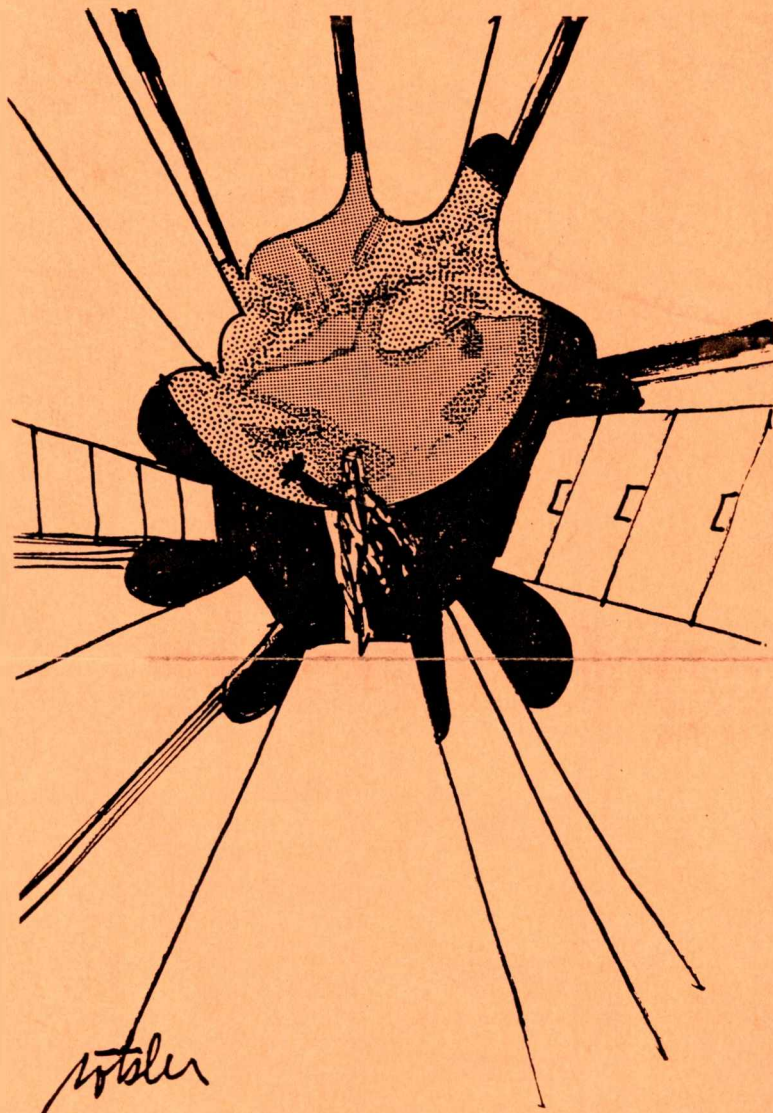




FILE 770:66 strings another bead on the monthly schedule we have kept in 1987. Once again we join our editor, Mike Glyer, in the apartment where he stores his suitcase between LA in '90 campaign trips. You can become attached to the FILE 770 mailing list in return for cheap truth, fashionable lies, and ghastly accusations; for arranged trades with certain capriciously chosen fanzines; and



\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* TERRY CARR \*  
 \* February 19, 1937 - April 7, 1987 \*  
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The leading editor of contemporary science fiction, Terry Carr, died April 7 -- just seven months after his turn on stage as the 1986 WorldCon's Fan Guest of Honor. Carr died after a lengthy illness related to congestive heart disease complicated by diabetes, reports Dave Nee in THE RHODOMAGNETIC BULLETIN.

especially in return for \$4.00, which still gets you five issues even in these parlous times when the dollar is sliding and gold is soaring. Copies are mailed first class in North America, printed rate overseas. Air printed matter delivery is available for \$1.25 per copy. One may also try bending the editor's ear at (818) 787-5061.

TERRY CARR:  
 OBITUARY AND REMEMBRANCE BY WILLIAM ROTSLER, PT. 1

A death in the family is difficult to handle. Terry Carr was in my family, though I suppose my mother would be surprised to hear that. But what do you do? An immense empty vastness opened and will never be closed. I will get used to it in time, I suppose, just as you will. Something like getting used to a sharp corner on some furniture -- but in time, you forget, and bang your shins. I'm sure I will say or think, "What will Terry think about this?" Present tense.

But what do you really do? You remember the good times, the bond-strengthening times. You try not to think about the lost potential. You are said for yourself, what you have lost.

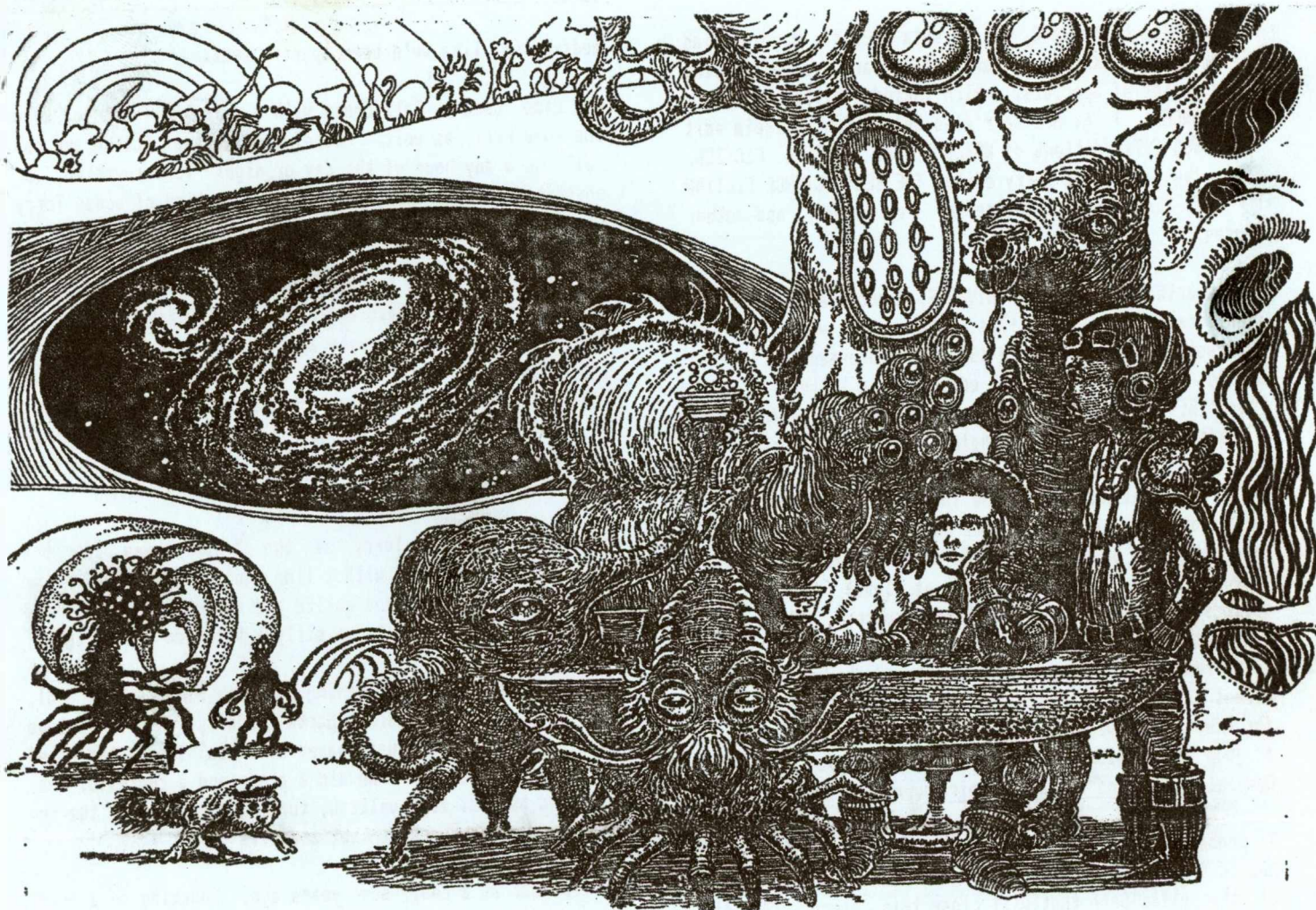
Oh, you do the sanitary things -- you bury the body -- and the legal things of wills & who gets what & all that routine stuff. But it doesn't touch the real heart of it, does it?

Sometimes people die and you think, "Aw, that's too bad," and feel sorry for those left, the work unfinished, but your life goes on, essentially uninterrupted. Coming home from the funeral you stop at the supermarket, you drop off some cleaning, you make business calls. But your life hasn't changed, not really. Terry Carr was not one of those people. Terry was one of the best. Funerals are for the living, not the dead. Funerals or memorial services are a chance to put a finish to the memories. I've had friends die and not been at the funeral and ever after I see people and automatically think, "Oh, there's --!"

Knowing Terry, I'm sure he would be wryly amused at all the words being said & written & published about him -- and probably correcting everyone's syntax and grammar. So if you are looking down from the Great Editorial Office in the Sky, Terry, know that I loved you and shall never forget you.

When you are somewhat older than most of your friends there is one pain that you figure you will not have to endure too often: them dying first. You went first, Terry, you went too soon. We hadn't used you up yet.





## TERRY CARR: A LOOK BACK

Terry Carr was one of the rare people who had major accomplishments as a fan and as a pro, without surrendering either status over the years. Born in Grants Pass, Oregon, Carr said he discovered science fiction initially "by stumbling across Balmer and Wylie's *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* in the school library while looking for a book on astronomy; it had been misfiled, but after reading it I didn't complain. A few months later I found a couple of back issues of *AMAZING STORIES* in a city dump, and from there it was downhill all the way."

Carr was a member of the Little Men while at UC Berkeley in the 1950s, and during those days in the Bay Area he began his fanzine *LIGHTHOUSE* (twice nominated for the Hugo). He perpetrated the Carl Brandon hoax, an active fanzine fan who proved to be nonexistent, with help from Bhub Stewart, Pete Graham and Ron Ellick. Carr co-edited the leading fannish newzine of that day, *FANAC*, with Ellick, and they won the Best Fanzine Hugo in 1959.

If Terry was a college graduate, as one fanzine stated, he

claimed only three years at college, majoring in English, in his autobiographical remarks from the *DOUBLEBILL SYMPOSIUM*. Shortly after leaving UC Berkeley, Carr moved to New York. His stint at the Scott Meredith Literary Agency left him with a lifetime of uncomplimentary things to say about Meredith. Carr's pro writing career began when *F&SF* published his first short story in 1962. (In May *F&SF* marked the 25th anniversary of the event by printing another Carr story, "You Got It.") Among Carr's early novels was *INVASION FROM 2500* (1964), a collaboration with Ted White published under the pseudonym Norman Edwards.

From 1964-1971 Carr was an editor at Ace Books. In the words of Harlan Ellison, Carr's "Ace Specials became the most prestigious series of books ever published in the field....More than merely a random group of titles submitted by agents and unsolicited through the slush pile, the Specials were the brainchild of Terry Carr; they were lovingly crafted and packaged with stunning elegance." Instantly recognizable by the Leo and Diane Dillon covers, the series of novels included Alexei Panshin's *Nebula-*



winning RITE OF PASSAGE, and Ursula LeGuin's Hugo-winning LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. (Years later, Carr resumed editing a new series of Specials, which included William Gibson's NEUROMANCER. ) At Ace Carr also helped Don Wollheim edit the 1965-1971 editions of WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION. After he left Ace, Terry edited THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR for Ballantine/Del Rey Books, and other houses.

