

THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER

"THE BEST LITTLE NEWSZINE IN TEXAS"

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Editor's Note: C#

NEWS

"Quid Quoth Pro"

by A.P. McQuiddy

"Lone Star," based upon the book of the same name by T.R. Fehrenbach, is an eight-part television mini-series that premiered nationally on Public Broadcasting Dec. 15, 1985. It starts in Austin Jan. 11, 1986. Mr. Fehrenbach describes it as "not sf, but some Yankees might say, fantasy..." His sf novel, tentatively titled *The Monster*, might see the light of day in 1987.

Voyagers II: The Alien Within is due this February in hardcover from TOR Books. The author, Ben Bova, says TOR will also bring out "completely re-written" versions of both *Kinsman* and *Millennium* later in the year. They originally appeared in 1976. Mr. Bova is currently working on a *Moonbase* book with Texas artist Pat Rawlings, to be published by Ballantine.

Lelia Foreman writes, "I'm working on the novel of the century; and should finish by about 2000. It's about filamentous phages." Well, that's certainly more than I can say about my writing career...

Meanwhile, Austinite and James Dean impersonator Lewis (Frontera) Shiner has a new story, "Jeff Beck," in the January 1986 *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*. Lew's also going to be in each of the first three *Wild Card* anthologies (edited by this year's AggieCon GoH, George R.R. Martin and coming from Bantam in 1987). Let's hope that we'll see Shiner's new novel in print by 1987 as well (working title: *Deserted Cities of the Heart*). He's almost through with the first draft, and is "still very pleased with it." The novel is a complete re-working of the thematic material in its namesake short story, and deals largely with revolution.

Also busy is Bruce Sterling, another local-boy-done-good and author of the highly-acclaimed *Schismatrix*. Bruce has completed his first project as editor: the

first and definitive "cyberpunk" anthology, featuring ArmadilloCon '86 GoH William Gibson, as well as Lewis Shiner, John Shirley, Pat Cadigan, Greg Bear, Rudy Rucker and "other assorted outlaw technologists." Look for a mid-'86 release from Arbor House. (The paperback edition of *Schismatrix* should be out about then as well.) And Gardner Dozois has chosen two of Bruce's stories, "Green Days in Brunei" and "Dinner in Audoghost," for his third *Best SF of the Year* anthology (due out soon from Bluejay). Another Sterling short story, "The Beautiful and the Sublime" will appear in IASFM shortly, and Bruce is hard at work on his fourth novel (tentatively titled *Islands in the Net*).

Speaking of William Gibson ... no doubt you're all in the middle of reading Gibson's new novel, *Count Zero*, which is being serialized in IASFM right now. Well, that was Dozois' first purchase as editor there, and Gibson says there were a few problems after Dozois agreed to the sale. It seems IASFM is a "family magazine" and there are a few things which "family magazines" won't print. Hence, all the oral-sex scenes were, um, pulled. And there were too many "motherfuckers" in *Count Zero*, so Gibson was asked to change two-thirds of them to "assholes." But wait! Now there are too many "assholes", so two-thirds of them become "jerks." For you purists out there, the unbowlidized hardcover is due out in January from Gollancz (UK), and Arbor House will publish the US edition in February.

Well-known Texas fantasist Ardath Mayhar was recently honored by the Parents' Choice Foundation — they chose her juvenile novel *Medicine Walk* as one of their "Literary Remarkable" books. An-

other Mayhar novel, *Soul-Singer of Tyrnos*, is on the South Carolina Librarians' Award list. Editor Charles L. Grant has purchased several of Ardath's stories for the *Midnight* and *Shadows* anthologies; and Atheneum is preparing to purchase her recently-completed young-adult fantasy, *Makra Choria*, for a Spring 1987 release.

Katharine Kimbriel has finally found a good home for her novel, *Fire Sanctuary*. She closed the deal with Warner/Questar at Lone Star Con, of all places ... The cover will be done by Don Dixon, and the book should be out by October of this year.

Bluejay Books will be printing **Jack Williamson's** *Firechild* this June. Jack also says he is somewhere over half-finished with *Land's End*, a collaborative effort with Frederik Pohl.

Roger Zelazny has given the seventh novel in the "Amber" series, *Blood of Amber*, to Arbor House; they plan a Fall '86 hardcover release. The paperback edition of *Trumps of Doom* is due from Avon in the spring, along with re-issues of the previous five Amber books (with new cover art). And the computer game *Nine Princes of Amber™* is now available from Telarium, formatted for the IBM, Commodore, and Apple systems.

Expect to see a mainstream thriller called *The Mia Ransom* on the shelves in July; author **Mike McQuay** hopes this Bantam release will be his breakthrough book. He's currently putting the final touches on *Memories*, a genetic time-travel book, for Bantam Spectra. Mike has also been selected to do one of the Isaac Asimov robot children's books for Byron Preiss, to be published by Berkley.

Suzette Haden Elgin has a new book coming out from DAW on February 1st: *Yonder Comes the Other End of Time*. It's a Coyote Jones book, but puts him on

Planet Ozark to deal with Responsible of Brightwater — science vs. magic. Elgin is currently typing the final manuscript for the sequel to *Native Tongue* (working title, *Native Tongue, Book Two*), which should hit the shelves from DAW in January or February of 1987. A new Elgin short story, "Lo, How an Oak E'er Blooming" appeared in the February F&SF. And she's producing an anthology tape of poets reading sf poetry, plus a handbook for sf poets, for the Science Fiction Poetry Association.

One of science fiction's finest artists, Oklahoman **David Cherry**, is finally starting to come into his own. Coerced out of a lucrative law practice by friends — including his sister, Carolyn Cherryh — David's work has been improving by leaps and bounds (case in point: the beautiful cover that graces the Phantasia Press hardcover edition of *Startide Rising* by David Brin).

Cherry has done a substantial amount of work for both Phantasia and DAW, largely illustrating his sister's books. Some upcoming titles with Cherry covers are: *Visible Light* (PP, Feb.; DAW, May); *The Kif Strike Back* and *Chanur's Homecoming* (both PP and DAW already out); and the fourth and final volume of the Chanur saga (PP, this year; Whelan does the DAW). David has also done the DAW cover for the re-issue of C.J.'s *Voyager in Night*, now on the stands. He has been asked to do interior artwork for *The Universe*, the sequel to Byron Preiss' Visible Publications book, *The Planets*. David will be doing the cover for *Starway to Forever* by Robert Adams (to be released late '86 or early '87 by TOR).

On a humorous note, the model for the kif on the cover of *Chanur's Homecoming* will be none other than the artist himself... however, David will be modeling only from the neck down, as the character's head is much more leonine than David's...

Barbara Bartholomew's juvenile sf "Time Keeper" trilogy (*The Time Keeper*, *Child of Tomorrow*, and *When Dreamers Cease to Dream*), will be a spring release from Grafton in England. It was originally published by NAL last summer.

Vampirism is back in vogue, and **Ellen Datlow** — ever keen to fashion trends — is working on a vampire anthology of original and reprinted material. Aside from being a judge for the World Fantasy Awards, editing three more *Omni* anthologies for Zebra Books, and acting as a consulting editor on a series of young-adult sf books *Omni* is putting together for Scholastic Books, Ellen will of course glide into Austin for her umpteenth ArmadilloCon this fall. We all hope she sinks her teeth into a few new story deals while she's here...

... even though she's already hard at work wringing stories out of our local writers. **Neal Barrett** has realized his first sale to *Omni* — a short story titled "Diner."

Local artist **Denis Loubet** has hit the big time — he's been doing work for Marvel Comics. He finished the pencil breakdowns for issues 35 and 36 of the *Thing* under the aegis of Sam de la Rosa, and did a little work on *Star Wars* 102 (an anonymous source says you can tell the Loubet pages — they're the only ones that looked good...).

Austin fan, writer and artist **Rick Shannon** is starting a new sf magazine/news-paper called *Trajectories*. He plans a tabloid format, with the first issue to feature an interview with Lewis Shiner. *Trajectories* will be distributed free within the four-state region — watch for it!

The Farthest Realm, an Austin sf-art gallery (1201 Rio Grande), will feature an exhibit of the astronomical paintings of **Bob Eggleton**, March 8 through April 16. Bob, who was Artist GoH at this year's Boskone, has also done a new limited-edition poster for The Farthest Realm.

On April 17, **Jean Auell** (*Clan of the Cave Bear*, etc.) will appear with her New York manager, as well as author **James Michener**, in a free panel discussion at the LBJ Library in Austin. I don't have any details right now, but it ought to be interesting, to say the least...

In other space-shuttle related news, **C.J. Cherryh** is spearheading a drive to purchase pro-space program advertisements in the *New York Times* and *Wall Street Journal*. Cherryh is looking for 350 sponsors to donate \$350 each towards the campaign, which will (hopefully) spur people to write to their Congressmen, urging further space shuttle funding. Reportedly, DAW, Berkley and Bluejay will reproduce the advertisement as a book insert over the next six months as well. ★



Regular *CHEAP TRUTH* editor V. Omniaveritas is currently out of touch in Haiti, where he is pelting the Tonton Macoute with concrete blocks. And longtime *CHEAP TRUTH* contributor Sue Denim has our passports ready for a romantic tour of her own.

CHEAP TRUTH TOURS CENTRAL AMERICA

with Sue Denim

THE CURRENT CHAOS in Central America is the result of foreign meddling, greed, laziness, guilt, and misplaced idealism. That's a lot of factors, but then, Central America is a hell of a mess.

So is this year's Nebula ballot.

What happened? Take an area — say, Central America, or the SFWA — that has traditionally been governed by enlightened self-interest. Sweeten the pot by making this area suddenly very valuable — either politically or monetarily — and the adjective “enlightened” tends to disappear.

For example. Say you're an over-the-hill SF writer or politician, like Anastasio Somoza. You're going to do anything you can to keep your power — beg, plead, humiliate yourself, take help from anybody, even the U.S., just to get those votes. If you're an up-and-coming politician, you're going to curry favor as widely as you can (one reviewer recommended over 125 stories in one category alone, bloating the ballot like a drowned corpse).

But enough generalities. Climb into our Mi-24 Hind gunship and let's have a look at the countryside.

