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 THE FANZINE THAT TALKS ABOUT FANS
 

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is written and published on a rigidly monthly schedule by Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046, and can be had for The Usual, or donations of 20¢ stamps, but is not available for any amount of cash (um, well, I probably do Have My Price -- hell, everyone does -- but this publication is Beyond Price). QUERTYUIOPress, natch, March 10, 1984.

\*Except, of course, for Februaries that occur during a Leap Year, like, for example, this year....

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ROB HANSEN FOR TAFF! One of the penalties of Winging It, writing this fanzine directly on stencil, is that occasionally I commit irrevocably to stencil material which should have been edited and rewritten. Well, that's the challenge of Macho Fansmanship, isn't it? To pull it off in a single shot? So once in a while I misfire.

Last issue I did Rob Hansen a real disservice by relying upon my unconscious to supply me with a witty paragraph or three in his support. Instead my unconscious served up a mishmash of D. West fantasies (we all have D. West fantasies, don't we?), obscure anecdotes which threatened to become a review of Rob's EPSILON #15 but veered off in another direction, and a moment of earnest, unwitty support.

Rob deserved better. He's putting out an award-winning fanzine. EPSILON has been one of my favorite fanzines for several years now. I like the way Rob looks at fandom. I'm moderately certain that I'll enjoy partying with him at LACon, too. Rob strikes me as a much more approachable person than Famous Dave, if he cuts a less mythic figure.

But, hey -- can we talk? Can we discuss what's really going on here?

Rob Hansen is a fan who has worked his way up, developing his talents as a fanwriter and faneditor over the course of the last half-dozen years. He projects a sensible, practical philosophy of fannishness. He lacks, in his prose, the verve and wit of a Malcolm Edwards, and he's never written a "Performance," but he has written the bulk of EPSILON and in its various departments he has skilfully analyzed current fannish trends and perceptively trapped various fans in their own quotes. And his skill as an editor is unobtrusive but obvious, especially in the way he edits EPSILON's lettercol. Add to this his fanart -- a unique style that blends fannish caricature with Marvel-style comic art -- and you've got a well-rounded fan.

West's accomplishments are no less significant (he's not a bad fanartist, either), and some of them have the aura of greater profundity, but I have the impression that he was dragged, kicking and screaming, into this TAFF race...and his (self-written) platform does nothing to disabuse me of that impression. (TAFF Ballots went out with the domestic copies of this fanzine last issue and accompany the foreign copies this issue.) I can't help wondering if the deciding factor for West wasn't the fact that no one else was running against Hansen, and "just for once TAFF voters should be offered a real choice...." West had to be talked into it, his arm energetically twisted, and his platform reflects this with its opening line, "D. West would be quite happy to stay at home," and its dour expectations of "most of American fandom," which he feels "falls into two categories: Worthy but Dull, or Worthless and Dull." He would not, he seems to be saying, be disappointed if he lost the TAFF race -- but if he wins he promises nothing: "If elected he will not give speeches, attend banquets, appear on panels, or wear funny badges." If you want to see West make the TAFF trip you'll have to leap his hurdles. And what will you get? According to one

recent attendee of a British con, West is capable of being dull company himself: "He doesn't exactly initiate conversations...he just sort of hangs on the fringes of a conversation, every once in a while interjecting a Statement." West's description of himself as a con-attendee in "Performance" is even less flattering.

There is, of course, a sort of Macho Fanzmanship in his defiant stance and Take Me As I Am -- Contemptuous of You platform. If he wins it will be in spite of himself and due to the fascination of TAFF voters for such perversity. And if he loses he will have lost nothing, having already established the Sour Grapes rationale that he'd have been bored by the Americans anyway. So there's a lot of Theatre in West's position.

But all this flash dazzles the eye and draws our attention away from Hansen, whose virtues are more respectable and less controversial, but whose commitment to fandom is no less and whose desire to meet us is evidently far greater. His paper image may lack the gonzo glitter that West has cultivated, but I suspect the reverse is true once one is face to face with them. And I'm less interested in meeting the TAFF winner's Legend than I am the person himself. For all West's posturing, I want to meet Hansen.

