

RESOLUTION 4



RESOLUTION #4 comes to you (finally) from Jackie Causgrove, 3650 Newton St. #15, Torrance, CA 90505 and has been a record-breaking six months in production. Don't expect it to show anywhere, though, it's still a slap-dash personalzine with no redeeming features whatsoever, save my Ghodd Intentions. Available for contributions of written or drawn material, or editorial whim, but no longer for Filthy Lucre. I'm embarrassed enough as it is, owing issues to various fen for entirely too long a period. My schedule is far too casual *cough* and my record keeping the same, for subscription-monitoring to be practical. Previous subs, of course, will be honored. Just keep having faith....

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ART CREDITS: Logo P. 2, P. 8, Logo P. 10, P. 16, Dave Locke; P. 12 & 17, Randy Bathurst; P. 14, B. MacKay; P. 21, Alexis Gilliland; All else by yours truly.	

Hope you've recovered from the shock of seeing this issue. Hope I recover from the shock of finally finishing it. If ever there was an ill-fated venture, publishing RESOLUTION #4 has been it. I won't bore you with tales of agony, the times I've sat down and cut stencils only to pitch them out weeks later as useless, the false starts, the sharp wrench in the entrails whenever I'd look at the stack of completed stencils and realize how many months it had taken for the inch-deep layer of dust to accumulate. Enough to say that I'm sorry this is so damn late, and that I certainly hope it won't happen this way again.

In skimming #3, I see that it would be impossible to fill you in on all that's transpired since that issue was written, but I suppose it may be possible to give you a brief run-through in hopes of placing this issue within a timeframe of sorts.

Dave and I are still in The Village Apartments (townhouses, really), though we are now anticipating our move to the Midwest which should occur within the next four or five months. Our plans are loose, mostly based on how Dave's job as Material Control Manager with a manufacturing firm is working out. He'd quit his former job, with Pentel (Rolling Writer) Pens, and took on this one after an intensive two-month scouring of the job market. It hasn't quite been a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire, but close enough. The headaches are different, but they're still headaches, and he isn't masochistic enough to develop a liking for pointless pain. He's looking for a handy breaking-off place, and when it occurs, we'll split for Louisville.

Louisville? Yeah, Louisville. You know, that medium-to-largish city on the banks of the Ohio River in the grand and glorious State of Kentucky. Selected mostly as a compromise between the intolerable-to-Dave conditions of Chicago winters, and the intolerable-to-me conditions of separation from those Near and Dear to me, Louisville should prove equally uncomfortable to us both. It may not, though, a possibility which we do acknowledge as existing, if improbable. The city is situated so that most Midwestern conventions are within a five-hundred-mile radius, so finaces permitting, I'll be able to resume my favorite fanac without contemplating bankruptcy. It's also situated far

enough South so that the worst of wintery weather misses it, so Dave won't feel like he's a polar bear for six months of the year. (Though we'd gotten favorable reports from current and former residents, more recent advise is making us a bit leery in that respect.)

JABBERINGS

As far as my employment is concerned, I can work anywhere. I quit the job I'd had at Teleflora, worked temporary for awhile, signed on with Pioneer Electronics as a Parts Clerk (after working for nearly six months as a Temp) and quit that job last August. Now I'm back to Temp work, and feel I'll most likely remain there. Though not as secure as permanent employment, temporary work does offer the advantage of time off when you want it. No worrying about fellow workers and their schedules, no bosses to ask, you're free to come and go as you will. Of course, there's also no pay while you're not working, and there is the matter of no insurance, but one can't have everything in this world, can one? The pay is good, when the assignments come in, and I was averaging more salary per month than my full-time job gave up until mid-November, when a two-week layoff kicked that average solidly in the midriff.

At least I used the time to do some more artwork, and finish some odds and ends that had been lying around half-done for ages, as well as begin a new project (clay sculpting). Oh yes, and read. Lord, have I been reading! Signed up anew for the SF Book Club, and haven't worked my way through all the volumes picked for my Introductory Package yet, too many purchases of paperbacks get in the way. Most recently, I read Robert Sheckly's CROMPTON DIVIDED, Richard Matheson's SHOCK WAVES, Ross Macdonald's THE NAME IS ARCHER, Anne McGaffrey's THE WHITE DRAGON, Steven King's THE SHINING, and a few dozen other books whose titles escape me at the moment. What with the magazines we subscribe to (F&SF, SMITHSONIAN, NEW WEST, MOTHER JONES, TIME, GAMES) and the daily paper, it seems I've got the printed word marching before my eyeballs nearly every second. Don't think I've hit this heavy a spell of reading in years. I love it.

Our movie-going runs in spurts. After a relatively dry spell that lasted a couple of months, we saw THE VILLIAN, STARTING OVER, THE ONION FIELD, TIME AFTER TIME, THE FRISCO KID, THE LIFE OF BRIAN, and are anticipating STAR TREK, THE MOVIE in a few weeks. We also, on an idle whim, took in a triple feature at a nearby drive-in that consisted of two perfectly awful Sci-Fi flicks, THE LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH being not quite sufficient to make up for STARCRAH and whatever-it-was that accompanied them (sometimes my memory can be quite merciful), and laughed ourselves silly. By the end of the evening we were the only ones left in the theater who were even remotely interested in watching the screen; seldom have I seen so many people leave in the middle of a picture. In this case, pictures. At least it gave us an idea of the sort of quickies that are being churned out in the wake of STAR WARS, and they're just as bad as we'd feared.

Conventions have been few and far between. We tied in a trip to visit the Cagles in Oklahoma with Iguanacon last year, and then traipsed out for Midwestcon this past June. That's been it for a year, and I'm champing at the bit for another "fix". The flier for Confusion arrived this week, and it's set me to sighing deeply and looking wistfully at the checkbook. I even went so far as to check up on a discount airfare that Delta had advertised in the papers, and gulped as I realized the length of the trip--eight hours total, L.A. to Atlanta to Detroit--was the reason for the cheapness of the flight, \$249 round trip at night. Tacking on hotel bill and food, a \$23 to \$27 round trip bus or cab fare from airport to con-site, and allied expenses, I simply can't justify the expenditure of that much cash. (Oh, but I dearly wish I could...!)

Socially, our fanac has mostly been confined to the Petards "meetings" and visits with the Hulans and Atkins. We almost attended Loscon this year, but due to a slippage in memory, hosted the Hulans for dinner and production of a one-shot instead. It was possibly the wisest way to spend the weekend anyway, and certainly the least expensive.

Dave and I have come full-circle as far as our games-playing is concerned. I've been Boggled out for quite some time, Mastermind lost whatever attraction it had fairly soon, and the length of time required for Scrabble puts it low on Dave's list. We play chess fairly frequently, which is just about where we started from. On our Tuesday nights with Terry, a former co-worker of Dave's, we play Crazy Eights or Scrabble, and once a month a poker game with former employees of Bushnell is set up. Well, the group is mostly former employees, Terry and Len still work there at least. Dave gets in a Hearts game occasionally at a Petards meeting, and we played penny-ante poker at two meetings. Otherwise, it's been pretty calm and quiet on that front.

Dave and I caught the Apa-Fever a while back, and are working on getting the first mailing out the end of this month. I suppose it's because of that that I'm finally getting this done. Something in me hesitates at the idea of printing a four-page apazine when this zine's stencils lie amouldering. First things first, and all that.

Well, as an overview, that wasn't too difficult to do. I realize that there's little to comment on in this material, but as a setting of the stage it should suffice. My year has been spent mostly in anticipation of leaving SoCal, and not very much in enjoying the time in the meanwhile. Treading water, I guess it's called, which doesn't make for sparkling chatter. By this time, next year, I should be chock-full of things to relate. In moving a household some 2,000 miles, surely something noteworthy will happen!

MURPHY'S LAW, DEPT OF: It's been a couple of weeks since I wrote the above, and all the pages for this issue have been run off. They're sitting on a table upstairs awaiting the finish of this final portion and its printing up (ah, there's the rub...) so I can collate them. Hope they don't wait much longer. I debated whether to tell you all the problems that have incurred, and finally decided to do so, despite the inane dullness of the topic. Perhaps it may give an incipient faned cause for second thoughts...

It was during the run of Page 23 that the trouble began. Dave had called from work, and I was keeping half an eye on the Gestetner while chatting about what we'd been doing that day. Suddenly the rythmic cachunking sound from the mimeo turned into a sort of "Cachunk-Click-Flap-Cachunk"; signifying P*R*O*B*L*E*M*S. Even Dave heard it over the phone. "Shit" I grousched, and dove under the bookshelf to pull the plug (I could see something blurring as the machine ran on, and didn't dare reach across to the switch). The right-hand band, that holds the silk-screen in place, had broken and flapped quite freely in the air. I muttered a few more oaths while wedging the phone's receiver between ear and shoulder and started unhooking the screen to see what was broken where and if there was any possibility of fixing it. It looked dismal; the steel band, perforated with circular and oval openings, had broken cleanly through one of the holes. I glanced at its opposite part on the left side and saw it had broken half-way through at the same spot. *Sigh* Saying farewell to Dave, and accepting his wishes for luck, I poked and peered into the innards of the machine trying to figure out some way of fixing it.

As a sort of Last Ditch Measure, I tried scotch-taping the band together. After applying a couple of layers of 3M's el cheapo brand, I cautiously cranked the handle and eyed the band. It held. I plugged the machine in and switched it back on. It continued to hold. I hit the paperfeed switch and the fondly familiar sound of "Cachunk" warmed my ears. Warilly, I finished Page 23. Figuring the tape would slip at any moment, I switched to the apa stencils and ran those off. 6 pages, 50 copies. OK. 4 pages, 70 copies. OK. 4 pages, 50 copies. Everything was hunkey dorey. So I ran off the remaining stencils for this zine. Again, everything went smoothly. With a sigh of relief, I allowed feelings of triumph to flood over me. Not often is it that Man Wins Over Machine. Then, I made my mistake. I let the mimeo sit for awhile.

Last night, Ed Cox came over to hand us the stencils for his apazine (his mimeo had up and died, and his back-up machine had done so some time before). We did a one-shot, ate dinner, then marched upstairs to run those stencils off and recycle the headers to tape to stencils sent by Joseph Nicholas for his apazine. I glanced at the mended spot. Oh-oh. The tape had slipped. No problem, we thought; we'll simply retape it. The tape didn't hold long enough to replace the screen. Slathered with ink, two hours later, and at least seven retapings later, we wound up with our 30+ copies of 12 pages. That's not much, folks, for that length of time; believe me! So, I'm typing this now, the very next ayem, and am going to attempt to run it off while things are still limping along, before the Gestetner dies completely. If you see it, you'll know success was accomplished. If you don't, well then I suppose you won't.

Will RES make it before the end of 1979? Stay tuned and find out!!! (Typed Dec. 30th, 1979, with fingers painfully crossed...)

In Lieu of LoC...

AYE WONDER #2: Leigh Strother-Vien, 7107 Woodman Ave. Van Nuys, CA 91405. \$1.00, or trade, contribution, LoCs (i.e. "The Usual") or whim. Offset and Mimeo

"To Be A Star" by Tom Digby - er, excuse me; by Thomas G. Digby - opened this issue, spread across a two-page layout lavishly (though, alas, sloppily) adorned by Bjo Trimble's sketchy attempt to depict the wonder of a, apparently, a galaxy going nova. Though done in Bjo's typically unpolished style, the feel of stellar turmoil comes through well. I liked the poem, which is unusual in that poetry, whether fan written or otherwise, seldom interests me in the slightest.

I don't know when or how this zine arrived. It's dated 1978, and the mimeo portions were done sometime after Iguacon, but no month is given. Leigh opens by apologizing for being late with this issue (that sad, so familiar story *Sigh*) and then relates her experiences in being selected as an Extra for the movie version of STAR TREK.

A letter column followed, and Leigh displayed the annoying habit of double-slashing to indicate a change in topic. This is a handy, space-saving practice (I use it in my responses to LoCs in my LoCol), but doesn't belong in the text of a LoC, particularly when accompanied by paragraphing. Using both, the double-slashing becomes an annoying distraction. I suspect Leigh was influenced by her apa-fanac, but she should learn that mailing comments and letters of comment are not identical in format. The LoCs were mostly of the "I liked-I didn't like" sort which don't lead to further discussion. Leigh added comments to only two letters, which reinforced the feeling of non-interaction.

A Westercon 31 Con Report was next; a jumble of Gee-Whiz impressions. Leigh is into L.A. Fandom with a vengeance and her still-fresh enthusiasm dominates her style. She claims credit/blame for breaking up a Phoenix Westercon Bidding party by kicking off a round of what she terms as "Physicist" jokes--similar to the flurry of "Clam puns" that swept an Autoclave (or was it a ConFusion? Always mix up those two cons) a couple of years ago. You know the schtick; substitute "Physicist", or "Clam", for key words in titles or cliches. Rightfully, she states you either like them or you don't. I find them amusing, assuming majority participation. Should two or three fans in a room party feel they are "performing" or playing a game of One-Upmanship, it can be a turn-off. I suspect that's what happened at Westercon.

Robert Plunkett Esq.(?!) pens an overview of copyright law, which includes a brief description of copyrightable material, how to obtain and protect a copyright, and what recourse is available in case of infringement. Though the tone was dry, necessitated by the topic, it could have been expanded by including a bit more detail about the law, its changes, and the resulting impact on publishing. It's too abbreviated to be of much use, though it does give helpful information.

George Jumper does a lengthy review column (over 9 pages!) of SF prozines. Well done, though seemingly hurried in spots, this almost merits publication on its own, as a separate zine. Covering six issues, George lists the contents of each (ASIMOV'S SF ADVENTURE (1), ANALOG (3) and F&SF (2)) and touches upon cover art as well as written material, with commentary ranging from pithy one-liners to meaty paragraphs. He states his biases clearly and does an excellent job of writing encapsulated reviews. Entertaining and an aid to the casual reader of SF prozines; assuming access to a used-zine marketplace.

In a short column, Mike Glycer reviews two fanzines (RUNE 52, and DON-A-SAUR 51). Our tastes don't consistently overlap, but they do often enough for me to usually agree with his assessments. Fair, candid, and knowledgable, Glycer is one of the best fmz reviewers around. I Definitely wished this column had been longer!

I'm not sure what the topic of Alan Winston's column is supposed to be--Pop Media? Comix and films are mentioned - just that, mentioned - in the first half and the second concerns the poor quality of recent horror films. Perhaps of interest to movie buffs...

Also skimmed Leigh's book reviews. Our tastes don't match well, but she does include Gaier Project Ratings. Not badly done, but too brief. Few reviewers, Buck Coulson being the prime exception, can do quality coverage in so few words.

It's not often I've come across an example of Milt Stevens writing poorly, but Chapter II of "From Andromeda to the Kitchen Sink" is just that. Dialect humor is difficult to bring off. One requirement is consistency, and Milt didn't maintain it. Thankfully, that section is brief. Disjointed episodes are tacked together, one hopes, in expectation of the whole being greater than the sum of its parts. There were only two paragraphs in this offering I found worth reading. It's a shame, I generally like Milt's writings...