Carr's anthology series, UNIVERSE, discovered a number of significant new sf writers. When Carr won the Best Professional Editor Hugo in 1985, he addressed the lack of awards recognition for book editors in a letter to FILE 770: "This year the award went to me despite the fact that I hadn't yet published a single issue of an sf magazine, and I see that as an indication that the Hugo voters may finally be taking note of the fact that book editors are important, too. Yes, the award came to me largely because of the New Ace Specials, on the cover of each of which my name appeared as editor...but at least the magazine editors' monopoly has now been broken." While Carr attributed his victory to a high profile, I thought voters also remembered Terry's development and showcasing of new talent in UNIVERSE -- and used their votes to thank him for schooling newcomers. Never underestimate the value of a good reputation among the would-be writers who voted Campbell, Bova and Scithers their Hugos.

I probably knew Terry Carr as little as anyone who ever had to write a man's obituary, so it's my sharpest memory of the public Carr that will close this piece. At the 1973 Worldcon in Toronto the chrome rockets hadn't been finished in time for the Hugo Awards ceremony, so the winners only got the walnut bases at the banquet. Terry turned that to his advantage when he accepted the Best Fan Writer Hugo. As co-editor of FANAC he'd shared a 1959 Best Fanzine Hugo with Ron Ellick. So he figured that between the half-a-Hugo he won with Ellick, and the half-a-Hugo presented to him that night, he had finally won a full Hugo. It was a charming moment that enhanced his reputation.

#### TERRY CARR:

#### OBITUARY AND REMEMBRANCE BY WILLIAM ROTSLER, PT. 2

There's a saying that a friend is someone to whom you can say any damn fool thing you want to. You don't get many like that in life. Terry Carr was one of those kinds of friends for me, and I imagine, many others.

Since we lived 400 miles apart for years, and 3000 miles apart for other years, I was deprived of the pleasure of his friendship a lot. But our friendship was the kind that, even after several years of not seeing each other,

meeting was like we'd been apart a week.

He came back to California with a wife and I got to know and love her, as well. Carol is a special friend and has call on me any hour of the day or night for anything, or anything I could deliver. That's the kind of woman Terry Carr had, that brings that sort of loyalty and friendship.

But I've been asked to write about my memories of Terry. Trouble is, I don't have any really neat, packaged story to tell. Maybe later, maybe it's too soon. I always felt comfortable with Terry. You know what I mean? (See definition above.) There was no jealousy or one-upsmanship or nonsense between us. Maybe I should modify that. We one-upped each other all the time, but there wasn't a vicious note in any of it.

Someone described Terry as the "razorblades in the tapioca." He hits you with a line and you say, "Aha! Never touched me," and then you realize the razorblade part. He was urbane & sophisticated & silly & talented & a delight.

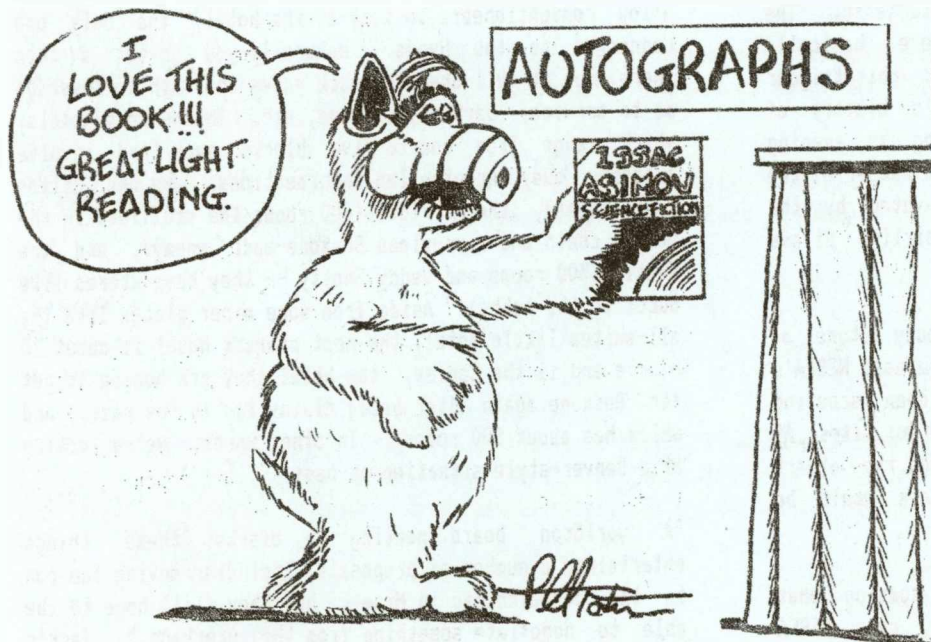
I was sitting in their dining room one night with Carol, and someone else, possibly Marta Randall, when Terry came walking in, having just shaved off his long-established moustache and goatee. We did a groan and a chorus of "Oh, no!" and he just kept walking, turning and leaving: the new facial hair was begun at that moment.

I remember at a con, some years ago, knocking on a hotel door looking for him. (No, I think I won't tell that one.) Mostly I remember conversations, long ones, short ones. I used to go to the Bay Area every year, from just before Christmas until just after New Year's (to avoid the rush) and I stayed all or part of the trip at Casa Carr. We talked: about writers, writing, women, love, the world, gossip, pulps, silly stuff & serious stuff. No big earth-shattering revelations, but a delightful spread of ideas, an exchange of opinion and information that I always looked forward to.

You know, the trouble is, in doing things like this you have a hard time typing. I hunt and peck and tears kind of blur things up. I'm sorry I can't presently think of some nugget of story, some "line" or anecdote to amuse you. I really don't feel terribly amused. Sorry, Mr. Editor Sir. A man I loved isn't here anymore. He's gone to Ultimacon. (I can see Terry snorting, "Ultimacon!")

If you didn't know Terry I'm sorry for you. You missed one of the good ones.

THE RHODOMAGNETIC BULLETIN adds there will be a memorial service Saturday, May 30, at the Willows in Tilden Park (Berkeley?) Then, Robert Silverberg will finish editing Carr's UNIVERSE 17 and YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION 15.



WONDERING WHERE THE HELL YOU'3 HUGO BALLOT IS? Then you're not alone. Conspiracy '87, the Brighton WorldCon, distributed the Hugo nominating ballots with PR3. While the original April 1 voting deadline came and went, fans like Lan Laskowski of Michigan, Dennis Virzi of Texas, Bruce Pelz and Craig Miller of LA waited in vain for their copies to appear. Many fans either resorted to using the ballot copied by INSTANT MESSAGE, or one of the hundreds xeroxed by fresh-faced young fans like Glenn Glazer and his counterparts in other cities.

Rob Jackson, a Conspiracy director, says that PR3 was delayed in London's Mount Pleasant mail sorting center, the victim of an "industrial action" (read: wildcat strike). It's probably still there. At first the committee stretched the deadline two weeks. Then Paul Kincaid, Hugo Awards administrator, was allowed to do a complete remailing of nomination forms to the members. The new deadline requires ballots be postmarked by May 1.

HARDWARE FOR BOSH: Before the old deadline, Baen Books liberally sprinkled fandom with hardcover review copies of Bob Shaw's new novel, *THE RAGGED ASTRONAUTS*. An enclosed letter encouraged right-thinking fans to respond to the book with a quick read and a quick nomination for the Hugo Award. Word-of-mouth from the readers is good so far. British readers took the cue and handed the British Science Fiction Association's annual best novel award to Shaw, for *THE RAGGED ASTRONAUTS*.

Here are the other award winners named at this year's British Eastercon, held in Birmingham:

#### BSFA Awards

Artwork: Keith Roberts, for "The Clocktower Girl."

Media: ALIENS

Short Story: Keith Roberts for "Kaeti and the Hangman."

#### The Arthur C. Clarke Award

Margaret Atwood for "The Handmaid's Tale."

#### Doc Weir Award

Brian Burgess

The Doc Weir Award appears comparable to the Big Heart Award. Burgess' was at Eastercon using a cane to help himself about in the aftermath of a stroke. Many fans, including Ken Slater (Knight of

St. Fantony) reminisced that Burgess used to run his own meat pie and milk concession at conventions in the days when Britfans still had to hold them in hotels with limited dining hours and without room service. Besides the loaves and fishes, Burgess' canonization is supported by at least one genuine miracle. In 1962, waving farewell to a carload of fans bound for a convention out-of-town, Burgess hitchhiked and still managed to be out in front of the con hotel waving hello when the same carload of fans arrived...

THE WORLD'S OLDEST ESTABLISHED UNINTENTIONALLY PERMANENT FLOATING CRAP GAME: Sheila Strickland's question sums up fandom's reaction to the '89 WorldCon hotel crisis: "The news of the Sheraton Boston backing away from having a WorldCon is distressing. If it is indeed an 'upper management' decision, one wonders what effect that decision would have on the Sheraton New Orleans, and future WorldCons. Are open parties to be a thing of the past? Will WorldCons really have to start limiting attendance by one means or another?"

Attorney Rick Katze says the situation is developing, and MCFI doesn't have an answer yet. They are trying to enter into negotiations with the Sheraton, and believe they have a contract to hold the '89 WorldCon there. At the same time, they have rented the rest of the space in the Hynes center (which gives them sufficient function space without the Sheraton), and they are attempting to book rooms with other hotels. MCFI is also preparing other scenarios, some involving other cities. (continued)



Questioned about rumored hotel damage inflicted by Boskone, Katze said there was very little -- he mentioned a corridor pillow fight which strewn the mess from burst pillows down one hall, as an example. Said Katze, "The amounts of vandalism or destruction were basically negligible." There were many fire alarms; hair-trigger alarm systems are the legacy of Boston's history of hotel fires. The effect of crowds leaving an evening event, and normal smoking, were blamed for a number of the alarms. Hotel relations were also aggravated by the breakdown of the room blocking system as airline pilots were booked into noisy areas.

Every effort is being made to clear the cloudy future of Boskone 25 (1988). The Boston Park Plaza refused NESFA's first offer. Jim and Laurie Mann have been scouting nearby Marlborough, Springfield and Hartford for sites. At first glance the Hartford site seems to edge the others -- and is the only one where function space would be essentially free.

Jack Chalker, out on the convention trail, sums up what he's heard about the Boskone debacle: "Not even NESFA knows what form future Boskonos will take, but certainly we have seen the end of the 'biggest at any cost regional' they were devoted to for so long, since the cost -- a total inability to control those hordes packed in just for the membership fees and attendance figures by super hype prior to the cons -- has proven to be more than NESFA can bear. Actually, this may (one hopes) be a harbinger of better Boskonos to come, perhaps with a reasonable size and a couple of thousand people who should be there, like in the old days.

"More serious is the Sheraton's flat decree that the letter of intent for the 1989 WorldCon is no longer valid since it was signed under assumptions and assertions since proven false (ie, that Boskone and NESFA can handle the mobs). ...This is spite of the fact that the Sheraton Boston made over two million dollars on Boskone by quite literally filling the entire 1800 room hotel and so filling their restaurants that it was impossible to even get a reservation to eat within the hotel in the evenings (not to mention the unknown bar tabs). Katze and others pointed out to the Sheraton that a WorldCon would bring in probably ten million dollars or more and that was far more than they could earn any other way (since Noreason 3 has the entire Hynes Auditorium, making any other large group meeting over Labor Day in 1989 impossible to hold.) Sheraton corporate headquarters management basically has stated that they would rather lose money than 'compromise our preferred method of doing business.' Cited: the problems of handling a '24-hour convention' were simply not worth the profits, and 'the type of people you attract are not the sort with which we would even wish to build a long-term business relationship.'

"Discussions with the Sheraton are slated to continue, but barring a change in top corporate management there (always a possibility) it appears that the Sheraton will not even allow conventioners to stay at the hotel, the only one connected to the Hynes. Naturally you can get a room there, but at full Sheraton rack rates and with no leverage as to service, parties, corkage, etc. The nearest hotels, which range from one to five blocks away and involve crossing busy uncontrolled intersections, are the Hilton (300 rooms), the Marriott (600 rooms the stuffiest in the whole chain and a previous Boskone-made enemy), and the Westin (500 rooms and Veddy Snotty -- they have stores like Gucci in the lobby). Aside from some minor places like the all-suites little hotel, the next nearest hotel is about 10 blocks and is the Copley, the hotel they are hoping to get for Boskone again after being disinvited in the past, and which has about 900 rooms. In other words, we're looking at a Denver-style situation at best.