First stop: Costa Rica. Here is a fairly stable democracy — conservative, predictable, with a comparatively high standard of living that's the result of guilt — American guilt over the country's former banana republic status. How like this year's novels: Greg Bear's *Blood Music*, which expands predictably his earlier brilliant (and award winning) short story. *Dinner at Deviant's Palace* by Tim Powers, on the ballot for everyone who really liked his *Anubis Gates* and forgot to vote for it before Powers joined SF-WA. *Ender's Game* by Orson Scott Card. (How many people voted for this because it has all the ritual trappings of military SF, complete with cadet school and blowing up alien ships real good?) David Brin's two-dimensional *Postman*. Malzberg's *Remaking of Sigmund Freud*. (Surely we should give him a Nebula for something. He's always telling us what an unsung genius he is.)

Even the good stuff here in Costa Rica is tainted with guilt and predictability. Bruce Sterling's *Schismatrix* is first-class futurism. But in many ways it's the book he was expected to write, the logical culmination of his popular “Shaper/Mechanist” stories. Brian Aldiss's *Helliconia Winter* is by no means the strongest element of the trilogy (and why the hell isn't the trilogy on here as a single item, *Helliconia*?), but it's too late now to recognise the first two books.

A few hundred miles north is El Salvador, Costa Rica gone wrong. Here democracy is enforced at gunpoint, and inspiration is in jail. It is the

dictatorship of the novella. Here Generalissimo Silverberg rakes in the big bucks with his predictable “Sailing to Byzantium.” On his right hand sits the former firebrand James Tiptree, Jr., now apparently suffering from a Heinlein-ish senility and turning out gushing '40's space opera like “The Only Neat Thing To Do.” Kate Wilhelm turns in a limp nod to Castaneda with “The Gorgon Field” (it's too hot to work hard here in El Salvador). Kim Stanley Robinson, the American attache, is eager and earnest in his walking shorts and knapsack, but his “Green Mars” is marooned in the '70's. There is some nice landscape — Roger Zelazny presides over a scenic province called “24 Views of Mount Fuji” — but it has no life or heart.

Then there are the “desaparecidos,” like Norman Spinrad's “World War Last,” which you won't see on the ballot. They have simply ceased to exist, for being too noisy, too unorthodox, asking too many hard questions.

But wait! What's that up in the hills? It's Bruce Sterling's “Green Days in Brunei,” the single most visionary and exciting piece of fiction on the ballot, armed to the teeth and about to blow this fatuous and complacent government off the map! We'd better head back to the gunship and be on our way.

Welcome to Nicaragua, home of the dream gone sour. Liberals around the world feel compelled to continue to praise the Sandinista revolution, even though its armies have regressed to the same terror tactics as the Guardia they replaced. Just as the “younger writers” (all of them at least in their thirties) continue to admire the bloodless, self-conscious work of Michael Bishop (“Gift from the Graylanders”), Lucius Shepard (“The Jaguar Hunter”) or Harlan Ellison (“Paladin of the Lost Hour”). William Gibson and Michael Swanwick, like the Sandanistas' Commander Zero, seem terribly uncomfortable in this regime, managing only a heartless, pro-forma video-game exercise, “Dogfight.” The chameleon-like Scott Card here offers “The Fringe,” a competent and very politically correct tale of a handicapped schoolteacher. George Martin's “Portraits of His Children” is an insufferable bit of pretended self-criticism that looks like it was written to please a State Committee of Mandatory Literary Values. (Your tour guide is unable, at press time, to comment on S.C. Sykes' “Rockabye Baby” due to her inability to read *Analog* in recent years.)

It's time to get away from these poetic revolutionaries who are taking themselves all so seriously. Let's copter off to polluted, overcrowded, corrupt, and exciting Mexico City for a night on the town.

Did somebody say crowded? Eight nominees.

But anything goes in Mexico City. Howard Waldrop, rather than gamble on actually winning a Nebula, got greedy and decided to leave both his stories, “Flying Saucer Rock and Roll” and “Heirs of the Perisphere,” on the ballot. They're two of his best, full of fun and pathos and great characters, and after all, greed is the name of the game here in Mexico.

You see all kinds here. There's “Paper Dragons,” the year's single best short story, a delicate construction of paranoia, innuendo, and crisp language. There's Nancy Kress' populist fantasy, “Out of All Them Bright Stars,” organizing among the peasants. There are the local favorite sons like Dozois, Dann, and Swanwick, who can make the ballot with “Gods of Mars” no matter how poor a story it is, or William F. Wu, whose mundane “Hong's Bluff” is swept up in the popular imagination after the brutal editorial murder of his earlier story, “Wild Garlic.” There's Haldeman's perfunctory “More Than the Sum of His Parts” and John Crowley's willfully obscure “Snow.” So many of them! And what's that rumbling from the membership? The hotel is starting to collapse!

What's the answer to this glut of egos? More rules? Should Reagan send ground troops to Nicaragua? Obviously not. Power will come from the people, eventually. There will be a backlash from this year's Nebulas, mark my words. Innocents will doubtless suffer, empires will crumble. In the end, the dust will settle and the Nebula will either be restored to its former value or it will become a joke award, like the Hugo. In the meantime, as we stumble, sweaty and exhausted, back into the helicopter, let's dwell on the many new friends we made on our journey.

☆ ☆ ☆

AND NOW for that popular feature, “Ask Sue”:

Dear Sue: You're not going to do another of your bitter, tasteless, near-libelous, irrelevantly political Nebula diatribes this year, are you? (Signed) Hopeful.

Dear Hopeful: Sorry.

Dear Sue: Why is the Hugo a joke award? (Signed) H. Gernsback.

Dear Mr. Gernsback: A couple of hundred people (at best) do the nominating for an award which thousands vote, with no give-and-take or feedback among the nominators. At least the Nebula process allows a means to regularly display the titles of recommended works (the Nebula Awards Report) and includes a jury which often compensates for oversights.

(continued on page 6)

From The Fourth Ward



— Carolyn Cooper

THE FOURTH WARD . . . Houston's ghetto. A small quadrant of shacks and hovels, dirt and crime. People returning from the opera in their Mercedes or BMW travel through it with their doors locked. They slow like tourists at one of those safariland parks, staring at the inhabitants as if they were strange foreign creatures and not fellow citizens, fellow human beings.

And the Fourth Ward residents stare back. From their dilapidated southern porches or their street corner conventions they watch the procession of sleek cars and sleek people move from the sleek towers of downtown to the squat mansions of River Oaks.

But the wealthy and the powerful desperately want those little hovels and shacks. The Fourth Ward sits like an island of poverty between the land of power and the land of wealth and if all these strange creatures could be moved (with suitable compensation, of course) it could be reclaimed. It could be turned into highly beautiful, highly priced, totally white condominiums and office buildings and then it would no longer be a strange land. It would be a part of the mainstream of uptown Houston.

Unfortunately, the residents of the Fourth Ward resist this absorption into the "mainstream." Many have lived in the Fourth Ward all their lives. Most know their neighbors and their neighbor's children and their neighbor's grandchildren. Many are elderly. All are poor. None can afford expensive condominiums. They don't even like condominiums. They have and cherish their own life, their own culture. And they're fighting to keep it, however poor and miserable it may look to the sleek people who lead sleek lives.

For a while I could only intellectually understand their claims of the slur cast on their lifestyle and their cultural differences in the efforts to relocate them to "better" neighborhoods. After all, I am white and basically middle-class. But recently, since our highly successful NASFiC bid, I've become aware of some not-so-subtle pressures to absorb Texas fandom into the "mainstream of SF fandom." And like the Fourth Ward

politicians who so successfully brought its plight to the attention of the Houston rich and powerful, I'm having second thoughts about the wisdom of our success.

I find myself being called a "midwestern fan" and I flare. I am *not* midwestern. I lived two years in Michigan and, while I thought Confusion 14 was delightful and I annually return to MediaWest, I am strictly a tourist. The habits and culture of the midwest are not southern, let alone Texan. Heck, Texas ain't even "Texan!"

But there are some binding ties among us. For one thing, there is the size of our state. It encourages isolationism and localism. Each area has its own flavor and there is little to lure us to distant lands when we can sample the convention varieties of Dallas to Lake Jackson, Houston to El Paso. It is a four- to six-hour drive from Dallas to Houston, and three to four hours from Houston to San Antonio or Austin. It is as far from Houston to El Paso as it is from Houston to Chicago. Perhaps we will trek in a pioneer spirit to faraway Oklahoma, Arkansas, or Louisiana, if we live in East Texas; or if we're from the Panhandle or West Texas, to nearby New Mexico and Arizona. From Fort Worth to Phoenix is the same as from London to Rome — eight hundred miles. It takes a strong lure to entice us from our Texas-sized back yard.

We're supportive, vocally so, of our family, our writers, our artists, our fannish groups and gatherings, even our editors. All kidding aside, we are the Republic of Texas. Check your passports at the border.

Despite the new immigrants who dilute it and the conscious efforts to stem it, we still wallow in a tidal current of us-against-them-isms. It's funny to watch my Michigan-born husband hunt for a "Drive 75 and Freeze a Yankee" bumpersticker when Texan fuel is diverted out of state to feed northern heaters and make our gas prices skyrocket. There's a mental fence around the state that holds us in, binding us together.

And we are a private group. We aren't the ones publically squabbling in the courts or in print. In private, fights and feuds are as common as the laughter in

a Joe Lansdale speech, as sure as the sense of wonder in a Howard Waldrop tale. And the Texas fannish gossip makes the phone companies rich. But woe be unto the foreign Philistine who takes one of ours to task.

But we are also friendly, willing to welcome with open arms strangers and strays — at least until we feel that they have turned upon us. But that too takes a great deal.

We can work well as a team, but not as a committee or bureaucracy. We are fiercely independent and opinionated. Give us a job to do and we'll do it — but in our own way, without bureaucratic supervision or group approval of our methods. Leave us alone and let us do our job. Give us your tips, tricks, and suggestions and we will pick what best fits our personal styles and purposes. Our final goal is the same, but our methods and reasons may differ.

