

# FILE 770





# welcome to FILE 770

In issue 104, you'll find **convention news** you want to have about **Westercon**, and **Disclave** and **AmigoCon**. **Fanzine fans**, check out the latest word about **Bob Tucker** on page 3, our **Corflu report** on page 17, and **Avedon Carol's loc** about the end of her *SF Chronicle* fanzine review column. You're just a few pages away from **David Gerrold's challenge** to the **authorized Roddenberry bio**, and **Mike Resnick's Alternate Worldcons** final lineup. How much cash will **Magicon pass on?** Find out on page 18, then turn to **Mark Olson's essay** about the dilemmas of **Worldcon budgeting**. Finally, **why am I using this layout?** Well, it looked really good in a recent fashion magazine!



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## EDITOR'S NOTES by Mike Glycer

**The Issue at Hand:** It's time for *File 770* to change direction. It's time for the editor to roll up his sleeves and go to work.

Every month I get the NWSFS clubzine *Westwind* and skim it for news, but 85% of its "news" is press releases downloaded from the Net that I've already read. In fact, it's the same stuff I've downloaded to use in *File 770*.

Then, I recently talked with Andy Porter about the huge quantities of news and opinion we download from Genie, Compu-Serve and other outposts on the Net, how long it takes to sift dozens of pages of this stuff, and how little we actually use.

I was suddenly aware that I squander hours of effort pursuing news most of you have already seen on the Net. I resolved to change *File 770's* direction immediately. There's a lot of interesting news that doesn't cross the Net: I'm back looking for it.

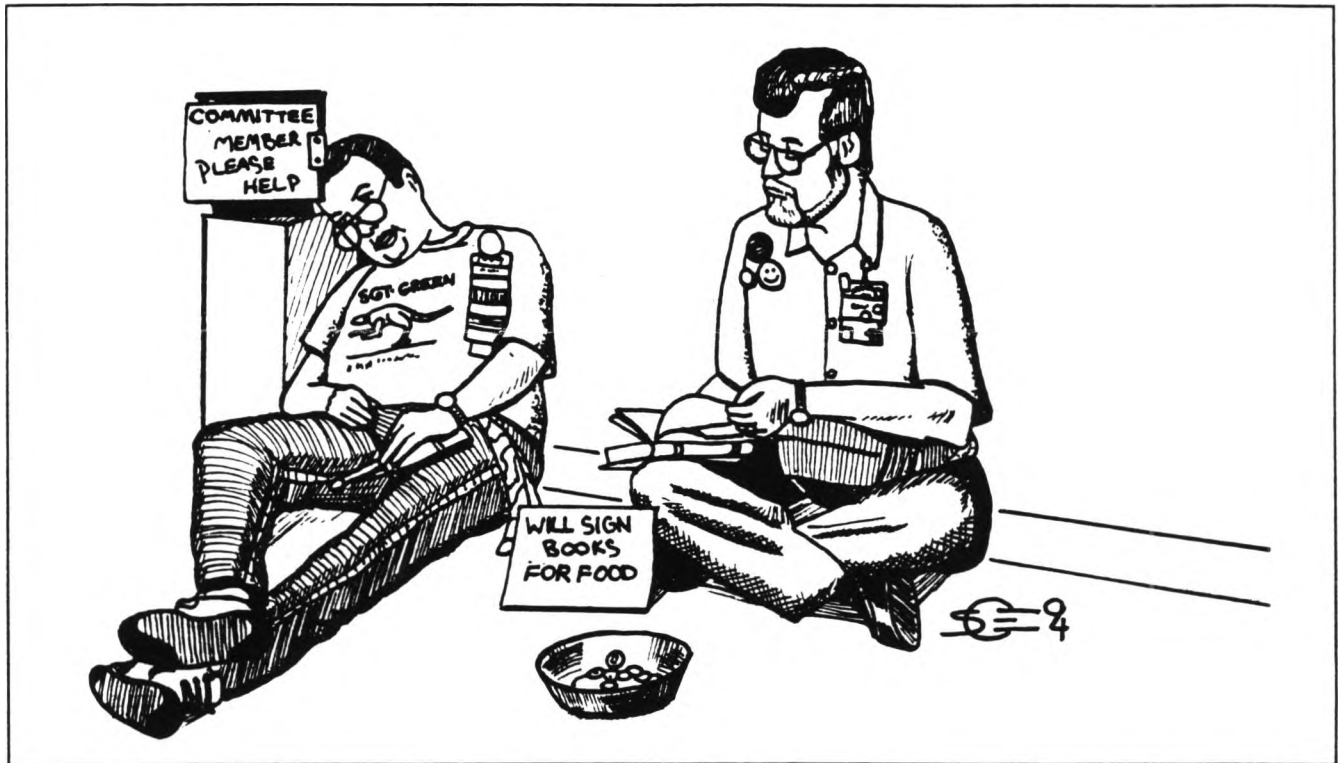
It also looks like *File 770* can keep going

even as we work on L.A.con III in earnest. This zine is going to be around for awhile. It's going to become a prism for all the colors of fanac. There'll be a new range of viewpoints and voices in these pages. First among them is Noreascon 3 chairman Mark Olson, writing in this issue about budgeting for Worldcons. Next issue George Alec Effinger humorously describes his research methods and Taral reveals the meaning of furry fandom.

**The Tabloid Corner:** *File 770's* claim to be "entertaining, in a tabloid sort of way" is kept alive by a tenuous but eerie coincidence linking your editor to the Nicole Simpson murder scene. One midnight at Westercon I watched a syndicated news show in hypnotized amazement as two witnesses described step-by-step the way a dog had led them to discover the murder victims. The show played their voices over video of the neighborhood where the murder occurred, near the Montana and Bundy intersection. I was transfixed: Mel Powell, the host of my rotisserie baseball draft lives at that corner. I may have parked in front of Nicole Simpson's condo at the start of this baseball season. What a thought.

# John Hertz's Westercon Notebook

*Westercon 47 (July 1-4, 1994)*



Sgt. Ed Green solves the Volunteers Department's budget crisis, while Larry Niven makes his own pitch.

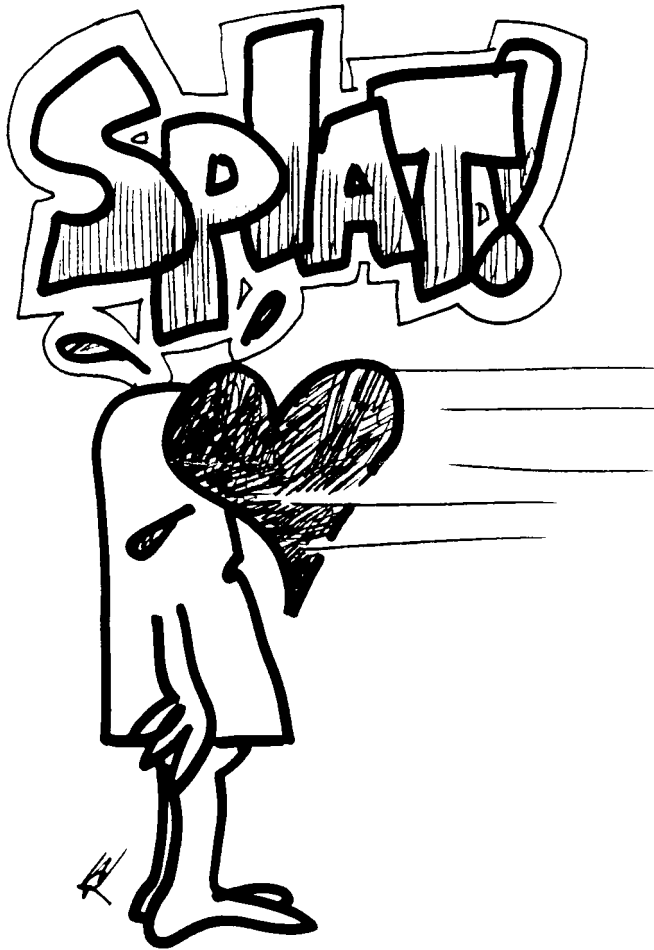
Any con with Bill Rotsler as Fan Guest of Honor can't be bad. And Westercon 47 wasn't. Our yellow submarine for the weekend was the Los Angeles Airport Hilton. Panels were fun, parties were fun, and to celebrate Rotsler's birthday -- which is, in a way, the purpose of Westercons -- I even bought one of his drawings in the Art Show.

It was also another in the now long series of blunderly Westercons, and that from the people who put on L.A.con II in 1984, and Conosaurus in 1989, two of the best conventions ever. The Southern California Institute for Fannish Interests should prove that all knowledge is contained in fandom. Seated at its roundtable are people who've done brilliantly everything from fanzine flaming to hotel haggling. In 1984 and 1989 that expertise was applied seamlessly. This year Conozoic was ragged. Wake up, SCIFI. You have L.A.con III to do, and it's only two years away.

The attendance was a shock: 1600 people, prepaid, walk-ins, guests, and all. We had 2500 in 1989. Where

was everybody? And don't say "It's the economy, stupid." Fans are artists at con-going without dough. The Art Show and the Masquerade were weak. Programming collapsed and had to be resuscitated two months before the con; John Lorentz first got his panel schedule when he arrived. The Program Book had more typos than brain power, and the "Program Portfolio" -- well, let's just say it didn't fit in a pocket. There were more people from the Orlando-Boston axis than from San Francisco. Noel Wolfman, the Chairman, was everywhere, kindly, cheerful, pulling people's chestnuts out of the fire. But she shouldn't have had to.

Rotsler was on my first panel, what to do at your first big convention, with Patti Wells and the Wombat. Use common courtesy, said Rotsler. We can't, I said, we're here because we're not content with what mundanes do; we have to invent uncommon courtesy. The panel talked about how to join conversations (and how not to), whether or not to ask a pro for an autograph outside a signing session. "One reason I've stayed around fandom so long," said Rotsler, "is that you can strike up a



Prisoner, God gave you good abilities, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks.

William Arabin

conversation with anyone about anything." A woman in the audience asked, "What if I'm too shy? I've been going to cons in my home town for five years and I still don't know anyone." That can be a problem, I said, but consider the other side of it. What if we're all too shy? There are a lot of people like that here. Those other folks haven't gotten to know you either. Can you help them? Try Regency dancing, said the Wombat. It's silly, and you can pretend to be formal, and you don't have to know how. So I said he gave good back rubs.

Dinosaurs had been one of Lex Nakashima's wild ideas in 1989, so this year there were dinosaurs everywhere. Some say the first fannish Ice Cream Social was at Westercon 31, when someone used the obvious comparison to promote a deal with Baskin-Robbins; anyway,

this year the Social was made into Dino Night, with games and balloons and dinosaur temp-tattoos. Naturally there were insulting things to do to Barney. Ice cream ran out early; what if we'd had the attendance we expected? Various clubs and bid committees staffed the games, and gave out fliers. Soon it was Paper Airplane Night. By then I had put on my Regency suit and was setting up across the hall. Terry Karney, who joined the Reserves and has been at the Defense Language Institute, came to dance in white tie and Army boots. A bevy of women from the Costumers' Guild came in Victorian corsets and balloons. There was, thank Ghu, a good sound system. The hotel even set up a bar outside.

