

Number One

May, 1981

Our Heroine sat in a chair next to the fire, idly plucking the strings on her musical instrument in a distracted fashion. She was beset by strange dreams; where other maidens busied their imaginations with knightly suitors and elegant dalliance, she envisioned rotary-drum printing devices and seemly arrangements of print and illustration upon a page. Just now she was preoccupied with the thought of waxed sheets of paper that might be inscribed by stylus -- she'd need, she thought, about twenty-four of them --

Just then Our Hero burst melodramatically into the room, casting his great cloak back over his shoulder and incidentally thereby knocking over various small furnitures. His eye lit upon Our Heroine, who sat clutching her musical instrument before her. "That one!" he roared. "Bring me the psaltery wench with the quire in her eyes!"

ZED

May 1981

"Je suis, ergo sum."

Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden : 4712 Fremont Ave N, Seattle WA 98103 : number one
Available for letters, art that fits our format, five 18¢ stamps, or by the ineffable
grace of boundless editorial Whim. Published monthly. (Really.) (No shit.) ee#190.

27 April 1981
(-- Patrick)

I've just poured Tab over the dregs of my cognac. Caffeine over
alcohol, with carcinogenic saccharine tossed in for good measure.

Having not had a cigarette since (approximately) 1 April, my body
finds itself in sore need of its minimum-daily-requirement of Bad Stuff. Cognac at
2 pm: the start of the downhill slide -- the will power, they said at the inquest, of
an especially retiring paramecium. Woe, woe. I hate me.

Actually, I don't especially hate me, except when I catch myself clutching at
the sides of the sofa, rooting little old cigarette butts out from under the cushions
and sucking on them (unlit, I hasten to add). Save for a few displays of that sort
of pathology, I haven't touched nicotine in over a month, and I'm beginning to find
that I can actually start to think about things like Sitting Down to the Typewriter
and Writing and Getting Various Graphic Design Projects Done and all sorts of other
stuff like that, stuff I'd been pretty much categorizing as about as likely as the
possibility of my flapping my arms and flying to the moon. Those little filtered
fuckers aren't just a habit and they aren't just an addiction; when you've been
smoking since your mid-teens (as I had), they're an entire pattern, tied up with
one's creativity, emotional cycles, stability, and physical self-image. So if you
don't believe that quitting smoking could literally paralyse my will to get anything
done for over a month, well, tell you what. You go smoke a pack of Camel Filters
every day for seven years, then quit. Then we'll discuss it.

I can write now, though, I begin to realize. All it takes it 1 pint espresso
coffee, 2 teaspoons white sugar, and 2 oz. Murphy's Blended Irish Whiskey, to be
taken seperately and in that order. It's all worth it, though, to break free of
dependence on drugs.

Well, ahem. This, this which you are presumably reading, this is a small fan-
zine. Its existence, its very conception, you might say, is predicated on, and
dedicated to, the proposition that (as Teresa says) "publishing an issue of *Telos* is
like shitting a brick." Not that we mind, really: as bricks go, the *Teloses* we've
published so far have been some of the finest we've ever shit. It isn't enough,
though, you know -- no, not even the presence of Bergeron, MacAvoy, Kinney, Carr,
MacGregor, JDBerry, Kvern & c & c, fine people and fallen angels all and who are we to
turn down the opportunity to put them into print... but it isn't enough. There is,
you see, this certain dynamic about a 74+-page-per-issue fanzine with four co-editors
and a circulation of 500 that tends to make the whole affair, by its nature, a two-
or three-times-yearly proposition. This, on the other hand, limited mostly to us in
content, 12 pages in size, and 150 of you in circulation, should provide the counter-
point we've been looking for. Besides, having pretty much fallen away from the last
of our apa commitments, we both need someplace where we can, how you say, fan our acs
on the spur of a moment, and sending this (sort of like a series of postmailings, you
know, except that we get to make up the membership ourself, and there's no OE, you
know? What a clever idea, this) to You seems like a good sort of replacement. Write
us a letter. Send us art. Be in touch. Oh, cheap and easy is our middle name.



DEPT. OF REAL LIFE
(-- Teresa)

For a while there in late 1980, it looked like Patrick and I were slipping inexorably toward prosperity and regular employment -- we both, simultaneously, had full-time permanent decently paid jobs -- but we pulled out of it in the nick of time.