This is my opinion. And in that others are bound to disagree, particularly other Texans, it reinforces what I've just said, offering a perhaps paradoxical summation of the Texas cultural style, an agreement to disagree and still get the same conclusions. And it may even explain a little to the puzzled mainstream fans about the "unusual" way the NASFiC is being handled this time.

Intellectually I can understand the call for unity in the middle WSFS region, just as I'm sure the Fourth Ward community leaders can intellectually understand the desire to develop their homes. But when I'm approached to "help bring Texas fandom into the mainstream," when I am being *told* what I will and will not be as a fan by some self-appointed reigning body called WSFS (no, I do not feel a part of this group of politicians), when told my fandom and culture doesn't do things the "right way," I arch my back and hiss. It smacks of taking up the white man's burden and I cry in my soul, "It's my ghetto and I'll make my own decisions, thank you very much!" I want to fly into action and organize this preoccupied dragon of Texas fandom and launch a campaign to bring the rest of fandom into the mainstream of Texas fandom!

But I know it is a cultural clash, and nothing more. It's like the revulsion northerners feel when I start chatting with them in the grocery store without neither blessing nor benefit of introduction. It's like a Philadelphian's reaction to white after Labor Day or black for daywear. It is an error born of ignorance and misunderstanding.

What's the point? That more's involved than just geography in our regional fannism. Our disparate cultural differences should be respected, encouraged, cherished. Let us do our own thing! As futurists, as visionaries, let us rejoice in our similarities and respect our differences. It is the social maturity necessary for any society, even a fannish one. *

THE STATES OF THE ARTS

by Kim Ball

FAN LIFE . . . is like a menu in a Chinese Restaurant: movie/good guy fan in Column A, subfan metapop in Column B, and wanton soup in Column C. Here, though, we will have no such pigeonholing by alphabet. I'm going to take a step back and look at all the differing media treatments, social phenomena, and cultural events attached to sf. If some sort of gestalt forms, it will not be consciously done or intentionally sought. This is not a movie, book, tv, comic, gaming, hacking, or funny book review so much as a running commentary on the nature of it all.

The nature of it all will be presented in small lumps of beginning ideas that we all have in common (as long as you're uncommon), and that we all know, love-hate-freeb-or-gleen on. Our launchpad

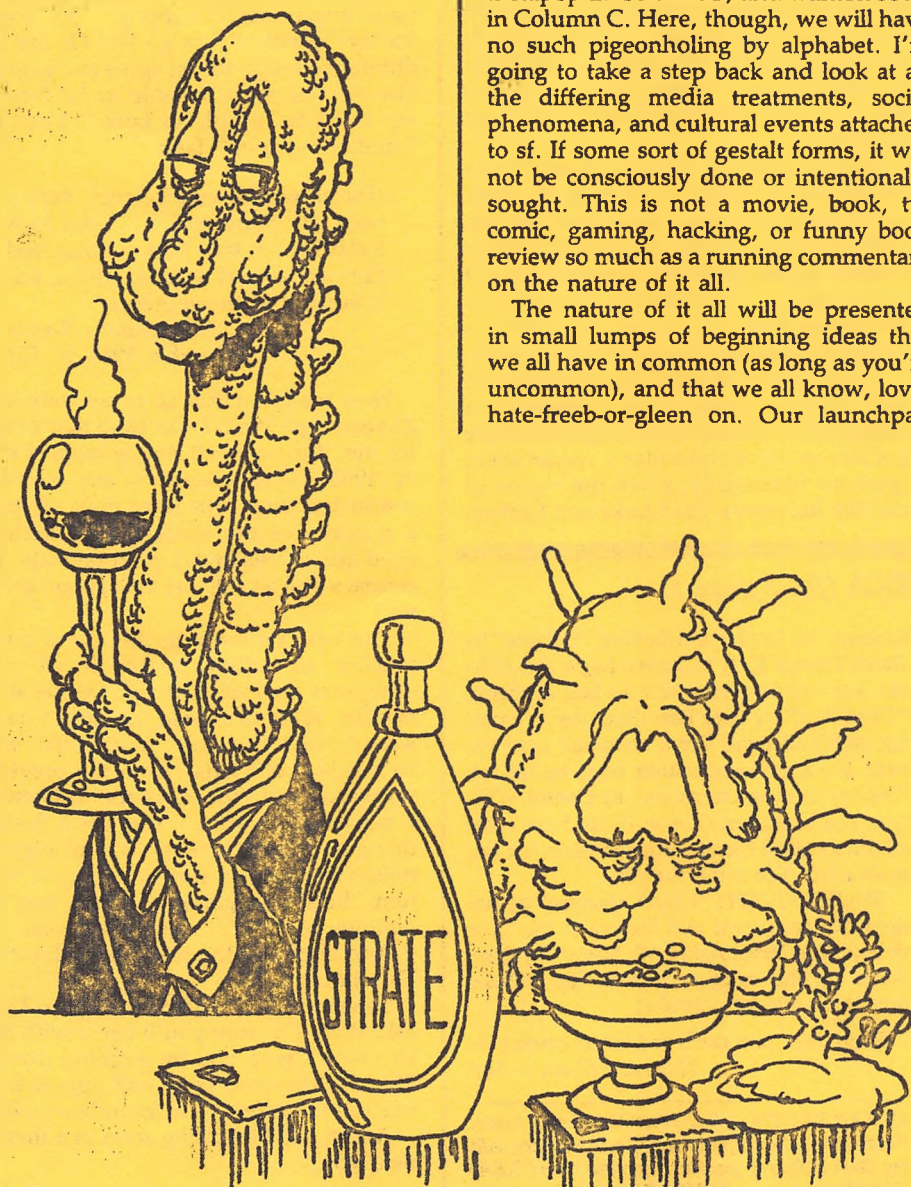
will be the nature of pop "sci-fi" Christmas blockbuster flicks: *2010* and *Dune*. (Sorry, *Terminator* fans, you'll have to wait for the Harlan Ellison "copyright infringement" installment.)

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO, a movie was released which was so unique that it could only be described as "auteur." 2001 was a lyric poem, an epic of symbols for a generation about to set foot on the moon. The intellectuals praised it, the hippies tripped out on it, and the mundanes (in the majority) didn't understand it. The Cinerama™ technique died with it and it was re-released as a cinemascope film (edited of several ponderous moments). It had a very hard time making its money back. Fans, of course, grokked it. After all, at that time, fans were still slans. And while it was idealistic, uplifting and positive in spirit, just like the decade that saw the first "bad" war, it was overshadowed by a growing movement that was idealistic, uplifting, positive in spirit and had sex and violence too. The "Trekkies" were on the move.

Now, sixteen years later, the Lords of whatever Instrumentality, the gods of contiguity, have decreed a sequel to match the demand for sequels. Clarke was given a six-figure advance, but the deciding factor was the zeitgeist, the spirit of the times, that seems to be trying to recapture that spark that lived in the '60s and bottle it inside science fiction films.

Yeah, but. Forget the intellectuals — they don't buy the popcorn. Use a merely competent director and not one of those high-IQ chess-playing artistes. The new hippies (the punk/mod crowd) go for special effects — but let's skip the pinhole camera trip crud and get high speed spaceships and zappy aliens and, for chrissakes, let's explain everything so the guy on the street can walk out not thinking he's wasted his four and a half bucks, and maybe we can make a profit on this one.

And the new fans — who are now, through the miracle of tv and syndication,



It was a good sf, but not a great sf !

evolved Trekkies, Trekkers, and Trekkists, with no knowledge of what slans are, much less trufen — what do they have in this film? They have a little hint of sex (as much as Kirk had in the '60s) and that new, improved substitute for two-fisted violence, the threat of nuclear war. And a moral, the most heavy-handed since *Things to Come*. Well, that's Clarke, after all.

What we have here, fans, is 2010. A genre film looking back to the 60s, going home again. Should you see it? Probably. After all, it does reflect the world in which you live.

IN 1965, John Campbell published a novel in *Analog* that had been rejected by many other editors. Why had it been rejected so many times? Stilted dialogue? Too many fantasy concepts? And why did Campbell accept it? Perhaps because the author paid a great deal of attention to detail, especially to the ecology of Arrakis, thus opening up a whole new subject for sf.

But movie producers didn't think the time was right. And then — *Star Wars* filled the niche that should have belonged to *Dune*. Well, the zeitgeist was right. Lucas found that by 1976 there was an audience out there for 1930s heroic space fantasy a la Flash Gordon. And this audience would see the film several times and pay for it each time, just like they would watch reruns of *Star Trek* until they could name the show from the lead-in. Dino knew what we all know now — audiences don't want ecology lessons. They want magic. Sword and sorcery stuff. Keep the Bene Gesserit in. Keep all the drug stuff. That's new in s&s/sf. As Zeppo says to Groucho in *Animal Crackers*, "Well, you said a lot of things

in here that I didn't think was important so I threw it out." (And Groucho replies, "Threw it out! You just threw out the body of the letter!") And don't forget the sex and violence.

What's left is an adventure on a sand planet, with warriors, witches, drugs, and highly stereotyped good guys and bad guys. This is what you — mundane, pro, and fan — are using for escape. Oh, well, perhaps I read more into it in the novel. I remember there being a full plot, including secondary characters who say more than two lines before they die; intricate references to the ecology of the planet; and a sense of wonder. If you agree with the producers that character development, scientific elements and food for thought slow down the pace of a sci-fi movie, then see *Dune* again. It's for you.

REMEMBER, the nature of sf books and sf movies is never the same. They don't translate well into each other and never will. One is a medium of ideas; the other is a medium of images. And while there is overlap there is not a complete identity between the two.

When I was in grade school I was taught that an author's purpose is either to inform (educate), persuade (morals enter here as in 2010), or entertain. While I never agreed with the pigeonholing of these concepts, the trichotomy is effective in determining if all (or any) of the authors' ideas have made it to the screen.

Clarke's morality tale translated to the silver screen with all the finesse of a blunderbuss. Herbert's ecological treatise got left in the scriptwriter's wastebasket (perhaps necessarily, given the nature of the film industry). But Clarke and Herbert

are not alone. Phil Dick and Roger Zelazny both had entertaining novels adapted into movies with varying degrees of success. Van Vogt and Ellison have been adapted without prior consent, another trend in Hollywood cupidity. That's for later, though.