Evolution is a change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity, to a definite coherent heterogeneity.

Herbert Spencer

Saturday I did a panel with David Brin, Wolf Foss, Jean-Marc Lofficier, and Janet Tait the chairman of the Advanced Technology library at U.Cal. San Diego. Foss confessed suggesting the title, which was "Can You Make a U-Turn on the Information Superhighway?" Brin said "I used to be a scientist, now I earn my living as a liar." Lofficier said, "If people can't use data, it won't help that they have more access." There used to be a set of skills, said Foss, that taught people to think: grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy. Now we're illiterate in all of them. But there's more literacy than ever, said Brin: look at per capita sales of books. For me this sparked a discussion of false literacy that ran through the rest of the weekend. Undoubtedly more people than ever are doing some kind of reading. But what is it they do? They also seem to run from the use of words. On the panel I said, the liberal arts are not the generous arts, or the left-wing arts, but the arts suited to the exercise of liberty. Talin, from the audience, said false literacy is using media for titillation. Entertainment becomes a drug, and you resist learning. The great thing about Hollywood, said Brin, is that it promotes suspicion of authority. But we learn that when an alien arrives, we should hide him from our freely elected tribal elders. That's right, I said, don't vote them out of office, just vote them in and fear them.

Rotsler gave a tour of the Art Show, not sounding too much like Elliott Vereker in Thurber's "Something to Say". The trouble is, he said, that people go detail-happy. Even Alicia Austin sometimes doesn't know when to stop. The number of hours labored is irrelevant to art. Focus. No one should have to wonder "What the hell is that?"

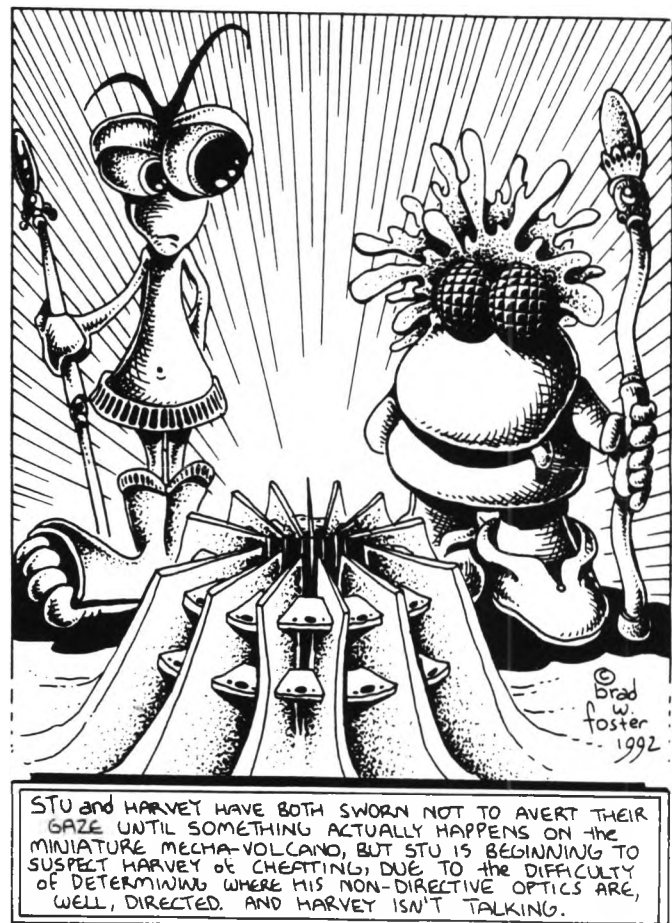
When you want to draw some mysterious thing, you still have to focus on what it is about the thing that's so mysterious. Critics hate story-telling art, because it doesn't need them. You may need to step back. Once in art school a man painted a model so she had three legs. He wasn't trying to do anything fancy, he had painted one of the legs two different ways and forgot to paint out the one he didn't want. Also you need to get enough skill to execute your idea. If you're doing an anatomical sort of drawing, look at some anatomy. If you're doing a dream fantasy, you may need to look at smoke. Some things in Art Shows make you think the artist never will learn how to draw. I talked with April Lee later, who heard Bill had been harsh. It didn't feel that way at the time, although he wasn't pointing at any paintings of mine (or hers). The Art Show gave six Judges' Choice awards, to Robert Beech for *Dracula Gargoyle*, Darlene Coltrain for *Paisley Border*, Carolly Hauksdottir for *Ivory Towers*, April Lee for *Captive of Time*, Real Musgrave for *Dinosaurs to Dragons* (the Program Book cover), and Tina Thomas for *Knight of Winter*; Best of Show to Steve Firchow for *Reepicheep*.

ASFA, unlike SFFWA, allows "friends of" members, which I've been for a while. A message from Regional Director Laura Brodian Kelly-Freas said she couldn't start her car and wanted me to start the meeting. Friday after Kelly's slide show she had swept him away (it is their anniversary) for an interview with the Sci-Fi Channel, and then back to the drawing board for both of them; they live half an hour from the con hotel -- by car. However, she did relieve me, so I could play my usual part of interested bystander. ASFA has given us the Chesleys, a valuable counterpart of the Nebulas, and could probably help con committees put together art programming, panels, slide shows, Art Show docent tours. What can we do for ASFA? We can't promise high sales or free beer. Can we take an intelligent interest in artwork, whether we fault or praise it? We do, sometimes.

Later I ran into David Brin again, on "Is Science or Magic More Basic to Human Nature?" with Beth Avary, Genny Dazzo, Melanie Rawn, and Elisabeth Waters. Brin repeated how he gave up science to be a magician. Science is about honesty, but he'd rather be a romantic devil who's dishonest. Maybe you can figure this out, I couldn't. Just as the Occidental world began to get a clear idea of science -- round about the English Regency period, in fact -- along came romanticism to cloud the issue again. Beautiful lies are better than cold nasty truth. War is peace, freedom is slavery, igno-

rance is strength. A few fuggheads try to make science a squashing thumb, as every cause has been abused in the history of Earth, and we leap to suppose our shackle is reason, instead of the people who hope we'll abandon the tool that would expose them. Avary reminded that powerful elements of human experience have been immeasurable by the scientific method, like love; Waters pointed out another, religion. Of course this is true. Interesting how romanticism favors one and disfavors the other -- and how "love" has narrowed from what every religion has taught. Wagner, unable to believe in God, had to worship sex.

Masquerade Director Kathy Sanders parked in the costume exhibit so she could be easily found. I had never seen ConFrancisco's Best of Show *Beauty and the Beast* up close. It was swell. Not every stage costume looks good close; it isn't needed the way we do Masquerades, and as I said in *Locus* last fall I would have given Best in Show to the *Aladdin* entry (how far we've come since nobody did good re-creations!), but this workmanship dazzled. At Conozoic there were 17 entries, many netted



STU and HARVEY HAVE BOTH SWORN NOT TO AVERT THEIR GAZE UNTIL SOMETHING ACTUALLY HAPPENS ON THE MINIATURE MECHA-VOLCANO, BUT STU IS BEGINNING TO SUSPECT HARVEY OF CHEATING, DUE TO THE DIFFICULTY OF DETERMINING WHERE HIS NON-DIRECTIVE OPTICS ARE, WELL, DIRECTED. AND HARVEY ISN'T TALKING.

at the last minute by Masquerade staff. Heidi Wessman (Novice) as Rogue from *X-Men* sang "I'm Just a Girl Who Must Say No", a neat costume, cute filk, and not every fan male or female has the figure for it. John Autore, a Journeyman who as a Novice at Westercon 45 won Best Presentation with refulgent blue neon, did another piece of it, "Foxbane, Lord of Light", which must have used 25,000 volts, with music from Holst's *Planets*. Sheri Devine (Master) re-created the Black Queen from *Barbarella*, sending my mind back. Cal Cotton and Theresa MacWilbe (Novice) showed a command of rough fabric as "Shakar and Panthera", barbarian warriors. Among Kate Morgenstern's several madnesses was "The Costuming Resistance", with the group Acronym, now Journeymen after winning Best Novice at ConFrancisco, as daring Maquis with zap guns who stopped an evil Costume Nazi from harassing an innocent girl, all posturing dramatically to the *Mission Impossible* theme. Qeldas Pickett, having dropped "Crist" and renounced "Paula" which she evidently long hated, was "Maxine", a Klingon nightclub singer. For me M. Edgecomb (Journeyman) stole the show as Morrigan, the Celtic warrior spirit. A dozen textures gave her costume depth visible to the back of the hall. She paced on, displayed a jewelled shield, turned, raised her arms, and as her music changed, left stage with it, flawless to the second. Best Novice was "Shakar and Panthera", Best Journeyman "Foxbane", Best Master "Maxine", Best Presentation "The Costuming Resistance", Best in Show "Morrigan".

There was no Fanzine Lounge. Noel Wolfman, who doesn't know fanzines, turned to SCIFI and was given one recommendation, who couldn't do it and suggested nobody. So Don Fitch, who was never asked, did his usual marvelous refreshments for the Australia in '99 Worldcon bidding party. There I found Dick Smith serving Platypus Punch, Leah taking pre-support, Eric Lindsay whom I handed a copy of *Button-Tack*, and Anzac biscuits, which if they weren't Anzac would be cookies. Later over a bowl of chili I found myself talking with Steve Barnes about song. He had at the last minute been seized to master ceremonies of the Masquerade, and in a quiet moment told of meeting Robin Williams at a night club and finding himself singing the theme from *Superchicken*, which he repeated for all of us. This too was flawless, even to his capping it with Williams' retort "Well! No room for useful information in *that* brain!" Barnes had evidently been too kind to reply that Holmes himself admitted only advancing that theory to put Watson on. But where, I asked him now, is the singing? Compare that scene in *Judgment at Nuremberg* where we open the door of a German beer hall, or the Yugoslavian bars I knew in Chicago. We're daunted by entertainment technology, he said. You turn a switch and there's Robin Williams: you can't make anyone laugh that hard. I thought about this as Barnes left to find the rock dance. Sunday afternoon there was tea in the Con Suite,

where I met him again. You went dancing, I said. Nothing daunted you. But part of the answer had been under our noses, and late Saturday night I had realized where it was. I went down a few floors and there were the filkers, certainly undaunted, and quite indifferent who could sing better. When my turn came to sing or ask, I put the question I've sometimes written here: is filk always of the embittered, the underdog? Are there songs of heroes? Leslie Fish, who beat *Niekas* to a re-appreciation of Kipling, sang *Some Kind of Hero*, and for the next hour I heard songs about penicillin and even lawyers.