On my side it was a case of not being able to stand my job for another minute. I'd been working for over a year as a secretary in the University of Washington Law School, a job I was delighted to get in the beginning. I got a private office (shared with another secretary), a large window with a splendid view of Portage Bay, a correcting selectric typewriter, and free run of the mimeo equipment downstairs. I also had a certain personal indispensability and prestige, since I was the only person at the Law School who was really competent at mimeography and a tremendous amount of it was required of the staff. Repro at the Law School was a very strange system; I could tell it had been originally set up by someone who knew what they were about, since down in the mimeo room I found a bottle of stencil cement and a handful of styli, objects that were an incomprehensible puzzlement to the current secretarial staff and supervisors. I think what happened was that the high turnover and poor training in the secretarial staff had led to a kind of Dark Ages of Mimeography, in which all knowledge was lost.

This led to me forever doing little memoranda and demonstrations -- things like "There is no cost benefit in mimeographing fifty copies of a page instead of xeroxing it, if you do it by electrostencilling your entire page of text instead of typing it on a proper wax stencil." That particular campaign led to me having to teach all the secretaries what a wax stencil was and how it was used with the pliofilms and the typing plates and corflu and all. There was a stack of about twenty quires of A.B. Dick stencils when I arrived that hadn't been touched by the Law School staff in years; they'd had no idea what they were for, since the things manifestly didn't work in the electrostencil cutter. The stack of stencils and the box of unopened corflu bottles would get duly tidied up from time to time, along with the inexplicable pile of ditto masters, paper, and fluid that existed there completely independent of the presence of a ditto machine anywhere in the building.

Anyway, they thought I was a mechanical wizard. And, aside from episodes like the entire afternoon I once spent trying to help another secretary get an AB Dick to ink up and only after completely ruining one of my better shirts finding out that no one had ever told her she had to put ink inside the machine, it was kind of fun.

Except that I kept coming down with respiratory problems. My supervisor finally pointed out to me that I was getting sick every time I worked in the mimeo room, which struck me as not having any possible causal connection; I was a fan, and the mimeo machine was my friend. Six weeks of an infection that turned into pneumonia finally got my doctor to run some tests on me, and it turned out that I was asthmatic. When I went back to work I started talking to the rest of the staff about respiratory problems and -- surprise! -- they all turned out to have had problems when they worked down there. My supervisors hadn't told me that the reason I got to do so much mimeography from various departments was that some of the secretaries had flatly refused to work there. You see, the Administration had somehow classified the mimeo room as a storage area (and therefore didn't heat it), and had provided no ventilation for a small room with two constantly-used electrostencil cutters in it.

E-stencil cutters, of course, work by burning tiny holes through a plastic sheet; the fumes of this are not harmless. About the time I was finding this out I got an Official Reprimand for excessive absence from the job. I was outraged and gave notice. Three days before I left, Environmental Health and Safety (one of the University's housekeeping departments, and Patrick's employer until recently) contacted me, as listed Head Honcho Mimeographer, and asked me to help them set up some air quality tests. It turned out that the effluvium from burning electrostencils has been complained of for years, by people working all over the U. of Washington campus, and that toxicity studies were even then being conducted. So I told all the other secretaries that they were perfectly justified in refusing to run any of the mimeo equipment or spend any time in the mimeo room, neglected to write the set of instructions on mimeography that the Administration had requested of me, and left.

I thought I'd quit with no job waiting for me outside the Law School, but two days after I gave notice Jerry Kaufman made some remark to Patrick about how he'd heard that Jane, Ole, Patrick and I were starting up a graphics company. We were confused; as far as we knew, he pulled the idea out of thin air. The next day the four of us were sitting talking in Jane and Ole's kitchen and Patrick brought the remark up. About three minutes into discussing it as an inexplicable notion of Jerry's something came over us, and about five minutes after that we were laying out plans and timelines for our company. Life since then, for me, has been a mess of research and contracts and permits and tax forms (in my persona as "person in charge of boring legal technicalities"), and I contrive to make even less money than I did back when I was an underpaid clerical temp. We are all very hopeful. Anybody want business card?

Hardening of the categories
leads to art disease.

SCUTTLEBUTT
(-- Patrick)

I got a letter for Richard Bergeron the other day. For Richard Bergeron -- that's right. It was from Steve Larue on the Denvention committee, and it said on the outside of the envelope, "Dear Patrick: I'm enclosing a copy of the letter that I sent to Richard, but I only have his New York address and I know he's moved from there. Sources suggest you might have a better one. If so, could you send it to me, or forward this to him? You may open this if need be (Warhoon 28 is up for a Hugo)."

