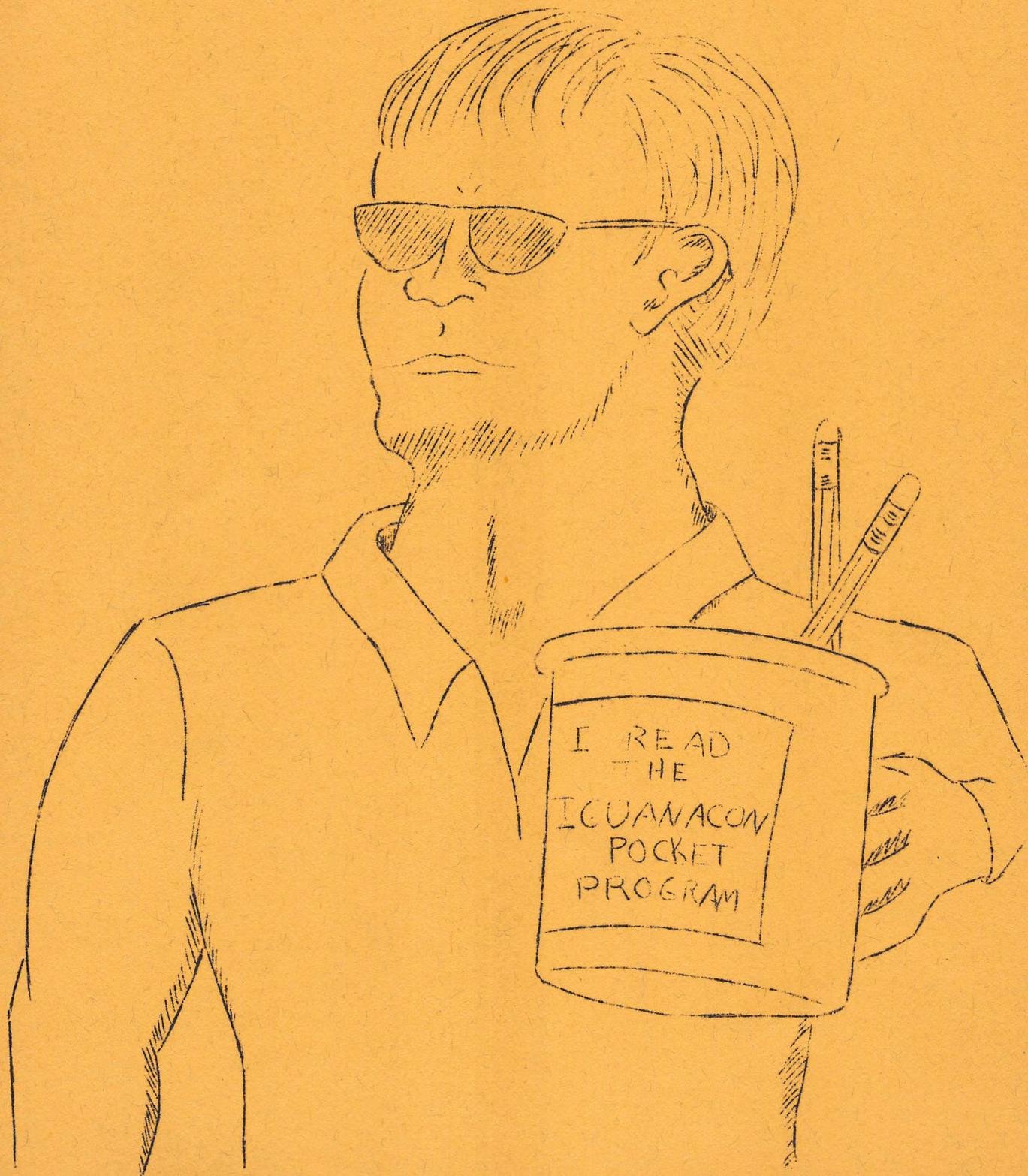


# IGUANACON BLUES REDUX





# IGUANACON BLUES REDUX

is published by Bruce D. Arthurs, 4522 E. Bowker, Phoenix, AZ 85040 for the February 1979 mailings of FAPA and TAPS. Individual copies will go to the Garret (Alan Bostick, Gary Farber, Patrick Hayden, Tim Kyger, Teresa Nielsen, Bill Patterson, Kathi Schaefer, and Anna Vargo), Rusty Hevelin, Dave Klaus, Ross Pavlac, Curt Stubbs and Tom & Mary Williams. A Malacoda Press Publication, 2/6/79.