So let's see what the critics have to say.

2010 (3 burger rating): This film is not all science fiction — there is always the feeling that this really could happen.

Burgereaters' Review
December, 1984, p. 139

Of course it can't be sf — it's too good! Or are they saying science fiction is fantasy? (Since *Star Wars*, this is probably the case.)

Can it be that fans, outside of slannish grokking, are unlike mundanes and other critics, because they don't found their opinions on what's pop? The question then becomes, should fans create their own subcultural "subpop" (as social theory "predicts") to go by? Or are we different enough to just agree to disagree? The answer most suitable to fandom in my mind is "a little of both." More on "subfan metapop" later.

[*Dune*] was a cult science fiction book 20 years ago . . . and kids today love it, too. This multilayered film will appeal to kids, adults, sci-fi buffs, and theatergoers.

Burgereater's Review
December 1984, p. 138

Here we learn that all of us were kids 20 years ago. Well, I was 16 so that's right for me. But, were all *Analog* readers kids in 1965? There weren't any surveys conducted then, but later polls indicate a majority of the readers were middle-aged (or thereabouts) professionals. Of course we're all still just kids today, aren't we?

The next sentence in the above quote needed an editor badly. If all four categories are exclusionary, we are all in trouble. Well, of course, he didn't mean what he said. I'm sure "sci-fi buffs" must be a subset of "kids" from the previous sentence. And "theatergoers" is likewise a subset of "adults." You get a feeling this guy (Bob Polunsky) likes to pigeon-hole. Only he's so sure you'll agree with him, he's not going to bore you by defining himself . . . like a real slan.

And of course the book is multilayered. The film is not.

So what about "subfan metapop"? you ask. Well, I'm sure you'll agree with me, so I won't bore you by defining myself. This multilayered term will appeal to sf fen, sci-fi readers, and mundanes alike.

And it will be lurking soon in a theater near you.

Coming soon: *Fear and Loathing on the Con Circuit*.

CHEAP TRUTH TOURS CENTRAL AMERICA (from page 3)

Dear Sue: So what's your answer (Signed) Wise Guy.

Dear Guy: Fewer rules instead of more. Hands off diplomacy. One short fiction category (say 30,000 words and under), one long. We've got enough awards already. Maybe even a public service campaign to remind both authors and publishers that it's only an award, not life and death.

Dear Sue: So what did you think was missing on the Nebula ballot? (Signed) Stupid Question.

Dear Stupid:

NOVEL: *Timeservers* by Russell M. Griffin (a Phil Dick Award nominee); *The Glass Hammer* by K. W. Jeter; *Eon* by Greg Bear (just to show that I'm not prejudiced against hard SF and that I still know how to have a good time).

NOVELLA: "World War Last" by Norman Spinrad.

NOVELET: "Tensor of Desire" by Wayne Wightman (a dizzy, headlong rush of a story, with teeth and genitals); "Storming the

Cosmos" by Rucker and Sterling; "Solstice" by James Patrick Kelly (a known *boffo* proves he can wear mirrorshades with the best of them); "Dead Run" by Greg Bear (Bear has an amazing ability to think like a computer nerd but write like a guy on the street when he has to); "All My Darling Daughters" by Connie Willis (yes, you heard me, *Connie Willis*. How come all her so-called friends drop her when she gets really nasty, like in this story?).

SHORT STORY: "Klein's Machine" by Andrew Weiner (weird and literary at the same time); "You Never Asked My Name" by Brian Aldiss (in this category because the Nebulas don't have one for polemics).

Keep those post cards and letters coming in.
Hugs and Kisses — Sue.

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CONFESSIONS OF A Perry Rhodan FAN



by David Herrington

This will no doubt offend some readers. Others who take their STF seriously may raise their eyes to the heavens and sigh deeply. Yet others may sneer in derision.

(gulp, blush, shriek)

I am a Perry Rhodan fan.

No, wait. Put away those brass knuckles, nightsticks, angry letters and other paraphernalia of gross bodily harm. Hear me out, for I refuse to cry *mea culpa*.

I first discovered Perry Rhodan (henceforth referred to as "PR") at the tender age of 13, fifteen years ago. I picked up my first book (#7, *Fortress of the Six Moons*) at the Shilito's Dept. Store bookrack, thinking "Great! Another SF series!" Little did I realize how hooked I would become. After a while, I began to haunt the bookstores, eagerly awaiting the latest release and searching for the earlier books I didn't have yet.

PR certainly wasn't the best-written series — but it was a *series*, and that, to me, was

one of its selling points. (I was always a sucker for a series.) It didn't try to be anything more than what it was — *space opera*, fun light entertainment.

Of course, PR's detractors insisted on comparing it to some of the great SF classics — and derived great entertainment from poking fun at it. And I will be the first to admit that the adventures had plot-holes big enough to drive a universe through.

I remember one adventure where our intrepid heroes have crashed on a 5-G planet — and their portable suits are only rated for three gravities. They spend most of the book crawling laboriously about on their hands and knees, until the leader "remembers" that two of his party members can teleport. I guess their special ability slipped the teleporters' minds, too, since they were crawling around with the rest of the party until their fearless leader "reminded" them...

For several books, our heroes routinely fired impulse beamers at enemy ships millions of miles away — and, just as routinely, scored routine hits. Then, suddenly, things shifted a bit and the maximum range of those beamers dropped to 50,000 miles — and our heroes routinely fired impulse beamers at enemy ships 50,000 miles away and scored their routine hits...

Problems like these are directly attributable to the original PR publishing schedule. PR began as a German STF series — with a new adventure printed once a week! To maintain this schedule, five different authors churned out simultaneous manuscripts at a reckless pace, overwhelming the efforts of mediocre continuity editors to resolve the differences. This, I feel, led to the outcry among "serious" literary SF fans that PR was ... er, garbage ... (I was going to include the complete PR bibliography with this article, but felt that 1300+ titles was a bit much...)

Curiously enough, Ace Books (PR's U.S. publisher) cancelled the series not too long after Jim Baen became editor there. That was the beginning of the end for PR.

In the last Ace issue of PR, series editor Forrest Ackerman noted that there might be a chance for PR fans to get their "fix" by subscription only. Well, I sent my money in — and after several months, got PR 119-124. One of Forrest's editorials there contained some interesting behind-the-scenes tidbits.

It seems that when Ace suspended publication of PR, they neglected to inform Arthur Moewig Verlag (the German publisher), despite Forrest Ackerman's advice and pleadings. The first intimation of trouble came when Verlag inquired about "late" royalty payments ... when told of the cancellation, Verlag was rather upset.

The Ackermans attempted to continue publishing PR, but ran into problems themselves. PR lasted 19 more issues (119-137, published six-at-a-time on a quarterly schedule) before it finally folded. The Ackermans had fewer than 5,000 subscribers, which wasn't enough to pay the royalties Verlag demanded. In order to fulfill their subscription obligations, the Ackermans offered a replacement series called *Starman*. That lasted for eleven adventures (2 volumes) before it, too, folded. Alas, the end of an era.

And how does Perry Rhodan read after fifteen years? About the same ... except the mistakes stick out a bit more. I still re-read it — I still like it — I still consider myself a PR fan. And I still refuse to cry *mea culpa*. ★

REVIEWS



Far Frontiers **Volume IV/Winter 1985**

Edited by Jerry Pournelle and Jim Baen (Baen Books, paperback, \$2.95)

Reviewed by Ferk

In the mold of the defunct *Destinies*, this is a paperback magazine of science fiction, opinion, and book reviews. Strongly pro-rights-of-individual-choice, pro-military, and pro-“Strategic Defense” (aka “Star Wars”), the magazine’s fiction ranges from social fantasy to stories dominated by military hardware.

As usual, the stories and articles are introduced by half-page editor’s essays. However, all but one of the editor’s essays in this volume were penned by Baen rather than Pournelle. Baen pushes a *slightly* less macho but equally libertarian philosophy, in a style that is more commentary than assertion. For example, in the introduction to “Golden Dawn” by Ronald A. Cross, Baen writes:

“The trouble with freedom is that it’s so much *trouble*: nobody to tell you what to do, so you have to do what you think best; nobody to regard you as valuable property, so you have to take care of yourself.”

About 20% of Volume IV is taken up with “The Prince” by C.J. Cherryh, an excerpt from *Heroes in Hell* (a so-called “braided meganovel” — huh? — which Baen Books plans to publish this March). “The Prince” features notables from several millennia — Dante, Caesar, Hatshepsut, Machiavelli — scheming, conspiring and waging war using several centuries of armaments, within the confines of a hell that resembles Vietnam of the 1960’s and early 1970’s.

Non-fiction articles are by the Benford brothers. The first, “Star Wars is Not Mad” is reportage by James Benford on his brother Greg’s triumph in a Stanford University debate sponsored by the Physicians for Social Responsibility, with Dr. Wolfgang Panofsky, a former director of the Stanford Linear Accelerator. The second article, “Reactionary Utopias” by Gregory Benford, discusses why he finds most fictional utopias undesirable. Dissected in the article are Le Guin’s *The Dispossessed*, as well as feminist utopias in general (Suzy McKee Charnas’ *Motherlines*, Joanna Russ’ *The Female Man*, and Marge Piercy’s *Woman at the Edge of Time*). Benford is more sympathetic towards those utopias that he states do not uphold the

supremacy of communal values (all written by men), such as Samuel Delany’s “heterotopia” of *Triton*, Niven and Pournelle’s Oath of Fealty, and Heinlein’s *Beyond This Horizon*.

Completing this volume are several short stories, as well as “The Leading Edge,” a column in which Roland Green reviews books ranging from Dean Ing’s 1983 *Single Combat* and Iwasaki/Asimov’s *Vision of the Universe* (dated 1931), through Orson Scott Card’s recently published *Ender’s Game*. ★

The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction

February 1986 (\$1.75)

edited by Edward L. Ferman.

reviewed by Ferk

The cover grabbed my eye as soon as it hit the newsstand. I’ve a great weakness for pictures of buxom, scantily-clad women (and variations of these live and in the flesh), and have lately been most disappointed by the serious, fully-clothed, sexual-politics-correct and boring bodies on the covers of science fiction monthlies in recent times. Cover art hit its peak in the late 40’s and early 50’s; there is a definite need for a revival of topless Lemurian snake goddesses and women who demonstrate their natural physical superiority by appearing on all planets, in all climates, no matter what the risks, wearing no more than one square foot of clothing. Delightfully, the February F&SF cover illustration by G.P. Lendino, for George Alec Effinger’s story “Maureen Birnbaum at the Earth’s Core” features such a sturdy creature strutting the streets of New York — admittedly with the face of a camel, but nonetheless sporting honeydew breasts in a token jeweled-metal string bikini.