I was curious, but didn't open it right away. Mostly, I just stared. Not that I thought that Larue's sending this official notification c/c me was a fuggheaded thing to do, or anything; under the circumstances it was probably perfectly smart. It's just that the implications of that little note -- that, in a city whose local fandom is putting on the Worldcon, the concom officer in charge of administering the Hugos couldn't find Richard Bergeron's new address, which as I recall has been published in fanzines ranging from *File 770* to *WoFan* to *Boonfark* -- well, those implications tickled my cosmic mind, they did. I mean, we, I, you, most of the active fans Teresa and I hang around with and correspond with and talk to on the phone, we go our various ways, interconnecting and overlapping and branching out and generally fanning our acs, fairly content with ourselves and basically thinking of ourselves as Fandom, or at least an Important Part of same. And along comes the Denvention committee, organizing agency for the 39th World Science Fiction Convention, Hugos rubber chicken site selection business meeting Wsfs Uninc. and all, and they no doubt by now (now being May 1981, less than four months to the Big Event) think of themselves as the Focal Point of Fandom, or at least an Important Part of same -- and briefly, as between two alternate dimensions, the gap parts, the world-gate opens, the air is blue with ozone and we stare uncomprehendingly at one another, inhabitants of wildly dissimilar reality-tunnels. "Richard Bergeron!" I scream. "Richard fucking Bergeron? Dick Bergeron, SAPS member (1951-54, 1960-62), FAPA member (1962-68), prolific artist for *Oopsla!*, *Mote*, and various other early '50s fanzines; editor, *Warhoon*, 1951-54, 1959-64, 1968-71, 1980--, the fanzine referred to variously as 'the bible of trufandom' (Redd Boggs) and 'the finest genzine ever published' (Mike Glicksohn)?

Richard bloody Bergeron, editor of *Warhoon* 28, or the 'Willish' or 'Wash' as it is variously called, the 600-page anthology of the writings of Walter Alexander Willis, the finest fanwriter ever to touch down in this benighted microcosm? Richard God Damned Bergeron, you mean, the Richard Bergeron who through frenetic correspondence, column writing, and sheer energy has practically been a one-man focal point for fannish fandom for the past year-and-a-half, reawakening sodden and limp senses of wonder from coast to coast? Richard Bergeron, you mean, the single most speculated-about, gossiped-about, and mysterious figure in early '80s fandom, whose every bleeding utterance is processed through the the fourth-dimensional mental crifanac analyzers of the mighty, let alone his CoAs -- ! That Richard Bergeron? That Richard Bergeron is the one whose movements are so opaque to the massed intelligence of the Denvention Committee that you must write to a minor fan in Seattle, Washington for his never-to-be-sufficiently-damned new address?!" The blood rushes to my head and I crumple to the ground. "The 13 chapters of *Cosmos*," says my counterpart in the interdimensional door, nonplussed, "were ruled to be a complete, self contained entity and not a continuing series, and the show is thus eligible in the Dramatic Presentation Category." The air crackles, my nose stings at the ozone discharge, a high pitched whine vibrates my eardrums to the breaking point, and with a *boom* worthy of the late J. A. Rank himself the door is shut, the rent between realities closed forever. I get up, dust myself off, and stagger away, hollow-eyed, wiser and infinitely sadder; there are Things, Eustace, that Fan was Not Meant...

Maybe not, though. As I recall, what I did was, eventually, open the envelope and read the various sheets it contained. A xeroxed form letter ("Congratulations!" &c.; explaining how the concom hopes nominees will attend the award ceremony; good luck Denvention), a list of all the nominees (which I copied and posted on our refrigerator, thus allowing that appliance the dubious honor of scooping *Locus* and better newszines everywhere), and a list of explanations for various eligibility decisions. #4 caught my eye: "Warhoon 28 received nominations in both the Fanzine and Non Fiction Book category, and it has been placed in the latter." Hmm, I thought; nominators in the Fanzine category generally nominate just a fanzine without specifying a specific issue, whereas people nominating the Wash in the Book category would have to be doing so by specifying it as #28. Are they sure about the legality of combining those two types of nominations? Additionally, given that the announced low end of the nomination spread for Non Fiction Book is a mere 13 votes, and given that those are probably the Wrhn nominations, are those 13 just the people who nominated Wrhn under that category, or are the people who nominated it under Fanzine numbered among that 13 as well? Hmm. ...Rather than sitting and going hmmm all afternoon, however, I elected to write them a polite note and ask. And, about a week later, got a polite note in return.

