors fall into three very loose categories: the neo-BNFs who are nurturing the movement; the carefree fans who have undergone transformations into serconishness; and the long established BNFs, such as Redd Boggs, who have reentered "new fandom" and are emerging, predictably, as its leaders.

Incomparably the finest idzine now available is WARHOON, by Richard Bergeron. This may come as a startling opinion from one who is an admitted admirer of DISCORD and KIPPLE, but it has become increasingly obvious with the last three or four Wrhns that Bergeron is expending great gobs of talent, time and money on his fanzine...and getting results. Two of the three or four "basic" fannish writers, John Berry and Walt Willis, are now appearing here on a regular, thoughtful basis and providing once again what a neo might mistake for "direction". Fandom, of course, is an arch-enemy of "direction", but Berry and Willis are certainly providing a meaty substance to a fandom that was growing thin and watery and old.

In #11, Bergeron analyzes the ideazines, both "personal" and otherwise, and comes away with the conclusion that both Boggs and Pauls can indeed express themselves artfully while on an "opinion kick". Good for him. Berry manages the nearly impossible feat of making world affairs and current news fit into neat, polished berryisms. WAW's "The Harp That Once or Twice" is a hand-crafted, jewel-tooled vintage-type Willispiece (and they are few and scattered) about an automatic record player.

One of the most carefully done pieces is by Gerry DeMuth on "The Misfits". See what I mean about these nonfannish subjects getting out of hand? Pages and pages of letters, an interesting reprint of the Ernst Edkins articles, and several wasted pages of SAPSzine comment round off the issue.

Another impressive mailing was a big envelope from Les Nirenberg containing the faultlessly reproed halves of QUE PASADO? #4 and a test-sheet for VAHANA. QP itself was almost chortling in its vast improvement over the first three issues; gone is the sloppiness, the debonaire layout, the careless and rakish mixture of editorial content, letters, fmz reviews, poetry and linoes that made it an entertaining but hopelessly jumbled mess of raw wordage. Two things about this mailing puzzle me; first, why was the interlineation on page 25 carefully obliterated with a brush pen, and two, why did QP come in two sections...each with the same front cover but numbered independently...with letters in both sections and my story in the second part? Is some of the comment in the independent supplement considered too strong for the general trade, eh, Les? My story was rather subdued, I thought.

QP is probably as entertaining as anything I've seen since last time; an almost overwhelming selection of material by Jean Young, Ted White, Ruth Berman, Ella Parker, Norm Clarke, Boyd Raeburn and ghod knows whatall. But the VAHANA test-sheet probably bodes even more important comment in light of the idzine inundation. VAHANA, Les confided to me six months ago in a

burst of circumspect article recruitment, is to be a general interest non-fannish fanzine. Fans will write for it...but not on fannish or other esoteric subjects. Could be the start of a far reaching revolution or something. Mark my words.

DISCORD #11, for April, marks Boggs' reentry into the fannish nostalgia subgenre. I happened to be reading Dos Passos' magnificent new Midcentury at the time DISCORD arrived, and the tone of Boggs' reminiscences about the Good Ol' fan club the Twin Cities used to have, and how it shaped up with the new upstart seemed remarkably similar to the recollections of Blackie in the Dos Passos novel. Good writing. Marion Z Bradley reviews Search the Dark Stars by Tony (John E Muller) Glynn competently if a bit self-consciously, Boggs takes a long and justified look at the Amazing 35th annish (and I wish he'd take another long look at the really ambitious Howard Browne 30th annish), and letters go bang-bang-bang to the end of the issue. Too little, very good.

Ted Pauls' KIPPLEs #11 and 12 are, predictably, in the tested KIPPLE formula. Both are outstanding issues, probably because Pauls is getting slightly better selection of material. Of course, his guaranteed columns fill up enough of every issue with good writing that material isn't a major hurdle, but...

In #11, Pauls contributed editorial opinion and reviews under umpteen column headings, Ted White (who is a ghodd writer) adds some humorous Uffish Thots, there is John Magnus's reprint from VARIOSO, an inexplicable article on "Sex and Censorship in Television", MZB's authoritative fmz review column, and a long fannish paraphrase of Eliot's "The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock" by me. Personally, I think the Eliot parody is the best thing I've ever written for a fmz, and I'm appalled at the complete vacuum it has apparently fallen into. But this is off the subject.

#12, slimmer, contains nothing but departments (by Pauls, Bradley and the readers), a Greg Benford dissection of religion, and more of my poetry. Not so good this time (my poetry). Good issue. (What does good mean, you purist? Ghodd, that's what. With a big 'G'.)

CILN #5 by Ed Gorman deserves special mention because of the magnificent cover by George Barr, an amazing array of contributions, an obvious attempt for a BNFzine, and a subsequent announcement that CILN has folded. Gorman came in with a whimper but exited with a bang. Let's hope something else emerges from his obvious ambition...and developing ability.

VIPER #2, Bill Donaho, is published for OMPA and is still somewhat lacking in definite personality. The magnum opus thish, a long, good, illustrated first chapter in Alva Rogers' "Requiem for Astounding", is easily worth the 25¢ price tag for non-OMPAnS. The Rogers series may prove to be some sort of definite landmark in Astounding's ex-history, at least until fandom finds a better perspective for viewing the aSF collapse. Was it Donaho that sent me a 50-plus page review copy of HABAKKUK? Yes, I believe it must have been...that was a beautiful cover on that issue Bill...all 50-plus pages of it. Can't understand how you did that. Anybody who wants a leftover supply of 49 HABAKKUK covers write or wire soonest and all. Berry, Busby, Lichtman, Donaho and the other Busby and the inevitable mailing comments round out a fat, juicy issue.

Jeff Wanshel's FANFARONADE #2 somehow reminds me of DAFOE...perhaps because of the similarity in typefaces and layout. Les Gerber contributes a half-humorous article titled "How to Publish a First Issue" that should keep the neos straight for another six months or so. Some unusually unoriginal (but very entertaining) editorial comment, contributions by Wanshel and Pelz and poetry by MZB and letters finish it off.

YANDRO #99 (the brink of the new regime and that promised 100th anniversary...) includes a bitter review of Brown's "The Mind Thing" by Ted Pauls (presumably the review Pauls mentioned in KIPPLE), a feghootism, reviews, a three-year old story by James Adams, book reviews, letters, editorials, fillers, and all you could want to keep you distracted during the month before the Mammoth Issue.