That's why This Fanzine supports Rob Hansen for TAFF.

LARRY T. SHAW underwent surgery for cancer of the throat on February 6th. Noreen Shaw reports that the surgery was apparently successful, although of course only time can tell. "They didn't have to cut into his voice-box, so he'll have his voice back within a month or so," she reports. Apparently the cancer had been developing over a period during which Larry had been experiencing greater and greater difficulty in swallowing, until at last he couldn't even drink water.

I met Larry in 1955, at my first convention, the Clevention (of which Noreen was co-chair). He had brought to the convention the first issue of his new prozine, INFINITY SF, hand-assembled from proof-sheets and he allowed a 17-year-old neo like myself to page through it. In the next five years we became better friends, and Larry was one of those who materially helped me when I moved to New York City in 1959. In 1969 Larry and Noreen gave me a trailer-load of furniture before they moved to the West Coast. I've not seen them since then, but a year ago I met their son, Mike, who stayed here a few weeks before finding an apartment in D.C., and in conversation with whom I relived earlier times with his parents.

I was shocked when Noreen called Saturday with the news that Larry was in a hospital and scheduled for surgery. And I was really relieved when she called Monday to say that the surgery had been successful.

Dick Ellington told me that Nick Palasca (Noreen's co-chair on the Clevention) died this past December. Coming after Bob Pavlat's sudden death earlier last year (and, although I hesitate to mention him in the same breath with Bob or Nick, George Wetzel's recent death), the news of Larry's cancer has forcibly reminded me of the fact that I'm no longer the kid I was when I first encountered fandom -- I turned 46 a few days ago -- and that I cannot depend as I always have in the past on seeing someone I've long known and valued, and haven't been in contact with recently, in the indefinite future.

It's time to say, Hey Larry -- you've been an important person in my life, and one whose friendship I've always valued. Hang in there -- maybe we can get together at LACon.

(Noreen & Larry Shaw, 4441 Stern Ave., Sherman Oaks, CA 91422)

FANNISH FRACTALS: Sitting in Jerry Jacks' very white front room, basking in the sunshine coming through the open window at my back, very sercon and getting moreso rapidly, I found myself leafing through



the latest issue of SCIENCE NEWS which had arrived minutes earlier in the mail.

"Have you ever heard of 'fractals'?" I asked Jerry.

He looked up from his perusal of the remainder of his mail. "Ummm," he said.

"Great word, 'fractal,'" I said. "Apparently it's a new form of geometry."

A light began to dawn in Jerry's eyes.

"When you need a mathematical formula or model for a natural process of great complexity but self-similarity in detail, it appears that 'fractals' are the ticket," I went on. "There's a lot of fascinating stuff here. You can use fractals in computer-graphics to simulate realistic-looking mountains or waves -- but not trees. And it seems fractals are based on the use of odd fractions as exponents. Like, instead of squaring a number you might take it to the 2.79 power."

"It says here that fractals evolved when people trying to come up with a formula to describe an event -- like the propagation of sound waves against a metal surface -- found that what they wanted was a number than was greater than a square and less than a cube. This ties in with the geometry because suddenly they were dealing with numbers that might lie between the second and third dimension."

"In other words," Jerry said, "fractals."

"Right," I said. "Fascinating, huh? Used to be, I thought, as soon as you went the  tiniest bit  beyond one dimension, you were in the next. But now it appears there are a whole multitude of fractional dimensions lying between each dimension. Their example is that while a line exists in only one dimension, a curved line, while not yet two-dimensional is a fraction more than one-dimensional. You know, this is a whole new way of looking at things!"

"Very stfnal," Jerry agreed, handing me something.

I became yet more sercon. "If fractals are stfnal," I said when I could again speak, "then it follows as surely as night follows day that there are fannish fractals."

Jerry regarded me for a moment with a look that might have been awe. "Fannish fractals!" he cried. "Of course!"

"This is epochal stuff we've got here," I said. "This is a new way to look at fandom! Fannish types and behavioral modes that never really fit the mundane models and stereotypes can now be described as fannish fractals! And of course, because Fans Are Slans and Have Broad Mental Horizons, some fannish fractals have already evolved."

"You mean -- ?"