The story that accompanies the cover is a simplistic, first-person parody of obsolete sword-and-sorcery of the Adonis and curvaceous-wench-in-distress vs. the-barbaric-slimies-in-heat at the earth’s core, updated to the contemporary New York JAP. It’s unusual, but doesn’t warrant as much attention as its accompanying cover illustration.

Most of the fiction in this issue is typical of F&SF in recent months: slow, wordy, heavy on characterization and background description and probably containing a plot somewhere, if the reader remains awake or does not opt for more exciting pursuits such as opening junk

mail. An exception is an entertaining feminist parable, “Lo, How an Oak E’er Blooming,” by Suzette Haden Elgin. It concerns a woman who gets fed up with the battle for social change via passage of laws and who effects a miracle, in the form of an indestructible blooming oak. The widespread social effects attributed to one tree are unbelievable, but it’s a pretty good story nonetheless.

Among this issue’s non-fiction, “Harlan Ellison’s Watching” column reaches a new low in empty verbosity, as Ellison fills three columns of print explaining he has nothing to say. Algis Budrys, in his book review column, faintly damns Heinlein’s *The Cat Who Walks Through Walls*, saying “it becomes more evident Heinlein is simply putting down whatever pleases him that particular day.” ★

The Naked Id #3

(January 1986)

edited by Richard Geis (P.O. Box 11403, Portland, OR 97211).

\$1.00/issue (“fanzine”)

reviewed by Ferk

Spawned by Geis’ *Science Fiction Review*, this is his personal journal: a mixture of political opinion, personal health and financial reports, book and movie reviews, reportage on Geis’ recurrent writing and publishing crises, and cartoons (many by the omnipresent and talented Alexis Gilliland). Like SFR, its tone has in recent months become bleaker and more bitter, apparently mirroring Geis’ increasing health problems.

Issue #8 includes comments on bank failures, health plans, malpractice suits, the national budget, terrorism, and South Africa. Noticeably missing are some of the lighter topics Geis has mixed into his commentary in past issues, such as consumer reports on personal testing of mail-order sexual devices. Perhaps if his pain subsides, his humor will return. ★

Fantasy Monger’s Quarterly #17

(Winter 1985/86)

edited by W. Paul Ganley (P.O.

Box 149, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226-0149)

6 issues/\$5 (fanzine)

reviewed by Ferk

Dominated by ads for small-press fantasy publications, this small zine also allows space to an obituary, a few short articles, and lots of reviews of books, pamphlets and fantasy zines.

Issue #17 wears a rather striking cover by Jean Corbin: a creature who seems to be a hybrid of the alien protagonist of *Enemy Mine* (the movie) and Jane Russell in her prime. James P. Roberts writes about an obscure Chicago rock group of the 1960’s called “H.P. Lovecraft.” Howard Hopkins describes Doc Savage’s encounters with Amerindians. These two articles are followed by 22 reviews, which segue into more ads. ★

INQUIRING MINDS WANT TO KNOW:



"Will an eyepatch lend mystery, romance and glamor to the common household potato?"

(obviously not.)

Convention Reports

Sci-Con 7
November 6-8, 1985
Virginia Beach, VA
report by Ferk

Having been smitten several years back by a soulful photo of Harlan Ellison, I was inspired to hitchhike to Virginia in early November, where he was Guest of Honor. (Hitching, FYI, isn't what it used to be — too many brainless fools with power-boosters and echo-boxes on the truckers' CB airwaves.)

Virginia Beach is a summer resort deep in the heart of Falwell country, home of the CBN. On November 9, this enlightened community busted a seven-year tradition at the local mall — the Saturday night presentation of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. It was decreed that future presentations of *Rocky Horror* would be tolerated only if:

- 1) No vulgar language was used; and
- 2) No one wore underwear in public. (You got it — if you visit Virginia Beach, leave your underwear at home.)

At any rate, Sci-Con 7 was a semi-intimate gathering of about 500 (some more willingly intimate than others). These 500 were for the most part Virginians, but a fair-sized North Carolina contingent was there to religiously spread the word that in NC there is no intelligent life or civilization as we know it outside of the Research Triangle (Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill).

Ellison, as GoH, was every bit as obnoxious as reports from my LA-area acquaintances had previously indicated. During his GoH speech, he asked the audience what it wanted of him, but ignored loud and repeated requests for "break-dancing". He boasted of recent experiences with gallstones and threw in a few good words for his herpes. He boasted of multi-million-dollar TV deals he was about to sign and

then, with the charm of a TBS ad pitchman, begged the audience to buy his remaindered books for \$10 from his current consort, Susan. (Later in the evening, he had the bad taste to address me as "Weirdo." Maintaining the genteel standards of Texas womanhood, I did not attempt to strangle him.)

Other panelists at Sci-Con included Phil Foglio (who received lots of unsolicited advice from Ellison on how to run his art career), Allen Wold (who frequently put forth alibis on why he "condescended" to write *V* novels) (for the money, of course), Kelly Freas and Steve Hickman. Fan GoH was Arthur Hlavaty, a former New Yorker and committed fanzine writer (who, in spite of this sordid occupation, seemed a pleasant enough person).

A few minor annoyances — the program room being kept at deep-freeze temperature all weekend, the paramilitaries in "Soldier-of-Fortune" mail-order gear doing loud maneuvers on the beach at 3 a.m. — were negative aspects of Sci-Con 7. But I thought it was an overall success — it was fun! ★

Dallas Fantasy Festival
Thanksgiving, 1985
report by Fred Duarte

This year's DFF was pretty much the same as the previous ones — lots of comics in the dealer's room, and comics artists and writers galore from Marvel, D.C. and the independents. However, this year I went to DFF with a fairly open mind — and I think it made a difference.

The major comics guest turned out to be a blast from my past. Gil Kane was one of the three or four artists I remember from the sixties and seventies that helped move comics from the grocery stores to the front lobbies of Waldenbooks and B. Daltons. Kane stirred up memo-

ries of other greats, like Jack Kirby and Jim Steranko; memories of simpler times, when my major concern was how I was going to raise money to buy comics, instead of making this month's car payment.

Waxing nostalgic, though, is about the best I can say about comics. Now they're best left for the pimply, pre-pubescent crowd.

On the science fiction side at DFF, there was actually a good line-up. Jack Williamson was the major guest, with Robert Asprin as first runner-up.

After the tragic death of Williamson's wife Blanche in early 1985, I feared he would wither away — but I was gladly mistaken. Mr. Williamson has two books in the works now, one of which he's writing with his long-time collaborator Frederik Pohl. Mr. Williamson also plans to attend between 9 and 11 conventions in 1985, including Worldcon. It's very gratifying to find at least one of the old masters still keeping busy.

And therein lies the problem that bothers me. At the official autograph sessions at DFF, the author with the biggest lines was Robert Asprin (no doubt because of the mass-market popularity of his *Thieves World* and *Myth* books). When I went to get my Williamson books signed, I was the only one in line. Now, you can't force people to seek autographs from anybody, but I feel there's something wrong when an author who's been writing sf since the '20s (when it was called *scientifiction*) is overshadowed by someone who writes *Myth* books.

Enough of the soapbox, and on to programming. I can only comment on the things Mr. Williamson participated in. He read an interesting piece from a novel-in-progress that begins in a genetics laboratory in New Mexico. (There's an experiment involving a new life form that escapes and proceeds to mutate into different forms.) A minor quibble: the reading was scheduled from 6 to 7 p.m., not a good time since it was the dinner hour and the crowd was kind of sparse.

Scheduling was also a factor in the Jack Williamson interview. Austin author Lew Shiner was asked to conduct the interview less than an hour before it took place — and since Lew was unfamiliar with Williamson or his works, he spent that hour doing last-minute research.

If this sort of thing only happened once in a while, it wouldn't be so bad — but it seems that come every DFF, Paul McSpadden wanders up to Willie Siros or Scott Cupp and asks them to conduct an interview scant minutes before it's scheduled to start. Now, neither Willie nor Scott seem to mind interviewing writers — but they do appreciate more than five minutes notice.

As usual, there was no open con suite at this DFF. Perhaps this is just as well; the thought of a swarm of twelve-year-olds running around a room raising all kinds of hell is a little daunting. Robert Taylor of F.A.C.T. threw a "Thank You Dallas" party for the Dallas fans who helped work on Lone Star Con. Not many of them showed up, but Mr. Williamson's presence more than made up for it. Also in attendance at the FACT party was underground comics artist Robert Crumb — who proceeded to sketch Julie Gomoll (she can now look forward to being immortalized in future Crumb art).

All in all, it wasn't too bad a DFF. I guess these things tend to become more palatable once you learn to tolerate the comics side. ★

TROPICON IV December 6-8, 1985 Ft. Lauderdale, FL report by Ferk

Early December, the little old ladies in southern Florida were wearing double coats and complaining about the cold wave — it got all the way down to 70 degrees. Judging by all the propositions I got, all the men over 70 years old were in heat. It all looked good compared to the cold winds and rains of the northeast.

Tropicon IV was a cozy gathering of approximately 200 people, mostly SFSFS (pronounced like "Sisyphus," for "Southern Florida Science Fiction Society") members, with a few eccentrics from New York, California, etc. and a bunch of folks who considered the trip to the Miami area preferable to spending another weekend in Georgia.

GoH was Robert Bloch, who rattled about the halls with tales of hardening arteries and nostalgia. He was charmed by a local press photographer into being photographed in his hotel shower, posed with a large knife and an equally large devilish leer.