"A worldcon board meeting to discuss these things entertained a number of proposals, including moving the con to the Fountainbleau in Miami, but they still hope to be able to negotiate something from the wreckage." Jack's critique of the 1987 Boskone appears later this issue.

BEA MAHAFFEY (August 24, 1928 - March 29, 1987): Cincinnati's Bea Mahaffey died from emphysema at the end of March. During Cinvention, the 1949 Worldcon, Bea was picked by Ray Palmer to edit his new prozine, OTHER WORLDS. Says Wilson Tucker, "Bea was the best editor Ray Palmer ever had. He treated her cruelly, and embarrassed her deeply by not paying for the stories she bought, but she remained a good and true editor."

PATRICK TROUGHTON: The British character actor who played the second Doctor Who died of a heart attack March 30 while in Columbus, Ohio, for a science fiction convention. During his career Troughton, 67, also appeared with Olivier in the movie HAMLET, and Gregory Peck in THE OMEN (he played the priest who was impaled in the graveyard.)

THE SEVENTH DOCTOR WHO: Syvester McCoy, an unknown actor, will now be known as the seventh in a long line of Doctor Whos on BBC. His vital stats: 43 years old, five feet tall, married, two kids.

N3F AWARD: The National Fantasy Fan Federation was organized by Damon Knight in April 1941, so it is in the month of April the N3F names the winner of its Kaymar Award -- "given not for talent or popularity, but for work, for the benefit of the club." This year's winner, David Heath Jr., has edited the clubzine TNFF since 1984, and also been its principal artist. Heath wins \$10 and a year's membership extension. "This year the Kaymar Award becomes a fitting memorial to K. Martin Carlson (1904-1986) who started, maintained and financed it for 25 years."

# GOMOLL WINS TAFF

Jeanne Gomoll is the winner of the '86-'87 TAFF race. North American Administrators, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden have released the following vote tallies. They expect to turn over more than \$4800 to their successor, and will produce a full financial report before leaving office.

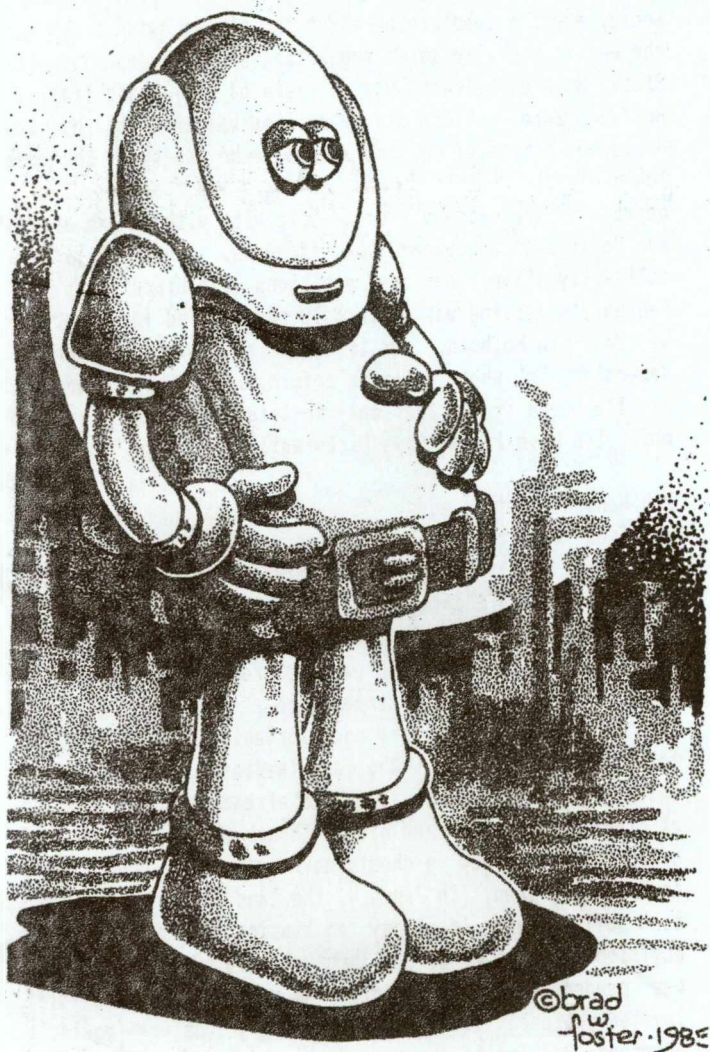
<u>FIRST BALLOT</u>	Bill Bowers	Brian Brown	Mike Glicksohn	Jeanne Gomoll	Robert Lichtman	Hold Over Funds	Total	<u>SECOND BALLOT</u>	Mike Glicksohn	Jeanne Gomoll
AUSTRALIA	1	0	0	4	2	0	7	PREV. TOTAL	77	132
EUROPE	4	3	20	42	11	0	80	EURO 2ds	6	11
NORTH AM.	<u>26</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>57</u>	<u>86</u>	<u>35</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>232</u>	NA & AUS 2ds	<u>29</u>	<u>59</u>
TOTAL	31	28	77	132	48	3	319	FINAL TOTAL	112	202

Because Jeanne didn't poll a majority on the first ballot, runoffs were done. Under TAFF rules, not only was Hold Over Funds dropped for polling the fewest votes, so were all the candidates who failed to poll 20% of the vote on either side of the Atlantic -- eliminating Bowers, Brown and Lichtman. On the second ballot Jeanne got her majority.

Our TAFF administrators leave us with these questions for the ages, first: "What cosmically attuned mental processes enabled dozens of fans to take scissors in hand and detach the bottom third of the TAFF ballot before sending it to us, carefully following the dotted line just above the words "Send the entire ballot -- do not detach"? Second, this blunted thrust to the tune of "Old Soldiers Never Die" -- "If 'details of the voting' are a sacred charge that must at all costs be Kept Secret, how does TAFF ever manage to announce a winner? (You'll note that every time a TAFF winner has been hitherto announced, one of the TAFF administrators has subsequently had to leave office.)"

SMOF GAME AVAILABLE: In March, NESFA still had five copies of the Smofcon game "If I Ran The Zoo...Con" at \$5.00 apiece. Inquire: NESFA, PO Box 6 MIT Brunch PO, Cambridge MA 02139-0910.

ANY CAMPGROUNDS IN BRIGHTON? Youth wants to know, whatever became of the hotel reservation forms we sent into the '87 WorldCon? That's a long way to go to end up sleeping in the park. For some, the wait is ending. North American fans who requested room-sharing are beginning to hear from Conspiracy about their reservations. But hold the phone! Those fans we know who requested single rooms, however early in the lottery, have only received the following form letter from the committee (mine arrived April 27): "Dear Fan, We have received your Hotel Booking Form and note that you have asked for a single room. All the single rooms in the four original convention hotels are booked, so we are arranging accommodation for you elsewhere. The Brighton Accommodation Service tells us that single rooms close to the convention are in short supply, so we are writing to ask if some of you could find sharers or would like us to find them for you.





please fill in the form below and send it back to us. Thank you, Conspiracy." In Jack Chalker's view: "Conspiracy is taking on a very odd but vaguely familiar cast. They are holding a lottery for who will get in the Metropole and the Bedford. However, what's oddly familiar is the combination of two promises in PR3: to have this wonderful, professional, beautiful hardbound program and memory book that will be the most elaborate ever done, and references to 'surprise dramatic presentations.' I don't know about you, but to me it sounds a lot like what we were hearing from a certain midwestern con in 1976. Did Ken Keller emigrate to Britain?" ((Yes, Ken, now you can throw your copy at the wall.)) Jack continues in another letter, "So far I've been impressed with them in this limited contact and anticipate a good time this summer. I have not, however, gotten confirmation of my room there (nor has anyone else) and it seems to me that now's the time for that to be happening."

NESFA RAT CENSUS: Mice have invaded the NESFA clubhouse. INSTANT MESSAGE trumpets, "Since the small rodents have apparently laughed down their whiskers at the tame glue traps the Charwoman had originally set out, the aid of Mark 'Rambo' Olson was enlisted to procure 'real' low tech-yet-proven-effective devices; to wit, the old-fashioned spring-baited traps." Showing a certain ineptitude with 19th-Century technology, Kelly Persons, Claire Anderson and Pam Fremon "all had appendages nipped by the traps." IM adds, "Monty Wells is fashioning tiny little spikes upon which mouse heads can be skewered. The theory is that approaching mouse contingents will quake and turn back at this dire warning, fleeing to the countryside (or George Flynn's residence, where death by paper bag would greet them.)"

What NESFA fails to grasp is that they never had this problem before they sent the infamous shaft to LASFS. Unfamiliar with many a volume of forgotten lore, NESFA did not recognize they were in possession of the Runeshaft, whose magical properties include the interdiction of vermin. Mice are only the first of seven plagues that will be visiting the Boston club unless they send LASFS enough postage to return the shaft. Meanwhile, LASFS has been kept free not only of mice, but dragons, St. Bernards, country & western bands, and tax officials.

THE CULT MEETS THE COURT: In the March mailing of the Cult (an apa) after months of bitter feuding, Dian Hardison wrote about Yale Edeiken and friend so libelously that Yale filed suit against Dian in the US District Court of Eastern Pennsylvania. George Scithers, the Cult's Official Arbiter, scurried to hire his own attorney. Then George kicked Hardison out of the Cult. "Insults, however crude, are not necessarily libelous; but claiming a woman to be a prostitute is not only actionable, but almost impossible to defend," declared Scithers.

16 TUNS AND WHAT DO YOU GET? Rob Hansen writes: "The first-Thursday-of-the-month meetings of the London sf and fan community -- open, as always, to overseas visitors who care to drop by -- have moved from the One Tun to the Wellington Tavern, a pub directly opposite Waterloo Station on the corner of Sandell Street and Waterloo Road." These famous meetings, which lent their name to a collection of Arthur Clarke stories, "were started by the London Circle in 1947 and originally held in the White Horse pub in Fetter Lane. In 1954 they moved to the Globe in Hatton Garden, in protest at the brewery transferring the White Horse's popular landlord Lew Mordecai, and stayed there until it was demolished in 1973. The meetings slipped from a weekly to monthly schedule sometime in the 1960s. The One Tun on Saffron Hill became the new venue in 1973 and the meetings stayed there until January 1987."

Dave Langford's ANSIBLE reported: "For years, on the first Thursday of each month, fannish pilgrims have traveled from the remote boundaries of known space to their ritual London meeting-place the One Tun pub...there to spend a merry social evening complaining about the bloody awful crowd and the emetic beer, in terms suggesting that by comparison the Black Hole of Calcutta was an oasis of airy tranquility..." But no more. "This steady decline was arrested by the decisive action of no less a 100% macho man than the One Tun's manager, who in January blew his top a scenes of sick depravity (reportedly, Oscar Dalglish with an arm around his boyfriend) and banned the offenders. Suddenly it was solidarity time; outraged petitions were circulated; and February's meeting was definitely rescheduled for the Citie of York in Holborn. Or the Wellington near Waterloo, depending on whose definite information you listened to. If I'd known it was that easy to trigger the long-overdue move, I'd have kissed Greg Pickersgill years ago."

