

IT'S INCREDIBLE!
NOT A DOUBLE ISSUE!



THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER

"THE BEST LITTLE NEWSZINE IN TEXAS"

ISSUE 12 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1985

EDITORIAL

Whew. It's over.

We've all survived Lone Star Con, some of us a bit more battered than others (and some of you, I know, had the absolute *gall* to do nothing but have a good time at the NASFiC. I mean, really. You must think we did the convention so people like you could enjoy yourselves or something. . .)

But anyway. The next issue of the *Inquirer* will be mostly Lone Star Con related — what various people did and saw, and wrote about, with photos even. I would have liked to have done that *this* issue, but *c'est la morte*. Rather than make you wait any longer, we're doing this issue now, and the Lone Star Con issue in about a month.

Inside this issue you'll find some old stuff and some new stuff — a retrospective of AZAPA (the Arizona Amateur Press Association); an article on what F.A.C.T. is up to these days; some book and movie reviews (a bit dated, but better late than never); pro and fan news; letters; a fan-file on S.E. Woodard-Vladyka; catalogue extraordinaire; and a column from your friend and mine (well, maybe not), Jimmy Fred Jumpball. In the interests of expediency, I'm holding off on the convention reports, convention listings, club listings, and fanzine reviews until next issue as well. (Sorry 'bout that — but at least this time you won't have to wait as long for them. . .)

You'll also probably note that this issue looks a bit different. That's because F.A.C.T. has some new equipment — a shiny new electrostenciller. We're mimeographing the *Inquirer* now, in the best fanzine interests of economy and speed. (So in addition to staying up incredibly late, wearing my fingers to the bone and going blind keyboarding this 'zine, and getting wax and bordertape in my hair pasting it up, I now have mimeo ink under my fingernails to boot. As they say, "You knew the job was dangerous when you took it, Fred.")

You know, it's kind of bizarre, in a way. Back in 1982, late one night at a party after a grueling bid meeting, Carolyn Cooper and I had an incredible flash of inspiration — "Let's do a bid fanzine!" So the *Inquirer* was born — as a NASFiC bidzine — and over the course of three years it grew into an honest-to-ghu newszine. And then when things got hot and heavy on the NASFiC, the *Inquirer* — which got the ball rolling in the first place — kind of got stabbed in the back because I didn't have time to do it and everything else besides.

But now those hectic, halcyon days are past, and the phrase "space time" doesn't make me laugh hysterically any more. Lone Star Con is over — and now it's time to get back to doing what I wanted to do in

the first place: Publish a fanzine!
See you next issue!

— Pat Mueller

F.A.C.T. Activities Proposed Organization to Expand with New Projects

AUSTIN, TX — Four of the five members of the board of directors of F.A.C.T., the Fandom Association of Central Texas, Inc. met in Austin on October 12 to discuss the future of the organization.

F.A.C.T., Inc. is the non-profit 501(c)3 literary and educational organization which presented Lone Star Con, the 1985 North American Science Fiction Convention, in Austin over Labor Day weekend earlier this year. Despite earlier fears to the contrary, Lone Star Con did not go into the red, and now there is considerable debate over what to do with the "profit" from the convention.

F.A.C.T., Inc. was founded in January of 1983 by Willie Sires, Robert Taylor, and Scott Cupp. In 1984, the board of directors was increased to five members to more fully represent the various facets of F.A.C.T., with Ed Scarbrough representing ArmadilloCon, and Pat Mueller represent-

ing the *Inquirer*. At the annual F.A.C.T. meeting at Aggiecon in 1985, Dennis Virzi replaced Ed Scarbrough, and the ArmadilloCon duties were split between Robert Taylor and Dennis Virzi, with Robert to chair the 1986 ArmadilloCon. The current club membership is nearly 150.

While F.A.C.T. is a corporation with certain legal duties, it is also a group of science fiction fans who like to meet and promote sf. Prior to Lone Star Con, F.A.C.T.'s main activities were holding an ArmadilloCon each fall and publishing the (ostensibly bimonthly) *Texas SF Inquirer*. However, ArmadilloCon and the *Inquirer* were increasingly overshadowed by the priorities of Lone Star Con as the convention date loomed nearer. Now that Lone Star Con is over and people have had a chance to recuperate, F.A.C.T. is

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NEWS

Stephen Donaldson will have the first volume of a two-book story out probably around Spring of '86. The story as a whole is known as "Mordant's Need" (Mordant being a place); the first volume is tentatively titled *The Mirror of Her Dreams*, and the second *A Man Rides Through*.

Jack Williamson is about half-finished with his new book, *FireChild*, which will be published by Bluejay.

Gene Wolfe has been working on a fifth book in the Urth Cycle, but for some odd reason Simon & Schuster has been holding up the deal.

The latter half of '84 and all of 1985 has been very kind to **Melinda Snodgrass**: she sold *Circuit to Ace* in December, and they have bought the sequel. She has also sold a mainstream novel to NAL, and is a contributing editor in the new *Wild Card Anthology* (edited by George R.R. Martin).

Suzette Haden Elgin has a new novel due out from DAW in January (*Yonder Comes the Other End of Time*). She's doing a sequel to *Native Tongue*, is working on a new Coyote Jones book — and will also be Guest of Honor at WisCon '86.

Walter Jon Williams recently delivered the manuscript of his new novel *Hardwired* to TOR; editor Beth Meacham was sufficiently impressed to move the book from its scheduled paperback release to a hardcover release in April '86. (Walter is reliably reported to have made three orbits of the earth when he heard the news.) He subsequently sold another novel, *Icehawks*, to Beth Meacham, also for hardcover release. In addition, a computer game designed by Williams (*Pride & Prejudice*, described as "a tongue-in-cheek Regency romance") was recently released by Baen Software.

Suzy McKee Charnas has

a young adult fantasy called *The Bronze King* coming out in hardback from Houghton Mifflin this fall. *The Vampire Tapestry* is due to be reprinted by TOR books sometime around the end of this year. She also has a new modern fantasy called (at present) *Dorothea Dreams* due out from Arbor House in hardback in spring of '86 (and from Berkley in paperback at the end of '86). She's also at work ("yet again, but this time I mean it") on volume three of the *Walk/Motherlines* trilogy. She and Steve have completed a stage-play script based on "The Unicorn Tapestry" and "are waiting for ecstatic responses from stage-pro friend in NYC, followed by production and immediate fame/notoriety."

Melissa Mia Hall has sold two more stories to Charles Grant, one for the next *Midnight* anthology, and one to the *Greystone Bay* (a "shared-town" type of horror anthology). She's still working on her epic novel, and still trying to market her "sort-of" horror novel, *Dolls*.

Carole Nelson Douglas is working on Book III of her fantasy series for Del Rey that began with *Six of Swords*.

Joseph H. Delaney's new book, *In The Face Of My Enemy*, will appear in November from Baen Books. The book contains mostly new material, but also includes the novella of the same title and "The Shaman," both of which appeared in *Analog*. Also in the pipeline at Baen is *Lords Temporal*.

Howard Waldrop's short story, "Night of the Cooters," which he read at Lone Star Con, has been sold to *Omni*. Waldrop has also submitted a story to George R.R. Martin's new *Wild Card* anthology.

As we all well know, **Steve Gould's** short story "Rory" was on the Hugo ballot but didn't win. He also had a

short story, "Mental Blocks," appear in the July '85 *Amazing*.

Bruce Sterling's *Schismatrix* has come out in hardcover from Arbor House. The May '85 issue of *Asimov's* also had a Sterling cover story, "Dinner in Audoghost," which he read at the last ArmadilloCon.

Ardath Mayhar has two new novels out — *The World Ends in Hickory Hollow* (Doubleday) and *The Saga of Grittel Sundotha* (Atheneum). Her book *Soul-Singer of Tyrnos* (Atheneum, 1981) has been nominated for the South Carolina Library Assoc. Best Young Adult Book Award for 1985-86. She has also had an offer for an occult novel from Laranmark Press.

Dwight V. Swain has been rushing about the last year — a week conducting a workshop on screen writing at the Atlantic Film Festival in Halifax, a trip to L.A. to get material for a new edition of his book, *Film Scriptwriting*, a workshop on romance writing in Houston, guest lectures at a film seminar in Fredericton, N.B., and a lecture on characterization to the OK Writers Federation. Whew!

Roger Zelazny has graduated from the University of New Mexico Law School, and has taken the Bar Exam. Trillium is currently developing an Amber video game, and Mayfair Games is working on an Amber boardgame. His novella, "24 Views of Mt. Fuji, by Hohusai" appeared in *IASFM* this summer as well.

Jayge Carr's short story "Catacombs" appeared in the July *Amazing*. A reprint of "Blind Spot" will appear in the Second *Omni* Book of SF, and "Webrider" (an original story) will appear in the Third *Omni* Book of SF.

A new collection of **George R.R. Martin's** short stories, *Nightflyers*, is due out from Bluejay Books in October. Martin has also been writing a number of stories about his series character Haviland Tuf; the stories will run in *Analog* this fall, and a Tuf collection, *Tuf Voyaging*, will appear from Baen Books in January 1986. Martin is also doing a teleplay

for the revived *Twilight Zone* television show, and is in the middle of a major new historical horror novel set in New York City in 1895, "during the halcyon days of the Gilded Age and Yellow Journalism."

Leigh Kennedy's short story collection, *Faces*, is due to be published this fall by Jonathan Cape, Ltd. of London. Cape will also be publishing *Journal of Nicholas The American*, a novel, in the spring of '86.

Mel. White and Robert Lynn Asprin have recently concluded a deal with Donning/Starblaze for a new graphic novel series. The series, presently scheduled for a fall '86 release, teams up a wandering knight with a somewhat Machiavellian dragon. All of Texas is looking forward to this new collaborative team.



Lone Star Con, the 1985 Austin NASFiC, has come and gone. The convention was a definite success — with a total membership of over 2850. Watch your mailbox for the special Lone Star Con issue of the *Inquirer* (with photos, even!), which is being worked on even as you read this.

ArmadilloCon VII promises to be a novelty for Texas fans this year — it's a relaxacon. It's being held at a small resort in New Braunfels, Texas the weekend of October 18. The main event of the convention (in fact, the only scheduled event) is a FACT meeting Saturday afternoon.