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"I am not the one you should be talking with, philosopher. Arcturus here is more the man for ethical discussion. He has a marvelous scheme for putting the world to rights, whereby the human race is to place even its minutest affairs under the direction of a central committee, that is to say of Arcturus and his friends, who will inevitably be characterised by a mad lust for power."

-- Barrington J. Bayley, Soul of A Robot

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## THIS IS WHERE WE BEGIN...

After the publication of IGUANACON BLUES, I received a number of reactions from members of the Garret:

-- Bill Patterson threatened to sue me for defamation of character. I told him to go ahead.

-- Teresa Nielsen threatened to write an expose of all the nasty details of my sex life. I told her to go ahead.

-- Anna Vargo refused to allow me back into the staff rooms at Iguanacon, where I needed to go in order to register as an official gopher for my wife, who was in charge of the alternate programming. It was eventually necessary for Hilda herself to fill out the paperwork and bring my badge and membership packet out to the lobby for me.

-- Previous to the publication of IGUANACON BLUES, I had offered the use of my mimeograph to the convention for the fanzine room. This offer was accepted. After IGUANACON BLUES hit the fans in the Garret, they decided to rent a mimeo in place of mine, at an unnecessary expense of approximately one hundred dollars to the convention. No bother was taken to inform me of this change of plans, and I learned of it only on the morning of the first day of Iguanacon when I asked Teresa Nielsen if someone would be picking the machine up as previously promised or if I should deliver it myself.

-- Later in the convention, I learned that several people had gone to the fanzine room with 4-hole stencils they wanted to run off, stencils which could not be fitted to the rented Gestetner machines, but which would have fitted on my own machine. Having hoped to publish some material myself at the convention (which I never found time to do), I had the Malacoda Press set up in my hotel room at the Adams. I spoke to Teresa Nielsen in the fanzine room at some length, informing her that I was offering my machine to Iguanacon, and not to the Garret. I even offered to first lease the mimeo to Jon Singer (who was present in the room), who could then have loaned "his" machine to the convention, thus saving the Garret from the stigma of accepting any sort of favor from a putrid little shit like me. Teresa was willing to accept this offer, especially in view of the mechanical difficulties being suffered by the rented mimeo, but said she could not accept it without first trying to get approval from the convention committee at the Saturday night meeting.

-- Sunday morning, I was told by Teresa that just prior to the committee meeting, she had told Patrick Hayden about my offer. According to her, Patrick's

response was "If you humiliate me by bringing this matter before the meeting, I will never speak to you again." I ended up making arrangements for people with 4-hole stencils to go up to my room to have them run off.

And that, except for one further personal conversation with Teresa, which ended badly with my losing my temper and telling her to go to hell, was all the contact I had with members of the Garret at the convention.

Over the next week or two, all of the Garret members except Tim Kyger, who was attending Arizona State University, left Phoenix, mainly headed for San Francisco. All I've heard of the Garret since then has been second-hand, mainly from Dave Klaus, who stayed with Hilde and me for several months after Iguanacon and who was on good terms with Tim Kyger and other members of the Garret.

One of the things Dave told me was that stories about my sex life indeed were being passed around. I was informed that not only was I a raving sex maniac who propositions everybody at least nine million times and refuses to take "No" for an answer, but that my wife had actually been pimping for me. I found this last point so bizarre I figured it must be true. I just wish that 1) Hilde had seen fit to tell me about it, and 2) that she'd do a better job of it.

