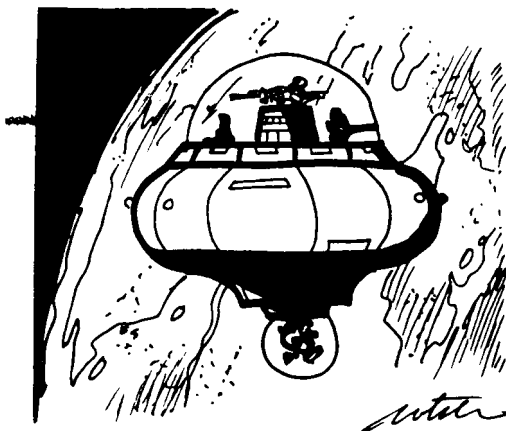


File 770:105 is edited by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. Second star on the right and straight on till morning. File 770 is available for news, artwork, arranged trades (primarily with other newzines and clubzines), or by subscription. Subscriptions cost \$8.00 for 5 issues, \$15.00 for 10 issues, mailed first class in North America or surface mail rates overseas. Air printed matter service is available for \$2.50 per issue. Telephone (818) 787-5061. CompuServe 72557,1334.



## Editor's Notes by Mike Glycer

### ART CREDITS

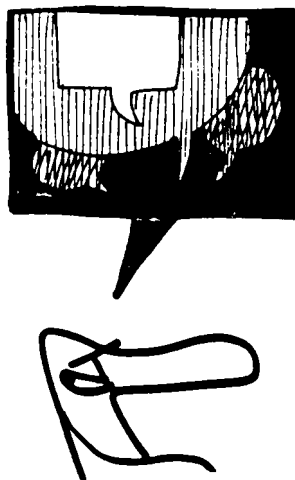
Tara! - Cover, 10  
Bill Rotsler - 2,3,6,13,16,18  
Peggy Ranson - 5  
Diana Harlan Stein - 9  
Brad Foster - 15

**The Issue at Hand:** There's no bigger news story for me than announcing my engagement to Diana Lynne Pavlac. We'll be married on December 31, in Springfield, Missouri. Among the most challenging questions has been who will move, since she has a coveted job as an English professor at College of the

Ozarks, and despite the IRS' national scope I couldn't have transferred close to her home because the nearest Appeals Division offices were 300 miles away. We spent a long time failing to make that decision with our heads, and finally made it with our hearts. Diana will move to Southern California at the end of the '94-'95 school year.

Serving in Elst and Carol's wedding party last February reminded me how complicated weddings really are. There are hundreds of details to arrange. Tell me, the last time you bought a car, did you suddenly notice how many other cars of the same color are on the road? Planning for a wedding is comparable in one small way: after we'd set a date I suddenly noticed that the magazine stands are loaded with publications like *Bride's Magazine*. One assumption they all share is that couples are going to spend a year planning their wedding. That means we have 200% more planning to fit in the remaining time, since most of the details are indispensable.

**Quick Question:** Look as Chaz Baden's LoC on headline typefaces and let me know if you prefer the style in 104 or 105.



**LOCS  
ON  
F770**

### AWARD CONTROVERSY

**David Bratman:** Thanks for your intelligent summary of the Hugo relocation controversy. (I do hope, though, that nobody who reads your article on page 6 and ignores the tedious official stuff on page 5 gets the impression that the relocated novella was what was moved into the Short Story category.)

However, I do think that your own conclusions are based on a couple of incorrect assumptions. First, the relocations were not made for the purpose of filling in the empty slots in Short Story. The purpose was to implement a constitutional way of getting onto the ballot the novella that had more nominations than all but one novelette and one short story. (The seventh novella came along with it with the deci-

sion that, if relocation was to be done, fairness required the 28-vote cutoff across the board.)

Second, the rule was implemented this year only because of the enormous disparity of the cutoff points between categories. You're the first person I know of to have pointed out that last year's winning novelette had fewer nominations than all five novellas, but the greatest difference among last year's cutoffs in the short fiction categories was only 15. This year, without the relocation and before the application of the 5% rule, it would have been 45. Even after the 5% rule was applied it would have been 32. This seemed to us grotesque, and we believe that we were implementing the will of the voters by making these permitted

[[Please Turn to Page 18]]

## NEWS OF FANDOM

### Jay Kay Klein Recovering From Heart Attack

Jay Kay Klein's heart and wit are both recovering. The patient writes, "*File 770:104* arrived today and was far below your usual standard -- I wasn't mentioned even once! I'll be at the Winnipeg worldcon and will demand refund of my unexpired subscription. If this is not immediately forthcoming, I will report you!

"I had a heart attack in May. I see where Dick Spelman had quintuple cardiac bypass grafts. I suppose he is practicing one-upsmanship, since I only had a double (hardly worth mentioning, I suppose.)

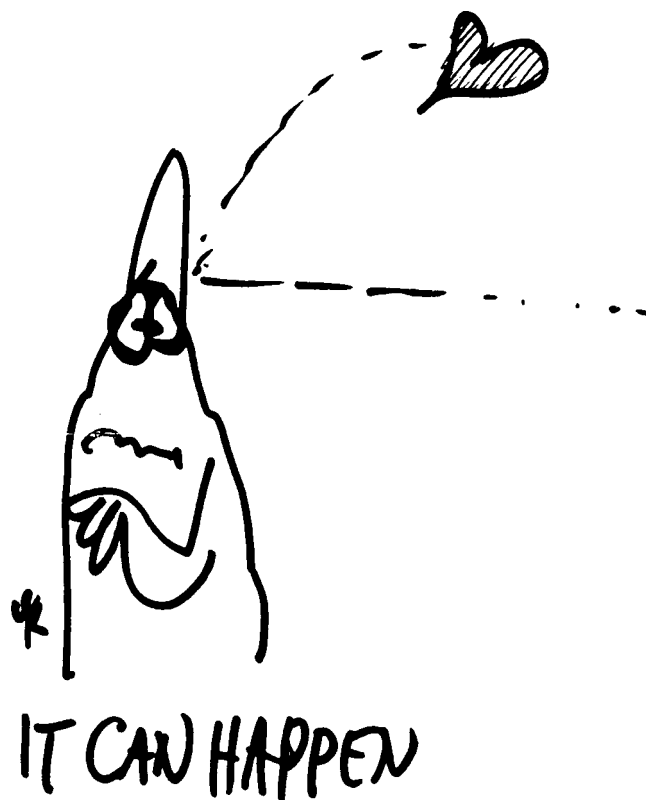
"Subsequent to the 'coronary event,' everything went along, medically speaking as well as it possible could. Half of all attack victims never make it alive to the hospital. Then, some percentage dies there or before any possible bypass can be arranged. Then, some several percent die in the operating room, or within a few days afterward.

"I am still alive and -- so everyone tells me -- looking very natural. The major problem is that I'm allowed only to eat dry sawdust, like termites do. To add assault to injury, I'm not supposed to eat termites.

"Here's a great line I came across: *Surgery*, Nardi & Zuidema, 4th Ed., page 230: 'The patient should be kept alive while the bleeding is being controlled.'

"Sounds like great advice, right? You'd think it wouldn't be needed, right? Earlier this year, in Coney Island Hospital, Brooklyn, a victim of stab wounds was being worked on to control the bleeding. Despite their best efforts, his blood pressure kept dropping, and finally he died. Well, that's the way the ball bounces, right? You win some, you lose some, you know. When they removed the body for transfer to the morgue, it was then they noticed the stab wounds in his back! No one had thought to turn him over.

"Like I say, you win some, you lose some."



### Andy Hooper Drops Out of TAFF Race

Seattle's Andy Hooper has dropped out of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund race, narrowing the field to two candidates, Joe Wesson and Dan Steffan. Hooper said several factors influenced his decision. Andy can afford to go to the U.K. if he wants, without TAFF funds, but "If Dan doesn't win, he can't afford to go. If Joe Wesson doesn't win, he may not eat!"

Hooper's enjoyed a long friendship with Steffan, and Andy didn't believe in continuing when he actually hoped to lose to Dan. Andy also recognized the time-consuming drain of TAFF administrator duties. He didn't want to take on that responsibility at the moment he is being given pro writing opportunities that will let him profit from going free-lance. Hooper joked that he's been "hired as a henchman of Arnie Katz." Actually, his first assignment has been to write analyses of NFL teams for a booklet that will accompany a game produced by Katz and Kunkel's Front Page Sports.



## Fan Charged With Child Endangerment

When LASFS member Dennis Fischer left a Reseda music store on August 14 and returned to his car to find his 20-month-old son, Jarred, gone, he called police, fearing his son had been kidnapped.

Instead, reports the *Los Angeles Times*, three passersby had noticed the toddler alone and screaming inside the overheated car. They used a fan belt to unlock the Honda Civic's door and rescued the child. They gave him water, moved him to an air-conditioned car and wrapped him in a wet towel to lower his body temperature. One of them also called 911. The three refused to return the child to Fischer until police arrived.

Fischer was arrested and charged with felony child endangerment. He pleaded not guilty at an August 16 arraignment. The judge released him on \$10,000 bail, noting that Fischer did not intend to hurt his son, and the boy did not require medical treatment. Darleen Fischer, Dennis' wife, called the criminal charge "overblown." Social workers returned Jarred to her custody.

A September 13 hearing has been set to determine whether Fischer will stand trial on the charges. Dennis teaches English at Fremont High School in South-Central Los Angeles. The *Times* article quoted several Fremont teachers who said Fischer is responsible and reliable, and a fine teacher.

## Cookin' With Patrice

Dan Deckert, her brother-in-law, reports that Patrice Cook has been up to her old tricks again (and it doesn't matter that it wasn't her fault). June 18, at a Taligent picnic, during a water balloon fight (which she organized, and which interrupted the volleyball game), a Large (6'6") corporate executive picked Patrice up to use her as a living shield against attack. Having so used her, he tossed her carelessly to one side. She broke.

More specifically, Patrice suffered a broken left arm and wrist. While not compound fractures, the breaks were severe and may cause permanent damage (particularly the wrist damage, which is hard to repair). She's at home and in relatively good spirits, all things considered. (Drugs have their uses.) The need for surgery will be evaluated in about a week.