Next year's ArmadilloCon will again be something different — it'll be slightly larger than usual (but hey, nowhere near the size of Lone Star Con). It'll take place Columbus Day weekend (which now seems to be the established dates for future

ArmadilloCons), and will probably be at the Sheraton Crest in Austin. Robert Taylor, the chairman, is using his NASFiC know-how and is putting together his committee even as you read this . . .

Phoenix ran unopposed for the 1987 NASFiC — and won. The convention will be called CactusCon and will be held September 3 — 6 at the Phoenix Civic Plaza and the four nearest hotels (the Hyatt Regency, across the street, will be the main hotel, and the Phoenix Hilton (nee Adams) across the street is the main overflow hotel). Hal Clement is the Pro Guest of Honor, and Marjii Ellers is Fan GoH. An attending membership is \$25 through December 31, 1985 (\$15 supporting); pre-supporting Phoenix in '87 members will get a \$5 discount on their memberships. Write to CactusCon, P.O. Box 27201, Tempe, AZ 85285, or call (602) 968-5673.

The 1987 WorldCon will be held in Brighton, England, and will be called Conspiracy '87. The official dates given are August 27 — September 2 (look at your calendar, that's a loooooong convention . . .). There will be two professional guests of honor: Doris Lessing, and Alfred Bester. The Conspiracy Art GoH is Jim Burns; Fan GoHs are Joyce and Ken Slater, with Dave Langford as special Fan Guest; and Brian Aldiss is Toastmaster. Further guests will be announced. An attending membership in Conspiracy '87 is \$30 until March 31, 1986, and the American agents are Bill and

Mary Burns, 23 Kensington Court, Hempstead, NY 11550.

Congratulations of a sort go to Brad Foster, famous Texas artist who almost won the fan artist Hugo this year. Brad led the pack in the first, second, third and fourth balloting — but those who voted for Joan Hanke-Woods preferred Alexis Gilliland, who pulled out a narrow eight-vote victory. And watch for Brad's illustrations in a new edition of Henry Kuttner's *Elak of Atlantis* (Gryphon Press, Brooklyn NY).

Rumor has it that certain fans in Dallas are now throwing Tupperware parties. Is this the end of fandom as we know it?

Neil Kaden and others in Dallas are "bidding" for the 1988 Corflu (the fanzine fans' convention). The convention will be held somewhere in the city of Dallas (or somewhere close by, "not more than a couple of hundred miles, at

most!") — for more and better news, stay tuned to this news column. (The *Inquirer* is a fanzine, of course!) There's some sort of minor tempest brewing about the '87 Corflu as well, since certain New York fanzine fans want to hold it in New York, and since a certain Cincinnati fanzine fan wants to hold it in Ohio. (The *Inquirer* also admits to a certain bias for Cincinnati.) The '86 Corflu will be held somewhere near Falls Church, Virginia; Ted White is coordinating this con.

And what's this about the arcane attraction Dallas has for convention chairmen and other fans? Not only have former ArmadilloCon chair Ed Scarbrough and former Bubonicon chair Dennis Virzi moved there, but Richard Wright (former chair of Norwescon) was drawn from far-away Seattle (and suckered into working on Lone Star Con, to boot).

AggieCon luminary Noel Watkins recently joined the movement, too, and will be doing the programming for Fantasy Festival this November. One hopes that Dallas won't reach critical mass any time soon and do something foolish like bid for a WorldCon.

Speaking of convention bids . . . there's a rumor floating around that San Antonio is thinking about bidding for the WorldCon some time late this decade.

And speaking of moving . . . Austin welcomes Julie Gomoll from the frozen northlands of Madison, Wisconsin. She says she likes the weather here better. (Don't tell her it snowed here three times last winter . . .)

And here's a nice piece of fannish trivia. Keith Laumer's daughter used to do San Antonio fan Fran Booth's nails. (And, Fran adds, she ruined them . . .)

HUGO WINNERS

BEST NOVEL: *Neuromancer*, by William Gibson. BEST NOVELLA: *Press Enter*, by John Varley. BEST NOVELETTE: *Bloodchild*, by Octavia Butler. BEST SHORT STORY: *The Crystal Spheres*, by David Erin. BEST NON-FICTION BOOK: *Wonder's Child: My Life in Science Fiction*, by Jack Williamson. BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: 2010. BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: Terry Carr. BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Michael Whelan. BEST SEMI-PROZINE: *Locus*, edited by Charles N. Brown. BEST FANZINE: *File 770*, edited by Mike Glycer. BEST FAN WRITER: Dave Langford. BEST FAN ARTIST: Alexis Gilliland. THE JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD: Lucius Shepard.

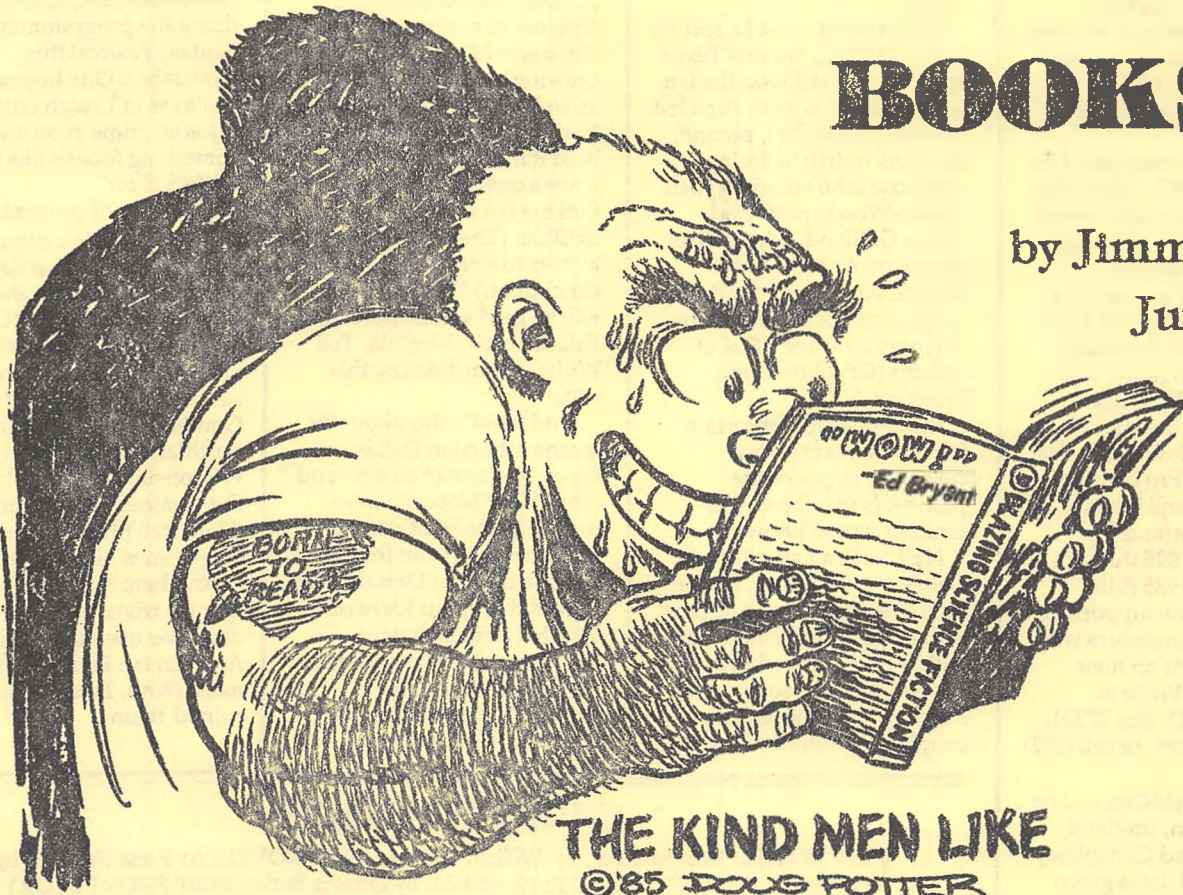
WORLD FANTASY NOMINEES

BEST NOVEL: *Mythago Wood* (Robert Holdstock), *Bridge of Birds* (Barry Hughart), *Archer's Goon* (Diana Wynne Jones), *The Talisman* (Stephen King & Peter Straub), *The Ceremonies* (T.E.D. Klein). BEST NOVELLA: *Jacqueline Ess: Her Will and Testament* (Clive Barker), *The Ballad of the Flexible Bullet* (Stephen King), *In the Sumerian Marshes* (Gerald Pearce), *The Unconquered Country* (Geoff Ryman), *The Man Who Painted the Dragon Griaule* (Lucius Shepard). BEST SHORT STORY: *Still Life With Scorpion* (Scott Baker), *Red Medicine* (Jack Dann), *Nightcrawlers* (Robert R. McCammon), *The Bones Wizard* (Alan Ryan). BEST ARTIST: Thomas Canty, Edward Gorey, Alan Lee, J.K. Potter, Michael Whelan.



BOOKS

by Jimmy Fred
Jumpball



Dear Pat Mule-er,

Thanks for finally getting around to printing the wonderful book reviews that I wrote for you in December in the middle of March! People are going to think that I only read stuff that has been discarded from public libraries or found next to the toilet at Fred's Tonsorial Heaven and Barber Shop. This just aint so. As you well know, we get very few books from the publishers (with the exception of Bluejay Books, bless their bindings eternally). I have to go out and buy those suckers. It's not my fault that you can't get this thing out faster. I write them as I read them.

Now that I've vented (and hooded) my spleen, here's the reviews for the current crop of books that I had to shell out my own real money for.

NEUROMANCER by William Gibson (Ace) — This book should come equipped with the de riguer safety pin through the proboscis. Punk sky-fi with stereo speakers, just so you shouldn't miss the message: Let's get Mean and Nasty and Boogie till everyone pukes. For me, that was on page 2. Terry Carr owes me \$2.95. I'll take it out of his or Gibson's hide anytime they come into Fred's, located

in beautiful downtown Centercourt, just across the street from Mary Lou Breasticular's Massage and Love Oil Parlor ("Six Gals, Twelve Hands, No Waiting"). That's Fred's Tonsorial Heaven and Barber Shop, where we bury long hair. (Dear Terry, I got the \$2.95 for these pais commercial messages disguised as a book review. I figure we're even now.)

THE INTEGRAL TREES by Larry Niven (Del Rey) — I aint much at higher math and calculus. Niven aint much at writing. Pie are squared. I are robbed the price of this book. I'll accept a cashier's check or gift certificate to the palace of my choice.

