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FILE 770:60 is still edited and published by Mike Glycer, of 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401, because no conglomerate has come along to offer a leveraged buyout. Hopefully Rupert Murdoch will soon realize that he needs a newzine to balance his publishing empire. Until then, FILE 770 is available foremost for subscriptions, \$4.00 US for 5 issues, mailed first class in North America and printed matter rate overseas. Overseas air printed matter rate: \$1.25 per issue. This zine may also be earned by those who contribute hot news, or accepted artwork, and is obtainable through arranged trades, primarily with other newzines and club-zines. Don't forget those expensive long distance phone calls (on your nickel) to (818) 787-5061. Last stencil typed August 21, 1986.



ROUNDFILINGS -- editorial by MIKE GLYER:

A few days from now the 1986 Hugo Awards will be announced in Atlanta, closing one of the most embarrassing chapters in the history of fanzine fandom. If you had to teach a course about the detrimental effects of prejudice on its practitioners, your textbook could be prepared from an account of this year's Best Fanzine Hugo race. At the expense of mixing metaphors, I would introduce this as the lesson of how fanzine fans painted themselves into a corner, then cut the ground out from under themselves.

Among those who regard the Best Fanzine Hugo to be suffering from a fatal disease, the newest symptoms were this year's nominations for special interest zines like UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR and the GREATER COLUMBIA FANTASY COSTUMERS GUILD NEWSLETTER.

(continued on page .20)

LET'S SEE... SOMM ASSAULT-
ON-COMMON SENSE RIFLE, FIRING
ANTI-OFFENSIVE REMARK SHELLS;
B.S. SEEKING MISSILES; CHEAP
BHEER ANTIDOTE KIT;

DOGMATIC OPINION
PIERCING TRACERS;
A CATTLE PROD TO GET
TO THE SOFT DRINKS;
A DIRECTIONAL BATHROOM
FINDING COMPASS...



BARD

PENGBO FIRST CON PART III.V, 10th BEGINNING-THE PREQUEL

WESTERCON BRINGS DOWN THE HOUSE

On Monday, July 7, less than 24 hours after a record 2700+ Westercon members departed San Diego's Town & Country Motel, a major earthquake shook the city and brought crashing down two large chandeliers in the motel's convention center. Fans everywhere wondered had they done anything to weaken the bolts? Perhaps their excessively loud applause for David Brin? Or the tantalizing but corrosive odor of Keith Kato's chili -- Keith having sneaked briefly out of retirement. Perhaps it was tape-delayed divine retribution for John Shirley's defense of Cyberpunk? Fortunately, since it just missed the con weekend, it's safe to react humorously.

Peak attendance at this year's Westercon seemed attributable to its being the first time the con had been in Southern California since 1980. A few of us had to learn how to be at a big Westercon all over again -- and we enjoyed it. Part of the fun was spreading the official convention rumor, that Stephen King had checked into the hotel to attend the promotion at Westercon of MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE, his directorial debut. No one could confirm the rumor, and Don Ayres was convinced King was back in Maine on July 4 collecting a bet against a local sports editor because the Red Sox had managed to stay in first place. The bet's payoff involved eating a chicken dinner clad only in one's underwear seated on the front lawn of the paper's offices. Why would you fly 3000 miles to see a trailer you've already watched before when you've got action like that right in your own home town?



Not that Westercon didn't have sparkling action of its own. A few people, familiar around LASFS for organizing a group marriage, set up a "SCI FI MATCH". Fans were invited to fill out a simple questionnaire about the kind of person they'd like to meet -- age, general physical characteristics, nonsmoker, religious or ethnic traits. The reply cards were computer sensible, or else somebody read them and typed like mad, but either way the "SCI FI MATCH MIXER FOR SINGLE FEN ONLY" was set for Friday July 4 at 6PM. Must have been a hundred people there. Ninety overweight men and ten horrified-looking women. Naturally Elst Weinstein and I were there only in the interests of promoting the DISCOUNT HOAXARAMA, now that it's actually in print. On the other hand, Janice Gelb was almost convincing in her disappointment that they had been unable to

match her with a normally proportioned, six-foot-tall Jewish nonsmoker. The farce was prolonged because of data entry⁶ printout delays brought on by unexpectedly high participation. The female organizer led the seated fans through a series of relaxation exercises, which wasn't nearly as peculiar as the discovery each time after I'd return from wandering away that they were still at it. The mixer was held in an octagonal gazebo with glass doors and walls near the motel pool, and watching the choreographed motions reminded me of Harlan Ellison recently comparing fandom to looking through the small end of a telescope at something in a Petri dish. And, no, I didn't hear of any successful matches. Although every participant had been given a stick-on number to help facilitate the matches, only the men were willing to wear them. What a surprise.

Were the other parties at Westercon more fun? I should say so. The night of Keith Kato's chili party I found myself in the same room as many distinguished pros. But how times have changed. It seemed like everyone in the room had a degree in physics (including Kato), or should have, except me. When your degrees are in history and popular culture, you can wait a very long time for an opening in conversation between Professor Greg Benford and Algis Budrys. (It was just the same at breakfast with David Brin and Mike Wallis at the 1985 Ad Astra where they made idle chatter about state of the art fusion technology, while I tried to guess where the right places were to nod intelligently.) Welcome to a brave new world where science fiction isn't merely supposed to speculate, but is expected to perform actual science.

Resigned to find something more my speed, I went looking for Alan White's Rampant Nun Publications party. About sixty people were there ahead of me. Alan was raffling off some loony merchandise that had probably been in the trash bins behind gift shops on Santa Monica Boulevard in LA. The crowd was raving for more. I couldn't get in the room at all. Ray Capella, who arrived at the same

time, slipped between the elbows of a few people wadded in the doorway looking inside, and wasn't seen til the following morning.

Bid parties were considerably easier to enter. The Boston in '89 party was laid out to let Rick Katze and Seth Breidbart deliver a one-two punch to fans who approached their con info table, but not to let the bidding interfere with anyone who was kicked back next to the chocolate thinking fannish thoughts. I know this because I did it. That's where I met Fred Duarte, unaccountably in from Texas where he'd recently been named NASFiC's unsung hero, or the like.

Phoenix and Portland were once again locked in a death struggle over right to host the 1988 Westercon. Earlier in the con Bruce Farr had mentioned stronger possibilities of his NASFiC going back under nonprofit status, and I hoped this would be remembered beyond Westercon site selection announcement time. The truth was I intended to vote for Phoenix anyway, partly because Phoenix should have another Westercon before Portland repeats, partly because more people will go to Phoenix, including me -- but I was having an allergic reaction to voting for Phoenix, for it was not a habit I'd ever established. At the Sunday business meeting Phoenix defeated Portland 311-209. Westercon will convene in Phoenix July 1-5 1988 at the Hyatt Regency. Pro guest of honor will be Robert Silverberg, with Craig Miller as fan guest of honor. Membership information can be obtained from P.O. Box 26665, Tempe AZ 85282.