Three more poems were in this issue; typical of most fan poetry. I'm tempted to say the reason I seldom find likable poetry is because so few pieces are well done, but that's a comment equally valid for things I do enjoy--SF, artwork or even fanzines.

The artwork is generally poor in this issue, both in drawing and repro. Ray Capella's "Critter" and "Rider" (showing strong stylistic talent) and Bill Bryan's "The Victor" (worthy of cover-art status) being exceptions. Overall, I couldn't help but wish the good stuff in this zine had been presented in a different format. There was a great deal of good-to-excellent material in its 40 pages, but Leigh has so much to learn about layout, writing, and editing that the lasting impression I gained from AYE WONDER was that it's a borderline crudzine. I haven't seen any other issues, so I can't judge whether she shows any improvement, but one can hope. She shows a knack for selecting solidly written material by competent fan writers, and the remainder of what goes into a Ghodd Fanzine relies mainly on factors which can be polished by practice. Despite my quibbles, this a zine worth getting and worth watching. A more wide-spread circulation, which should generate more participation by fans outside of the L.A. area could help.

CONVENTIONAL FANZINE: Eva Chalker Whitley, 4704 Warner Dr., Manchester, MD 21102. \$2/4 issues, 25¢ in person at a con, LoC, artwork, convention-oriented articles, or \$5 in manufacturer's cents-off coupons. Well, at least it's not "The Usual"; Eva shows some imagination. Offset, unnumbered, and last page was typed March 26, 1979.

Eva's into ERA, Costuming, and writing about getting ready to go to conventions (well, of the 2 & 2/3rd page con report, 2/7th and more covered events prior to arriving at the convention site). She writes enthusiastically, but I do wish she'd pay more attention to spelling and elementary grammar. She opinionizes in a lively manner, but my eyes ached from wading through misspunctuated, misspelled, poorly done layout. I assume she writes as she would speak--if so the material would make for better listening than reading. It reminded me of a faithful transcript of an off-the-cuff conversation. Ever notice how often people amend, contradict, add to, and otherwise continually mess around with what they've just said as their minds leap back and forth from what was just uttered to what will be said in a few moments time? Tense keeps changing, topics are switched in mid-sentence, grammatical niceties are ignored; yet the conversation makes sense--when heard. With Eva's writing, you have to mentally "play it" - conceptualize it as being spoken - in order to follow it. On paper, it's a mess.

If Eva ever develops a better command of layout, English, and structure, her CONVENTIONAL FANZINE has the potential for proving of real worth to fanzine fen who also have developed an addiction to conventions (there must be more than a few of us!). However, if she can't or won't restrain her antagonism toward Midwestern conventions, there's a danger than a large segment of fanzine/convention fans will ignore her zine.

As a person who feels that Midwest-area cons are the best, her views cause me some distress. The East Coast conventions she mentions as being enjoyable are equally liked by the Midwestern fans whose tastes I know and agree with. The odd thing is that Eva says nice things about Midwestcons, the worst she manages against Confusion is calling it "uneven", and dislikes Marcon--which are views shared by many Midwest fans as well. So what caused her seeming revulsion toward Midwest conventions? No data is given.

The zine features Eva's editorial, her Boskone report, an uncredited "Recallcon" report (apparently a spontaneous conlike party that arose when many Boskone attendees were stranded by a snowstorm--quite reminiscent of a Chambanacon where a similar situation kept alive the con spirit for another day and night), letters touching upon convention costume shows, comments on previously discussed matters and other cons, are scattered among the two reports, and she also includes a list of upcoming conventions. She also requests artwork donations, being reduced to cribbing from Kubla Khan fliers/badges for two illos in this issue. The zine is offset,,so she can handle high-quality art. Alexis Gilliland and Jim Barker would seem ideally suited for the zine. I hope to see future issues of C.F., in hopes of an improvement in Eva's writing and an upgrading in the zine's layout. It would be nice if she showed a little less rancor, too.

XENOLITH (Second Series) TWO: Bill Bowers, PO Box 3157, Cincinnati, OH 45201. \$1.50 or editorial whim. Contributions welcome. Last date mentioned, March 26, 1979. Offset.

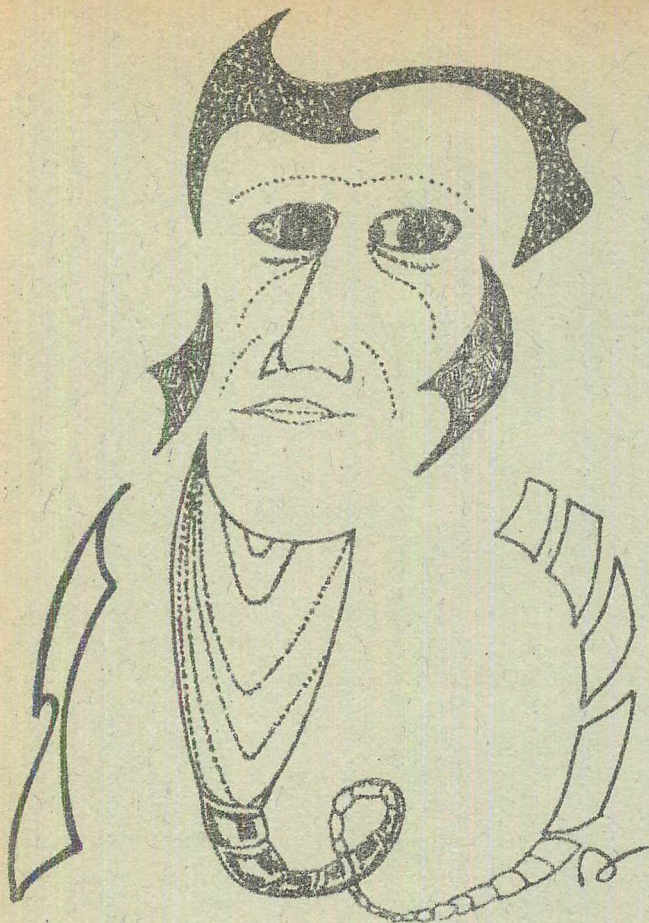
Well, Bill's at it again. The numbering systems he uses, and discards, are unfathomable, though in a sense, numbers aren't necessary as every Bowers' fanzine, regardless of title, is unique (as is the man himself). This zine is no exception. Using a sort of Stream of Layout set-up, Bill meanders through the pages, writing openly here, parenthetically there, interrupting his own asides with yet more asides, inserting portions of speeches into the text of a con report--playing with words, playing with his readers. It's a Game, but not the negative sort, of Meanings within Meanings. What he does is to allude to events, conversations, feelings, which will trigger response in a small part of his readership (ofttimes only one or two people) while remaining understandable to the rest of his audience. His wording is carefully crafted to be read on two or more levels, and at this he is a Master. It can be disconcerting to be reading over a fan's shoulder have the other chuckle over a portion of material that superficially seems not particularly funny at all. Or vice-versa. With much of his writing, the reader "Hadtta: Been There" to really comprehend what he was writing about.

Xenolith contains LoCs, convention notices, con reports, transcripts of speeches, boosts for other fanzines, and a lengthy bit of emotional purging after the highs and lows that resulted from Iggycon. Bowers continues his tradition of presenting finely drawn and reproed artwork: the best items this issue, imho, were Derek Carter's cover, Harry Bell's robotic creation, and Austin's stfanal critter on p. "68" (the zine only has 36 pages, but Bill also likes continued numbering for his pages...) I'm not sure how to label the massing of text and space on pp "60 & 61", except to call it layout-as-art. Unlike some of Bill's earlier experiments, this proved readable and easily followed, though rather distracting at first glance. Other attempts have resulted in visually pleasing effects, but were virtually impossible to sort out when you began reading. Of course, if Xenolith had been typeset with justified margins, the end product would have been even more striking, but Bill's been there before, and feels the results don't justify the expense any longer. It's okay; even without squared-off text, his zine shows the crisp, clear touch of a layout artist and craftsman fan editor; darn few zines can match his standards of excellence.

SPACE JUNK #2: Rich Coad, C/O 2422 McKinley, Apt. H, Berkeley, CA 94114. Available for "the Usual" or editorial whim. Undated, internal evidence suggests July, 1979.

Rich warms the cockles of my heart. Anyone who can recover from a two-year lapse in publishing, a name change (from Spicy Rat Tales) and still keep the flow of material as unbroken as he does, simply has to have something going for him. In this case, it's a literate, cynical sense of humor.

This issue starts off with Mr. Coad's righteous wrath at receiving a crank letter which could only have come from a loathesome, despicable creature with impossible expectations of reaching the lofty status of worm-dom: either that or someone with as cracked a sense of outré humor as Rich displays. He quickly segues into an explanation of his switch in support (as a then-Seattle fan) from the Seattle in 81 bid to Denver's. All his reasons were, apparently, equally obvious to the voters, as the results from Brighton indicate. Also mentioned are his plans for a move to New York City which sadly lacks the logic of



references about his artwork, as he genuinely has improved in that area, and besides, he didn't illustrate this piece.

Leroy Kettle is the subject of a British-Style personality Profile by Mike Glicksohn (Harkening back to your roots, eh Mike?). To U.S. fans, it would seem more at home as an orally-presented introduction of someone to a convention, but holds up well enough in written form, though I don't consider this an example of Mike's best writing. Naturally enough, without a sample of Kettle's Paper Persona to offset the humorous jibes, the article exists in a sort of vacuum. Perhaps it's funnier to devout Kettle fans, but to those who have had little acquaintance with either the man or his writings, it mostly engendered a "?" reaction.

Coad admits to being a Punk Rock fan, and includes a reminiscence by William Gibson regarding a meeting he had with the manager of the P.R. group "Devo". As a description of people in that sub-culture, it was adequate, but non-fans of that sort of music, it didn't hold much of interest otherwise. Gibson has a good writing style, perhaps with a different topic...?

The letter column starts off with the "crank" letter referred to in the opening portions of the zine, and then moves on to a standard, but very well-handled, local with emphasis on books, writing, humor and pop media.

Altogether, I found SPACE JUNK to be light entertainment with just enough serious seasoning added to balance the flavor and still keep it firmly in the ranks of a humor-zine. Though Rich uses a number of outside contributors, it still seems more a personalzine than otherwise. Extremely enjoyable for those who like biting humor and caustic comment.

DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #10: Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801. \$1.00 or "the Usual."

Coming out at irregular, though frequent, intervals, (he aims for quarterly production, I assume, and hits it often enough) Diagonal Relationship is a difficult zine to categorize, which, again I assume, is just what Arthur intended.

his reasoning in the previous example, but who said fans have to be consistant?

Tim Kyger vents his spleen, satirically "answering" the various rumors concerning mismanagement on the part of the Iguanacon Committee. A mixture of justified ire and moralistic preaching on the topic of the hassles caused by heeding rumors in fandom, the piece seemed to be an over-reaction to some not-very-wide-spread story telling. Barring the fact that the Iggyconcom was composed of ego-tripping, power-hungry, Junior Grade Neofen with delusions of Smofhood, I certainly heard nothing negative concerning them...

Next comes a frivolous article on *yawn* pinball machines/players by Bruce Townley. Actually, this was a quite readable article, only once or twice showing slight traces of shaky structuring. Bruce is developing into a good anecdotal writer, and displays a light, amusing touch. I will forgo making any slanderous

A self-proclaimed Illuminatus "Nut", Arthur established the Illuminatus Nut Cult some time ago, and glories in his office as "Primal Nut". Though frequent reference is made to the Cult's "activities" and theme, a liking for the books, or even familiarity with them, is not a prerequisite for appreciating D.R. A certain astygmatisim in one's sense of humor aids comprehension, as exemplified by Dave's enjoyment of the zine despite his inability to find anything worthwhile in the Illuminatus series. (I will never live down the fact that he rushed out and bought all three volumes on my glowing recommendation as superlative examples of humorous writing. On the other hand, I can't understand how a person, so otherwise outstanding, copes with such a massive defect in perception... It's a stand-off.) Be warned though, the zine won't seem as funny to every reader.

Not that it's filled with nothing but frivolity. Arthur is unhesitant at being Serious and Constructive, and does so exceedingly well. As a Free Thinker, he espouses the cause of Individuality with logic and a wide-ranging knowledge. Often the humorous portions slyly indicate a serious point--hence the title, I suspect.

This issue offers a sort of basic sampler of Hlavaty's philosophical style in an A-B-C format. Cynical, mistrustful, bitter yet somehow always hopeful, Arthur strikes me as an able spokesman for the disenchanted though still hanging in there members of the late-Fifties-to-mid-Sixties generation of social activists. Live and let live has become the overall viewpoint of this group, yet a streak of wild-blue-yonderism still prevails.

Scattered in and about the primer are chunks of letters from readers, which form a gestalt of sorts via the unconnected layout that Arthur uses. The mish mash results in a mix of material reminiscent of Donn Brazier's late lamented TITLE and the equally late lamented TABUBIAN from Dave Jennerette. Arthurs draws on three "persona" -- aspects of his personality which have achieved almost-life as distinct personalities but who remain under his control and are used more as reasoning tools in his continuing participation in the Great Conversation.

A number of artists contribute regularly to D.R., prime among them is Alexis Gilliland whose rapier wit fits the zine's tone perfectly. Adrienne Fein and "Frejac" are good, too, though Arthur shows a definite preference for "idea" over "execution" in his choice of illos. Some of the pieces he runs are obvious examples of scribbles done by people who can't draw and can be irritating to the optic nerves, though it doesn't form an insurmountable handicap. The zine itself is so appealing to the fan with a fondness for good wordsmithing and mind-nudging ideas, that quibbles with layout and artwork fade into insignificance.

FILE 770 #14: Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342. 4/\$2 or hot news items, arranged trades with other newszines, or newsworthy phone calls (213-362-3754 NOT COLLECT) 50¢ per sample copy. Mimeo, with a regular six-week schedule.

What's there to say about a newszine? So much of its quality will rely on the editor, that any other factors can be dismissed almost out of hand. Reasonable frequency, legible repro, a sense of fair play -- those are the basic requirements. File 770 meets them all quite splendidly. Because of its editor, the zine displays a quiet sort of cynicism that suits its subject -- fandom and its doings -- perfectly. Mike prints all the news he is given (or able to unearth) and, though a definite emphasis is given to L.A. area events, he covers national and international happenings in a thorough manner. He names his sources, checks his facts when able, and -- most importantly -- admits errors of fact or interpretation when such are pointed out. Con listings and reports, CoA's, hot rumors and SMOF-type items form the bulk of his material. He also includes occasional columns ranging from fanzine reveiws to critical analyses of fannish matters. I enjoyed KARASS, before Linda Bushyager folded it in favor of pro-writing, and FILE 770 is a worthy sucessor, in fact, in many ways it's superior to its predecessor. The only drawback is knowing that it can't last long. The very frequency of publication which makes a newszine of any value will eventually wear down the most tenacious of editors. Fortunately, Glycer shows perseverance, so with luck the zine will hang on for several years. This is a Must Have.