Around this time I'd written an apazine for TAPS in which I'd listed the Iguanacon incidents mentioned above. I got some reaction to this from Tim Kyger, thru his talking to Hilde. According to Hilde, Tim said that it had been his decision to turn down the offer I had made to Teresa at Iguanacon. Since Teresa had specifically told me that Patrick had been the only person she had spoken to about the offer...all I'll say is that there seem to be two contradictory versions of the same event here.

At this point, I think it's time to move on to:

## COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON IGUANACON BLUES

TIM MARION The reason both reports didn't mention "the fact that it was Rusty Hevelin (among others) who gave the disastrous reports of Ross Pavlac's meeting with Larry Smith, etc., back to the IguanaConCom" is because Rusty Hevelin specifically denied, in front of myself and others, that he ever made any such reports. Was he lying? And how do you know? Are the people saying he made the reports telling the truth? And how do you know? Especially in the multi-authored report published by Paul Schauble, there was a very strict reliance on provable facts; matters in doubt or with conflicting versions going around (and there were a hell of a lot) were left out of the report.

For that matter, how do you know that the reports, whoever made them, were false? The only person that I, myself, have heard call those reports lies (and, yes, I have read the issue of AVENGING AARDVARK'S AERIE Ross Pavlac published about the time of Iguanacon) is Kathi Schaefer...and my personal trust in Kathi Schaefer's word is nil. (Not to mention that if I remember correctly, she wasn't even at the convention where the meeting was supposed to have taken place. So whose word is she trusting?)

Does all this sound a bit paranoid, perhaps? It's one of the legacies of Iguanacon. I have heard so many damned lies.... You lose trust in your old friends, you can't meet new people without wondering whether they're really as nice as they seem on the surface, you withdraw, you back away, you damn near hide from any situation where you have to work with or trust in other people. I think the only person in whom I still have complete faith and trust is my wife. Period.

I think I would, literally, give my right arm for an Ozo (the all-seeing,

time-scanning device in Damon Knight's "I See You") and a veradicator (the infallible lie detector from H. Beam Piper's work). If the veradicator was unavailable, I'd settle for an unlimited supply of scopolomine.

MIKE GLYER Hilde has asked me to allow her to respond to some of the statements you have made:

Since Greg Brown left Aric and me in August, 1975, one year before Phoenix won the bid, and had lived with two young ladies (one of whom he has since married) between then and June 1977 when I moved in with B.D., I don't feel that we could have added to his "instability" in that way. As to the court case, I did consider the problems it might cause Iggy for several months as my child support fell further and further behind. However, I found I could not make financial ends meet without it; by the time I resorted to legal action I had to borrow court costs. I will not put fandom's welfare ahead of Aric's needs nor my necessities. I am also very tired of people who drag my personal life across the printed page who either are ignorant of or ignore the facts.

-- M.R. Hildebrand

Now that that has been said, I have a few comments of my own to make. First of all, you slug-brained creepo, don't ever let me catch you spreading lies about my wife again.

Let me repeat this:

Don't ever let me catch you spreading lies about my wife again.

And one more time for emphasis:

**DON'T EVER LET ME CATCH YOU SPREADING LIES ABOUT MY WIFE AGAIN.**

I don't give a frying fart in hell what you think of me, Mike, and I don't give much of a damn what you say about me to other people. But I am very protective about my family, and when someone tries to hurt me by smearing them, the walls of rationality in my mind tend to collapse and all those dark, vicious, animalistic desires start to run loose. I really recommend to you, Mike, that you don't put yourself into such a situation, with me or with anyone else.

There are a number of factual errors in your statement, besides the smears against Hilde. I did not quit the committee when Phoenix won the bid; in fact, it was at that point I rejoined.

As for the number of my resignations, do you really object to someone who resigned from a bid because the Professional Guest of Honor was chosen and invited solely by the bid chairman without bothering to get the opinions of the other committee members or bringing the matter up for a vote? I would have at least liked a chance to throw the names of Jack Vance and Terry Carr into the ring as possible choices for the honor.