Scott Norton, who helped arrange the con program let me try something I'd suggested. You always hear about pro readings. Why not fan readings? He gave me a time slot, following one of many space exploration panels. By coincidence, that same field of interest and some of the same panelists were scheduled for a program right next door in the next time slot. As I came in to set up, I watched 95% of the audience march out, execute two-column rights, and thunder into the adjoining room to continue their discussion. I was glad half a dozen LASFSians lent their presence to my reading -- for in imitating the pro reading format, one risks drawing as few listeners. I think this idea should be tried again, using a medley of fan writers. (..If we each attract six listeners, it'll simulate a crowd very convincingly..)

While appearing on two panels was a nice perk, the Hanrahans had given me the job of producing a Westercon daily newzine. It's wonderful to do publications at a Westercon -- all you have to do is go out in the hall, throw a net over five fans, and keep discarding until you find the artist among them. There is so much artistic talent on the West Coast it's impressive. I didn't do more than show up in the work area before Bard Davidson arrived to volunteer as newzine illustrator. And he returned every morning to repeat the performance. His drawings included in this report were penned on the spot once we decided on an idea.

The masquerade lent itself easily to our purpose: the line to get in started so early (before dinner time on Saturday) and grew so long that Bard and I had copies of the party edition to hand out while the audience was in its seats. The cartoon on the previous page was thoroughly appreciated. On Sunday morning, looking to do our final edition, we could not believe that no list of masquerade winners had been prepared -- not here, in San Diego, costumer's guild stronghold, after they'd just had a costumer as fan guest of honor for Westercon. *gasp* The costumers noticed the oversight themselves on Sunday morning, and before we finished, a list materialized and the winners received their due egoboo in the newzine. John Hertz' report follows and includes details of the masquerade.

As John mentions, the Art Show was a visual feast, too. Since the advent of prints in convention art shows, most regionals have succumbed to homogenized boredom.



At Westercon the volume of original good art cushioned the presence of familiar prints, and restored energy to the occasion. First there was a wall-length retrospective of Dennis Smith's art, set off by a framed 1967 letter to the artist from Harlan Ellison that truly speaks from a distant time about chicks and tv with a sexual energy level like he was just on a short coffee break from the FREE PRESS. Skimming the highlights, what more suitable beginning than Rick Sternbach's "Voyager Found" — space-suited dolphins could have been the con mascot, with Brin as GoH. Real Musgrave's sepia colored print "Really, I'm Feeling Much Better" amusingly portrayed a fantasy lizard veterinarian. J. Rogers had several ingenious, small ceramic backgrounds featuring (I believe) bronze figures, such as "Rust Among the Ruins" and its broken-up robots. Alicia Austin had one brilliant work after another, including the watercolor "Winter Dragon" and a portrayal of an Indian story "How the Birds Got Their Color". P.D. Breeding did well with the bizarre "Unto the Death" fight between a unicorn and a dragon...I'm not sure I liked it for the same reason he painted it! Laurel Blechman came straight from the movies with her gouche rendering of "Quo Vadis", and portrayed the characters with a great deal more naturalness than one usually sees in the men and women drawn in sf art. The same compliment can be paid to Corey Wolfe's acrylic and penciled "Howard the Duck" contrasted highly realistic faces with the character's own. Alan White's colored-in cartoon "Evolution of Fan" was the talk of the con, illustrating stereotypical fans of five decades holding an appropriate artifact, while the last holds a dead rat. Many other show entries were noteworthy, but a list of names and titles would not do justice to the artist or the reader. As the cliché goes, you had to have been there.

Near the end of Westercon, various San Diego fans discussed how the con was run through a corporation which had abandoned its plan to apply for non-profit status when it read of Archon's defeat in Tax Court. Not long after the con, all kinds of state agencies, including the attorney general's office, made contact demanding

compliance with laws about filing tax returns and other forms expected of corporations. Must have been the smell of money in the air.

WE INTERRUPT THIS REPORT: Before moving on to John Hertz, let's hear from one Westercon attendee who felt strongly enough about his complaint to air it in a letter to the editor. Terry Whittier asks: *When the report on Westercon comes due, you might mention my disappointment with the photography area outside of the masquerade room. The setup was so poorly planned that I ended up coordinating the flash photography area myself. The person responsible for the lighted area was himself only interested in lighted photography, so that was all he organized. No consideration at all was given to those of us who had planned to shoot with flash. I consider this the responsibility of the concom to (1) organize both available-light and flash photo areas, as is usual at this size convention, and (2) communicate this to whoever actually sets up the photo area. Plus see that it gets done.* Thanks, Terry -- this is quite educational for me. I wasn't aware that separate flash and lighted areas were normally available outside the masquerade.

JOHN HERTZ

WESTERCON NOTEBOOK

"You did walk over here to vote, didn't you?" asked Terry Gish, detecting in the mystic ways known to bid chairmen that I had not voted for the 1988 Westercon. In fact I was more or less in the midst of something else, but she was right that I should vote. She did not even touch my arm. She merely stood at a respectful distance and radiated the virtues of Phoenix.

I like wandering around cons, for which this year's Town & Country at San Diego was well suited. Milt Stevens said the hotel looked as if someone had dropped a bunch of miscellaneous hotel seeds onto the site, and a bunch of miscellaneous buildings had sprouted. Unexpected paths and swimming pools were everywhere. My last visit had been in February for a competition of West Coast Greek churches' kids' dance troupes. People hanging around all over in funny outfits -- not much different.

There's been deserved complaining about the Art Show. I'd like to observe a small point the Trimbles remarked to me: the panels were placed in straight lines. Does that seem trivial? Not if you have too many places to go and people to see, like everyone else, and you want to get a good look at everything in the show to find out what you need to come back and study. The way San Diego did it, you can make your first scan fast, safely. I also liked the wall full of Dennis Neal Smith. There are more artists worth doing that with. I wish he had been hung in chronological order, though. ((!)) I kept thinking I was seeing his work develop, then wham, I was lost again.



The masquerade was swell. The size of the audience took costuming director Kelly Turner by surprise -- with more than 2700 people at the con, so many thronged in that the hotel staff had to keep adding rows of chairs, like the self-replicating stops on the shipbuilding machine in SKYLARK THREE -- but once everyone was seated, the show went without a hitch. Janet Wilson deserves credit. Also, costumers generally have been thinking hard about the technical problems of Masquerades, the length of the show, the shape of the stage, the impossibility of dress rehearsal, the mental impact of dozens of fantastic costumes; and their attention is paying off. Entries in this year's Masquerade reached the highest level. Bryan Ambacher and Shawn Marshall won Best Re-Creation (Novice Class) with two GHOSTBUSTERS suits, the detail of their mechanical backpacks so good it got a workmanship award. Marilyn White, whose Goddess Demiade won Best Fantasy (Journeyman Class), showed not only skilled metalwork but also good definition of character in her movements. We're beginning to see people who, if they're going to do gods, make a point of standing and walking like gods -- or robbers -- or cosmic accountants, as the case may be. For a long time Adrienne Martine-Barnes was one of the few who could do this. Jennifer Tifft and three others won Best Master with wonderful flesh-sculpting makeup that shaped alien ears, chins, even naked backs. Alison Frankel gave a brilliant entry full of satire and surprise. Two halves of a gift box opened to reveal little Mehitabel Jane, a Victorian girl doll fluffy with frills and flounces. She moved sweetly for a moment. Then, as music darkened, she began to pull and change her clothing. It was not a striptease; she turned into something sinister and strange, her doll's mask blotched showing frightening teeth, the underside of the Victorian era. This was a Masquerade entry with depth. It took Best of Show, an award not always given.