CLOSE ENOUGH FOR FANWRITING

BY DAVE LOCKE . . .

Someone whose name I might remember if I had a better memory, once noted that the world could be divided into two types of people: those who divide the world into two types of people, and those who don't. The source was obviously a person who had encountered too many of these subdivisions.

Applying a little tunnel vision to the matter of dividing people into two camps, because otherwise we'll know that on such a scale we're overwhelmed by the tenet that there are exceptions to everything, what we might see is that it's an interesting and very close to useful pasttime. It would apply to any issue or philosophy where the polarization of opinion leaves relatively few souls in the position of being radical middle-of-the-roads.

One time, upon drinking a little too much, I thought deeply upon the subject and decided that every such subdivision could itself be divided, again and again, until at last you wound up with only one person representing each subdivision. This, I believed, would consist of yourself and the person you were talking with at the time this particular conversation got started.

But it is an interesting game. Let's turn our tunnel vision, direct it at fandom, and make a few opening moves. Each one starts out with: Fandom is divided into two types of fans--

1. Those who know what Science Fiction is, and those who have heard of it.

At this point we must ignore or jettison any non-players who try to point out that there is a large group of fans who are only slightly fuzzy on the subject of Science Fiction, and are this way because they used to be into SF quite heavily but can no longer remember why that was. Such non-players, good-intentioned but too logic-oriented to participate or even to recognize the game, must be dealt with in much the same manner as you would a person who sits down at the poker table without having money in their pocket.

2. Those who attend convention programming, and those who drink.

This is, for the most part, a valid observation. We shall ignore those many fans who memorize the day's programming each morning and then fall back on it as an excuse to escape a dying barcon ("Well, John, we'd love to stay on and listen to how you conned GALAXY into accepting a tale about fellatio, disguising it as an invasion-of-Earth-by-sentient-lollipops story, but we have to run off and catch a fanzine panel moderated by Garth Danielson. Been looking forward to it all weekend, you know."). If we also ignore fans like Glicksohn, who carry flasks with them so that they may drink and occasionally raise impertinent questions while attending program items, this particular subdivision results in a reasonably fruitful conversational game.

3. Those who are sercon, and those who are sociable.

Many fans and pros alike talk this particular subdivision game. The fans avoid telling their pro friends that they, the pros, have an occasional tendency to interrupt a sociable conversation with stories about the illegitimacy of their agents and their publishers, or about the research necessary to their current story about interstellar stumpsuckers, and the fact that sometimes the fans order extra rounds as a consequence.

4. Those who publish fanzines for the fun of it, and those who publish for recognition.

As opposed to those who wouldn't be adverse to capturing an award, but who will still publish if they don't. This conversational direction leads to remembering good old what's-his-face who quit publishing after receiving his first award, the many Joe Phanns who gafiated because they didn't hit the number-one spot after taking their best shot, and the household names who cut back on their crifanac as a byproduct of winning too many awards in embarrassing succession. This usually leads to someone suggesting that more awards be started, for the purpose of confirming Pavlov's thesis.

5. Those who like to proposition barmaids at conventions, and those who don't.

This subdivision is usually lost in diversion when it is noted that fans who proposition barmaids stay away from barmaids who like to spill drinks in the laps of some customers, while on the other hand those who do not make a habit of propositioning barmaids are often tempted if the barmaid makes a cleanup attempt after spilling the drink. This revelation is often followed by a person stating that femmefans can usually avoid the temptation to proposition a convention barmaid. That normally draws a comment by someone, who noticed that the statement was qualified.

6. Those who drink, and those who play at it.

Spayed Gerbils, indeed.

7. Those who collect Science Fiction, and those who move as their collection matures.

8. Those who publish readable fanzines, and those who publish in hecto.

People who point to such zines as GROGGY must immediately be barred from the game. All present must be willing to play with the premise that hectographed fanzines are issued from the province of the N3F, with the sole exception of those published by people who think that group is too mature for them.

9. Those who are Trekkies, and everybody else.

Players who point out the existence of people who wear Mickey Mouse hats should not be excluded out of hand, unless they persist in pushing a motion to change the game's postulate to: "Those who are Trekkies or Mouseketeers, and everybody else."

10. Those who show some respect for each other, and those who do their fanning from England.

Having a couple of British fans in on this one can make it a smash as a party conversation. Everyone knows that our English cousins excel in name-calling, derogatory comments, and cheap shots. This always livens things up in a circle which includes us U.S. Americans, who as we all know, come across as serious and concerned social types.

11. Those who attend conventions, and those who read listing in LOCUS.

At any cost, avoid a digression to the topic of those who vote for Hugos, and those who read fanzines other than LOCUS, or SFR, or SPACESHIP. This always brings out the clown who suggests the definition of "fanzine" be changed to exclude virtually every publication except LOCUS, SFR, and SPACESHIP, on the grounds that all us "Real Fans" are as representational as the local drunk who attends the town board meeting.

12. Those who choose with whom to associate, and those who vote for Official Editor.

For genzine/personalzine fans only. Apa participants would be likely to quibble with the intimation that they don't all love one another and would

therefore be better off with free association. This hate and discontent would lead to accusations that the genzine/personalzine editors are gauche in publishing their own egoboo.

13. Those who agree to serve on convention committees, and those who are sane.

It is okay to allow participation by those who had to serve on one convention committee before they were able to make this distinction.

14. Those who read fanhistory, and those who prefer sleeping pills.

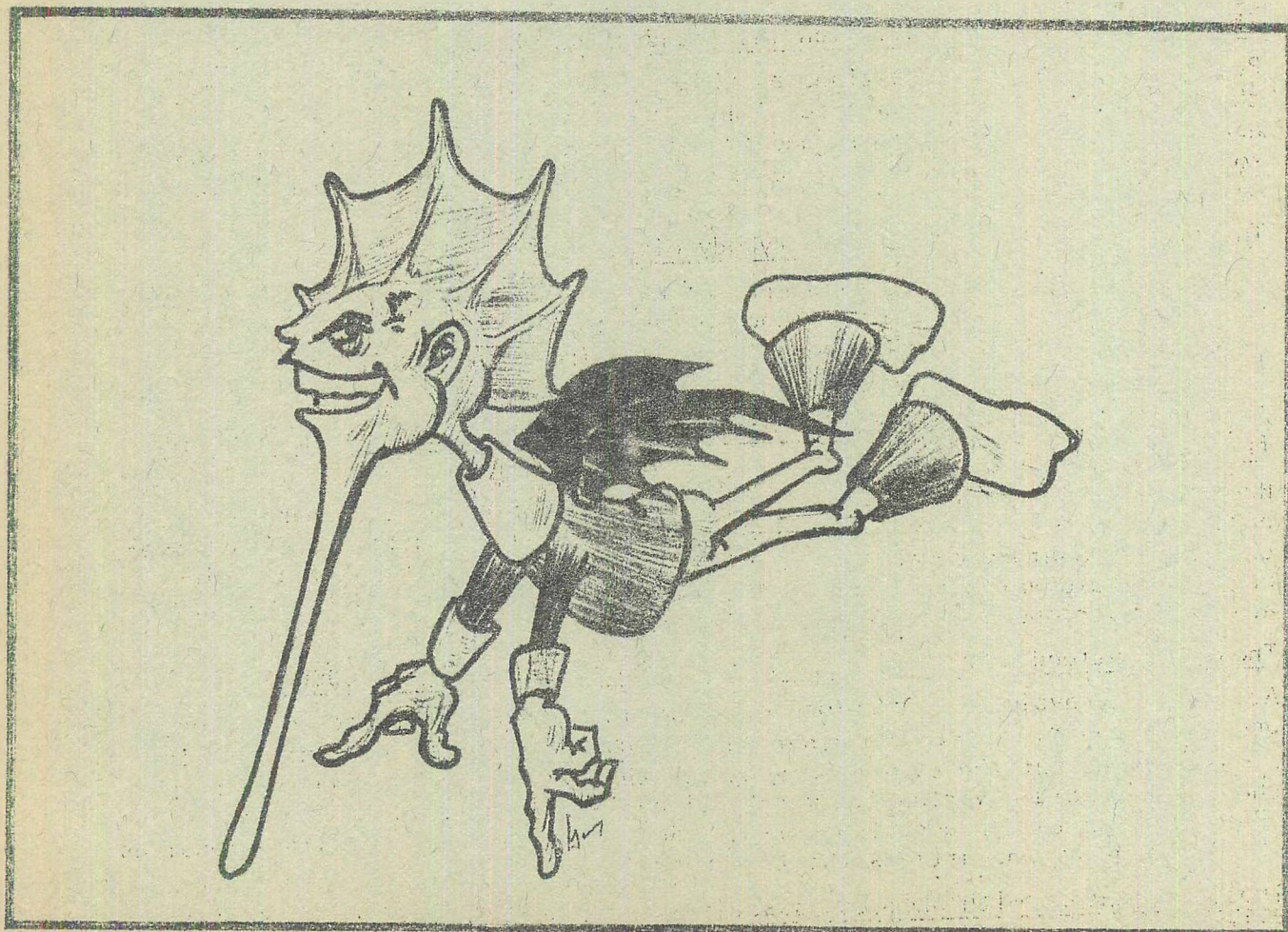
15. Those who write Science Fiction, and those who write for fanzines.

Hard to break in on this game if you're a fan. Especially if you're also a Science Fiction writer.

The list could, of course, be endless except for the fact that it is created by a finite mind for a finite publication. Please cherish my sense of self-restraint, but feel free to make up your own subdivisions. However, bear in mind that for them to be interesting, you must place a degree of truthfulness into either absurdity or impertinence. Every game has rules, after all.

Except, of course, for those games which don't.

---Dave Locke---



CONVENTIONAL VIEWPOINTS...

IGUANACON; MIDWESTCON '79...

No attempt will be made to cover these conventions to any sort of depth; too much time has passed and details have become murky in my mind's eye. What follows will be just a sort of overview of general reactions, with enough detail to act as a memory-tickler for myself for future rereadings: you didn't suppose that these things are written for the readers' enjoyment, did you?

IGUANACON; Phoenix, Arizona; 1978

Once upon a time, I was a fierce advocate of the New Blood Philosophy of convention management. While not a strong supporter of the Throw The Rascals Out Movement, I did feel that newcomers to the fan scene should be given a chance to show their stuff; mostly in hopes of their adding some freshness to the usual convention programming. The trials of Big Mac taught their lessons, and I then supported the more experienced fan who made up the Seven-for-77 Committee--at least their attitude was more open and welcome to change. Learning even more from the fiascos that led to SunCon, I developed into a quiet, but firm supporter of the L.A. bid for 78. The New Blood contingent was still going strong, however, and the Phoenix bid won.

Overall, there wasn't *that* much to complain about regarding the operation of Iggy. The site was sufficiently large; no intolerable inconveniences were encountered during the back and forth trips from building to building to catch various offerings; despite its massive attendance, few hassles due to crowding occurred--yet the pervading impression gained from the people I talked to was one of lethargic acceptance that Iggy was a poorly-run Worldcon and one must cope as best one could.

The desert-situated environment may have been the main culprit there. People, with the rare exception of those heat-loving individuals who must be throwbacks to our Saurian ancestors, were physically wiped out by the 103°+ temperatures. Walking the two blocks between the Adams Hotel and the Convention Center where the Art Show and Hucksters rooms were located was a self-imposed penance paid by fans for the interest in such things.

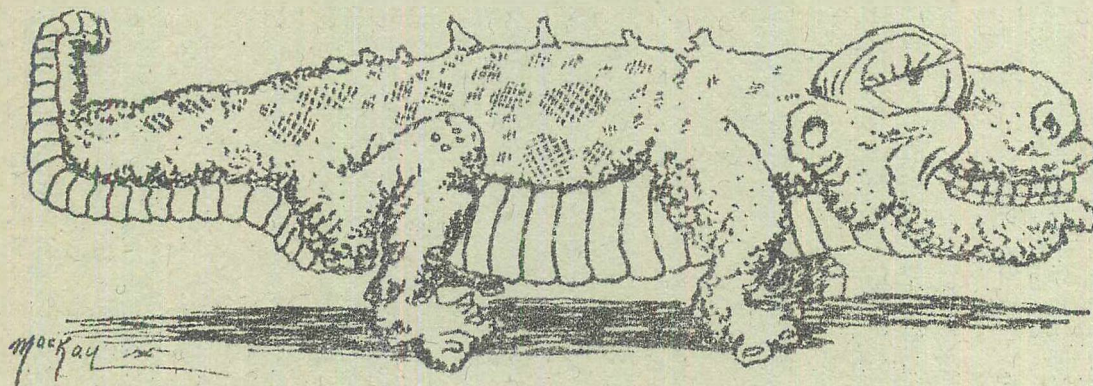
Some people, more sensible, simply stayed in their "home" hotel and enjoyed the aspects of the con that were contained therein, letting the rest go hang. The roasting they'd gotten during their trip into town had been warning enough. As the con drew closer to the end, more and more fans developed that particular viewpoint, and the traffic between buildings was markedly lessened.

The best-liked portions of the con, for Dave and myself, were, as usual, visiting with friends. Bill Bowers, the neglected Fan GoH, had the right idea: grab a seat in the lobby of the Adams and wait. Sooner or later everyone you wanted to see (and some you didn't) would pass by. That method seemingly worked better in the Adams than at the Hyatt. Though perhaps due to the size differential as much as because of construction materials, I found the glass-n-plastic Hyatt Atrium to be loud and confusing, where the smaller Adams lobby was more sedate and conducive to conversation. The Adams bar was also light-years ahead of the Hyatt's in atmosphere, as well as being more reasonably priced. We did spend a couple of evenings in the Hyatt, mostly at the Cincinnati Suite, appreciating its eye-of-the-storm quality where, as in the Adams lobby, most of the people you wanted to see eventually stopped in. Even there, though, the noise level would occasionally become unbearable, and those preferring quiet conversation would be forced to move on.

Dave and I caught few program items: the GoH Speeches by Ellison and Bowers, the Ellison Roast (only because the Stopas popped for the tickets) the premier of *WATERSHIP DOWN*, a couple of fan-oriented panels, the Faan Awards, the last round of the Trivia Bowl, and a visit or two to the Art Show.

That endeavor started out as an almost-complete Disaster. Moved at the last possible moment from its announced location, plagued by mix-ups and gone-astray equipment, suffering from under-sized quarters and poor scheduling, it was a wonder that it turned out as well as it did. Ken and Lou Moore, combatting pressure, inexperienced staff, as well as technical hassles, managed despite sore feelings and temper displays on the part of attendees, staff, and exhibitors, to bring some semblance of order out of the chaos. They knew not what they were getting into, and I cannot help but marvel that they expressed willingness to undertake the task yet again. Some fans are made of far sterner stuff than I can imagine...

We skipped the masquerade, the Hugo presentations, most of the panels, all but one item on the Film Program (and wished we had passed it over--the sound system was awful), and didn't feel we missed a thing. In effect, we tried to find as close a match to a reasonably sized regional as we could considering the sheer vastness of the Worldcon facilities, and almost succeeded in doing so. Though there was much to enjoy about Iggy, it may turn out to be my last Worldcon. For an expenditure of that much time, money and effort, I feel it logical to attend two or three regionals, spread more evenly through the year. Worldcons, as typified by Big Mac and Iggy, just aren't worth the bother.