"Yes. Pioneers Laney and Burbee gave us the term 'fugghead' in the forties. At the time it was understood to be a bowdlerization of 'fuckhead,' a word which would then not be allowed by the U.S. Post Office, and which had been popular in WW2. Actually, Laney and Burbee pronounced 'fugghead' as 'fuckhead' -- Redd Boggs sent us a tape of some 1951 Burbee-Laney wire recordings and not only do they say 'fuckhead,' Laney pronounces 'memoirs' as 'me-moirs' -- and I imagine they always thought 'fuckhead' whenever they wrote 'fugghead.' But once in circulation in fandom, 'fugghead' re-defined itself. A fugghead is not a fuckhead. The word now describes a fannish dimension at right angles to the mundane dimension in which 'fuckhead' was an appropriate description."

"I'm not sure I follow all the convolutions of your reasoning, Ted," Jerry said, handing me something.

"Well," I replied, "fandom implies a dimension of its own: that which originally attracted us all to fandom and makes us fans. The mundane world has its shares of wimps, nerds, and jerks, but such people take on another characteristic, a positive one, when they become fans, and this modifies

or transmogrifies them into fuggheads. I'm sure you can think of examples -- and there must be other examples of fannish fractals as well."

"Hmmm," Jerry said. "I think you're on to something. This could be big! If we applied ourselves to it, perhaps we could sketch in the whole fannish cosmos of fractals."

"It'll be far-reaching," I said.

"It'll take a lot of work," Jerry said.

"Hours, maybe even days of work," I agreed.

Sunshine gleamed off the white furniture. A trolley went by outside. I looked at Jerry. Jerry looked at me.

"Do you wanna...?"

"Nahhhhh...."

SAWDUST ON MY STENCILS: Actually, there's a thin film of sawdust on my typer too. That's because even as I write this issue I am also rebuilding my office.

In August, 1975, I had a bad fire here. I was lucky in one sense: I wasn't here when it happened. I've often wondered what I'd do if I had a fire and had to decide what to save. Books? I have every sf paperback published in this country before 1960 and a sizable number of those published since, to say nothing of a lot of non-sf books. Records? I have over 5,000, tons of records. Fanzines? I've never thrown or given away or sold any of the fanzines I've received. I think I'd go crazy trying to decide what to try to save. Well, that was one decision I didn't have to deal with in 1975. Instead I came home to find the top of half my house completely gutted by fire, and the half of my house that lay below it dripping water.

One of the four rooms thus affected was my office. I was stunned when I looked into it. A fireman had taken a wooden chair and used it to demolish the room. Sweeping it back and forth or swinging it around, the fireman had used the chair to topple all the neat stacks of books, magazines, fanzines, music papers, etc., which had rimmed the room close by the walls, churning them into a six-inch-thick carpet of paper. He then smashed the chair over my desk, leaving it there in mute evidence, splintered. And water, seeping, dribbling, and leaking from the fire-gutted floor above, turned the carpet of paper into pulp.

This happened during the hottest month of the year, so naturally all that heat and moisture cooked up a variety of life-forms, the most ubiquitous being mildew. The wallpaper peeled off the walls and hung in long strips from the ceiling. Some plaster also fell from the ceiling. It was a mess.

Insurance covered rebuilding the upper floor -- with improvements. I panelled the dining room and put in a new acoustic-tile ceiling. But every time I opened the door into my office and regarded the alien environment in that room I shuddered and quickly shut the door again. It was too much to contemplate.

For years now I have threatened to "remodel my office" in the coming spring or fall. And for years I avoided the task.

The week before Christmas, less than two months ago, I took the plunge.

It took three weeks of work, averaging four or more hours a day, just to clean out the room. I had to sort through everything, deciding first whether material was in condition to be saved, and then, if it was, whether it was worth saving. I burned everything paper that I didn't save. This meant taking an average of two bucket-loads of ashes out of my fireplace every day. There was a lot to burn. AMAZING and FANTASTIC were generating an average of more than a hundred letters of comment on each issue -- and I burned five years' worth of those letters alone.

Then came the rotted and peeling wallpaper. The stuff crumbled in my



hands when I tried to pick it up or peel the rest of it off.