MERCENARIES OF GOR by John Norman (DAW) — Now then, here's a book that deliver's everything the others don't. The hero (this book *has* a hero, unlike them others) is a real man. The women know there place as well as the right places for a real man. Let's have a round of applause for the man keeping the normal male ego properly stroked and providing the right women for the job. Mary Lou and a few of the girls want to audition as slave girls. They have all the necessary skills and appendages. What do you say John, how about giving a couple

of working girls a chance? And remember, it's double your money back, if your not satisfied. I have never asked for mine back.

It's time for our Bluejay book of the month review. They send us books, they get reviews. All you publishers take note.

LAND OF UNREASON by deCamp and Pratt — This is a very funny book. Jimmy Earl had his momma read it to him a few years ago since he cain't read and he laughed till he threw up in her lap. She didn't want to finish reading it to him since the book had been in her lap, but he promised to throw up on her face if she didn't. This books got lots of fairies (with wings, not like Gibson's) and they got wings and there's changelings and stuff like *Midsummers Night Sex Comedy* (or one of them Shakespeare plays). And it's real funny. There's Tim Kirk pictures, too, for those who have your mommy read it to you. Buy this book.

So, Pat, that's them. Hope they see the light of day faster than all of the others. Got to go. There's twelve hands waiting for me and I don't want to disappoint them.

Come see us in beautiful downtown Centercourt when you can.

— Jimmy Fred

FACT ACTIVITIES PROPOSED (continued from page 1)

now ready to "get back into the swing of things."

F.A.C.T.'s main goal and objective, as stated in the not-for-profit incorporation papers, is "to promote an interest in science fiction, and the sf literature, in central Texas." To further those ends, the board compiled a list of suggested activities and projects for F.A.C.T., to be presented to the organization's membership at a meeting at ArmadilloCon on October 19. These projects and activities could include:

- Various charitable activities, including making recordings and printing braille books for the blind, and volunteering to work for PBS telethons and other non-profit fund-raising events;

- Donating books by Texas and Southwest authors to regional libraries;

- Joining the Austin Chamber of Commerce, and supplying them with "warm bodies" for other mundane conventions, to gain a broader understanding of how different conventions work;

- Joining the Chamber of Commerce, and working on charitable activities, would serve to gain us recognition and legitimacy within the mundane world, as "community projects.") — Holding annual "book fair" at B. Dalton's;

- Doing a monthly television show for the local Austin cable access network;

- Upgrading and enhancing the SMOF-BBS (science fiction computer bulletin board) to increase its accessibility to F.A.C.T.'s members, and/or putting together a separate sf bulletin board if needed to improve our educational goals;

- Supplying gofers, workers, staff, committee, and helpful advice and services to other Texas and regional conventions;

- Making it possible for regional sf authors to address classes at area schools;

- Do fund-raising events with a specific charity in mind (e.g., donating magazines to VA hospitals, etc.);

- Bringing a fan or pro from the outlying regions to a central Texas convention every year;

- Donating money to other non-profit sf organizations in Texas, as well as perhaps to the Phoenix NASFiC, TAFF (the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund), and DUFF (the Down Under Fan Fund);

- Publishing a Guest of Honor chapbook yearly for Armadillocon;

- Publishing an original anthology each spring of essays and fiction by Texas authors, with art by Texas artists;

- Subscribing to *Locus*, *SF Chronicle*, and *File 770*, and maintaining a library of fanzines and newszines for reference;

- Maintaining our mailing list of Texas and regional fans and pros, for the benefit of other Texas fan publications and conventions; — Continuing to promote F.A.C.T. and F.A.C.T. activities within Texas fandom, as well as supporting

those fandoms, by attending conventions, and buying dealers tables and program book ads;

- Regular meetings (twice a month: once for an actual meeting, perhaps with a guest speaker, reader, or workshop; and once for a more social gathering);

- As well as the two original F.A.C.T. activities, ArmadilloCon and *The Texas SF Inquirer*. The *Inquirer* will be published on a more regular basis, and will continue to be mailed out first-class. Robert Taylor will be chair of the 1986 ArmadilloCon, which will be held over Columbus Day weekend at the Sheraton Crest.

Several other F.A.C.T.-related matters will be brought forward at the October 19 meeting. A constitution will be proposed, as well as an organizational restructuring by adding operational officers. Proposed offices include a President and Vice-President (as activities coordinators), Corresponding Secretary (to maintain membership lists and keep up correspondence), Recording Secretary (to take minutes at meetings, and file official paperwork and the like), Publicist, and Bookkeeper. Other suggested positions included Coordinators from the San Antonio, Houston, Dallas/Fort Worth, and College Station areas.

These matters will be broached to

JAMMED WITH BLOOD (or, a word of advice)

by Cl. Crouch

The title for this report comes from a classic typo in an article I wrote for the first Lone Star Con Progress Report ("The State of Media Fandom — Insane, Like Anything Else These Days . . ."). There was a line which should have read, "I see a cheerful future [for fandom] as long as the lines of communication are NOT jammed with blood." Murphy, or one of his gremlins, stole the "not," obviously. I collect typos, and cherish really funny ones. Any you'd like to share with me, pass'm on.

But what I'm here to tell you this time is that maybe this typo was, sadly, somewhat prophetic. *Trekdom* in Austin is scattered, un-unified, though strong in other parts of Texas. And while *Doctor Who* fans are stable in town, there has been at least a summer's lull in growth. I can't speak for other facets of fandom, such as gamers, comics collectors and *Star Wars*ians tho that last — judging by the sale of gimmicky toys — would seem to be healthy enough. I am not interested in most media, except peripherally. I haven't even seen *Gremlins* or *Ghost Busters*, nor am I going to break my neck to rectify the situation. I do, however, hear from other media fans, and I believe the various splinters are doing well. The problem lies with the bigger fandoms, *Who* and *Trek*, around Texas.

Can I have
some whipped cream
with my just desserts?



F.A.C.T. members attending ArmadilloCon. Other suggestions and ideas are more than welcome. A follow-up letter will be mailed to all F.A.C.T. members shortly after the ArmadilloCon meeting, and further discussion will take place at business meetings in November, December, and January. The matters will be voted upon at the F.A.C.T. annual meeting at Aggiecon (the first weekend in April, 1986). According to current F.A.C.T. bylaws, only those F.A.C.T. members who have been members for two consecutive years will be eligible to vote.

I don't believe egos are more swelled in media fandom than elsewhere, but since I am involved in that fandom, like a cop who only sees the bad side of humanity, I see the rotten ones every day. I have to come up for air now and then just to get a sense of proportion . . . to remind myself not everyone is suffering from too-tight-hat syndrome.

Several people have the idea that griping is the best way to influence whatever happens to a club or cause. I'm a veteran of protest marches, troops, and I'm here to tell you it just ain't so. Like it or not, the system works. Badly at times, unfairly lots of times, but better than the alternatives. If you want to change something, *use the system*.

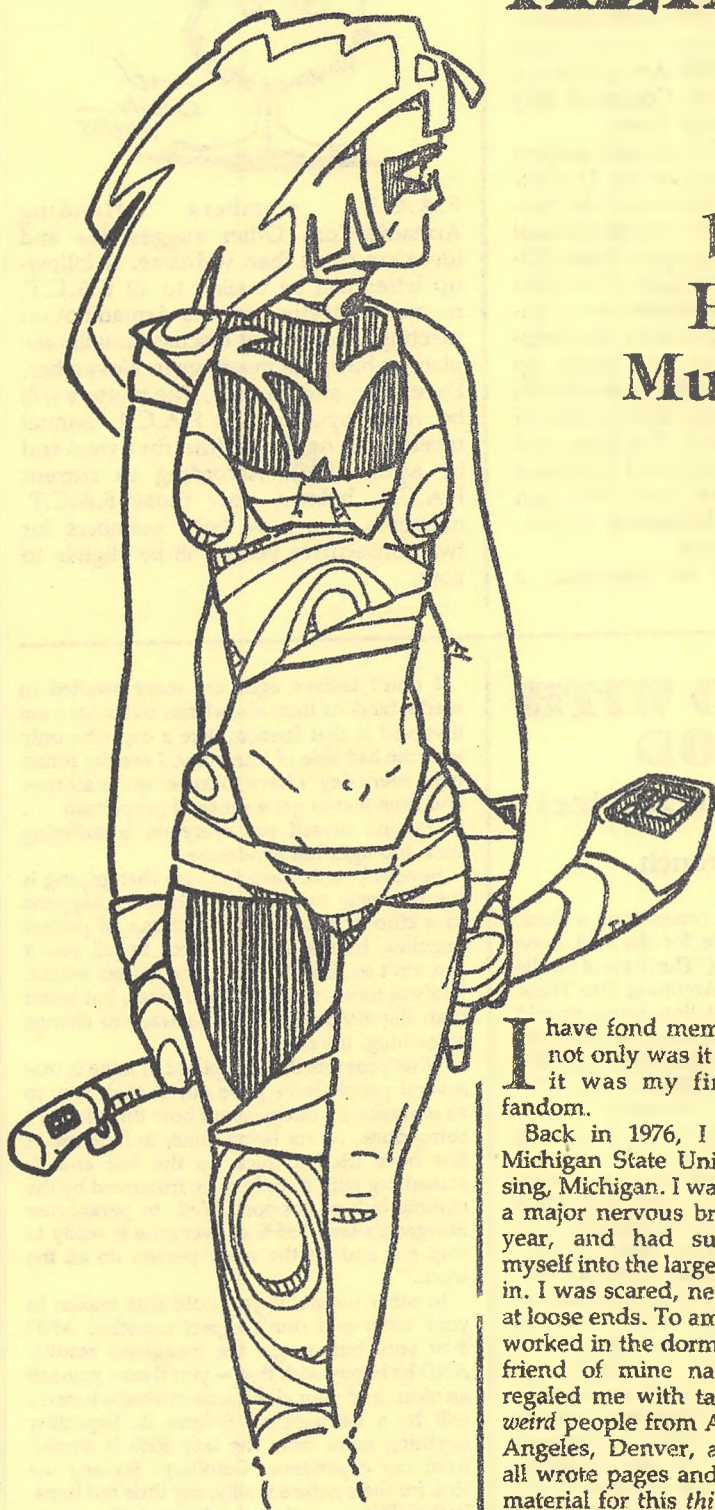
What prompts this complaint of mine is that several people have gone out of their way to be obnoxiously bitchy about how things aren't being done, or are being done, in fandom. A few have tried to pick up the ball and do something with it, only to be frustrated by the chronic lack of support. Well, to paraphrase Sturgeon's law, "95% of everyone is ready to crap out and let the other person do all the work."