I must speak of David Joiner's "Warrior of the Dream Plane." He might have won an award for his surrealistic black body armor alone, which glimmered as if alive with light. But this was not all. Here, too, movement counted. Joiner, in his proper person surely one of fandom's more unassuming men, was transformed. A galactic storm trooper might have stalked; he drifted, crouched, lurked fluidly. At the end of a long runway, a Masquerade spotter offered a hand. The Warrior repelled him, with a slashing gesture that commanded the entire room -- then sprang off stage. This was not the best in show, but it was magnificent.

Friday night 140 people came to Regency dancing. The sound system didn't, but I've grown used to that (not used enough; I should have arranged a backup), and after awhile it arrived and everyone had a fine time. ...Sunday at eleven ComicCon held a caviar and Irish coffee "brunch". I needed it. ((John Hertz' report appeared in full in TAPS))

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MILT STEVENS

UNSUBSTANTIATED RUMOR

SCIFI Inc. has donated \$10,000 to the Society for the Preservation of Static Cling.

NESFA has contracted to publish the Boston Telephone Directory.

Greg Benford has discovered that superheated plasma isn't all bad if you put a shot of gin in it.

At a recent convention, 150 fans signed a petition to President Reagan asking him to consider the emigration of Charles Platt an act of war.

Bill Rotsler is working on a cartoon version of "Ah, Sweet Idiocy."

Elst Weinstein has been working on selling Manhattan Island back to the Indians. The Indians are balking at taking Andy Porter as part of the deal.

Recent studies have revealed that the Midwest is in danger of falling into the Pacific Ocean.

Keith Kato thinks that it may have been a mistake to use superheated plasma as part of his chili recipe.

Corflu has been found to cause nymphomania in rats.

SCIFI Inc. has set aside \$10,000 to have Forry Ackerman bronzed.



THE MOMENT ARRIVES: INSTANT MESSAGE #402 began its account of the official use of NESFA's new clubhouse with the "Dissolution of the Building Search Committee Party." IM says the party was declared under way at 2:37 PM on June 7 when Rich Ferree opened the first bottle of champagne. IM added, "Joe Rico presented Monty Wells and Rich with plaques in appreciation of their long hours spent on making the clubhouse habitable. The Zitzows, celebrating their 33rd wedding anniversary, brought a clubhouse-warming gift, a stained glass NESFA shield created by Holly Love. A fannish chorus sang 'It's Beginning To Look A Lot Like A Clubhouse.' Munchies included a large cake inscribed 'Club House Finally.'" And all that ceremony was just for the party. To commence the first business meeting, "NESFA High Priest Ann Broomhead entered the main room from the back stairs, accompanied by a tape recorder playing Beethoven's 'Consecration of the House.' She was wearing two layered kimonos with obi and swinging a smoking censer. Her text for this meeting was

from Exodus 26:1-10: 'And thou shalt make curtains of goat's hair to be a covering upon the tabernacle...' Possibly a direct result of these ethereal proceedings, the July 13 INSTANT MESSAGE urged a Best Fan Hoax nomination for the NESFA Clubhouse. But the club's patient and diligent efforts were rewarded with a City of Somerville Certificate of Occupancy dated July 9, 1986. After such an accolade, a Hogu would be redundant, considering just prior to displaying the certificate Monty Wells had estimated \$6209 for his latest repairs.

At the same meeting members voted to create the position of *Charwoman of NESFA*. Unlike most NESFA honors, the first person to have this bestowed upon him was not Isaac Asimov. Instead, Pam Fremon volunteered to fill the post. That still left a problem of what to do with the bagged garbage once it was out of the clubhouse, no thanks to the City of Somerville's lax trash collection service. Monty Wells wanted to institute a door prize, where the winner would have to carry away a bag of trash. "Operation Surprise Package" from BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO springs to mind. NESFA might use its nonprofit postage rate to mail away the trash -- and considering the club's standard of living, high enough to purchase its own meeting rooms, it may well be that NESFA's garbage will be a poorer fan community's gold. Imagine all the things NESFA throws away that RATS ON FIRE could be published on the back of. And in Denver, DASFA keeps writing about owning a clubhouse -- with enough pieces recycled from Boston, they could cut years off their wait.

DISCLAVE REPORT

Report by ANNE HANSEN (previously published in DE PROFUNDIS)

For those of you who have never been to an out-of-state convention other than a worldcon, Disclave is a fine place to start. Unlike other East Coast conventions, Disclave has consistently turned down offers to be placed on convention lists around the country such as ANALOG and ASIMOV's. "Why?" you might ask. "Doesn't every convention want to be another Boskone?"

In a word, NO! (In five words, not no, but HELL NO!) Disclave has about six to eight hundred members a year, and they're quite satisfied with that, thank you very much. The attendees hail from neighboring cities -- you are likely to meet members of NESFA, MITSFS, Lunarians, Fanoclasts, PSFS, BSFS, and of course, WSFA. Also, you will be entertained by fen from any city planning to host a Worldcon in the next four years. (Glad we showed up!) Overall, the people were very friendly and made me feel welcome.

The con is held at the Sheraton, New Carrollton (MD), which is on the beltway outside Washington DC. Apparently, the same hotel has been used for several years, which may be because it's ideal for a con. There are a number of rooms around the pool which appear to have been a separate motel at one time. Party-throwers are encouraged to reserve one of these cabana rooms if they intend to have people in the room all night. ANYTHING GOES in the pool area -- loud, long and lively. The con suite, which is only open at night, is also in the pool area. Corkage policies are liberal.

During the day, fen are invited to relax in the 'fan lounge', a room as large as the program rooms, but unlike the program rooms the lounge is empty. It's just too much trouble to get there since the fen are spread out all over the chairs, couches, tables, and of course, the floor of the hotel lobby. Everything is situated in such a way as to allow the greatest amount of fan freedom. The personnel looked the other way -- then, cleaned up after us. As an example of the liberal policy,

a group of young fen were spotted by hotel security at 2AM Monday morning after having rearranged the hotel furniture -- like moving all the lounge chairs by each floor's elevator bank to the third floor! The guard said, "You know you have to put that back when you're done." The fen promised to do so, did so, and everyone was happy.

The maids never knocked or entered a room with a "Do Not Disturb" sign out, and were seen scurrying madly around the cabana area at 3:30 trying to do all the rooms before they went home. They did admirably, I must say. The only drawback was the lack of a reasonably priced coffee shop in the hotel. The hotel restaurant, Memories, while very nice, was too expensive to frequent. There were nearby places to eat including Bob's Big Boy, with a super breakfast bar that ran to the afternoon, and other places, but none of them accepted plastic. As a reasonable alternative to the absent coffee shop, the hotel set up a snack stand in the lobby during the day which sold pizza (on French rolls?), nachos, coffee and soft drinks. The extended checkout time for the convention was 3PM. Do they know fans?