If you want to send her an e-mail "get well" message, her address is patrice@taligent.com. Don't hold your breath waiting for a reply, though. Typing with one hand isn't

always easy, particularly when that wrist has been suffering from carpal tunnel syndrome for years. (Other things aren't easy, either. Tried tying your shoes with one hand lately?)

## Hugo-Winning Fanartist Plans Wedding

"Diana Anson, aspiring science fiction writer from Oklahoma whose pen name is Danson Hart, and I, David Thayer, perspiring science fiction cartoonist from Texas whose pen name is Teddy Harvia, are marrying September 2. We met last year at SoonerCon where Diana, when she saw my name badge, said she'd dreamt my name the night before. Bob Tucker, who was sitting between us in the lobby, then proceeded to verbally wink and nudge us together. Our names seem an almost perfect anagrammatic match." *[[Reporter: Teddy Harvia]]*

## MORE WEDDINGS IN THE WORKS

John Brady and Amy Falkowitz wed the weekend of August 6. Sherwood Smith reports she attended their reception brunch at the Pasadena (Ca.) Doubletree. She adds, "The company was great, the food awe-inspiring."

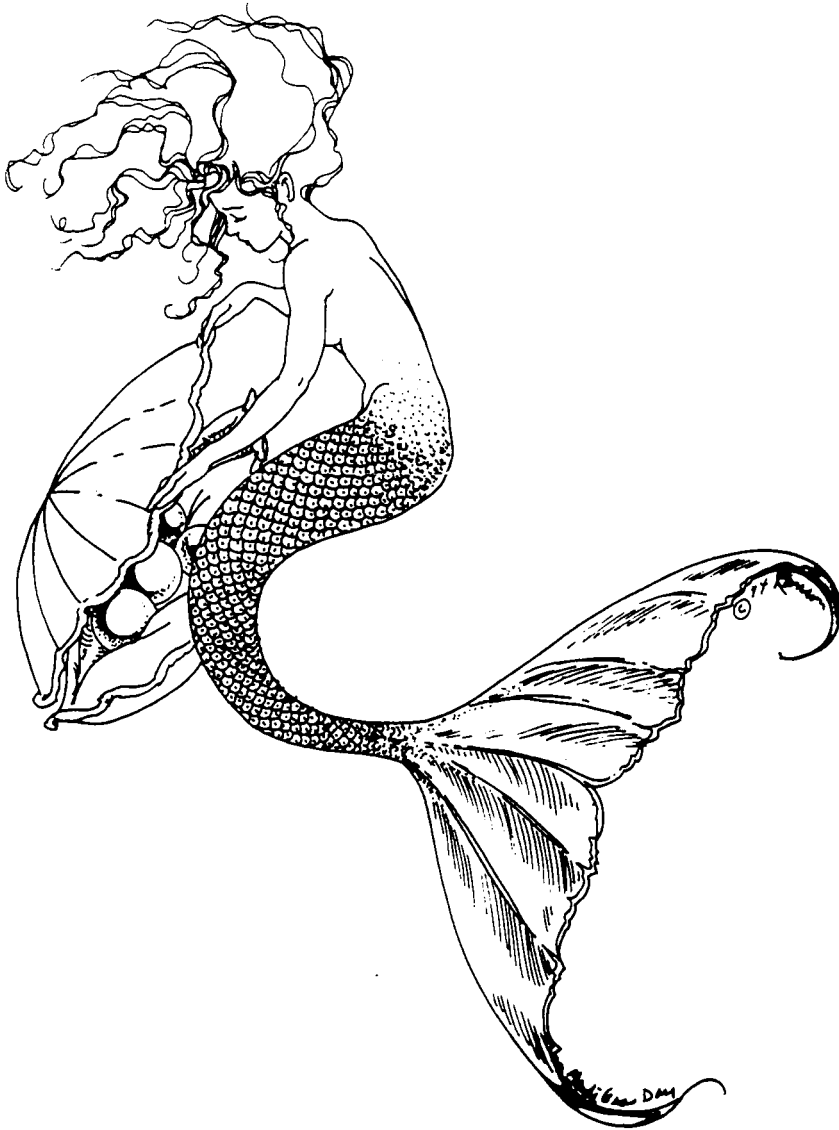
Bride-to-be Lora Trimble's mother, Bjo, is readying a wedding dress for the October, 1995 date. "I've waited years to make Lora's wedding gown -- a 1918 style in real antique lace (from my collection) over pale peach silk charmuese," said Bjo in the July issue of *Space-Time Continuum*. The groom's name is Jason: does he have a last name, Bjo?

## Tarred But Not Feathered

Visitors to the Blue Room of the NESFA Clubhouse were warned in *Instant Message* 552 there is tar falling inside due to the heat.

## N3F SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNERS

The judges have spoken and the winners of the 1993 National Fantasy Fan Federation Short Story Contest have been selected by author Jefferson P. Swycaffer. First prize of \$25 went to Leslie Parsons, of Glendale, CA, for "The Funeral King." Second prize of \$15 was awarded to Andrew W. Mackie, of Providence, RI, for "The Dark Star Rises." Third prize of \$10 was given to Judith Klass,



of New York, NY, for "The Stress Box." Honorable Mention was given to Joy V. Smith, of Lakeland, FL, for "Pretty Pink Planet." There were 40 entries from 30 contestants.

Deadline for submissions to the 1994 contest is December 1. Contact: Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606-2308.

### **Roger Weddall Tribute Available**

*LhyfeThyme*, a tribute zine about Roger Weddall, is now available from Jane Tisell, 60 Cameron St., Coburg, Victoria, 3058, Australia. The Australian price is \$A10, no international prices are mentioned. All profits go to DUFF and the Victoria AIDS Foundation, in Roger's name.

## **DASFA Loses Two**

The Denver Area Science Fiction Association said goodbye to two members who passed away this summer. Mary Heller died on August 5 after a lengthy hospitalization. A wake was held at her home on August 13. David Sherman, active in the club from 1986-1988, died at the age of 25 in June. Dana Cain's obituary noted, "He taught me a lot, which seems funny, because he was so much younger than me. But he had a special insight, and he was always on a learning curve about life...."

DASFA member Doug Lott passed away earlier in the year. He is being commemorated by the club at MileHi-Con 26 through the "Doug Lott Party Animal Scholarship." Two cases of soda will be given to three parties at the con on Friday, and three more on Saturday. I think that's a better memorial than most fans get. *[[Source: DASFAx]]*

## **Clarke Nobel Prize?**

Glenn Reynolds claims he recently managed to get Arthur C. Clarke nominated for the 1994 Nobel Peace Prize. The nomination is based primarily on Clarke's invention of the geosynchronous communications satellite.

Reynolds adds, "However, a number of people have noted that Clarke's science fiction writing has also been very pro-peace in the sense that he fosters intelligent solutions and civilized behavior. And he has certainly fostered a hopeful view of the future, and of human differences, that would contribute to world peace if widely held. (He has also been very involved in humanitarian efforts in Sri Lanka, where he now lives)."

Those who would like to support Clarke's candidacy can write to the Nobel committee. The address is: Prof. Francis Sejersted, Chair, Nobel Peace Prize Committee, drammensveien 19, N-0255 Oslo, NORWAY.



DESPERATE COLLECTOR

## ALL SALES FINAL

*At a blind auction of unclaimed storage items, bidders play a game of calculation and intuition. The object is to determine which room of sealed boxes and old suitcases will yield fabulous treasures. On Wednesday morning [August 10], Ed Zaharoff did not calculate very well.*

*After removing small items from his newly purchased 5-by-10 foot room at a Northridge storage facility, Zaharoff noticed fluid trickling out of one of three heavily wrapped boxes. Pulling back tarpaulins covering one of two steamer trunks and cutting away three layers of black plastic and silver duct tape, he was overwhelmed by an odor of rot.*

*In addition to stereo equipment, housewares and silk clothing, police discovered that Zaharoff had purchased for \$2,300 three badly decayed human bodies, painstakingly wrapped and surrounded by long-since shriveled room deodorizers and mothballs. ...U-Haul company representatives had no comment except to say they were cooperating with the police.*

*Los Angeles Times, August 12, 1994*

When I saw U-Haul company representative Marty Cantor at LASFS, I asked him if he'd read the story. Marty didn't need to read it in the paper. It happened at one of the storage facilities he manages for U-Haul. He'd

conducted the auction himself. "I'd even inventoried the room twice," smiled Marty, "I didn't smell anything."

But my nose for news definitely smelled a story, which Marty provides in the following article.

### Just Dying to Get In

*by Marty Cantor*

I work for U-Haul International, a company which most of you probably know rents trucks and trailers to do-it-yourself movers. U-Haul is also the third-largest self-storage company in the U.S. My job title is Marketing Company Storage Manager. Whilst corporate downsizing has me doing many things, my main job is overseeing the self-storage facilities attached to ten of the centers in our marketing area. My duties include seizing the goods of those renters who are seriously in arrears in their rental payments, and selling the goods of renters who are even farther in arrears.

The January 17 quake rendered our Northridge storage facility unsuitable for rehabilitation. A decision has been made to tear it down and rebuild. Meantime, we are facilitating removal of customers' goods from the building. The number of storage rental customers has dwindled from 240 to 9.

Earlier this year I seized one customer's goods. I photographed another employee cutting the lock, then photographed the contents of the room through the open door. The other employee witnessed the inventory I took of goods in the room. This type of inventory is cursory at best. I list what I see from the door and dig lightly into the mass of piled-up items and list whatever major things I find. The door is then relocked with one of my special locks. Unless the customer settles his debt, in due course I advertise the contents as being subject to public auction, then conduct the auction.

In this particular case, none of the three names, addresses and telephone numbers given by the customer on his contract were good. The Post Office stamped "No Such Number" on returned notifications we'd sent to the three parties. But a few days before the auction we received a DHL envelope containing (for this particular room) a money order drawn on an international bank with a Los Angeles branch. This money order, presumably, was sent from a particular overseas location. It was only a partial payment.

I decided that the payment would be accepted so that I could attempt to trace the customer through his bank. After all, getting the customer to pay, and remove his goods, is always preferable to auctioning his belongings. But all tracing attempts were fruitless, and the room

stayed delinquent. I rescheduled the auction.