Other fanzines received which I fully intended to get in were DAFOE 4, GOLDEN APPLE 2 and 3, EMANATION 1, MAELSTROM 6, DYNATRON 4, XERO, FLUSH 1, CINDER 2, SKOAN 1, SPECULATIVE REVIEW 3/1, BEDLAM 1, HYPHEN 26 and 27, SCRIBBLE 5, MONDAY EVENING GHOST 10, ESOTERIQUE 4, and a Larry and Noreen Shaw appeal for Willis Fund funds. This last I heartily endorse.

To unclutter the text, fanzine addresses, mailing information and ratings will be included following the column proper. Useful ones thish:

WARHOON, Richard Bergeron,
110 Bank St, NY 14, NY.
Quarterly, 20¢/5 for \$1
RATING...10

QUE PASADO?, Les Nirenberg,
1217 Weston Rd, Toronto 15, Can.
Quarterly, 20¢/5 for \$1.
RATING...8

DISCORD, Redd Boggs,
2209 Highland Pl NE, Minn 21, Minn.
Six-weekly, Loc.
RATING...9

KIPPLE, Ted Pauls,
1448 Meridene Dr, Baltimore 12, Md.
Monthly, 15¢/2 for 25¢.
RATING...8

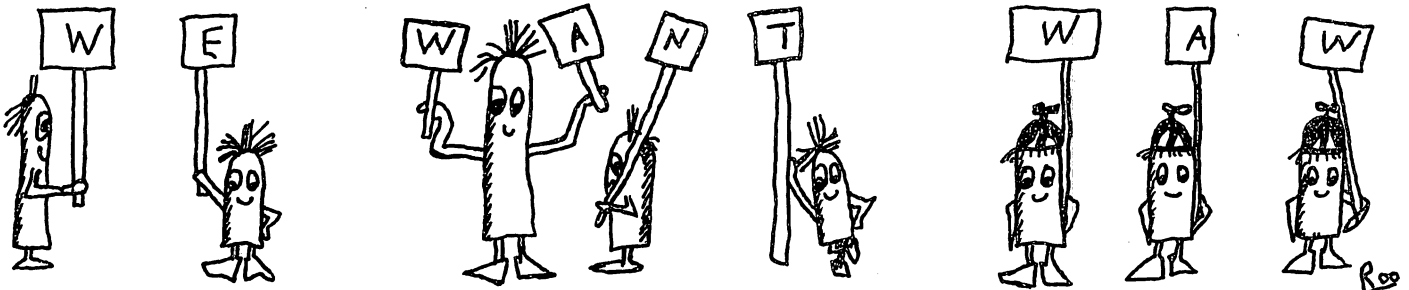
CILN, Ed Gorman,
242 10th St NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Back issues are 20¢
RATING...7

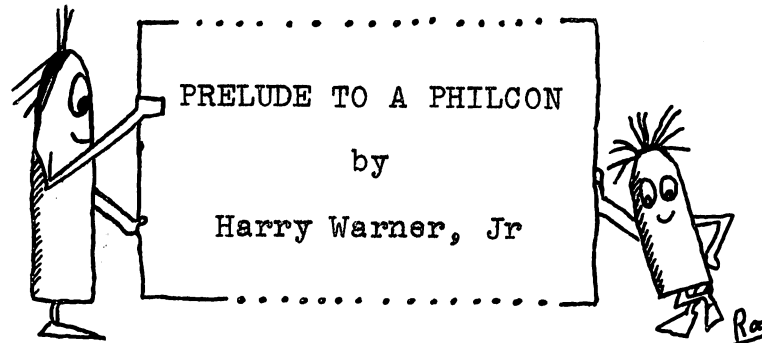
VIPER, Bill Donaho,
1441-8th St, Berkeley 10, Calif.
25¢.
RATING...7

FANFARONADE, Jeff Wanshel,
6 Beverly Pl, Larchmont, NY.
Irregular, 15¢.
RATING...6

YANDRO, Buck and Juanita Coulson,
Route 3, Wabash, Indiana
Monthly, 20¢.
RATING...6

(Most of these fanzines are also available for contributions or Locs.)





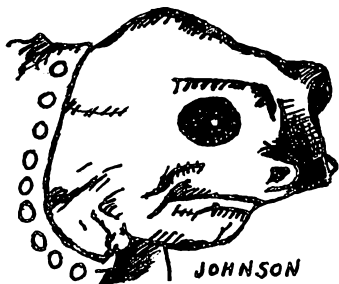
It was a typical neofannish performance. He decided to publish a fanzine before he'd seen more than a half-dozen of the things, at a time when he'd never met a fan or tried to operate a duplicator, didn't have a regular job to provide a steady source of income for financing the publication, and ran into disagreement with his co-editor before the first issue appeared.

But you probably don't remember this particular neofan, because I was the stupid individual in question and all this happened a millenium ago, in 1938.

I had been a fan of sorts for some years before this last year of the World War One armistice. I'd been reading the prozines regularly since 1933, when at the age of ten I discovered the last of the large-size Wonders and Amazings. I dabbled in hardcover book SF during the next couple of years, but didn't like it nearly as much as the vividly illustrated stories with those fascinating blurbs and the post mortem discussions that followed in letter columns. I became a collector of current issues at once, and managed to track down some back issues in the next couple of years. In 1936, my first effort to become a letterhack was rewarded. Campbell published a series of comments on an issue of Astounding in that year, I requested correspondents in the course of the letter and got them. I had the intoxicating thrill of being able to write all I liked about SF to a dozen youths in all parts of the nation and England without the sensation that I was boring the person on the receiving end. I've lost track completely of all those original correspondents, except for the one who became my favorite. He was Jim Avery of Skowhegan, Maine.

I got a couple of sample fanzines as a result of letters in prozines, was disappointed when I found that they didn't contain any stories of the quality that I loved in the prozines, and didn't subscribe or acknowledge their receipt. Jim reacted differently. When he got some sample copies, he immediately suggested that we should start one ourselves. He even thought up an apparently painless way to finance the first issue. This consisted of the sale of what we called bonds to friends and relatives; the best legal minds in fandom, mainly Speer, have since decided that the documents were really debentures. They consisted of sheets of paper marked off with boxes for coupons and space for our signatures. We sold them for a dollar each, and redeemed them gradually in return for the coupons at the rate of a dime per coupon until we'd paid back \$1.20 for each document.