But finally the room was empty, bare of everything except the huge desk sitting in the middle of the floor. Finally the first leg of the job was done.

Now I'm done with the second leg, which was to panel the walls with thin plywood. That produced the film of sawdust that covers everything in the adjacent rooms. The next step is to stain the walls and then to build the shelves which will cover virtually all the walls except where there are windows and doors, and then to stain them. We're talking about a room which measures nine by twelve feet, has two windows and three doors. We're talking lots of shelves.

But probably not enough. Two walls will be devoted to paperback books -- I hope to get my sf collection out of its remaining boxes in the basement -- one wall to hardcover books and miscellaneous magazines, and one wall to fanzines.

Dan Steffan has been sorting my fanzine collection. He has most of it in his spare room, in alphabetical stacks. Recently we measured those stacks to find out how many feet of shelf-space they'd require. The answer was 53 feet. I measured the wall I planned to devote to fanzines and calculated the number of feet of shelf-space I'd have available. The answer was 35 feet. Obviously some fanzines will go back to the basement.

(...)

That brief elipsis describes the passage of a full month, causing this monthly fanzine to entirely skip February. Well, it was Leap February.

In the interim month I have not touched this typer once, the stencil remaining exactly where it was after I'd typed the words before the elipsis. Instead, I have applied myself to the most intensive bout of carpentry of my life, writing only two letters (on an Underwood even older than this one, last used by Lucy Huntzinger and still up in the Green Room), one to Leigh Edmonds and the other to Joseph Nicholas (whom I urged to consider standing for TAFF next time), in all that time.

The typer sits on my desk, now. I am writing this in my office. Its walls hold over 223 feet of shelves, which, since not all have yet been waxed, I have yet to fill and thus yet to know whether they are enough. The shelves, like the panelling behind them, are stained a light reddish-blond color sold as "Puritan Pine", giving the room a rich golden color in the afternoon sunlight. Once the shelves are filled that will be muted a bit. Overhead is a new ceiling, also stained wood, consisting of sixteen inset wood panels, each measuring a bit less than 2' x 3', a single globe light-fixture in the center. The stereo system I'd put together for my New York City apartment in 1980 has been built in and as I type this the Jah Wobble/The Edge/Holger Czukay Snake Charmer "mini lp" is playing.

It didn't take all that long to build the room, and that was easily my favorite part (a close second: sitting, stoned, in the room at the end of a day's labors, contemplating what was done and imagining the finished result that still lay ahead). I like to design, cut, and put together almost anything that requires carpentry and uses wood -- tables, bookshelves, rooms, houses. I like to deal with the Big Picture. But I find the finishing details -- sanding, staining or painting, etc. -- tedious and much less enjoyable, albeit no less necessary. But I have been diligent. I have sanded everything. I have applied two coats of stain. And I have done some of the waxing, with more yet to be done. Most of this involves the use of the muscles in my arms, moving them back and forth, rubbing every surface with sandpaper, stain, or wax. Slow. Tedious. Boring. Exhausting.

When the rest of the room was about finished, I started in on my desk.

Let me tell you about my desk: I found it on the sidewalk inside the New York City Municipality Building (a street goes through arches through the middle of the building, which lies at the Manhattan foot of the Brooklyn

Bridge) amid a pile of discarded office furniture. It was a bit beaten-up, and the drawer-handles were missing, but it was massively big: six feet wide and more than three feet deep. I was driving a Chevy Greenbrier van that year, and it was but the work of a moment (with an assist from Andy Main) to load the desk into my van and take it home to Brooklyn. That was around 1965.

I bought drawer-handles for it and put it to good use. When I moved to Virginia in 1970 I installed it here in my new office. I had at that time a very different idea for the color-scheme of this office, which involved light, bright colors like cream and pale orange. I took it as far as painting my file cabinet and my desk. Painting the desk at least covered up many of the small signs of its prior use and abuse. But when I cleaned out the room I found that the desk top was covered with pieces of paper which had somehow become welded to the painted surface. There was only one way to remove the last layer of paper and that was to remove the paint as well.

"Why not?" I asked myself. "Then I can stain the desk to match the rest of the room."