Other guests included Andre Norton, who didn't participate in panels but was available for autographs and conversations; Somtow Sucharitkul, who (along with Tim Sullivan) gave midnight readings in his room and who changed into increasingly more colorful shirts an average of once every two hours; and Herschell Gordon Lewis, whose classic film *2000 Maniacs* was the cinematic event of the weekend. (Folks who remained for the entire showing were rewarded with special edition "I Survived 2000 Maniacs" buttons.)

In spite of its small size, Tropicon catered to many tastes, offering a 24-hour video room (films courtesy of Vincent Miranda); a large, overstocked art show; nightly filking; a banquet; a game room; etc. Noticeably lacking from the dealers' room were booksellers — there weren't any. ★

CHATTAICON XI

Shucks, y'all —

Us Texans Jest Found a Good Con! by Daramea Godfrey

Golly, gee (head down and foot tracing a circle on the ground) ... we're in love.

This January the Texas touring company and travelling show landed in Chattanooga, Tennessee, for a double-barrelled dose of southern fandom's finest. Always a treat (we've been there before), Chattacon XI was a master blend of guests, programming and after-hours entertainment.

The stately Read House, elegant as usual, features large rooms and one of the best areas for a con suite this gang has ever seen. The after-hours dance floor was busy with bodies 'til the wee hours each night, and no one was every dry with beer and soft drinks on tap 'round the

clock.

Chattacon XI was more than just a party con, though. Readings of current releases (*run*, don't walk, to pick up James P. Hogan's newest, *The Proteus Operation*), and works in progress (John Steakley, finish *Vampire\$*, quick!) were well-attended and highly entertaining. There were lots of stars in this group: James P. Hogan (GoH), John Maddox Roberts (Special Guest), Wilson "Bob" Tucker (TM), and Robert Adams, Robert Jordan, John Steakley, Sharon Webb, Jack Chalker, Timothy Zahn, John M. Ford, Orson Scott Card (Special Guests).

We were equally impressed with the artist lineup — especially with Art GoH Michael R. Whelan. Chattacon attracts many greats in this category, including David Cherry (who gave us a great slide show), Dell Harris and others. One of the Tennessee locals, Danny Gill, whose work has adorned many program books and t-shirts, was the Chattacon Fan GoH this year.

We were also impressed with Chattacon's treatment of their art pros. They were heavy program participants, and the trophy awards they were treated to were first-rate — something anyone would be proud to take home.

Last, but not least, Chattacon takes its non-profit status seriously. They were able to send a hefty check to St. Jude's Children's Hospital with the proceeds of their charity auction.

We salute a great convention — impressive in all respects (with most problems swept *neatly* under the rugs). This is truly a class act. ★

Swampcon V Review by Daramea Godfrey

Take four Texas fans, transport them to Baton Rouge, salt liberally with con-committee woes and southern hospitality NOLACon-style, and you have this year's SwampCon V (February 7-9).

No smooth sailing in the swamps this year for the stalwarts of the Baton Rouge Science Fiction League. They suffered GoH woes (David Gerrold did not attend), and lost a second eagerly-anticipated guest (Kerry O'Quinn of *Starlog*) to unavoidable circumstances. They say bad things come in triplets, and so they did — Jack Chalker (*Midnight at the Well of Souls*, etc.) fell afoul of the flu during the con. His bride Eva Whitley found him Saturday AM caressing the cold stool. I hope he's feeling better now.

Other more able-bodied guests — Robert Adams, John Steakley, Andrew Offutt, Richard Pini, George Alec Effinger and Walter Irwin — carried on admirably.

Swampcon may have been relatively small (350-plus attendees), but it seemed to believe in long guest lists, multiple track programming, and a con suite with free-flowing soda. We Texans on the party prowl found comfort in Robert Adams' suite where good drink and agreeable conversation mixed well. NOLACon's Guy Lillian III stole part of the Texas contingent for feasting and parade-watching in New Orleans on Saturday night. (Boy, do they know how to party!)

In a poll of our troops, we find that the jury is still out on this con, since their problems were many. But we look forward to their future growth and development. ★

At The Launderette by Ernie Scapple

The Air Force NCO was trying to look cool while he attempted to strike up a conversation with one of the regulars. Irene's been coming here for two years now; I figure this is poster boy's third visit. His fatigues fit in well with the formica folding tables and the cracked, dull floor. I never understood how a floor could look so bad when it had nothing but cleaning agents spilled on it seven days a week. Anyway, Mr. NCO wasn't getting anywhere — I coulda told him that, but hey, he didn't ask.

I pegged him for the type that believed the stuff about fateful meetings and destiny taking hold. He probably went to a different grocery store, laundry and hair salon every time he needed their respective services. He wasn't half bad-looking (them NCOs are getting younger every year) but his style was awful. Irene is doing her laundry, for crying out loud, and here he is trying to tell her about the band at the NCO club. Didn't he see the bomb she drove up in, or look at the stuff she's been stuffing into the Maytags? She didn't come here because she was bored, she came here because there ain't a single thing clean in her apartment. He oughta wise up and pay attention to what he sees. This is a launderette — people do their laundry here. You wanna have a conversation, you gotta talk laundry — at least for openers, anyway.

Speaking of making your patter fit the circumstances, there's a couple three new shows on the tube this season. *Twilight Zone*, *Amazing Stories*, and ...*Hitchcock*. (I left out all the title to the last one 'cause everybody knows what it is and besides, I don't want to make this overly long.)

Of the three, the new TZ is the clear winner. The stories are well written, superbly acted and very entertaining. Ol' Rod would be proud, yessir! Fridays haven't been like this for twenty years. Considered and approved, the new *Twilight Zone* has captured the spirit of the old show. Welcome back, old friend.

Another show that hasn't been around for twenty years is *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*. This revival hasn't fared as well (brain damage, I suspect). What is this new show trying to be? The twist endings are so obvious that I can guess 'em. The stories are uneven; the few I've seen were either so ho-hum that I watched for technique rather than plot, or so pointless that I wondered what the purpose was in airing it. The original contained stories of suspense, horror or terror. With this new version, I'm never sure what's being dished up. Suspense based on a character being stupid? Terror based on a woman who obviously needs professional care? And (gasp) horror based on crossing genres! Occult I consider in the purview of the show, but not science fiction. Not all the episodes are bad — it's just hard to tell in advance what you're going to get. I admit to watching it solely to see the intro by the master himself (in color, no less!).

Disney used to air on Sunday evenings, and we kids demanded to be home in time to see it. Parents weren't all that excited about the show, but they tolerated it. Well, Ludwig Von Drake has retired to cable, but he's been replaced with a new modern eighties version of kid-vid: *Amazing Stories*. (Aka, "Moochie-has-a-Close-Encounter-with-a-better-show-(TZ)-and-gets-home-in-time-for-dinner.") The effects are great; the stories, heart-warming bits of fluff. The much-hyped "Tuesday night episode" wasn't very dark or scary. As a matter of fact, it would have done better as a *Hitchcock* episode. Ditto for the hour-long "Twelve O'Clock High" tear-jerker (which would have made an OK thirty-minute TZ episode). As you can tell, this show invites comparisons. Tape it and watch it while you fold your laundry. Better yet, tape the new TZ and watch it over and over. Why settle for a copy? ★



Letters of Comment

23 December 1985

A concerned fan
San Antonio, TX

After accidentally catching the "60 Minutes" segment on television, it behooves me to write this letter. I previously have had no connection with the Church of Scientology and I have read one (1) L. Ron Hubbard book. After seeing what I saw, I can no longer ignore the travesty of this so-called church.

If you saw this program, you don't need to read on: I don't really like the way the CBS news crews go out and try to demolish someone, but in this case I forgive them. For the rest of you, be warned! In my opinion, L. Ron Hubbard is cashing in on this hokey religion. Mind you, some of his precepts are noble and all that, but if you had heard the way his "disciples" lambaste anyone *not* in the "church," you would think that the Rev. Moon was back out on the streets. The people who had quit the church gave testimonials that scared me almost as much as those given about Jim Jones. These people are turning a writer of pulps into the Second Coming, and he basks in it!

I have the ambition to try and become a writer (what fan doesn't?) and it seemed to me that the Writers of the Future contest would be an ideal entry point. No more. I will not even buy another book with this man's name on it. I urge you to do the same. Yes, that means a boycott. I don't like that word, but it's in the English language. Mr. Hubbard has smeared the name of Science Fiction, and I will not sit still for it.

19 December 1985

Cathy Doyle
Newport News, VA

Kip [Williams] and I actually went to another con in October and ended up meeting the one or two literate fans who wandered in. Much running around with plastic guns during sleeping hours, however. I actually called security on them — for \$50/night I thought I should get to use my bed. They left right away — no trouble — why couldn't they figure out people might be trying to sleep in the first place? why can't I stay up all night any more? Enough — Harlan was GoH and in a good mood.

We're still planning on attending Corflu, and I'm still badgering Kip to produce another *New Pals*. Perhaps the two events will coincide.

Well, I'm glad you're both surviving your move from the civilization of Texas to the rugged East Coast. It was great to see you and Kip at Corflu — much preferable, dare I say, than a mere fanzine. (Gak. Did I actually say that?) Anyway, you can read about yourself in the next issue of the Inquirer, when I swear I'll have my Corflu report together and in print... —pm

9 January 1986

Rosemary Hickey
Modesto, CA

This letter is a repetition, in one sense, of the last letter written to you and the terrific newsletter you produce. My last letter to you was so crea-

tively composed, full of compliments and such-like and all spelling errors corrected with Word-Star — and it never made the pages of your publication.

That cruel disappointment had to contribute to my desire to leave Texas and go to California where surely there will be someone who will appreciate my writing if not my other contributions to the community.

My drive from Houston to Modesto was one reality shock after another. El Paso looked to be a very pretty and interesting town but by then I was on this compulsion to keep going and didn't stop. The big BUT is that those who have talked about El Paso (visitors from E.P.) always talked it down. Now maybe it's a town like Chicago — marvelous to visit but not to live in — but some day I'd like to visit it again on a different time schedule to savor the pleasures of the eye and mind available there.

Another reality shock was discovering that the desert is not full of sand and sand dunes. The impressive dunes are in Michigan along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. It was the clumps of low busy growths and one tumbling tumbleweed that clued me to the probability that this was the Desert everyone's been chatting up.