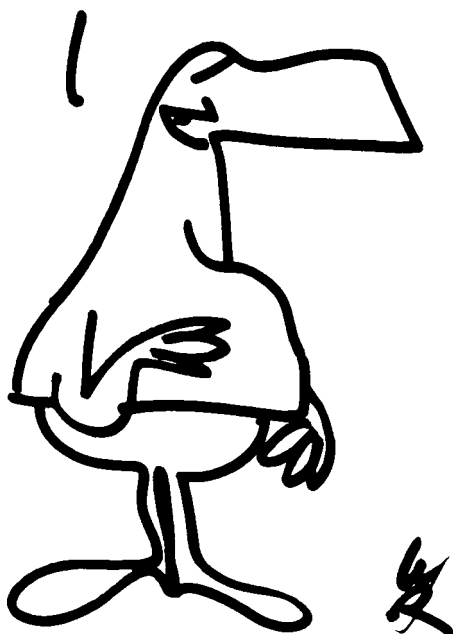
On Sunday I moderated "Is Fandom Bursting at the Seams?" with Tom Digby, Hal O'Brien, Steve Palacios, and Leah Smith. It's the boundaries, said Palacios, not the seams. Smith in *Stet* and elsewhere has been trying to sum up what fans are. Our cons sell memberships, not tickets. We go to meet other fans more than to gawk at our stars. Milt Stevens from the audience pointed out that in the Good Old Days of smaller fan groups, there was furious feuding. Digby said maybe we're not bursting, the membranes are dissolving. Smith said fandom values persistence, you have to survive the rough introductory stage. Palacios and Digby both noted how you can engage fans on almost any topic; you can talk with mundanes, but they don't have any conversation. A remarkable echo of my first panel. Terry Karney had been in the audience; we went to catch up "Why is Fandom so White?" with Gary Louie, Palacios, and Ken Porter. Another remarkable thing, there for the first time in the years I've known Steve I heard a Mexican accent in his voice. All three panelists could account better for why they were here than why their co-racialists weren't. Palacios said Latinos may view science like medical doctors, "not for us". Porter felt a striking absence of color prejudice in fandom, which might worry blacks: "When I *know* there's a bump in the road, and I don't see it, that's worse." Louie said "But with us Chinese, education is big, and we don't turn away from science"; a Japanese woman in the audience said "Yes, but s-f is not the sort of thing a good Japanese girl would do."

I liked the Dealers' Room, but Alan Chudnow, one of the investors in the Dangerous Visions bookstore, didn't; interestingly, he thought the proportion of books was too high, and wished there were more toys, like television and film memorabilia. Copper Dragon Books of Palo Alto had two bins of comics sorted alphabetically, A-N and O-Z, an unintentional Frank Baum tribute. Marty Massoglia again sold more Georgette Heyer than any other author. Jane and Scott Dennis thrrove, having also taken the concession of con souvenirs, a T-shirt by Art Guest of Honor Musgrave and another with a singularly ugly drawing of an allosaur on a skateboard. I saw a stack of Lee Gold's gaming apa *Alarums & Excursions* at a table of filk tapes. The Golds did a masterly job of pulling a conful of filk together, having learned they were

in charge only weeks before. Val and Ron Ontell threw a huge book raffle, with proceeds to Reading Is Fundamental and the Los Angeles public library.

In some ways the hotel layout was comfortable. Panels were mostly on one floor; the Art Show, Print Shop, Dealers' Room, sales tables for other cons, and book raffle were in an adjacent exhibit hall. Open parties were on one floor, which saved elevator jams and created a Party Patio. Chudnow missed a central space through which most traffic would pass. Community is partly geometric. There were few hotel troubles, for which hotel liaison Craig Miller should be praised, especially in what must have been a strained atmosphere. There were also few hall costumes. Otherwise the halls were okay. When Ed Green's Volunteer department ran over budget, he took to the corridors with a begging bowl. Larry Niven found him against a wall, and sat next to him with a placard "Will sign books for food". One morning Dan Deckert asked me if I had seen the floor do anything strange. I said "No; why?" He had given the floor a warning when he came on duty as floor manager, and wanted to be sure it was behaving well. El Paso won unopposed for 1996.

**DID YOU HEAR?  
THE FANZINE  
HAS ROTSLERS!**



## Bill Rotsler's Westercon Diary

5 July 1994: So it's late Thursday afternoon and I'm on the I-405 zipping along at 10-20 m.p.h. on a very busy freeway, *en route* to Westercon. I let some space exist between me and the car ahead since there is so much sudden stop activity. A car zooms into that space, causing me to hit the brakes hard. The stacks of flats of soft drinks wham against the back of my seat. About a quarter of a mile further on a young woman two lanes over yells at me that I've dropped a box.

I know at once what it is: 20 copies of the *Star Trek Biographies* that Marty Massoglia was going to sell for me at \$25 a pop. I pull over, back up to a wounded car, get out, walk back a hundred yards but can't see the box.

Back in my car I say, "One more try." I back around the wounded car -- not an easy task, but then they weren't going 75 m.p.h. as usual -- and go back a quarter mile.

I don't see the box or a scattering of books, I sigh, and start looking for a break in traffic to continue -- and see the smashed box and a pile of books on the line between the first and second lane.

I get out and stand there. Even with the stop/start 10-20 m.p.h. it doesn't look as if I could recover them. Then I see an old van with a big peace symbol on the front. I step a few inches over the line and he stops. I step further to the next lane, then the next stops! I hurriedly scoop up what I can, which is all of them, race for the side, thanking three lanes of stopped cars!

I played in traffic, mommy, and lived!

As fan GoH they've given me a suite so I can give my birthday party. From Thursday night to Monday night I wander about.

My first panel was one I moderated on where you were during the earthquake, and it was fun. Right after that was one of those "So this is your first major convention" panels, with Jan Howard Finner, also fun.

That evening was the opening ceremonies with Chair Noel Wolfman, Pro GoH George R.R. Martin, Artist GoH Real Musgrave. We GoHs got a Weird Plastic Award each. Then the parties. I know there were innumerable talks with innumerable people. I did a lot of cartoons for the El Paso Westercon and ate and the usual stuff.

They didn't ask me if I wanted to do it -- they just

scheduled it: "An Art Show Guided Tour With William Rotsler" so when I was told I said, "You know I'm going to tell the truth as I see it. It's only my opinion, but it is, of course, the Proper Opinion." They said fine, so I took a small crowd around with me and savaged the work. (It was not a good show.) I told them up front that I did not want to know if any of the exhibiting artists were present. Real & Muff Musgrave joined in, and I told him don't ask me for my opinion if you don't want to hear it. I arranged for his work to be next to last and my own last (they gave me freebie panels). People seemed to like it.

Just before noon the next day was my GoH speech -- probably reproduced here. I answered questions. There was a birthday celebration for me in the con suite, complete with huge cake, and I got first whack at the Barney the Dinosaur *pinata*.

No one came to a stupid "Cyber" panel three of us were on. (One of those you wonder, "Why am I here?") Had a short meeting with Larry Niven re our book, another conversation with j.h. finder may result in another collaboration. (Remember, Larry, you don't just collaborate with someone, you collaborate with everyone they've collaborated with for the last ten years!)

I dispensed fat envelopes of drawings I'd been saving up for just this.

1994 Westercon Fan GoH Speech

## A Life Synopsis: William Rotsler

I've walked up the Arch of Triumph and down the Eiffel Tower. I've been shot off in catapult planes, stood in front of charging Ben-Hur chariots, cartooned with Sergio Aragones and Alexis Gilliland. I filmed the first man to hang-glide into the Grand Canyon, which made global headlines but was prohibited being mentioned here.

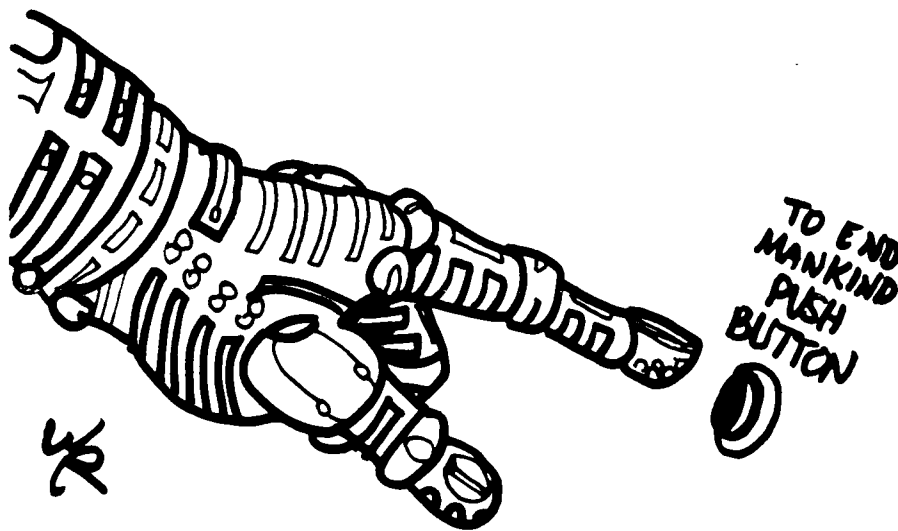
I've photographed auto races, rodeos, Ben-Hur chariot races and bullfights. I've photographed nudes six inches from a hundred-foot drop at the Grand Canyon, in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater, on the roof of Griffith Observatory, atop the

Had a big birthday party in my suite, invitation only, which seemed to go well. (I really overbought on soft drinks, and the next day I asked the con suite people if they wanted a contribution, specifying which flats of cans to take, but I didn't go with them and they took them all, a contribution of 124 more cans than I meant. Oh well, they treated me very nice.)

Monday morning I had, with the Musgraves, perhaps the best panel, about how to sell your art. Young boy there with his father got More Info Than He Could Handle.

Bill Warren and I interviewed George R.R. Martin for French TV. Earlier I had toured the art show shooting stuff for a possible show. Then closing ceremonies and I helped auction off the gaudy dinosaur symbols that were on every panel table, and it was over.

People were very nice to me, but then, they usually are. No one ever asked me if I had any complaints, so here they are. Only two of the dancing girls came, the nubile boy with the peacock feather was late, the T. Sturgeon caviar was warm, and only one or two people called me "Your Holiness." Other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, I had a Good Time. (My gawd, if you can't have a good time when you're a GoH, you'll never have one!) Sold \$50 worth of art.



L.A. City Hall, in the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of California, and in Carlsbad Caverns. I shot nudes of a young woman in my walnut orchard who shortly after became part of a

very famous singing group.

I've almost killed the executive officer of an atomic submarine climbing the conning tower -- more properly



called a sail. I've seen over 8,000 women naked -- once fifteen at the same time -- and photographed hundreds, made movies and bookshelves. I've won Hugos and lost women. I've been arrested, praised and cursed. I've been a soldier, a rancher, an editor, a friend, a sucker, a lover. I've been on television, horses, an island, a small continent and two big ones, and atop the Temple of the Magicians at Uxmal.