Some three dozen people showed up to bid. This room was one of six scheduled for auction that day at the same location. Everybody was allowed a cursory inspection of the contents and the only comments were, "This has been here for some time -- it smells musty." The bidding was spirited and the contents of the room went for \$2,300.

The contents of the other rooms were duly auctioned. I collected money at the counter. Leaving the accumulated paperwork on my desk upstairs above the center, I took a light lunch and then went off to conduct a one-room auction at a center a half-hour from Northridge. Finishing there, I started for my third and final auction at another center. Halfway there, I received a page with the emergency number on it. I stopped at a pay phone and was informed that my paperwork was needed *immediately*. Thinking that the original owner had suddenly shown up, I told the called, the general manager of the Northridge center, where the paperwork was and that I would call him as soon as I arrived at my next destination.

Unravelling the mess of a completed auction could be quite a computer chore but I knew the process so I was prepared to give instructions. I was *not* prepared for the news that the person who'd bought the contents of the room had discovered a large trunk wrapped in many layers of plastic which, when unwrapped, contained not only an awful stench but also what appeared to be the decayed remains of a human body.

The news media had a field day (reporting lots of misinformation). The police commenced their investigation and I can mention that they found two other large trunks, also plastic-wrapped, which contained two more bodies. The room also contained various odor-changing agents such as mothballs, items obviously put in the room in an attempt to conceal the aroma of decaying flesh.

We refunded the auction money to the bidder but we don't expect the police to return the bodies. (We do expect to get back the items that were in the room which aren't germane to the investigation.)

## Changes of Address

Elizabeth Klein-Lebbink and Jerome Scott, P.O. Box 641232, Rancho Park Station, Los Angeles, CA 90064  
Carol and Elst Weinstein, 409 Macalester Place, Claremont, CA 91711

Bruce Gillespie and Elaine Cochrane, 59 Keele St., Collingwood, VIC 3066, Australia

## "I like Pina Coladas..." by Chaz Baden

My goodness, I typoed my own address in *File 770:104*. The proper address for the recipe cards is P.O. Box 1792, Redondo Beach CA 90278.

I've found that two other popular flavors of Jell-O are the Pina Colada Jell-O, and the Whisky Sour Jell-O. Pina Colada Jell-O is made with a large box of Pineapple Jell-O, with 1/2 cup of rum and 1/2 cup of Coco Lopez (or other cream of coconut -- please note it's not straight coconut milk!) substituted for one of the cups of cold water.

The Whisky Sour Jell-O is made with a large box of Lemon Jell-O, and substituting half a cup of whisky for half a cup of the cold water. Bourbon Jell-O is the favorite of Frank Kelly-Freas, as I mentioned last issue. (If you use a strongly-flavored whisky, such as Jack Daniels, Evan Williams, or Rebel Yell, and use lemonade & Knox gelatine instead of lemon Jell-o, you'll get something that tastes mostly of the whisky, suitable for serving to whisky lovers.)

A weaker-flavored whisky such as Early Times, and the regular easy-to-use lemon Jell-O mix, will result in a recognizable Sour. You can vary this recipe for whatever kind of Sour you like -- for example, you could make an Apricot Brandy Sour, using Apricot Brandy instead of the whisky.

What's the fannish connection here? Well, when the word got out that I was making whisky Jell-o (in addition to Margarita Jell-O, see last issue), I received a note from someone promoting Intersection, the 1995 WorldCon in Glasgow, wondering how it would go with Scotch Whisky. I haven't heard back on how their Scotch Jell-O turned out. Perhaps they're saving the experiment for their Con Suite.

Update to the Margarita Recipe: I tried out a Daiquiri version, by using rum instead of tequila in last issue's recipe, and it was a hit at a recent LASFS meeting. Use a large box of Lime Jell-O, and substitute 1/4 cup Triple Sec, 1/4 cup Dark Rum and 1/4 cup Light Rum for 3/4 cup of the cold water.

## My Sacrifice for My Art by George Alec Effinger (Age 47)

A while ago, Barbara Hambly let me know that Kevin Anderson was putting together a second Star Wars anthology (Barbara had appeared in the first, *Tales From The Cantina*, and she has a story in the second, *Tales From Jabba The Hutt's Palace*). I said it might be fun to write a story using these established characters, in this well-known universe -- I also thought, career-wise, a story in the Star Wars volume might make my name known to SF readers who haven't heard of me. I don't imagine there's a lot of crossover between the media fans and the kind of SF I write.

As it turned out, while the actual story is pretty damn funny, it was hell to write. The main reason was that I came in late, and most of the well-known aliens and human characters, the familiar ones from the film, were already taken. Also, Kevin had an overall concept for the book that was very limiting. He said that virtually everyone in the employ of Jabba was out to assassinate him, for many various individual reasons. Thus there were quite a few murders and assassination plots going on at the same time. Kevin wanted each writer to try his best to dovetail his story with the others being written, and include scene's from each other's stories from different viewpoints.

I think Kevin had a very good and very entertaining concept for the book -- it worked very well in the first anthology. My problems came about because all the other stories had already been written, yet I didn't have the manuscripts, only the proposals Kevin asked for. I didn't know if the finished stories stuck to the proposals or not, so I wasn't sure how much I could use in my story. Also, the dovetailing presented a problem, because I didn't know the details of the scenes in the other stories. However, my primary and worst problem was that I'd been assigned a couple of aliens who were totally in the background in the film, never had a close-up anywhere, never performed any notable activity, and never spoke a word. They were the gray-skinned guards who bring Han Solo and Luke on deck in the sail barge sequence, and stand around in the background for the rest of the time until the barge blows up and kills everyone aboard. Kevin asked me to write a story about them, in which they discover that someone has smuggled a bomb on board, and they discover who, find the bomb, disarm it, only to have the barge blow up immediately thereafter.

I have a lot of trouble writing to order, when it's not my story. I think of myself as very professional, able to write any kind of story for anybody, but when I get specific assignments such as this, I have a tough time psyching myself up to write them. I just don't enjoy them very much.

The only way I could work up interest in the story was to subvert it. I had these very uninteresting characters who never talked or acted oddly. I introduced them with other characters looking on, so they behaved as in the film. Then I had them go back to their barracks, where they were alone. As soon as no one could see or hear them, they changed radically. They spoke to each other, and decided that they had to solve the murder of a body they found in the first few paragraphs -- the captain of the sail barge, as it turned out.

One of the Weequay (that's the Lucasfilms name for their species -- Lucasfilms named all the species in order to market action figures) announced that the first order of business at this meeting was the election of officers. I also mentioned that Weequay means "follower of The Great God Quay," and that none of the Weequay have individual names. They're all called "Weequay." So they have a secret ballot for the two offices, president and secretary-treasurer. Of course, there are two votes for Weequay for president, and two votes for Weequay for secretary-treasurer. Nevertheless, they know whom they mean.

The Weequay can communicate with their Great God Quay (the title of the story, BTW) through a head-sized white sphere, called a quay. It answers simple yes-and-no questions. The Weequay have little imagination, and don't realize that the quays are manufactured by a more technological and commercial species with more imagination, and the quays have nothing supernatural about them.

The Weequay ask the quay if it's possible to solve the murder, identify the killer, discover the motive, etc. The quay's replies include "Ask again later," "Signs point to yes," "Better not tell you now," "You may rely on it," etc. These, of course, are the "prognostications from the dearly beloved Magic 8-Ball.



Well, as some of you know, I really do a great amount of research for all my writing, even the most trivial of stories and the silliest of novels. I felt I had to get a complete list of the Magic 8-Ball's responses. This proved to be nigh onto impossible. For one thing, the polyhedron with the replies that float to the surface is much more illegible than the 8-Balls of my childhood. In those days, the polyhedron's faces were black with white lettering, and the lettering was larger. Today, the polyhedron's faces are white with white lettering, floating in a royal blue liquid. Sometimes the fluid didn't adequately outline the tiny letters. My eyesight isn't so great anyway.

There was only one thing to do: Sacrifice the 8-Ball in the name of Art. This was easier said than done. The polyhedron is trapped in a tube barely broader than the 20-sided thing itself. The tube is set into the ball diametrically. Covering the flat reading area is a clear piece of very tough plastic. It took me half an hour to pound a nail through the plastic. Then I tried, using various tools, to cut a larger hole in the plastic, mostly to no avail. This is no exaggeration -- it took me an hour to make a cut from the nail-hole to the edge of the reading area. Then I tried to rip or cut the plastic along the circumference of the round plastic. It wouldn't tear, pull, or cut. It took another hour to remove the plastic entirely, and then the polyhedron -- as I said, only slightly smaller than the tube -- just wouldn't drop out of the hole I'd so laboriously made. It took more time and work to smash the 8-Ball to bits to get the polyhedron free.

How many SF writers do you know that are so dedicated? I ask you. Now I'm without an 8-Ball, something I used often to make career, romantic, and other important decisions. I guess that when I'm paid for the story, I'll order a new Magic 8-Ball from the Archie McPhee



catalog.

*Postscript, The Effinger Museum:* If the plans are okayed, I hope to donate the poor remains of my destroyed Magic 8-Ball. Or a worn-out printer ribbon. I'm a generous kind of guy.

I've got a ton of empty Coke cans, too. They should be worth something. Coke is nature's perfect food, after all. All us bigshot writers drink it. Just check around!

*[[When a specialty fandom thrives for over a decade, attracts some of fandom's best-known artistic talent to its ranks and replaces sf fanzines as their creative focus, a faned should ask -- what makes furry fandom so much fun?]]*

## Essential Refurcance by Taral Wayne

Strictly speaking, furry fandom is a social circle -- a group of people come together through their interesting funny animal comics and animation.

Oh yes, the furry phenomenon has antecedents, and feeds from some branch-stream of the universal subconscious. One can cite classical mythology, traditional folk tales, fable, lycanthropy, children's literature, hunting magic, totemism and animal stories. We have always lived with

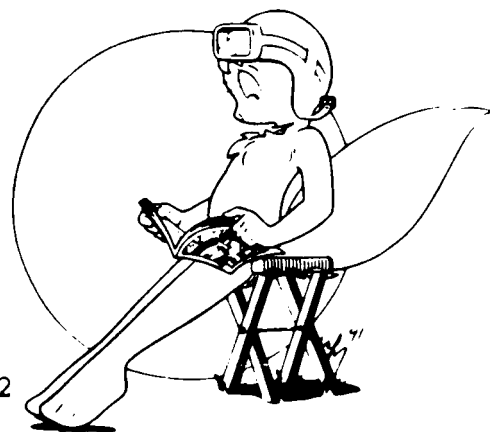
The point is, we are **not** ancient Greeks, Amerindians, feudal peasants, Hindus or druids. We do **not** think of animals as these people did, even those of us who think we do. We can't. We didn't live their lives. We live **our** lives, and therefore add a spin of our own to the eternal study of those other beings who inhabit our planet.