Rob Hansen's letter adds, "Conventions aside, the One Tun meetings were the largest regular gathering of sf fans in the world (Marty Cantor disputed this, claiming that the 150 people LASFS attracted made it the largest, but if LASFS only attracts 150 then the One Tun meetings were definitely larger), which was its problem. A couple of hundred and more people jammed into a small pub made for a hot, overcrowded and very uncomfortable situation. Our local pros and the Dr. Who fans (mediafen having latched onto the Tun meetings in 1974) had already started meeting at other pubs on the same night. Though the rest of us kept grumbling about how we should move as well it never seemed to happen. Then, in January, the landlord of the One Tun took offense at a local gay fan kissing and cuddling his boyfriend in the corner. This provided the impetus that was needed, and in the following weeks Greg Pickersgill invited representatives of the various groups who regularly attended One Tun to view the Wellington and approve it as an alternative venue. So it was that in February we started meeting at Wellington every first Thursday, and the



local pros decided to join us. The Star Trek and Hitchhiker fans decided to stick with the One Tun, so that remains a venue for mediafans. LASFS probably now is the largest regular meeting of sf fans in the world."

**CONVENTION 7 NEWS:** Toronto's Ad Astra 7 (June 12-14) will double as the seventh annual Canadian National SF Convention. Once again Convention will award the "Caspers", the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Achievement Awards, to the writers of Canada's best sf and fantasy in 1986. Here are the nominees:

**Best Work In English:**

Michael Coney (for lifetime achievement in sf)  
Charles De Lint, YARROW (Ace)  
Guy Gavriel Kay, THE WANDERING FIRE (Collins)  
Robert Charles Wilson, A HIDDEN PLACE (Bantam)  
Crawford Killian, LIFTER (Ace)

**Best Work In French:**

Alain Bergeron, "Bonne Fete Univers", Solaris 65  
Claude-Michel Prevost, "Salut le Monde", Solaris 70  
Esther Rochon, COQUILLAGE  
Elisabeth Vonarburg, "La carte du Tendre"

**Fan Achievement:**

Robert Runte, lifetime achievement  
Fran Skene, lifetime contributions  
Elisabeth Vonarburg, For contributions to Solaris and for improving fan communications between Francophone and Anglophone fans.

**FREAS FUNDRAISING PROGRESS:** According to Jack Chalker, the balance of Polly Freas' medical bills "were reported to Boskone as 'approaching \$40,000,' not \$10,00 as reported, according to Rusty Hevelin. Apparently the kind of Blue Cross or whatever they carried covered hospital care but not outpatient care nor holistic medicine approaches. Over \$6500 was raised at Boskone, which is not as high a per-member figure as reported elsewhere but is certainly about as good as you can do. Such was the love we all had for Polly and the respect Kelly has with the field, many pros who never donate or participate in these things gave to this one, or pried out extra-special items. I donated (among a package of things) the first manuscript I've allowed to be sold since 1977, for example."

In March, a Polly Freas Memorial Auction at Dayton, Ohio's Millenicon 14 in raised "a surprising amount of money for the number of attendees" adds Mary Piero Carey. "Sorry I don't have the figure handy."

**MARTIN MORSE MISCELLANEY:** Mr. Wooster's latest shameless self-promotion was to leave Harper's for a job as associate editor at the Wilson Quarterly.

**\*\* CHANGES OF ADDRESS \*\***

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Mike & Carol Resnick 10547 Tanager Hills Dr., Cincinnati OH 45249  
Norman Hollyn, 3836 Mound View Ave., Studio City CA 91604  
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THYME, Peter Burns, PO Box 273, Fitzroy 3065 Australia  
David Brin, 26a Gayton Rd., Hampstead, London NW3 1TY U.K.  
Allyn Cadogan, 1324 E. Cotati Ave. #103, Rohnert Park CA 94928  
Colin Fine, 28 Abbey Rd., Cambridge, CB5 8HQ, U.K.  
Bruce Sterling, 4525 Speedway, Austin TX 78751

**SOME OF THE ABOVE:** As Ro's missive explains, "My wife and I are parting company. Hence, I am reverting my last name, Lutz-Nagey, to its original, Nagey. Not surprisingly, my stage name, Fields, remains unaffected." Ro, the demon juggler, known to the fannish public as part of Cosmos and Chaos, delighted the masquerade halftime audience at Chicon IV. The '87 "Ro Fields" tour will include the Georgia Renaissance Festival (Apr. 22 - June 7) in Fairburn, GA; the Colorado Renaissance Festival (June 8 - July 20) in Denver, CO; and the Maryland Renaissance Festival (Aug. 20 - Sept. 27) in Annapolis MD 21401.

**COA FLASHBACKS:** From the start FILE 770's ground rule has been to publish no information about people's relationships and breakups unless it comes from the principals. So what do you do? You look at new addresses to make sure they include both halves of a couple. "Hey, Mikey, a lot of people called me up when you ran our change of address in the last File 770," said Ross Pavlac when he recently visited from Chicago. I can imagine. I stayed with Ross and Diana before Windycon. During that visit Diana explained to me how their domestic tranquility would be enhanced if each could receive a copy of F770, and never have to worry about who had stashed their copy away. I adjusted my mailing list accordingly. Two weeks later they moved to a house near the university where Diana teaches. I had to change two mailing labels, and by separating the two entries it became an instant fannish IQ test. Tut, tut.



IT'S EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD FOR '94: A Winnipeg committee has entered the lists for the 1994 WorldCon. "Canadian 'A', a great tradition and a golden opportunity," they declare; right, mate, sell me a pint of that. The capital of Manitoba boasts a convention center with 115,200 sq. ft. function space, including a 78,000 sq. ft. exhibition hall "with 30-foot ceilings and NO pillars" (for those of you who like your view of Dick Spelman to be unobstructed from any point in the Dealer's Room). The Winnipeg Convention Centre has 3 exhibition halls and 28 function rooms, including an 800-seat movie theater. An attached Holiday Inn provides 18 additional function rooms, including a ballroom and a banquet hall.

The bid committee is led by Douglas Crighton, who when last seen was converting his Salvation Army uniform to a masquerade costume at Ad Astra '85. Other officers are Don and Deborah Stern, Linda Ross-Mansfield, Donald Bindas and John Mansfield. "Each member of the bid committee is gainfully employed," Linda Ross-Mansfield readers at one point in a long letter to Boston's MAD 3 PARTY.

Linda apparently had sought some oracular advice about bidding morality from the Noreason 3 committee. "Is there some major reason why a bid should not take advantage of...assistance or help [from Winnipeg's convention center, or the Provincial Tourism Board]?" Leslie Turek replied, "I don't think anyone seriously objects to bids accepting some financial assistance from their hotels, airlines or cities. But if a bid gets overwhelming financial assistance (from any source) that allows them to steamroller over the opposition, then they should expect to receive some criticism." Translation, please? You can take all the public assistance you get as long as it's not enough to affect the outcome of the vote?

How does Winnipeg's campaign affect the informal Toronto in '94 campaign? Mike Wallis has been down in the States building goodwill at pro-Toronto parties, but delayed launching an official campaign until he collected sufficient support in his hometown to see it through. Now Wallis is receiving pressure to fall in behind Winnipeg as a "Canadian unity bid." In a parallel thrust, the Winnipeg crew named Toronto's Mike Glicksohn the fan guest of honor for their mid-May convention, Keycon '87. (They've also invited Keith Laumer to be one of their pro guests, and I wish I could attend just to see what's going to be left of the hotel by the end of the weekend. Fondly I recall Cliff Biggers' trivia question, "Which hand does Keith Laumer use to shoot birds at hotel managers?")

In a display of New Age fan thought, says Scott Dennis, when the Winnipeg crew learned they were also going against a bid for Perth, someone wrinkled his nose and complained, "Australia, again?"

1992 WORLDCON BIDS UPDATE: Discon III bid secretary Joe Mayhew announced that Jack Chalker, Eva Whitley Chalker, Dan Hoey and Steve Swartz have joined the bid corporation. In Jack Chalker's letter he continues, "DC in '92 is now officially incorporated.... The board [members reported in the last F770] is strictly the corporate board and is not the committee, although there is bound to be some overlap. Favorites remain Huff for Chairman and Bloom for Treasurer, the two central jobs, but the committee won't be picked for some time, possibly not even this year, and the board is intended to rotate many of its officers.... Many locals active in the bid are upset that a third of the current board is also a third of the ConStellation board....

"The bid is fairly flush," says Jack, "and taking in more from the sale of pre-supporting memberships, buttons, shirts, etc., and has agreements for all necessary hotel and facilities space. There is, however, a general feeling (shared by me) that the figures for bidding that you reported and we already knew were obscene. DC believes it has the reputation and record that recognition is not a problem and it is happy to let the competition spend a fortune now. Informal bid kickoff will probably be with a rather unique party at Midwestcon; the formal kickoff will be at ConSpiracy, of course." Jack says the bid strategy is to do a few parties at cons if out-of-DC supporters staff them, otherwise expect to see mostly print media publicity until 1988. "With several hundred presupporting memberships from outside the BaltiWash region and no vote until the spring of 1989, they're not taking a win for granted but they see no reason to throw thousands of bucks down a hole. Let the other side mortgage their houses."

What about bid reimbursements? Says Jack, "There is a resolution of the bid that things like travel expenses will be on a Reimbursement After The Con basis."

Joe Mayhew reveals, "There is also a 'Smof-Con' being planned for the Washington DC area in 1988. Perhaps it'll be called Con-Con II, after the first one. I doubt that many East Coast fan will be able to get out to Terry Gish's event, due to travel expenses, and frankly these events are valuable experiences for people who might find themselves running cons -- of any sort." Yes, I'm sure that will be major news in Phoenix.

DUFF ITINERARY: Lucy Huntzinger, latest winner of the Down Under Fan Fund, should be in the middle of her trip by now, as it was intention to leave April 10 for Melbourne. Lucy will return June 13, after visiting Canberra, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, Adelaide, Cairns and most of New Zealand. Lucy writes, "The Cantors have turned over the balance of the DUFF Fund to me after purchasing my airfare and paying final bills. I have received \$2394.17, and numerous boxes of auction material. I will be sending out a DUFF newsletter upon my return to the States this summer."



1994: ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM: Efforts to launch a Cleveland bid for 1994 were laughed out of Jane's Fighting Smofs by Scott Dennis. Yet other fans are taking the bid's progress seriously -- Lloyd Penney looks on it favorably, while Franz Zrilich writes ominous warnings about insufficient hotel space.

Lloyd Penney: "The announcement of the possibility of the SF Museum's establishment in Cleveland should boost some support in the Cleveland in '94 WorldCon bid. This was one of the points raised in a presentation at a little gathering called the Cleveland in '94 Fund-Raising Minicon, on March 21.

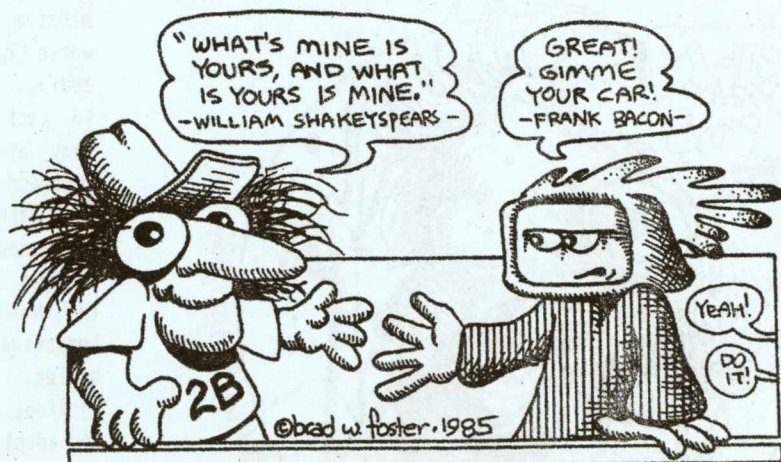
"My wife and I don't get to too many American conventions, and we often have to save our pennies to buy American pennies to go. We had talked to Chandra Lea Morgan and Michele Canterbury, two of the three bidcom members at Confusion, about the bid, and we did express some interest. Being a little mercenary we thought we'd gladly go to any WorldCon we could drive to. Not long after Confusion, we received very finely printed invitations to come to a fundraising minicon in Wickliffe, Ohio, just outside of Cleveland.