"To begin," begins Larue, "don't assume that *Warhoon* 28 was the nominee that got 13 votes, because it wasn't -- it did much better than that. (...) I did combine the votes that W-28 received from both the Fanzine and Non Fiction categories to arrive at the total (excluding those people who voted for it twice -- yourself, for example -- for those I only allowed one vote), but it's not really an issue of 'dubious legality.' If for no other reason, the vast majority (without going back to count, I'd say easily 90%) specifically nominated *Warhoon* 28, even if they did so in the Fanzine category." Well, that answers my questions, and quite promptly & politely, too. Except there's just that little bit at the end, where this Active Fan, this Well-Informed Fellow, this Worldcon Committeeperson says, "Still haven't seen a copy myself, but I understand there is one in Denver and I'm trying to track it down. If not, perhaps there is some way I could obtain one from you...?" The odor of ozone crisps the air, and I feel faint...

What to think? Nothing new, really. I'm not so much protesting as amused; there are probably enough central, only, and true fandoms out there to choke a horse, or at least the Denvention Committee. I actually thought that even Willis was a little overhard on Earl Korshak, the Chicago convention fan who failed to introduce Hoffman, Keasler and Vick at the '52 Chicon opening ceremonies. Did you know that *The Ringworld Engineers*, although published in a limited press edition in 1979, was ruled by the Noreascon committee in conjunction with Denvention to be eligible for

the 1980 awards? Well, now you do, and you know, that's probably somebody's thrilling fannish news story, out there. I guess that what I'm driving at is that we -- whatever "we" are, fanzine fandom, fanhistorically-conscious fandom, fannish fandom -- we don't really need to do the old outrage dance over the Injustice of It All and how the Hugos are Slanted Against Us and how Underepresented we Are in the Worldcon Power Structure and so forth. We're strong, self-sufficient, and -- in case you hadn't noticed -- self-replicating, in that there seems to be no shortage of new people. Do we really need to expend another drop of energy squabbling, over the heaving dinosauric body of the Worldcon, over petty points of semantic space, honor, and similar mammalian concerns? Well, probably, yes. It just wouldn't be as much fun without it. Here, however, I sit back. Fandom never ends. Players, you may proceed.

All of the suggestions call for Cleveland to be moved to the newer Mercer Junior High School building, less than a mile to the north, and converting Cleveland to a seventh- and eighth-grade school.

770 -- THE TROMP OF DOOM
(-- Teresa)

We were at a Worldcon, I know, and I think it was probably being held in St. Louis. Why St. Louis I don't know; I've only been through there once, on a Greyhound bus in the middle of the night. Anyway, the convention was unaccountably being held in a tall, thin high-rise building. Our room was about two-thirds of the way up, and we were holding a room party. Everyone was there: Patrick, of course, and Jane Hawkins and Ole Kvern, who tend to form part of our normal cast of characters, plus John D. Berry and Avedon Carol and Ted White and Dan Steffan and Loren MacGregor and Walt and Madeleine Willis and Tom Whitmore and Debbie Notkin (and, indeed, all of East Bay fandom), and Terry Carr and Pauline Palmer and AnneLaurie Logan and Fred Haskell, plus an assortment of New Yorkers. I think even Dick Bergeron was there; there was the usual unclearly-visualized "host of others", and I think he was one of them. And Gary Farber was there, sort of; he kept running in and out. Gary was looking like a parody of a convention runner, loaded down with headphones and directional antennae and a clipboard with six or seven pens and pencils and a power-pack strapped to his back, plus all sorts of odd implements hung off the loops of his utility belt. I gathered that he was on a troubleshooting shift for the convention and couldn't really attend the party, which had him considerably distressed.

Altogether it was one of the most genial parties I never attended; everyone smiled and the repartee was brilliant. The trouble got started when someone, and I think it must have been Willis, made a pun. Ted White rang one of his own off it almost immediately, and Tom Whitmore slipped in a fast one on a tangential theme. Ole then unhurriedly made some sort of double pun that was internally self-referential. This set everyone off; there was a flurry of related puns (Mssrs. Berry & MacGregor were responsible for two of these, I remember), and then Willis took a deep breath and quietly capped the whole lot of them by making The Pun, the Great and Awful, Agent-Of-Fate-Himself Pun. The room started to shake, and I could hear a deep

Riney's

It Happened In Canada!



rumbling that grew louder and louder: we were in the middle of a major earthquake. The tower of the worldcon hotel was swaying as tremors visibly ran up and down its height; dust rose and windows shattered. In our room we fell to the floor and clutched the carpeting until the quake subsided.