The Art Show and Dealer's Room were set up in a building detached from the main hotel. Space was adequate. The Art Show had works from amateurs and pros including a very nice display from a pro artist (whose name is around the house somewhere on a 3 x 5 piece of paper) that had his original paintings hung next to the finished book jackets. Very nice and kind of impressive -- (well, I was impressed). My favorite work in the Art Show, however, was a 5 x 7 crayon drawing called "The Scare Bears." There was the Cancer bear, big brown and ugly, with crossbones where his lungs might be; Aids bear, hot pink with a limp paw; Terrorist bear, little brown with big ugly gun; Meltdown bear, chartreuse and quickly becoming a blob; and Tsunami bear, aquamarine with a white wave in his middle. The minimum bid was something like \$15, but by the time I saw it, early the second day, it had four bids, was out of my price range and had been stamped for auction.

Parties: many, often, long, loud, and into the wee or not so wee hours of the morning. Bid parties were held by LA, Boston, Cincinnati, and Bermuda Triangle on Saturday



night. Somtow Sucharitkul had a "California, Here I Come" party, also on Saturday night. New Orleans and the Netherlands hosted parties on Sunday afternoon, and in the evening a nucleus of Boston fans hosted a Sixties party which overflowed into a "sit-out" in the hall. The room people sang. The hall people covered their ears and laughed a lot. One fan decided it was easier to go over the people sitting in the hall than through them, so he walked on the walls five feet overhead. Exciting stuff!

Overall, this was a really fun, relaxing con. I was even able to ride the Metro into DC for a couple of hours. Laid back and friendly, Disclave is a good introduction to the East Coast Con and East Coast fandom.

((Somtow Sucharitkul introduced me to someone at Disclave who may be better remembered to F770 readers for a leading role in Dunegate than to average fans who may have read his sf -- Tim Sullivan. We shared a mutual curiosity about the horrible racket out by the pool on Saturday at midnight. For some years, he explained, someone has organized a sendup of the yuppie firewalkers, which took the form of a crowd of people striding up to a cinder block wall opposite the pool in the inspired wishfulness that by the supremacy of mind over matter, they will pass through. They psyche themselves with the chant that gives Tim's expose its title --))

TIM SULLIVAN

RIGHT THRU THE WALL

A fannish tradition of monumental importance was celebrated for the fifth time this past Memorial Day Weekend. While hundreds chanted "Right through the wall," two young fen actually passed physically through a brick wall of the Sheraton New Carrollton Hotel, just outside the nation's capital in suburban Maryland. Though Braze Andy Looney and Cooper John, the intrepid dimensional travelers, were not actually seen to go through the wall -- perhaps a side effect of the dysjunctive node? -- they returned with incontrovertible bits of tissue that could only have been obtained from toilet paper rolls inside the bathroom situated on the other side of the wall.

The cleanup crew was led by Barchan, beard protruding from underneath his gas mask, All refuse of dimensional travel was quickly cleaned up, including exes demarcating the area of the wall to be passed through, as well as pithy chalked quotes. The cleanup crew started at the top of the wall and worked down.

Greykell Perks, another veteran wallite, explained to your roving reporter that the first attempt at going Right Through the Wall had been at Balticon in 1981. Neither the con committee nor security understood, and the experiment was postponed a month and a half until Disclave, where two girls inside the bathroom were pulled through by Braze Looney and Cooper John. The rest is history.

Now there is a growing Right Through the Wall fandom, which encompasses autograph sessions, homemade quilts bearing wallite legends, t-shirts, buttons, photographs, etc. All of the wallite grafitti has been recorded for posterity.

Wallites are quite insistent that the tradition predates BUCKAROO BANZAI by a

couple of years, citing as their inspiration a book, SCRAMBLED CHICKEN AND 74 OTHER ECCENTRIC HOW-TOS, by Jim Erskine, and Craig Boldman (Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

Going Right Through the Wall is not without its dangers, in spite of all the frivolity. Every bone was broken in the body of Braze Looney two years ago, and one poor soul, Walt Freitag, was actually lost inside the wall!

How is it done? Wallites train by not going to the bathroom and running in a peculiar stride, charging at the wall while concentrating fiercely on passing through. If everything is in proper sync, superstrings uncoil and all nine dimensions unravel, allowing the wallite to pass through each dimension simultaneously. His physical self is squirted through a dysjunctive node formed by the coiling super strings, and he is deposited in the bathroom. Having arrived, the wallite collects his toilet paper, scribbles a bit of grafitti, and returns to the mundane world at the very instant he went Right Through the Wall. The process was described by a physicist for your reporter... as thoroughly, that is, as modern quantum mechanics can explain the phenomenon in layman's terms.

At any rate, now it's on to Disclave '87, and the sixth annual rite of passage Right Through the Wall.

(c) Tim Sullivan, 1986

NEW ENOUGH FOR FANHISTORY

Otherwise known as -- news that didn't quite fit into the past couple of FILE 770s...

JOSEPH NICHOLAS NOT ELECTED: Late last year Dave Langford wrote in with the warning that Joseph Nicholas would be running for magistrate. Soon afterwards Joseph footnoted Dave's report, saying, "The local Labour group's nominations committee decided in the end not to put me forward as a magistrate, at least not this time. Put off, no doubt, by the political definition of the law that I advanced as supporting evidence for my nomination (I'd just read Peter Hain's POLITICAL TRIALS IN BRITAIN), although that might have been overlooked if the more radical of the two solicitors who sit on the committee hadn't got the time wrong and turned up just after the vote was taken. So next year for sure..."

Joseph actually did run for the Westminster Council in May, little expecting to win in a solidly Tory ward. His letter of May 9 confirmed his prediction: "I was not elected in yesterday's local government polls. Which is perhaps just as well, since it would have meant giving up everything but work to do a proper job as councillor. Overall, however, the Labour Party did very well indeed in this otherwise strongly Tory borough -- so well that if only we'd got another 200 votes in one of the wards we'd have had another three of our candidates elected and thus gained control of the council for the first time ever. Damn, hell and blast. What a pity that there won't be another Westland/British Leyland/Libya/Chernobyl to help us on our way in 1990..." As a consolation, Joseph says he was elected a Vice-Chair of London Region CND (Committee for Nuclear Disarmament) at its AGM in April, "thus helping to keep the Stalinists at bay for another year. Or: sometimes the peace movement seems even more politicized than politics itself."

BAY AREA DIRECTORY: David W. Clark probably just had in mind to help fans find each other in the Bay Area when he published the San Francisco Bay Area Fan Directory. He also helped elevate the fannish profile of a fan stronghold that has become less visible, for no real good reason, over the past decade. Purchase your copy from David for 25¢ -- 2804 Stuart St., Berkeley CA 94705.