"Saturday started with panels on the local writers, on the local Trek club, and readings by GoH's Jay Sullivan and Kenneth Schulze, both local writers. A small but varied dealer's room was next door. Following the afternoon's minicon, a cash bar and banquet were held; a good meal for a hotel. After the banquet it was smof, smof, smof and gamers in the banquet room. A pretty good time. It cost \$25 a shot, but it included you banquet and a presupport for the Cleveland in '94 bid. Attendance at the minicon was around 40, and around 20 at the banquet -- about what they expected, according to Chandra Lea.

"Afterwards, Yvonne and I were invited to a fannish party in the wilds of suburban Cleveland, and after intros and inquiries of why the hell we were way down here, we explained that we came down here for the Cleveland WorldCon fundraiser. Half the room hadn't heard about it. Granted, many of the gathered were Trekfen, but general fandom and Trek fandom seem to be very close in Cleveland, from what I gather.

"That half the party didn't know about the minicon appears to indicate one hurdle the Cleveland people will have to jump -- publicity. If Clevelanders don't know about the bid, potential voters won't know either."

Franz Zrilich also got an invitation to the fundraiser.



Franz' responded critically. "The idea of having a WorldCon in Cleveland is all neat and dandy -- it brings back thoughts of the WorldCon we last had 20-odd years ago.

"Problem, though, is hotel space. There isn't any in Cleveland. And that's frustrating because we have some of the world's largest meeting halls. Out by the airport is the former Tank Plant turned Expo Center -- it's the size of several hundred sound stages joined together side by side, and a splendid 1920s downtown structure in Doric sandstone that was recently renovated.

"But no hotel space to speak of. Assuming the con were held at the downtown convention center, there would be only three hotels I could think of -- maybe four -- within walking distance. (Stouffers, Hollendon House, Bond Court and Holiday Inn.) I think 2000 rooms is the utter maximum that could be counted upon. (Even a thousand would be hard to find.) True, there are always plans under discussion in Cleveland to build a new hotel. But if only a quarter of the proposals since 1970 had ever been carried out, Cleveland would have more room space than Chicago and Nebraska put together. In short, if Cleveland in '94 is counting on space that's planned, they are being very naive.

"All of this is sad in a way, because Cleveland has a lot of neat stuff, too -- one of the best art museums in the world, and by '94 we intend to have a Science Fiction Museum with Forrest Ackerman's material and a giant steel statue of a famous Clevelander, Clark Kent, in his alter ego role as Superman.

SPEAKING OF THE DEVIL: Three hours of interview, and four hours of photography with Forry Ackerman yielded a mention in the Hollywood Movies issue of LIFE Magazine.





## CONWRITE

### BOSKONE XXIV: (February 13-15) Critique by JACK CHALKER

Boskone was a real mess. The Sheraton Boston is everything bad it ever was only 100% worse. They closed the coffee shop both days at 5 PM in spite of the fact that their other restaurants were solidly booked well in advance. Management was surly and unresponsive to legitimate complaints, had the hotel half torn down (the floor with the Tor party on it looked like a refugee from the London blitz), the phones didn't work, and there was an average of one false fire alarm per hour during the whole of the con. It turned out that only a couple were our people (maybe); the rest were caused by a short in the fire alarm circuitry on one of the torn-up floors. This did not stop them from attempting to blame the con for all of them and charge a whopping \$500 per alarm (what the fire department charges after two a month) until it was learned from a fireman that just as many false alarms had been going off the previous week as at the con.

In spite of all the stuff not our fault, there was indeed a fair amount of vandalism, loud gangs of young kids running up and down halls and stairs at all hours, etc.,

that was in fact traceable to the con. This is universally held (even now by NESFA) to be the end result of the massive attempts to make Boskone the largest con in the world outside the WorldCon with all sorts of general, media, and school-oriented publicity just prior to the con to pack in warm bodies and be all things to all people. They drew 4400 this time (figure approximate but close) including more than a thousand who were actually the people they wanted. After turning a "NESFA knows best" deaf ear to complaints that this policy would eventually ruin the con and cause the kind of chaos that was Boskone this year, the heads of next year's Boskone have announced some very tentative and limited attempts to turn down the heat and bodies. Lots of luck. When it goes this far only a strict Tactical Nuclear Weapon penalty policy works such as the one adopted by Balticon -- no at the door memberships, and strict limits on the number sold. Boskone is not yet willing to face that.

Programming was diverse -- I think there were five tracks -- and in general extremely well attended. The huckster room was thick with all sorts of dealers including a very high percentage of book dealers to merchandisers, the results of a Boskone policy that works. The art show was also very large and quite up to the old standards. No records were set in the auction sales but the gross was substantial.

There were bid parties for Orlando in '92, Holland in '90 and Chicago in '91, and many open and semi-open (meaning if you could find it you could get in) parties, the most strange being Boxboro Fandom's with its giant Godzilla suit. Orlando is not clarified as a bid by Joe Siclari and Judy Benis (both of whom live in Boca Raton, about 220 miles from Orlando) with aid from two expatriate Norwescon people now living in the Orlando area and a bunch of folks from the Orlando media conventions. David Cherry, upon entering, said, "Oh, Orlando. Well, I always like an excuse to go to Miami," and qualified then and there for the quote of the month. The fact that Siclari was #3 (after Don and Grace) on the SunCon bid and committee only added to the merriment as almost everyone collapsed in laughter except the folks from the Orlando bid who frowned and looked blank (neither Joe nor Judy was there).

Unless something major I haven't yet heard about emerges, Chicago looks like a lock on '91 right now, bidding the same facilities pretty much as the last time and with about 50% of the same committee in different jobs.

LUNACON '87 (March 20-22) report by JACK CHALKER, Fan 60H Lunacon drew about 1400 (rough estimate, not official) to the Westchester Marriott for a really good weekend. Who would have thought that this would be a year when Boskone fell apart and became really unmanageable and the most comfortable and feeling good con would come from the



Lunarians? This was by far the best Lunacon I have ever been to on a tightly objective basis, and the setting and the hotel were superb. With its indoor atrium, pool and giant jacuzzi, a very high level of service and cooperation, the Westchester Marriott proved to be the kind of hotel you rarely encounter these days -- great ambiance and all that you expect a hotel and physical plant to be. The only jarring note was the one lone false fire alarm sounded at 3:35 Sunday morning which went on like a cross between a banshee and a nuclear attack warning throughout the hotel for more than thirty minutes. I was in the LA in '90 party hosted by Lex and Fuzzy when it went off, then went to check on Eva and David and then see what was going on for real. Later I saw Fuzzy coming in from the cold outside and she wailed, "It's finally happened -- I've become a true California! We went to the car and I nearly froze to death and it isn't even that cold!" The bulk of the guests and con-goers evacuated. Isaac Asimov evacuated ~~all~~ the way to checking out and going home. For the rest, it was a fascinating mix in the lobby and outside areas of densely packed people in everything from pajamas to suits. I remarked that you could tell in a real fire who in fandom would survive by noting how many were obviously awakened and how many were fully dressed and wearing con badges (one does not awake from a sound sleep and put on a con badge to evacuate). The ones wearing the badges would probably get out.

The volunteer fire department (!) took over twenty minutes to respond, adding to the problem, as did an extremely officious fire chief who refused to kill that ear-splitting alarm until the truck was there and the source located. From all indications it looked to be a short in the system caused by rain getting where it shouldn't. (The fire alarm locator board had every single alarm lit up, a sure indicator of a short. The firemen checked every alarm capable of triggering the master and they were secure, yet the system took an hour and a quarter to reset.) One of the firemen also said it was a short, but officially it's a "false alarm" so that the Marriott is indemnified against refunds, etc. This is fair and they aren't holding the thing against us, and they extended checkout on Sunday until 4 in the afternoon to compensate, a most reasonable hour.

From the programming point of view I'll let others report on it since I was one of the GoHs. I might say, though, that the "Chalker Roast" turned out to be such a tame pussycat that I couldn't even use half the nasty zingers in return that I'd prepared. A few "roasters" turned out to give almost embarrassing testimonials. All I can tell you is that all the panels and speeches seemed to be well-filled, my own GoH talk was to just about a full house (I discussed my fan years, the origins of SMOF, etc.) Jack Williamson was his usual fine self. His 60th anniversary of writing sf is in 1988. He looked very good. Jack's

even going back to part-time teaching of sf at the university. He has just completed a new collaboration with Fred Pohl, and is now actively working on a new novel. I've decided that he's who I want to be when I grow up.



#### CORFLU 4 (April 3-5) report by BRUCE PELZ

Corflu 4 was in Covington, KY, across the river from Cincinnati. Corflu is the con for Fanzine Fans, and this is the first one I've attended. From the results, I probably shouldn't have missed the first few. Bill Bowers ran this one, with the help of Bill Cavin for the Con Suite, Naomi Cowan for pre-con details, and Pat Mueller from at-con administration. The programming was limited to alive Fanzine -- videotaped, audio-taped and to be transcribed in part for a written version -- and a banquet. The rest of the time was spent talking to other fanzine fans.

The Live Fanzine had several excellent contributions -- personally I liked best the Bosky-Hlavaty Show and Bernadette's solo essay about fanzine fandom from a sociological point of view, followed by Al Curry's filksongs (?). Two of the things that Bowers seemed to think Hot I thought Not -- The Interview/Chat With Bill Bowers by Dave Locke, and the rather rambling monolog that Gary Hubbard did. Both needed severe editing. I ordered the video tape Larry Tucker will be editing, so we shall see what hits the cutting room floor.

There were about 70 attending members. About seven of them worked on a one-shot FANAC BY GASLIGHT. Several brought fanzines for sale, and Ken Josenhans brought a bag of zines to be given away.

The Lack of Output by certain alleged fanzine fans came up in discussion with Moshe Feder. I challenged him as to which of us had published a genzine most recently, and I won: August 1977 for PROFANITY against July 1977 for POTSDERDS.



There was a very enjoyable dinner run Saturday night with the Lynches, Bernadette and Arthur, Judith Bemis and Tony Parker. Conversation turned mostly to fanzines and archival actions to widen their availability. I mentioned the British scheme of providing photocopies at cost from Vincent Clarke's fanzine library (which SCIFI [LAcon III] helped finance with \$2000 for the copier). Someone thought it would be a great idea to have such a service available stateside. I told them that it already was -- I've been doing that sort of thing for years. Apparently, more publicity for the idea would be a good thing.

At Corflu 3 held in Virginia in February 1986, the weather was cold and snowy. Bowers had moved Corflu 4 to April. Guess what happened Friday night/Saturday morning? Snow, and lots of it! Luckily, we didn't have to go out of the hotel -- a Quality Inn, with quite reasonable rates, coffee shop, and staff -- during the day. By evening it had stopped and it was possible to walk the several blocks to the steakhouse (where we had dinner) with little indication of the storm that hit the previous night.