Do you really object to someone resigning from a bid because his anger at one Mike Glycer over the ethicality of certain actions Glycer had taken in opposing the Phoenix Westercon bid was growing so intense and obsessive as to affect not only his fanac, but his work, his sleep and even his goddamned sex life? Do you really object to someone getting out of an environment he finds conducive to his own irrationality?

Do you object to someone resigning from a committee because he keeps getting contradictory stories of what has been or will be done from the top members of the committee, when part of his job with the committee is to keep a record of just those things? Do you object to someone resigning because the committee meetings have regularly become so filled with arguments, shouting, temper tantrums, grandstanding and exhibitions of ego that it leaves him physically ill?

Do you object to someone resigning from a committee when he discovers a group of high committee members (to be specific, Gary Farber, Anna Vargo, Patrick Hayden and Kathi Schaefer) replaying a tape of the previous committee meeting, a meeting where the treasurer and the security chief had been provoked into highly emotional and highly vocal resignations, and laughing at the pain and anger in those outbursts?

(This particular incident needs to have more said about it. After I had, once again, relayed my resignation to the committee, I went home and typed several stencils for inclusion into AZAPA. These outlined the circumstances around the resignations of Tom & Mary Williams, and the circumstances under which I found the Garret members named above listening to the tape. I also expressed the shame and disgust I felt for the people involved.

(Word of these pages got back to the Garret. While I was at work, Bill Patterson came over to read the stencils and talked with Hilde about them. When I reached home, Hilde told me that Bill had claimed that the Garret people had been laughing, not at the emotional overload contained, but in reaction to it, in order to keep from crying instead. Bill also told Hilde that if the stencils were published, he would defend his friends by publishing an attack on Mary Williams.

(I have replayed that scene in the Garret over and over in my head, and I have to say that Gary Farber and Anna Vargo did indeed seem constrained and somewhat nervous in their laughter. (I should also mention that Tim Kyger was present during the playing of the tape, but appeared glum and depressed throughout it.) But I remember with absolute clarity that the expressions on the faces of Patrick Hayden and Kathi Schaefer were ones of absolute and unrestrained glee. If they say that they were not getting pleasure from the pain caused to Tom and Mary, then I have to say that I believe they are lying in their teeth.

(I regarded Bill's threat to smear Mary Williams if my account of the incident were published as the height of sleaziness. Nevertheless, it was that threat that kept the stencils from being published. Not because I felt that there would be any merit to such an attack; I feel that a clear examination of the facts would show that Mary Williams, whatever the quality of her work as treasurer, was treated extremely shabbily in her attempts to perform her job. No, I decided not to publish the stencils in order to protect Bill Patterson.

(Tommie Williams is, like myself, very protective of his family, only more so by several orders of magnitude. I felt that if I published my stencils and Bill Patterson responded by attacking Mary Williams in print, that Bill Patterson would no longer be able to do any work for Iguanacon. That Bill Patterson would, if he were lucky, be recuperating in a hospital. I did not want this to happen nor did I want to see Tommie Williams get into serious legal trouble.)

If you want to criticize me for my on-again, off-again relationships with the concomm, Mike, try criticizing me for having been stupid enough to get involved in the first place and even stupider to keep going back for more. Now that's stupid. I mean, S-T-U-P-I-D! All I can say is that each time I rejoined, I thought I would be able to be of some help to the convention and I thought I would be able to stomach the personalities involved. I was wrong.

You call my logic "bizarre" in my use of quotes from Patrick Hayden and Tim Kyger. But what exactly did I say, Mike? I said that Patrick Hayden's actions in the firing of Rusty Hevelin contradicted things he had written opposing the use of force and coercion in government. Patrick Hayden labeled himself untrustworthy, and that is exactly what I wanted to say.