In other words, if you hold that maxim in your mind and don't expect miracles, AND bust your butt to get the meagerest results, AND be happy with that — you'll save yourself an ulcer, and your club/cause celebré/whatever will be a lot happier. Believe it. Expecting anything more from the lazy 95% is stupid, from my experience. Corollary: *Blaming* the 95% for their nature is silly, my little red hens. Rather like expecting the Law of Gravity to take the day off.

Never mind, just do your best. Could be worse. Could be raining.

I REMEMBER AZAPA

by
Pat
Mueller



I have fond memories of AZAPA . . . not only was it the first apa I joined, it was my first introduction to fandom.

Back in 1976, I was a freshman at Michigan State University, in East Lansing, Michigan. I was still recovering from a major nervous breakdown earlier that year, and had suddenly transplanted myself into the largest city I had ever lived in. I was scared, neurotic, confused, and at loose ends. To amuse himself while we worked in the dormitory cafeteria, a new friend of mine named Ken Josenhans regaled me with tales about these truly weird people from Arizona, Toronto, Los Angeles, Denver, and Hawaii . . . who all wrote pages and pages of mysterious material for this thing called AZAPA.

As it was explained to me, an "apa" is an Amateur Press Association, a loose

coalition of science fiction fans who write short fanzines each month. And each month, these fanzines are collated together into an issue of the apa, called a "mailing" or "disty" (for distribution), which is then mailed out to everyone who is a member of the apa. Apazines can consist of personal reflections, tirades on current events, amateur fiction, book, movie and album reviews and reports — whatever you happen to feel like writing about. Many people fill their 'zines with "mailing comments," directed to other apa members, commenting on something those people wrote about the previous month.

"Wow! Where can I sign up!" I said. Ken told me. And I did, and my life has never been the same since.

AZAPA was great fun. Unlike many other apas, it arrived punctually every month, with wide and varied contributions from almost all the apa members. So I cranked those stencils into the Smith-Corona, typed my little heart out, joined right in and had a wonderful time.

Ah, those were the halcyon days. I remember . . . the Toronto people: Janet Small (Wilson) (who became the OE of another feminist fannish legend, A Women's Apa), and Bob Wilson, Karen Pearlston, Faral, Bob Webber (more puns than one could possibly imagine), and Bill Brummer (and not to forget Grant Schuyler, who I remember caused a minor ruckus by publishing the size and length of his penis), and . . . and the Midwesterners, who popped in and out: Bill Bowers, Leah Zeldes, George "Lan" Laskowski (and the infamous Lori Carter — was she really Lan's hoax?) . . . and the demented talent Kip Williams of Colorado — his zine, the National Noid, still lives on in my memory and in my files . . . (and, coincidence beyond coincidence, within a year of my moving to Austin, Kip popped up in Houston!) . . . and the crazy LA people: Bruce Balfour, Steve Tymon, and Carl Hobkirk; and the other LA crazies like Marty Cantor and Andy . . . and the Minneapolis people: Fred Haskell and Sarah Prince . . . and of course the Arizonans: B. D. Arthurs, Tim Kyger, Teresa Nielsen, Patrick Hayden, Curt Stubbs, M. R. Hildebrand, Ugly John Carver, Bill Patterson, Greg Brown . . . oh, lots of people! It was truly amazing that B. D., as the Official Editor, could keep it going!

And then . . . the politics began. Iguanacon, the Phoenix Worldcon, started hotting up. An AZAPA mailing was dragged into court, a zine brought up and used as evidence in a hearing. Ugly John Carver took over as OE from B. D. Arthurs. The mailings started getting thinner, and later. The magic . . . died.

I still think apas are wonderful. But it takes the right mixture of people . . . volatile, explicit, voluble, direct, and interested in communicating with other

people. And it takes the right OE — with a good mimeo and ditto, and with the dedication to get the mailing out on time, every time. Few apas have, or will have, the unique combination of circumstances that made AZAPA so marvelous.

And I think the newest trends in fandom aren't towards print publishing at all. The newest apas are entirely electronic — those science-fiction bulletin boards that are starting up like grassfires

across the country. Like it or not, those are electronic APAs, folks. Yes, they're slightly different in format — but there's no problem in having some poor OE collate, staple, and mail fifty copies every month . . . those things are updated *every day*.

On the other hand, your average fan doesn't get a busy signal when he tries to use his mailbox . . .

— Pat Mueller

AZAPA: Another Fan's View

by Harry Andruschak

IN TRYING to write about AZAPA, I am handicapped by the fact that it was one of the first apas I joined. Like many a first love affair, the memories tend to be glorious and shining. Keeping that in mind as you read this, I shall tell you something of the peculiar story of AZAPA, The Arizona Amateur Press Association.

It all began in May of 1975. An enthusiastic neofan named Patrick Hayden was a member of MISHAP (a monthly Michigan apa based in Detroit). Patrick decided that the new fan group centered around Phoenix, Arizona, could use such an apa, and AZAPA was born. Patrick set a few ground rules: frequency (monthly), minac requirements (minimum activity: 2 pages every 2 mailings), and the initial copy count (30).

Bruce D. Arthurs took over at the second mailing, and under his direction the apa started to expand slowly — just as Arizona fandom was expanding at the time. I joined in December 1975, when I was attending Tuscon.

1976 was the Golden Age of AZAPA, at least in my faded hindsight. The apa grew, and seemed to center on two groups of fans: the Phoenix/Tucson group, and the Toronto/Detroit group. A small representation came from Denver (which had its own, small monthly apa) and Los Angeles (including myself); scattered fans from the rest of the country filled the roster.

In AZAPA we had Steve Tymon. The Demon Typer. He later won lasting fame as the fan who did a 165-page zine for LASFAPA. But even in AZAPA he wrote the longest zines anyone ever read. We also had Charles Korbass, who later won fannish fame by joining more apas than anyone ever before or since . . . maybe he was in 40 at the height of his activity. He was despised and rejected in all 40, due to blatant racism and sexism. Another memorable member was Mike Skloff, who had a teletype at work, and so would just punch up a tape, run it through the machine for the required number of copies, and trim the yellow pages. "TTY"

was the name of his zine.

It was a heady mixture, kept in firm control by Bruce D. Arthurs' steady hand as OE (Official Editor, the person who administers the operations of the apa). As none other could, B. D. kept a rational head amidst the many personality conflicts that were bound to crop up with such a volatile mixture of egocentric know-it-alls.

And Arizona fandom expanded, ran excellent local cons called LepreCons — and everything seemed just swell. But it couldn't last. It never does.

In 1976 Phoenix Phandom decided to try to bid for the 1978 Westercon. They were surprised at the support they got from many Los Angeles fans, including myself. The reason was simple. LASFS (the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society) was bidding for the 1978 Worldcon and did not feel they could handle two major cons in two months.

Then another LA group decided to bid for the '78 Westercon, and Phoenix retaliated by bidding for the Worldcon. LA won the Westercon, Phoenix the Worldcon, and AZAPA was doomed along with Phoenix Phandom. The inevitable personality conflicts created feuds — the likes of which I had never seen before — among the Phoenix Phans and all their helpers.

Meanwhile, back in LA, I decided that one of the reasons Los Angeles had lost the bid was a lack of fannish communications. LASFS did not publish a genzine (general interest fanzine), and the only apa it had was APA-L (a weekly apa with a very limited outside membership, due to horrendous postage costs). As such, I felt it was time for a monthly apa along the lines of AZAPA, and thus was born LAPA . . . which stood for LASFS APA. Tom Digby suggested other names, all better, and it finally came down to LASFAPA, the Los Angeles Scientifiction Fans' APA. I was the one responsible for the inclusion of the word "scientifiction."

While LASFAPA started going strong, AZAPA started going downhill. Too many feuds and arguments, too many

politics. The Toronto fans started a new apa called OASIS, which was supposed to be "AZAPA without the fuggheads." As a matter of fact, its feuds were sometimes worse than AZAPA's. Eventually, AZAPA folded.

When I had to pass on OEShip of LASFAPA, it went to Marty Cantor. Marty ran a taut apa — it became much more organized. One of his innovations was a formal *Official Organ* (a cover letter/table of contents, covering the "official business" of the apa), which was an outright duplication of the many innovations B. D. Arthurs introduced in AZAPA. Why change a winning format? And so AZAPA lived on in LASFAPA, and it has prospered to this day.

THE MAIN THING I learned from AZAPA was the value of "geographical spread." As much as anything, AZAPA's magic was in its membership — fans from Hawaii to Canada to Florida. The entrance of local politics and feuds has killed many apas — AZAPA included. So when I started LASFAPA I refused to give spec copies to many Los Angeles fans. "Do two pages to show you're interested," I said; some did, and some didn't. The leftover copies went to out-of-towners . . . and in a couple of cases out of the country. We still have members from The Netherlands and Australia. And a hefty percentage of the roster is not from the LA area.

One AZAPA tradition which LASFAPA has carried on is the annual photo-cover. Every year the members send in black and white pictures, which are collaged together for a cover. Sure, it's expensive — but it gives a sense of "family" to the members of the apa.

Covers are important. In AZAPA the cover artist always received a free copy of the mailing even if s/he was not a member — and always got the next two mailings to see what comments the cover generated. LASFAPA carries on this tradition, and it is well worth the expense. If we have two sections, or three, we will have that many covers. Sometimes these covers are linked together thematically, or are done by the same artists. And there are also back covers if the money and art is at hand.

And that is all for now, as far as my memory goes. I suppose that when I read this in the *Texas SF Inquirer* I shall come up with a few more memories, and they may be just as foggy and selective. But that's fan history for you.

— Harry Andruschak

If you're interested in finding out more about apas, Mike Horvat publishes a 'zine called *South of the Moon* which lists all known public apas. Write to him at 112 E. Burnette St., Stayton, OR 97133 for more information.

FanFile:

S. E. Woodard-Vladyka



It's easy to tell when you've walked into a fan's house. There are books everywhere!