MIDWESTCON; Cincinnati, 1979

Even this revered Ancient among regional conventions is suffering from growing pains. When relative newcomers to the circuit, such as Archon, hit attendance figures in the 500-700 range, it's no wonder that those who seek the more sedate "small" cons of 200-300 attendees have difficulties. The Cincinnati Fantasy Group, hosts of Midwestcon since its inception, displays the problems associated with shifting viewpoints due to changes in membership. There's an egoboo factor involved in hosting popular conventions, and catering to as many fans as possible is an undeniable temptation. Midwestcons, traditionally, are Relaxicons, the Make-It-Yourself type of event which offers little besides reasonably comfortable surroundings and opportunities to meet and relate to fellow fans. Bowing to pressures for larger facilities in order to deal with a larger attendance, Midwestcon was moved to a new site last year, which was used again for the 1979 edition.

Just as no site pleases every attendee, there are some fans who apparently like the Holidome. I am not among them, and to judge by the number and intensity of complaints, I'm not in the minority on this issue. I don't know if another spot will be chosen for 1980--conflicting rumors abound--but I will say that serious thought will be given to skipping the con if the Holidome is selected again. It's an over-priced, under-served, poorly maintained madhouse, and no one needs to have their nerves frayed by that sort of exposure.

With that out of my system, I think I can state that this year's convention was one of the best I've attended. Virtually everyone I wanted to see was there, there were many good conversations, a goodly number of enjoyable room parties, and even though the barcons were fewer and lesser in quality than in 78, a Good Time was had by all.

The weather had started off hot and humid, and the drive down from O'Hare Airport, with Tom Rose, turned out to be uncomfortable and sweaty, but cooler air moved in by Saturday, and people soon found it more refreshing outdoors than within the chlorine-reeking Holidome. Despite the all-night flight and six-hour drive, neither Dave nor I suffered from exhaustion as we had the year before. After we settled into our room, we went to the Offutt's for a picnic supper before setting off to party. Expecting to crash early out of tiredness, we wound up staying awake until the wee hours, apparently none the worse for wear.

Rising late on Saturday, we ate at the Bob Evans restaurant across the highway, and spent the remainder of the day wandering about, talking to people here and there; I went after goodies with Jodie while Dave conversed with Ted White and another fan in the room; we touched bases several times at Hank and Martha's room where a variety of fans ebbed and flowed throughout the weekend; and we simply went as the spirit moved us. Fun.

Come evening, we showered and changed, and joined the Becks, Jon and Joni Stopa, Yale Edeiken, Dana Seigal, Sid Altus, Larry Tucker, Leah Zeldes, and Midge Reitan at the banquet.

Perhaps it's due to my Catholic upbringing, or else to a streak of masochism that otherwise lies dormant, but I feel Obligated to attend Midwestcon Banquets. There's even a perverse pleasure in them. The food is mediocre (this year's menu hit a new nadir in that respect), the seats become more and more uncomfortable after an hour or so, the air-conditioner labors in vain as the room grows stuffier as the hours pass, it's hard to hear what people are saying only a seat or two away, and all in all you get far more for your efforts by going out to a nearby restaurant with four or five friends. Dave squirmed in his seat and cast puzzled glances at me as I listened attentively to the speeches, laughed and applauded in all the right places, and, in general, appeared to be enjoying myself--because I *am* having fun, though retrospectively, I can't understand why. I guess I'd rather attend the banquet than suffer the pangs of guilt for not paying my dues, so to speak.

Paula Smith and Steve Simmons presented Buck and Juanita with the proceeds from the Coulsons to Newcastle Fund, which was an expected success. The Mystery Guest of Honor was revealed by Andy Offutt as the perennial Toastmaster, Hoy Ping Pong--or to be more precise, his alter-ego, Bob Tucker. Lou Tabakow was his usual gravelly-voiced self, Pong/Tucker was in fine form, Bowers was finished with practice speeches, so once the various room parties were announced, the banquet was all over with. 1979 was much like all the previous years. What more can be said?

We hit several parties in what remained of the evening, and yakked with Ro and Lynn Lutz-Nagey, Jodie Offutt, Martha Beck, Joni Stopa, Ted White, Bob Tucker, and various and sundry fan until we collapsed, a bit earlier than we had the night before.

By Sunday the bods were beginning to protest the impositions we were placing on them, and my brain was definitely suffering from fatigue. While Dave sat down and talked with passers-by, I sat in on a few rounds of bridge with Larry Propp, Lynn Hickman, Yale Edeiken, Peggy and Bob Pavlat, and one or two others. They played more out of friendship than from any pleasure in the game--I've never botched up so badly at bridge since I first learned to play. Suppertime came and we went out with Larry Tucker, Leah Zeldes, and Bob Tucker in search of a Greek Restaurant. I sorely miss eating Greek food since moving out here, and was determined that unlike 1978, this year I'd get to feast on gyros! Naturally, the only Greek restaurant in the area was closed, so we settled for second choice; a Chinese place recommended highly by several friends, and weren't disappointed in the least. A delicious dinner with ghoud people for company.

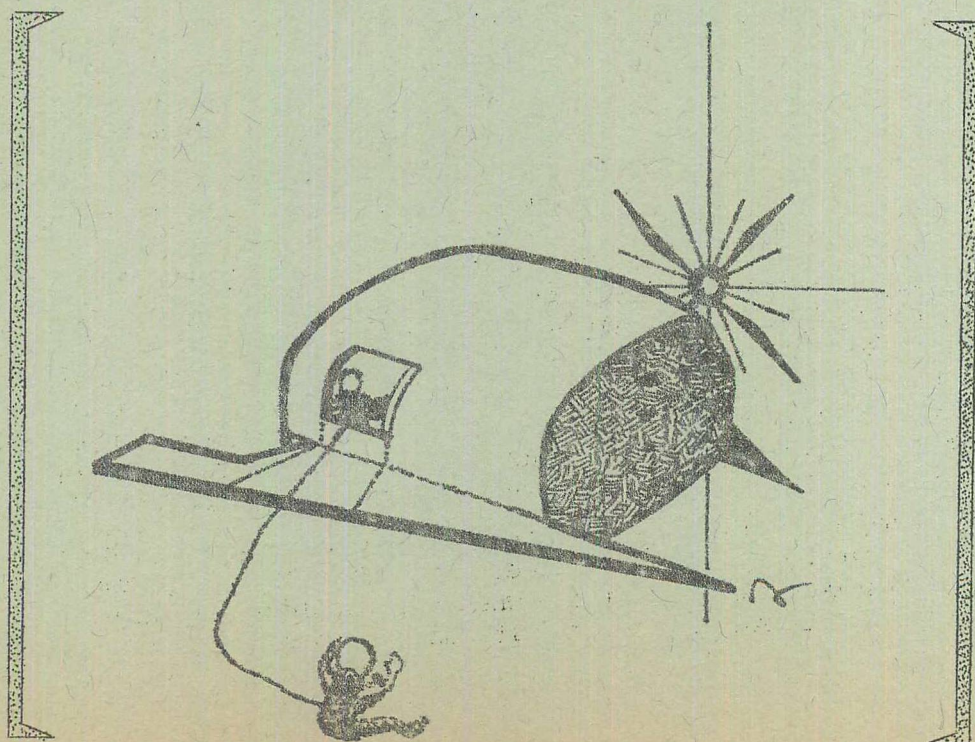
Returning to the Holidome, we wandered awhile before realizing that the best place for a party was our own room, and a dandy one, indeed, soon developed. It was one of the best Dead Dog parties I've been to, surprising when you consider we had no supplies to offer our guests. Like the DD events of yore, it was a Scrounge Your Own affair.

As the night dwindled away into the morning hours, the fans began to trickle off to their beds, leaving only Dave, Mike Glicksohn and myself in heavy conversation. I think my brains disintegrated along with the party, as I don't have much recollection of what was said, though I do recall reiterating the various doubts and pains resulting from my "exile" from what I consider to be my Home. Apparently I got hostile and nasty, and should offer Mike the deepest apologies for putting him through the strain of trying to talk sense to an irrational person. Reverberations from that particular event are still occurring.

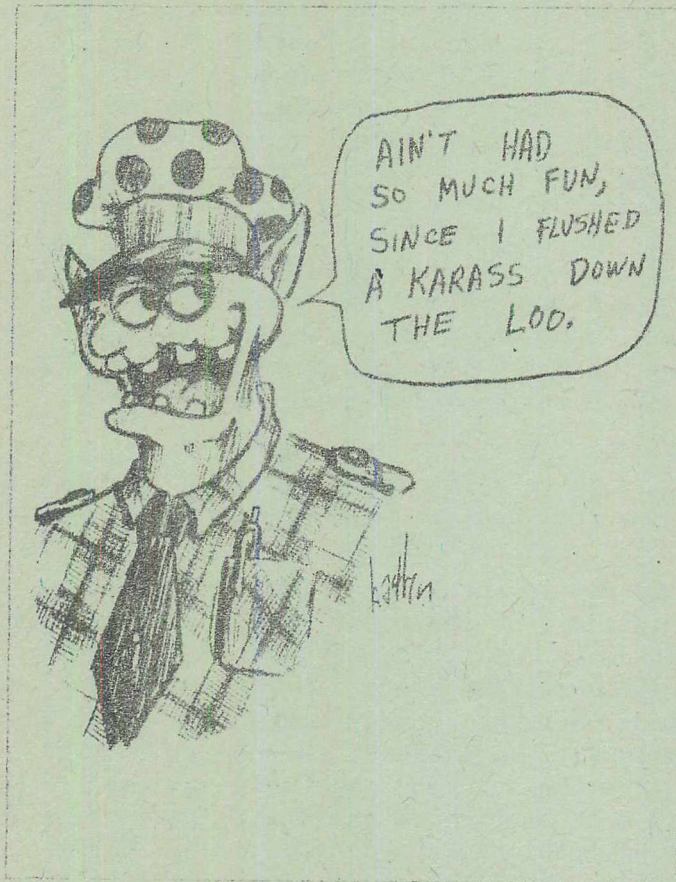
The next morning we packed and joined Jon and Joni and Mike Harper for the drive back to O'Hare. As uncomfortable as the ride down had been, and considering our strung-out mental and physical condition, we expected an equally rough return. Instead it proved to be a splendid trip. Joni's new Audi rode like a dream, the sun roof kept the car cool and quiet, and Jon's collection of tapes that we played on the stereo were delightful. The hours went by in blissful contentment.

Hank and Martha had asked us to stop by before leaving, so we detoured into Cedar Lake and spent several hours relaxing in the country atmosphere. I managed to bang up my leg in a typically dumb manner. We were rocking on the backyard swing, and the Beck's dog--an English Pit Terrier which has to be one of the dumbest, ugliest breeds in existence--kept dashing underneath us as we swung forward in our arc. On one such dash, he misjudged his timing, and my leg hooked him under the ribs; flipping him and crushing my calf against the underside of the swing. I thought I had broken it at first, but it didn't hurt enough to seem a fracture, and eyeing the swelling and purpling bruise warily, I declined Martha's suggestion that I see a doctor. It was just a nasty bruise, and it's still visible faintly now, after over two months.

Martha served tacos, both soft and hard shells, and after stuffing ourselves silly, Jon, Dave and I conked out in the living room. Joan Bledig, Ed Sugden, and another femmefan whose name I've forgotten, dropped by and finished off the remains of supper while we dozed, and soon it came time to gather what remained of our energies and make the last leg of the drive to O'Hare. The rest of the journey home is a blur, but obviously, we made it intact and even managed to get up the next morning! A memorable trip, and despite the sour note I inserted, an excellent con. It increased rather than decreased my urge to go back; which wasn't expected at all. Next year I don't envision having to travel 2,000 miles to Cincinnati--assuming I go to Midwestcon in the first place. Too many variables have entered the picture to even make a rough guess.



LETTERS



MILTON F. STEVENS (Sept. 25, 1978)
7234 Capps Ave. It seems as if
Reseda, CA 91335 some higher power ordained that

I would write a loc on Resolution #3. Sylvia cleaned the living room last week and that usually disturbs the fanzine stratification so that I can't find anything that I'm looking for. This must have been a fairly mild cleaning, because I was able to find the issue only three inches from the surface level on the coffee table. As I said, a higher power must have been in operation.

Victoria Vayne's article in File 770 sounds as if it should have been titled "A Critique of Impure Reasons." Articles defining things have always been popular in fandom, and the act of definition usually involves developing a construct which excludes everything but the thing defined. I suppose that people generally feel that they can't understand a thing until they can define it. This can be particularly disturbing if the thing to be understood is something important like God, love or fanac.

Another reason people need definitions might be related to Robert Ardrey's idea of Territory. According to Ardrey we have a sense of personal Territory that we inherited from our apelike ancestors. Of

course, humans can use symbols and apes can't. For that reason, I think that a human can regard an idea with the same attachment that an ape has for his personal bit of ground. Animals have a fairly simple way of staking out their personal territory; they urinate on the borders. Since it's sort of difficult to piss on an idea, a different technique is required. The quest for definitions may very well be related to our ancestral urge for borders.

I definitely regard fandom as my personal Territory. Naturally, I have a pretty good idea of the things which I consider to be in fandom and the things which I consider to be outside fandom. I don't necessarily like all things in fandom or dislike all things outside fandom, but the distinction does make a difference. In particular, I feel I should pay attention to the things I dislike in fandom, but I usually ignore things I dislike outside fandom.

The SCA, war gaming, and Star Trek organizations are examples of things which I consider to be outside fandom. I can ignore all those things unless there is a temporary reason not to. I pay at least some attention to all printed science fiction, but I ignore SF movies and TV programs unless they are generally discussed by fans.

Fanzines, conventions, and clubs are definitely in fandom. If I had all the time in the world, I'd like to know everything about fandom in the English-speaking world. Unfortunately, that's flatly impossible. As a matter of necessity, I have to establish priorities

for the various types of fanac, and I suppose that leads to a natural bias in favor of the types of fanac I regard as most important.

I think one danger that those who define boundries invariably face, is that by so doing, a condition of exclusion is automatically created, and occasionally people are being excluded who, by other lights and views, certainly belong in the group being defined. I know fans who are also fans of Star Trek, and others who are involved in war-gaming. I also know fans who have gotten so involved in these peripheral activities that, to all extents and purposes, they have left fandom itself and become fans of that activity instead. Some people have narrower "territories" than others, but that doesn't mean that others who have more all-encompassing boundries aren't in the same group. The danger becomes even more acute when attitudes are included in a person's definition of "Ins" and "Outs". Ten people may be part of a group for ten widely disparate reasons. Once you question a persons motives for belonging or participating in activities which fall within your mental "territory", and judge by those motives the right to belong, to participate, you've created an "elite", and sowed the seeds of dissension which could eventually destroy the very things you found so enjoyable in the group. There are areas within fandom that don't interest me, just as there are areas in fandom that I enjoy but which bore the tears out of some other fans. Perhaps that's what I find the most appealing about fandom; it's so wonderfully diverse.