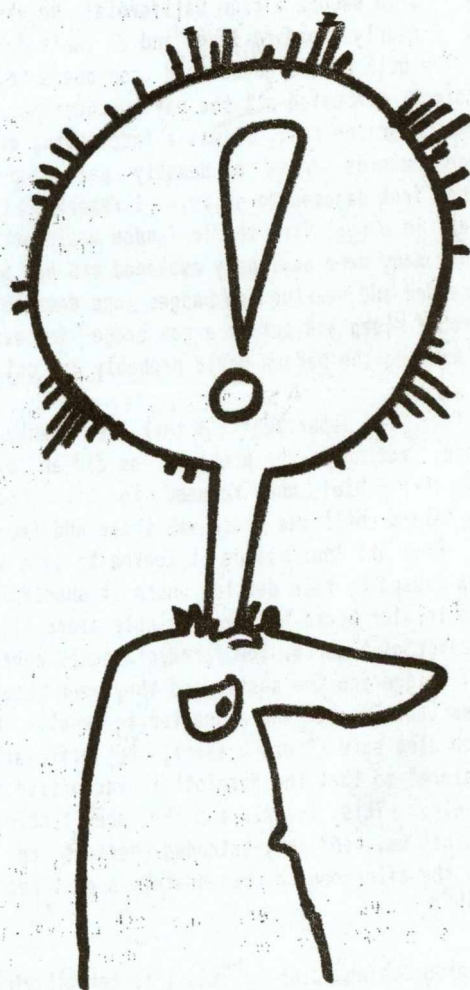
The Sunday banquet was an occasion for a few speeches, an auction to help pay con expenses, and the selection of a site for Corflu 5. For the first time, the site was contested. The voters gave it to Seattle over Texas. There is also a campaign for Minneapolis in 1989, and there may be one for New York in 1990. Pat Mueller said that Texas won't compete for 1989 against Minneapolis, but I suspect that they will try again in some future year.

The Auction was appropriate to Corflu. Bowers tried to auction a complete set of OUTWORLDS with a starting price of \$50 -- what Art Widner paid for a set at last year's Corflu -- but got no takers. I auctioned a copy of ENERGUMEN 1 for \$32. (Glicksohn wasn't at the con.) Then Jerry Kaufman auctioned a bunch of stuff from Seattle: T-shirts with slugs were doing reasonably well. When he hit the four issues of SPANISH INQUISITION, though, the auction took off! The double issue 7/8 went for over \$40.

**BALTICON 21:** (April 17-19) report by MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER  
Remember all those hours spent at ConStellation waiting for the Hilton's elevators to carry you to the 27th floor, when you discovered that you had the wrong tower? Well, the Hilton was sold and is now the Omni, but the elevators are still as slow as ever. In fact, if Balticon had a theme song this year, it would be "Don't even think about it!" -- a warning to passersby that being the 20th person in an elevator designed to hold 12 was not a good idea.

Aside from the elevators, the Omni is a pretty good hotel. I didn't think it was possible to hold a Balticon without snarling hotel staff and massive corkage fees, but this year's Balticon changed my mind. The best parties were the pro functions, with John Betancourt's WEIRD TALES

party edging out Avon and Tor functions for top honors. The most sf-related party was the Cyberprep Tea, where Esther Friesner, Susan Schwartz and Judith Tarr captured three cyberpunks and ritually flogged them with credit cards in order to teach niceness and decency. The only WorldCon bidder present was LA in '90, whose party was largely taken over by Costumecon. GoH Roger Zelazny talked a bit about plagiarism and then read a chapter from the latest Amber novel. Attendance was 2924.



**SPEAKS BEFORE  
HE THINKS**



# TEXAS

AGGIECON 18: (April 2-5, 1987) by Mike Glyer

An hour out of Dallas on a twin-engine microbuzzbomb, our two pilots, experts at distinguishing one patch of flat green nothing from another, recognized College Station. They angled out of the innocent gray clouds. Janice Gelb had warned me about her own Texas air adventures. She remembered sitting nervously in the first row behind the cabin, with a clear view of the instrument panel and front window. I sat in the same seat, and looked over the pilot's shoulder guessing the purpose of each gauge and switch. As the plane descended I watched the altimeter wind down to less than 500 feet. The ground was coming up; agriculture left off and runway began. My depth perception was obviously wrong -- however close the runway looked, the altimeter read 400 feet. It still read 300 when the plane touched down. At the con I told this story repeatedly, and everybody remembered seeing "Why Planes Crash" on PBS, no ringing endorsement of flying in Texas. But as Scott Dennis gently explained, "The altimeter measures height above sea level." (Of course. I must've missed Asimov's column that month.)

College Station was a stop on the LA in '90 campaign trail. Cepheid Variable, the Texas A&M University sf club, was running its 18th AggieCon. A&M reminded me of Bowling Green (OH) State -- a few institutional buildings and a football stadium poking out of terrain that was otherwise flat to the horizon. I roomed at the Sabre Inn on the edge of campus, about a mile and a half from the Memorial Student Center where Aggiecon was headquartered. Since the Sabre charged a mere \$19.80 a night, I could afford to rent a Ford wagon for \$18 a day, which served very well for running party supplies onto campus.

Thursday afternoon I encountered Johnny Lee in the Memorial Student Union (MSU). He led me next door to the multistory building containing the vast theater -- surprisingly like LA's Ahmanson Theater in its size and red and black color scheme. I bought my membership through the ticket window from fans who had their bare feet propped up on the counter. Johnny explained that the con might draw 1500 people, a thousand of them students who joined just to watch all the feature films. (Have you ever sat through ALIENS with 1000 screaming Aggies who hiss the villains and know all the lines? I thought not... It was a hell of a good time.)

We walked back to the MSU to see the 'party room' I'd reserved with the con chairman Pandro Murthy to hold an LA in '90 bid party. Downstairs from the nuckster room it

was central to all the main areas of the con. It was their con suite and lounge.

When we came in a Meet-the-Pros reception was in progress -- mostly pros meeting other pros in mutual anonymity while fifty fans stalked an empty serving table until pizzas arrived. Stephen Gould danced the SFWA Shuffle for Warren Norwood. Gould had learned it at Chicon. Embroidering his story, Gould said that was the same weekend John Ford walked into the hotel bar and demanded, "Who do I have to buy a drink around here to win a Nebula?"

Joe Lansdale and George Proctor sat at a round table with Norwood and Gould, and Betsy Fletcher. Fletcher, the New York editor, was a guest. She was the latest in a long line of pro guests of honor to wonder what she was doing at a convention where no one recognized her. Proctor and I traded fanzines in the '70s. Now he's one of Texas' pros. Trying to explain this party full of people unaware of the writers in their midst, we supposed they were drawn by fannish interests unrelated to reading. I mentioned Patrick Nielsen Hayden's observation that reading science fiction is no longer the device that selects people into fandom. Self-doubt afflicted all the invited pros who'd been praised in the Program Book and ignored at the reception. By their presence they distinguished this convention of trufans from media cons for comics dealers and wargamers. Still, nobody had read their stuff, and nobody knew their names. George was reminded of the time he got his publisher to send a few dozen copies of his books to give away at another con's autograph session. A fan came up, took a book from the top of the stack, and asked, "How much?" "Free," said George. The fan put the book back and left.

Friday morning I bought cookies, apples and other party supplies. In the afternoon I went to Brad Foster's panel. He complained that they hadn't used his title in the schedule -- "Brad Foster Sits in a Room And Shows Pictures To Anyone Who Happens To Wander in and Ask What the Hell Is Going On." Like Fiorello LaGuardia, Brad sat with an album of inked pages for a new comic book, Mech Things, reading the captions and describing pictures which no one beyond the first row could see. Meanwhile, the color transparency for the cover was passed hand-to-hand. Issue #1, in Foster's densely-dotted style, was followed by Mech Things #2 in a much simpler style that looked like a schematic diagram of the book Brad would have drawn given eternity to finish. You can only draw so many dots when there's rent to be paid. But Foster says Writer's Digest has solicited a book from him about illustration, and he when he does one it'll include "The Brad Foster Dot Gauge." Foster answered questions about his burgeoning desktop published sex cartoon book empire -- he had literally dozens of different issues for sale on his dealer's table. Asked whether he'd go to England to pick up his Hugo, Foster said he couldn't



make it, but he always has somebody there to accept "in case God knocks over the real winner."

The huckster room was the heartbeat of AggieCon. Incidentally, AggieCon spoiled its hucksters rotten by assigning staff to help them move their cubic yards of merchandise from the loading dock to the dealer's room. The major dealers were the focus of every comics collector. Then there was FACT's table of used books, staffed by Fred Duarte, Willie Siros, and other FACT leaders which doubled as their headquarters in the field. Scott Dennis' had his table right alongside. (Sunday afternoon a family in Star Trek velour outfits walked past Scott's table, husband in captain's gold, wife in a blue miniskirt, and the child wearing a set of pointy ears, I commented, "The Kirk family on vacation." Scott corrected, "Then if I was Kirk, I'd look into that.")

Friday night, with Fred Duarte and Dennis Virzi in the car, I followed the railroad tracks through Bryan to a barbecue restaurant. We drove past a Western clothing store featuring a larger-than-life moose on its roof. Dennis admired, "That moose must have been going awfully fast when he hit that roof."

Typically, by going to dinner I pushed my luck for getting back to start my own party on time -- especially since Friday's demonstration of the scarfing prowess of Texas fandom strongly indicated another visit to the local Skaggs/Alpha Beta on the way back. Due to sales I was able to obtain a surprisingly large amount of party supplies without exhausting the available budget. Food and drink hit the table at 8:30 PM. About 150 people visited, inhaling chocolate chip cookies and guzzling soda at a great rate. As someone promised, "People will keep coming as long as there's food." He might have added, "Or until someone starts serving liquor in an upstairs room." No booze can be served in the MSC, but in its tower hotel rooms who knows what goes on behind closed doors... Seventy people rushed out when Ed Graham and Fran Booth's party opened at 10:30, serving rum punch.

The LA in '90 party was a magnet for heavy duty smooching by various divisive groups in FACT (Fandom Association of Central Texas) Everyone anticipated a big row at FACT's Annual Business meeting the following day. Clots of allies stood in separate corners of the party -- Willie Siros, Ben Yalow and Scott Dennis; Fran Ward and friends; Steve Jackson, Monica Stephens, Rembert Parker, and Matt Lawrence. Johnny Lee explained, "FACT is a great soap opera. I've rejoined the group just to see how it all turns out."

Texas' media fans are very active, running large clubs and organizing conventions around the state. You believe Fran Ward when she talks about attending five or six cons

without ever leaving the Texas. Fran is a leader of Star Trek San Antonio. Resting an aching leg on a folding chair, hands over her cane, she gazed into the future at a campaign to bring the WorldCon to San Antonio. Evidently great minds think alike -- a rival faction has already set up shop in her backyard by announcing the first in a series of San Antonio cons, rumored to be forerunners of a '94 WorldCon bid.

The Fandom Association of Central Texas (FACT) is many things to many people. To one point of view, FACT missionizes Texas fandom on behalf of trufannish dreams -- aspiring to run national conventions, and publish real fanzines. Surveying a carnival of mediafanac, some ask, "With all that, can't we have just one organization for trufans without the mediafans trying to take that over, too?" FACT, unique in Texas fandom, crosses special interest lines to create more richly textured conventions. Originally chartered to run the NASFiC, FACT successfully bid for World Fantasy Con and Sercon. Its directors hold out hope of attaining the Holy Grail: a Texas WorldCon.

The FACT Annual Meeting on Saturday afternoon didn't turn into the Pier 6 brawl some hoped for and others feared. A new constitution was up for adoption. Steve Jackson, his allies and supporters, laden with proxies, wanted to amend the constitution and expand FACT's directorate from 5 to 9 members, then fill those seats with like-minded people. Ben Yalow, the Rambo of Robert's Rules, successfully guided chairman Willie Siros over the course as the incumbent directors exercised their authority to adopt a constitution of their own design. Payback time came during the Board of Directors election. Willie Siros was the only incumbent not swept from office, as Monica Stephens, Ed Graham, Fran Booth and Rembert Parker went onto the Board. But how revolutionary were the results? After the vote, friends of Willie and friends of Steve were heard separately congratulating each man for coming away with control of FACT.

What was at the bottom of Steve Jackson and friends' schism with the existing slate of FACT directors? Three theories each had backers.

Was it a brawl between trufans and mediafans? Like a cold wind from Mordor there blew through the con a certain overdramatized sense that here was an island of fannish literacy in danger of being overwhelmed by the media interests who dominate the Texas convention scene. Johnny Lee dismissed that view, and said, "The real issue is the money." FACT holds a certificate of deposit for \$12,200, the residue of NASFiC's profits. Bank interest pays half of FACT's operating expenses. It appears that more computers and peripherals would be a popular acquisition if money was less of an obstacle -- and there sits the CD. After "mediafans" and "money", Steve Jackson might say it



was a blow for democracy by underrepresented cities and people with interests beyond convention-running.