S.E. Woodard-Vladyka is no exception. She's been reading science fiction and fantasy since she was 12, and has been collecting books and magazines ever since then. She subscribes to *Galaxy*, *F&SF*, *Analog*, *Amazing*, and *IASFM*, and collects back issues of these and other pulp magazines. "I have all of *Asimov's*, about half of *Amazing* from '62 on (and many before '62), all but 3 *Analog's* from '70 on, half of the *Fantastic Stories* from '65 to '80, all but 12 *F&SF's* since '66, and all but 8 *Galaxies* from '69 on, she brags. Her two-car garage is filled with sf books and pulp magazines — and the car sits outside.

When your collection gets that big, it's hard to remember what you've got and what you want to buy. So S.E. started a catalog in January of 1981.

"It started out as a listing of the names and issue numbers of the books and pulps I owned," she explains. "It was basically a portable buying guide for my library." Like anything else, over the years her "listings" expanded, and now include just about everything you ever wanted to know about any particular author. She keeps her catalog in big black notebooks, and carries them with her when she goes on book-buying expeditions.

After reading sf for 18 years, S.E. finally discovered fandom in 1980 when she went to her first convention in Houston. "The first con was fun and they got better as I learned more about cons," she laughs. After that, she started to expand her cataloging activities to include con-

vention listings, guest of honor appearances and convention histories. She's started corresponding with a number of authors to fill out some blank areas in her catalog (and, in some cases, to get a head start on forthcoming works).

Cataloging sf and fantasy works is not new to fandom — for example, Willie Siros is currently working on a Science Fiction Book Club bibliography — but S.E.'s scope is amazing. Right now, S.E.'s goal is to have a definitive list of all science-fiction and fantasy books ever published. She's always looking for new information, and is also willing to help other catalogers out. Why? "It keeps me busy," she says.

— Dennis Virzi

THE BOOK/MAGAZINE INDEX

When I decided to start cataloging my books and magazines, I had never done anything like this before. I wasn't sure how to go about it, so I just listed the information I thought I needed. As the catalog grew, I refined my system and kept adding more codes and more information — and the only sensible way to deal with this mass of information was a card index. (I realize computers are better, but it's just not possible right now.)

I use a Recordplate 838 ring binder — it has twelve 2 1/2" x 5" looseleaf inserts per page, which lets me add sheets without disturbing other entries, and displays twelve authors at a glance. Divider tabs separate every dozen authors; additional sheets for an author are stored beneath the top sheet.

A typical entry will have the author's name on the left side of the top line. Book titles are listed below the name and are continued on the back of the card (and on subsequent cards as necessary). Optional information next to the author's name can include brief bio information, pen names and collaborators. I also place a colored circle in the upper right corner, indicating the primary type of work the author does (sf, fantasy, or reference).

If I own the book, I place a large checkmark to the left of the title. Next to the title are codes that tell me various things about the book — the year of the first edition, if the book is a collection of short stories (and how many stories there are in the collection), if it's part of a series, the name of the cover artist, and information about the edition I own (whether it's paperback or hardcover, the condition of the book, and its cover price).

Since I don't own all the books I have listed, I've relied on various mail order book catalogs and reference works (such as Robert A. Madle's *Science Fiction & Fantasy Cata-*

logue, and *The Science Fiction and Heroic Fantasy Author Index* by Stuart W. Wells III) to fill in the gaps.

THE CONVENTION INDEX

I started indexing and cataloging American SF conventions in mid-1981, as a way to keep track of cons and authors. I keep three cross-indexes: 1) the conventions themselves (including as much convention history as I can dig up), 2) "Authors Attending", and 3) a chronological list of conventions.

If I want to find out what cons C.J. Cherryh will be attending this year, I simply look her up in file #2. If any of the cons she'll be at look interesting, I can then look them up in file #1 to see who else is attending, what kind of convention it is, etc. On the other hand, if I'm simply looking for a con to attend in June, I look in file #3.

Since this index was set up, I have shared

this information with authors, artists, hucksters, and convention committees. Concoms use it to see what other conventions are scheduled for the same weekend as their convention, or to see what authors are already booked somewhere else. Some are interested to learn what cons their favorite authors are attending, or what cons are planned in their area. Authors can use the index for the same thing, and for a record of where they've been. All they do is send me an SASE with their request for information, and I supply anything I can.

This is how my index helps others. I'd like some help myself. If anyone has any old or new flyers — or (dare I ask) any old or new program books (copies are OK), I'd love to have them. I need information to make my index more complete!

—S.E. Woodard-Vladyka
3035 Sycamore Springs Dr.
Kingwood, TX 77339

Movie Reviews

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock

To my mind, *Star Trek III* is the first *Trek* film to enter into the *Star Trek* mystique. (I liked the first *Star Trek* film despite its limitations, but thought the second film was nearly a total loss.)

What lapses there are in *Star Trek III* have mainly to do with the constraints placed on it as a result of coming after *Star Wars* and its successors. Special effects by Industrial Light and Magic hark back to George Lucas's film; for instance, the absurd snakelike monster that the Klingons wrestle with on the Genesis planet is simply a bigger version of the one that pulled Luke Skywalker into the sewage. However, none of these lifts affect the essence of the film; they seem to have been pasted on to satisfy a production committee fearful that this film wouldn't otherwise be credible to an audience fed on recent Hollywood special effects.

The profanities in the dialogue are equally uncharacteristic of the TV series, but are far less jarring than the jazzed-up effects; even

if Kirk never called a Klingon a "bastard" on TV, he was clearly capable of doing so despite the censorship of network-TV programming.

While these changes collectively give the film a different feel than the TV series had, they leave untouched the center of the film — the attempt of the principals of the *Enterprise* to recover and maintain their own unity, perhaps the central theme of the *Star Trek* TV series itself.

Leonard Nimoy, it turns out, was the right choice for the director of this film. He provides this film with a heart, a center of interest and feeling. It's not just that the old *Star Trek* is back; Nimoy extends what was good about the old *Star Trek* into an original territory of his own.

Clever plotting is *de rigueur* in any *Star Trek* story worth the name, and this film is no exception. A common plot-motif of the TV version was that of the doppelganger, with either *Enterprise* crewmembers or individuals specific to an episode doubled in a malevolent way. The screenplay by Harve Bennett picks up on this motif in using Spock and McCoy as doubles, and Nimoy realizes the notion on



film convincingly. The bravest change that this film makes in the *Star Trek* mystique is, of course, the destruction of the *Enterprise*, but the loss of the starship actually suggests that the characters themselves are the *Enterprise*. In Nimoy's film, the *Enterprise* becomes a thing of the spirit. The *Enterprise* crew, dependent for so long on the ship for their identity, prove to themselves that they can become independent from it but not from one another.

The most personal contribution that Nimoy makes to the *Star Trek* mystique in this film lies in his delineation of the races portrayed. Nimoy assigns specific senses to the Vulcans, suggesting their affinity for hearing and speaking but not seeing. The exaggerated ears of the Vulcans become a trope in this film, for the Vulcans do hear better than humans. Kirk hears the threat to his son's life but refuses to act until his son is killed; when Spock's father, Saarek, hears of his son's death, he immediately grasps the threat involved. In the first confrontation between Kirk and Saarek, an extreme close-up shot of Saarek's lips is juxtaposed with a close-up of Kirk's eye — here the sense perception of each species comes clear. Later in the ceremony on the planet Vulcan, the lips of Dame Judith Anderson are emphasized while her eyes, and those of all the Vulcans in the ceremony, are closed. Another haunting scene is the one of McCoy sitting on Spock's bed trying to speak to the Vulcan after the destruction of the *Genesis* planet; as McCoy tries ineffectually to use his voice, Spock lies there serenely self-contained, far beyond his immediate surroundings.

Nimoy ultimately aligns the Vulcans with Oriental mysticism, particularly with Tibetan religious imagery. Interestingly, he portrays the westernized races of Earth, represented by Sulu, as having lost the Oriental mysticism that the Vulcans have come to embody. The Vulcans "limited" emotions prove to be deeper than human ones, but the humans earn the right to witness the ceremony and share in Vulcan mysticism by rescuing Spock.

Nimoy has it both ways in this film — he provides the pleasures of the TV series while establishing himself as an expressive filmmaker. Rumor has it that he will also direct the fourth film — if so, the odds are good that the *Star Trek* mystique will indeed continue.

— Michael J. Emery

DUNE in Review by Hawkeye Graham

It is a great disservice to David Lynch's film version of *Dune* that it has been so eagerly anticipated. Few movies, if any, could have lived up to such hope. And Lynch's *Dune* is simply not very good.

Dune is very well-made, however, and that might blind some people to just how bad it is. All of the visual grandeur of the various royal houses of Herbert's book, the castles, exotic settings, strange creatures, all the accoutrements of *Dune* that you read about in the book and said, "Boy, they'll never film that — it'd cost a fortune!" — well, that stuff is all there. Dino De Laurentiis spent the fortune.

De Laurentiis seems to be getting smarter as time passes. He has not delivered another completely inept film, on the order of his version of *King Kong*. De Laurentiis passed the movie on to his daughter Raffaella De Laurentiis to produce, and to David Lynch,

the talented director who made *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*, to direct and — unfortunately — write the screenplay.

Lynch's talent (as a director) is evident throughout the movie. Working with Anthony Masters as a production designer and Bob Ringwood as a costumer, Lynch has come up with an evocative look of Art Deco-medievalism. Princess Irulan sweeps through an Imperial throne room of gold and jade that looks like a set from some 30's Hollywood fantasy of modernism, wearing a dress that is French court, circa the 16th century. The Atrides retainers wear uniforms that Prussian officers might have worn before the turn of the century, and march through a Caladan castle that seems to have been completely carved from wood and trimmed with leather. *Dune* is beautiful, and, if you don't mind how thoroughly the characters have been debauched, it is an enjoyable production.

But the people of *Dune* are not here. At best, Lynch has delivered a chewing-gum, comic-book version of the history of Paul Atrides, called Muad'Dib, who finds himself at the center of all the intrigues of his galaxy. In Herbert's book, you were given a sense of Paul's thoughts and feelings about all the forces beyond his control that were shaping his life, almost in spite of him. In the movie, Paul is just the central figure in a tapestry.