VICTORIA VAYNE

P.O. Box 156, Stn. D
Toronto, Ontario
CANADA

(Sept. 13, 78) That's quite a lot for me to think about in your editorial...let's see if I can get this to make sense or into any semblance of order, in first draft.

Basically what I was getting at in my column for Glycer was that I can't respect, and don't like, what I perceive to be phoniness. That's stating it harshly--only a few cases I've seen are that clear cut. Probably no one fanacs for purely idealized motives; there's always a glimmer of an award somewhere to compete for, or a prize contributor to entice to one's fanzine pages from a "competitor", and egoboo to bask in. Although I know I have such motives to some extent as much as anybody I know, I also have the uncomfortable feeling that these aren't the best kind of motives I could have for doing what I do, and that I'd be happier if the things I did were done purely because they pleased me; independent of opinions, approbation, or criticism of others. But the pressures to conform are great, and although with me it's a point of honor to do things in my own way, I have to be aware consciously a lot of the time to do things "my" way, lest I slip into habit or conformity. This is my own private idiosyncrasy, hurts no one, and feels important to me.

In the same way, I feel happiest with myself, in respects to my fanac, when I feel I'm doing things in ways to please me. I feel, whenever I give in to some ulterior motive for doing something in some particular way, that I'm giving in to conformity pressures of a sort, and I see this as a sort of weakness. Maybe people would say this is being uptight; that this sort of attitude gets in the way of fun--but what is most satisfying to me in the long run, and gives me the most enjoyment, is to earn creative satisfaction honestly, in my own way, without compromising "me" in any way.

Now I have a great tendency to try to project my own beliefs in matters onto others--not missionary zeal so much as using the criteria with which I judge myself to judge the worth of others. But your own points--on things I admit I overlooked--are well taken.

Perhaps I'm wrong in saying that motives not the same as those I'd like to stick to myself are "wrong"--maybe I should just say that people's motives vary greatly, and those whose motives and ideals closely match the ones I like are going to be the people I'll seek out as friends. I just don't see any value in praise from the man who praises everything indiscriminately--it says nothing about the worth of my product because it gives nothing concrete to compare it to. It can feel good--for awhile. But it never amounts to anything I can either derive egoboo from, or learn from. There are people I know who deliberately seek out such people, feed on egoboo, and go away happy and believing through and through. Fine for them--they're happy and no harm is done. But from

where I stand, it still means nothing, and to me the product of those egoboo-seekers is still crap.

Your point--"Egoboo implies that a person is getting praised for something, which in its turn means that some people find what a person does worthy of praise. They enjoyed what has been done, and say so..."--is very well taken, and is something I admit I completely overlooked. Egoboo is a transaction between people, and if simple strokes please the giver and the receiver, that's fine. The transaction's been worthwhile on both sides. I admit I'm wrong when I condemn things that don't turn me on as wrong generally. They're wrong for me, they don't work on me, but I haven't any right to deny pleasure-giving things like that to others. As you point out, in the immediately following paragraph, I should not apply the limitations I set for myself to the others.

I set limitations for myself because I sort things in life out into Meaningful and Meaningless; and I have too little time to waste it on the Meaningless. This is why I'm willing to thank the person who praises everyone lavishly and indiscriminately nicely--because it makes him feel good and I'm not out to hurt people--but I'll go away not believing it; knowing myself where things are really at. I will not follow fashions that make you uncomfortable or wear shoes that hurt and prevent proper walking or wear cosmetics that irritate skin. Even if these didn't hurt me I still wouldn't use them since fashions and makeup give me no pleasure whatsoever, and the "Everyone does it" argument doesn't work with me. Only so much time, money, space, and materials are available to me; I prefer to put it all where it pleases me the most. My limitations are growing more automatic all the time, so I don't have to divert my energy in worrying about keeping to them any more. At the same time I think I get more mileage out of things available to me.

But are people being hurt? When everyone is following some particular trend and I buck the trend--say everyone in fandom flocks after a current popular favorite person and I do not go along, I could have my time wasted by hassles about why I'm not crazy about this person too, or by people trying to pressure me into contributing to this person's one-shot when I don't want to, or even being called names for not liking this person. I don't wind up forced to do anything I don't want to, but some of my time has been wasted. I've been inconvenienced for going against a trend. One should have the freedom to ignore things, or go against the stream, without hassles or interference. My friends don't have to be your friends; to use another angle.

Let's just say there are things I stand fast on, and there are things I admit I've stated badly or erred outright on. I don't like phoniness, and although there doesn't seem to be terribly much of it around in fandom, there is some, and I tend to spot it readily. I'm not impressed by props, and deifications, and plastic glitter. I have to leave them alone to enjoy themselves as long as they're not bothering me, but I want to be left alone to be unimpressed, unmolested, too.

You might find it interesting to poll your readers to find out how highly the FIAWOL outlook coincides with cases of people who, until they found fandom, were intensely alone. I don't mean just minimal contact, but cases where a person, other than going to work five days a week, spent five evenings and all weekends at home, alone, with solitary amusements like books; never having human contact (except the clerk at the all-night grocery) from Friday night until Monday morning. Cases where a person actually looks forward to Monday morning at work just for the sake of seeing other humans again. Cases where not only is there no person in the area to phone up for going out or just to yak, but not even anyone out of town within easy driving range. This sort of loneliness; the kind some people would call pathological. For someone with no friends at all, once contact with fandom is made and that person finds kindred souls and manages to open out to them, fandom will be everything and the only thing that person has. I find this disturbing to think about because it hits close to home--that intensely alone person was me, in 1972, close to suicide at one point and not long afterwards working on Stelazine. Okay, I'm fine, or at least much better, nowadays, but it doesn't surprise me today that the only social contacts I have are fans. From my point of view, FIAWOL comes from suddenly coming into a group of like mind from a complete void. The FIJAGDH person was quite adequately socialized before fandom, and retains all his contacts afterwards.

A discussion at IGGY touched on fandom as therapy--if the correlation between lonely people and FIAWOLers holds to a statistically significant degree, I'd guess that there are a lot of people that fandom "cured", or rescued from snake pits of various degrees. Not that they were crazy; but they may well have had their neurotic streaks amplified had they not found their social group. FIAWOLers are probably not closed to new contacts and new groups so much as having been rescued from initial loneliness by fandom. There is a difference, and I suspect most of them are not close-minded to new stimulating company.

Obviously, people are going to derive the deepest satisfaction from doing things which have aspects that touch upon a variety of pleasure-giving "buttons", but equally as obvious is the fact that everyone's "buttons" do not coincide 100%. I doubt if any person could find a single other person whose attitudes and ideals completely matched; we each find our friends among those whose interests and likes overlap our own to the greatest degree. You are a FIAWOLer. I am one as well, which is why I can sympathize with your struggles in attempting to develop a philosophy (of sorts--that's an overstatement, but true enough in some regards) that will envelop all your kindred spirits within fandom. (That I feel such a search is unlikely to succeed is beside the point--you find satisfaction in doing so, and no one has any right to say that's wrong.) The basic error, if it can be so labeled, is that you seem to confuse FIAWOLers with fandom itself. Not all fans are that involved with fandom, not even all FIAWOLers. In fact, I think there are some self-professed FIJAGDHers who actually participate in more areas of fandom, or to a deeper degree in more limited areas, than those who feel that fandom forms the bulk of their social world. I tend to agree, though without a shred of evidence to buttress that belief, that most FIAWOLers were lonely people before they came upon fandom. I wasn't physically lonely, as you imply you were, but I was psychically lonely--there was no one I felt at ease with when it came to tastes in reading material (in fact, when it came to reading itself), disdain for social conventions, interests in science and behavior, or my own tendencies toward self-examination. When I found fandom, I was overjoyed to find so many people I could relate to all in one spot, so to speak. With one or two exceptions, everyone I call "friend" is a fan. I find satisfaction and pleasure in participating in fandom, and I particularly enjoy the feeling that the other fans are enjoying it as much as I am. I don't question motivations, because I consider them as being of no consequence. If it works for you, if your reasons for being here bring you pleasure, then whatever those reasons are, they don't affect, and most certainly don't offend, me. The concept of fandom-as-Therapy holds true in many cases, but certainly not all. Some people's neuroticisms are amplified by being in fandom, but I don't find that to be distressful to me. It's axiomatic that no one is perfectly adjusted; everyone is neurotic to one degree or another, so it seems to make little sense to me to accuse others of neurotic behavior--we're all in that boat, though our handicaps may lie in different aspects of our personalities. As far as being hassled for not joining in fannish trends, I've had my share of that as well, but I consider it a small price to pay for the benefits I get from being in fandom. Fandom is so much better than what I had before, that there is no comparison, and if I have to say on occasion that I have a right to my own beliefs, and that I don't wish to be hassled for having such beliefs, I don't have to do it as often in fandom as I did outside of it, and I don't have to protest as strongly as I did outside. Fans have a greater tendency than the general run of the population to let you live your own life, and still remain within the group. In mundania, it's far too often a case of "Conform or Withdraw"; and it's the rare individual who can cope with that situation when conformity would cost them their own sense of self. In other words, I look for areas in fandom that suit me, rather than looking for areas where it doesn't, because there is so much in life that already ill suits me, I can't see any point in adding to that list. It's enough for me to bask in that fact that there is so much here I find Good and Worthwhile, that I'd rather not go looking for worms. I do, however, admit they exist.

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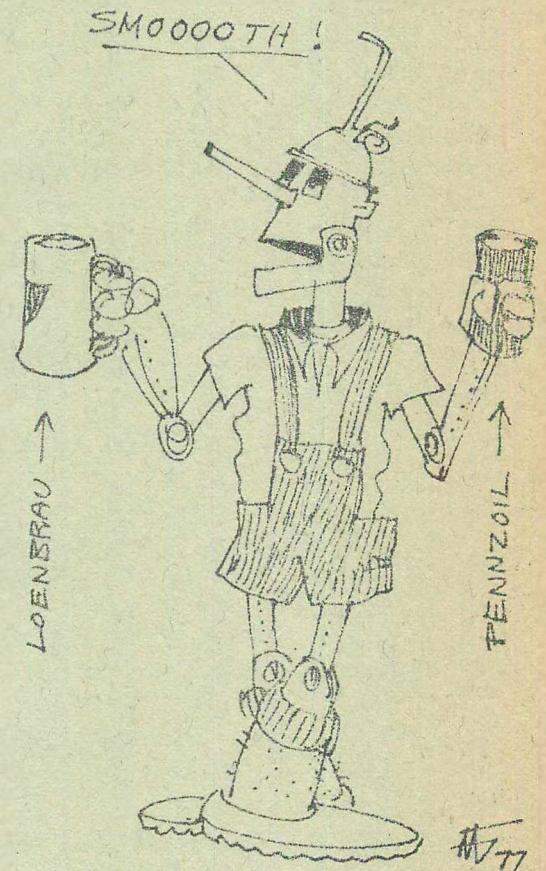
(Oct. 26, 78) You have long hours. It is difficult to squeeze things into whatever one's schedule may be. I really think there is so much to read, see, do, write, etc., that it is difficult to squeeze in even a minor portion, especially when I am seized by apathy or ennui or whatever. There are a tremendous number of things to do here in San Francisco, which is one of the reasons I moved here.

I've been unhappy with my job for 4½ years, which, amazingly enough, is how long I've been working at my present job. It pays fairly well, but still... I still really like Midwest convention fandom a tremendous amount and I haven't met a great many people out here, especially since there are few conventions. Westercon was really large. It made me extremely (read that EXTREMELY!!!!) angry that the only convention-sponsored party that I knew of, was an invitation-only party. Where are all the parties that are at Midwest conventions?

Enjoyed the article on Sonic Scavenging. I like stereo. Materially speaking, stereo equipment is one of my main interests, next to my car, which I am considering selling. My 76 VW Rabbit is constantly plagued by problems. My tremendous luck in relation to accidents does not help. Though San Francisco has a fantastic bus system, not having a car takes away a little feeling of freedom. I keep reminding myself that without car payments, insurance payments, gasoline, and repairs I could fly to conventions and take cabs. It could not, no way, cost more, and it would probably cost less. I want to go to England so badly... I think I wandered. My stereo hasn't broken down. I need a new cartridge for the turntable, and I'd love to have a cassette player in addition to the reel-to-reel I already have, and it would be nice to have one more turntable and all the records and tapes I'd love to buy...argh.

Re: Close Enough For Fan Writing: I once had this idea about everyone wearing a little Stop Light pin, with five lights, ranging from deep green to dazzling red. You could make appropriate responses to questioning looks or blatant propositions. As to getting people to go home, I have been known to gently push Denise's head down on the table and remark to all how tired Denise was suddenly getting. She is a far greater partyer than I, usually. I tend to fall asleep, and I prefer my own bed. At times I put my coat on and pace back and forth and open and close the door. I usually only do this at friend's houses, who know my shortcomings and are forgiving, for the most part.

During those years when I was unemployed, my greatest frustration was the lack of enough time. Now that I have to devote a healthy chunk of each weekday to earning a living, I find the lack of time to be almost insurmountable in handicapping my "leisure-time" interests. No time to draw, to paint, to read, to sculpt, to study, to write, to...well, you have the same situation, so you should know what I mean. Unless a job were related in some way to my interests, I will dislike/resent whatever work I'm doing, mostly because of the time spent there when there's so many other things I'd rather be doing. But then, there are few people who don't fit that situation, so at least I'm not alone in my resentment. //I wouldn't mind up-grading the stereo system Dave and I listen to, but since it suits Dave just fine, and doesn't actually annoy me, I suppose I'll be saved the temptation and spared a lot of expense. Now that I work at Pioneer, though, I'm finding it harder and harder to dismiss a growing urge to BUY! Employee discounts and opportunities to hear and evaluate different grades of systems,



and a developing taste for music that you can delve into and which is enhanced by good sound reproduction, all combine to whet my appetite for better equipment. I'm still resisting; but I am weakening...//Dave and I still haven't developed a set of Signals. The subject's been discussed, but nothing's been put into practice. Right now our basic approach seems to rely heavily on a hope in telepathy--if I think about it hard enough, the message will get across--which, since neither of us is telepathic, creates a barrier to communication. Sometimes the one will "pick up" on the message and make gestures towards the action you desire, but most of the time Blunt Statements have to be made in order to achieve one's goal.

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(Jan 19, 79) Your editorial concerns indirectly one of my problems. I don't mean to pass judgment on whether a desire for egoboo is among reasons some fans go to conventions. But more and more, I've been feeling out of touch with fandom and neofan-

nish because there's a constant increase in the number of names in fanzines which are unfamiliar to me, simply because I don't attend cons oftener than two or three times a decade. I dread the next con I attend, in a sense, because I know there will be embarrassing confrontations with big name convention fans whom I won't know how to talk to, simply because I know nothing about them. Fortunately, you're careful in this issue to refer to almost everyone by full name in the con chatter. My problem is worst when I read a conreport in which last names are omitted and I have trouble figuring out if the individual mentioned by first name is a fanzine fan I know, or someone in convention fandom with the same given name.