I've been to art school, had sculpture in exhibits, traveling shows, and a one-man show. I've been in the Coliseum, the Louvre, the White House, the Pentagon, Versailles and Rodin's home. I've been in movie studios, Norman Lindsay's studio, Rudolph Valentino's aerie, and trouble. I've photographed Jacques Cousteau and made Stan Freberg laugh.

Bill Warren and I do a "Postcards From Hollywood" show for French television, with Bill as the on-camera talent. I know the secret of the Venus Butterfly. I don't swim very well and dance like they're firing pistols at my feet.

My work -- in one form or another -- has been in *Playboy*, *Surfer*, *Reader's Digest*, *Analog*, some "Best of the Year" collections and a collection of "the world's best photographs." Something Weird Video has some of the 27 feature films I've made, one of which is considered by some a "cult" film. I've shaken hands with Buzz Aldrin and Superman, movie stars and famous writers.

I've caressed Henry Moore sculpture and world famous bodies. I helped Andre de Dienes, perhaps the world's best figure photographer, pick which pictures to include in a book. The most frightened I've been is crossing a fast-running jungle stream in Mexico, up to my chin, holding a camera over my head, and not being able to swim. I've been in love and I've been loved; I've been in like and I sure as hell have been in lust.

I love chilled, tree-ripened mangos, starry nights, western art, Frank McCarthy, root beer, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, silent movie epics, Mobius, ancient cities, Louis L'Amour, the small, perfect hands of babies, good typography, Len Wein, Paul Turner, Harlan Ellison, Piet Hein's super-ellipse and chocolate.

I've had psychic experiences in Venice near a gondola, on a mountain in Big Sur, and elsewhere. I've climbed the Washington monument and been dropped by cable from helicopters to destroyers in the middle of the Pacific. I've been in castles, jail, palace, and *both* secret rooms in Harlan's house. I've been in the cable anchorage of the Oakland Bay Bridge, Forry Ackerman's museum-home, caves, secret command centers, movies, Mexican whore houses, ancient ruins and love.

If I turned my head I could have seen Hedy Lamarr on her toilet. I've led deputy sheriffs after escaped criminals and proposed marriage twice -- once atop a double Ferris wheel -- accepted both times, married once.

I've trudged up the Statue of Liberty, had both engines go out of a small plane over Oahu, dated a belly dancer, designed and built a futuristic atomic submarine set in 1958 when they had released only one photo of the interior. I've made pornographic Easter eggs with Sheree North and published -- so far -- 54 books.

I've looked at volcanos, Michelangelo's *David*, Aussie gold mines and the Senate, had week-long parties, had sex at Marineland and DisneyWorld, taught writing that science fiction stuff, and been a mile from the epicenter.

I've been shotgunned in the stomach by my father (accidentally, I think), been in a bar fight in Mexico, sold a nurse to *Playboy*, look at Mona Lisa in the original, been Down Under and Out West. I found out I was a diabetic the hard way -- after I came out of a coma.

I've seen my name on a gravestone and on the door of my own industrial film company. I've been to Big Fancy parties, but the best ones, and the wildest ones, were those I gave.

I've written in the Star Trek, Marvel and Tarzan universes. I've written comics and animated shows. I've published novels, poems, epigrams, photographs, drawings and fanzines. I've made over 6,000 pieces of sculpture and hundreds of thousands of drawings. I'm writing a western, a science fiction trilogy, and with Larry Niven, a contemporary Hollywood mystery about a movie director, an idea I've had for 25 years.

I've been a fast gun and a slow burn. I've been shot at, laughed at, and laughed with. I've had a Corvette, a lot of laughs and been house-hunting with Marilyn Monroe.

I've made love to beautiful women and have friends I honor. I've dumped and I've been dumped. I've been in love and in pain. I've taken acid and liberties. I've told the truth at the wrong time and lied at the right.

I've found that no one -- since my father and Uncle Sam -- can *make* me do anything -- but I can be talked into all sorts of things. I've seen death and death has had a glimpse of me. I'm a guest-of-honor and a grandfather.





## FANDOM NEWS

### TUCKER MISSES CONQUEST

Arriving in the Kansas City train depot on his way to attend ConQuest (May 27-29), Wilson Tucker stepped onto the platform and collapsed. He was found to have a previously undiagnosed heart arrhythmia that was exacerbated by eyedrop medication prescribed after his cataract surgery three years ago. The medication's side effect is to signal the rhythm of his heart to slow.

Tucker remained in hospital from Thursday night through Sunday afternoon. He flew home on a private plane on Monday.

Tucker has reportedly canceled all his convention appearances through at least November. Martha Beck sent me a note to say, "Tucker had a *real* scare. But he is home, much better, first time ever, vowing to give up J. Beam and cigars!"

### SPELMAN BYPASS SURGERY

Dick Spelman, noted huckster, 20-time Fan GOH at conventions, chairman of the hucksters room at half a dozen worldcons, underwent heart surgery July 26 at Cincinnati's Christ Hospital. After a quintuple bypass, he spent 24 hours in Intensive Care. Mike Resnick informed fans via CompuServe that Spelman is already walking around the hospital floor under his own power, and is currently reading (what else?) a Resnick novel.

Spelman remarked about two weeks ago that he felt some chest pains when walking rapidly through a very

large airport, and once in a while when playing racketball (he plays regularly with Laura Resnick), so when he had a regular-checkup a week ago, he mentioned it to his doctor, who gave him a stress test. It took him less than three minutes to fail the test and doctors spent most of last week determining the number, location and severity of his blockages.

Mike Resnick added that the doctor gives Spelman about a 50-50 chance of attending Conadian (he's been going to worldcons since 1952).

### Stewart Wins DUFF

Alan Stewart of Melbourne won a close race with three other candidates to become the 22nd Down Under Fan Fund delegate. Stewart is well-known as editor of the Australian newzine *Thyme*, and of the Melbourne SF clubzine *Ethel the Aardvark*. He'll be at Winnipeg to attend Conadian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention, Sept. 1-5.

A total of 166 fans voted in the 1994 race: 70 in Australasia and 96 in North America. Six of those expressed no preference.

Following his DUFF trip, Stewart will assume the duties of the Australasian DUFF administrator. Reach him at Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne VIC 3005, Australia, Phone: +61 (3) 429-8354.

### FFANZ, TOO

New Zealand fan Tim Jones outpolled Murray MacLachlan and Hold Over Funds (22-11-2) to win FFANZ (the Fan Fund of Australia and New Zealand.) Jones and his friend Kay Gubbins attended Constantinople ("the National Media and Literary Convention") over Easter. The fund's Australia administrators are Ian Gunn and Karen Pender-Gunn, P.O. Box 567, Blackburn, VIC 3130, Australia.

### EVE TAKES A RADIO FLYER

Florida news reporter and sf fan Eve Ackerman writes, "Some *File 770* readers are aware that for the past six years I've been trying to get a license to build a radio station. It's been like a high stakes poker game as various other applicants dropped out along the way, until it was just one other fellow and me.

"Now, I had reason to believe that this man was not the best person to hold a license in the public trust, but all my investigator and I could come up with was rumor and innuendo. It was enough to keep me in the game, filing

appeals at all levels of the FCC and beyond to the First District Court of Appeals in Washington, DC.

"My perseverance paid off when the other applicant pleaded guilty, last August, to trafficking cocaine. I now have the license to construct a radio station and broadcast at 3,000 watts (which I'm trying to upgrade to 6,000) at 92.5 FM in Alacua, Florida.

"Janice Gelb was quick to offer fannish suggestions for call signs. I had some of my own. The more colorful ones I've rejected include WGHU, WFAN, WBHR, WWOL, WDNQ, WSFS, WGDH. Personal favorites which the FCC told me were taken include WEVE, WACK, WHRM (Howard, Raphia, Micah), WALA, WEDN (Eden). So I'm filing for WFJZ which should give you a clue as to the format I've got in mind.

"I did tell the tower company rep that my plans for getting the station on the air are flexible, til he told me I might be looking at late summer 1995. I said, 'Gee, I expect to be in Scotland then -- we'll have to get it running sooner than that.' I'll keep you posted on developments."



#### WRITERS APA

Jenny Glover, of Britain, is looking for women writers to join BWA: "Last year I started administering an America-based writing group -- an apa called BWA which was started by Amy Thomson, of Seattle. But when Amy's *Virtual Girl* was published, she embarked on a whirlwind publicity tour and I'm pleased to see that she is now a Campbell nominee. Even Amy, who is super efficient, couldn't manage the apa as well, so I said that I would look after it for a year. It's a bimonthly group, very friendly, but for women only. As I'm very firmly based in the United Kingdom, it's difficult for me to attract American women to maintain the international balance. Do you know any women who may be interested.

"BWA is a good group to be in with conversation ranging from science fiction and fantasy (of course!) to serious writing, quilting, perceptions of art and volcanos in Hawaii. I enjoy being a member a lot but like any group,

it's always necessary for new members." Contact: Jenny Glover, 16 Aviary Place, Leeds, West Yorkshire, LS12 2NP, United Kingdom.

### MYTHOPOEIC AWARDS

The Mythopoeic Society has announced the nominees of the Mythopoeic Awards for 1994.

The Mythopoeic Fantasy Awards are given to book-length work of fantasy, in the spirit of the Inklings, published during the previous year. (Paperback reprints of recent years' hardcovers are also eligible.) Since 1992, the award has been split into two categories, one for Adult Literature and one for Children's Literature.

The nominees for Adult Literature are: *The Innkeeper's Song* by Peter S. Beagle, *The Little Country* by Charles de Lint, *The Cygnet and the Firebird* by Patricia A. McKillip, *Deerskin* by Robin McKinley, and *The Porcelain Dove* by Delia Sherman.

The nominees for Children's Literature are: *The Mystery of the Cupboard* by Lynne Reid Banks, *The Kingdom of Kevin Malone* by Suzy McKee Charnas, *The Giver*, by Lois Lowry, *Nevernever* by Will Shetterly, and *Calling on Dragons* by Patricia C. Wrede.

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Inklings Studies is given to a work of scholarship on J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, or Charles Williams published during the previous three years. The nominees are: *The Fiction of C.S. Lewis: Mask and Mirror* by Kath Filmer, *J.R.R. Tolkien: A Descriptive Bibliography* by Wayne G. Hammond with the assistance of Douglas A. Anderson, *J.R.R. Tolkien: Life and Legend*, introduction by Judith Priestman (Exhibition catalogue. Bodleian Library), *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Pattering of a Fantastic World* by Colin Manlove, and *Tolkien: A Critical Assessment* by Brian Rosebury.