AFTER CHALLENGER

((In this week's news President Reagan announced the decision to build a replacement space shuttle to fill the gap left by the loss of the Challenger. In some senses this rewards the faithful who campaigned for the continuance of a vigorous US space program notwithstanding the Challenger disaster -- including many sf fans whose efforts are described later in this section by Craig Chrissinger. However, no one who loves the space program permitted himself to believe it will take the program as long to go back on line as will be the case. Or that any of its "going to work in space" motif would be discarded, as shuttle delivery to orbit of communications satellites has been. But the President said the shuttle's future payloads will be heavily devoted to elements of the Space Station. Greg Bennett is already at work on delivering the space station -- and he was personally familiar with some of the Challenger's crew through his assignments in Houston, placing him in the painful position of being able to write the following memoir. Reprinted from WESTWIND #103 by Greg's permission.))



WE REMEMBER...THE MISSING MAN ° GREG BENNETT

Melva took the new kids from Rockwell upstairs to watch the launch on the direct video feed. She's teaching them how to manage all the data that goes with each Shuttle flight, and watching the launch seemed to be an important part of their education. One of them had never watched a whole launch and climb to orbit, not even on television. They were in the engineering wing of Building 30 at the Johnson Space Center. Mission Control is in the operations wing of the same building.

I was two miles away, sitting in my boss' office in The Tower. We were puzzling over

how to manager part of the engineering in the Space Station program. The Shuttle flights were were worrying over won't happen for seven years: but the nature of our job is such that we have to project minds into the future, and then look back to see how we got there.

I didn't know they were going to launch that morning: I thought they'd been weathered in. It didn't matter much: neither payload had major launch window constraints, and there was plenty of time to turn Challenger around for Galileo.

"Go for throttle-up" came the voice of CAPCOM from the air-to-ground audio.

For a moment it looked as if the solid rocket boosters had separated early. Melva stared at the television screen. "That's not right," was all she said. She stared at the tv monitor for a few more seconds, and then walked out of the room, alone. The new kids were left to fend for themselves in a room full of silent, staring veterans of the space program.

A disembodied shout came through the door of my boss' office. I was talking at the time, and didn't hear what the guy said; so I ignored it.

"What!" my boss exclaimed. It wasn't a question. I looked up from the paper I'd been scribbling on and saw his face, pale, staring at me with a look of disbelief. I must have looked puzzled. "Someone said the Shuttle exploded."

We were out of his office, roaming the halls, searching for someone with a radio or television set. There was nothing on air-to-ground. It should have been saying "Press to MECO." Everyone was tuning in radios to the local news station. It was true.

This was a recurring nightmare I'd had since I started working the Space Shuttle program. I'd always assumed the nightmares were my subconscious preparing me for something like this, since none of us ever seriously considered it in our conscious thoughts. If that was preparation, it didn't help. I couldn't breathe: my heart was arrhythmic, pounding. For the first time in my life, I felt faint. I was in shock. I knew I was in shock, and it didn't help.

No one knew anything. Lots of guys were punching numbers on the telephone, calling our troops in Mission Control. They didn't know anything either. It was true.

"Who was on board?" I already knew, but I had to ask. I had to be sure. We were going to float a keg at the Outpost when they got back. We always do. El was going to have a luau: I had wondered if it would be worth it to wheedle an invitation.

My boss reached into the top drawer of his desk for the flight manifest. "Scobee, Mike Smith, Onizuka, Resnick, McNair," he read in a monotone. "An engineer from Hughes named Jarvis; and Christa McAuliffe, the teacher."

"Did you know any of them?" he asked.

"Some of them," I managed. I'd never met Jarvis or McAuliffe. I wasn't sure who Jarvis was.

"I coached Onizuka's kid in soccer," he said. I nodded. It was what I could do.

We tried to get some work done. I'd never realized before what a happy sound it was to hear Sally shout, "Hey JR!" down the hall on the third floor of Building 4. The Third Floor -- a place forbidden to all but the privileged few. The signs say so. It didn't seem to be such a privilege any more. It will be a long time before I go there again.

"I have to call my wife," I told my boss. He nodded. He was dialing his telephone as I left his office.

On Friday, they closed the Johnson Space Center, and the President came for the memorial service. At first, it was almost like a picnic. We weren't laughing and joking, but we weren't somber, either. I stopped by the engineering wing of the mission control building to pick up Melva, Judy and Mindy. The grassy mall between Building 16 and Building 2 looked really nice for a winter day. They'd moved some trees, and planted bushes in the bare spots that were being prepared for spring. There were only a couple of thousand chairs, so most of us had to stand. That was OK. One of the troops from my Space Station Orbital Operations group found us. He was worried about writing an abstract for a conference in September. We worked on that.

It would be nice to have some portable director's chairs that wouldn't sink in the soft earth. We worked out some designs. I scribbled drawings in my Day-Timer.

They'd asked us not to bring purses or briefcases because that would slow down the lines at the security check points. The President was here. I'd be paranoid, too, if someone had shot me. Mindy and Judy had left their cigarettes in their purses, back in the office. I had a pack of cigarettes. We wiped them out while we waited for the ceremony to start.

A light plane flew in from the north, headed over the site. A blue-and-white helicopter intercepted, and chased it away. I noticed an identical helicopter hovering high in the distance, hiding between two huge bluffs of cumulus clouds.

It was really warm in the sun. I was glad I'd worn a light tan sports coat. A lot of the guys were wearing black. When those clouds moved in front of the sun, it was chilly. They turned on stage lights to illuminate the front porch of Building 16.

Steve Hawley's dad read a prayer. I didn't know he was a preacher's kid, too. It was like my own dad's prayers -- sounded like a sermon in disguise.

Then, President Reagan spoke. It became real: this wasn't a picnic. It really happened. "We remember..." he said. I remembered. It really happened. I had to be strong for the girls. I am imperturbable: just ask Bill Warren, he did that stationery for me. The shock broke: the grieving began. Psychologists would later say that this was the whole point of the memorial service, that it was exactly what we needed. I held it in.

We sang "America the Beautiful". I could follow the tenor until we got to the refrain, but had to switch to baritone for that. I could still hold it in.

Then the T-38s came, loud, fast, low over Building 16. The wingman broke away and flew straight up into the clouds...the Missing Man. I can't take the Missing Man. I never could. It didn't matter: I was wearing very dark sunglasses. I could look away from my companions, follow the sound of the T-38s long after they had disappeared into the clouds over Clear Lake. They couldn't see me through their tears anyway.

(continued next page)

The shock was broken: the grieving had begun. It was time to get back to work.

There's really no end to this story. It will take a long time, and there's work to be done. That work seems even more important now, because we are no longer working to drive against new frontiers to advance the status of all mankind. In a field where a sense of wonder is part of the job, that is almost commonplace. But now, in addition to that, we set out with new determination to ensure that our friends will not have died in vain, and, step by step, to carry their memory into the far reaches of the universe.