I said that even Tim Kyger has said on occasion that it might be better for the convention if Bill Patterson were no longer on the committee. Such a statement on Tim Kyger's part shows that Bill Patterson was so temperamental and disruptive in his actions (listen to tapes of some of the early committee meetings, before Bill moved to San Francisco, and you will hear some of the most infantile temper tantrums ever to turn your stomach) that even his best friends began to

think he should go. That is exactly what I wanted to say.

I said that Tim Kyger had described Kathi Schaefer as "Ross Pavlac with charisma." In short, Tim compared someone he had known for many years as almost equivalent with a fan he regarded as power-hungry and untrustworthy, and for whose removal he had pushed very, very hard. That is exactly what I wanted to say.

In short, Mike, what I wrote said exactly what I wanted it to say. And you say my logic is bizarre? Jeezus, Mike, why don't you look at what you've written? You're so full of hatred for me you can't even bring yourself to type my fuckin' name like you did on everyone else's mailing comments! Jeezus. What you've written says a hell of a lot more about you than it does about me or about the Garret.

You say that the Garret was only giving itself a say in the running of the convention when they forced the firing of Rusty. I don't expect you to understand this, Mike, but there really is a difference between giving yourself a say in something (which the Garret already had in any event) and taking the say in something. The firing of Rusty Hevelin did not give the Garret a say in running the convention; it removed any say that anyone else might have had. The Garret took two years of Curt Stubbs' life, tore it up, and threw it back in his face. Do you blame him for resigning, Mike?

I admit the Garret worked. They worked very hard. They worked until some of them were, literally, falling on their faces. Of course, they had to work that hard, since so many people had become alienated from and disgusted with the Iguanacon committee (and I don't mean just during the reign of the Garret, but during the two years previous), that there weren't enough local people willing to do the work anymore.

I'm not really certain, Mike, but you seem to be trying to claim that I could have "saved the Worldcon singlehandedly." (Like a couple of dozen people each managed to save Midamericon, and/or Suncon, singlehandedly, perhaps?) By god, Mike, but you have a warped idea of how much power and influence I had over Iguanacon and the people involved in it. You also have a complete and utter misunderstanding of the way my mind works. I didn't have that sort of power, I wouldn't want it, and if I did have it, I wouldn't use it.

But in a way, you're right, Mike. Maybe I should have stayed on the committee no matter what. Maybe I should have forced myself to ignore the personality conflicts going on around me and just do what needed to be done for the convention. Or maybe instead of that I should have done more bitching and complaining and Viewing With Alarm. Maybe I should have tried Bill Patterson's trick and threatened to write about embarrassing incidents and foul-ups unless they shaped up like I wanted them to. (Lord knows I was asked often enough to please not write about such enough times, not to rock the boat, not to make waves, not to embarrass the convention.) Maybe I should even have taken the suggestion Mark Anthony gave me three months before Phoenix won the bid and tried to take the chairmanship for myself. Maybe I should have done this. Maybe I should have done that. And isn't hindsight a wonderful thing, Mike?

But when all is said and done, one thing remains clear about Iguanacon: People got used, people got shat upon, people got hurt. And I don't care how much work anyone put into it, or how well it may have run, or even how much anyone may have enjoyed themselves there. I consider Iguanacon to have been an utter and absolute disaster.

CHUCK HANSEN Thank you. Your remarks are much appreciated.

LESTER BOUTILLIER I doubt if Patrick Hayden will bother to respond in print to IGUANACON BLUES. In fact, I was surprised not to see him resign in disgust from the last mailing, after his pet amendment failed to pass in the previous mailing. I've noticed before that Patrick tends to drop out of an

apa, or move to another city, or whatever, when things don't go his own way. Probably he'll just minac out of FAPA.

Staying out of print and sticking to verbal retributions has several advantages. One is that the rumor mill will distort and magnify any story sent through it. After going through, say, five or six levels of communication, even a strictly factual story may have turned utterly false. It depends, too, on who relays the story; Tim Kyger is probably good for four or five levels worth of distortion all by himself.