It didn't take long for us to decide between the hecto and mimeo for reproduction purposes. (Ditto machines weren't common in these primitive times.) Jim discovered that you had to buy one stencil for each page you intended to mimeograph and couldn't use it over again, and my parsimonious soul was outraged by the thought of throwing away something for which I'd spent money, after just one use. Neither of us could see any conceivable advantage that mimeo possessed over the hecto, anyway. So we were all set to go. Jim thought up the title for the fanzine, SPACEWAYS, and agreed to do the duplicating, assembling and mailing. All I had to do was find something to put into that first issue and someone to read it. I located some addresses in prozine letter columns, and wrote identical letters to ten pros and ten fans asking for contributions. As I remember, about eight pros and four fans responded, producing an imbalance of material for the first issues that eventually turned into a policy of something by the pros in almost every issue. I also sent out 50 postal cards announcing the imminence of this new inhabitant of the world of letters and actually got a few dimes and quarters. Fans were tenderly trusting in those days. Can you imagine getting subscriptions before your first issue appears these days?

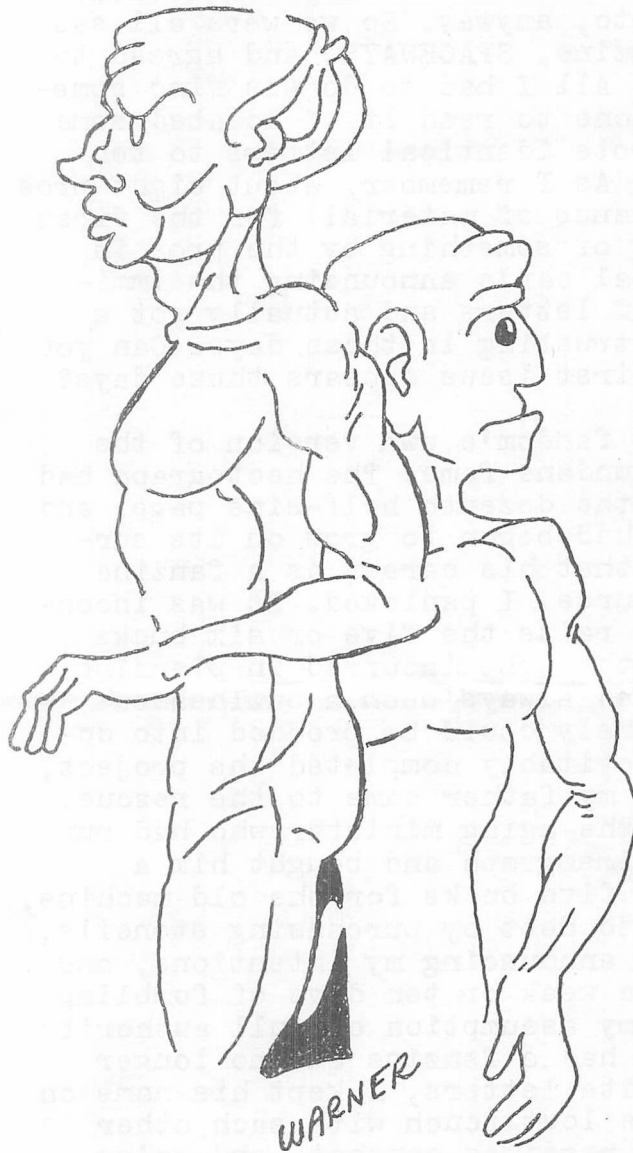


Then Jim wrote me fandom's own version of the Dear John letter of mundane fame. The hectograph had refused to work past the dozenth half-size page, and something nauseating had begun to grow on its surface. He had decided that his career as a fanzine editor had run its course. I panicked. It was inconceivable that I could raise the five or six bucks that was my share of the debt incurred in planning the magazine, and I had always been a bullheaded type of person who rarely could be prodded into doing something, but inevitably completed the project, once started. God and my father came to the rescue.

A local church's congregation took pity on the aging minister who had run off the Sunday bulletins on an antiquated mimeograph and bought him a fancy new one. My father offered the church five bucks for the old machine, and it was a deal. I plunged ever deeper into debt by purchasing stencils, ink and paper, dashed off a letter to Avery announcing my intentions, and turned out the first issue of SPACEWAYS in a week or ten days of fumbling haste. Jim wasn't particularly happy about my assumption of full authority without the courtesy of a byyourleave. So I had a fanzine and no longer had a correspondent. We exchanged a few polite letters, I kept his name on the masthead as associate editor, finally we lost touch with each other during World War Two, then a few years back regained contact, and we're the best of friends again. Unfortunately, Jim is no longer interested in fandom, although his son gives promise of turning into a second-generation fan.

At about this time, I began to build up the legend of hermit. It has been partially factual, partially a joke. I didn't have a car until the 1950's, during most of my fan life I've been the sole support of my parents and their health was not good much of the time. The combination of circumstances...first mainly financial, later mostly reluctance to leave the house for long periods...kept me from attending out of town fan gatherings. However, I was visited by most of the prominent fans at one time or another over the course of years and the fannish seclusion in which I allegedly lived never had much basis in fact. I just don't have the urge to put out a oneshot or write a long article about the event every time a fan visits me.

The end of this legend occurred last fall in Philadelphia, where I was the only calm person in the Hall of Flags of the Penn-Sheraton when I appeared at the Philcon. FANAC gave me three times as much space for this emergence as it did for my broken hip, Tucker wrote a classic piece about it for YANDRO, and Bill Danner was left in splendid uniqueness as fandom's only surviving hermit.



I managed to produce seven or eight issues of SPACEWAYS annually for four years. It took first place in a number of favorite fanzine polls, a situation that mystifies today's fans who achieve prodigies of effort to obtain copies of SPACEWAYS, only to find it colorless and unexceptional. I imagine that its popularity was due to the fact that it appeared regularly, refused to waste space on the feuds that raged in some fanzines of the day, and didn't concentrate on any one facet of SF or fandom. My ability to keep on pretty good terms with almost all fans probably helped, too. I halted publication late in 1942 for several reasons; serious illness of my father, rising costs, depression over the state of the world, and the probability that I'd be drafted. Meanwhile, back in 1939, I'd gone full cycle, purchased a hectograph, and used it to produce an all fiction companion zine, HORIZONS. This never gained the favor that SPACEWAYS had achieved, so pretty soon I turned it into a FAPA publication. Soon after it entered that organization, it dropped the fiction and became almost exclusively dedicated to my own writings. It's been in every FAPA mailing since 1944, never smaller than 12 pages in size.