Latest is that Modesto has much more going than Plano, Texas. Small towns in California are not like any I've experienced before. Very Interesting discovering the differences.

Oh, dear. Your last letter ... um, well, I've embarked on yet another attempt to Improve My Filing System. Mea culpa. I'm sorry I've forced you to move to the State of Appreciation, and perhaps this will convince you to move back to Texas... No? Oh well... —pm

28 December 1985

Garth Spencer
Victoria, BC, Canada

Pat, your fan-editing career seems to parallel mine in a few ways. I started newszine-editing about 1982, myself; but that was just a small ditto newsletter-clubzine to start with; this here *Maple Leaf Rag* of mine I started the following year.

I've transcribed a list of your remarks about fans, in *Inquirer* #10 or 11, for use as quotes. Right now I seem to be caught between the Scylla of ignorant mediafans who assume they don't need to be told anything, and the Charybdis of self-appointed BNFs, or SMOFs, who don't think they're obligated to tell anybody what they think they know.

The news about FACT's discussions of where to go from here are very heartening; I was beginning to think that fans have attacks of collective amnesia and forget all about what they've done and where they come from, let alone taking thought for the morrow. Right at the moment I'm not sure that any Canadian fan groups could offer you useful ideas for activities, but maybe you want to trade ideas with Sydney Fandom (New South Wales)?

The folksong about busy SMOFs — "Memberships for nothing ..." — was a hoot; the original song made for one of my few favorite videos.

Listen, me and the boys are going to take over the States pretty soon, and realized we didn't want the whole territory; maybe F.A.C.T. would like to manage Texas and the South, hmm? I already have an offer from Robert K. Hinton of Houston, but I'm still open to bids ...

Well, I'm not sure exactly how my fanish "career" parallels yours, since this is the first newszine-y type thing I've done ... having only done apazines and the odd personal-zine since my inception into fandom at the tender young age of 1976/7 (and, for reminding me of this at Corflu last week, and forcing me to do sums and subtractions until I reached the ghastly but inevitable conclusion of Almost A Decade, I'm going to kill Ken Josenhans).

Maybe I shouldn't actually commit this to print, but right now F.A.C.T. seems to be ambling along in a state of ambient entropy. Parts of us are doing things — there's a helping-the-PBS-telethon scheduled for early March, I believe, as well as various convention activities, a relaxacon and another ArmadilloCon. I guess after Lone Star Con, anything short of hectic, nerve-shattering dedication sort of pales by comparison.

I suspect you'll have a bit of a problem taking over the States right now, especially Texas. We're all too busy here right now watering the flowers, mowing the grass and upgrading our suntans to either help or notice... —pm

13 December 1985

Brian Earl Brown
Detroit, MI

I was surprised to find *The Texas SF Inquirer* in my mailbox. I'd figured that zine had gone the way of all other convention fanzines. The switch to mimeo is certainly a surprise and I'm sure has been educational for you. Mimeo is trickier than it looks. One big difference between mimeo and offset or photocopying is that with the latter two the ink/toner sits on top of the paper all neat and sharp while mimeo ink soaks into the paper and spreads out. The kind of heavy typeface that looks good with offset here doesn't look so good in mimeo. It's just a little too heavy and intimidating to read. (The electrostencil also doesn't help since it tends to widen lines.) These are problems that I'm sure you'll work on for the next issue.

You do mutter, you don't know how truthfully, about all the time you spend on this fanzine — and I wonder if there aren't areas where you could save some time and bother, like perhaps not bothering with so much professional keylining and bordertape. But perhaps this isn't so much of a problem for you. I believe in the dictum "all the fanzine you can bear." In other words, don't do large fanzines if you don't feel like doing large fanzines; don't publish unless that's what you want to do and conversely, publish large and/or frequent fanzines if that's your mood. Just don't make the zine become more work than fun (and I really don't know how much of TSFI is fun and how much is just work).

My last comment, speaking editor-to-editor, is to point out that the last two pages of this issue

[#12] virtually doubled the postage. I've been doing zines for so long on a limited budget that I pay attention to little things like that. 12 pages of 20# paper weighs something like .999 ounces. Even with staples, mailing label and stamps, it still stays under one ounce in most situations. Now while I know you consider this to be a very late issue, for me the consideration of how much savings would be involved would inspire me to find 2 pages of material to cut from this one. Including the two book reviews and the AZAPA pieces made for a nicely balanced zine, but they could have waited for a few more days. If it were me, I'd have either cut back to 12 pages or shot ahead to 24 pages. (If I'm going to have to pay 39 cents I may as well get my money's worth.)

Brad Foster's 5th-round loss to Alexis Gilliland for the Hugo this year seems to me to be a good reason for doing away with the "Australian" ballot system (disavowed even by Australians). It was supposed to prevent ties, but hasn't and on more than one occasion given the award to the second- or third-place candidate of the first round. It would be a lot simpler and much more direct to say that the person with the highest number of votes in their category wins.

I'm not overwhelmed with Jimmy Fred Jumpball's approach to criticism. Redneckism is not in itself humorous and JF's insights into *Neuromancer* and *The Integral Trees* is nothing new, or revolutionary. Now I gather that the Joe-Bob film reviews that Jimmy Fred is modeled after tend to review movies along lines that, while not traditional or literary, do correspond to the reasons that a sizeable group of people go see these movies. Jimmy Fred just doesn't have an agenda for his reviews.

I'm fascinated by the art on page 6 accompanying your AZAPA article. I can't place the artist, while at the same time it looks familiar, and your list of contributors isn't readable. It's nice art.

I missed out on AZAPA. I was in MISHAP at the time, tho just barely, a neo myself and too unsure to join another apa just yet. But the people who went through AZAPA at one time or another — I remember many of them and it was truly an impressive collection of people, talents and egos. But you know, a lot of those people were in MISHAP too, mostly around 1976 — Patrick [Hayden] of course, Janet Small, Taral, and Bob Webber, plus Phil Paine and Victoria Vayne of the Toronto crowd. Bill Bowers, Leah Zeldes and George Laskowski from Detroit, plus Sarah Prince, Tim Kyger, Greg Grown and maybe Curt Stubbs. Most didn't last very long, a zine or two and bye-bye. (It's hard trying to keep up with more than one monthly apa.)

1976 was an incredible time. It was not merely my third year in fandom and most things were still new and shiny, but there seemed to be such a host of talented/interesting people all getting active about the same time. A veritable "wave." I kind of miss those days, that feeling of being part of something that was *happening*. Now I'm too much the BOF with incipient crankiness to battle. *sigh*

[Re the S.E. Woodard-Vladyka FanFile]: Others have worked on book/magazine indexes, none approaching anything like a complete state. Graham Stone, an Australian and member of First Fandom, entertains people in

FAPA with his "Notes on SF" which attempt to dig up all there is to know on the most obscure writers and checks out the many books that seem even vaguely SFnal (of which there were many in the '30s). Even today, it's hard to determine which books should be counted as SF. Is a spy/thriller movie like *Foxfire* SF or mundane?

The lettercol: It's a fanish tradition and contrary to conventional magazine practices to print the name of the letter-writer at the beginning of their letter, but I think it's a good one. I don't know why the custom started of printing the name at the bottom of a letter but it was probably in imitation of how letters are signed. But even when you get a personal letter the first thing one does is look for who wrote it because that matters. A letter can take on an entirely different meaning, depending on who wrote it. And articles are always printed with the author's name at the top.

This all came up while I was trying to find out who was getting bent out of shape by the comment "...we do bite when bored..." (Tom Whitmore is the answer.) I have no idea how it was used originally, but I like the line. It's an attitude that, after 10 years in fandom, I can really relate to. When boredom sets in, it's really hard from saying snarky things about people one doesn't like, even tho (or perhaps because) they are within hearing. But maybe they're talking about conventions that promise a ton of pros will attend and none of them do. Now that's a situation I wouldn't want to be in.

Whitmore also raises the interesting question of what is a con's obligations to the convention membership. Above all, a con should deliver on what they promise — and so should be careful about what they promise. I don't think a con should have to entertain all fans all the time during a convention. It's both impossible and impossible. They should have a reasonable amount of programming, put together with some professionalism but there are too many subfandoms to try to cater to all of them. To attempt to cater to all subfandoms would quickly swell the con to worldcon size. But this is an old argument with me. Conventions are nice but at the same time I hate them.

Well, Brian, thanks for a meaty loc!

I'm still not entirely comfortable with mimeography — there are things I've forgotten, and things I never learned (all of which are too embarrassing to enumerate). The problems with issue 12 were manyfold ... re-learning the art of inkiness from the ground up, plus a clogged and recalcitrant ink-gun on the "bargain" Gestetner 420, leading to severe over-inking as I tried like hell to get that one damn vertical area on the left to ink... I'm working with much better equipment now (a brand-new Gestetner 4170, eat your heart out...) and you can see the difference. (So can I ... I no longer end up with ink up to my chin after printing an issue...)

And three other technical printing gorts: 1) It's funny you should mention the heavy-typeface problem, since I had just run across an article in a magazine-production magazine about the very same thing, which hadn't occurred to me before. Voila! the obvious, made apparent. However, there's nothing cheaper than free

typesetting, even if I have to sneak it in with my real work (I still set type for a living), and Times is da fonts I gots. Goudy Oldstyle, which I also have, mimeos better — but is harder to set on the sly... and besides, 2) I think I've gotten the settings figured out on the e-stenciller now, bypassing the Heavy Times I've been having. And finally, 3) I wish I'd gotten 70# paper (or even 80#) instead of the 20# stock... stuff wouldn't show through the paper as much. Hindsight is always the best...

OK, now onwards to technical production gorp. You don't really think I lay all those lines down for each page, now... come on. Since mimeo is a bit more forgiving, I've made a master layout sheet with those vertical rules separating the columns on it, and do my paste-up on photocopies of the master. (I mean, since mimeo is a bit sloppier/spreadier than offset, no one is the wiser...)

I agree in principle with your point about "publish what you want" (with the implied "when you want") — but since the *Inquirer* is more FACT's zine than mine, I can't push that very far... And your argument about the page-count frugality is also well taken (though I always went by the 4-sheets-to-the-ounce school of paper-weighting, and don't even want to think about a 24-page typeset issue...)