Greg Bennett ++ February 5, 1986

FAN REACTION

++ by Craig Chrissinger ++

Despite uncertainty in the first weeks after the Challenger tragedy January 28, many science fiction fans and professionals showed their support for the space program by various means.

At first, Albuquerque NM Alpha Centura member Phil Hernandez tried to organize a local effort to raise funds to replace the lost space shuttle, but nothing has happened yet. "I still haven't gotten what I need from the US Space Foundation (in Colorado). All they sent me were press releases."

People can contribute directly to the fund by making payments to Shuttle Fund, US Space Foundation, PO Box 51-L, Colorado Springs CO 80901. Hernandez started the effort because he felt "that if ordinary folks got behind the space program, maybe Congress would fund it decently like it should be. This is an opportunity to say, 'No, we're not going to let it ride. We want a space program.'" In addition, he spoke with US Rep. Manuel Lujan about the fund in February. "He sounded friendly to the idea of legislation that would allow NASA to accept some of the money directly."

Since then, Lujan has become the most vocal member of the House Science and Technology Committee in reaction to the Rogers Commission report released June 9. The congressman says Congress must determine who was responsible before lawmakers can attempt to fix the problems involved. He also wants a special probe of the Marshall Space Flight Center. The Rogers Commission blamed the accident on a faulty joint in the right solid rocket booster and poor communications in NASA management, especially at Marshall.

Oklahoma author C.J. Cherryh succeeded in raising \$36,500 for the Challenger Campaign



Inc. to place a full-page advertisement in the March 30 edition of the New York TIMES, asking that letters of support for a new shuttle be sent to US legislators. Leftover funds went to the astronauts' children's fund in Washington DC. (Steven Spielberg reportedly contributed \$50,000 to this fund, the largest single donation yet.

First Comics, publisher of AMERICAN FLAGG and GRIMJACK, had a full-page advertisement in the February 21 issue of the COMICS BUYER'S GUIDE, urging President Reagan "to maintain and support NASA and America's space program." However, Georgianna Kues, president of New Mexicans for Space Exploration, says the advertisements are possibly a waste of funds. "If you're going to get that much money together, you should use it to do something physical. People are reminded of the space program every day by the media." NMSE has been encouraging people to write letters to their representatives in support of a vigorous space program and looking for a project to join. "We're waiting for a consensus on which way the pro-space groups are going," said Kues. "There are voices pulling in support of at least six different programs. It would be better if everyone could contribute to one goal."

Kues said the accident had pointed out "how spectacular our accomplishments in space have been. That we accomplished so much is mind-boggling. People have taken it for granted that we can get into space, but this jolted them to the fact it's harder than you think."

Many groups, both amateur and professional, devoted newsletters, club meetings, magazines and civic events in tribute to the seven-person crew. WaRP Graphics, publisher of such comics as MYTH-ADVENTURES and THUNDER BUNNY, devoted the back cover of the most recent issues of its four magazines to the manned exploration of space with a full-color shot of a shuttle launching.

Alpha Centura's February meeting included a tribute to the space program, and individuals shared their memories of the 1982 landing of the Columbia at White Sands, NM. The Denver Area SF Association organized a Candlelight Vigil in a city park January 29. About 300 people attended the memorial service. Most of the February issue of the club's newsletter, DASFaX, was devoted to the accident, including "Song for Challenger" by Christy Ivers.

In Tulsa OK, members of Starbase Tulsa helped bring 4000 signatures to the City Park Board, requesting renaming Finis Smith Park to Challenger Park. On March 4, Mayor Terry Young approved the plan with one amendment -- to name it Challenger 7 park. No city money was available for improvements, so changes will have to wait. The club's February newsletter, TRIBBLE TALK, contained several articles and a full-page picture of the crew on the back cover. Finally, Colorado Springs' club's April edition of the GALACTIC DISPATCH had a shuttle cover, several letters and an essay in favor of the space program.

AND NOW, THE JADED PERSPECTIVE

Having read some time ago of FILE 770's promised coverage of the fan reaction to the Challenger disaster, Joseph Nicholas air mailed a copy of FUCK THE TORIES, the politically correct fanzine (provided your politics are slightly to the right of Gorbachev's), including his two page "Note on the Challenger Disaster." Joseph summarizes the outpouring of sympathy, and concern for the space program, in Brit fanzines, disapprovingly. While asserting that the deaths were indeed tragic, Joseph demurs, "But no purpose whatever is served by pretending that they died as brave venturers into the unknown, members of some grand, humanistic drive to explore space for no other reason than that it is there. Whether we like it or not, the

prime impetus behind the shuttle programme is and always has been the US Department of Defense." Joseph goes on to substantiate his point to his satisfaction, and while he's engaging in deliberate distortion to achieve a propaganda aim, it's probably not worth an argument. Joseph has overlooked a primary point. The average American -- and I share this view -- thinks it's perfectly okay for the shuttle to have both a military and scientific mission. Indeed, knowing that the Soviets have built a space station of sorts, and are making strategic use of space, I think we'd just about insist on it. The part about the Soviet use of space is just to underline what fools we'd be not to pursue military use of space -- but even if the Soviets were ten years behind us instead of ahead of us (the figure given by an editor of JANE'S) we'd think it a pleasant change for the government to be pursuing something just because it was an intrinsically good idea. Now a true communist isn't going to criticize the Soviet Union anyway -- but it always seems to me that the average leftist punishes the West for the virtue of a free press, and rewards the Soviet stranglehold on data, as in this case where Joseph can make wonderfully well-informed criticisms of the US shuttle program at the same time he is stone silent about Soviet military activity in space which they report in a very controlled way -- and which we mostly know about through the imperfect and indirect intelligence reports provided by the US government. In the aftermath of Chernobyl, we see that the Western press, relying by default on indirect evidence and expert guesses, can be quite inaccurate about the USSR. But if it were left to the USSR, we'd never know a damned thing, because unfortunately every crisis is primarily considered an implicit criticism of the state, and stifled to the extent possible.

MORE CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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FANCYCLOPEDIA III: The staggering work of FANCYCLOPEDIA III goes on. Executive editor John Hertz reports that it is, well, staggering. He writes, "Since I only belong to three APAs and write locs, instead of editing fanzines, bidding for Worldcons and winning DUFF, like Marty Cantor, you, Lee Gold and Bruce Pelz, the SCIFI committee thought I might be able to bear a hand. I wish I had six. I also wish that fans we've all been talking to about this for years now would send in stuff. So should people who are afraid we don't know it all. Maybe none of them have thought of the consequences if we have to write it all anyway." John was voted as executive editor based on his impressive record of extracting written work from the L.A.con II committee for its progress reports and program book. FANCY III when it appears, will constitute the con's tribute to its fan GoH, Dick Eney, who edited FANCY II some years ago. It would be quite helpful to the project if fans with expertise in various historical aspects of fandom jogged our memory by dropping a line to the SCIFI post off ice box -- PO Box 8442, Van Nuys CA 91409. John and his associate editors have compiled long lists of fans who seem like plausible candidates to solicit certain topical material from -- but that's based on our perceptions, or simply geography. Don't be shy. Many hands make light work.