All the same, before furry fandom there were furrries -- artists and fans such as myself, who drifted into either science fiction or comics fandom. Most of us knew the others for what we were, furrries at heart, but we lacked a center of gravity and a sense of group identity.

Two of the most important founding members of furry fandom are Reed Waller and Ken Fletcher. Together they laid the groundwork for later events. Their innovation [in 1976] was *Vootie*, initially a "funny animal" apa because there existed no shorthand for "not an apa for superhero comics." It was principally a collecting point for artists whose interests were not only funny animals, but also undergrounds, classics, animation and foreign comics. One way or the other, the greater number of contributions were anthropomorphic. But the content was counter-culture. The apa lasted only 37 mailings, the first

**GAURT!**

A Collection of Taral art from 1990 to 1992



animals, and thought about them. It would be surprising if there were no other anthropomorphism than ours.

But funny animals are specialized critters. Furrries draw their imagery from a common background of Saturday morning cartoons and comic books, and have imbued these images with meanings that could only arise from growing up in the boomer years. We don't communicate with animal spirits, wonder how we will be reincarnated next on the wheel of life, believe other creatures exist only for our moral instruction, or beseech animal patrons to feed our tribe. Most of us, anyway. In California, not everyone has all four corners of their tent pegged down....

mailing in 1976 and the last in 1984. In the end, conflicting demands for Reed Waller's time led to longer and longer delays between mailings, until it was acknowledged dead by default.

At almost the moment *Vootie* passed away, Marc Schirmeister brought into being a new apa, called *Rowrbrazzle*. *Brazzle* swept up a lot of orphaned members of *Vootie*, and added to them various odd people that Schirm knew. They included animators, members of groups such as the Cartoon Fantasy Organization, would-be publishers and self-published artists, anime fans... and probably a Flat Earther or two. His connections replaced the Minneapolis complexion of *Vootie* with a Southern California one. The

big change, though, was to sever once and for all the connection with the counter-culture. When Schirm said *Brazzle* was a funny animal apa he didn't mean "not superheroes", he meant anthropomorphics.

Furry fandom was born with that first quarterly mailing. The people had been brought together, a common meeting ground created, and a purpose defined. Before *Vootie*, there had been people only. Before *Brazzle*, only people and a place. But after February 1984 there was finally a sense of group identity, and soon a word for who we were -- furries.

Other leaps were made, one by one, in the following years. The first was to imitate *Rowrbrazzle*. Although imitators appeared and disappeared, *Rowrbrazzle* survives to the present day.

At almost the same time, pioneering fanzines appeared. Comics and pin-up collections at first, then a few experimented with prose articles, reviews and news. Many died after a small number of issues, but the survivors developed successful formulas. For *Yarf!* it was illustrated prose fiction and shared-worlds. For *Bestiary* and others it was eroticism. Yet another kind of fan press arose, one that was neither a fanzine nor an apa. Like an apa, it was up to the members what went in pubs such as *Gallery* and the new *Huzzah!* Like a zine, the editor controlled all aspects of production. Like an apa members set "minac" [minimum activity] and they received all issues. Like a zine the issues were sold, and there was a profit-sharing arrangement.

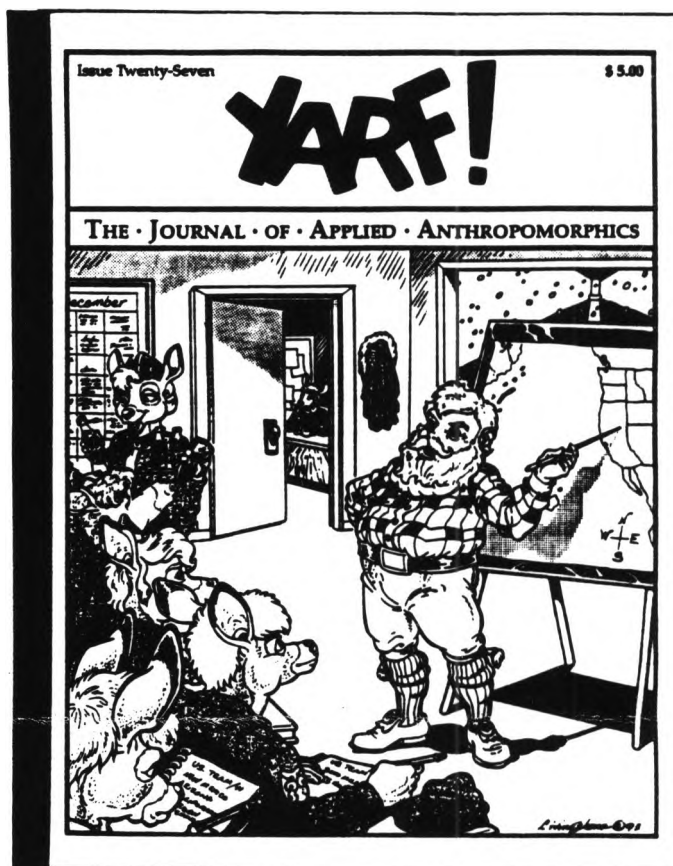
The fanzines are taking increasing advantage of desktop-publishing to improve their production values. The down-side is a growing number of eight and ten dollar fanzines. Where will it lead? Nobody knows.

A parallel development with print-fandom has been the furry bulletin board. There seem to be two independent streams of furry bbs activity, those boards feeding from Furr/Furrnet and those from Alt. Fan Furry on Internet. Surprisingly, the overlap with fans in the print-medium world is not as great as you would expect. Among several dozen well-known furry artists, I can attest to seeing the names of only three active on Furr/Furrnet. I suspect similar lack of representation on the Alt. Fan Furry stream. Encouragingly, I believe there are signs of growing awareness on the boards of the print medium.

A step beyond the furry board is furry muck. The word "muck" derives from "mud" or "multi-user domain", an interactive form of computer chat-line. Users log onto the muck in their persona, and interact simultaneously with other member personae. Most mucks have a structured backdrop, such as a convention setting, dungeon, starship,

or even... a donut shop. Muckers claim to be "virtually real", and usually can be spotted by the vacant look in their eyes and undirected locomotion.

Perhaps the most important invention in furry fandom, other than its own self-discovery, was Confurence. Begun in 1989 as Confurence "zero", it's grown in size and scope to be recognized as the annual gathering place for funny animal fans. Modeled after SF conventions, Confurence nevertheless has evolved some features peculiar to itself, such as the artists' ghetto, the artist-friendly art show, and "sketch-booking." The latter is the unique habit furry fans have of carrying around books of blank pages to collect artists' sketches. An entire etiquette arose to cover every situation -- when an artist can be approached, whether he



expects to be paid, and what sort of drawing may be asked for.

In the wake of Confurence, other conventions have become unofficial furry cons. Places where significant numbers of furries will collect and party include the annual Worldcon, the San Diego Comics Con, and lately, Philcon. Other completely furry cons like Confurence have been talked about, but not yet held. It's probably only a matter of time before somewhere in Canada or the U.S. someone announces a Conformation or Furmentation or something of a similar name.

The one area of the funny animal field that once led and perhaps lags now, is the black and white comic. Outside of the mainstream comics industry, there has been a thriving b/w field: a direct descendant of the undergrounds, but no longer counter-cultural. Various politically-correct, nihilistic, erotic, barbarian, artsy-fartsy, samurai, Japanimation and superhero comics contend with each other for sales in a limited market... among them, furry comics.

1984 was a good year for furies. The best-known and earliest furry comic was "Omaha the Cat Dancer", created and drawn by the same Reed Waller who once co-edited *Vootie*. Omaha began in *Vootie*, in fact. The earliest stories to be published outside the apa appeared in *Bizarre Sex* comics, in 1982, then under their own title in 1984. In the same year, the first of Joshua Quagmire's five issues of "Cutey Bunny" entered the scene. Also, the first proper issue of Steve Galacci's "Albedo", and possibly Jim Groat's "Equine the Uncivilized."\* (\* Not formally dated, the artwork seems to have been drawn in 1984.)

The landmarks of b/w furry comics that appeared in years after included William Van Horn's "Nervous Rex" (1985), Stan Sakai's "Usagi Yojimbo" (1986), "Captain Jack" by Mike Kazaleh (1986) and the focal point comic published by Fantagraphics, "Critters" (1986). "Critters" published almost everyone at one time or another, and did the unheard-of: it appeared on a bimonthly schedule, for a long time. Unfortunately, the better contributors slowly drifted out, and were replaced by less popular artists. By the 50th issue in 1990, "Critters" had lost its commanding place and was cancelled.

For a brief while there was some hope that Eclipse's gem-like "Dreamery" might take up where the declining quality of the Fantagraphics book left off. But its 14-issue life only lasted from 1986 to 1989, actually ending a year before "Critters." The one great service done by "Dreamery", fortunately, was introducing Donna Barr to the public. Soon after the last issue of "Dreamery", the first issue of "Stinz" was on the shelves of comic stores.

The next big event in the evolution of the furry comic was the five-part miniseries by Vicky Wyman, "Xanadu", followed by a single-color special. After wrapping up the series, the story moved ominously downscale -- to a fanzine. Lex Nakashima's "Ever-Changing Palace" was a lavish production, but a fanzine nonetheless. What did it mean when superior material reverted to the level of fanac?

Possibly it meant nothing at all. But, if it meant the field was nonviable, certain people were unwilling to admit it, luckily. Martin Wagner launched his popular Hepcat series in 1989. That same year, Edd Vick established MU

Press.