Writing had always fascinated me. As soon as I started to get into fandom, I began to contribute to fanzines at a prodigious rate. I suspect that every other fanzine published in 1939 contained an article, story or poem by me, mostly of

abysmally low quality because I was inexperienced and writing entirely too much. Simultaneously, I was trying to sell fiction to the prozines. Thrilling Wonder Stories ran a contest for new writers; I entered a story and got one of the two honorable mentions awarded. Weird Tales accepted a poem around this time. But I had no further luck. For years and years, the same pattern showed up; I'd get a sudden ambition to sell, I'd write fiction for a month or two at a great rate, all of it would be rejected at first submission, and I'd be so disgusted that I wouldn't send it to another market and wrote no more prozine aimed stuff for a year or two. About six years ago, something impelled me to send a batch of new stories to Ackerman for agenting. He immediately sold two or three of them. For a couple of years he managed to place about half of what I wrote. Then I plunged into my

first novel, and suffered a tremendous letdown when Forey not only failed to sell it but didn't even answer my questions about it. I haven't made any particular effort to sell to the prozines since then. A couple of mundane novels are boiling inside me and maybe I'll get around to them someday.

My fan activity, if graphed, would show a dizzying climb during the late 1930's, a stratospheric peak during the first part of World War Two, then a gentle, soothing decline through the rest of the 1940's to the semi-obscurity in which I reposed as the 1950's arrived. I never gaffiated completely, because there was always FAPA publishing, a small amount of writing for a few fanzines, and retention of a few favorite correspondents. About 1956, a few inquisitive fans began to realize what an odd survivor of a past fannish epoch was still alive and kicking. Bait in the form of some free fanzines and lavishly worded invitations to contribute to them brought me back into something approaching full fannish activity again. It should be understood that my position in fandom is far different today from that of 1938. I no longer accept a cent for the fanzines I publish and I refuse to spend a penny on anyone else's publications. My interest in SF has dwindled to such an extent that the puny little creature must now be nursed carefully; it sickens and threatens to expire completely if fed more than one or two paperbacks or prozines containing SF each month. I feel a bit more inclined to go out and attend fannish clambakes, although this impulsion was effectively squelched for six months or so by the broken hip of last Christmas Eve. I feel that fandom today is producing better writing and more important creations than prodrom.

My early work involved the distant outpost that the Pennsylvania RR maintained in Hagerstown. One lovely spring evening in 1943, nobody was available to help me unload the week's groceries for an enormous work train's population who were staying in Hagerstown. I rebelled and got a job with the local newspaper which I've somehow managed to hold ever since. I would like to be able to say that my fannish experience helped me to become acceptable as a newspaperman, but it is much more probable that the opposite occurred. There is a marked improvement in my fannish writing around 1944 and 1945. Stuff that I wrote before then is virtually unreadable and there hasn't been any major change in style since the change occurred.

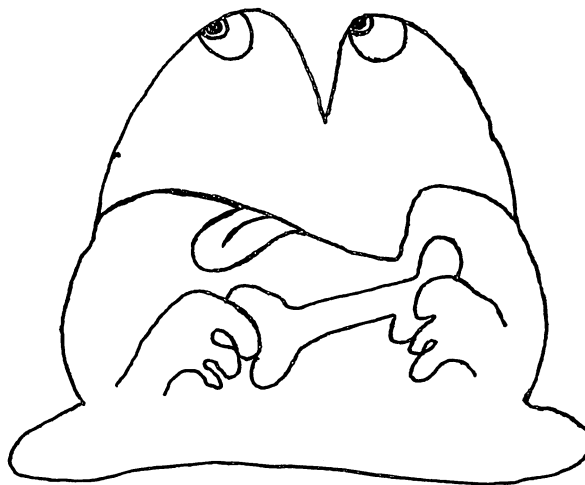
Last year was a tumultuous one: I broke my hip, became an orphan, attended the Philcon, retired that faithful mimeograph, had a phone call from Ted Pauls, and was asked to sue Sam Moskowitz. It was also the year when I undertook my biggest fan project; writing the history of fandom from the outbreak of World War Two to the Detention. My accident slowed me down severely, but I still hope to be able to have the first chapters of this work ready for publication by late 1962 or early 1963. Taking notes and doing research for the historical work should keep me from making such a nuisance of myself in fanzines for the next year or two.

I also worked for the NFFF as a director for some years, but let's just try to think of pleasant things as we move toward the peaceful declining years of fannish living.



THE END

Par
secting



F. M. BUSBY,

You say: "The Hugo Awards...were initiated by fans...are decided by fans...and they are sustained by fans. The Awards belong to fandom to do with as the majority sees fit. Being a fan, I am entitled to my say..."

That last sentence, I agree with; any and all interested parties are entitled to speak up. But a few corrections, If I may, to your first paragraph. The Awards were initiated by a specific group of fans. They are decided by those fans who take the trouble to meet voting requirements and cast a ballot. As for "...belong to fandom to do with as the majority sees fit"...well, within limits, George, within limits you might say that. Let's look at the setup a little more closely.

The Awards are payed for out of Convention funds and have in recent years made up 8% to 15% of Convention expenses while in themselves producing no income to the Con. All the work of circulating ballots (except for volunteers who help with distribution, some producing duplicates from the goodness of their hearts), checking the count, checking the eligibility of entries, and arranging for procurement of the Awards, themselves, is done by the Con Committee...except, I should add, for the fine help of Ben Jason and a couple of Big-Hearted jokers in Detroit. The rest of fandom? Well, Seacon members each have perhaps 25¢ each invested in the Awards; other fans who vote on nominations have the investment of a stamp.

I agree heartily that one and all should speak up, George; I just want to throw a little cold water on this bit where all Fandom has the vested right to tell somebody else how to do the work. OK?

There have been quite a number of suggestions concerning changes in the Awards picture. One party wants at least 12 Awards in the pro field alone. Others would like to make the Awards program a separate thing from the Con and administer it from a Hugo Foundation or something of the sort (nothing was said, though, of where the money was to come from, in any of these suggestions). Oh yes, you'll like this one: that the Awards should be decided by a Board of Experts, rather than fan voting! I might add that one of the proposals for more Awards came from a fan who violently protested the raise in membership-fees. Well, I think you get the picture?

Your inquiry into the justice or injustice of fan Awards, however, does bring up an interesting line of thought. The Hugos were originally intended to apply to the professional field of SF: the "Best Fanzine" Award was added, I expect just as "something for the fans".

PAR-SECTING

I must point out immediately that there is opposition to a straight-forward duplication of the pro Awards to cover fannish productions. You're doubling the costs, and any self-respecting Con Committee will smile and go right ahead with the current program. Further, the scope of the pro and fan efforts along any given line are hardly comparable.