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Myth and Fantasy Studies is given to a work of scholarship on the broader field of mythopoeic fantasy published during the previous three years. The nominees are:

*Twentieth-Century Fantasists: Essays on Culture, Society, and Belief in Twentieth-Century Mythopoeic Literature*, Kath Filmer editor; *The Reclamation of a Queen: Guinevere in Modern Fantasy* by Barbara Ann Gordon-Wise; *For the Childlike: George MacDonald's Fantasies for Children*, Roderick McGillis editor; and *Off With Their Heads! Fairy Tales and the Culture of Childhood* by Maria Tatar.

The Mythopoeic Awards are small statuettes of a seated lion (intended to evoke, but not officially named after, Aslan from C.S. Lewis's Narnian books) inscribed with a

plaque on the base.

The nominees and winners are chosen by committees formed of members of the Society. The winners are announced at the banquet of the annual Mythopoeic Conference (Mythcon). This year the conference will be held at American University, Washington, D.C., August 5-8, 1994.

The Mythopoeic Society is a nonprofit educational organization of readers, scholars, and fans of the works of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Charles Williams (The Inklings), and the related genres of myth and fantasy studies. It publishes three magazines as well as sponsoring local discussion groups and the annual Mythcons. For further general information on the Society, write the address above. For details on the awards, contact the Awards Administrator, David Bratman.



**ABA SUES FIVE PUBLISHER  
IN LANDMARK CLASS ACTION SUIT**  
*Report by Francis Hamit*  
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The American Booksellers Association used its annual convention to announce a class action suit against five publishers on behalf of itself and over 4,500 members for violations of The Robinson-Patman act. Defendants in the suit are Houghton Mifflin Co, Inc of Boston, Penguin USA, Inc and St. Martin's Press of New York City and two smaller specialty book publishers, Hugh Lauter Levin Associates, Inc of Southport, CT and Rutledge Hill Press, Inc of Nashville.

The lawsuit, filed in the US District Court for the

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, alleges that independently owned bookstores have been damaged by "unlawfully favorable deals, prices and promotional allowances that certain publishers, including defendants, have given to a limited number of large chains of bookstores and discount outlets in the country. By depriving independent bookstores of discounts and promotions made available to large chains and discount outlets, defendants have damaged independent bookstores and threatened their capacity to compete in the marketplace."

The ABA cites a pattern where large chains are routinely informed of and given advertising reimbursement for advertising certain titles as best sellers, in effect lowering their cost of product so that they can profit unfairly at the lower price as part of a larger pattern where small independents are discriminated against in pricing and promotional allowances by publishers. Indeed, many of the discounts and allowances routinely given to chains and discounters are not even offered to smaller bookstores. The suit alleges that some of the promotional discounts given to the large chains exceed the actual costs of advertising the book; a concealed discount that is a violation of the Robinson-Patman Act.

The ABA's lawsuit follows an extensive private investigation carried out over the last year. Allegedly, allowances are also routinely given for more favorable display of some titles, especially if they are termed "bestsellers" (an amorphous term at best) in display and advertising promotions.

The Robinson-Patman Act was initially passed to give small independent retailers in the grocery field protection against chain stores, but applies to all forms of retail trade. It prohibits selling a product to one retailer at a lesser price than one given a competitor and also prohibits concealed discounts in the form of promotional allowances that exceed the actual cost of advertising and promotion.

The suit not only mentions large chains like Walden-Books and Barnes Noble (over 2,000 stores total) but also "buying clubs" like Price Club/Costco. It was authorized at an executive committee meeting at the ABA's annual convention on May 27th. The convention was held this year in Los Angeles.

The suit is similar in nature to antitrust litigation against six major publishers by The Federal Trade Commission. HarperCollins, MacMillan, Morrow, Putnam, Random House and Simon & Schuster have all been the subject of FTC action and it is thought that Bantam/Doubleday/Dell will soon be added to the list. The ABA deliberately avoided possible conflicts with the FTC action by not filing against those publishers.



"Protecting our member's rights to compete on a level playing field has and will always be a priority," said Avin Mark Domnitz, ABA's newly elected President and himself the owner of an independent bookstore in Milwaukee.

The ABA is not asking for monetary damages, which would require a higher standard of legal proof, but simply an injunction requiring the defendants to provide the same prices to small independents that they provide to the chains and discount outlets. Bernie Rath, Executive Director of the ABA has said that the illegalities described in the suit are "relatively broadbased" and that the organization may "entertain the notion of expanding the complaint." Finally the defendants may seek to have the lawsuit dismissed citing the ABA's "lack of standing" to file such a lawsuit. ABA lawyers, of course, disagree that such a technical defense has any merit.

Nicholas A. Veliotis, President of the Association of American Publishers, deplored the ABA's lawsuit, saying in a statement released at the ABA convention. "The ABA Convention is supposed to be about authors and books, not about lawsuits filed in a circus atmosphere...I consider this a very bush league ploy unworthy of the ABA and its members."

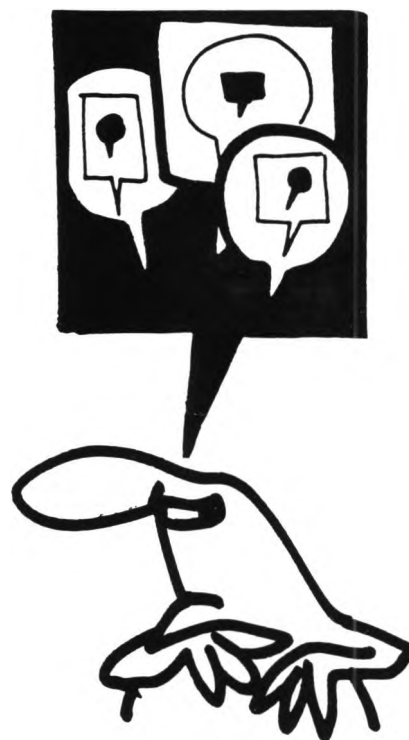
Bush league or not, independent booksellers have privately complained about the large chains predatory pricing and growing dominance of the marketplace for years. The lawsuit could hardly come as a surprise to anyone in the publishing industry.

### 1994 DONALD A. WOLLHEIM MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP WINNER ANNOUNCED

The Lunarians, the New York SF Society, has awarded Michael Burstein of Forest Hills, New York a 1994 Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship to the Clarion Writer's Workshop in the amount of \$1,000. The scholarship, originated in 1990 and renamed in 1991 in memory of the late Donald A. Wollheim, legendary fan and founder of DAW Books, helps beginning science fiction and fantasy writers from the New York metropolitan area attend one of the Clarion workshops.

The current Scholarship Fund Administrator, Stuart C. Hellinger, has said that their charter allows the Society great flexibility in how the scholarship monies are to be awarded, up to a maximum of \$2,000 a year, the number of people to be funded, and for which school it is to be used. The Scholarship Fund benefits from the Book Exhibit Raffle and special auctions held at Lunacon, plus individual donations and funds contributed by the Society.

### WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?



MARGARITA JELL-O: LIME JELL-O  
WITH A NEW TWIST, by Chaz Baden

If you noticed a big shaggy guy at ConFrancisco carrying around a large pot full of green Jell-O, that was me. I was carrying around little cups to dole out servings, and a sign on the pot that said "Margarita Jell-O - Ask me how." I figured fandom needed another adults-only use for Lime Jell-O, and the best way to share the idea would be to share the results. I'm pleased to note that Mike Glyer liked it. (Even if he did leave it out of his conreport.) And yes, I know about Jell-O shots. This isn't as strong, so it lets you enjoy more of the Jell-O. (Tastes Great!...)

While I published the recipe in the newszine (Norton Reader) at ConFrancisco, it's possible that some of you might have missed it. Short version: Large box of Lime Jell-O, 2 cups boiling water, 1-1/4 cups cold water, 1/2 cup Tequila, 1/4 cup Triple Sec. If you have access to email, send a message to [hazel-chaz@netcom.com](mailto:hazel-chaz@netcom.com) that says *request margarita*. If you want wallet-sized copies of the recipe, send me a sase and I'll send you a bunch of them.

In fact, I've just reprinted the cards, and the new edition has a bunch of other recipes and variations on the back in addition to the Margarita Jell-O. I now list Pina Colada Jell-O, Kelly's Whisky Sour Jell-O, Jack's A.A.

Jell-O (Apricot Amaretto), and Lynn's Virgin Strawberry Margarita Jell-O.

(Pat Lawrence helped taste-test the Pina Colada Jell-O, Frank Kelly Freas has enjoyed the Whisky Jell-O I've served him, Jack "Kombucha" Barclay came to visit one week and we made up a special flavor for him, and Lynn Boston is a teetotaler so I made her favorite non-alcoholic cocktail into a Jell-O recipe.)

The Margarita Jell-O recipe is now world-famous; people from around the world, including Canada, England, Scotland, Australia, Spain, Israel, Sweden, Switzerland, Thailand, Japan, and Malaysia have requested the recipe. If you don't have lime-flavored Jell-O in your country, I have a couple of substitution suggestions for you. Contact: C.S.F. Baden, P.O. Box 1729, Redondo Beach, CA 90278.

### HOME FOR UNWED DUPERS?

Long-time Los Angeles fan Tom Locke is trying to unload two history-drenched Rex Rotary mimeos, "the L-Rex, nee the Lab Rex which I bought from Jack Harness and used for several years and the LASFS Rex, which I got from Fred Patten after no one else showed interest." Both seem to be drenched in rather more than history, for Locke warns, "The machines function but will require cleaning and at least some repairs."

Locke wrote to Boris Zavgorodny, the well-known Volgograd fan, offering to give Boris the mimeos if he'd pay the freight FOB San Pedro harbor. Boris managed to restrain his enthusiasm, so Tom thought of LASFS and its international reputation for disposing of orphaned duplicators, ahem. "I read that Harry Andruschak was unhappy that LASFS disposed of some other obsolete repro equipment, and am willing to give those machines to him if no one else wants them."

## FAN WEDDINGS AROUND

*Berni Phillips and David Bratman* married on June 12 at Congregation Beth Am in Los Altos Hills, CA. They had lived together five years. David writes, "The ceremony was a standard simple Reform Jewish wedding (I'm not sure how people who get married in full fannish fig explain it to their relatives), but there were several fannish participants: the reception was catered by Donya White to universal acclaim, with assistance from Debbie Notkin, Sheila Bostick, Linda McAllister, and Donya's husband Allen Baum. James Langdell played the processional and recessional on his recorder. A number of other, mostly local, fans were among the guests. My brother, Ben, was best man, and Berni's sister, Genny,

was matron of honor. The bouquet was caught by Berni's 12-year-old niece, Cory, who not coincidentally is a basketball player."

Berni is keeping her own name. They'll honeymoon at Mythcon in August.

*Ross Pavlac and Maria Gavelis* will marry on July 30, as Ross says, "barring national emergencies or worldcon rescues."