So I went out and bought chemical paint removers (in two forms: a thick gell that is supposed to be brushed on with "a thick coat to the surface in one stroke only and stroking in one direction only. No not brush back and forth;" and an aerosol spray that is far easier to apply but, in terms of the amounts needed to cover a given area, is ten times more expensive), washes, and restorers. Stripping off the paint turned out to be relatively easy, but getting the varnish and stain that lay underneath removed was more tedious and required hours of sanding.

What was ultimately revealed was, to my complete surprise, mahogany. Who would have thought the City of New York would have -- much less throw out -- mahogany desks for its Municiple Building employees? But then, mahogany was much more commonly used in furniture in years past. My dining-room table (upon which this typer so recently resided), another cast-off, this one from a friend of a friend who lived in Queens, circa 1963, is also mahogany. Perhaps I should try restoring it next....

The floor was a mess, what with all that wet paper lying on it for weeks and months. Rather than sand and refinish it I simply put a rug down. I had the rug in my attic, a gift from rich brown when he moved out of his house. Figured, quasi-"Oriental," it looks good in this room and most of the stained or threadbare spots are where they don't show.

Because this fanzine is written directly on-stencil, the above section constitutes a sort of "fanzine-verite" that bridges a month of fafia and perhaps explains it. Now I guess it's time to sweep the sawdust from my stencils and get back to putting out a monthly fanzine -- and now that this is the March issue, it's already late!

**AN AMAZING CIRCULATION:** A few years ago Charles Platt was writing articles about how I'd "ruined" AMAZING SF as its editor -- and cited that magazine's current circulation figures as proof. More recently Darrell Schweitzer had a letter in HTT that made much the same point, with an equal amount of self-rightiousness. Both seemed to feel that what I had to say about magazine distribution and its effect on sales figures was a cop-out, cry-babyishness at the very least.

With the November, 1982, issue of AMAZING George Scithers ("four-time Hugo award winner," as he blurbs himself on the magazine's cover) took over the magazine with TSR (of "Dungeons & Dragons" fame) as the new publisher. The tenth issue under Scithers's editorship has just been published, and it contains the information (in the required annual "Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation") that the magazine is now selling very slightly over 10,000 copies on our nation's newsstands (10,021 of the issue nearest



the filing date). There are also 1,834 subscribers, bringing the total paid circulation up to 11,855.

Contrast that with the figures for the last year of the magazine under my editorship (1978), as reported in the May, 1979, issue: The issue nearest the filing date of October 1, 1978, sold 21,262 copies on the newsstands, with additional copies going to 1,522 subscribers, for a total sale of 22,784 copies.

Yep, the New, Improved (and vastly better-budgetted) AMAZING is selling less than half as well as it was when I was "ruining" it. Proof positive, huh, Charles and Darrell?

Mind you, I take little pleasure in this sort of "vindication." I envied George his budget and his opportunity to bring back to the magazine some of the field's better writers, and I hope he will still be able to turn the sales around -- because I don't see how AMAZING can survive on sales this low, and I doubt it will if things don't improve. But there are forces Out There which are bigger than an editor can easily deal with -- extortionate distributors being the Biggest Force -- and I think Scithers is now caught in the same trap I struggled with for ten years. There are no Hugo awards for the editors of low-circulation prozines (and never were); this time Asimov's coattail isn't available either.

REACTIONS: Mail has been flooding in with gratifying frequency on each of the first three issues -- beyond the ripples of postal movement in this country, as detailed last issue, there are the transoceanic ripples -- and I've got far too many letters here to quote summarily or throw into a few lines of WAHFs. So I think I'll devote much of the space next issue to those letters, which should catch us up to date on subjects like ConStellation.

Speaking of that con, and its financial difficulties, I had a phone call from Larry Carmody on January 17th. He'd just received the last issue of this fanzine, which was in itself remarkable since it had been bulkmailed the 14th, a Friday, and had arrived the following Tuesday...but I digress.... Larry wanted my permission to make xerox copies of my section "ConStellation" and distribute them at that Saturday's Lunarians meeting, which was to consider ConStellation's request for bailout funds. Naturally, I gave my permission, and I'm told the Lunarians voted against the idea. If my piece played a role in that decision then it's the single most effective piece of fanwriting I've done.