You have something here, though, George; the present fan Award is a compromise. But I think the solution is not to multiply the number of Hugo Awards, but perhaps rather to add a line of purely-fan-type Awards, with a different name (can anyone agree as to who produced the first fanzine, or was the first fan to move to start a fan-club, or something of the sort?) ...and from the practical point of view, a smaller and less expensive item with a fannish rather than SFnal figure on it. (Suggestions?)

In listing "editing, material, and art" as the "only" items that make up a fanzine, you omitted W*O*R*K. The work involved in the actual production and distribution of a zine is far greater than that involved in producing written material or graphic design for it; editing is only a small part of it. For this reason, the "Best Fanzine" Award might or might not deserve a major rather than a minor trophy; I'll leave this up for grabs, but it's a thought. Further, a line of fan-awards might go longer than merely "writer" and "artist". The apas have their annual polls, with anywhere from 6 to 10 categories (some of which do not apply to the general field). Some that might apply are: Best Zine, Best Fiction, Best Non-fiction, Best Humor, Best Artwork, Best Cartoons. But perhaps zine, serious writer, humor, and art would cover it pretty well. Here again, the field is wide-open for discussion.

I agree with you that a proposal should be thoroughly discussed before it comes up in a business meeting...a business meeting is hamstrung by every idiot's urge to stand up and say something whether he has anything to say or not, just to make his splash (and this holds true of all business meetings, not just SF Cons).

I have one idea though, to propose re Hugos: that eligibility both for nominating and for final voting be restricted to those who joined either the preceeding or the upcoming World Con. This would get away from disenfranchising those who always join late...hmmm, maybe membership in the preceeding Con should only give eligibility in the nominations; yeh, that's more workable. What you think?

I can't see why you put down the Fanac Poll. Granted it does not distribute trophies, but its circulation covers practically all fans who know anything about fanzines, and is thus conducive to a more informed vote than the Hugo electorate (many of them, judging by the nominating ballots received to date, have seen only their own local fanzines if any, and sometimes get the title wrong on that). The major trouble with the Fanac Poll is that it has become subject to a couple of feuds (no, CRY is not involved in any of these); otherwise I find the Fanac Poll a very commendable effort.

In summary I agree that the idea for more fan-awards is a good one, but that for several reasons it is neither just or feasible that these should be additional awards of the current Hugos.

///// Buz, you're guilty of the biggest job of hair-splitting I have ever seen. I'm even mildly surprised to see you do it. Let's take a look at what

you've actually said; OK? First, you say that the Awards were initiated by a specific group of fans...of course. Americans fought in the Second World War; a specific group of Americans fought in the SWW. Same thing, hair-splitting. Second, you say the Awards are decided by fans who meet voting requirements...of course. Americans elect a President...except those who aren't of age or didn't register. Same thing. Three, the majority as I see it or the Con members who attend the business meeting and who go for or against proposed changes or amendments. They have paid their dues and they are interested or they wouldn't attend the meeting. Point; they can tell you how to do the work.

The Awards are paid for by Con members and dammit belong to them to do with as they see fit. Now, you wring in the work involved. Ok. Did you or did you not know that a World Con involved work when Seattle made the bid for it at Pitt? Sure you work. So did the Pitt Committee and the Detention Committee etc. Everyone, in time, is involved in the work of the Hugos. You just happen to be it, presently. As for faneds duplicating and distributing ballots out of the goodness of their hearts...I'm more prone to think they do it for more votes. You're in a position to count the duplicated ballots; you tell me.

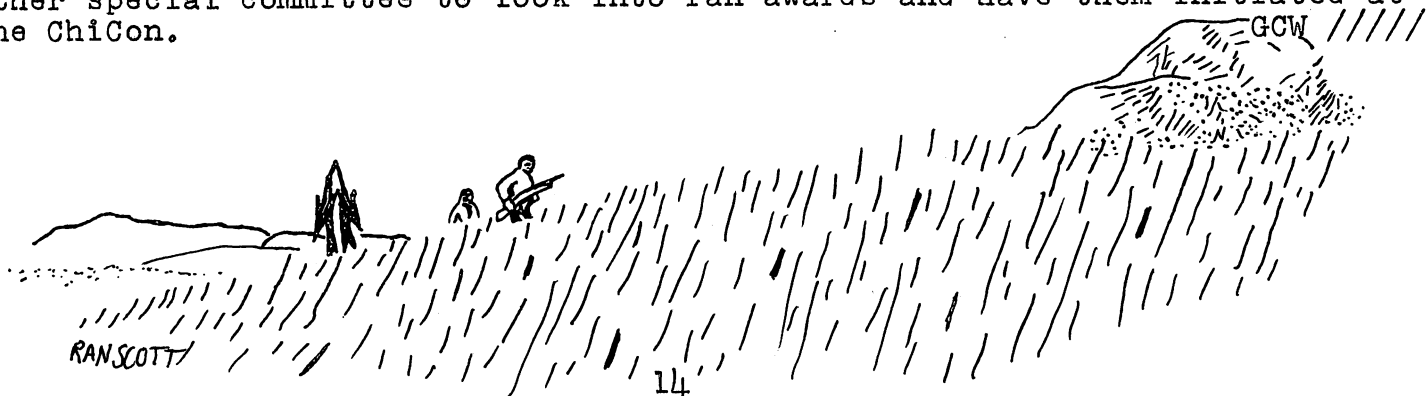
Now...are you actually trying to say that the adding of the two proposed fan categories to the present Hugo ballot is more time and work consuming and expensive than forming a whole new set of awards?

However, the idea is a good one and does deserve serious thought. A new set of fan awards would necessitate, I am sure, the removal of "Best Fanzine" from the current categories and making the Hugos entirely professional. The only fan I can think of who has been of outstanding value and is a "neutral" in our midst is Forey Ackerman. The Forey Awards...how's that sound?

You're right. Nominations should just as surely be limited to con membership as the final voting. I'm also in favor of having the ballots signed too. It's about time that suspected ballot stuffing was ended for good.

A lot depends on what Dirce's Committee comes up with and how well the business meeting will go along with its findings. If this Committee decides to make the Awards entirely professional then the fan-awards would be a necessity.

One thing is clear, expansion is needed. Where it will come from is the question to be debated. I think this way: at SeaCon an effort should be made to make the Hugos entirely professional and to regulate both nominating and final voting so that it could be handled entirely by the Con Committee. If these goals are accomplished, then the SeaCon Committee should appoint another special committee to look into fan awards and have them initiated at the ChiCon.



HARRY WARNER JR.