Ross continues, "Me, your readers pretty much know about. In fandom since 1965, co-chairman of the 1982 Chicago worldcon, 'fandom's answer to 911' (per Mike Ghyer, File:770). Maria has been in fandom since 1973. She was a member of UMSFS (University of Massachusetts SF Society) in the 1970's, and worked on a number of Boston-area regionals and worldcons. She is a member of SFWA. Mundanely, she is a graduate student at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School, where she is working on a Master of Divinity degree with a concentration in bioethics and a Masters in counseling psychology. She plans to be ordained in the American Baptist Church upon graduation."

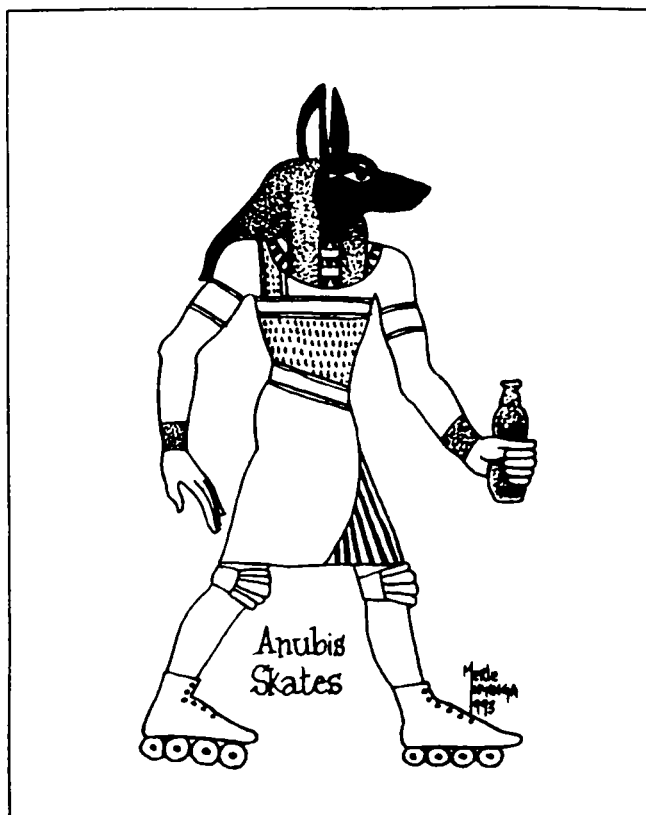
The wedding will be in Gloucester, MA, in the seaside backyard of Maria's brother Jonas. The outdoor wedding will be followed by a clambake. Rick Foss is best man, and Maria's sister Rita (also a longtime SF fan) will be maid of honor.

### Third Saturday Crowd Control

Gary Mattingly's friends in Northern California had a busy spring. "William Breiding quit his job and started driving around the country for an unknown period of time in his Dodge Dart. ...He said he was going to stop at Gil Gaier's for awhile. Rich Coad is writing programs and taking classes and has little time for anything else. Cheryl Cline and Lynn Kuehl continue to put out *Twang-in* and Cheryl continues her exploration of the Internet. Candi Stecker keeps herself busy being a parent to her less-than-a-year-old daughter, Nicola (after Tesla, of course). I hear Nicola has already been in three tv commercials. (Stardom and stage mother in Bay Area fringe fandom's future?) Loren MacGregor's work keeps him busy also, flying back and forth between the Bay Area and somewhere down around L.A. He also said at the last third Saturday there was some tentative interview with him on local NPR in the near future. We shall see, or hear."

### GALEN'S BRAIN

LASFSian Galen A. Tripp notifies his friends: "In the Great Disaster of 1984, all of the knowledge Galen A. Tripp had acquired up to that point leaked out and was



lost. Further education seemed to be a hopeless waste of time. Doggedly, Galen began again. He slowly replaced and added to all the hard-earned knowledge that he had lost so tragically. And now, at last, **Galen's Brain is Full!** Tripp just received his B.A. in Psychology from CSU Northridge.

## WORLDCONS ENOUGH, AND TIME

"The notion is to give me a short story -- as a story, a fannish worldcon report, any way you want -- about a worldcon that didn't take place," wrote editor Mike Resnick shortly after ConFrancisco. Less than a year later his familiar handle adorns the very fannish original anthology, *Alternate Worldcons*, hopefully coming from Axolotl Press in time for this year's worldcon. Knowing his contributors, Resnick added this caution, "Oh, one more thing, if you're going to say something actionable, make sure the subject is dead."

*Alternate Worldcons'* table of contents boasts the following selections:

- Introduction, by Mike Resnick
- Historical Note, by Mike Resnick
- 1939 "In the Beginning", by Anthony R. Lewis
- 1943 "Gemutlichkon I", by Mark Aronson

- 1945 "The Forgotten Worldcon of '45", by Dick Spelman
- 1964 "The Best Little Worldcon In...", by Terry McGarry
- 1966 "Queen of the Timies", by Gene DeWeese and Robert Coulson
- 1969 "Hail, Hail, Rock and Roll", by Frank M. Robinson
- 1974 "The Case of the Snuffed Simian", by Jack C. Haldeman II
- 1976 "Keep Watching the Skies", by Anthony R. Lewis
- 1978 "Iguanacon, Too", by Brian M. Thomsen
- 1983 "Jeremiah Phipps: Vampire Hunter", by Richard Gilliam
- 1988 "CruiseCon", by Louise Rowder
- 1992 "The Men Who Corflued Mohammed", by Mike Gyer
- 1993 "ApocalypseCon", by Kristine Kathryn Rusch
- 1994 "Worldcon Blues", by Rick Katze
- 1999 "How Jerry Phipps Won His Hugo", by Mike Resnick
- 2082 "A Proud and Lonely Thing", by Leah A. Zeldes
- 3007 "Forward the Nomination", by Lawrence Schimel

Some story proposals mentioned in the planning stages that aren't in the final volume -- opening the door for *Alternate Alternate Worldcons*? -- include: 1939, Fred Pohl writes the Exclusion Act out of history, as he and Wollheim throw Moskowitz out of the convention; 1968, Barry Malzberg tells about the Chicago worldcon held right next door to the Democratic convention; and 1970, Jack Chalker gets to hold his Bermuda worldcon.

"The Men Who Corflued Mohammed," which ran in the last issue of *File 770*, actually was not written with any other market in mind. About the time I finished the fanzine version, Resnick reminded me I'd asked to do a story for the collection and my fan fiction happened to be in precisely the genre needed. The anthology version's ending has been expanded to make its message explicit.

## DAVID GERROLD REBUTS AUTHORIZED RODDENBERRY BIO

*File 770:102 reviewed Gene Roddenberry: The Myth and the Man Behind Star Trek the unauthorized biography by Joel Engel. Now its rival has been released, the family-authorized biography by David Alexander, Star Trek Creator. Well-known sf writer and Trek personality David Gerrold disavowed the passages reporting about his relationship with Gene Roddenberry in the following statement:*

To all concerned: It's been brought to my attention that the authorized biography of Gene Roddenberry, by David Alexander, contains several pages about my participation with *Star Trek* classic and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

I've seen these pages and they are substantially inaccurate. Mr. Alexander never interviewed me, he never even called to request an interview, yet he pretends to write knowledgeably about my participation with *Star Trek*.

I gave Gene and Majel Roddenberry twenty years of affection and friendship, with never any expectation of anything in return. I was always available to Gene for favors. I even taught him how to use his first computer.

Yet David Alexander ignores all of the good times and focuses on a set of very small incidents involving some matters that I believe were truly inappropriate for this book. Is this a book about Roddenberry or is it a "tell-all, get-even" book. I believe the pages about me are an attempt to pay off old grudges.

David Alexander implies that I plagiarized the tribble episode from Heinlein, that I had no other professional credentials in television, and that my work on TNG was minimal. He has misrepresented the comments of my former coworkers to demonstrate only the bad aspects of the situation and none of the good. Nor does he acknowledge that a large part of the problem was Gene Roddenberry's lawyer's actions which violated WGAW rules.

Alexander misrepresents the circumstances of the WGAW action against the show on behalf of DC Fontana and myself. The intent of this misrepresentation is clearly designed to discredit me professionally. Alexander says that the arbitration was settled for the minimal sum of \$25,000. This is wrong. The terms of the settlement were supposed to be kept secret, and Alexander, acting as Majel Barrett Roddenberry's representative may have breached that agreement with this discussion.

I won't discuss the terms of the settlement, I will say that the settlement was **substantial**, that my case was taken quite seriously by the studio ...and that my tax refund after the settlement was more than the \$25,000 Alexander alleges was paid.

Because the book is authorized by Gene Roddenberry's estate, this represents the official position of the family. I believe that this action further discredits Gene Roddenberry's reputation because it is a petty and malicious thing to do. GR and I made peace with each other shortly before he died, yet this unnecessary and invasive discussion reopens old matters that were settled once and best left undiscussed in public.

Even more disturbing, if this represents the quality of David Alexander's research, the rest of the book should also be regarded as semi-fictitious. I regard the pages about me as possibly libelous, with a clear intent to

damage my professional standing, and I will be discussing possible responses to this with my lawyer, and the WGAW as soon as possible. I had not planned to speak out in public about Gene Roddenberry ever again, but David Alexander has given me no choice but to set the record straight.

For those who are interested in a much more accurate portrayal of Gene Roddenberry, his strengths as well as his weaknesses, I strongly recommend the biography written by Joel Engel. It will give you a much clearer picture of what worked and what didn't work in the making of *Star Trek*. It's a far-better researched book, and it is very readable and very well written.

That Gene Roddenberry had his flaws as a human being takes nothing away from *Star Trek*; if anything, it makes it even more heroic that flawed human beings can still aspire to the stars.

Gene's greatest virtue was that he could inspire his audiences. His greatest failing was that he would say exactly what you wanted to hear. While this is great storytelling, it is bad management in a production environment, and as a result of his willingness to promise anything to anybody, he left a trail of broken promises in his wake, ultimately hurting those who brought him the greatest investment of time and energy.

It is a sad legacy that David Alexander's book continues the tradition of saying anything to look good that cost Gene Roddenberry so many of his friends. Gene deserved better. Gene deserved the truth. And so do all of *Star Trek's* fans. ++ David Gerrold

[Permission is hereby granted to repost this message on all other electronic networks, including Internet and GEnie and America Online. Permission is also granted to reprint this message in fanzines or articles. Please reprint the entire text of the message including this permission.]

## LATEST CONADIAN MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS

Here from Kevin Standlee are the latest membership figures for ConAdian, the 1994 World Science Fiction Convention. Attending members: 3185. Supporting members: 918. Child members: 74. Total: 4177 (plus 2 inanimate objects).

Membership distribution by country: USA 2330; Canada 797; Others 1050.



# Conventional Reportage

**Corflu Nova** (May 20-22, 1994)  
Arlington, VA

*Report by Martin Morse Wooster*

I hadn't been to a Corflu in eight years, but I knew that fanzine fandom had changed when I saw that the con had no facilities for people who were overwhelmed with a sudden urge to pub their ish. Not only was there no corflu at Corflu, there were no stencils, no mimeos, and no copiers. "We've got a publications room," said Ken Josenhans. "It's called Kinko's."