Another asset of the rumor mill is that it gets incredibly difficult, after the rumor has pyramided through a few levels, to trace it back to its sources. Odds are that somewhere along the chains of communications, you'll find someone who will try to cover his ass by claiming that not only did he not distort the rumor, he never passed it along at all and he never even heard it in the first place.

Probably the most popular method of distortion is using only part of the truth. I think that just about everybody does this occasionally, although I like to think that I do it less than most people, and that at least I feel guilty about it when I catch myself doing it. A lot of people seem to think that if they tell one person the parts of the truth that that person wants to hear, and another person a somewhat differently slanted version, and still another a third, that they'll be able to stay on good terms with everyone. I've noticed that people who tend to do this habitually...have to keep on moving to new sets of friends. Do it too often, and the contradictions start to become a little too obvious to too many people.

Then, of course, there's the cute trick of getting several contradicting rumors going thru several chains of communications. The contradictory versions eventually start crossing between the chains, plus the distortions caused by transmission error, and you end up with so many versions going around that the truth gets lost in the shuffle. And if by some chance all this mess gets traced back to you, the response is very simple: just give out another official version, or two, and watch the whole thing start again.

All this sort of thing isn't just on the part of the Garret. The Garret made a lot of enemies, and I've heard some very nasty, very personal and very false rumors being spread about them. Which is rather depressing, since it would certainly be a wonderful thing if I could believe that everyone who disliked the Garret was Noble and Wise and Fair and Good. But that isn't so.

The upshot of which is that "The Definitive History of Iguanacon" I published in the last FAPA mailing is probably going to turn out to be the most accurate that will ever be able to be written. The morass is too deep, the versions too many, too different. I would have liked to have seen someone in the Garret commit themselves to some sort of printed version, giving their own view of events. By this time, though, it would be irrelevant. Unless someone actually did come up with an Ozo, I don't know of anyway anyone will ever have the full and factual story. I'm sure that I don't know all of the details, and I know that most of the Garret doesn't. It all boils down to one simple equation:

Words = Lies.

And that's all the comments on comments I had. Now for a bit of comedy relief: The following is a transcript of my Milehicon 9 Fan Guest of Honor speech, given in October, 1977 in Denver, Colorado. At the moment I'm just blithering along on stencil to fill up a few more lines, since I don't seem to have enough room left to put the title of the speech down here. Why is it always just at the point when you need to fillup a few more lines that your brain goes blank? Maybe that would be a good research project for some medical foundation. Better yet, we could start a charitable research facility dedicated to wiping out this dread disease of fandom. Come to think of it, though, we'd better not; if nobody had blank lines anymore, nobody would remember ed Cox's name.

# THE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES IN FANDOM

There are a number of people out there in the audience who have been eagerly anticipating this moment, the moment when I have to stand up here and attempt to make a coherent speech of twenty-five words or more. They are fully prepared to laugh and guffaw and throw leftover banquet food as I fail miserably, making an utter fool of myself.

I have taken a desperate move, therefore, and have actually written my speech in advance. This does not guarantee my rise to the heights of raconteur extra-ordinaire, of course; I could faint, or forget how to read, or all sorts of nasty misfortunes. But it increases the odds in my favor, and spoils the fun of those sadists out there wanting to see the sweat break out all over me.

The sadists I am referring to, incidentally, are my friends.

Which gets me, in a roundabout way, to what I wanted to talk about. Most of the Fan Guest of Honor speeches I've heard have raised or discussed the same point: Fandom is a place where you can make friends, where you can meet people with similar interests and opinions and attitudes.

But I don't want to talk about that. Instead, I thought I'd spend a few moments talking about how to make enemies in fandom.

I've been involved in a couple of out-for-blood type feuds with other fans since I got involved with SF fandom. The feuds took up a hell of a lot of time, caused a lot of bad feeling, and the repercussions lost me some friendships I'd rather not have lost. I've also had a number of strong disagreements with other fans from time to time.