I agree in a sense with your editorial about the Hugos, to this extent; I think that they should be made either all pro awards or equally divided between fans and pros. The present system of the one fan award and a whole bunch for the pros makes it look as if fandom were inferior to prodom, and I believe that right now fandom is producing deeper thought and better writing than prodom, on the whole. My own impulse would be to provide three pro Hugos...best story, best magazine, and best dramatic production on either the screen or television...and three for fandom...best fanzine, best fanartist and best fan. Maybe there should be four for fandom, to include one for the best fan writer, but that would be, usually, a partial duplication of the best fan anyway, and the number of awards should be kept within bounds, or pretty soon there will be awards for the best book reviews in a prozine by a reviewer who does not write fiction.

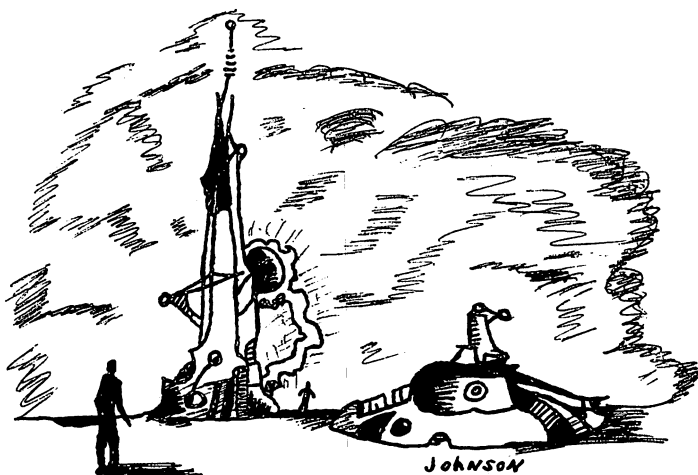
///// At the very beginning of the Hugo Awards, a three-for-prodom: three-for-fandom setup would have been ideal. It would have been equal, balanced, and not liable to expansion as one field would have to be expanded with the other (this being relatively impossible as support for a two field expansion isn't likely to be simultaneous).

The introduction of "Best Fan" as an award category is one I oppose rather strongly. However, the opposition is personal and therefore suspect as to having any rationality or worth.

GCW /////

BILLY JOE PLOTT,

I don't think a Hugo Award is the thing to give fan writers and artists for their achievements. I agree that the Fanac Poll leaves much to be desired, but I prefer it to giving Hugos for accomplishments in fanzines. I think a trophy of some sort should be awarded. Perhaps a Moskowitz Award or an Allan Glasser Award or something along that line. Gernsback's name applies, and only rightly so, to the awards for professionals in the genre and I think that it should remain that way. But I am all for an award to respective fan categories in lieu of the Fanac Egoboo Poll which wears off eventually.



///// Accordingly, then, you are in favor of removing "Best Fanzine" from the present Hugo category...right?

There would be many problems facing the formation of fan awards...not the least of which would be calling them the Moskowitz Awards. That is a slight step better than calling them the Taurasi, Sykora, or Degler Awards (in that order). Like I said...we have to find someone who has contributed something of great value and hasn't been up to his ears in feuds, law suits, or insane asylums. Forey is still the best man.

GCW /////

HOWARD DEVORE,

Tucker has brought up the point of a Hugo for "Best Hardcover Book" as opposed to magazine serial and paperback publications. How about a Hugo for the Best New Fan?

Oh, we can continue like this right on down the list. I'd like to see the better fanartists rewarded in some fashion...and I thoroughly agree with Tucker that a hard cover book cannot compete with a magazine serial, but we've got to stop somewhere!

Hugo's cost money...a lot of money. Ben Jason and myself have arranged the production of the last two lots, we're currently working on the trophies to be given in Seattle, and we know how expensive they can be. It is not practical to give a Hugo to everyone who deserves one!

Incidentally, Dirce Archer has appointed the committee to work on standardization of award categories. If anyone has suggestions contact... Mrs Archer, Noreen Shaw, Steve Schultheis, Lynn Hickman, Hal Lynch, Bob Pavlet, or myself.

I have what I think is a better idea concerning artist awards. Why not an award given by fanzine editors to "Best Artist"? It could be done by readership vote, or a group of judges, or simply by the editors themselves. A suitable trophy can be bought from award houses ranging from \$2.00 up.

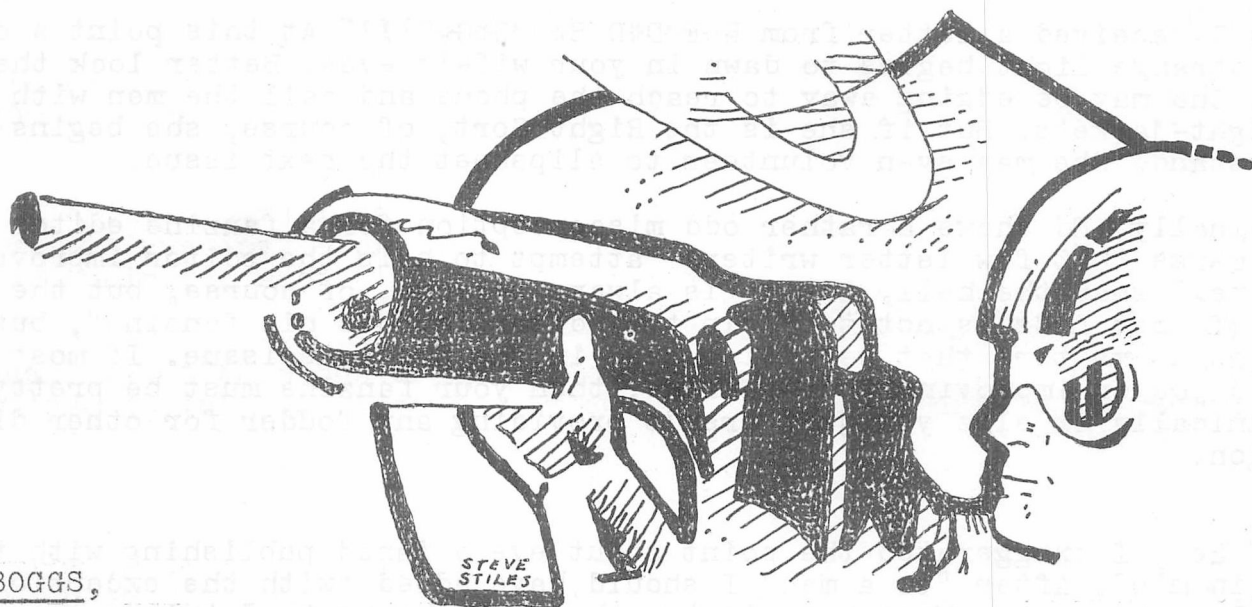
No doubt some fan with letterpress equipment would print a suitable scroll to go with the trophy if you wish.