MU's fledgling production was a small paperback collection of Steve Willis' "Morty the Dog" stories. In rapid order, Edd added new titles to his line. Over the years MU has published several fine, and several puzzling, titles: "Rhudiprrt, Prince of Fur", "Mad Raccoons", "Champion of Katara", "Furkindred", ".357", "Zu", "Wild Kingdom", "Beauty of the Beasts", "Shanda the Panda" and many more. In spite of disappointing sales and irregular releases, MU is perhaps still the best hope of legitimizing furry comics.

Much more recently, Antarctic Press has entered the contest with a new series of "Albedo", and the promilitary "Furlough." In this case, two overheads are definitely better than one. Two companies hopefully have better than twice the opportunity of wedging an entry into a tight market.

But by and large the furry comic field hasn't grown since its beginnings in 1984. Many titles have come and gone. About as many are published now as were published eight or nine years ago -- some five, arguably six, titles, apart from the sporadic MU stable. Sales are insignificant for all but two, "Omaha" and "Usagi Yojimbo." The rest might almost be called glorified fanzines, limping along with sales of three thousand, two thousand, or far fewer.

In my view, this is the single greatest obstacle to the creative growth of furry fandom. It grows in numbers, but not in dimension. Fan artists increase, as does the fan press. But the professional side of the field is perpetually on the verge of breakthrough, without quite breaking through.

Where are we going as a social phenomenon? The question has been asked again and again, and the answer each time likely says more about the individual than it does about the future of furry fandom. There does seem to be a groundswell of interest in the furry motif. It shows itself in growing numbers and increasing cross-links in the electronic media. Confurence itself grows, if slowly. But it is this growth from a static body of potential furies? Or is the furry sensibility spreading? Can it grow far without more development of its public face, the comic book? Or is a professional side in fact irrelevant?

These questions can only be answered in due time. My guesses are no better than yours.

# CON REP ORT

I went to dinner with Delia Sherman and Jack Dann and Janeen Webb and two other Australian visitors I'd not met before. One of them, Norman Talbot, has just initiated a William Morris project with an annotated edition of *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*. I must have this object; Morris was a particular favorite of mine.

Sunday I spent entirely on the invented-language track. Most of the

have embedded histories, etymologies. There were papers on Quenya's relationship to Latin (by Chris Gilson) and to Finnish (by Patrick Wynne), and a ridiculously thorough, fascinating paper by Arden Smith on the use of the second-person pronoun in the German translation of LOTR. There was a panel on invented languages in general, followed by Lawrence Schoen's lecture on Klingon (which he introduced with a story about how he got started on this path by having those Elvish linguists -- who were there listening -- cure him of his small speech impediment. Nostalgia -- I watched that happen). And a lecture on Suzette Haden Elgin's *Laadan* by Amy Jones Berry.

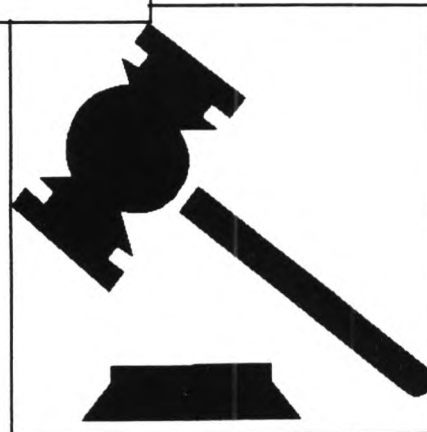
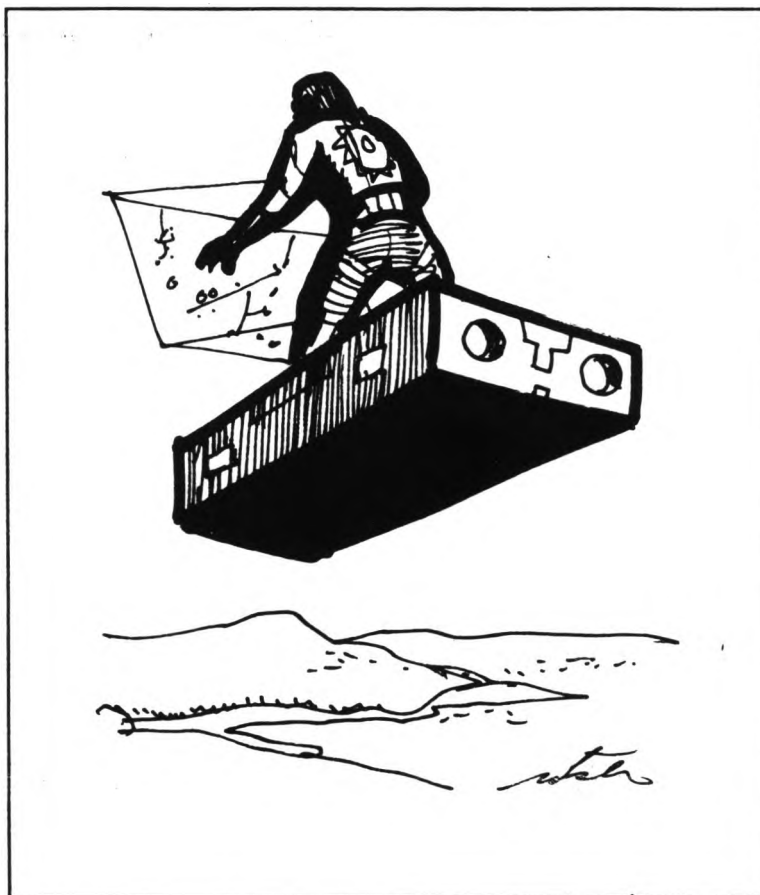
And all through this I kept asking myself questions like "why haven't I read Tolkien in a quarter century -- why didn't I do more Elvish when I saw these people more often -- why haven't I been following this stuff for years" and similar. It was very stimulating, and I took information to write

## Mythcon Notes by Donald G. Keller

I'd not made any real plan to go to Mythcon, but I managed to arrange a ride with my old friend Prof. Lawrence Schoen of the Klingon Language Institute, and got out of bed a mere two hours after I'd fallen over senseless from the Swirlies show to catch an early train to Philadelphia to meet Lawrence for the drive to D.C.

It was a very pleasant time; there were a lot of old friends there, and some new people to meet, including Doug Anderson, who edited the new Eddison editions for Dell and also the forthcoming Kenneth Morris collected stories for Tor; we have lots of common background and got along very well. Also Michael Dirda, the Pulitzer-winning reviewer and editor for the *Washington Post*, who was very impressive on an interesting though disheveled panel on reviewing fantasy.

major figures of Elvish linguistics were there (Carl Hostetter and Bill Welden in addition to those mentioned below), and there was an enjoyable panel on the history of the endeavor, which is out of control now: the corpus is over 60,000 words(!). Much was made of Tolkien's *lamatyave* (a Quenya word meaning an aesthetic feel for language itself), and how Tolkien's words, like words in real languages,





away for a number of publications of this kind. Who knows if I'll actually pursue any of it.

## 1994 Mythopoeic Awards

Fantasy Award for Adult Literature: *The Porcelain Dove* by Delia Sherman

Fantasy Award for Children's Literature: *The Kingdom of Kevin Malone* by Suzy McKee Charnas

Scholarship Award in Inklings Studies: *J.R.R. Tolkien, A Descriptive Bibliography* by Wayne G. Hammond

Scholarship Award in Myth & Fantasy Studies: *Twentieth-Century Fantasists* edited by Kath Filmer

### CHICAGO IN 2000 WORLDCON BID TO LAUNCH AT WINNIPEG

Despite earlier rumors of multiple Chicago bids, there is now only **one** Chicago bid for 2000, which will formally launch at the Worldcon in Winnipeg. The other parties who were considering bids have either folded or merged into the official Chicago bid chaired by Tom Veal and including fans from all the various Chicago and Milwaukee regional conventions.

In addition to a varied mix of local talent, the committee contains a number of fans from around the country with Worldcon experience: Becky Thomson, Vice Chairman; Dina Krause, treasurer; Jim Rittenhouse, Committee Ap editor; Ross Pavlac, facilities liaison.

The primary facility is the Hyatt Regency Chicago, which was host to the 1982 and 1991 Worldcons in Chicago. The Hyatt contains 2,019 sleeping rooms and 210,000 feet of exhibit space. It is currently in the second phase of a \$20,000,000+ renovation that will completely strip and refurbish every sleeping and meeting room in the hotel, so that in 2000 it will look like a "new" hotel rather than one that is 20 years old.

Presupporting memberships are \$10. Various categories of pre-opposing memberships are available, including one that allows the member to pick a member of the bid committee if Chicago wins. Committee address is: Chicago in 2000, P. O. Box 642057, Chicago, Illinois 60664.

### SPACE DEVELOPMENT CONFERENCE

Prior to May's International Space Development Conference Lloyd Penney piqued my interest with a letter that warned, "I wish to report on the probability of a mushroom cloud on the Toronto horizon. That cloud will

come from the site of the [ISDC], held for the first time (and presumably last time) in Canada. Yvonne and I were forced to resign from the committee 10 days from the start of the conference because the cash we needed to run the con suite had not been given to us."

Lloyd called his situation "just a small part of this fiasco. The co-sponsors of the event are the Canadian Space Society and the National Space Society, designated the host, in spite of the fact it was held in Toronto, the CSS's home city. To purchase memberships at prices comparable to those of Worldcons, money could be sent to addresses in Willow Grove, IL, and Toronto. Because the bulk of the membership is from the USA, most of the membership monies went to Willow Grove and a post office box of the NSS. To date, the NSS has not turned over any of the membership monies/operating capital to the Canadian committee in order to pay for things...including the hotel, the guests and minor bills."

So how did the ISDC and the con suite in particular actually fare? Via CompuServe, I asked attendee Rich Kolker, who has been to the last four ISDCs, in San Antonio, Washington, Huntsville and Toronto, if he felt the conference met his needs and expectations?

He said, "Of those four, this is one that has most disappointed me. I've been thinking about why..."

"(1) Organization. As an old con organizer, I saw some weaknesses in organization. Stuff you learn by doing, like the best ways to handle registration, traffic flow and so on. A minor annoyance IMHO.

"(2) Programming. Either they didn't put a lot of effort into it, or after four years, I've 'been there, done that.' Probably some of both. The problem was, there was nothing to do if you were not attending programming. The con suite was only open in the evening, there was no film/video room or art show (yes, these have been featured at other ISDCs) and no dealers room, just an exhibits room somewhat separate from the rest of the program.