As soon as the rocking had stopped our door flew open. It was Gary. I could hear his walkie-talkies crackling with troubleshooter reports from various areas of the hotel as everyone tried to call into Operations Headquarters at once. I jumped up. "We did it! It's our fault!" I cried. "It was The Ultimate Pun. Willis started it, he said '-----', and then Ted White said and Tom said and then--" Patrick clutched at my arm; the rumbling sound had started up again, and I could feel the hotel beginning to sway slightly from side to side. Gary batted his eyelashes at me and looked sober and sincere, the way he does when he's explaining what's happened lately in the Marvel Comics Universe and Dondi. "If only," he said, "this power could be somehow used for good."

I told Patrick about it the next morning. He's gotten used to me having hyper-fannish dreams during fanzine production; he's the one who told me, the morning after we finished running off *Telos* 1, that I'd apparently spent the entire night talking in my sleep to the Lupoffs. "Pretty good," he remarked, "but you do know, don't you, about all the speculation in 1962 about how Willis, Ackerman, and Grennell were going to meet at the Chicon and produce the Ultimate Pun which would bring on the end of the world, just like in 'The Nine Billion Names Of God'? It's referred to in 'Twice Upon A Time'; as it turned out they never did get all together at once." His sensitive fannish face got all faraway and wistful and looking like the mind behind it was preoccupied with proud and lonely affairs of unfathomable importance, and once again I found myself wondering just how seriously he and Gary take their fannishness, down underneath their protective layers of fijagdh and insurgency. It's true, I do have fannish dreams and I did get all sniffly the first time I read *The Enchanted Dupli-cator*, but when I ingest psychedelic substances I do not spend forty-five minutes talking to a mimeographed picture of Terry Hughes or go on endlessly over such mind-stretching questions of great pith and moment as Did Burbee & Laney Smoke Dope And If Not, Why?

The thing is, you know, I never have read "Twice Upon A Time." I guess I ought to. At this point such things go beyond pleasure or virtue or fannish duty; I know fate when it stares me in the face. Fannishness has started coming for me in the night, and I'd better be prepared.

"The average European newspaper reader subconsciously thinks of [Americans] as either gangsters, crazy teenagers or dollar-mad business men, but I didn't seem to meet any of those, just ordinary nice people like everywhere else (except that they weren't terrified by US foreign policy)."
----- Willis, *The Harp Stateside*



FABULOUS WALLINGFORD FANDOM
(-- Patrick)

Seattle
fandom (or
at least

the Wallingford Mob portion thereof), recovered from Norwescon at last, threw two parties in quick succession recently: one, held over here at the Jumping Jesus Bar and Grill, doubled as a NWSFS Social Meeting, and was not, as they say, a success. With the honorable exception of such expansive and garrulous souls as Jerry Kaufman, most of the Mob wandered around the party glassy-eyed feeling like Charles Burbee at the Ackermansion. The other, the first of our regular (ahem) Vanguard parties to be held at the Farber-Schaefer-Vargo residence, was

closer to normal, whatever that is. Sample dialogue:

FARBER (*Peering at button on Chuck Spear's coat*): "War Is The Health Of The State." Um, that's nice, what does it mean?

SPEAR: Oh, I know it doesn't make any sense, but it's really political.

Or:

"I promised to stop by later tonight and wake her in a very original way. She doesn't know this means I'm letting the neighbor's dog in." -- O. Kvern

Doesn't our scintillating mythmaking technique make you feel almost as if You were There? Well, that's Fabulous Seattle (or "Wallingford") Fandom for this ish. See you next... No! Wait! ::: Elsewhere in the news, *Jerry Kaufman* and *Suzle Tompkins* insist that Mainstream 6, Special All-Huge All-Big Issue, One Whole Year In The Making, will come out within the month. Inquiries as to the record-breaking lateness of that fanzine are being directed to Ace Calligrapher & Heading Artist *Teresa Nielsen Hayden*, who may be found cowering on various other pages of this fanzine. ::: Similarly, the Telos Editorial Staff (Our Motto: "Five's A Crowd"), having resigned themselves to the circumstance that at the current rate of acquisition of great (classic, unrejectable, immortal, and even Good) material issues of a size any smaller than the last (74pp) are pretty unlikely in the foreseeable future, have resigned themselves to the endless endless endless drudgery drudgery drudgery of typing typing typing the stencils and cranking cranking cranking the mimeo and addressing addressing addressing the labels for all 500 copies of said genzine. We hope you appreciate it, and what have you done for fanzine fandom lately? (Please pardon the typist, who has been reading old Rat fanzines.) ::: And on a completely different note, *Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden* have taken to getting together with *Kate Schaefer* and *Chuck Spear* every Friday night in order to make various sounds with electric guitars, acoustic guitars, pianos, percussion synthesizers, small children, and various other objects of dubious credibility. Kate wants to do English Folk Songs. Chuck wants to adapt Brian Eno's "Back In Judy's Jungle." This is called Dynamic Creative Synthesis. When it isn't called a Fight. (No, not really.) ::: Well, that's all the Seattle gossip we can print, folks. For further details, send Drugs, Money, or the shrunken head of Claude Degler to Us, c/o This Fanzine.