CORFLU -- NOT A CONREPORT: It was like stepping back into another era -- into fanhistory! The hotel -- the Claremont -- had been the site of the 1968 Worldcon, but the con was more like the 1961 Seattle Worldcon (the original Seacon): a little over 100 fans attended, and every face was a familiar face. It was hardcore fandom.

I sensed this immediately when I got to the hotel Friday night, but it was confirmed for me when I walked into the programming area the next day to find a large group of fans seated around rich brown, discussing the topic of feuds, and I heard Elmer Perdue ask, "What about the Coulson-White feud?"

But don't get me wrong. This was not an oldtimer's convention, for all that it most resembled an old-time con. Plenty of current-generation fans were there. Both of the leading contenders in the new PONG Poll for Best New Fan of 1983 -- Lucy Huntzinger and Linda Blanchard -- were there, as were Sharee Carton, Jeanne Bowman, Amy Thomson, Tom Weber, and Terry Floyd.

But what strange things occurred: The Guest of Honor was to be selected by Toastmaster Terry Carr, who was to draw the name from a hat which contained the names of all the Corflu members. Terry reached in and drew out a piece of paper. He opened it and read it. "Mike Deckinger?" Terry

said in a wondering voice. Mike Deckinger was a New Jersey fan active in fandom twenty-five years ago who may be best-remembered for an anti-Christian story he wrote which, after its appearance in VANDRO, caused Jack Chal-ker to foam at the mouth with piety and attract attention to himself for the first time. "Is Mike Deckinger here?" Terry asked, disbelievingly. Ur-ged to try again, Terry plunged his hand back into the hat and withdrew an-other slip of paper. He unfolded it. "Mike Deckinger?" Terry said, in in-stant replay. He drew again. "I recognize this piece of paper," he said. "I've drawn it three times: Mike Deckinger." I accused the hat of contain-ing only Mike Deckinger's name, but I was wrong. Terry had unerringly drawn the same name from among over 100, three times.

The next day Mike Deckinger showed up, mentioned that he'd been living in the San Francisco area for eleven years, and declined the honor of being Guest of Honor since he could attend only that Saturday afternoon. So an-other drawing was held and Terry picked Pascal Thomas, a French fan trans-planted to Los Angeles, who made a good GoH.

Then there was the Important Meeting in my room attended by Robert Licht-man (who has given me permission to call him "Bob" for Old Times' Sake) and Lucy Huntzinger. "You absolutely must Write This Up in your next issue, Ted," Bob told me after our Important Discussion. My problem is that it was a very Sercon Discussion, and we got so sercon that all memory of the event itself has fled. Just a word, a phrase, might be enough to trigger its re-call. Bob? Lucy?

I do remember that in another room Linda Blanchard fluttered her eyes at me and asked me how I felt about putting on a Corflu in the DC area. As you probably know, she is moving out here (later this month) to marry rich brown, and I expect her to bring fresh energy to local fandom. Well, the upshot of it all is that we're gonna bid for the 1986 Corflu (in 1985 it will be in Napa). "You can be the chair, Linda," I said with my accustomed modesty and generosity. "I'll be the table." Then rich handed me some-thing.

I want to scotch a rumor. In a post-Corflu letter Lichtman says, "I heard some talk that you were afraid to hang out at Corflu with Jeanne alone for fear that she'd Come On to you." And in a letter a week or two later from Jeanne Bowman, "Is it true you were, um, concerned ah, that I might come on to you at Corflu?" How do rumors like that get started? There is no truth to that one at all.

Finally, Robert ("Bob") Lichtman, of PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, would like it to be known that he now has available a fanthology, BEST OF FRAP, for the postpaid price of \$8.50. FRAP had six bi-monthly issues in 1963 and 1964, and this fanthology contains about 70% of the original con-tents of those six issues -- Genuine Good Stuff and recommended by the ed-itor of this fanzine, since I leafed through a copy at Corflu.

So, to Allyn Cadogan and everyone else who worked on Corflu -- thanks for a Real Fine Convention. You started something good.