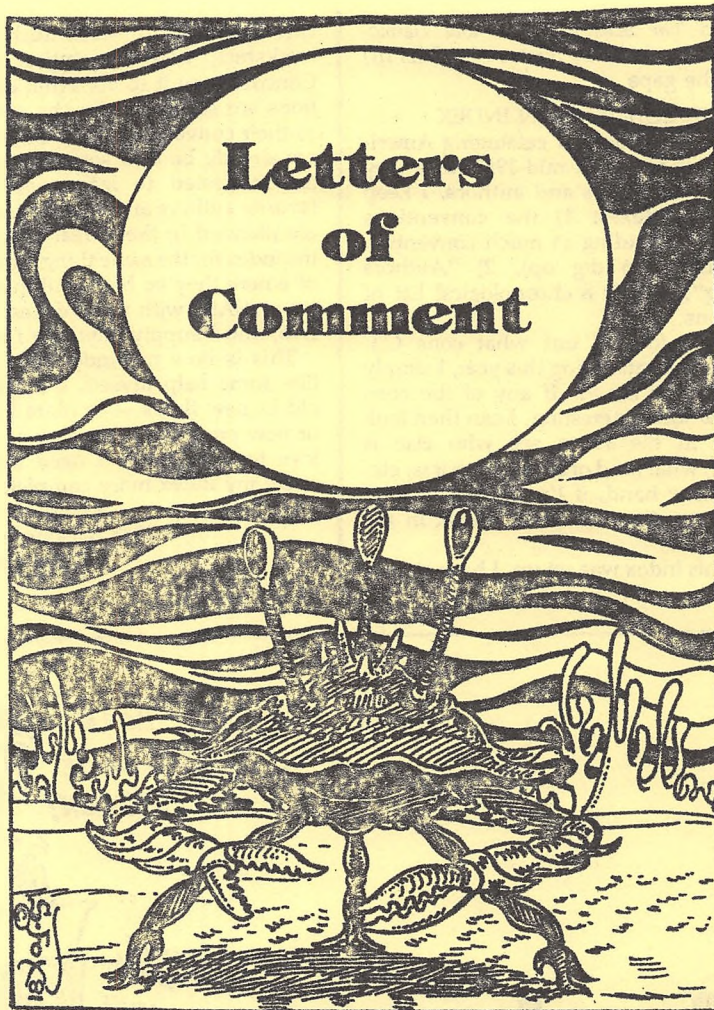
A word on the acting, which is almost uniformly excellent. Kyle MacLachlan as Paul ages nicely into the role, but only in appearance — the film never allows him to make any personal admission of what he's feeling. I believe the only character who got that opportunity was Dean Stockwell, as Doctor Yueh, who is given a tantalizing and brief moment on the screen, crying, after betraying all the principles of his life. If you know what's going on in Yueh's mind, it is a moving moment. Once again, the script trips over itself, and it never presents the information of why Yueh betrayed the Duke — until after the scene in which we see him crying. Both times I've seen the movie I've heard people asking why was this man crying.

The disregard of the people in *Dune* is not restricted to the minor characters, either. Lady Jessica, the largest character in the story after Paul, does not have a single line of dialogue in the movie once they take up with the Fremens. Stilgar is a cypher, and Chani is reduced to a generic Love Interest for the Hero. A narrator tells us that Paul and Chani fall in love, in a voiceover on a scene of the two of them kissing. If I hadn't read the book I'd have been pressed to wonder why.

Instead of delving into the feelings, ambitions, and desires of the very fascinating people that Herbert wrote about, Lynch is fascinated with the spice drug and its ability to create visions of the future. And so *Dune* is filled with hallucinatory passages of unconnected images of the second moon of Arrakis, dripping water (would someone please turn that faucet completely off?), and a hand, opening toward you, palm foremost, that Pat Mueller has dubbed "Hand Solo." You get very bored with that hand. Meanwhile, on the soundtrack we hear various lines of dialogue from Paul's past and future — the same lines, again and again and again — always ending with Duke Leto's admonition to Paul that "the Sleeper must awaken."

The Sleeper does awaken, I am happy to say, in this movie. But by that time, you may find that you've nodded off.

— Hawkeye Graham



Letters of Comment

The only serious inconvenience I experienced from the long interval between *Inquirers* is the way it caused me to continue to wallow in ignorance several more months about deely-boppers. Now I feel as if I'd become part of the 20th century and well aware of contemporary life . . .

I don't know quite how to comment on most of the convention news and reports in this new issue, except to say that I enjoyed them. A few items left me with somewhat disturbed emotions, like the commotion at that gamers' convention in Dallas. Hasn't the hotel heard about the substance Hagerstown puts on its fire alarm levers? It is invisible under normal light but it fluoresces or something under a special type of light. Anyone suspected of pulling the lever to turn in a false alarm has his hands placed under that special light bulb and some of the substance will glow if he's guilty.

Leah Zeldes restored my faith in fandom by staying up all night to put out a fanzine instead of getting the sleep she needed before going to a con. Fanzine fandom isn't dead when such episodes of dedication and devotion still occur.

On the matter of the vertical names on badges for DeepSouthcon: I have been under the impression that at least half of the people attending any con spend most of their time in a horizontal position to facilitate their enjoyment of the opposite sex or the same sex, depending on individual preferences. So I would imagine that the unorthodox positioning

of the name on the badge would make it easier to read for many fans except in cases where two fans have become extremely intimate before looking to determine one another's name. I still like my old proposal, that of a name badge shaped to fit on the middle of the forehead and bridge of the nose, held in place with adhesive tape. That way you could walk up to a strange fan and greet him by name without that telltale lowering of the eyes to look at the name on his chest.

The duelling reviewers were fun to read. I kept wondering how much sincerity might be adulterating the all-out partisanship from both Jimmy Fred and Houston.

I'm properly impressed by all the preparations your NASFiC obligations involve. The prospective increase in the first class postage rate in the near future doesn't seem so awful, compared with the amounts of money involved in producing and attending conventions nowadays.

Thanks for remembering me with this issue. And just think, if you'd published more promptly, I wouldn't have had this comparatively new ribbon on the typewriter when the time came to respond to it.

Harry Warner, Jr.
Hagerstown, MD

((Hmnn. Seems that no matter what I do, I have to explain some bit of jargon to someone. Deely-boppers to you, SMOF and GAFIATE to John Moore. It's not much of a problem, though — gives me something to talk about . . .

((Too many bad things are happening at conventions lately. There were false fire alarms at Windycon in Chicago this past year, too. Comes from letting the riff-raff in, I guess (and I'm only saying that half-facetiously). But subjecting everyone at the convention to a spot-check of their hands is probably too neo-Nazi for fans to cope with. Perhaps exercising a bit more peer pressure, and not blocking out the newcomers "riff-raff" (so they feel as if they belong, and peer pressure actually will work) will help.

((I like what Willie Sirois once did at a convention, when he caught some younger fans punching all the floor buttons up on an elevator: He cornered them in the elevator and made them ride it all the way up to the top floor, floor by floor, and all the way back down again . . .

((Hmmm. If the names are printed vertically, and one views the namebadge horizontally, the letters are all on their sides. I had to experiment with your theory to disprove it, and it's all your fault . . .

((Your previous problems with the tiny print in the *Inquirer* have been solved! For you, a special favor — a photocopy-enlarged version, so it's easier to read. If any other fans out there have problems with the tiny type, just write and ask, and I'll send you one, too. Of course, if you'd all send more money, and subscribe instead of hoping to get it free all the time, the type wouldn't be so tiny — there'd just be more pages, instead . . . —pm))

Jimmy Fred . . . now there's a guy I agree with. I wish I had a dozen female slaves. They wouldn't even have to work very hard. Now, all I have is an empty cabin in the mountains. Girls! Will equip it to your needs — if you want animals, woodstoves, flowers, bucket water, privacy, oil lamps and horny old man. Want a horse? How about several horses? Maybe a camel? Or deer that eat your roses, or chipmunks to eat your flower bulbs. I sure do like wimmings.

Y'know, at the Univ. of Wyoming, there's this neat little lake just full of swimming little dragons with feathers growing out of their ears, and the friendliest cowgirls.

Was deep into ufology/bigfoot, etc. and ghosts at one time. Still pub a zine on it. Maybe that family is being used for a long historical/medical record — like guinea pigs. I was in the medical racket years ago. Never found any UFO or bigfoot wimmings tho, so I'm losing interest.

Where can I buy a deely-bopper! I'd like to wear one around the cabin. If no one shoots me, I'll tell you about the reactions.

Don't see why you people worry about weapons . . . you mean guns . . . If you don't pull that little twig sticking down out the bottom, nuthin' will happen. And if you do pull it, make sure it's aimed at someone you don't like so nuthin' bad will happen.

Paul Doerr
Suisun, CA

P.S. As for warfare, I think "big" is about passe. One nuke for a city, big ship, fortress, or bunch of players or missiles is too "cost effective." I expect more car-delivered bombs (like Lebanon) but crude and dirty nukes and the military will be small, dispersed forces (maybe squad strength) with fantastic firepower (super bazookas, city-levelers, crop-destroyers, etc.). The foot-soldier will be IT again.

((Um. Check in novelty shops and out-of-the-way five-and-dimes for deely-boppers. —pm))

Greatly enjoyed the latest issue of the *Inquirer*. I am just becoming active in fandom, so the convention reports are very helpful. Here's another one. Found out what Deely Boppers are, now how about explaining Gaffate and Smof? And another thing, why are so many people I see at cons nerds? It seems like all the ones I've been to are overrun by pudgy guys with big thick glasses and bookbags.

John Moore
Houston, TX

((Himn, let's refer to the trusty ol' *Neo-Fan's Guide to Science Fiction* for "official" (read: concise) definitions.

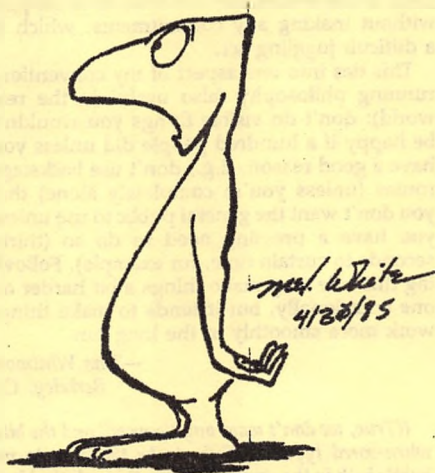
((GAFIA is an acronym for "Getting Away From It All" — the desire or the necessity to leave fans and fandom behind. It used to mean getting away from mundane life and immersing oneself in fandom, but has gotten twisted into the current definition. You can always tell when you've ascended to another level of fannish involvement, because you get these odd urges to gaffate . . .