US ARTISTS
(-- *Teresa*)

My qualifications, under my listing as one of the judges of the Northwestcon art show, were put down in the program book as "artist, Seattle fan, fanzine co-editor, and graphic design businesswoman."

I liked that. It sounded so experienced, so professional, like someone you could trust to do justice to one of the larger annual SF art shows. In fact, I took the job because I've been fermenting snotty opinions about fan art and fan artists -- I dislike most fan art in the same way I dislike most heroic fantasy and most poetry -- for years, and it gave me the opportunity to inflict my grossly prejudiced tastes on a large cross-section of the fan art community while being accorded mildly VIPish treatment and taken out to dinner at the con's expense. It was gratifying to have my worst impulses thus indulged.

And the judging really was fun; the judges' dinner was sumptuous, and afterward Jack Palmer and Ctein and Jane Hawkins and I sat around the table sipping liquors and civilly comparing our notes on various favored pieces in the show. In my persona as Judge I cheerfully agreed that we needed to throw out two of the three awards in the 3-D category and create an Overall Best Of Show award. Afterward, in my persona as member of the graphics company that designed and produced the awards, I wept and groaned when the art show director came and told me that two of the three beautiful award certificates for the 3-D category would not be used, and that I would have to produce, on the spot, a suitably slick award and ribbon for the newly-created Overall Best Of Show category. And if you are Judy Mitchell (which statistically speaking is not likely), and you carefully pry up the elaborately-lettered label on your award, you'll find older lettering under it that says "Second Place, 3-D." Hope it's satisfactory.

The part that surprised me is that I've been mouthing off about SF art for years and it's been all right -- I've come off largely unscathed -- because nobody was listening; I've been satisfactorily invisible. So I was surprised, and a couple of

times embarrassed, to find out that people were listening to what I was blithely and unthinkingly saying. At one point during the show's setup I was going through one artist's stack of drawings to be hung, making small deprecatory noises over most of them. Ummm, you know the ad for the Famous Artists School that has the big-eyed cartoony fawn, and the headline says something like "Draw Winky?" Well, this guy had drawn Winky and Winky's numerous relations, all of them wearing spacesuits or sword-and-harness or somesuch standard-issue skiffy thing, all of them looking dreadfully cute. I don't think I made any noise much larger than a slight choke; it would have been perfectly within bounds if the artist hadn't been standing about three feet away the whole time, watching me. He didn't look like he believed my apologies, and I don't exactly blame him; I felt like the Invisible Man, returned to normal, remembering too late that one has to use a handkerchief in public.

On the other hand, I'm a normal human being, i.e., I like being listened to, once I get used to the idea that it's going to happen. And after years of thinking about, reading about, looking at, and, well, caring about art (at this point I smack the typewriter and wail "I sound fatuous!") Patrick wanders over, looks over my shoulder at what I'm writing, and says "No, you sound perfectly thinuous."), all that sudden credibility, even if it only lasted for the duration of the convention, was a heady thing. Nice, too, since I wound up getting into all sorts of long involved conversations with people who had stuff in the show -- I'd be introduced to somebody and say, "Oh yes, you're so-and-so, you had the big pen-and-inks in the east end of the show," and an hour later we'd be sitting on the floor of the main lobby deep in a discussion of line quality and non-Western art traditions. Fine stuff, say I; convention small talk is all very well but give me a line of extended, real (excuse the term) discourse any day.

Actually, we managed to cook up a fair amount of that by Sunday, the last day of the con, on a panel rather noncommittally titled "Fan Art Examined" -- pretty anemic, I thought, considering that it got onto the program in the first place after Bill Gibson sent Steve Bard, the con chair, a suggestion that someone hold a panel on why fan art (and SF art in general) is so consistently dismal. Bard wound up putting me in charge of it, I don't know why, and I dug up the panelists, some of whom showed and some of whom didn't, as is normal. We wound up with Loren MacGregor, co-FGoH Jack Palmer, Ole Kvern, and myself. Bill Gibson was eating breakfast at the time and forgot all about it, which is why he wasn't there.

