

WSFanac #4 is produced by Avedon Carol (4409 Woodfield Road, Kensington, Maryland, 20795) and xeroxed by Jeff Schalles. Logo and all other art by Steve Stiles. Available only to WSFA and a few faneds of my choice. Silver Dagger Publication #82. Copyright (c) 1980 by Avedon Carol. Welcome to Ronnie and Death Valley Days.

CONTINUING PROGRESS REPORT Lee says she can't find the power cord. Donations will be welcomed.

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ONE MORE THING ABOUT ELIZABETH A. LYNN The last issue had to go to press before I had the results of the World Fantasy Awards. I'd like to take this opportunity to politic some more for Liz Lynne as GoH for Disclave by mentioning that she had two novels nominated (*Watchtower* and *Dancers of Arun*) and *Watchtower* won. Her short story, "The Woman Who Loved the Moon" also won, as did the anthology it appeared in, *Amazons!* (edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson).

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PHILCON It seems to be generally agreed that for a Philcon, it was pretty good. In fact, for a convention in general, it wasn't bad. There was a comfortable bar, some nice artwork in the artshow, and a helluva great party in the ASFA suite. The huxter room was so crowded it was claustrophobia city, but there were a few nice pieces for sale in there—like the Tom Kidd and Eric Ladd prints and lithos. And, as usual, Gardner Dozois led the gang in group sings of old, old rock songs and television themes, as well as some commercials.

AS GOOD AS YOU'VE BEEN TO THIS WORLD ("Susan was someone who had everything going for her," someone said to me at Philcon, "only she didn't know it." The following was written by Alexis Gilliland, shortly after he heard the news. —ed.)

I first met Susan Wood in 1970, in Toronto, if memory serves, at Torcon II, where I had been invited up as fan goh. She was a skinny blonde with big eyes and a wide smile and lots of bounce. She impressed me and I told her so.

In 1974, she stayed at our house for a few days before Discon II. Dolly and I had lent a hand bringing up Mae Strelkov from Argentina...not the fund-raising, but the plane arrangements. Susan's marriage had just come apart, but she still impressed me. She was formidable and vulnerable at the same time. That year she won the fanwriting Hugo.

We didn't really correspond. She sent me her personalize *Amor*, and I sent her letters.

When she was sweating out getting tenure I did a tarot reading on her. It wasn't at all what I expected. She was crossed by instability and weakness, and cards for instability and sickness appeared in her future and in her environment. The overall reading was a heavily qualified yes. I never sent it to her.

Her last *Amor* she said good-bye. She wasn't up to keeping in touch with 200-300 friends. What audacity to even attempt it...

I wrote and told her, hey, I'll see you at worldcons, going the other way on the escalator.

En route to Noreascon II, we visited friends around Washington Heights in the Bronx, New York, as a fannish staging area for Boston. We learned Susan was staying with Freff and Co. over in Brooklyn, so we drove over and had supper together.

She had finger-bruises on her forearms, and seemed conversation-resistant. At dinner, Dolly sat next to her and tried to get a conversation going.

Nothing.

I didn't see her going the other way on the escalator at Noreascon, either.

This afternoon I heard she was dead.

One doesn't choose one's Tao any more than one chooses to fall in love. It is, and it happens, and that's it. I mourn Susan's loss, but she was her own person to an amazing extent. If she wasn't fully in control of her destiny, neither was anyone else.

Tao.

Bad luck.

Good-bye, Susan.

—Alexis A. Gilliland

(On Wednesday, 12 November, Susan Wood fell from her chair and died while typing. She is survived by several Hugos, A Woman's APA, A Room Of Our Own, and loving memories.)



DISCLAVE CHAIR At the last meeting, WSFA managed to elect Eva Chalker Whitley and her husband (who has neither children nor wardrobe as yet) to chair the 1982 Disclave. Well, they wanted the job... Anyway, they did manage to dig up a hotel for Datclone, didn't they? In Gettysburg, yet.

There has been no word as to whether any of this meets with the approval of Joe Mayhew. But then again, nobody asked, either.

Oh, yeah. Isaac Asimov will be the Guest of Honor at Disclave 81. OK, so you already knew that, but I needed a couple-few more lines. You know how it is, coming up with extra bullshit to fill in the spaces when things are slow...