///// According to the PittCon final expense report the Hugos (6) cost about \$365.72...I say about as there were two sets of wood bases made for the awards. So approximately each award proper costs \$60. My friend, this is ridiculous. If you were making them with platinum I might be able to see it. Since the mold is standard, now, the cost should be lowered. Could the awards then be mass produced? Has anyone tried to find a fan who could do the work cheaper? Is there a fan in Hong Kong?

Now, a fan committee is only as valuable as its backing. You don't have backing when everything is kept hush-hush. A committee is dead when it announces its findings to a cold business meeting and expects them to pass its amendments without a nod. Why don't you people print up circulars and have them distributed to find out what the mass reaction is and then form conclusions on the evidence, announce these findings so that fans can have time to bat them around before the business meeting. A committee appointed by one person isn't exactly done so by popular acclaim. These things are always embroiled in feuds or usually will be, anyway. The occurrence of this should, at least, be guarded against by going to fandom as a whole first.

A set of awards administered by faneds wouldn't work. I pondered the idea several months ago and found it impossible any way you look at it; I think the World Con is the only vehicle suitable for presenting awards. For example; what faneds would present the awards? All...even the neo who just published and hasn't seen enough to know art from wallpaper. Well, then where would that line be drawn? Who would pick the judges? Readership vote would be regional. Etc, etc, etc.

GCW /////



REDD BOGGS,

While I agree that fan writers and artists ought to have more recognition, I don't agree that putting up Hugos in these categories will have any great effect on production. Some, perhaps, but I, for one, will hardly be stimulated to great effort in hopes of winning a Hugo against the likes of Walt Willis, John Berry, or Terry Carr. In any case I think you grossly exaggerated the effect of the Hugo as a goal: "...one of the reasons (faneds) put so much effort into their work is that they all, to a man, have the dream or the hope of one day walking out of a World Con with that rocket-ship." Nonsense! I've no desire to win a Hugo...at least with my present fanzine, DISCORD...and have not expended one molecule of sweat for the purpose of making it a contender. I publish it partly for the admittedly transient egoboo it brings in, and partly to please myself.

Over on pp 18-19, there are some further thoughts on the hobby of publishing a fanzine which I also disagree with to some extent. Since I've been giving DISCORD away for letters of comment, it should be obvious that I can't agree with EdGor's remarks on this subject. It's true that many LOCs are laconic, dutiful communications that say very little, but they are very much in the minority. It's true, too, that comments tend to be repetitious, but statistics have a certain interest too, you know, and it is instructive to discover how many readers notice a grammatical error or spot an item as being a parody on something from Galaxy.

Ed is quite (goddam it, don't type that into "quiet", George!) correct that the AB Dick crowd do not accept LOCs as payment for stencils or ink. But he's looking at the wrong end of the situation. There are very few fan editors...most of them are extinct...who could tender dollar bills earned from their fan publishing activities in the place where it really counted. This is not at the AB Dick agency. It's at home, in the rumpus room or wherever your mimeo or duper is located. Your wife comes in and wants to know why the hell you are spending all your time at this silly business instead of, say, taking her to a drive-in movie. If you, Mr. Willick, in this situation, can haul a roll of dollar bills from your pocket, taken in at 8 issues for \$1, you are unique and should be enshrined in the Fantasy Foundation. No, you don't haul out money at this point; you haul out your LOC file. "What am I doing this for?" you echo. "Why, look, honey,

today I received a letter from R*E*D*D B*O*G*S*!!!" At this point a certain strange light begins to dawn in your wife's eyes. Better lock the door. She may be edging away to reach the phone and call the men with the straight-jackets. But if she is the Right Sort, of course, she begins to understand. She may even volunteer to slipsheet the next issue.

Finally, Ed shows a rather odd misconception for a fanzine editor when he remarks that few letter writers "attempt to help the editor improve his fanzine." What the hell. Advice is always welcome, of course, but the purpose of most LOCs is not to "help the editor improve his fanzine", but to talk about matters that were discussed in the previous issue. If most LOCs advise you on improving your fanzine, then your fanzine must be pretty bad mechanically or else you just aren't providing any fodder for other discussion.

////// Yes, I exaggerated the point about every fanned publishing with the Hugo in mind. After "to a man" I should have added "with the exception of Redd Boggs". Sorry. Must have lost my head in the heat of things.

Anyhow, I agree with you mainly, but I also prefer suggestions from fans as to how to improve the fanzine. I may return their suggestions and tell them where to go but nonetheless I like to have them. GCW ////

REVERAND C M MOORHEAD,

I have some further thoughts I want to say in reference to A J Budry's article on UFO's. His arguments that they might be physical phenomena, which we do not understand, sounds reasonable. However, there are some things, two to be exact, that lead me to some doubt in this area.

First, I refer to something that is old...at least 3 years. The Armstrong Circle Theater's "UFO" program on CBS January 22, 1958 led to Major Keyhoe being cut off the air for 15 seconds. I wrote a letter of protest about this and the CBS reply is as follows, in part:

"....This program had been carefully cleared for security reasons. Therefore it was responsible to see that the performance was rendered according to predetermined security standards."

My thought is that if the UFO was simply physical phenomena, it is difficult to understand why these "security" measures were followed. I take "security" to mean government control.

The second, while it doesn't prove anything, gives something for us to think about. In July 4th issue of Newsweek, 1960, under the caption "SATELLITES" and entitled "Strange Intruder", we have this article:

"...a growing number of scientists are now convinced that Space-track, for all its diligence, may have overlooked at least one space vehicle neither Russian or American, but out of this world...indeed, out of this solar system. This satellite, they suspect, is a visitor sent by the "superior beings" of a community of other stars within our galaxy..."

I cite these two points as suggesting that the UFO may not be physical phenomena, but extraterrestrial.

It is quite possible that they are Null-A type of intelligences and if they are, their activities can be quite incomprehensible to us, and in turn our activity may be equally incomprehensible to them. Hence no landings and no personal contacts, in spite of statements of the "nut-fringe" group to the contrary.