Jack and Ole got the panel started by gently discussing the Many Wonderful Benefits a young artist might derive from studying a little art history and formal anatomy and like that before plunging into the convention art show circuit and putting out an offset limited edition set of prints of his or her work. They pointed out that a lot of SF fan artists are self-taught, and mostly see only popular modern art, commercial art, and SF-related stuff; being unexposed to the breadth of mainstream art history they find themselves re-inventing the wheel, and certainly miss out on a lot of opportunities to snitch ideas. I think that's what Jack and Ole meant, anyway, when they were talking about "visual sophistication."

Somebody else brought up the notion that inexperienced artists get an awful lot of praise in fandom for second-rate work, which gives them very little motivation to change or grow, and which tends to hold them static in a narrowing rut of their own, early, much-praised style. That brought up what I think is the really paradoxical thing about most SF art, which is that within the context of its boundless and wild imaginings it's pretty staid stuff. You know, the ho-hum bug-eyed monster, yer standard numinous Jungian archetypal goddess/sorceress, jigsaw alien animals put together out of recognizable parts of Earth beasties, and the eighty-sixth or so alien landscape with a huge crescent-phase planet and some random moons hanging in the sky. Everyday stuff like that. (That discussion brought to my mind a particular picture I'd seen during the judging, a rotten painting of some jockstrapped barbarian fighting a fierce beast in an abandoned underground palace -- a genre cliché in its own right. If one covered up the attacking monster's head, it could be clearly seen to be a giant dachshund. Hoopla!)

In the end, what got us the most controversy was a discussion of pre-juried art shows. We'd expected that; there'd already been a major flap over the art show's

attempt, well advertised in advance, to exclude pieces that were genuinely offensive by reason of sexism or violence. (Considering the tiny number of pieces that were ultimately questioned, it seems clear that this was aimed pretty much exclusively at the really gruesome s&m stuff.) The exclusion might have gone over more-or-less smoothly, except that one of the questioned pieces was a painting by Rowena Morrill, the Artist Guest of Honor. In defense of the rest of the Norwescon committee I ought to note that Morrill was unilaterally invited by Steve Bard, a man who has no taste. I saw the painting in question; so did everyone else, after various threats, tantrums, and blackmailings led to its reinstatement. It was ripely rotten, depicting as it did a nearly-undressed woman with upstanding breasts like molded custards, chained to a flat rock with her back painfully arched to meet the oncoming impact of a clawed, scaly, winged monster that was either about to rape her or tear out her sternum. Lovely piece, eh? I believe it's the cover of some new Andy Offutt paperback or other.

So pre-jurying and accusations of censorship and whatnot had been much on people's tongues for the duration of the convention. We were prepared to have the audience accuse us of being unfair to the artists, to say that pre-jurying is objectionable on ethical or aesthetic grounds, that it would be un-egalitarian, that no judge has the right to not allow something to be shown. What we got was a member of the audience who stood up and hotly asked how we dared do that -- to the buyers. How could we justify telling them what they could and could not buy? If the congoing public wanted to buy trite unicorns and big-busted elves (I admit, the speaker didn't describe her favored art in quite those terms), they had a right to do so! Ole rather quietly replied that he didn't think that hewwas a snob, but that he'd always thought that art resulted from a combination of the creative urge with technical skill and interest, and that if artifacts were to be made solely with the buyers in mind they probably belonged in the hucksters' room. And there the panel ended.

AND NOW HERE'S 'RED' ROVER WITH THE SPORTS!

THANKS BILL... WELL IT WAS A BIG DAY IN THE EAST WITH THE CONTINUING "GANG OF FOUR" STRUGGLE MATCHES. FINAL SCORES THERE WERE SHANGHAI 7, PEKING 10, WITH TOP COP HUA KUO-FENG THE BIG SCORER.

IN THE SOVIET LEAGUE YOU'LL RECALL THAT SEVERAL SAMIZDAT PLAYERS, MOST NOTABLY SOLZHENITSYN HAVE WAITED OUT THEIR CONTRACTS AND ARE NOW FREE AGENTS, UP FOR THE HIGHEST BID. THE IMPERIAL ANTI-COMMS HAVE RAIDED THE ROSTER OF THE REDS - MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF HACK HONCHO MEANY. EX PITCHER PHIL ADEE HAS BEEN REJECTED SOLD BY THE BRITISH BUT NO WORD ON WHO'S BUYING - WILL HE TRY THE YANKS AGAIN?

ON THE HOME FRONT, TONIGHT'S VANGUARD SCORES WERE: RCP 3, OL 2, IN A BITTER BATTLE FOR HEGEMONY. CPUSA 1, SWP 4 IN THE OLD FART MATCHES. AND A REPORT JUST IN OF A SPLIT IN THE WUO DISGOUT!