A further sign of change was subtly announced in *Fanthology '90*, published for the convention and edited by Mark Loney, an expatriate Australian fan temporarily living in the Washington suburbs. Six of the articles in the collections, Loney announced, were e-mailed to him at sites ranging from a few miles away to Melbourne. Whereas *Fanthology '89* editor Andrew Hooper had to spend six weeks retyping articles, Loney was able to do the same chore in six days. "I'm afraid that the comforts of personal computers and laser printers" Loney wrote, "leave me with little regrets for the days of inking cranky Gestetners."

There were certainly many survivors of the Gestetner era among Corflu's 90 attendees, and even a few members of First Fandom. Being a true fan, I missed most of the program items, but did witness the last part of Fannish Jeopardy, which was won by Ted White with a score of 310, compared to 250 for Janice Eisen and zero for rich brown and Dan Steffan. None of the finalists, however, knew the answer to the Final Jeopardy question, which was, "Which fan was nominated 14 times for the Hugo before he won?" (The

answer: Stu Shiffman, who finally won the Hugo for Best Fan Artist in 1990.) There was also a very nice slide show of Art Widner's slides of his trip to the 1941 Denvention and an auction which mostly consisted of fairly common 1970s and 1980s titles.

Sunday afternoon's banquet began disastrously. The Marriott Crystal Gateway not only charged \$22 a head for food which was below the standards of a cheap all-you-can-gorge place, but the hotel decided that no one would actually stay in the banquet room, and thus only had 40 seats for 90 con members. Eventually, tables were found and the banquet program began with Ted White explaining that he had just created the Academy of Fannish Arts and Letters, which would award the coveted Golden Stencil award to any member of the Fan Writers of America. Since anyone could be a member of fwa (if you know about the group, you are a member), anyone could award himself a Golden Stencil award. *Blat 3*, said White, just received a Golden Stencil for Good Paper, for example.

Corflu's Guest of Honor is always chosen randomly the afternoon before the con, and this year's winner was Nashville fan John Bartelt, who said that not only was he a gafiate, but that he thought about women's volleyball more than he thought about fanzines. Bartelt was a physicist in mundane life, and had discovered a new particle. To explain the significance of his discovery, Guest Atoms Bob Webber, Spike Parsons, Lucy Huntzinger and Joe Wesson danced confusedly.

The next chore was the nomination of the immediate past president of the Fan Writers of America, which

has no current presidents, only past ones. Dan Steffan was nominated but the crowd demanded that Jack Speer receive this honor, and Speer was elected by acclamation. Speer, who was wearing a lime-green beanie with a wilted propeller, said that he was a licensed parliamentarian, and that this was the worst parliamentary procedure he had ever seen. But he was nonetheless grateful for the award.

Next year's Corflu was awarded to Joyce and Arnie Katz, who announced that Corflu Vegas would be held at Jackie Gaughan's Plaza Hotel in Las Vegas between April 7-9, 1995. Registration fees are \$45 in advance, \$50 at the door, payable to Joyce Katz at 330 South Decatur, Box 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107.

**Fanhistoricon:** A brief, second-hand report on Fanhistoricon, which I did not attend. Attendance was 15, and apparently the organizers, led by Peggy Rae Pavlat and Bruce Pelz, did a good job in identifying the work that needed to be done to preserve fan archives, although no one suggested where the archives should be located. The high point was the con's visit to Harry Warner, Jr. The con divided into six groups, each allowed to visit briefly. Harry Warner was reported to be in good shape, though there was some doubt about his house.

**Disclave 1994** (May 27-30) Tysons Corner, VA

*Report by Martin Morse Wooster*

Most of the problems of last year's Disclave were mostly solved in this year's Disclave, which marked a partial return to form. Terrilee Edwards-Hewitt, who was apparently responsible for many of the pro-

alienating policies instituted by Disclave in 1993, was nowhere to be seen, and programming head Covert Beach did a good job of making sure that Darrell Schweitzer and many other pros were on the program, as well as fans who came for Corflu and hung around for the following week. Though there were reports that Disclave chairs John Peacock and Paula Lewis didn't delegate enough responsibility and dithered quite a bit, these actions did not show up in the running of the convention, which appeared to work well.

The hotel site, the Sheraton Premiere in Tysons Corner, Virginia, was a very enjoyable place to hold a convention. The staff was friendly, although they seemed puzzled by garb-wearing fans and the occasional incident, such as skinny-dipping in the hotel pool. Some gothic-punk teens, however, did cause an incident at a local mall during a showing of *The Crow* when one of them proved he had a sword-cane by waving the sword in front of the ushers, thus ensuring his arrest. One staff member told me that whatever trouble fans might have caused, it was far less than the damage caused by a Republican group whose members began the evening throwing hookers out the window and ended it by dive-bombing the pool with burning sofas.

Disclave attendance was 1,000, including free memberships. Special thanks to Dick Roepke for keeping the con suite amply supplied with fine Dominion beers during the evening hours.

**Two Disclave Postscripts:** *Chris Logan Edwards:* This year's Disclave is now history. We shared the spacious and classy Sheraton Premiere with several Girls' Youth Soccer teams and a Veteran Marine gathering. Quite calm, all in all, especially considering the potential. The high point was probably Saturday night's

Cursed Barney Pinata of Doom. Casualties included: one case broken with splinters grazing a bystander's neck, one officiator's wrist whacked with the bat, two young children nearly squashed under a collapsed pinata-holder, and someone mysteriously collapsed in the women's restroom. Let the Barney bashers beware!

*Richard Brandt:* Michelle and I sneaked in on the last night of Disclave this year, and were treated to the surprise of Darrell Schweitzer wandering into the Philcon party. This seemed so noteworthy that we mentioned it to the illustrious Fred Duarte, on whose floor we were sleeping. "Darrell was complaining about how last year's convention seemed ignorant of any of the pros in the field," I recapped for Fred's benefit.

"Well, this year was worse," Fred opined. "They basically told Gardner, thanks but no thanks."

"Jesus," I said, "that *does* sound worse."

"How many people are here?" Michelle asked. "About a thousand," Fred answered.

"Well," I said, "obviously thy didn't come to see Gardner."

"No," said Fred. "They came to see Darrell."

#### LUNACON NOTES

The Lunarians have announced that Lunacon 95 will return to the Rye Town Hilton, in Rye Brook, NY, over the March 17-19, 1995 weekend. Guests are: Author GoH Poul Anderson; Artist GoH Stephen Hickman; and Fan GoH Mike Glyer.

Request information from Lunacon '95, P.O. Box 3566, New York, NY 10008-3566.

**AmigoCon** (April 22-24, 1994)  
*Report by Richard Brandt*

After the last-minute cancellation of GoH Roger Zelazny, whose mother was gravely ill, a highlight of the weekend had to be the torrential downpour and sudden flooding of the hotel, which occurred precisely in the middle of our panel on "Convention Horror Stories." We're sorry, Lord. We'll never badmouth some unfortunate convention committee again. They're just trying to do their best, really.

The con's 335 attendees bought over \$3,200 in the Art Show. AmigoCon sold 38% of the 311 pieces available for purchase.

A personal highlight would be the appearance by Bob Guidry and Bernie Rosenblum, better known to careful scutinziars of *MST3K* credits as the Director of Cinematography and Stunt Coordinator/Featured Actor in "Manos: The Hands of Fate" which they filmed here in El Paso in 1966. Genial gentlemen and witty speakers, they carried on for the better part of two hours about their youthful misadventures shooting Hal Warren's epic with a spring-loaded Bell & Howell good for 32 seconds at a stretch, no on-location sound, lights that weren't good for more than a few feet of illumination at night, dwindling funds for retakes when the extremely narrow depth-of-field resulted in out-of-focus scenes, etc., etc. They also dug out of their attics artifacts such as the original screenplay, shooting script, and newspaper ads and reviews of the "Gala Downtown Premiere." We're looking forward to working with them on the 30-Year Reunion at Westercon.

**Magicon's Surprise Surplus  
Passed On To Future Worldcons**

Magicon Chairman Joe Siclari announced the 1992 Worldcon is passing along nearly \$50,000 to the 1993, 1994 and 1995 Worldcons. While

bidding, Magicon had promised to pass on at least 50% of any net surplus to the next three subsequent Worldcons which make a similar promise.

Siclari wrote, "Based on initial estimates of the surplus, we passed along \$9,000 in cash to ConFrancisco. Now that our accounting is complete, and the amount of funds available known, we have about \$40,000 more to pass along to Conadian and Intersection." Magicon's surplus is reportedly over \$80,000. A copy of Magicon's final financial report will be provided to the WSFS Business Meeting at Conadian. When complete, copies of it will be available upon request. (Write to Magicon, 1745 NW 4th Ave #5, Boca Raton, FL 33432.)

The belated discovery of Magicon's larger surplus will please the 1994 and 1995 worldcon committees, but the delay's impact on pass-ons to the 1993 con was criticized by John Lorentz, who wrote, "ConFrancisco closed their books in about 8 months

-- and Magicon took, what, 21? ...If Magicon had managed to finish things last summer [and passed on its surplus] ConFrancisco could have been a better convention for its attendees."

Mark Olson defended the methods used to estimate Magicon's profits and determine its pass-on to ConFrancisco. "As of last summer, no one that I know of dreamed that Magicon's profit would be as large as it was. All estimates pointed to around \$50,000, and Judy [Bemis]'s preliminary totals pointed there, too.... The money transferred to CF was exactly what it should have been based on what Joe [Siclari] and Judy knew at the time."

There is also controversy about whether Magicon can pass on money to non-U.S. worldcons. As reported in *F770:102*, an attorney at the IRS National Office who specializes in 501(c)(3) questions, confirmed that a U.S. 501(c)(3) corporation organized to run one of a series of international conferences could pass on funds to a non-U.S. corporation to

help fund the next conference. However, in Magicon's view, "Because neither Conadian nor Intersection is a properly US tax-exempt organization, and based on advice of our legal counsel, Magicon is unable to simply pass on cash. Instead, with their cooperation, we have identified pieces of each convention which we can legitimately sponsor (e.g., the Hugo Awards, publications for U.S. members, etc.) and will that way provide them with support equivalent to about \$20,000."

Fans can certainly respect Magicon's desire to avoid any action that would jeopardize its own tax-exempt status. From that viewpoint, Magicon's decision to follow the advice of its attorney is understandable. Less logical is Magicon's belief that writing a check to Conadian would violate the law but paying Conadian's expenses would not. Magicon reportedly is paying for such expenses as the (local Winnipeg) printer's bill for Progress Report 6, \$2,783.88, and for other items that will look innocuous when accounted among its own expenses.