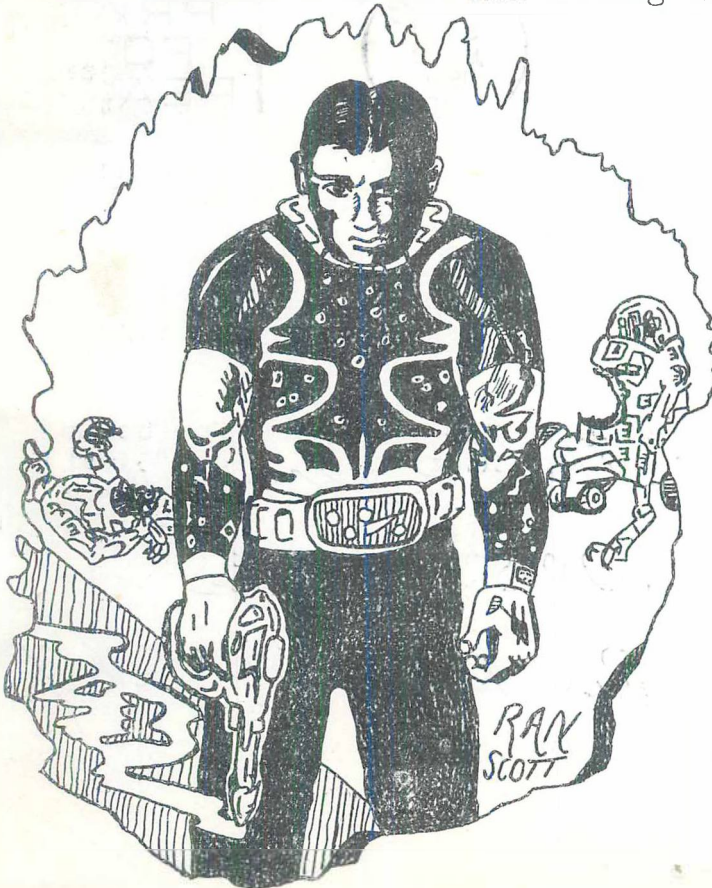
///// I am certain that AJ meant that because of their behavior the UFO should be treated as natural phenomena rather than meaning that they actually are natural phenomena.

However, the US Air Force does continue to scramble interceptors on all reported UFO's. The Truman order of "shoot to kill" is still in effect. And all individual sightings are still investigated by Intelligence officers regardless of what news releases might say. The lid is still down and it is down tight. The UFO is, undoubtedly, the biggest X factor facing modern civilization. We might as well except it. GCW /////

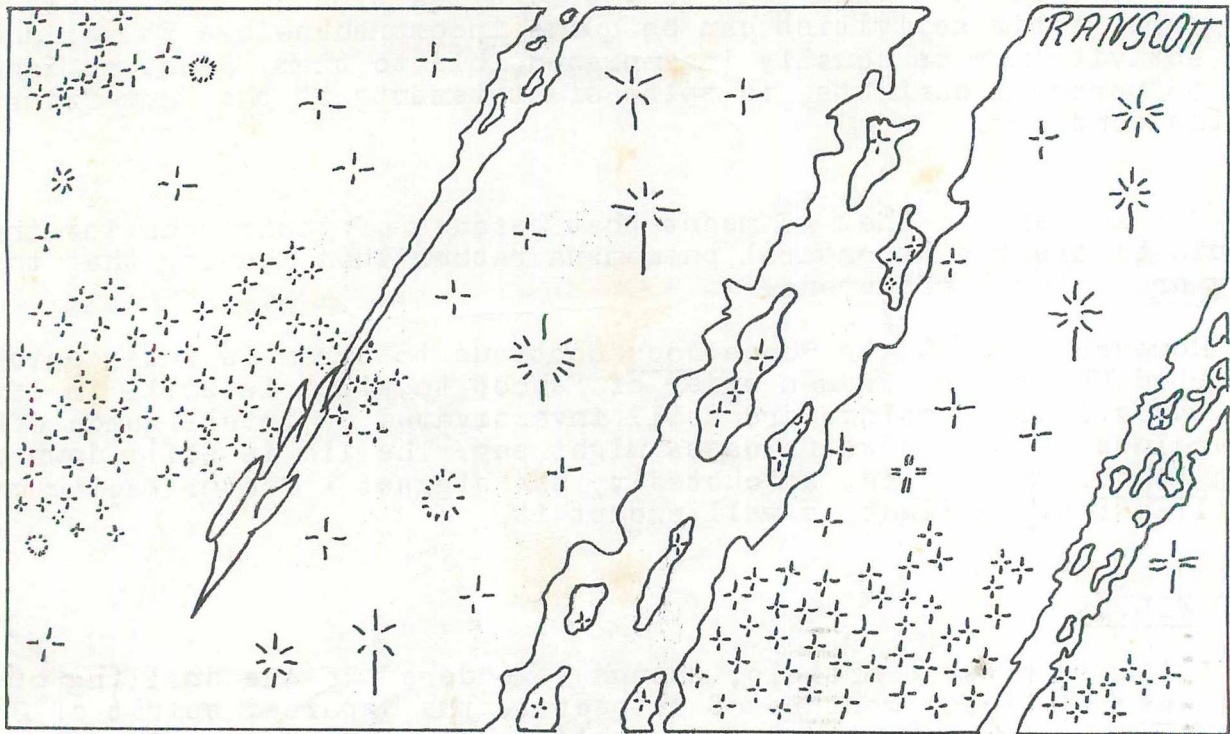
WALT WILLIS,

I liked Baxter's article, though I wondered if the spelling of 'Souvenir' was a delicate gesture of respect to the departed spirit of Dean Grinnell who, you may remember, once publicly proclaimed in print that his spelling with an extra 'e' was the right one, Ghodammit. Then he looked it up and found he had been laboring under a delusion for 30 years.

The letter column was fine, especially Budrys. Nice to see a pro advance an opinion that is usually the sign of the fan as against the pro... ie, that bad SF is worse than none at all. You can't convince the pro of this because he makes his living writing it, but I believe it's profoundly true. Bad SF is turning us died-in-the-well fans against it; ghod knows what it's doing to the ordinary readers. I was half serious in the last H when I asked what could a fan do these days to help SF but go around the newsstands putting the SF mags at the back.



You pose quite a problem there, about people who contribute to bring me over and then find they loathe me, and of course it's one that has occurred to me, because I know what I'm like. On mature consideration I think the only solution is to assure these good people that their money will actually be used to send me back. This will be a big help to the people who are organizing the fund because all they will have to do is collect enough for a one-way trip. Then having arrived at the Con I can go round making myself disagreeable to all and sundry (always hated that fellow Sundry anyway) until I get enough money to go home.



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