The question of a Worldcon Fanzine ties in with all this from the other direction, of course: I'd like to have myself known to many convention fans who have never heard of me, and one way would be to get mentioned in a fanzine which would go to all the convention members who see only the huge circulation fanzines. But I had no better luck than the other locolumn contributors in thinking of a way to get fanzine material into progress reports. Some of them already carry material not directly related to the forthcoming con. If some future Worldcon committee happened to be stuffed with fanzine fans, maybe they could either reprint some outstanding fan material in each PR, or invite some first-rate fanzine editor to produce a mini-fanzine with new material in each PR. If the material were carefully chosen, to reflect the true pleasures of fanzine fandom, without being too esoteric for fringe fans to comprehend, some of the heathen might be converted.

Dean Grennell's article was intensely interesting to me, because I've accumulated a substantial amount of stuff off radio and television on tape through the years. One possibility he doesn't mention is use of open reel tape recorders instead of cassettes even in this day and age when the open reel concept is generally considered outmoded. It still has its advantages. I'm using a Woolensack which I bought 17 years ago and haven't needed to spend a penny on for repairs so far, although its heads are becoming so worn that a replacement will be necessary soon. Once I thought cassette recording would be more convenient, bought an inexpensive machine, and it refused after about three months to do more than growl at me. I've never had it repaired, partly because the repair bill might exceed its original cost if it took a couple of hours and several new parts, partly because I discovered that the ease of handling a cassette is the only real advantage of that style of taping. I can get six hours of recording on one 1,800 foot reel of tape. That seven-inch tape occupies about the same amount of space to store as four cassettes. If it breaks, even a fumbler like me can splice it quickly and neatly, while an accident to a cassette tape is a dreadful chore to repair. The agony of trying to decide if you'll run out of tape before what you're taping is finished happens only half as often with open reel tape (assuming you're putting four mono tracks on an 1,800 foot reel and comparing that with four 90-minute cassettes). It's easier to look at the jottings on one box and find what you want to play back than to shuffle through four cassettes for the same purpose. You can shift to a higher speed if you want the very best quality of sound, something the normal cassette recorder can't do, although someone has just produced one that runs at 3-3/4 ips in addition to the usual speed.

I have my eyes on a Sony reel-to-reel recorder as a replacement for the Wollensack: it's not much larger than a good cassette tape deck and it offers the 1-7/8 ips speed which would enable me to get three hours uninterrupted recording of long spoken word stuff.

The fannish time-stream, already quick when compared to that of mundania, is faster in convention fandom than in general fandom. I haven't been away from conventions very long--by fanzine standards I wouldn't even be considered "gone"--yet I ran across people who were apparently well-known by other fans who I'd neither seen before or had heard of at each of the cons I've attended in the last two years. For someone who harks from the days when ALL fans were FANZINE fans, it must be even more disconcerting. I don't know if it possible to make each "camp" better known to the other. Some convention fans can become known to fanzine fans; if by no other means than being mentioned in con reports, but who sees fanzine reports in convention publications? (I won't even mention the sad number of fans who ever read convention progress reports: the bulk of those who do, in my experience, have been fanzine fans.) Fanzine fans recognize some convention fans, if only by name, whereas few "pure" con fans know of any fanzine fan...unless they attend conventions as well as participate in zines. As far as I can tell, that last group is the only group who could do anything about a Worldcon Fanzine, but I fear their numbers are small, almost as small as their interest (since most of that group are publishers, and well realize the expense and hassle involved in such an endeavor.)//I assume you've checked into the 10" reels offered as options on today's new reel-to-reels? (Or, since Pioneer doesn't say that theirs is an exclusive, I assume other brands sell such an option too.) That would increase the number of uninterrupted listening; one of the advantages of a reel-to-reel over cassette. However, I can't fully agree with the "drawbacks" of cassettes that you mention. Dave, for instance, has a little repair kit that he picked up at a Radio Shack that enables him to splice broken cassette tape with the same ease as you can reel-to-reel tape. Since the speed is slower, the "glitch" isn't as noticable as less "material" is being removed. We store our cassettes with spines up, and list contents on the labels so they can be read as easily as listings in a magazine. I can't see how larger boxes would make that any simpler. I think, too, that you're right in considering buying a new unit rather than investing in repairs. As I work in the Parts Department of Pioneer, I know how difficult it is to get repair parts on machines that are considered "ancient" when only ten or eleven years old. Unless the heads that your machine used were used in newer models, there isn't a chance you'd find a single one in anyone's stock. Seven years is the longest repair parts for electronic machines have to be continued in manufacture. Generally the last of those are gone in another two or three.

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(Oct, 16, 78) I'm sure Dean gets a lot of fun out of tinkering with his apparatus, but he's going the hard way about getting listenable music. Much simpler to hie doon to one's friendly local library, check out whatever quantity of records is

allowable, and tape what pleases you from the assortment. Quicker, easier, and, assuming you have some idea of what you like to begin with, you don't have to listen to so much garbage in order to get it. Quality of a library recording may not be top touch, But I don't think Dean looks for high-fidelity in radio broadcasts. If you have friends who also enjoy music, the task is even easier. We have songs taped from the libraries of people as far removed from one another as Gene DeWeese, Boyd Raeburn, and Alan Dodd.

Incidentally, I've never encountered anyone else with the same model Ampex cassette that we have, but it's the Rolls Royce of cassette player as far as sound quality goes. Reproduction is quite often indistinguishable from the original recording.

We arrived at Windycon about midnight Friday. Hotel was a bastard, as usual for Windycon hotels. (The Con Committee evidently surprised the Arlington Heights Hilton last year, and it provided unusual quality, but this year it had discovered that Windycon hotels aren't supposed to give good service.) Room was big enough; biggest refrigerator I ever

slept in, in fact. There was a thermostat which wasn't adjustable until one took it apart, which I didn't feel like doing after a long drive and several hours of partying. I wrestled with it on Saturday morning, and the temperature promptly went up to 90°-- it had been a firm 62° on Friday night. Eventually, by Saturday night we got a more or less reasonable temperature. Meanwhile, Juanita was worrying about Bruce and Lori, who had been supposed to arrive later Friday and crash with us, but hadn't. The worry was enhanced by the "Message" light in our room coming on, and Juanita calling the desk to be told there was no message. (Once they said the light wasn't on, while she was standing there staring at it.) Turned out Bruce couldn't get away until Saturday morning, and he had sent a message--which was never delivered. He told us about it when he arrived. Hotel never did deliver it, though the "Message" light came on at least 6 times.

I didn't see much of the program, as usual. Bob Shaw's speech was very good; only speech I've ever listened to which woke me up. Half asleep when I came in to sit down, I expected to be snoring by the time it was over. Instead, I very gradually got wider awake the longer Shaw talked, until by the end of the speech I was fully aroused. Now that's humor with a punch to it! I also attended the art auction long enough to buy Corinna Frank's "cover painting" for TRANSVESTITES OF GOR; I couldn't resist.

Very nice batch of parties though. I spent time with George Fergus, Sam and Mary Long, Eric Lindsay, Lan, Ann Passovoy, the Miesels, and so on. Got in my longest conversation with Mary Long. (I considered going into a long, gothicky routine about how you have been replaced in my affections at this point, but I don't think I could keep it up.)

Richard Brandt has no taste. "Star Wars" is space opera. Unfortunately, "Close Encounters" is flying-saucer opera. Worse, it's supposed to be dramatic and emotionally involving, and anyone who could get emotionally involved in it has the emotional values of a 10-year-old. (Bitter tonight, aren't I?)

A much simpler solution to the problem of Worldcon fan awards is to abolish them. Everyone seems to agree that they're meaningless--but nobody is willing to get rid of an expensive, meaningless award. Fans are either illogical, hypocrites, or both. (Guess which answer I pick?) Victoria Wayne wants to bring some meaning "back" to the Fan Hugos. Back? When did they ever have any, that they could be brought back to that point"

Your answer to Vereschagin seems to be that it's all right to talk about someone behind their back, as long as they never find out about it. You didn't really mean that, did you? But as for Trekkies and Trekkers; they're the same people, whatever you call them. Insisting on the use of a euphemism does not change the opinion of the writer/speaker, or the impact of his remarks. It's a nice, cheery hypocrisy for people who dislike realities. (Sure it makes your social life easier; you get along with people you might offend otherwise. Do you really want to get along with them in a hobby area where their good will is essentially meaningless to you?)

Actually there can be only one or two fans who are genuinely FIAWOL. Dick Geis is reported to make a living from his fanzine. There may be others, but I don't know of them. Otherwise, fans must interact with non-fans, at least enough to earn a living. (Writing professional Science Fiction doesn't count in FIAWOL; the phrase is "Fandom", not "Science Fiction Is A Way Of Life".) So what it comes down to is how you spend your social life--with whoever happens to be your neighbors and coworkers and relatives, which is the mundane method, or with fans exclusively, which is the so-called FIAWOL approach, or with a mixture of the two. Anybody around who spends all their social life with fans? We don't, though we come close; as it happens, nearly all of our close friends happen to be fans. (But not quite all...) Is FIAWOL actually a myth?

We record off of library copies for much of the music in our collection, but if it weren't for listening to the junk on the radio, in many cases we wouldn't be aware of which records/groups we wanted to listen to. While some favorites were first encountered via recommendations of friends, others were accidentally tripped upon while listening to radio. I tend to favor a mix of both methods, with a bit of a tilt towards taping-off-records (purchased or borrowed). //Leave the gothic comments to Juanita; she's the expert in that field; you're better at short, nasty



one-liners that fit into humor books.//Maybe I liked "CEOTK" because I saw it more as a "First Contact" story than a UFO flick, even though I'd been led to expect a Flying Saucer Cult-type film. Just another example of Beauty, or Art, or Enjoyment, being in the eye of the beholder.//Ask Victoria.//No, I didn't say that it's okay to talk about someone behind their back as long as they never hear of it. (I'm tempted to write that's it's all right even if they do find out...) I'm saying that an insult takes two--one to do it and one to be hurt by it. Stating something that "could be taken as an insult" by someone else is not actually insulting them, not if they haven't seen or heard of it. I will admit that it is darn close, though...//I think even writing SF, if you sell only to former fannish cronies, could still fall into the FIAWOL category, especially when you consider some sercon fans who seem to feel that the production and perfection of SF is a sacred duty. All fans aren't frivolous, after all (just most of us...)

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(Sept. 12 78) Occurs I've not yet emitted a (excuse expression) LOC on R3. Sorry 'bout that; try to make it all up to you, starting now.

I like Randy's coverillo.

If 'cacoethes scribendi' is the 'itch to write', as I've been told, I lack the fluent command of Greek, Latin, Sanskrit/wotever to extrapolate the corrolary (corollary? yeah, I guess) phrase for itch to publish. Like, I dunno how to say it because I ain't got the bugger. My publishing itch is under taut control these days of the latter '70s. 'Twas not always thus. I used to be fri'fly intemperate about such things. Put out 50-page Grues and sometimes 30-page Bleens the same mailing and was endlessly in hock to the kazock with the local office supply firm, back in the Fond du Lac days. Fortunately, the malady responded to penicillin, long walks and cold hip-baths.

Actually, the past year or three, I've published more than 8 pages, time permitting and motive available. Please don't ask me to explain why as it puzzles me, too.

Long ago I came around to realize that this was what I was supposed to be doing for fun and when it stopped being fun, why do it? I guess what really put a fair dinkum crimp in my clotting up the postal capillaries was when I started Doing It For Money, circa '57-'58ishlike. Prior to that, huddling next to a warm typer of an evening was fun and a relaxing change from putting up with stale slok from furnace dealers 60 hours a week. When I started having to generate copy for various publishers against deadlines, by the time I rushed the output to the postoffice and lofted it off amid a csmall fortune in air/mail/special delivery postafe, going back home to cut gestencils didn't seem all that therapeutic, somehow. Well, so it goes, or went.

Latterly, I still am the nemesis of vast acreages of pulpwood, but it has come round full circle to the point where fangab once again has a legitimate place in my activity. The commercial stuff is under some degree of constraint as to subject and general handling--though some readers of the pub for which I strive and glean my paychecks would hoot in derision at the statement. When I do fanstuff, I can blank out a few of the censor circuits and be my barefoot self, more or less. That, in its own way, can prove usefully groovy.

Well, a couple of feetnote to the sonic scavenging epic, okay? The Radio Shack tuner/amp is back playing well as ever and I blush to elucidate. It seems the reason it didn't want to play out the one

Well, a couple of feetnote to the sonic scavenging epic, okay? The Radio Shack tuner/amp is once more on the bunk and I really can't make up my mind whether to send it in for repair again or use it as a test medium for planet-wrecker-grade reloads. At the moment, I lean toward the latter course.

The good news is that the cheapie tuner/amp is back playing as well as ever and I blush to elucidate. It seems the reason it didn't want to play out of one side is that I hadn't looked at the terminals on the back closely enough when I hooked up the speakers. Instead of connecting one speaker cord to the Left and the other to the Right outlet, I'd connected one to the left of the A circuit and the other to the left of the B circuit and left it programmed to come out the A circuit alone. Like a photographer shooting a scene in both black/white and color, when the situation resolved itself, I viewed things with mixed emulsions. I was so glad to get the gallant little gizz working again, but mortally chagrined that I'd flubbed to heroically. Sheeg.

By the way, the brand of good tape cassettes is Maxell, not Maxwell, as appears in R3. Maxwell was Jack Benny's car; the tapes are Maxell. Dave may recall the chaste little placard displayed in the back window of the Buick Wildcat I used to have that proclaimed:

Genuine Maxwell Parts.

(Would you believe genuine Elsa Maxwell parts?)

Ah yes, Dave and his Idea Book. In the days ('46-'63) when I eked out a living selling heating equipment, my employer used to distribute neat little spiral-bound pocket notebooks by way of lagniappe to the customers and when I left, being a provident soul, I laid in a supply of them that should---at the current rate of consumption---last well into the 21st century. I always have one in my left shirt pocket, along with my cojonepoint pen, as you may have noted. They are carried in case a bright idea flickers across my mental screens, full mindful of how ephemeral my memory is about such things. I have filled innumerable quires of the things and still have most of them kicking about. In the highly unlikely event that anyone ever essays to do a biography of me, or---failing that---if an archeologist ever gets his hands upon them, I've nothing for the hapless sod but sincere pity and commiseration. They don't make much sense, even to me and I wrote the buggers. I'll Spare you the quoting because it'd drive you up the wall and if you ran any random samples, it'd give your readers terminal dyspepsia of the cerebrum and outlying environs. Sheeg, I'd sooner try to synthesize a column out'n one of Dave's idea books, anytime, than one of mine.

It'd be an amusing project, perhaps, to swap about and have me trying to rig one from his and vice versa. Not sure if the world is really ready for that, nor if it'll ever be.

I have a marginal note here, regarding the next item. I'll quote it verbatim: "All con reports tend to make me devoutly grateful I didn't go to that con." Imho, avoiding s-f cons is a Way Of Life. S-f fanning is just a goddam hobby.