TAILPIECE

(-- Patrick)

This has been a strange fanzine to produce, partly in that both of us are so far out of the casual-writing mode that the form demands that we're not really sure we can get comfortably back in. We'll see. Future issues of *Zed* may be (pick one) weekly, written by me alone, monthly, written by Teresa alone, yearly, written by Italo Calvino alone, daily, written by varying parts Us with a leavening of You, sesquicentennial, green, or perhaps Yes. Count on it.

I'm not usually one for talking about one's mimeography but I do feel I ought to apologize for pages 1 through 6, at least in some people's copies; the Specific Northwest Press is having problems inking, and Suzle hasn't had time to try and fix it lately. I had to ultimately give up and handcrank most copies, which may sound easy but isn't (the machine, an electric, wasn't designed to be run manually). Pages 7 through 10 may be better due to the different arrangement of typing-plate-and-plio-film I'm using; then again, maybe not.

One final note: I plan to do a Fanthology of 1981 material sometime in early 1982. I am already gathering material, and plan to write to various newszines announcing my plans in the next couple of

weeks. In the meantime, I'd like to ask for help with the one area of fanzine fandom I'm having trouble covering: the apas. If you're in an apa and see a specific piece you think worthy of anthologization in a Best-of-the-Year volume -- or simply have a specific person in mind whose writings might be excerpted from for a few pages -- please let me know. Getting me a copy of the material in question is nice but not necessary.

More on this, I think, later. 5-6-81

Art: *JAY KINNEY* (rah); cover by Teresa.

Duck farmer attacked by ostrich

NIGEL, South Africa -- (UPI) -- An enraged ostrich attacked a farmer and held him underwater for several minutes during a life-and-death struggle on a duck farm, police said yesterday.

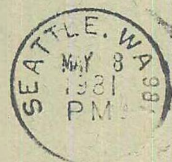
Carel Lotter was feeding his ducks when the ostrich attacked him from behind, knocking him into the duck pond. The ostrich then jumped on Lotter and held him under the water for several minutes.

During the struggle Lotter grabbed a stick floating in the pond and struck the ostrich on the side of the head, killing it.

Lotter was admitted to the Nigel hospital with cuts and a bruised back.

GIVE HIM AN INCH AND HE'LL HANG HIMSELF
....RONALD REAGAN DOESN'T DYE HIS HAIR;
HE'S JUST PREMATURELY ORANGE....FIRE AND
SLEET AND LUNCHEONMEAT, AND CHRIST
RECEIVE THY SOUL....BEEN AWAY FOR THREE
MONTHS, AND EVERYTHING IN YOUR REFRIGERA
TOR TURNS INTO A SCIENCE PROJECT....YOU
HAVE TO DEVELOP A GOOD BUDDHIST APPRECI
ATION OF THE WILL OF ALLAH....I'VE GOT A
GUT FEELING DEEP IN MY BONES....VERBED
ANY GOOD NOUNS LATELY?....YARST ON YOUR
RASTY FANZINE, YOU ARTSY SATYR!....LET'S
GET DOWN TO SOME GENERAL SPECIFICS....IF
THERE IS NO GOD, THEN WHO PULLS UP THE
NEXT KLEENEX?....US MIDGETS HOPPED AROUND
IN GIANTS' BOOTS IN THOSE DAYS....YOUR
BRAIN IS NOT THE BOSS -- YOUR BODY HAS A
MIND OF ITS OWN....WAIT A MINUTE. YOU'RE
ASSUMING SOME THINGS, LIKE THAT I WILL
WALK OUT WHEN I WAKE UP THAT DOOR....
LEDGERDEMAIN IS JUST A FANCY WORD FOR THE
CONTINENTAL SHELF....THE MOST TIRESOME
DEPRIVITY OF OUR AGE IS ALL THIS TALK
ABOUT THE DEPRIVITY OF OUR AGE....SHUT
MOUTHS DO NOT ENGULF FEET....BODIES? YOU
WANT WARM BODIES? WE GOT BODIES COMING
OUT OF OUR EARS...I THOUGHT HORS DE
COMBAT MEANT CAMP FOLLOWERS....WHEN I
HEAR THE WORD "GUN", I REACH FOR MY
CULTURE....WHEN YOU GOTTA CASE OF CUL
TURE, YOU GOTTA CASE OF BEER.....
fred haskell 2, jerome nelson, tom whit
more, john magnus, ole kvern, walt
willis, robert c. solomon, alan bostick,
debbie notkin, teresa nielsen hayden 2,
joanna russ, tim kyger 2, patrick nielsen
hayden, suzle tompkins, roger patterson,
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