((SMOF is another acronym, for "Secret Masters of Fandom." A Smof is a person who considers him/herself to be one of the real "rulers" of fandom, making decisions, running fan politics. According to the *Neo-Fan's Guide*, "Actually, these poor fellows are suffering from delusions of grandeur." Hah. The word can also be used as a verb (i.e., to smof). Some fans call gossiping with other fans "smoffing."

((FACT had some copies of the *Neo-Fan's Guide* for sale, imported from L.A. Con II, but they're all gone now. If you'd like one, write to LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601; if they have any left, they'll send one to you for \$1.60. Profits from sales of the *Neo-Fan's Guide* go to DUFF (Down Under Fan Fund) and TAFF (Trans Atlantic Fan Fund).

((As to why so many fans are "nerds" — well, I guess it depends on your definition of Nerd. Your typical fan is a pudgy guy with thick glasses and lousy communication skills. Be nice to them; don't pay attention to how they say things, but what they're saying. Try to get them to listen to what you have to say, too. As soon as they stop being nerdy, they usually turn into real people. Usually. There are exceptions . . . —pm))

GHOSH!



The *Inquirer* is a nice looking little magazine, and it has some good articles. I'm glad to see it coming out again. And it seems like a good place to air a bit of controversy . . . oddly enough, about an article in the first LoneStarCon progress report: the one about Media Fandom, "Insane, Like Anything Else These Days . . ."

The first time I read this piece I was annoyed, insulted and a little bit frightened. Annoyed, because C. L. Crouch took such an antagonistic approach to a real problem. Insulted, because C. L. Crouch is not a good enough stylist to get away with the style he/she was trying to use. Frightened, because I get worried whenever anyone uses lines like " . . . we do bite when bored," particularly when I'm more likely to have to deal with the people who take that line more seriously than the person writing it. I also hope that the word "not" was left out of the sentence, "I see a cheerful future as long as the lines of communication are jammed with blood." Blood gets in the way of communications a bit too thoroughly.

There are good points hidden in this piece. That media fandom is active in Texas is good. Even better is the fact (nowhere alluded to in this piece) that large numbers of media fans are actively involved in the work that is now going on for LoneStarCon. It's unfortunate that the piece implies that the people putting on the convention have an obligation to keep media fans amused and to supply "someone of 'star' caliber" to help amuse them. Contrary to popular belief, the people putting on a convention do not have any obligation to amuse any one fan, or group of fans. They have an obligation to put on the convention they have (in effect) contracted to put on, and beyond that they have no obligation. Usually, they do a shitload of work and produce interesting programs and such to amuse themselves, and to pay this nebulous social group called fandom back for having amused them in the past. But nobody who comes in demanding to be amused is likely to find much amusing going on. And anyone who backs up those demands with threats is very unlikely to be accepted in the social circle that is fandom. How would media fans feel about people who threatened to disrupt media conventions if Robert Heinlein (or his equivalent) didn't come to the con?

If you want to see programming you like at a convention, you have to get involved with the group that is putting on that convention. And if they won't play your game, why not go off on your own and hold your own convention? Anyone can learn to do it; it doesn't take more than a year of planning to put on a reasonable size convention, and you'll learn a lot about dealing with people that is hard to learn any other way.

Tirades are usually not heard by the people they are aimed at, so I'd better cut this short. There are good and bad fanzine fans, good and bad media fans, good and bad convention fans. A person who is "good" under one set of rules is "bad" under another. Anyone who tries to get in the way of the socially accepted norms of a group they are in is going to have problems. After all, it's those norms that really define the group. If you want to be part of our group you have to commit some part of yourself to it. Once you've done that, we'll start listening to what you as an individual bring to us. Everyone I know who has been in fandom (or the folk music world, or any other social group) for more than a couple of years has had to do this. To some extent, the

FANVISH DEITIES



FARFETCHED & the GRAY MAUSER (neo security food)

amount the group listens is based on how much commitment they see; but that's a sociology question for late night discussion at a con party.

Tom Whitmore
Berkeley, CA

((Ah, yes, the famous typo . . . leaving the word "not" out of "lines of communication are jammed with blood."

((You're probably right, in a way, that I maybe shouldn't have printed Connie's article in the progress report; hindsight is wonderful. I wanted to show the media fans — of which Texas has a rather large contingent — that we were keeping them in mind, too (along with the fanzine fans, with the Fan Lounge and Mimeo Room; and along with the costume fans, with the Masquerade; and along with the book collectors and serious readers, with the guests and authors and autograph sessions; and along with the feminists, and along with — you get the idea).

((However, I kind of disagree that "the people putting on a convention do not have any obligation to amuse any one fan, or group of fans." I agree that you shouldn't cater to any one specific interest group — but you should try for enough variety to keep most people interested and amused. If they aren't going to have fun, why should they come? If they don't come, how are you going to break even? How can you afford to put on the convention in the first place? It kind of devolves down to simple marketing. I kind of agree with Carolyn Cooper in

that a convention is like a big party for all your friends, and you're obligated (up to a point) to make sure your friends have a good time. Of course, you're also right in that "nobody who comes in demanding to be amused is likely to find much amusing going on"; you have to keep an open mind about such things. I like your turn-the-tables example of "trufans" threatening to disrupt a media convention if someone like Heinlein wasn't there . . . (I also don't see anything in the media piece, other than the offhand "bite when bored" that implies media people will disrupt Lone Star Con . . .)

((Oh, well. Getting back to the "someone of star caliber" showing up at a media con: it's pocket philosophy time again. Most "regular" cons have authors as guests; after all, reading a book is a form of one-way communication between the author and reader, and readers attend cons to transform that into a sort of two-way communication (which, due to the fan/author ratio, tends to devolve down to the cliché'd "Gee, I really like your books" . . .) But, after all, the author notwithstanding, it's the characters that make a novel real for its readers. From what I've seen, media fans tend to fasten upon actors, who appear in their living rooms, as embodiments of the characters and universes they're acting out — and of course they're going to flock to conventions to see these people doing something different from what they can see in their living rooms. Tends to kind of add grist to the fantasy mill, so to speak. I went to a Star Trek club meeting in East Lansing years ago, back when I wasn't really a fan but was wondering what it was all about, and sat through an interminable slide show consisting of "And here's Bill" doing this when he was here, and here's Bill again, and again, and here's Bill and Leonard doing that, and that . . . and this . . . and that . . . Everybody sat with their tongues hanging out onto the floor. I came away from that with a bad taste in my mouth (which, in all fairness, could have come from the carpet in the meeting room). — pm))

It is specifically the "bite when bored" that worries me, for the reasons I stated in my previous letter. I do not expect Crouch or any of her friends to do things that would disrupt the con, but I worry about the person who reads that piece and takes it as license to screw up the convention because he/she is bored. Which is what I meant by my having to deal with the problem: by default, the C&C rovers and highers-up usually have to deal either with the people causing such trouble or with the hotel/cops, at least until the right person gets found. And what kind of response that person gets depends to a great extent on what we have done in the meantime; We have to be helpful without making any commitments, which is a difficult juggling act.

This ties into one aspect of my convention-running philosophy (also useful in the real world): don't do visible things you wouldn't be happy if a hundred people did unless you have a good reason. E.g., don't use backstage routes (unless you're completely alone) that you don't want the general public to use unless you have a pressing need to do so (thirty seconds to curtain time, for example). Following this rule may make things a bit harder on one occasionally, but it tends to make things work more smoothly in the long run.

—Tom Whitmore
Berkeley, CA

((True, we don't want any "scenes" and the bite-when-bored type are likely to be the ones to put bubble bath in the rivulet running through the Hyatt lounge, or who will stage a Logan's Run type affair through the lobby of the Sheraton. They're also the

type who smear ketchup and mustard all over the elevator buttons, or who punch all the buttons, for every floor, and then get off on the fifth floor. If anyone out there reading this has even vaguely considered actually doing such reprehensible things, be warned — it's really not funny, and I have carefully honed the edge on one of my t-squares to razor-sharpness, to take care of you. Silliness like that leaves a bad taste in everyone's mouth . . . — pm))

I am going to try and fix up one item here, submissions to the Inquirer. In this new one (8/9), there are three more of my fillos (thanks!). But they are also almost a waste of time to have printed, what with virtually all of the fine-line shading work dropping out, and many of the other lines breaking up all over the drawings. I'm more than happy to send art, but seems like a waste of time to send things that won't even get decent reproduction. You reduce all this stuff quite a bit — is that standard, or is it simply to try and fit them into the three-column format? No spit, Pat, the repro on the art is kinda pitiful so far — how are these things printed?

And a parting note — that "CENSORED" on page 1 is driving me nuts imagining what kind of horrible slander might have been there — you have no heart! Just leaving it blank would have been much better, now my night's continue to be sleepless as I stare wide-eyed into the darkness, muttering over and over . . . "Censored? Censored?"

Brad W. Foster
Irving, TX

((I fall all over my feet apologizing, Brad. Oops. Argh. Waah. It's just . . . I have to get a lot of stuff in these pages . . . and . . . well, I photocopy-reduced your art and . . . the offset printing on the last issue was a bit shabby anyway — the platemaker had some crud on one of the corona wires, or something — and your art suffered the most. I'm sorry. ((I said something a bit ill-advised, and Willie and Robert made me pull it the day we went to press. That's what the CENSORED was all about. Of course, the remark was rather innocuous, and if the people in question (who are not, by the way, media fans — get those hackles down!) were indeed a bit easier to get along with, that gentle jab would have been taken in the spirit in which it was meant. Anyway, I'm paranoid and now you're confused.))



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THE 'DILLO SQUAD ON ALERT

BOOK REVIEWS

Neuromancer and Palimpsests

reviewed by Howard Coleman

Neuromancer, by William Gibson. Ace, 1984. 271 pp. \$2.95.

Palimpsests, by Carter Scholz and Glenn Harcourt. Ace, 1984. 258 pp. \$2.95.

Terry Carr is once more editing a line of sf under the Ace imprint, called Ace Specials. To date, four books have appeared in the new series; they show a variety of style and content which makes it likely that this series, whatever else, will not be dull. The third and fourth books, *Neuromancer* and *Palimpsests*, make a nice pair to illustrate the point.