"(3) The hotel was near the airport, which is far from downtown. A cab or limo ride was so expensive, it was worth my while to rent a car for a day to get downtown. Toronto is an interesting city, but most didn't get to see any of it."

And what became of the con suite after the Penney's stepped aside? "It was okay, not great. It was sponsored, each night by another group, which made me think that those groups were paying for the beverages and munchies. There was a limited supply of pizza the last night."

*[[Here we are in the "dog days of August" with no baseball to console us except what we find in literature. Last issue's report about Bob Tucker prompted me to look over my unfinished movie parody, starring Tucker. I began it when I came home from the 1989 Vancouver Mytcon where nine of us had gone downtown to see Field of Dreams. According to Fran Skene, the book's author, W. P. Kinsella, actually lives in Vancouver, so it seemed to me that with a little misdirection in his youth Kinsella might have found science fiction fandom instead of baseball, with the following result:]]*

# FIELD OF BEAM'S

## by Mike Glycer

Wilson Tucker lay in his hammock under the elm tree in his Indiana backyard squinting like a surveyor at his brick barbecue through the amber distortion in the bottom of a tumbler of Beam's Choice.

"IF YOU BUILD IT -- HE WILL COME," said a voice.

As if it would clear his hearing, Tucker squinted both eyes shut. "Who is it?" he asked petulantly. "Is that you, Bloch?"

"IF YOU BUILD IT -- HE WILL COME," repeated the voice.

Tucker relented and opened his eyes. He saw the shimmering vastness of a convention hotel with its sign reading "1997 WORLDCON: ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, GoH." Tucker shouted, "I told you to quit leaving all those bricks on my porch!" The mirage vanished. Instead, he saw Martha Beck and Midge Reitan setting down plates of buns and hamburger patties on the barbecue.

"Did you say something, Tuck?" asked Midge.

"Uh, I heard a voice tell me, 'If you build it -- he will come.' I think it means that if I build the Tucker Hotel, Robert A. Heinlein will get to come back."

Martha told him, "Get up, Bob -- all the fans will be arriving soon for your birthday party. And drink some

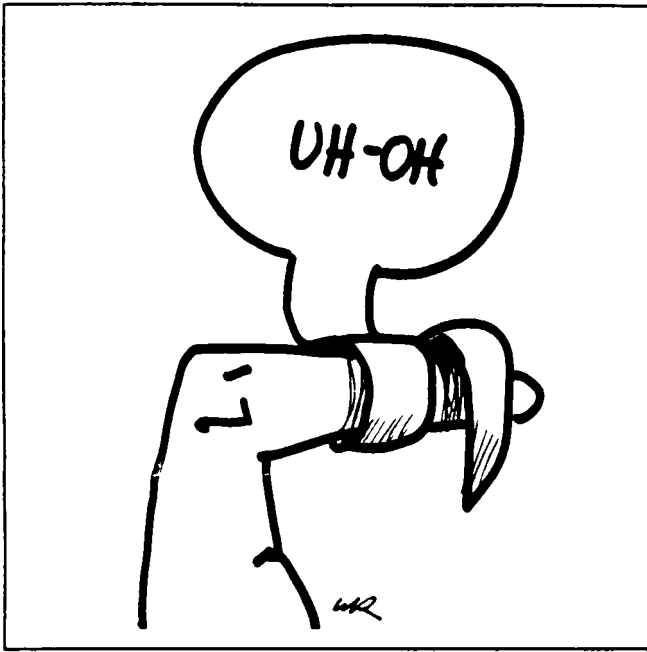


coffee!"

Midge added, "Why should we want Robert A. Heinlein to come back? His last five novels were nothing but sex books occasionally interrupted by a lecture in ballistics."

"Yeah -- weren't they great?" agreed Tucker.

At dawn, eight Dorsai Irregulars raised the "Sci-Fic" flag over the roof of the Tucker Hotel like a re-enactment of



Iwo Jima, to the applause of assembled midwestern fandom.

"Whew -- we got this whole thing up in one night!" Mark Riley twisted the cap off a bottle of beer. "Man, am I thirsty."

"Thanks, boys, I couldn't have done it without you," said Tucker from his hammock. "Just one question. Don't worldcons these days have about 8000 people? How come you built a hotel with no parking?"

"Geez, what a good question. Here -- have a Hurricane," answered Michael Sinclair, handing Tucker a red drink in a lantern-shaped glass. "I've seen the LASFS clubhouse. They get 150 people a week and only have four parking spaces. Never been a problem there."

"I love LASFS meetings," said Tucker. "I wouldn't trade one night at LASFS for 20 years in the best penitentiary in the world."

A Bloomington sheriff's car wheeled into the driveway. A deputy stepped out hoping someone would tell him why a 10-story convention hotel had sprouted overnight in a residential neighborhood. He wasn't optimistic.

"Didn't this used to be a cornfield?" the deputy asked. Tucker said something about "only crabgrass."

"Do you have a permit for this thing?" he asked. That was good -- always sound like you believe people are willing to comply with the law.

"Well, at Chicon IV they told us we needed a permit," nodded Ben Yalow, "but we sent M. David Johnson downtown to recite the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 to the fire marshal, and in fact we haven't seen either of them since --" The deputy cut him off. "If you don't buy a \$20,000 zoning variance permit we're going to cite you for harboring an unlawful landscape mutation. Then you'll have to plow this thing under."

Tucker watched distant lightning and listened to the rain. He couldn't sleep for worry. How would the hotel stay open long enough for Robert A. Heinlein to come back as Worldcon GoH?

"EASE HIS PAIN," said the voice in a clap of thunder.

"Huh?" Tucker started. "EASE HIS PAIN," repeated the voice. Tucker ventured, "Ease whose pain?" There was no answer. A discouraged Tucker went back to bed only to have his sleep invaded by strange dreams. He woke up needing to talk to somebody about them right away. It would already be morning in England, so he called Dave Langford.

Langford listened all about Tucker's dreams, then admitted having a strange dream himself. Langford said, "I awoke with a compulsive need to take Greg Pickersgill to a cricket match."

Tucker agreed, "I know how you feel, Dave, I've often felt a compulsive need to take after Greg with a Cricket lighter, and a jar of kerosene, too."

"I don't believe you understood," corrected Dave. "The meaning of your dream is that you must take an angry young writer to a sporting event."

Tucker scoffed. "Why can't I go with a friendly writer? I'll call Mike Resnick -- I think he's even got his own tickets!"

Cincinnati Reds catcher Joe Oliver popped up for the final out of the fifth inning. "What do you want, Tuck? I'm going for a bag of peanuts," said Resnick. Tucker wasn't hungry: he was waiting excitedly for a sign or omen to explain his dreams. "Suit yourself," said Resnick, heading upstairs.

Tucker looked back at the field. The Diamond Vision scoreboard was running a Geo endorsement. It flashed, "Harlan Ellison. Noted Futurist." Tucker was electrified. Yes, that must be who the voice had in mind. "Ease his

pain."

When Resnick returned Tucker told him all about his vision. "No question about it, the voice means that if I want the Tucker Hotel to fulfill its destiny, first I have to drive to the West Coast and help Harlan finish *Last Dangerous Visions*."

"I don't think so," Resnick began, but Tucker interrupted, "Now I know people have been down on the project, but they said the same things about the Tucker Hotel until the voice came along --"

Resnick broke in. "Look, Tuck, I've seen Harlan on the scoreboard six times this home stand. It's not a *vision*, it's a *commercial*."

Tucker frowned, then asked, "You don't suppose it could have been, maybe, an *alternate* vision?"

Tucker despondently looked over the Bloomington skyline as he stopped his car at the bottom of the off-ramp. He picked out the Tucker Hotel against the sunset. It twinkled like a drugstore ring. He admired the view until he remembered who'd be getting the electric bill for all those lights. Then he floored the accelerator.

Midge and Martha ran out to meet him in the driveway. When Tucker switched the engine off the sounds of a wild party rocked his car. Martha shouted, "Come see it, Bob!" Midge pulled him out of the car and took him inside.

Two bellhops were draping a banner across the lobby: "Tucker Hotel Welcomes 1997 Worldcon!" Dozens of guests waiting to register had their own party in the waiting line. Tucker thought he recognized some of them.

"Look," said Martha, tugging on his arm. "There's Ted Sturgeon, and Philip K. Dick..." Midge tugged at the other arm, "I see H. P. Lovecraft and Robert Howard. Let's say hello."

Robert Howard wore a suit and a cowboy hat. There was a stuffed rattlesnake coiled around the rim of his hat, fangs exposed and poised to strike. Tucker said, "That hat gives me the willies."

Howard said, "I know. If I could see it, I wouldn't wear it...."

Lovecraft shook Tucker's hand. "We're so glad you finally got your hotel built. Almost everybody came. L. Ron Hubbard wanted to, but he's got another book to finish

and can't take the time!"

Martha mentioned, "We've only got one problem. The police are here asking if we have a permit yet, and you know we don't." Tucker looked at the check-in line and smiled. "Don't we have a full house?" Martha answered, "Make 'em pay? Of course not. They're our guests of honor!"

The Bloomington deputy sheriff returned. Tucker backed up a step, and gave an embarrassed cough. "I'm sorry things didn't pan out. I don't have any idea how we're going to pay for the \$20,000 zoning permit."

The deputy grinned, "Are you kidding, tear this place down? No way! Do you know who's here? That *Star Trek* guy. And Rod Serling. Superman's here, too!"

Tucker jutted his chin and declared, "A media con, in my hotel? Get me a phone -- I'll call the wrecking crane myself!"

Midge calmed him. "Maybe we just need a good lawyer. Call up Robert Sacks, he owes me a favor. I told him he could run our Business Meeting."

"I thought we were supposed to be *easing* people's pain."

"No, this is to make them 'Go the distance'!"

H. P. Lovecraft advised, "Look -- nobody in the new generation reads anymore, but they'll come 2000 miles and pay to see dead people come back to life even if they have no idea who they are!"

The deputy agreed. "They'll bring enough hundred dollar bills to burn up 700 wet mules!"

At that moment a surprised-looking Robert A. Heinlein came up the steps into the lobby. He wandered over to Tucker and spoke quietly. "Can I ask you one thing? Is this Heaven?"