*Apparently mistakes in hooking-up speaker terminals to receivers is the most common cause of "poor reception", "one-channel doesn't work", and similar symptoms. I know I'd feel like disappearing into an outlet if I managed to screw up the really simple instructions: only thing is, they're so simple a lot of people never read the darn things!//Working where I do, I'm now aware of the correct spelling of Maxell. *Ahem* Sometimes, your eyes see what they darn well want to instead of what's there...//I don't see Dave going into paroxysms of delight over your suggestion. Methinks he believes your debription of your Idea Book's contents. You shouldn't have been so honest if you really wanted to arrange a swap. Challenges appeal to Dave, as they do to most people, but no one wants to assume an impossible task.//As a con fan, I suppose all I can do is go "Hmmpphh!" with as much grace as I can muster, and depart with head hung low...*

DAVE HULAN

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(Sept. 30, 78) The point I wanted to be sure to make anent your interpolation in Mike Glicksohn's letter, "Bite they tongue! Even the native Californians I've met aren't enchanted with L.A."

Now, it's true that most Angelenos aren't infected with that peculiar form of congenital blindness that makes a large proportion of the inhabitants of cities like San Francisco, New York, New Orleans, and Boston regard the rest of the world as a vast wasteland. Most Angelenos have lived some other place first, and even the natives tend to travel a lot--when you have to drive an hour or more to visit friends in the "local area", you get to regard distances rather casually compared with people who are used to more compact cities. I'm not a native Californian, but since you put "even" in your statement, and I've lived here for fifteen years, I presume my comments should be relevant.

And my feeling about LA is that it has its faults, but that nevertheless it has fewer than anywhere else. In some part this is due to work--in my profession, the only real alternatives are Rochester, NY, New England, and the Bay Area; anywhere else would limit my choices far too much. Rochester and New England are out for me; aside from the miserable climate they both "enjoy" (which would be enough in itself), I haven't cared much for the general attitude of the local people any time I've been in either place. Just the minor things like airport personnel, hotel clerks, people in stores, and the like--they act like they're doing you a big favor to do their job. This isn't unheard of in LA, but I run into it maybe a quarter of the time or less; back there I don't think I've ever failed.

Given freedom from work pressure I wouldn't have any serious objections to living in Seattle, or San Diego, or Santa Barbara (though the latter would be tolerable only because of the proximity of LA). And I wouldn't have any objections to living in the Bay Area at all, though I prefer to San Jose-Palo Alto area to San Francisco itself (which is just as well since that's where all the optical companies are).

Now, I can understand why you'd like to get back to the Midwest; you've left a lot of friends back there, and it's natural to miss them. And you live in what I consider a pretty scrungy part of the LArea; I understand that it's because of Dave's work, but it's bound to jaundice your view of things by comparison with living in a neighborhood with more class (like say Santa Monica-West LA, or coastal Orange County, or even the West Valley--which is too damn hot, but otherwise not too bad, or at least it wasn't ten years ago when I was living there). LA isn't very homogeneous, even in climate. But though I can understand why you would like to move away, I take exception to your implication that your attitude is practically universal, or even common, among residents of the area. Even if I could leave I probably wouldn't, because there's nowhere I like enough better on other counts to balance the fact that I have a number of good friends here.

There are other good places. If people want to live in places I don't even think are good, that's fine; if they all crowded into LA, it would cease to be as pleasant as I find it. Far too many of them have already, as far as that goes. If you and Dave take off to live elsewhere I'll be sorry, because Dave is a great friend from a long time back, and I like you too although we've never gotten to know one another all that well. But it's pointless to live somewhere you're not comfortable, and that's a very personal matter. On the other hand, don't imply that everyone here shares your discomfort; I was completely comfortable in LA by the time I'd been here a couple of days, and have never regretted my move in the least. The faults of the area are real, but they're easier for a lot of people to endure than the alternatives.

I think the fanzine fans who want to make the Fan Hugos meaningful probably readily admit that Worldcons are run by a different stripe of fan. They just don't think they should be. (At least, I've met few fanzine fans who seemed quite that blind to reality, though some perhaps came close.) I don't see why anyone should expect things to change at this late date; the fan Hugos never have been meaningful, after all. They've always--or almost always--gone to the fanzine with the biggest circulation. Look how many of the FANTASY TIMES won, and it was a terrible fanzine--LOCUS is infinitely superior. first few

Until one defines FIAWOL, it's not so easy to either defend or attack it. I'd say the great majority of my social contacts are fannish; except for a few of Marcia's co-workers, I rarely see any non-fans in my home or theirs. On the other hand, the fans I see most are people whose association with fandom isn't all that close these days. I met them through fandom (counting the Mythopoeic Society as part of fandom, which I do), but neither they nor I are all that wired up in "fannish" doings. Except for the Petard meetings maybe eight or nine times a year, and maybe one or two other specifically fannish things like a convention here and there, or a party that isn't a Petard meeting, nothing in my relationships with these fans has anything more to do with fandom than do similar relationships with some of Marcia's work associates who've never heard of fandom. I belong to a couple of apas, in both of which I do little more than minac, and occasionally I publish a zine for general circulation, on the average of maybe once or twice a year. Does this make me a FIAWOL type? I don't think so--but then all my good friends, and most of my other social contacts, are people I met through fandom. And that's what a lot of people use as a definition. Dave's a lot more active doing fannish things than I am, but he has more close non-fannish friends than I. Which of us is more FIAWOL?

Sorry Dave, but "native" means a person who was born in a particular area. You're an "immigrant" by that standard. You chose to live here, and in so doing, are far more apt to feel especially kindly thoughts toward your own selection. I have met Native Californians who thought L.A. okay; none who rhapsodized about it very much. By and far the majority (I can only recall three N.C.s who stated otherwise) didn't particularly care for L.A., would move northward (in one case, southward) in a second, if given the opportunity. I did exaggerate when I made that remark to Mike, but it was reasonably accurate. I also did not say the "majority of Angelenos" or even the "majority of Californians"; I said "the native Californians I've met..." (emphasis added). //I also don't consider Torrance a scroungy area. There are nicer areas, but unless one is a millionaire, or close to it, none that appeal to me any more strongly than this one. We're relatively clear of smog (being but 2-1/2 miles from the ocean in two directions), we're not in a slum, and we're convenient to the types of shopping areas we use most frequently. Decent restaurants are all around us, and movie theatres. The only drawback is we're too far from the freeways, and it takes us forever to get anywhere. //Total agreement on the Fan Hugos. They never were much of an indication of fanzine fans' tastes, and I don't see any way that they could be changed to reflect that view. For them who consider it important, the Faan Awards seem to make far more sense, but look how much support they're getting... //Though I've occasionally used the reasoning that "if you're a fan, and all your friends are fans, then of course you're a FIAWOLer!", it has generally been done in jest. I'd rank you and Dave about equal on a FIAWOL scale--and that at about the bottom third of the scale. You both define yourselves far more by your occupations than you do by your amusements, and you both consider fandom as just that; an amusement. As for definitions, I tend toward the paraphrase of my favorite one for SF--FIAWOL is what it is that I point toward when I label it as such. Since "Fandom" is such a nebulous concept itself, how can it be otherwise?

JODIE OFFUTT

Funny Farm

Haldeman, KY 40329

(Sept. 19, 79) I heartily agree with your advice and philosophy in regard to fandom and its facets: Relax and Enjoy.

I think we all have a tendency when we're young fans--I don't mean young in years, I mean new to fandom(I'm trying to avoid using fannish terms)--towards over-involvement and over-zealousness. We're very intense with a new discovery nad want to analyze, proselytize, homogenize, and legitimize. We also expect everyone else to be just as serious about it as we are, and get very annoyed at other, more experienced fans (especially) who ought to know better than to be so frivolous and disinterested in the seriousness of being a fan.

It takes time and experience to reach the point where your greatest joy at a con is seeing your friends. That's probably because it takes time to reach the friendship point, and a lot of cons under the belt.

I think you've described a common route newcomers to fandom take; very few of us manage to avoid it completely during our "early" years. Sadly, some of us continue on the "Fandom is Serious" route...until it becomes an obsession rather than a pasttime.

DAVE LOCKE

3650 Newton #15
Torrance, CA 90505

(Undated) Your stand, on the issue that Victoria brought up in FILE 770, is expressed so thoroughly and so well that you make it difficult for people to find another word to say about it. I remember reading Victoria's column and finding it a statement of ethical position which begged so hard to be parodied that I almost couldn't resist the temptation. I finally decided I didn't have the heart to possibly shock Victoria that much. Let a kind friend lead her to understand what she really was communicating with that essay.

Mr. Grennell's arkle stand as a testament to the man's ability to amuse me on subjects that I don't give two shits about. May Roscoe help us if he ever takes up the hobby of collecting Donald Duck and Uncle Scrooge Comic books--I don't think my system could handle the strain.

David Vereschagin says that if fan awards "become something actively sought after and become something to compete for, then I think we could question their value." Personally, the thought of winning a fan award makes me cringe, and I don't slant my material and my exposure toward a goal of laying hands on one. However, I don't question the values of someone who does make some sort of effort to get in there and compete. I ascribe to Mike Glicksohn the terrible sin of busting his ass to deserve the BEST LOC WRITER awards, but somehow I can contain my terrible outrage at this because Mike has, no doubt unknowingly, amused me abundantly with the byproduct of his labors: a lot of very well-crafted, interesting letters of comment. I hope someday the temptation is too great for him and he succumbs to seeking another Best Fanzine type of award, or turns heavily to other areas of fanwriting for recognition there, too. Ah, competition. Does it sound undemocratic to you, David?

Jackie, you comment to me: "What I resent is the accusation that FIAWOLers are 'cutting themselves off' from the rest of the world." One could never blame you for resenting the accusation, but I am surprised when you state: "that I disagree with, strongly." As a basic statement of definition I would find it hard to define FIAWOL without noting that its adherents at least attempt to cut themselves off from "non-fannish" doings whenever possible. Isn't it really a matter of reaction to the way the statement is worded--positively, as done by a proponent, versus negatively as presented by someone who holds a different viewpoint--rather than outright disagreement with the "fact" which is being presented in a way other than what you would desire?

Here's some additional wordage on the subject of a writeup concerning the FIJAGH/FIAWOL viewpoints, as a followup to my remarks in your last issue. There's a point I didn't get across. If one stands outside of fandom looking in, or on the fringes looking around, one sees oft-reprinted publications which are geared to providing information about fandom. In a limited way these publications can be used for recruitment purposes, but primarily they are educational and worthwhile for purposes of indoctrination. Bob's NEO-FAN'S GUIDE is a good example. None of them, however, come to grips with examining the social/cultural aspects of fandom, and to my way of thinking, this is an oversight which puts us in the position of not providing the new fan or potential new fan with a good, solid understanding/overview of how fandom really ticks. We can continue to live without it, but I consider it almost embarrassing that with so many good writers in our ranks we continue to let this oversight exist. And so long as it does exist, we shall idly wonder when the next Fredric Wertham will show up to bungle the job again.

When someone is deep in the throes of 'self-searching', choosing and deliniating the terms necessary to define the direction in which to go, what comes out can seem simple, or even funny, to others. While I don't consider myself Victoria's 'friend', since I not only don't know her all that well and we seem to have almost opposite interests in fandom, I do sympathize with what she's going through. It certainly isn't uncommon to have one's attempts at stating one's

ethical position on things come out sounding a bit fascist. It's all too easy to fall into that old trap of "Do as I say, and everyone'll get along handsomely," which is rather true, in a way, but since there's so many I's running around, it's even more impossible. We'd all be too busy fighting among ourselves to achieve dominance in viewpoint that nothing would get accomplished, not even the enjoyment we are supposedly in here for. Now, while parody or humor can point out inconsistencies or oversights in a philosophy, those aren't my fortes. I'd much rather sit down and talk, even if on paper, and see if some of those rough edges can't be smoothed a bit. I don't want to tell Victoria, or anyone else, what to think, I just want to help insure that they've considered all the ramifications of what they've stated. Sometimes a possible problem turns out to be nothing more than semantical differences, sometimes it's more basic, but at least it can be explored to find out.//Okay, okay. We're running into a semantic problem here, methinks. Every day, with every action that anyone takes, a choice is made. Now, in making whatever choice is opted for, something else is either overlooked, ignored, sadly postponed, or whatever term you want to call it. When you do ANYTHING, something else isn't being done at that time. A FIAWOL-type person will opt for fannish activities whenever a choice is given, or at least most of the time. They are not saying that they will ignore the world, pretend it isn't there, they are simply concentrating on one aspect of the world (or do you feel that fandom stands in some metaphysical way above and beyond Real Life?) and I see nothing wrong with that. The World's too big, too diverse, for any single individual to participate, or even understand, fully. The best you can hope for is to chew off a chunk of a size you can handle. I can handle fandom, for others, it's bowling, or club-work, or church, or any of countless other areas of interest. Short of joining a cloistered convent, or a monastery in some wilderness, I don't think it even remotely possible--this side of sanity--to cut yourself off from the world. That's why I object to the term.//I, too, wouldn't have minded a good overview of What Makes Fandom Tick instead of that mess that came out of Wertham's brush with fandom, but I really don't think such a thing possible either (gee, I'm negative tonight...). There are too many views which are perfectly valid for their respective visualizers to coalesce into a single, concrete actuality named "Fandom". Fandom's what you make of it, or what you see it as, and while it may be occasionally possible to give someone else a glimmer of an understanding of what Fandom is/means to you, it won't make your conception of it their conception. However, I do agree, that with all the writers we have around here, it should be possible to assemble a montage of viewpoints, that, if diverse and well-done enough, would give a hint of just what Fandom is, both to it's members and to outsiders. But whoever in the world would want to go through all that work?

IRA M. THORNHILL
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Minneapolis, MN 55404

(Oct. 31, 78) However did I let two issues of RESOLUTION slip by without writing? Not a hard question, really, I suppose, given the strange and twisted nature of my summer... separation and time spent adjusting to Those Things; months and seemingly months spent running off to a different con every other weekend; job problems that still haven't resolved themselves; and the decay of the two remaining personal relationships (in NOLA) that meant anything to me. And, finally, the admission to myself that I'd actually been living in the midwest for some time--my apartment was in the wrong city--and I corrected that problem.

Who would've guessed, when you tried to explain to me the difference between confen and zinefen at AutoClave II, that within mere weeks (well, maybe a month or two) I'd become a confan and watch unconcerned as my zineac dropped to lower and lower levels? Between WisCon II and Windycon, I didn't loc, didn't answer correspondence, didn't even bother to send trade copies of NEW MATRIX, or to mail out copies that people had sent money for. The only reason that changed, really, is that I wanted to get caught up, get things in order, and publish some of the accumulation of things before the move. I didn't want to carry the clutter with me.

I was certainly glad to see, in the RES3 lettercol, that Mike had a proper appreciation of RES2's cover. I naturally thought that it was simply marvelous--one of the better covers that Delmonte ever did. And, now that I think of it, it's possible that it's one of the last covers he did before running off to the Navy to get trained for L-5. He's not been in touch for months and it's a shame. I miss his craziness.