Neuromancer is Gibson's first novel and will look familiar to followers of his short fiction ("Burning Chrome," "Johnny Mnemonic," and the recent "New Rose Hotel"). His world is the underworld of a century hence, give or take. His characters are generally small-time crooks who get their chance and make it big or fail. His specialty is making you believe so firmly in the immediate details of their society that you are through the piece before you begin to wonder if the underpinning was really all that firm. It's easier to juggle chainsaws for five minutes than for an hour, and Gibson's correspondingly high tension performance goes over a little better in his short stories than in *Neuromancer*. Less than perfect is still pretty good, though, and the world of *Neuromancer* is so strongly imagined and so vividly conveyed that the book, while it may puzzle, never pales.

Neuromancer follows Case, a "cowboy" (a computer criminal) who could "punch deck" to access the "matrix," (the worldwide computer communications network in which almost all the world's business, legal and illegal, is transacted). Case got greedy and tried to steal from his employers, who caught him and had his nervous system altered so that he could no longer punch deck. Deprived of what he considers his only real existence — that which he experiences in cyberspace while interfaced to the matrix — Case has become a very minor hood in Chiba City, with nothing left but a slightly concealed death wish.

Enter Armitage, with the money and know-how to have Case repaired in order to do a special job; and Molly, the razorgirl with retractable claws who constitutes the muscle for the team. Case, Armitage, and Molly gather tools and accomplices (which are sometimes indistinguishable), and leave Earth to do the job and to meet the boss.

There are some fascinating places in *Neuromancer*: Chiba City, the Houston-to-Atlanta urban concentration known as the Sprawl, and orbital habitats as varied as anything-goes Freeside and the Rastafarian colony of Zion. Fascinating people, too, like the Rastas themselves and the Panther Modems, who help the scheme in different ways and for different reasons.

There's also a good bit of arcane-sounding technology, and here's where things can get

a little thick. Gibson's prose is wonderfully fluid; it's easy to read his book by sweeping along on his narrative wave. Not only does he have an ear for English, but he speaks impeccable jargon as well. Now, this is not a complaint. As mentioned, one of Gibson's strong points is his ability to let the reader feel the fine detail in his world. Since a major portion of that world is based on extrapolations from our current communications, computer, and biological technologies, his stories would be failures if the technical details didn't sound right. But the problem with competent-sounding jargon is that it's easy to ignore whether anything at all reasonable lies behind the words. (To be fair to the author, many an engineering career has been built on a command of jargon, to the exclusion of almost everything else.) Thinking about "punching deck" and the cyberspace experiences of Case leaves me with the feeling that there are gaps here that I don't understand, and that maybe the author didn't quite have it all down either. To what extent should sf descriptions of nonexistent technologies be accurate? Maybe not at all. To what extent should they be logically consistent? Maybe a little further than in *Neuromancer*.

So, don't read this book to learn how to become a cyberspace cowboy punching an Ono-Sendai deck equipped with a chatty ROM construct and a simstim attachment. On the other hand, if you're already a Gibson fan, or if you're interested in good sf done in style, you might take a look.

What we call "sf" (whether those initials stand for "science fiction" or "speculative fiction" or some more current attempt at compromise among the faithful) shines its brightest as a literature of ideas. When we find ourselves feeling defensive about sf, one of our favorite tactics is to raise the banner of "idea content" and wave it about madly, hoping to distract our antagonists from the fact that most sf lays no more claim to originality or to the provocation of thought than do most Gothic romances. The pair of books we're looking at here are nice examples of idea content in sf, in quite different ways.

Neuromancer creates an imagined society so close to our own that we can create for ourselves the connections between where we are now and where Case is then. Its ideas are ideas about what the future might be like. The concern in our other Ace Special, *Palimpsests*, is not just the future, but the present and past as well. *Palimpsests* is about Hans Christian Camus, whose burden is the inability to stop asking questions that have no easy answers.

In an act of frugality or piety, a monastic copier of manuscripts would scrape away the written surface of a parchment and inscribe his text on the newly erased medium. Perhaps so treated over and over through the centuries, the resulting artifact is found to bear not only the final words of the scribe but, under the proper examination, the earlier messages as

well. Which writing is then the most important? Is the true (or most interesting or clearest or . . .) message that which lies on the surface, or one obscured by later alterations? Are the writings really independent, or is there a combined message greater than the sum of the individual parts? Can the original text really be identified, beneath which lies only blank parchment, no matter what test we apply to pull out hidden words?

These are some of the questions which occupy Camus's life — and even his life is one of the palimpsests which bedevil him. He cannot help looking behind, below, around the surface, trying to find the hidden message, the true meaning. "When once he tried to use the word *sadisme* in a story he felt obliged to read all of Sade — which led him into history, politics, religion, philosophy — and so he commenced to skip like a spun stone across human knowledge, glancing off one subject to the next more interesting or more basic . . ." By now a graduate student in anthropology, Camus has a horror of the past and is relieved when a dig fails to produce results and their attendant layers of new meaning.

Thus he feels comfortable as the dig in the Neander Valley draws to a close. A century and a half after the remains of Neanderthal Man were discovered there, the location has been worked and reworked until little of interest can remain. Yet, at the last moment, an eighty-thousand-year-old burial site is found (so fortuitously as to cast suspicion on Camus's professor, an acknowledged expert on fakes). And, carefully placed above the head of the dead *neanderthalensis*, lies a metal cube, exactly two centimeters on a side.

The object of Camus's unintentional quest, a new chapter in his lifelong search, has appeared. How did the artifact reach its extended, but not final, resting place? Was it transmitted back through time? Is it not history, constantly rewritten, but the past itself which is the palimpsest? Camus does not so much seek the answers as he is pursued by the questions, from Europe to New Hampshire, Ohio, California, finally to Alaska and the Arctic, shedding both internal and external landmarks as he reaches the root of the matter, Radix Malorum.

Conveying this tale of Camus and the answers he finds (and those he doesn't find, and all the rest as well), *Palimpsests* fairly sparkles. Complex and almost playfully inventive, it is as much fun to read as anything since, say, Douglas Hofstadter's *Gödel, Escher, Bach*. (And it may take as long, too. If you get through the book in your standard 258-page paperback time, you've missed most of the good stuff.) The authors' fascination with words and ideas can be infectious: Camus has no choice but to wonder and pry at the reality beneath, and maybe by the time Scholz and Harcourt are done, neither does the reader.

If you claim to read sf for its ideas, here's your chance. While *Palimpsests* isn't necessarily the shape of sf to come, it is an intriguing journey into areas the genre seldom visits.

Four new Ace Specials have so far seen the light of day. There are two more to go in this batch, and I understand there might be another group coming as well. They aren't the only new and interesting sf being published, and they don't necessarily point the way for sf's future. But if you want to know where sf can go and what it can be — or if you're just interested in reading good books — you'd better keep an eye on this series.

— Howard Coleman

FOR THE DEFENSE

The "purity" of
Japanese animation

by Michael P. Wright

(Evidently we are caught in the midst of a battlezone. The combatants: fans of Japanese animation. The issue: the type of editorial and translation changes made when such programming is imported to the United States. Some fans argue for the "purity" of programming, and are against any and all editing; other fans argue otherwise. Michael Wright reports on his side of the battle.)

(The battle between the Purists For Japanese Animation vs. The Translating Studios has been especially fierce. The defense is about to make its closing remarks.)

Ladies and gentlemen, my learned opponent has done everything in his power to make you believe that my clients are totally wrong to even consider any editorial control, much less to act upon it. They have brought forth witnesses who are purists themselves, without giving the reactions of the common person who just turns on the television and happens to run across this programming. He has cited the worst examples of editing, without also recalling some of the better examples as well.

Let us review some of the facts, ladies and gentlemen. Any animation studio, whether in America, Japan, Australia, or any free country in the world, is a business! To survive, it must make a profit, and to make a profit it must sell its product to television studios. From there on, it depends on ratings and popularity to be able to sell it to other television stations after its initial release.

When a studio here in the United States buys the rights to translate and release these animated programs for the public to watch,

and to make money off of this product, he must make it acceptable to the society. It is perfectly normal for Japanese animated programs to show a great deal of violence. But the American people, with the tradition of the Puritan ethic, have deemed that too much violence is bad, especially since these programs are mainly for children. Thus, the violence has to be toned down for this type of programming to be sold to the television networks or individual stations.

My learned colleague has stated that the edited version is not how the Japanese studios have intended their product to be seen, but have failed to note that the animated programs that have been derived from Japanese *manga* (comics) have taken great liberties with the characters and situations. Is the final animated product how the Japanese comic creators intended for their products to be seen?

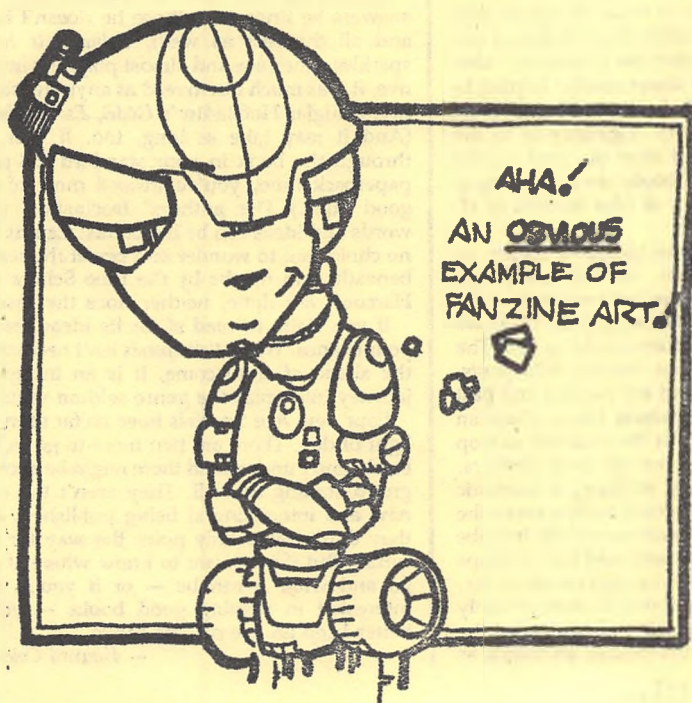
Once the product is sold to a foreign studio for translating, the Japanese studios have a minimal interest in what is done to it. Their main concern is that nothing be done which will damage their reputation and their ability to sell the animated product.

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I must ask you to find my clients innocent, due to artistic license. I must ask you to consider that the studios are a business, and must do whatever is necessary to survive, to bring more of this type of programming to us. I ask you not to condemn the act of editing in general, but finger specific studios if the editing is too drastic and the story is changed to an incredibly asinine level.

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