By the way -- a summary of SCIFI financial activity will appear in the next F770.

**Vote For The Most Deserving Candidate
For Best Fanzine:**

"NO AWARD"

In our opinion, the Hugos exist to recognize genuine excellence, not just relative quality in a given year or appeal to a narrow special interest. While congratulating the fanzine nominees for their popularity, we respectfully maintain that none of them has met the standard of excellence we associate with the phrase "Hugo winner." "No Award" is offered as an option in every Hugo category; it's an option too often overlooked. By using it this year, you can help prove that the Hugos can still be meaningful. Vote "No Award" for Best Fanzine. There is no substitute for excellence.

Brian Earl Brown, Rich Brown, Linda Bushyager, Avelon Carol, Cy Cheuviz, Rich Cord, Don D'Amassa, Gary Farber, Moshe Feder, William Gibson, Mike Glicksman, Joanne Gornall, Rob Hansen, Fred Hasbani, Jane Hawkins, Chip Hitchcock, Lucy Huntington, Jerry Kaufman, Robert Lichtman, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Debbie Notkin, Ross Parins, Gary Pichersgill, Linda Pichersgill, Louise Reicher, Sili Shilman, Suzanne Tompkins, Ted White, Tom Whitmore, Ben Yelow.

((ROUND FILINGS, continued from page 2))

The average fanzine fan welcomes these nominees, and 1984 nominee THE PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON, the way Europe welcomed the Black Plague. The average fanzine fan doesn't even understand *why* special interest fandoms want to get a fanzine on the Hugo ballot in the first place. He regards the campaigns that succeeded in getting each zine a Hugo nomination as the arrogant presumption of a bunch of ignorant filkers or jackboot freaks who ought to mind their own damned business. The best he can do by way of under-

standing is to ascribe to them the same motive, only horribly mutated, as clubzine editors and -apa members who discuss ganging together and getting their zines on the ballot, but never do it because in their hearts they know they're wrong. He supposes that special interest fanzine voters, too ignorant to know they're wrong, actually do mail in their votes after such a discussion, in malign innocence.

Admittedly, the average fanzine purist hasn't seen any of these zines, so he doesn't really know if they're any good, or if he'd enjoy reading them. But I've at least seen PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON and GCFCGN, and I have to concede that a bunch of fans who want to protect the Best Fanzine Hugo against HOLIER THAN THOU, for gosh sakes, also would not approve of these special interest zines -- although wouldn't it be refreshing if they were principled enough to withhold judgement until after they'd read them? The fact remains nothing will dissuade the average fanzine purist from characterizing media fans as illiterate and immature. He's still going to tolerate filksingers just as long as he can neither see nor hear them. He will keep on snarling that organized costuming is just another splinter group stealing some of the soul from mainstream fandom -- that is, the part of fandom he's in. So he asks, just *why* do these turkeys want to horn in on the Best Fanzine Hugo? The fanzine purists delude themselves if they do not realize they planted the seeds of this harvest themselves. They have to recognize that people aren't deaf, and their feelings really do get hurt if you insult their mentality.

Painfully I learned the damage that could be inflicted by fanzine rhetoric, early in the game -- but not, as you might suppose, from being on the receiving end. In the spirit of Geis' SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW I was thoroughly sercon, and very cutting. Somehow I believed the men who had achieved the lofty status of professional writer were also too mature to be hurt by anything in a mere fanzine (except SFR, where pros attacked other pros). This naivete was knocked out of me by the local pros who shocked me by taking my zine seriously, and becoming emotionally wounded by my

smartass criticism. More stunning than that, one of them attributed changes in a later edition of his book to criticism of mine he'd found useful. These revelations changed me in a lot of helpful ways -- the one that applies here being: people always have feelings that can be potentially hurt, despite the labels we stick on them to suggest they are bigger or smaller than life.

Why do people engaged in filking, costuming, Who or Trek fandom suddenly take an *organized* interest in the Best Fanzine Hugo? We must realize that for years those people have felt and resented the elitist attitude of worldcon-running and fanzine publishing fans. Now some of the specialty fandoms have organized to such an extent they feel they have the clout to fight back -- and they're picking targets designed to let the rest of us know it.

Says Denice Girardeau in GREATER COLUMBIA FANTASY COSTUMERS GUILD NEWSLETTER (4/86): *"With the advent of CostumeCon, the Greater Columbia Fantasy Costumers Guild and its branches -- the California Costumers Mafia, the Virginia chapter, and the latest addition of the New Jersey costumers Guild (known to its members as the Sick Pups) -- costumers who to this point have been the freak children of fandom, have finally the opportunity to get together and form a united front. In some ways this is very good: due to the hostility of some worldcon committees toward masquerades, it becomes necessary that we have some kind of organization to protect our interest."* Then there is Bobbi Gear, GCFCGN editor, who has explained that she decided to get her zine on the Hugo ballot as a means of showing to fandom that costumers were worth something. From her point of view, some conventions are anti-costumer, not the least being Boskone for banning masquerades entirely.

While the costumers' lack of self-esteem doesn't *justify* stuffing the ballot box in the Best Fanzine nominations, their success was a demonstration of the costumers' organizational strength. To the worldcon committee's hundreds of members, and the cadre of fanzine fans who are the self-appointed guardians of Hugo purity, notice has been served that costumers are a viable power bloc: they can manipulate one of the power symbols of the worldcon. (And if this sounds like florid rhetoric instead of accurate psychology, stop and think how many times you've seen costumers take their inspiration from Moorcock novels.) If some of the costumers really happen to think GCFCGN is the greatest fanzine, fine, but that's not why this drive was organized or what its success means. Consider it an effective start at paying off that snottiness costumers (and filkers and media fans) have impatiently endured from conrunners and zine publishers who want to treat these people as failing some bogus definition of science fiction fan.

A question that comes to mind once we have fathomed the psychology of the fans doing the ballot box stuffing is, just how many votes do they have to amass to make their point? The answer happens to be: not that many. The truth is not that fringe groups are too strong to oppose -- but that too few fanzine purists bother to vote, so poorly qualified zines slip on to the ballot by default. No more compelling proof could ever be found than among the fans who signed Moshe Feder's ad on the preceding page, urging "No Award" votes in the Best Fanzine category.

The ad ran in the July and August SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE. Unexpectedly, Jeff Copeland and Liz Schwarzin interpreted it as a swipe at their performance as Hugo administrators for the Atlanta Worldcon, so they wrote to Andy Porter: "We

went through the nominations again, and only found nominating ballots from 5 of the 31 folks who signed that ad. And only four of those nominated in the fanzine category. This strikes us as a classic case of failing to put your money where your mouth is -- unless the other 26 think that nothing now being published in any category is worthy of a Hugo. If all -- or even half -- of them had nominated in a pack, they could have put any fanzine they wanted on the final ballot." You can conclude *it only took 13 votes to put a fanzine on the final ballot.*

You can't have it two ways. If the fanzine Hugo is meaningless, as Moshe keeps telling me, then what does that make an ad attempting to influence the outcome of its selection? If the Hugo is worth fighting for, which is an implication of running such an ad, then where were all the signers of the ad during the nominating phase? If the signers have so much insight on what fanzines deserve to be on the Hugo ballot, there were more than enough of them to get the job done. What moral right do they have to urge others to vote No Award in a category they don't even grace with their own ballots?