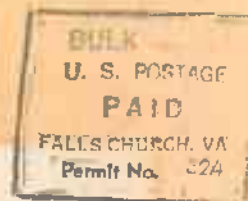
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## THE 1984 PONG POLL

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It's 1984 at last -- well, at least we didn't skip the year and jump right up to 1985 as if this year was the equivalent of the 13th floor in a hotel -- and it's time to cast a glance backward over the year 1983. Yes, once again it's the PONG Poll, established just years ago to discover fandom's likes and dislikes in the past year's fanzine activities. Let us reiterate: the PONG Poll deals exclusively with the events and event-makers in fanzine fandom. If you don't think you know very much about fanzine fandom, do us all a favor and don't fill out this Poll! Once again, the deadline for the return of Ballots is April 15th (1984), giving everyone who wishes to participate in this Poll the time in which to do so. As is our Long Established Tradition, the results will be published in a special PONG Poll oneshot and distributed to everyone who returns a signed, addressed Ballot. (This year we'll try to be more prompt.)

**GROUND RULES:** We will not count any Ballots on which the voter has failed to identify him/herself. Your specific choices will be kept strictly confidential, but a list of everyone who voted will be published. We accept the votes of only one person on each Ballot -- if there are several fans in your household or social group who want to vote and you haven't sufficient Ballots, we'll accept facsimile Ballots as long as each one is identified by voter. There are no restrictions on whom you may vote for, as long as that person was legitimately active in the category in question as a fanzine fan; if you feel yourself to be deserving in any category, feel free to vote for yourself. You may also vote for the proprietors of this Poll, Dan Steffan and Ted White, if you wish. "Joke" votes, for Ronald Reagan for Fugghead, say, will not be counted.

Please vote for one person (or collaborative team, if appropriate) in each category.

### THE BALLOT ITSELF

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Fanwriter of the Year (based on the material you have read in 1983's fanzines, select the fan whom you feel to be the author of the best fanwriting you have read -- quantity is not the criterion; quality is -- and please do not consider reprints from earlier than 1983):

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Fanartist of the Year (based on the art you have seen in 1983's fanzines, select the fan whom you feel to be the creator of the best art -- serious or humorous -- you have seen; again, quality means more than quantity, and art seen only in convention artshows does not count):

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Faneditor of the Year (based on the fanzines published in 1983, select the fan or editorial team of fans whom you regard as the best editors; considering actual editorial skills like selecting, sequencing, and publishing others' material):

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Letterhack of the Year (based on the letters published in fanzines during 1983, select the fan whose letters of comment pleased you the most; both quality and quantity should be considered here in this new category):

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Best New Fan of the Year (based, in your opinion, on the fan whose material, while not necessarily outranking that of better-established fans, showed the most promise and first attracted your attention in 1983, leading you to regard that fan as the best new fan of the year; this is not equivalent to a "Campbell Award," and we're not rigid about candidates making their first appearance in any given year):

Best Single Publication of the Year (based on the fanzines, both regular issues and oneshots or anthologies, published in 1983, select one specific title and, if it's a regular fanzine with more than one issue in 1983, the specific issue number -- regular titles without specific issue numbers will not be counted -- and if you feel your choice may be obscure and perhaps unknown to us, please add the editor's name in the parenthesis):

(.....)

Fugghead of the Year (based on material you've read in 1983's fanzines, select the fan whose activities in fanzine fandom struck you as the most fuggheaded -- but please do not use this category to settle personal arguments, feuds, etc., by "ganging up" on a local fan whose fuggheadedness lies outside the purview of fanzines, or as a condemnation of a convention chairperson, the president of the United States, or someone like that):

The #1 Fan Face of the Year will be selected by tabulating all of the votes from the above categories: Each vote for the Fanwriter, Fanartist, Faneditor, and Best New Fan categories will count as single votes in this category, except that each member of editorial teams which received votes in the Faneditor category will receive separate votes here. Each vote received in the Letterhack and Best Single Publication categories will be counted as a half-vote here. And each vote received in the Fugghead category will count as a negative vote (subtracting one vote) here.