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A loving sentence splice = the Comma Suture

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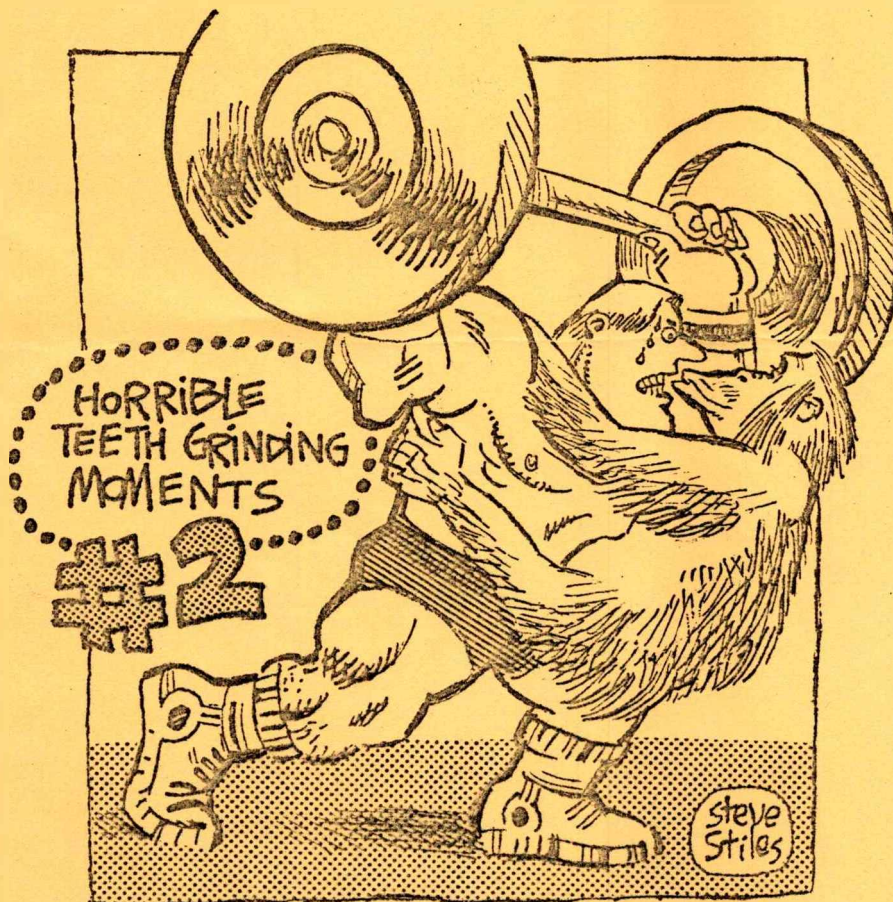
At the last WSFA meeting, Alexis sat around writing interlineations, in case you were wondering where the terrible puns came from.

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AND DISCLAVE HOTEL While Jack Henegen was talking to the Key Bridge Marriott about a possible Datclone site, he mentioned Disclave to them. They offered a very attractive rate for the larger convention—\$30 current and \$30-plus-inflation (expected to be 12-16%. Even at 20% that's less than the 81 rate) for 1982. The Key is *very* conveniently located across the street from the Roslyn Metro stop, and has an indoor/outdoor pool, a jacuzzi, and pinball machines. We haven't actually seen the floor-plan yet, but they seem to have lots of space. It sounds like a deal we can't refuse. Can't refuse. Can not refuse.

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FANPUB CAPITOL We here at the luxurious and spacious WSFanac offices were disappointed to note that Joe Mayhew did *not* publish another fanzine or in any other way respond to WSFanac #3. However, it delighted us to see a first issue, which looks just like a real fanzine (with an appropriate apology for the "professional" appearance), albeit just a two-pager, from Jane Wagner. *Wierd Tails* #1 is full of silly puns and inconsequential natter—just what a fanzine should be. Bev Brandt also produced a fanzine which unfortunately suffers from, among other things, the fact that it is xeroxed on only one side.



THE INNOPURTUNE APE

STATEMENT OF POLICY WSFanac supports Lynn in '82, Baltimore in '83, London in 1984, Australia in '85, and Mpls in '73. And in view of the fact that Langford and *Ansible* have come out for Joe Nicholas, WSFanac, the fanzine with Opinions of No Consequence, supports EDWARDS FOR GUFF. We also believe in blue jeans and re-fried beans.

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 The book of Love Techniques for people who hate sex: The Coma Sutra  
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CONTINUED CONTINUING PROGRESS REPORT CONTINUES It appears that the WSFA Mimeo is even worse than I thought. The amount of trouble it gives me to run a few copies off really isn't worth the hassle. I'd like to take this opportunity to heartily recommend that the club spring for a more suitable machine, what with all the fanpubbing that's been going around lately.

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*the dream is over...*

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