However, I do not ascribe to that group any consensus about the most deserving fanzines. The thirty-one of them would probably vote for twenty-one different titles. The ad is primarily an expression of arrogance. As Craig Miller said in LASFAPA, "Sure, I don't think that a costumer's newzine or the directory to media fanzines should really be included in the category. But the other three nominees are certainly fanzines, whether or not they are my favorites. Who gave these people the right to decide what is acceptable quality in a fanzine? As far as I'm concerned, this is the same sort of presumptive superior attitude used by book burners and other self-appointed censors, although admittedly not quite to the same degree." I agree that when a group of fans wants to substitute their judgement for the results of a democratic process, they ought to be called into account.

Formerly, when LOCUS held a lock on the Best Fanzine Hugo, Moshe Feder was disenchanted with the Hugos because they were dominated by semiprozines whose large circulations, he contended, distorted the voting. He felt too many people simply voted for the semiprozine they knew. Traditional genzines were shouldered out of contention because the readers of LOCUS never saw them. Moshe's personal leaning was to abolish the Best Fanzine category, but he was swayed to accept the alternate proposal, to create a Best Semiprozine category, effective in 1984. With such a history behind him, Moshe couldn't have surprised too many people with his opinion that none of this year's nominees warranted a Hugo. What is surprising is Moshe's new tactic. Feder, who wanted to eliminate a category he accused of being controlled by ignorant LOCUS subscribers, now suddenly feels that the thousands who read SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE are qualified to decide that this year's crop of fanzines -- which they still haven't read -- tarnishes the glorious ideal of a "Hugo winner." What an ethical breakdance must be required for Moshe to rationalize that reversal of positions!

What a travesty. "...We respectfully maintain that none of them /the nominees/ has met the standard of excellence we associate with the phrase 'Hugo Winner.'" Mike Glicksohn's self-indulgent guest editorial in LAN'S LANTERN 20 puts it even more baldly: "Awarding /HOLIER THAN THOU/ the Hugo would demean the honor given to the likes of XERO, YANDRO and hell, what the fuck, ENERGUMEN." What an astonishing squint through the keyhole of history that is! The Best Fanzine Hugo has been given 30 times, and the list of simon-pure mimeographed genzines that won is just slightly longer than a list of Bolivian navy heroes. LOCUS, SFR and PSYCHOTIC won it 14 years (you can put PSYCHOTIC's win in any category you see fit). ERBdom and AMRA account for two more years. Fannish newzines won in 6 other years. That only leaves 6 years for genzines like CRY OF THE NAMELESS, XERO, WARHOON, NIEKAS, YANDRO



and ENERGUMEN. Am I supposed to believe that HOLIER THAN THOU isn't as good as NIEKAS or YANDRO? Don't make me laugh. Are we actually expected to nod in sage agreement that HOLIER THAN THOU cannot uphold the glorious tradition begun by FANTASY TIMES?

Year after year I wait to see the zines that are the best in the field make the ballot. I could name a dozen that are better than most of the entries on this year's ballot. Why don't they command the loyalty of ten or fifteen readers who are sufficiently motivated to vote them onto the Hugo ballot? It was a convenient excuse when all the semiprozines were in the category -- but an excuse is all it ever was, and I explained that repeatedly at the time. The excuses now are made to justify people's non-participation. That's pathetic. It seems to lead to a self-fulfilling prophecy about the quality of Best Fanzine nominees, and could result in a removal of the category. But I am not going to have that choice dictated to me by people who don't vote, and I hope you won't either.

TED WHITE

((In February, Ted White was arrested on six counts of drug possession and dealing by Falls Church VA police. His description of events is excerpted from his letter of August 19, written for publication.))

My "trial" took place on July 16th, and I put the word in quotes because no trial actually took place. Instead, I pled guilty to three charges (possession with intent to distribute marijuana, LSD and mushrooms) in return for which three additional charges (basically redundant) were dropped. I was shocked to discover when I was given the written pleas to sign that while the maximum sentence on the first count (marijuana) was 10 years, the maximums for the other two counts were each 40 years -- making possible a maximum sentence of 90 years. No one expects this to occur, but the current atmosphere with all the political grandstanding about drugs is hardly a good one. I hope for no more than 10 years, of which I would actually serve 2 or 3.

My date for sentencing is September 5th, which allows me to attend the Worldcon, a sort of swan song for me.

As for my arrest, it occurred largely due to two spiteful neighbors. One neighbor family (which lives across the street) consumes marijuana itself, and gossips extensively. The other neighbor lives across my driveway and moved in only last summer. He pretended friendship with me while daily copying down license tag numbers from all the cars that stopped by. This included my mother, my business partner, members of my writers group, and various fans like Avedon, none of whom had any drug dealings with me. According to the police report, he phoned them daily to urge action, and eventually they acted. My mother believes he was motivated, at least in part, by a \$1000 "Crime Solvers" reward.

My arresting officer turns out to be a well-known jerk; a man of no more than five and a half feet in height who calls himself a Master Police Officer, and who is so committed to serving "The Truth" (as he puts it) that he feels no qualms about perjuring himself in court, and admitted as much to me privately. His was a Holy Mission, and he sees me as Vile and Evil. He told me I was the worst father my daughter could have, for example, an opinion I do not at all accept. (My daughter, 16 this month, has been raised to make intelligent decisions based on as much information as she can assemble, and, for the record, does not drink, smoke, or use drugs. Nor does she reject me; we are quite close.)

Dave Langford forwarded to me a letter he'd received from Brian Earl Brown in which Brown complains of a conspiracy of silence about my arrest: "Not you ~~Langford~~, or Mike Glycer or Andy Porter or Charlie Brown (to my knowledge) -- none of you has said as much as 'Ted White was arrested.' Why has there been such a complete blackout on Ted White's drug bust. ...And I just heard last night the latest rumor is that the FBI and CIA are calling Ted a major regional distributor."

Amazing, the Vast Power I have over you, Andy, Charlie and Dave, eh? The rumor about the FBI and CIA was ludicrous, of course; those aren't even the agencies that would involve themselves in a federal case. But mine is a local bust (Falls Church police) and a state case; it was small potatoes indeed compared to what gets into the papers these days (my arrest was reported in a local weekly, but ignored by the Washington Post. There was no TV/media coverage.) I am resigned to serving time, and hope that it will be no more than a few years. I am not looking forward to an overcrowded state prison, but I imagine I'll find a place in it for myself, and possibly in the library, or teaching. I look forward to getting some writing done, if I can gain access to a typer; my paper fanac may even increase.

ART CREDITS: Steven Fox: cover. Bard: 3,46. Jim McLeod: 7, 14. Bill Rotsler: 17. Teddy Harvia:9. Capella & Schirmeister: 11. Brad Foster: 23.

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