The art on page 6 of issue 12 was done by a Texas fan named Guy Brownlee (it has a sort of Vaughn Bode-look to it). The AZAPA articles in general seem to have spurred a lot of comments, which was great! (Anything to get off that damned media-fan controversy corner I boxed myself into...)

Perhaps it's egocentrism, but I think that the last big "wave" of incoming fans (or at least, incoming fanzine fans) happened about ten years ago, when it seemed as though scads of new people were swarming in daily. It could be that I haven't been paying attention to who's new on the block (I mean, after all, I was sort of gaffiated for several years...) — but I really don't see much of that hectic dive-right-in attitude any more. Just us Old and Tired Folks (heh) plugging away.

OK, Brian, about *The LetterCol*. I tell you, you've given me a new problem to sit and ponder late at night when I can't sleep... Names at the top of the letter? at the bottom? at the top and bottom? Crap. The hell with fanzine tradition — I was perfectly happy to hum along, doing it the way I'd always been doing it, until you made me worry about it.

Putting the Names at the Top of the Letter seems reasonable — sort of a miniature "headline" to prepare you for reading the letter. But I like names at the bottom, 'cause that way you know you've reached the end of the letter. Signing off and all that. Crap. Crapcrapcrap. I still haven't made up my mind which I want to do, and probably won't decide until I fuss with the pasteup. Now look what you've done... —pm

20 December 1985

Harry Warner, Jr.
Hagerstown, MD

I feel much honored by the extra trouble you've taken, sending me large-print copies of

the *Inquirer*. My only regret is that I had my 63rd birthday yesterday instead of my 23rd. If I were young, I could put these in the safe deposit box at the bank and wait a few decades. By then, collecting fanzines will have become as popular and expensive a hobby as collecting stamps and a variation on a standard fanzine like one copy larger than the rest of the edition will be as valuable as an airmail stamp with the picture of the airplane upside down.

In your twelfth issue, one thing made me unhappy. It was the list of World Fantasy nominees. Whatever happened to the old tradition of pro writers coming out of fandom? I didn't recognize a single author or artist among those nominees as an active participant in fanzine fandom before turning pro. Maybe some of them were known in convention fandom and one or two of them have participated to some extent in fanzine fandom since turning pro.

The material about AZAPA was quite interesting, the sort of articles that should see print for historical reasons. Not many of the apas get written up in general-circulation fanzines and I suppose the time will come when it will be impossible to determine much about the smaller, shorter-lived ones after their members have gaffiated or forgotten and nobody owns a complete set of the mailings.

S.E. Woodard-Vladyka made me happy for her computerless method of compiling her catalogs. It's obviously easier to carry several catalogs to second-hand shops than a computer. Moreover, what I've read about home computers leads me to suspect that it's almost impossible to set up catalogs on them that contain as much information as ring-binders can accommodate. The convention index seems particularly important as a permanent guide to what's happening at cons; I gather that S.E. includes more data on each event than is normally found in con listings in newszines.

I was happy to learn from the November issue that Lone Star Con was generally successful. It was even better to find the FACT group surviving such a big event, instead of succumbing to the catatonic syndrome that so often afflicts sponsors of huge cons as soon as everyone has gone home.

I hope you manage to cipher out the method of getting good reproduction for photos on electrostencils. I seem to remember Brian Earl Brown achieving pretty good results with mimeographed photos; maybe he could give you pointers. There was a time when I could supply

halftone engravings for a few fanzines that were set up to use them, because the newspapers had a Fairchild Scan-a-Graver which permitted me to insert some fannish photos into space that would otherwise go to waste while engravings were being made for the dailies. But that's part of the journalistic past along with the linotypes and the stereotyping equipment.

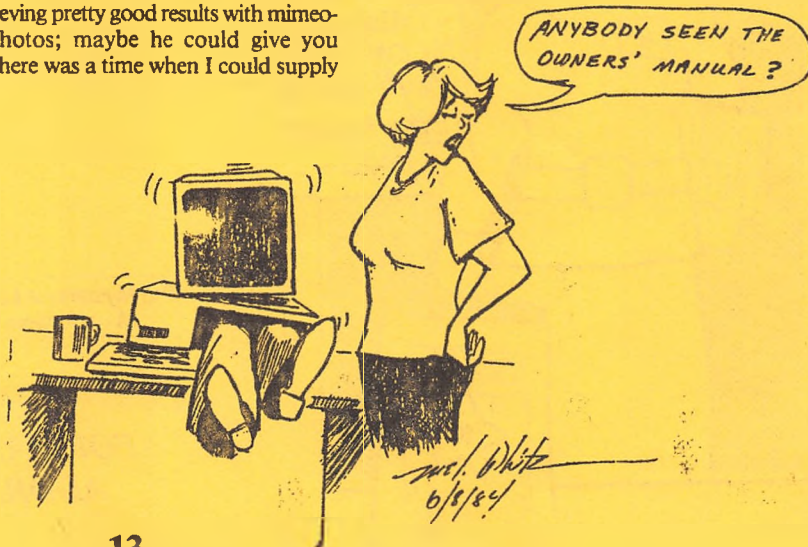
I'm glad you like the photocopy-enlargements I've been sending you (and, by the way, if there are any other Famous Nearsighted Letterwriters out there who would appreciate less strain to their eyesight, just let me know and ... I'll think about it).

Few new fanzine fans, and writers just popping up instead of paying their dues by going through the ranks like the rest of us... what's the world coming to? If this keeps up, in another ten years some Worldcon is going to cut their Fan Lounge out entirely, merely on a percentage-of-total-attendees basis. And then where will I be? (Probably trying on rubber Spock-ears in the dealer's room...)

The problem with fan history in general, and specifically articles about some of the smaller apas, is — they're really only interesting to a very small number of people, namely those people who participated in the "event" (or who know the people mentioned in the article). No offense, but I really haven't bothered to memorize the names of all the members of First Fandom, and when in a particularly foul mood have been known to mutter the damning phrase, "Who cares?" And a lot of neofans who try to wade their way through the fan-history section of the *Neofan's Guide* eventually give up (and those who think they have to memorize all that gorp tend to gaffiate almost instantaneously)...

I think my problem with mimeo-ing photos had something to do with halftoning them at 120 dots-per-inch, which was dense enough to fry the e-stenciller's little brain. I'm going to try it again at 80 dpi (coarse enough for a good newspaper) Real Soon Now...

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Andy Andruschak, Pam Davis, Jane (and Scott) Dennis, Paul Doerr, K.T. FitzSimmons, Terry Floyd, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, and Katharine Kimbriel, among others.



1985 F.A.C.T. Members

(as of February 1, 1986)

Ferk (Austin)
David Allen (Plano)
Daria Baack-Hilton (Wooster, OH)
Kurt Baty (Medway, MA)
Kathy Beyer (Victoria)
Julia A. Blackshear (Houston)
Scott Bobo (Austin)
Linda Bruno (San Antonio)
David Camp (Amarillo)
Lillian Carl (Carrollton)
Richard G. Coburn (Houston)
Carolyn Cooper (Houston)
Paul Cooper (Houston)
Mike Cowan (Dublin)
Scott Cupp (Garland)
Clifton Davis (Stafford)
James O. Desreumaux (Corpus Christi)
L. Bruce Diamond (Fort Worth)
Joe DiMaggio (Austin)
Michelle Doty (Medway, MA)
Robert Dougherty (Houston)
Catherine Doyle (Newport News, VA)
Fred Duarte, Jr. (Austin)
Rachelle Duber (Randolph, MA)
Steve Eardley (Irving)
Florence Kay Fitzhugh (San Antonio)
Catherine M. FitzSimmons (Oak Park, IL)
Yolanda Garza (Austin)
Lynda Gibson (Austin)
Darama Godfrey (Kingwood)

Julie Gomoll (Austin)
Ed Graham (San Antonio)
Jon Green (Hockley)
Mary Harrist (Rockport)
Janet Hayes (Austin)
Mary Helm (San Antonio)
Janice Henry (Laughlin AFB)
David Herrington (Bergstrom AFB)
James Hilton (Wooster, OH)
Betty Joan Hofstetter (Seabrook)
Linda Hoge (Plano)
Karen Horan (Austin)
Harv Howard (Manchaca)
Richard Jensen (Redwood, CA)
Neil Kaden (Plano)
Deborah Kilgore (McKinney)
Katharine Kimbriel (Hurst)
Della A. Lashbrook (Austin)
Alan Laska (Richardson)
Matt Lawrence (Austin)
Johnny Lee (Houston)
Terry Macaluso (Austin)
Robert McGann (Austin)
Gus Michel (Avondale, LA)
Gustave Michel, II (Avondale, LA)
Ann Miller (Alpine)
Samuel Mize (Fort Worth)
Stephen Montalvo (San Antonio)
Elizabeth Meon (Florence)
Pat Mueller (Austin)

Lisa Mulieri (N. Richland Hills)
Tom Munnerlyn (Austin)
Joseph Murphy (Brownwood)
Donna Sue Nelson (Houston)
Betty & Joe Nolley (Houston)
Diane L. Odom (Houston)
Frank Ozuna (Offutt AFB, NE)
Bill Parker (Houston)
John Lee Pellet (Arlington)
Steve Poe (Ft. Worth)
Robert Reedy (Austin)
Wallace Ross (San Antonio)
Ed Scarbrough (Irving)
Kenneth Carl Simon (Houston)
Susan Sims (Weslaco)
Nina Siros (El Paso)
Willie Siros (Austin)
William Smith (Carswell AFB)
W.L. Smith (Ft. Worth)
Richard H.E. Smith II (Evanston, IL)
G.K. Sprinkle (Austin)
Robert Stephenson (San Antonio)
Robert R. Taylor (Austin)
Frank Trice (Fort Worth)
Edd Vick (Euless)
Dennis Virzi (Duncanville)
Judith Ward (San Antonio)
Lynn Ward (San Antonio)
William Watson (Austin)
Michael Wiskind (Dallas)
Christie Wood (Farmers Branch)
S.E. Woodard-Vladyka (Kingwood)
Ben Yalow (Bronx, NY)
Skip Zahorik (McGregor)
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