Please return this Ballot to the address below so that it arrives no later than April 15, 1984. We hope to publish the results of this Poll in May.

--Dan Steffan & Ted White

place  
stamp  
here

(your name & address)

THE PONG POLL  
1014 N. Tuckahoe St  
Falls Church, VA 22046  
U.S.A.

FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL



# 1 9 8 3 - 8 4 T A F F B A L L O T

What is TAFF? The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly sent North American fans to European conventions and European fans to North American conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of not less than 50p or \$1.00. These votes, and the continued interest and generosity of fandom, are what make TAFF possible.

Who may vote? Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom (clubs, fanzines, conventions, etc.) prior to August 1982, and who contributes at least \$1.00 or 50p to the Fund. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed -- no proxy votes -- and you must sign your ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret. 'Write-in' candidates are permitted. Postal orders, money orders and checks should be made payable to the appropriate administrator, not to TAFF.

Deadline. Votes must reach the administrators by April 30, 1984.

Voting details TAFF uses the Australian ballot system, which guarantees an automatic run-off and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the exact order you wish to vote. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first-place votes of the lowest ranking candidate are dropped and the second-place votes on these ballots are counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for second and third place and onwards on your ballot. It is also a waste of time to put any name in more than one place.

Hold Over Funds This choice, similar to 'No Award' in Hugo balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no TAFF trip should the candidates not appeal to him/her, or if he/she feels that TAFF should slow down its trip frequency. 'Hold Over Funds' may be voted for in any position you wish.

Donations TAFF needs continuous donations of money, and material to be auctioned, in order to exist. If you are ineligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway? Just as important as donations is publicity -- in fanzines, letters, convention booklets, and by word of mouth -- to increase voter participation.

Candidates Each candidate has promised -- barring Acts of God -- to travel to the 1984 Worldcon in Los Angeles if elected, and has posted bond and provided signed nominations and a platform, which are reproduced overleaf along with the ballot.

Send ballots and contributions to:

## North American Administrator

Avedon Carol  
4409 Woodfield Road  
Kensington, MD 20895, U.S.A.

## European Administrator

Kevin Smith  
53 Altrincham Road  
Gatley, Cheshire, SK8 4EL, U.K.

Reproductions of this form are encouraged provided that the text is reproduced verbatim. Anyone reproducing it should substitute their own name(s) below.

This version produced by Avedon Carol/Ted White

1 9 8 3 - 8 4    T A F F    B A L L O T

ROB HANSEN

Obviously, something called 'TAFF' should be won by a Welshman, and as the only Welsh candidate I'm your man! Not only that: as a fan active since 1975 (contributor of artwork and writing to innumerable fanzines; editor of the NOVA award winning fanzine Epsilon) and long interested in American fandom, I am well-suited to represent British fandom at the 1984 Worldcon. Having enjoyed meeting the American fans to visit Britain recently I want to discover what they're like on their home ground -- the truth behind the tales told by previous visitors. I mean, they can't really be like that...

NOMINATED BY: Harry Bell, Mike Glicksohn, Dave Langford, Arthur Thomson  
and Ted White

D. WEST

D. West would be quite happy to stay at home, since he considers that most of American fandom falls into two categories: Worthy but Dull, or Worthless and Dull. However, he feels that retaliation is long overdue for the practice of American women coming over here and stealing all our men, and also that just for once TAFF voters should be offered a real choice instead of the usual selection of eager wimps. If elected he will not give speeches, attend banquets, appear on panels, or wear funny badges. His Trip Report will be either very long or very short.

NOMINATED BY: Jim Barker, John Harvey, John Jarrold, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden and Tom Weber Jr.

-----  
I VOTE FOR (list 1-2-3)

(    ) Rob Hansen

(    ) D. West

(    ) Hold Over Funds

SIGNATURE: .....

NAME & ADDRESS:

Enclosed is \_\_\_\_\_ as a contribution to TAFF -- checks etc. payable to Kevin Smith or Avedon Carol, please, not to TAFF. If you think your name might not be known to the administrators, then in order to qualify for voting please give the name and address of a fan or fan group to whom you are well known:

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PLEASE READ VOTING INFORMATION OVERLEAF