"Nah," said Tucker. "This is the Wimpy Zone."




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*LoCs on File 770: cont'd from page 2*

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relocations. Suggestions that novellas get more nominations than short stories on account of being fewer and longer do not hold up, at least after a look at last year's nomination statistics.

Both you and Charlie Brown, in the only printed discussions of the subject I've seen so far, make it quite clear that your objections relate to the political advisability of the relocation, not to its legality or what might be called its morality.

*[[I hope the article made sufficiently clear that you and Seth Goldberg acted reasonably and within the rules, and that you have defended your actions in a very mature way in the face of great abuse and manipulation.]]*

The relationship between the 5% cutoff rule and the variability of the category thresholds is more complicated, though. Although the applicability of the 5% rule has been offered as

a principal defense of the relocation, it has no direct relation to the constitutional justification, which was the size of the threshold variability. This is what triggered both the relocation and the short story cutoff, independently. I have a sinking feeling that I'm not being clear, but the short version is that the idea of relocation was already under consideration before we discovered that the 5% rule applied. That discovery clinched, rather than created, the decision that relocation would be necessary for fairness.

**George Flynn:** On the NESFA front: As I recall it, the Golden Shaft started falling apart about as soon as we got it out of the box. They just aren't making shafts like they used to.

**Harry Warner Jr.** I had already seen the Hugo nominations in another fanzine, but it was nice to get verification of the fact that I didn't get a nomination for the fanzine writer Hugo this time. or the past two years, those nominations had been a deterrent to my desire to gaffiate, a reason for struggling on because it would seem ungracious to quit when I'd been honored in this way. Now I can yield to that impulse the moment it becomes irresistible. The really bad news is the controversy over the relocation project for shorter fiction Hugos. I don't care about the fate of the fiction, but I do feel grim at the prospect of controversy about it in fanzines for the next four or five months.

Maybe those who win a Hugo every year for a number of consecutive years should have altruism to rule themselves ineligible for a while, so others will have a chance. My humble

self did that very thing after I'd won my second fan writer Hugo, telling the next year's worldcon committee not to count me in. I believe Ted White had previously made the same sort of renunciation.

#### FLASHBACK ON FILE 770:103

**George Flynn:** "AND THEN THERE WERE THREE..." Well, there do still theoretically exist two New York in '98 bids. (Personally, I'm presupposing everyone west of the Hudson.) For what it's worth, Lance Oszko manned the refreshment table in the Corflu con suite; assorted Baltimore in '98 gimcrackery was also available. (As for Niagara Falls, have you noticed Ted White's denunciations of Joe Maraglino in *BLAT!* and *Habakkuk*?)

OK, now that Mordecai has told us about the significance of "770" for Orthodox Jews, let us consider another religious perspective. Your next issue will be #104, and 770 minus 104 is....666! What does it all mean? Is it The End of Fandom As We Know It? (But that already happened, didn't it?)

**Dave Langford:** #103 received bright and early this morning (9 June) -- many thanks. Glad the "joint release" appealed.

Next month's totally slanted trivia question is, what fannish newszine has published 24 issues in the past 24 months?

The "second (untitled) collection" from NESFA is likely to be called *The Silence of the Langford* ...but at present it's not planned as a wholly new collection. Fired with enthusiasm by the fanzine-format *Let's Hear It For the Deaf Man*, Ben Yalow wants to do a trade paperback holding twice as much text but including most of the original material.

**Teddy Harvia:** I agree with Dave Langford that Ian Gunn is overdue



for a Hugo nomination. You blew it when you didn't illustrate Dave's comment with an Ian cartoon (insert fillo here).

What exactly does the Hugo rocket for *Best Fanwriter Hugo Except Dave Langford* look like? And remember, the art on the stamps, not the service, got the nomination.

**Harry Warner, Jr.** The thing that impresses me most about the quote from the *Scottish Medical Journal* is the thoroughness of the writer. It would never have occurred to me if I had written about people hurt in the collapse of toilets to specify that the wounds were in the buttocks. That seems sort of obvious. Unless people in Scotland have perverted ways of using that convenience.

It isn't polite to brag about one's income, but since you did it, maybe it's all right for me to discuss that I received the identical amount that you got, \$3.28, from exposing one of my apazine articles to a laser on the ClariNet CD-ROM. This ruins my customary bragging about how I refuse to accept pay for anything involving fandom. I hope I don't forget to include the sum among my miscellaneous income on next year's income tax return. I suppose it will be all right not to itemize the value of the disc I got as a contributor. (It doubled my software collection. A recent SFPA mailing included a floppy disc on which one member had inscribed magnetic impulses for some sort of game.)

### THE MEN WHO CORFLUED MOHAMMED

**Harry Warner, Jr.** There is one thing wrong with "The Men Who Corflued Mohammed." You couldn't mail a special delivery letter for three cents, not even in the early part of the century when postage rates had completed their slow decline from their 19th century levels and hadn't yet begun to push upward again. I can't swear to it,

but I believe it was 18 cents that you must pay for a special delivery stamp. I never had enough money for such extravagances but I had one or two of the stamps in used condition in my philately holdings. However, in 1939 it was possible to get a letter delivered for a two cent stamp if addressed to the same city in which it was mailed or for three cents to a nearby city within five hours, if posted at the right time. There were both morning and afternoon deliveries to homes at that time and mail was sorted on trains while traveling short distances. I've seen postcards written in the morning that advise the addressee that the writer would be paying a visit later in the day or would be a supper guest in the evening, proof that quick deliveries really existed for first class mail.

*[[Donald Franson wrote in his fanzine review column "Trash Barrel" that he deemed the story "a good piece of faan fiction (fiction about fans) if a humorous kind I've not seen for decades."]]*

**Allan D. Burrows:** Unaccustomed as I am to writing, little as I have to say about the latest fannish news (I mean, what's the point, really), I felt strongly enough about your short story, "The Men Who Corflued Mohammed", to comment.

So far I've told four trufen, (you make five, which should be enough), that I've recently gafiated from Trufandom: Brian Earl Brown, because for some reason he's still sending me his fanzine; Leah and Dick Smith, so that they can take me off the DUFF mailing list; and Taral, because it came up in conversation. Taral asked me why. I told him that I hadn't been active for long enough that I realized I'm not interested in trufandom anymore. There's more to it, really; I've come to be disgusted with trufandom! The person who got me into trufandom in the first place warned me that it's extremely cliquish, but I could never have had any idea just how bad it is. The seventh paragraph of "The

Men Who Corflued Mohammed" is a definitive example of why. Please permit me to quote:

When people scattered at the end of the panel, the comradely spell was broken. "Real fandom" had been in that room for an hour, then been whisked away like Brigadoon. A crowd of filksingers surged in and started arguing passionately about bardic circles; Dick fled into the hallway. Through other doors he glimpsed panels in progress: here, four panelists smiled and chattered over fabric swatches; there rowdy Trekkies in maroon uniforms compared notes; and a third room was filled with white males under 40 who might have been at home in a Young Republicans meeting but were probably hearing about the Delta Clipper. *What the hell has all this got to do with fandom?*

Excuse me? What has people singing songs they made up themselves about the science fiction books, movies and TV shows that they like, sometimes about tales they made up themselves for the song, got to do with Science Fiction Fandom? What have costumers and actors making and presenting costumes taken from the science fiction stories they love, or from their own visions of the future, got to do with Science Fiction Fandom? (Thanks Mike, by the way, for not referring to them as "drobes". I always thought that was one of trufandom's most immature habits.) What has a group of Trek fans celebrating some of the best SF that the television industry has ever presented got to do with Science Fiction Fandom? What has a *rocket ship*, for crying out loud, got to do with Science Fiction Fandom? If anyone but you had written those lines I'd have laughed at them! Yet this is *just* the attitude I've noticed in all too many fanzines.

Mike, I'm not accusing you of taking this attitude. Maybe you do; maybe "The Men Who Corflued Moham-med" was satire. (I certainly hope it was!) But I *know* there are trufans who take that attitude and my impression is that they're the majority. I'm sure I can be forgiven for thinking them the most inbred, retrograde, bass-ackwards, fundamentalist bunch of self-pleasure addicts since Narcissus got into flower power!

I've heard it said that trufandom is dying. I disagree: trufandom is long dead and waiting to finish decomposing. How few neos have joined the ranks in the last two decades? How many have left, or died? How many more fanzines have stopped publishing than begun? How many clubs still publish genzines? For that matter, what's the ratio of general SF clubs to clubs based around media or other "fringe" interests? Where are the fanzine reviews in the prozines? Where are the fannish traditions? Where is the old, inspired fannish silliness? Where are the fangods? Does anyone even raise a toast to... whatzisname, the little invisible beaver... at the Worldcon anymore? All right, these are things from the beginnings of Trufandom, from its childhood, and surely its matured by now. But these are also the things that make up Trufandom, just as much as fanzines, and they've been left behind with *nothing* to replace them. It's little wonder that the spirit of trufandom is dead.

Or is she? Perhaps the spirit of trufandom did mature. Perhaps she became what trufans think of as "fringe fandom." It's certainly more active, more alive and vibrant and silly and fun than Trufandom. Maybe all those fake fans with their filksings and their costumes and their Star Trek and Dr. Who and Whatever Else Have You reruns and their neverending Dark-over and Mythadventures and Pern series and so and so forth *ad astra*... maybe these are what Trufandom is when it does grow up. And maybe if

trufans didn't hold their noses up so high that they couldn't see past the ends of them, they'd realize something more. It's the spirit of the thing: a spirit that's been many years absent from Trufandom!

#### FLASHBACK ON FILE 770:104

**Don Fitch:** Not wanting you to waste postage on sending me a Notification that I have won X-many Dollars if the serial number on my form is the one that has been selected by a randomized computer search, and the fortune will be awarded whether or not the winner Subscribes, as part of a similar Promotional Campaign conducted by *File 770*, *Mimosa*, *Blat!*, *Lan's Lantern*, *L.A. Gang Bang* and a proposed genzine the Editor has made us promise not to mention, I'm enclosing a check for \$8 to Subscribe to five more issues of *File 770*. ...The flyer seems a bit unclear (or maybe I am just more confused than usual) about the proposed pubdate of #104 -- if it's to contain the '94 Worldcon Report it can hardly be expected before about 8 September, so you'll be taking the float and living luxuriously off the interest from all that Subscription Money trusting fans have sent in as soon as they received this notice.