SONIC SCAVENGING hit me just as I was first beginning to get into the idea of using my own new tape deck for that sort of recording (a new stereo system was one of my separation gifts to myself--along with this Selectric). It's really been fun being able to record from the radio and from other people's records. I'm even thinking of purchasing a second deck so that I can do the sort of editing that Dean talks about...and so that I can have a smaller, self-contained system to carry with me to cons.

*Excuse the shift in tenses, Ira/Mitch. I simply couldn't bring myself to type, as possibilities, things that you actually would do.//Right now I'm neither fish nor fowl--can't con because of distance/time/expense; can't zine (that's a verb??) because of the latter two reasons--allied with a reduction in urge because of my feelings of alienation or detachment from my friends and environs. *Sigh* But I can't imagine giving up one aspect of fandom for another as a deliberate choice. There's too much to enjoy in both areas, and I feel that basically either one is not enough in and of itself. I may have to reduce activity in both, but I won't completely surrender one for the other.//Hmmm, there are more would-be electronics buffs out there in fandom than I ever suspected...*

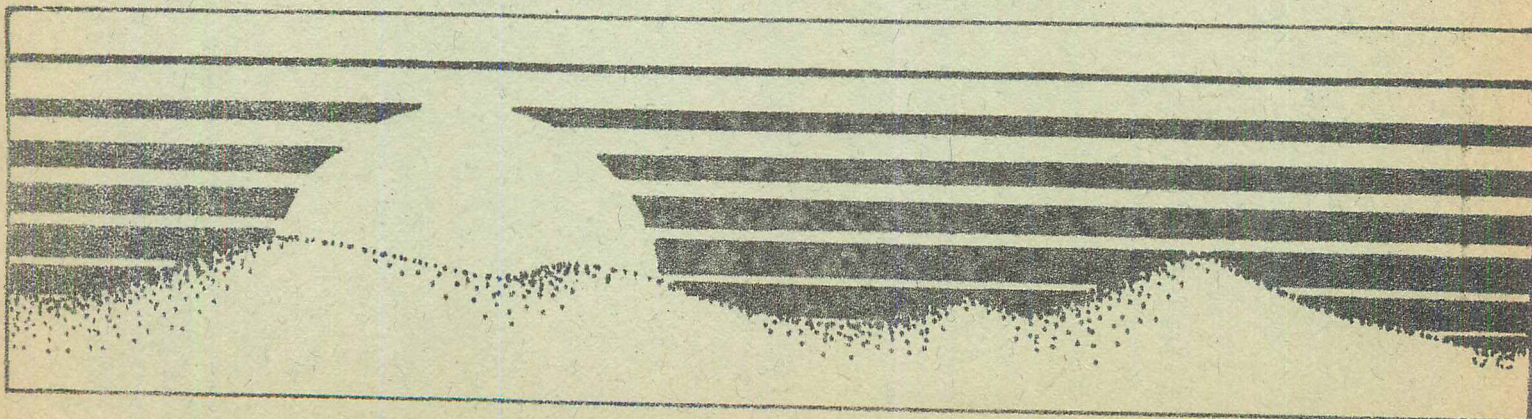
GEORGE FLYNN (Oct. 27, 78) Please note that the above mailing address is still good: you used the one Mike Glycer printed (and wasn't supposed to), 27 Sowamsett Ave. Warren, RI 02885 but that was only temporary, after my fire, and where I live isn't the address I use for fanzines anyway.

Apologies for this being handwritten, but I'm in a train, on the way to a con, and this is one of the few times I have free for loocking these days. Being head mail-handler for a Worldcon can be remarkably time-consuming! And I have a zine to finish writing...

I guess I work best under deadlines. Certainly I'm a decided apa-fan; currently I'm in 3 monthly apa (and in charge of one of them) and manage to turn out 15-20 pages a month --nearly all at about the last minute. And THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER has to be reasonably on time, since that's not just my responsibility; we'll see how it works out.

Dammit, I really must get to Midwestcon one of these years(after I get a better-paying job...) I was one of the few people who attended Bill Bowers Third Practice Speech at AutoClave, but he didn't say anything startling in that one, unless you count his promise is revive OW. Well, Iggy seems to have come off OK with respect to Harlan, anyway. As far as I could see, he worked like mad and made himself available at practically all hours.

I hadn't heard at all about Joni's illness. Saw her at AutoClave and thought she looked normal. I remeber her saying she didn't see what's so impressive about running a Worldcon: they do the equivalent every weekend in season! Hope she's okay now.



Richard Brandt is of course wrong about the "comparatively few votes cast for the Hugos. Don't have the figures here, but as I recall, over 1000 voted, with 868 votes for Fan Artist; the number nominating in some categories is significantly lower, of course. The idea of imposing "qualifications" for voters seems silly: why turn the Fan Hugos into a duplicate of the FAAn Awards, when the strength of the Hugos is precisely that they give a reading of the whole Worldcon membership's opinions? As Victoria implies, ALGOL, SFR, etc. are the best of their class, which is something distinct from both fiction-filled prozines and fannish fanzines. What seems to rankle people is applying the term "fanzine" to this class, but what do you call them? Certainly they're the closest thing to fanzines-as-we-know-them that an electorate of 1000 or more is qualified to vote on. (Hence my amendment, which was ratified at Iggy, to eliminate the "Amateur" hassle and let the voters do their thing.)

I think you're wrong that putting fanzines on the freebie table wouldn't require much of a print run: lots of people at a Worldcon will just grab anything that's free, and sort it all out afterwards. (Hell, I'm one of them.)

After I read Bill's list, I made my own without much trouble: Philcon will be my 53rd con in 9-1/2 years. I guess I qualify as a FIAWOLer, de facto if not by temperament. As you say, it's a question of "simple lack of time". Of course, the fanac in my circle largely involves con-running, i.e. W*O*R*K.

I think Mike's largely right about the one-sided overlap of con and zine fans; still, there are zine fans who don't go to cons (much or even at all), though they aren't as numerous in proportion as their opposite numbers.

P.S. to my response to Richard Brandt: It's not true that "only 23 people submitted nominations" for Best Fan Artist. 23 was just the highest number of nominations for any one person.

Wouldn't you know? I manage to dutifully note one COA from a published source, and it turns out to be wrong? It's almost enough to make me return to my days of even more-slovenly record keeping...//I had no comments on Harlan's behavior during Iggy; I avoided him as much as possible, which, considering the size of the convention, was no trouble at all.//Joni recovered quickly from her medical problems (though, from other reports, she was still favoring her arm at Autoclave)--and then went on a skiing trip after this year's season and broke her leg! (That, too, she'd all but completely recovered from by Midwestcon weekend...) I wonder if she and Dave have anything in common?//The main difficulty fanzine fans have in accepting the results of the Hugos is that people who've never seen a fanzine are "qualified" to vote on which is the Best Fanzine by merely joining a convention. The main difficulty those who run Worldcons have in the matter of Fan Hugos is running that portion of the Awards without disfranchising a substantial number of the membership of the group who is supposedly giving the Hugos out. I see no way to reconcile the difference, and side with those who'd rather toss up the Fan Hugo to whoever the "mob" votes for, and reserve the FAAn Awards for the Cognoscenti, if there are such people. //Thanks for the information about Richsrd's erroneous figures. At least the situation wasn't quite as grim as he'd thought!

SUZI STEFL

The Zoo, 1301 Colton
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(Nov. 8, 28) I just finished Resolution. Sorry it took so long. I didn't return from the Worldcon until Sept. 25th, and then I was flung headlong into Windycon, Octocon, and plans for Con-Clave III. 's funny, but I find myself spending less and less

time at programming items (with the exceptions of the Meet-the-Authors parties and the banquets) and more and more time with the people. Remember when I joined fandom how I disclaimed any interest in fans and fanac? Well, now I seem to be caught up in Mishap, and apa, ConStipation, and excuse to throw parties, and LOCing zines. Bowers wants me to do an article on physical fitness in zero and fractional gravities (as that's what I'm doing my Master's Degree in) for Outworlds! Ghads, it seems like I'm a traitor to myself, though I still spend the majority of my time with pros and neo-pros trying to learn the trade. The rejects I've been getting aren't form letters, but notes of encouragement. Someday...

Hey! I got addicted to Boggle, too. Only our rules say no three-letter words, and no plurals or verbs made by adding an "s". Makes it a little harder.

And another non-fan bites the dust... You and Dave Vereschagin make quite a pair. Wonder how many other fen out there got their feet wet, as it were, while declaiming the triviality of fandom?//Now wait a minute! Not counting plurals or verbs ending in "s" doesn't make things harder; it's easier, since I usually wind up getting beaten because I overlook the plurals. You have to pay far more attention to detail when prefixes and suffixes are in the layout. Burn your eyeballs out sometimes...

ROY TACKETT

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Albuquerque, NM 87107

(Sept. 9, 78) I know I promised you a report on Bubonicon 10 but, upon reflection, I really don't feel like doing a full-fledged con report. A few lines though...

With about 130 in attendance, this was the biggest one we've had yet. There had been some speculation, aided by rumors from that part of the country which East Coasters insist on calling the Midwest but which we natives of these parts simply call the East, that attendance might run to 300 or so. Needless to say, we shuddered at the thought. Professionals in attendance included Guest of Honor Gordon Dickson, Jack Williamson, Stephen Donaldson, Sydney Van Scyoc, C.J. Cherryh (I wonder if the final h is fannish?), and our own Vardebobble. Gordon Dickson spoke on the necessity of maintaining the tradition of small cons such as Bubonicon, even if we had to make them by invitation only. Carolyn Cherryh is a marvelous person and any con is fortunate to have her in attendance. Programming was just enough to keep it interesting, and a good time was had by all.

Or almost all. There were some chilly moments when a hortish person whose name escapes me presented the Green Slime awards with appropriate comments. Connoisseurs of stf as literature, radical femlibbers, and a few others were insulted. As was the intent.

Inasmuch as the committee ended up in the black for a change, there'll probably be another one next year.

All of which brings us around once again to the question of confen vs fmzfen as it is discussed in RESOLUTION #3. I suppose if we talk about it long enough we may actually convince ourselves that it exists. And perhaps it does to an extent...

There are a lot of people showing up at cons these days who have no interest in either stf or fandom. They come to cons because it is something to do, there are lots of parties...it's where the action is. We might consider them to be "con fandom" because they are fans of conventions. Hell, they'd even go to the Baptist conventions if the Baptists were as lively as stfen.

If we're going to make divisions, I suggest that we divide it up between Fans (those who have an interest in science fiction and fandom) and non-fans (those who simply go to conventions but have no interest in any other aspects of the field). You named them yourself a couple of years ago, Jackie: trendies.

You know I've been around the field for more years than I like to admit. There have always been fans who have had no interest in fanzines. That has never stopped me from enjoying their company. I dunno, maybe I'm an oddball. I don't consider myself a fanzine fan (though I publish now and again) or a con fan (though I enjoy conventions) or a movie buff or a magazine fan or a paperback fan or whatever. I'm simply a fan. I can interact (as you put it) with any other fan. I can't interact with trendies.

Victoria does seem to have some strange notions of what fandom is all about. And I do wish someone would explain to me sometime just what a "fannish fanzine" is.

Mike Glicksohn mentions the feeling that he is missing something at worldcons. Presumably because of the parallel programming involved. I don't mind that too much. I look over the program and decide what I really want to attend. What irritates me is overlapping programming such as was practiced at Iggy for no good reason. It means I either have to leave one panel early or get to another one late. That I don't enjoy.

Oh, and someone here mentioned to fannish programming, I think. I dropped in on it a couple of times at Suncon. It was terrible. The items scheduled for Iggy appeared to be more of the same so I made a point of avoiding it. Too much good stuff going on to bother with crap like "Personalzines: Questions" or "Sexuality in Fandom".

We are not slans, you say. Strange. We had a panel on that at Bubonicon. Speer was moderator. Sort of a probing as to why fans are fans. I mentioned Kemp's findings that most fen were either an only child or an elder child. Speer disputed and called for a show of hands of the audience of those who fit the category. Of the 40 people in the room, 33 were either an only child or an elder child. Of the 7 who weren't, two said there were more than fifteen years between them and their next elder sibling. I grant you we aren't slans, but we do seem to be somewhat odd.

Hey, if we're going to bloc vote a fan artist Hugo may I suggest we do so for Harry Morris?

While a note of hostility may creep in now and again during fanzine discussions, I think confen and fmfen can get along, in the main, quite easily. They simply ignore each other. Only at the larger regionals and worldcons do non-fans, due to their sheer numbers, cause problems to others in attendance. Short of restrictive rules and fees, that would inconvenience fans as well, I don't know how to keep the trendies away. Refusing media coverage would be of some help, but what egoboo-starved con committee would hold still for that? Putting a lid on publicity helps keep small cons small, and so far there are at least some concons that feel it's worthwhile to work like mad without attendant hoopla from newspapers and/or TV. (Long may they prosper!) Some non-fans provide fresh viewpoints in discussions and at parties, but at the smaller cons, that sort usually attends because a fan told them about it, so in a sense, a pre-screening has taken place. The difficulty with using mass market methods to publicize a con is that the mass market may end up attending, en masse!//You can't interact with trendies very well because there's seldom anything to interact with. They want entertainment, not interaction.//It all depends on who is on the panel and what is the topic (not that anyone has ever been restricted to just the panel's topic) and who is in the audience as to how good or bad a fannish program item can be. Problem is; you have to attend in order to find out, and that involves a goodly amount of time-wasting.//I recall reading somewhere that a survey of almost any group will reveal a higher ratio of "onlies and eldests" than of members of large families who are lower in age. It was given as an example of a meaningless statistic. Sure, I'll agree that there is "something" different about fans, but it's so nebulous as to defy description by me... "Odd" doesn't quite make it. So are the UFO nuts.//While I realize that Harry Morris has tremendous talent, and does a lot for southwestern fans, you really don't see much of his work around. Don't think I've ever seen his stuff outside of Slanapa and the zines of Vardeman and Patten. 'Tis a shame...

Apologies for the datedness of some of these letters. Had to dust some of them off so I could make out the fading print. I'll keep my fingers crossed that so long a lapse between issues won't occur again, but there's no way I can guarantee it won't. Thanks to HARRY ANDRUSHAK, MARTHA BECK, RICHARD BRANDT, LINDA BUSHYÄGER, OWEN J. HANNER, TERRY HUGHES, DENISE LEIGH, ERIC MAYER, JOSEPH NICHOLAS and STEPHANIE OBEREMBT for loccing, and to any others I may have missed (my filing system has gone to hell recently; some of the people whose letters I printed weren't listed as having responded on my cards). I'd like to get an issue out sometime in January or February, with lots of luck to help me in the endeavor, so please pretend that I have a quarterly schedule, huh?

FROM: Jackie Causgrove
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Torrance, CA 90505

TO:

Dave Piper

THIRD CLASS MAIL
RETURN REQUESTED/ POSTAGE GUARANTEED