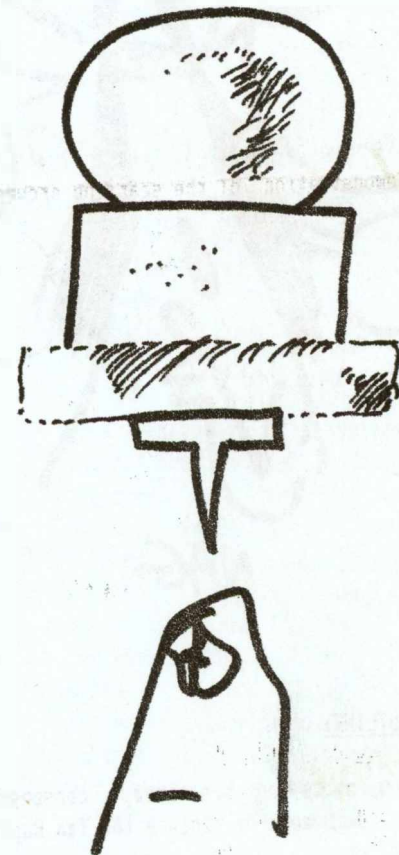
Running nationally-known conventions brought prestige to FACT. Needing a willing workforce, FACT recruited people across the board, including the media fans. As FACT's veteran convention staff, their needs and interests cannot be ignored. Despite those who accuse any FACT member who is not primarily interested in staging sf conventions of being there under false pretenses, other members feel entitled to shape the club to suit their full range of interests. Wargames czar Steve Jackson has forged a power base among those who feel alienated from the group's convention-running core. Proprietor of the wargames company that bears his name, Jackson is a very successful Texas fan, and one of the most articulate and charismatic people in a club with an exceptional number of talented leaders.

Willie Siros is another one, FACT's inspiration over the years, who is trying to hold onto the reins, and focus the club's attention on its chartered goal -- running conventions. Each man's stated objectives sounded beneficial for FACT, and a weekend wasn't enough to probe farther. Of course, based on 17 years in other clubs I was skeptical of accusations by Matt Lawrence (in one-sheets) and Monica Stephens (in the club's own F.A.C.T. Sheet) that the incumbent directors were exclusive and failing to promote imaginative club activities. This time honored ploy always works like magic in sf clubs because no one can defend against public yawning. Even the accused look doubtfully in their mirrors and ask, "Never mind being competent. Am I doing everything I can to be exciting?"

Fanzine fans please note the duel between FACT's two official publications. While The Texas SF Inquirer is on its way to a Hugo nomination as this is written, the Inquirer has been scored for tardy publication of FACT's meeting minutes. Whether they do so correctly, some fans at the Annual Meeting complained they weren't learning soon enough about significant decisions -- like convention bids. Monica Stephens has exploited the Inquirer's backlog to make The F.A.C.T. Sheet FACT's internal news organ. Monica knows how much clout an effective clubzine can have -- and she's doing one. She courted controversy by running her faction's "Open Letter" inferentially criticizing the incumbent directors performance. Pat Mueller, a FACT director and editor of the Inquirer, rushed out an edition (issue 20 1/2) just to defend the incumbent directors from charges of stagnation.

As a Monica Stephens fan, and a Pat Mueller/Inquirer enthusiast, I don't like to think of either being a casualty from this competition; despite which, Dennis Virzi confirmed reports that he and Pat said they would do

no further work for FACT if they were defeated in their bid for re-election to the FACT Board of Directors. They were not re-elected, so the fate of the Inquirer hangs in the balance.



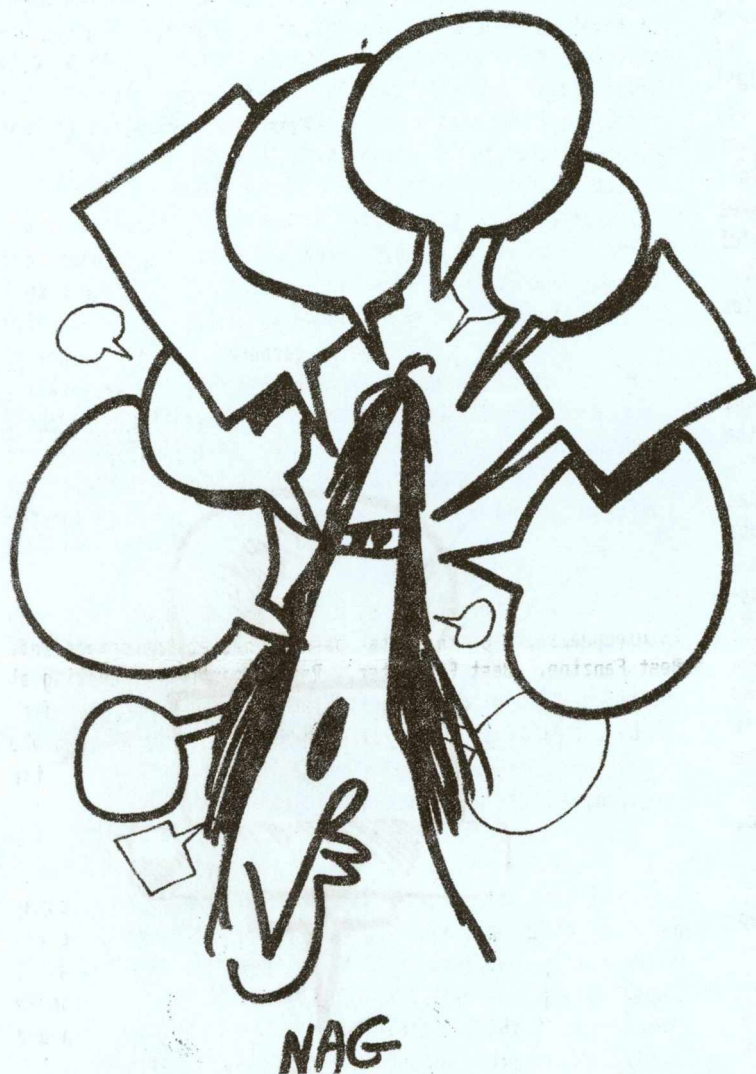
MAN UNUSED TO  
LOGICAL THINKING



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A MODEST PROPOSAL - by Skel

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01: SUMMARY OUTLINE:

Fanzine fandom needs an organized, consensus, annual Fanthology to complement or replace the fan Hugos because:

- 1 - What we've got doesn't work very well.
- 2 - The Fanthology concept is more in keeping with the ethos of fanzine fandom.
- 3 - It will do the job better.

I think that about sums it up.

02: Why?

1 - Why Do We Need It? There are as many answers as people who'd ask the question. It would be nice to have a showcase for fanzine fandom, something that shows it off in a good setting, something that could be a positive factor in recruitment to fanzine fandom. It would be nice to show what is best in fanzine fandom in a context that embodies fanzine fandom itself. It could be a handy reference volume -- an ongoing history of fanzine fandom through examples of good fanwriting. It will make us think about the zines we receive, about the material we read, and about what fanzine fandom means to each and every one of us. It will concentrate our minds and help us compare mythologies. There are other answers, but these will do for starters. Ask yourself the question. Bring your answers along.

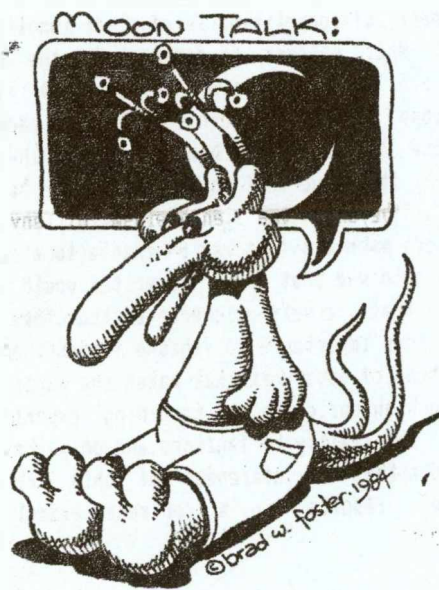
2 - Why Organized? One of the easiest questions to answer. If left to individuals it generally doesn't happen. Mike Glycer points this out in FILE 770:65. He is very much in the center of things, and hasn't seen a fanthology relative to anything later than 1975. The project is probably beyond the enthusiasm of any individual motivated to tackle it. Terry Carr obviously cared enough to want to produce a 1984 volume, but some element of the task obviously overwhelmed him. ((Ed. note: This was written prior to reports of Terry's death.)) Some element of the task has overwhelmed everybody since 1975. Organization could spread the load, not so much in the area of physical effort, but more in the realm of enthusiasm. Continuity would be provided, continuity of enthusiasm being of paramount importance. An organized effort would be more likely to come to fruition and to keep on happening year after year. When left to individuals you can get years with two fanthologies (with minimum overlap of contents), and long stretches of nothing.

3 - Why Consensus? Basically, for credibility. Any fanthology that is based on the opinion of a single individual is only as credible as (a) the individual and (b) how much you agree or disagree with their opinion. As an example, it's nice for me to know that Mike Glycer thinks something of mine was amongst the best twenty-or-so pieces published in 1986, but that is only his opinion. It doesn't tell us what fandom thinks, nor even what the person standing next to him



thinks. With consensus you can elevate this credibility factor in much the same way that fan polls seek to do, and also possibly get around the insular base of most such fan polls. A fanthology based on consensus would have credibility as an annual anthology for the committed fanzine fan, as an introductory volume for the fan new to fanzines, and as the basis of peer group appreciation for those who material is selected for inclusion.

4 - Why Annual? We're talking continuity here. As a committed (and probably should be) fanzine fan I can't be alone in wishing that I had a shelf of annual fanthologies stretching back at least thirty years. The very existence of a fanthology for this year will provide the impetus for one next year. There's also a credibility element here, too, because obviously something that people feel is important enough to keep on doing, that maintains a continuity, is to be taken more seriously than an occasional flash-in-the-pan.



### 03: Detail Considerations.

1 - What We've Got Doesn't Work Very Well. Put up or shut up time, so what have we in fact got. We've got ad hoc fanthologies that hardly ever see the light of day, and when they do they have no more credibility than one's respect for the fan who produced it. As a system of fanzine honors and recognition we've got the fan side of the Hugos. Well, we already know that individually produced fanthologies don't work by simply looking around and noticing there aren't any. Perhaps, therefore, we should concentrate our attentions upon the Hugos here, or to be more precise, with the Fan Hugos.

Fans are not happy with the Fan Hugos. This is an axiom for which I make no apology. Fans keep tinkering with these, in an effort to make them more meaningful to fanzine fandom, and they keep failing. The main problem of course is that fans have failed to come to terms with what the Hugos are for and how they operate. Many idealistic fans, for instance, seem to be working on the principle that the Hugos are meant to acknowledge and reward excellence. You can see evidence of this in the "No Award Debacle" to which Mike Glycer referred in FILE 770:65. Oh foolish mortals! The simple fact is that the Hugos award not "excellence" but rather "popularity".

They tend to go to the largest circulation eligible. When LOCUS and SFR (and others of their ilk) were channeled off into the category of "Semi-Prozines", it was inevitable that the largest circulation fanzine left would cop all the awards that they'd previously garnered. And, surprise, surprise, it did. Now I don't expect Mike to necessarily agree with this, because FILE 770 is that fanzine. ((Then I won't disappoint you when I disagree, Skel.)) However, the point is that knowledgeable fanzine fans have not felt for some time that the fannish Hugos are awarding fannish excellence.