**Allan Burrows:** Thanks for another excellent issue. Regarding your editorial, I wish to protest the change in *F770's* direction. I have no desire to spend improbable amounts of money for GENIE and CompuServe. While I have an Internet account (and one day, soon I really must pay for it; I can only get so much for free), I obviously am not following the same news.groups that you are. I have no doubt that there are still Luddites among your readers who do not have Net service, who do not have modems, who perhaps don't even have computers. (In fact, judging from the last issue of *STET* that I received before asking to be dropped from the mailing list, they may still constitute the majority of your readers!) Relaying the news through your zine, even

if it's in a more condensed form than previously, may still be a valuable service. But no doubt you will judge from the howls of your other subscribers (or lack thereof) whether this is so.

*[[I've already taken my cue from the enthusiastic level of response to the new policy that most of my readers are relieved to see a change in direction. I've imposed no requirement on myself to ignore everything that appears on the Net, but I am breaking a bad habit of depending on it to set my priorities.]]*

**John Lorentz:** Just got the latest *File 770*. I was glad to see more people writing for it and the results of your push to be less of an "e-mail digest".

**Adrienne Losin:** *File 770* is a good read with unpredictable variety and good art. Keep on striving!

**Sheryl Birkhead:** Like the fluorescent Brad Foster cover. Hadn't seen it before and if the date wasn't on it would have asked if this was a new piece. Haven't seen much from Brad this year other than bid stuff and that is a shame -- his work is always a pleasure to look at. Also, nice to see Diana Stein's work!

I am not on any of the nets, so it is unlikely that I will see much of the news you mention before it shows up in some other zine. I must admit that I do see some of it because *File 770* doesn't come out really frequently. But, I also look to it for the news I don't usually get a chance to see -- or recap rumors I have heard (so to speak) but not seen in print ...yet.

I know what it says, but I can hope that Avedon turns that into a column. I mooch *SFC* from the Lynches when I am there and hated to read that the fanzine reviews would be a thing of past issues.

**Chaz Baden:** Mike, I got *File 770:104*. I've kept quiet about your enthusiasm for printing the same kind of thing in

wildly varying typefaces, that is headlines in everything from Handel Gothic to Optima (I think). You and I have different opinions on the matter, and it hasn't affected me.

But on page 13, you've given me the lightest most inconspicuous typeface! The typeface for my headline, because it's that light, appears to be a caption for the fillo; while the actual fillo caption at the top of the page is in a typeface that would have been fine for the article's headline.

I will now offer unasked-for advice, free, and worth every penny. Stop it with the musical typefaces. Keep the text typeface (Times Roman, I assume?) and you can even keep the sans-serif face you use in the colophon and art credits. But pick one typeface for all of your headlines.

The problem [with the new design] in my view) It's not obvious what's a continuation of a previous article, with a secondary subhead, and what's a new article, with a new headline.

If you pick a (smaller) number of heavy typefaces, that would be fine, IMHO. Ditch the overly ornate and hard-to-read (John Hertz's headline), keep the light ones for captions. (The Jell-O/Caption would have worked fine if you'd just swapped typefaces.) Watch out for when you don't set the typeface at all, like you did on a couple of articles.

## WESTERCON

**Eric Lindsay:** Thanks for File 770 #104, and thanks also for reprinting the drawing of Ed Green and Larry Niven in begging mode.

I was pretty surprised at the 1600 attendance at Westercon, after being prepared for a much larger turnout. Mind you, Midwestcon was also smaller than I expected. That trend has been going in Australia for what seems the past decade, and I suspect comes from a decline in the number

of college age new fans (who tend to be energetic, etc.) Maybe they are all out learning to be stockbrokers or something.

I'd like to echo John Hertz's comments on the magnificent job that Don Fitch did organizing the refreshments for the Australia in 99 Worldcon bidding parties. I couldn't understand how come no-one had grabbed him to do a fan lounge or similar, but was very, very happy to have Don on our side. Incidentally, I also finally found an Australian company who made Anzac biscuits (cookies), but not in time for that party.

Staggered to hear the news on Dick Spelman, having partied with him on two weekends in June and July and having had trouble keeping up.

There must be something about Rex Rotary mimeos. I have been trying to find good fannish homes for my two for some time. Alas, no interest.

**Allan Burrows:** Thank you for reprinting William Rotsler's speech to the 1994 Westercon. I am now determined never to waste my time or Mr. Rotsler's by meeting him. The man has seen and done and experienced so much that all I could possibly have to say to him is hello and good day; more than that would be foolish!

**Sheryl Birkhead:** What is the reason that the attendance was so far down for Westercon 47? I have to say that I would blame it on the economy -- as it goes on longer and longer so far down, any frills have to be trimmed. Yeah, what you say about fen and con-going is pretty much true...at least it is when you don't have any other responsibilities. The common courtesies of fandom don't (unfortunately) extend to many of the shy neos, or even those who are not so neo. Fans continue to say they are introverted etc., you know the routine, yet they make it difficult for the newcomer (and even the not so new) to find a comfortable niche. I am pleased that

so many fans seemed to have found a comfortable spot within the cliques of con-going fandom, but I hope they remember that they don't encompass all fen.

Just heard from two more fans that they won't be making it to Winnipeg - economic reasons and the potential (hopefully) to make it to Glasgow instead. The figures cited for the membership makes it look as if it is going to be much more manageable in size than a lot of recent Worldcons.

**Nola Frame-Gray:** The odd thing about this year's Westercon that disappointed me the most, aside from the poor publicity, was the fact that what I thought had inspired Westercons in the first place had been neglected. I felt that as a science fiction fan and a fanzine fan, I and others like me had been slighted. There was no fanzine lounge. And no dealers selling new books, just Marty [Massoglia's] reliable used book table; and some hucksters selling, or rather, trying to sell, some overpriced collectors' editions.

I won't say too much about the inferior programming here, no science track, no SF track, since I've heard that a key person in charge had dropped out which caused an emergency situation, except to say that one member at LASFS, who had been a panelist at this year's Westercon, was disappointed that there was no way for him to find out in advance of the con what panels he was to have been scheduled for.

*[[Shortly before Westercon I received a mailing listing my program items. Perhaps he did not receive a mailing for some reason, but it's untrue that there was "no way" for him to get that information.]]*

I enjoyed highly the military lecture given by Sgt. Ed Green, and the writing/drama workshop that was hosted by Karen Wilson.

Another thing that bummed me out was the way that the con suite was set up. It really wasn't big enough to hang out and meet friends. However, it was nifty that, along with other parties, it opened onto an outside lounge area. That was very nice.

But the biggest problem by far was the publicity -- or rather, the lack of. No one seemed to know that this convention existed. The capper was when Darrell, a local friend of mine, called and asked if there was a Westercon this year? Seemed that a friend of his had called long-distance and told Darrel about the con. Darrel didn't hear about it locally.

*[[Westercon 47 was not as well-publicized as the O.J. Simpson trial, or the Shoemaker-Levy comet impact on Jupiter, but Noel Wolfman and company did just as much publicity for this convention as was done for our 1989 Westercon, which had record attendance. She and her associates hosted parties and sat tables at cons up and down the West Coast for two years, circulated flyers, did print advertising...]]*

Also, I can't quite seem to be able to get through to people who put on these cons that if they *insist* on putting the daily rate too high then fans won't check out the con. It does little good for SCIFI (or whoever) to say "We do this in order to encourage people to buy full memberships in advance." If the daily rates are too high, then the neos will never go to a con. And if a neo never goes to a con, then they'll never purchase a full membership in advance because they'll never know what they're missing. Isn't it better to have the daily membership be a little low now, what with the recession and all, in hopes of "hooking" them for future cons?

Now I kind of get the impression that the local people who put on the cons around [L.A.] have been having some problems. What are they? What can I, Joe Phan (or should that be Joan

Phan?) do? Anybody can whine and complain like I've been doing in this letter. But I want to "put my money where my mouth is." If I don't know what kinds of problems that SCIFI (or whoever) is having, then I don't know what I can do to help.

#### MARK OLSON: BUDGETING A WORLDCON

**Allan Burrows:** Regarding Mark Olson's article on budgeting a worldcon, I was dismayed to hear how difficult it can be. I can't imagine trying to make contingency plans to cover a \$200,000 shortfall (roughly \$250,000 in Canadian funds). It got me to thinking, and I wonder how "Fandom in General" (if there can be such a thing) would react to an idea I had.

I recall the furor back in 1987 when Conspiracy dared to accept money from the dreaded Church of Scientology in exchange for publicity for their cause and their publishing efforts. I suppose I can't blame them for seeking funding where they could, especially in light of the \$25,000 shortfall they ended up having to deal with. Still, I wonder whether it was sponsorship that the members objected to, or if it was only Scientology that annoyed them.

Let us say that some relatively innocuous company offered to sponsor a Worldcon; the Coca Cola Bottling Company, for instance. Were they to give, say, L.A.con III some \$200,000 in return for advertising considerations, would that be so bad? And let's say these considerations were themselves fairly innocuous: a banner above the Hugos, Masquerade, Opening and Closing Ceremonies, ads in all program books and handouts, 30-second ads at the beginning and end of video tapes that the con sold, the con suite and concessions sold Coke products only.... nothing that couldn't be ignored by fans. Perhaps Coke could be persuaded to supply their products at bulk rates to parties provided they displayed a Coke or Sprite

poster and spread Coke and Sprite coasters around the room. Would that be too much to ask for cheap pop? Two hundred grand up front would make it an awful lot easier to budget. Would it be worth it?

**Sheryl Birkhead:** I am far more surprised that the Worldcon committees manage to budget at all than that they don't manage to budget completely. I cannot even imagine the creative figuring that has to come into play when guessing (what else could you call it?) how much money you will *really* have to spend and then trying to spend accordingly.

**Renita Cassano:** The Worldcon Budget article, which talked about surpluses, brought to mind the pleasant surprise of receiving a \$10 refund for being an attending member of Chicon V.

*[[Even though dividing the surplus among the members is not my preferred answer, I did admire Chicon V's independence in devising its own solution to the profits question.]]*

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