## Why It Is Hard to Budget a Worldcon by Mark L. Olson

If you look back over the last fifteen years' Worldcons at these estimates of the net profit (surplus for purists) made by each, you see an interesting pattern, or rather, lack of pattern:

| Year | Convention    | Surplus    |
|------|---------------|------------|
| 1980 | Noreascon 2   | \$ 15,000  |
| 1981 | Denvention    | \$ 2,000   |
| 1982 | Chicon V      | \$ 30,000  |
| 1983 | ConStellation | (\$75,000) |
| 1984 | L.A.con II    | \$100,000  |
| 1985 | Aussiecon 2   | (\$10,000) |
| 1986 | Confederation | \$ 60,000  |
| 1987 | Conspiracy    | (\$25,000) |
| 1988 | Nolacon 2     | (\$20,000) |
| 1989 | Noreascon 3   | \$ 65,000  |
| 1990 | ConFiction    | (\$30,000) |
| 1991 | Chicon V      | \$ 55,000  |
| 1992 | Magicon       | \$ 80,000  |
| 1993 | ConFrancisco  | \$ 25,000  |

Figure 1. Range of worldcon surpluses

much greater than the penalty for a profit. If a Worldcon makes a modest amount of money, fannish heads nod sagely and say that this must have been a prudent committee. Even the smallest loss, even if it only manifests in partial or no membership reimbursements, will be talked about for years.

Since the only coin in which Worldcon committees are paid is reputation and satisfaction in a job well done, a well-managed Worldcon will sensibly aim make money. The disproportionate penalties for a loss make Worldcon management extremely risk-averse. (This is inevitable when each Worldcon is a separate organization. If Worldcons were all run by one organization -- perish the thought! -- the profit from one would fund the deficit from another and the fluctuations from one con to another would be a lot smaller. The pass-on funds scheme that most Worldcons now participate in is an informal way to minimize fluctuations.)

Given that any prudent Worldcon committee will try to

| When         | Members | Rate  | Income    |
|--------------|---------|-------|-----------|
| Vote         | 1500    | \$ 55 | \$82,500  |
| Year 1       | 900     | \$ 75 | \$67,500  |
| Year 2       | 1100    | \$100 | \$110,000 |
| Year 3       | 2000    | \$120 | \$240,000 |
| At door      | 800     | \$150 | \$120,000 |
| Other income |         |       | \$ 75,000 |
|              | -----   |       | -----     |
| Total        | 6100    |       | \$695,000 |

Figure 2. Revenue projected by year.

Five cons lost money, one broke even, and eight generated surpluses. The *average* profit of all these conventions was about \$20,000 out of an average budget of about a half-million dollars. The average profit was only 4%, but the *actual* profit ranged from +20% to -13%. (All of these numbers include membership reimbursements for program participants and staff. Reimbursements were not actually paid when the con lost money, but to put all the surplus figures on the same footing I have included estimates of what they should have been. Many numbers are estimates, and corrections would be appreciated.)

The obvious question is why is it so hard to budget a Worldcon so that it breaks even? To answer that, we need to understand the motivations a Worldcon has in forming its budget, and then look at the external factors that frustrate it. Worldcons normally aim to make a small profit rather than just breaking even since the penalty for a loss is so

make a modest profit, why have so many lost money? The first half of the answer, that it's hard to control your expenses is sort of obvious. It's perhaps less well-known it's even harder to predict your income. Around 85% of a Worldcon's income comes from memberships. Traditionally, the cheapest memberships are reserved for people who pre-supported the Worldcon while it was still a bid, and voted in the election which selected it. Rates increase after the vote right up until at-the-door memberships are sold for 2.5 to 3 times as much as the cheapest. These days, about a quarter of a typical Worldcon's members are voters and join at the lowest possible rate. The rest join over the con's three years of planning, with half joining in the last year. Because so much of a Worldcon's membership joins late, at the highest rates, the bulk of a Worldcon's income comes in in the months right before the con. Here are typical numbers for a mid-range US Worldcon today [[See Figure 2]]:

Budgeting a Worldcon is very risky since many spending decisions must be made before the income to support them is certain.

Which leads to the second problem: it is very





attendance. Reliable monthly membership figures exist for five North American Worldcons. Up until January of the year of the con, their membership figures were all pretty much the same. Starting in January (only 9 months before the con) each con's membership curve went off on its own and final pre-registration numbers wound up covering a range of nearly 2000 from the largest to the smallest. And there wasn't much correlation between the con size in January and final sizes. Let me put that another way: Five comparable Worldcons had roughly the same number of members up through January of the year of their convention, yet wound up scattered over a range

hard to predict a particular Worldcon's total of 2000 members. All of the difference was in high-priced memberships. The difference in income between the largest and smallest convention was around \$180,000, or over a quarter of the budget. And as of January, none of them knew for sure. This makes it very hard to budget! No Worldcon, no matter how well run it is, has much control over its income. True, foolish rate policies can have an effect, and a bad reputation can discourage people from attending, but even without that sort of problem, it's very difficult to accurately predict a Worldcon's total income until a couple of months after the con is over.

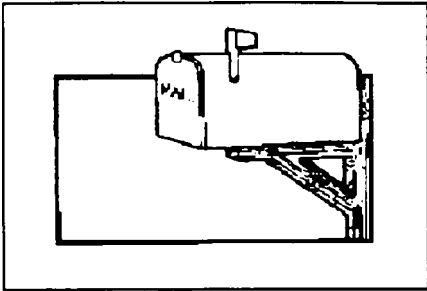
If you analyze a typical US Worldcon's income by source you can see why *[[See Figure 3]]*:

A well-planned Worldcon must deal with an uncertainty of about 40% in its total income. This is worse than it sounds. Before the con has an inkling of its actual income, as much as 40% of its total expenses are committed either because they have already been spent or because decisions to commit to future expenses (like how much of the Convention Center to rent) had to be made. This means a worldcon faces an expense budget which may change by around \$300,000, and uncommitted income which may range from \$200,000 to \$400,000. The con might have to deal with 30% budget cuts or have a 30% surplus. It's no wonder that Worldcon surpluses vary a lot. In fact, it's a wonder they don't vary more.

| Amount              | Type of Income   |
|---------------------|--|
| \$ 375,000          | <i>Base members</i> income comes from the 4500-5000 or so members that any domestic Worldcon can expect to get. It appears to be a fairly stable number and one can be reasonably sure of it by about January of the year of the con.  |
| \$ 0-140,000        | <i>Unpredictable advance</i> members are the 1200 or so members who may or may not go to a particular Worldcon. Most of the divergence takes place in the May-July period and is undoubtedly affected by the con's reputation, hotel rates, travel costs, membership prices, and the state of the economy. It's only slightly predictable. |
| \$40-100,000        | <i>At the door</i> income seems to have a stable base, but is still wildly variable. It probably depends more on the local population density and on the extent of local publicity than on the con's reputation elsewhere in fandom.   |
| \$ 75,000           | <i>Other</i> includes Hucksters table fees, Art Show income, ad income, interest, pass-on funds and the like. It is stable and very predictable.   |
| <u>Total Income</u> |  |
| \$490-\$690,000     |  |

Figure 3. Types of revenue.

## Letters of Comment



### Probably Something, But Not A Fanzine Review Column

**Avedon Carol:** Thanks for your kind words and egoboo. In all this time I never had any idea whether anyone liked that column in *Science Fiction Chronicle* -- I guess it had to get killed for me to find out.

And thanks for asking me to continue the column in *F770*, too. I've been trying to figure out some way to do it, but you'd have had a column by now if that were likely.

Y'see, it really *was* a mutual decision between me and Andy [Porter] to stop the column. To start with, I have so little time for fanwriting these days (and no money at all now that Rob's job has become a fashion victim) that's actually a bit tedious to do nothing but these short, shallow little fanzine reviews. I certainly think there's a need for that sort of thing, but I never really felt I was giving them the attention they deserved anyway, and besides, there were times when I nearly broke out in book reviews. I mean, I just wanted to write about something *else*. (And all these people keep saying there's no interesting sf lately, but *I* was reading some, and I just kept having this urge to say so.)

And yet, every time I thought about writing and telling you that, I just kept thinking, "But I want to write a review of the latest *Blat*. It was just so

good."

For one thing, it's the best *looking* fanzine I've ever seen. Ted White and Dan & Lynn Steffan know exactly what they're doing -- and you know what I mean, you've seen the way people get their hands on all this spiffy technology and just write something boring and throw in a few unrelated illos between the tasteful white space. Not these folks. Between them, they've perfected the form. The art itself is, of course, wonderful. It isn't just that the drawings are good, it's that every one of them is exactly where it should be. There is humor, bad taste, good warmth, and even love there.

And the whole thing is absolutely *packed* with interesting stuff. Dan announces his TAFF candidacy (he deserves it), updates a subject from last issue's editorial, and talks about the death of Catherine Jackson. Since I hadn't heard about it before, I guess this was probably the easiest way to have the news broken.

But the outstanding piece in *Blat* #3 is Grant Canfield's article about Catherine, who he had once known as Cathy Canfield, his wife. He talks about falling in love, marrying and eventually blowing it. He's brutally honest and cuts himself no slack at all.

I guess you can tell I was more than a little impressed with this. A while back someone else wrote a piece that people said was "honest", but I was dismayed at the way, before I had a chance to admire that honesty, that writer suddenly pulled back and used other people for deflectors; he wasn't going to take the heat all by himself. Grant, on the other hand, didn't cop out. He told us he lost the love of his life through no one's fault but his own.

I'd been hoping I'd see Catherine on my recent trip to DC, and get to know her a bit better. *Blat* #3 told

me I wouldn't be seeing her again, but showed me a little of what I had missed.

And none of that should take away from the issue's other virtues. The very fact that there's an article by Moshe Feder is something to take note of. This is a very different sort of con report, from the organizer of the fan programme at Noreascon II -- a convention I'll certainly never forget. And Andy Hooper contributes some pretty thoughtful fanzine reviews with an interesting twist.

Even trips to mundania have a special touch in this fanzine. When Mark Kernes talks about his job, it's not just paper shuffling. Now that he's no longer a court reporter, our boy's new gig as editor of *Adult Video News* puts him in touch with some interesting opportunities. Hey, I like Mark. He's a nice guy. But there are some things I just never expected him to do. Porn star? Naaah...

The letter column is full of fascinating stuff, interesting people -- and, uh, Harry Andruschak, who has clearly been living on an entirely different planet for at least the last ten years.

All rounded up with Ted's editorial, including a meeting with Althea Flynt and a lovely fantasy about the true identity of Woodward and Bernstein's Deep Throat, in honor of the death of that Great Statesman, Richard Nixon. Ted tells it like it is.

This fanzine was so good, I may even write a loc to it.

But right now, I have to figure out a way to make some money. This business of having no visible means of support is pretty depressing. There's nothing out there. It's not a joke.

[[*Blat* #3 edited by Dan Steffan, 3804 S. 9th Street, Arlington, VA 22204, and Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046. Available for trades to both editors, \$10, or "the usual."]]