One of the problems with the Fan Hugos is the knowledgeability of the voter base. Look at the categories: Best Fanzine, Best Fanwriter, Best Fanartist. Looking at the circulation of most material in this area, how many fans can be knowledgeable in these regards? 200? 300? And who is voting in these categories? The membership of the WorldCon, is who, and they number some 6000.

The problem is, of course, that the people who are selecting the categories for the Fan Hugos are not the people who are voting in these categories. Now there are two ways of looking at this. One is to say that if you aren't properly familiar with the field being voted upon, then you should refrain from voting. That's the way fanzine fans usually phrase their objections to the way Fan Hugos work out. Surely a better way, however, would be to look at the awards and get them right in the first place. After all, the Hugos are in the gift of the WorldCon membership. They ought to honor accomplishments that the WorldCon membership desires to honor. It is surely ludicrous for fanzine fans to select for those honors categories that the membership of the Worldcon is in ignorance of, and then require the bulk of the membership to voluntarily disenfranchise themselves by not voting in those categories -- in their own awards. It's no good complaining that the membership of the WorldCon isn't knowledgeable enough to vote in the categories of Best Fanzine or Best Fanwriter, or whatever. If that is in fact the case, then why the hell are we asking them to vote in those categories in the first place? It doesn't make sense.



Surely the best option is to let the Fan Hugos go. Let the members of the WorldCon award those things that they feel are important, not what we fanzine fans feel are important.

There's another way in which the Hugos can seem to be acknowledging popularity rather than excellence, but this is probably better left for consideration in the next section.

2 - The Anthology Concept Is More In Keeping With The Ethos of Fanzine Fandom. The problem with the Hugos is their similarity to the Oscars, and all that is entailed by that. The awards tend to go to the people rather than the work. This is not a problem in the professional Hugos, where most of the awards are for specific works, rather than for the people represented by those works. In the fan categories this situation is reversed, with most awards being for the individual, rather than for the specific piece of work by that individual. Accordingly, fans who have a high profile and/or who are popular will do better in the awards than those who operate in smaller circulation arenas or who have managed to rub a sizeable portion of fanzine fandom the wrong way.

I think I can show this most clearly by giving an example -- Eric Mayer. I hope Eric will forgive me for embarrassing him in this piece...but he is far too good an example to let pass in this context. There are those who consider Eric might be the best fanwriter currently active. There are many more who would say, as did Mike Glyer in FILE 770:65, that he "is among the very finest fanwriters of the 1980s." Now over the last couple of years or so Eric has produced a body of writing that, in sheer volume, would stand comparison with anyone. He has probably been the single most active fanwriter. I stress the quantity element purely to show how active he has been for, of course, quantity is no criteria. However, the sheer quality of most of that material I would not hesitate to put forward for comparison and evaluation with the work of those who did appear on Hugo ballots over the same period. As Mike said, Eric "is another casualty of the TAFF Feud." Eric is not Flavor-of-the-Month, and the very people who up to now have appreciated his work in the smaller circulation fanzines, and who would have gotten behind his work in the nominations, to have supported him as a fanwriter, chose instead to express their opprobrium by ignoring him. Frankly, for people who profess to care about "quality" and "excellence" in fanwriting, the absence of Eric's name on the ballot severely undermines any credibility that either they or the awards might claim.

The above argument could, of course, be dismissed as a personal idiosyncrasy, except that I know many others agree with me. Those who publish, or even only intend to publish, fanthologies include his material. In a recent

item of private correspondence with Mike Glicksohn he terminated his arguments over the "No Award" business by adding, "On the other hand, he inequities in the Fan Writer nominees are even harder to overlook. Where is Eric Mayer...?"

Now it is my contention that in the fanthology concept, by voting for specific pieces of work rather than for individual fans, this type of popularity or unpopularity would be, if not entirely eliminated, at least downgraded in its effect. If the work is in the foreground, then of a necessity the personality conflicts must move back, take less prominence.

The main problem with the Fan Hugos is that in voting for a single "best" one is giving a spurious prominence to the element of competition which isn't really what fanzine fandom is about. Now, of course, there is a sense in which everything is competition, because it competes for our attention, and individual fanwriters and fans are obviously not exempt from this aspect. However, I would suggest that this element of competition is of minor importance within fanzines. What matters in fanzines is the involvement. Fanzines are an interactive medium. We share, our contributions do not so much compete with each other as enhance one another, enriching the medium in which they exist. Oh, it's true that there is quite probably a single "best" fanwriter (although it is even more probable that no group of more than ten fans would be able to display a clear majority as to who that "best" fanwriter would be), but I would argue that the very existence of that "best" fanwriter is of far less importance to fanzine fandom than that there exists a body of good work that makes the participation in fanzines such an enriching and rewarding experience. This surely is the reality of fanzines and only the fanthology concept displays an awareness of this reality, and furthermore, results in a concrete example of that awareness.

A fanthology would embody fanzine fandom in a way no Hugo award ever could.

3 - It Will Do The Job Better. And, no, I haven't already dealt with this question. Not fully. Oh, it is true that I've tried to show that a fanthology would do a better job of presenting what fanzine fandom is all about than does the awarding of a Hugo to the "best" in several categories that are irrelevant to most members of the WorldCon. However, that isn't all that the Hugo does.

One thing the Hugo does for instance is provide fanzine fandom with a high profile at the voting. Here are all these activities that us fans take part in and we shout that they are just as important to us as the stories that the pros write. We show this by giving them a Hugo just like we do to the professional stuff. Thus, the Hugos, the Fan Hugos



that is, do two things for fanzine fandom that we haven't considered before. They provide a high profile for us, and they show just how important we consider our fanzine activity to be.

But to what effect?

Of course, it makes us feel important, and that what we do is important. There are over 5000 members at a WorldCon, and they give us these awards. But of what value is an award voted on by such a tiny percentage of the eligible electorate, how spurious is that sense of self-worth?

The only really valid reason for both the high profile, and for the implicit statement of importance, is as a means of recruitment. We are saying to the WorldCon membership, "Hey, we're fanzine fandom. Here we are, come and join us. It's worthwhile." And if that is the job it's supposed to be doing, how well is it doing it? Not very well, I would suggest. Certainly not as well as an Annual Fanthology targeted at those non-fanzine-fans who might have an affinity for the medium. We can't show these people how wonderful fanzines can be by standing there giving ourselves awards, but we can show them by showing them, by making available an example that is the embodiment of all that we consider best in fanzines.

Of course, one job that the Hugo is perceived as doing is the rewarding of excellence. Even if it did this, year in and year out without fail, it would still not be doing that job very well, for it would be rewarding and honoring only a single exemplar. Surely in any one year there are enough examples of excellence to fill a fanthology, and in filling a regular, annual fanthology we would be honoring more examples of excellence than we can with a single set of awards.

#### Q4: How? - Questions of Practice.

1 - Organization. It strikes me that fanzine fans have already taken a stab at this. Dissatisfaction with the Hugos is not new, and an earlier example of this dissatisfaction led to the attempt to create a set of awards more meaningful to fanzine fans -- the Faan Awards. These awards didn't take. They came in on a tide of enthusiasm that soon ebbed. The solution they attempted was to keep the awards pretty much as represented by the Hugos, but to go for a more knowledgeable voter base. The question we must ask ourselves is why it failed. If it was because fanzine fandom can't sustain the enthusiasm to see through an organized effort like the Faan Awards, or like an annual Fanthology, then obviously we're on a non-starter. If, however, the failure was attributable to a basic flaw in the original concept, namely to go for the Hugo-type award, then an annual fanthology might succeed.

Input here from those involved in the Faan Awards would obviously be greatly appreciated.

Because, if the Faan Awards failed not through lack of enthusiasm, but rather because they were perhaps inadequately conceived, then the sort of organization that went into setting them up and running them could just as easily be applied to the fanthology concept. Fanzine fandom does have some experience in this area if only those concerned will share it with us.

2 - Voting. Consensus basically implies a vote of some sort. Voting is always a problem area, because nobody is familiar with the whole field. This lack of familiarity, in its extremest form, was of course what the Faan Awards sought to get around. Even so, fanzine fandom is now so diverse that few of us can claim a thorough awareness of what is being published. I have only to look at the "Dream Fanthology" suggested by Mike Glyer in FILE 770:65 to have this borne out to me very clearly. I have not seen eight of the twenty-one pieces Mike selects simply because I do not receive the fanzines that they appeared in. I am aware that, now I no longer publish my own fanzine, I am not as active in fanzine fandom as I used to be, but still...eight out of twenty-one is a hell of a high percentage.

Unfamiliarity with such a large proportion of the material might well make someone reluctant to participate in the voting process. Conversely, someone who only got one of the zines with nominated material might quite happily vote for those pieces simply because he or she thought they were good and doesn't see why he or she should not vote for material they like simply because some other faned can't be bothered sending them their fanzine.

There is however a way around this. It is called the "Three Option Vote." You don't simply vote "Yes" or "No", but rather, "yes" and "No", and also "Maybe." In this specific example, you would vote "Yes" for the pieces you felt were worthy of being in a Fanthology, you would vote "No", or against the pieces you felt didn't warrant such inclusion, and you would ignore those about which you either couldn't make up your mind, or with which you were simply not familiar.

It sounds more trouble than it is because if something appeared in a zine you get, and you didn't make a note that it was worthy, then it probably wasn't. If the pros and cons are evaluated, and the "ignored" votes ignored, then everyone could quite happily vote in partial ignorance of the field on the basis of their own familiarity.

3 - Funding. What funding? People buy fanthologies. The whole concept should not only pay for itself, but would probably generate a surplus for distribution to worthy



worthy fannish causes. Early expenses could be kept to a minimum and there must be all sorts of ideas for raising the front money.

4 - When? Just supposing enough fans thought it a good idea, the first full year for which it could be operational would be 1988's fanac, which, allowing for voting, tallying, and production, means there wouldn't be any visible, tangible results (on the order of, "Look, here's a Fanthology") before about mid-1989 -- about two years away as you read this. That is a long time to be maintaining the enthusiasm for a "new" idea. Lots of time there for the impetus to be lost. Would it be preferable to produce a semi-official fanthology for 1987? This of course would have less background preparation but it would have certain benefits:

- (a) It would maintain the impetus of the idea.
- (b) It would generate some income at a time when ongoing expenses might begin to create problems.
- (c) It would establish the credibility of the concept.
- (d) As a trial run it would enable some of the

ART CREDITS: Alan White - Cover. Bill Rotsler: 2,14,17, 18. Steven Fox: 3. Brad Foster: 7,11,12,18. Phil Tortorici: 5. Charles Lee Jackson II: 13.

problems that will inevitably arise to be identified (and hopefully solved) before the start is made in earnest.

#### 05: Summary.

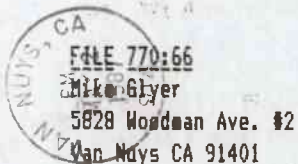
Fanzine fandom needs an organized, consensus, annual fanthology to complement r replace the Hugos. Sez me. In the preceding I have made more play on the "replace" rather than the "complement", because on something like this people should get involved, and they are encouraged to do so when traditions are threatened (either in order to rush to their defense, or to knee them in the groin while they're down), and the Fan Hugos are most assuredly traditions.

Besides, I wouldn't give you tuppence for the Fan Hugos as they are presently constituted, and who's writing this?

However, I have to say that it is the "complement" that would probably be more meaningful to someone reading this. What it would in fact be replacing is the already defunct Faan Awards. What these tried to do was precisely what the Hugos tried to do, but they tried to do it on a slightly different basis. They were not sufficiently different from the Hugos to be a meaningful and viable alternative. The Fanthology approach however does a completely different job, in a completely different way, and yet in doing so would satisfy some of the original aims of the Hugo, which the Hugo itself no longer satisfies.

++ Skel ++

EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes, this has been an experimental issue on my newly acquired CP/M computer. I hope to switch to 15 pitch when I learn to modify WordStar -- that would be more readable.



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