So I was wondering, how did I, how do other fans get into these disagreements and feuds? These are some of the ways:

You can make enemies by telling lies about other fans. You can make enemies by telling half-truths about people. And you can make your worst enemies by telling the whole truth about people.

You can make enemies by liking Star Trek. By not liking Star Trek. By liking or not liking people who like or don't like Star Trek.

You can make enemies by being anti-feminist. Or pro-feminist. Or non-feminist. Or the wrong kind of feminist.

You can make enemies by participating in club politics. Or convention politics. Or, if you absolutely want to make enemies, by participating in Worldcon politics.

You can make enemies by stealing or trying to steal someone's girlfriend, wife, sister, daughter, mother, or -- even worse -- their copy of Howard the Duck #1.

You can make enemies by criticizing people's opinions on writers, on artists, on editors, on fanzines, on conventions, on food, on music, on sex, on the relative merits of Pepsi and Coke, On Dasher, on Dancer, on almost anything which it's possible to have divergent opinions on.

Once you've made this neat bunch of enemies, the question remains -- what do you do with them? Believe me, they're absolutely no fun to invite to parties.

I hope I haven't been scaring away any neofans in the audience with all this talk about enemies and disagreements and feuds in fandom. The reason most fan guest of honor speeches seem to talk about making friends is because that is the most prominent side of this social microculture. Almost all my friends are fans. I even married one.

But there are a lot of people in fandom these days. Anyone coming into fandom now will find not only new friends, but also a large group of people who do not share his interests -- some of them don't even read science fiction; some don't watch tv; some don't like politicking; some don't even like STAR WARS! -- and a smaller group of people who are quite easily dislikable.

(Which is not to say that the people in this last group are completely horrible and evil to everyone; different people make different friends.)

There are two sides to this: The first is that with all these different interests and viewpoints and opinions in the new, giant-size fandom, there's something for everyone. The second is that fandom is harder to get into, it's harder to find those people who share your interests.

How many people here are at your first convention? I did not enjoy myself very much at my first convention. I attended the programming; the only party I went to was the open con suite party; I ate my meals alone, and I went to bed early -- also alone. Luckily I tried another convention, one about this size -- it was more informal than the larger one I'd first attended. I was able to meet people at the convention.

So what am I trying to say? I think I'm trying to say that if anyone stays in fandom long enough, he'll find a lot of people he'll consider nerds and fugg-heads and jackasses. But if he's lucky, he'll also find good friends and companionship. No person's perfect, and fandom is made up of people -- good, bad, and indifferent. You might make enemies in fandom, you might have disagreements.

But despite the disagreements and fights I've had with fans on occasion, I like it here in fandom. The friends I've made, the good times I've had, have far outweighed the angry feelings and the times when I've lost my temper.

So, my advice to new fans is this: Stay in, even if your first impressions aren't that impressive. If you're lucky, you'll have some of the best times and make some of the best friends you'll ever have.

I'm getting near the end of this speech and I've been wondering how to end it. For lack of inspiration, I'm going to fall back on an old writer's trick: Suddenly a truck ran over me.

## CODA

With the publication of IGUANACON BLUES REDUX, I think that I have finally come close to catharsizing most of the fist-clenching, stomach-tightening anger I have felt periodically over the last three years, and almost continuously for the last six months.

Yesterday, I received in the mail a proposal from Pat Mueller to reorganize AZAPA (which I had dropped out of) along invitational lines. Among the other people she proposed to invite to join were several members of the Garret (who had also dropped out of AZAPA). I discovered that I could envision myself belonging to such an apa without sniping at the Garret people or continuously dragging up Iguanacon. I think I've said my piece, and if I've managed to make the Garret feel even partly as shat upon, ill-treated, and held in contempt as they made other people feel, then I'm satisfied.

Does this mean that I will forget? Never. Does this mean that I will forgive? Never. Does this mean that I will shut up about it? Gee, I hope so.

## AND THIS IS WHERE WE END

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"They are as ineffectual as children. They talk and they talk, they plan, and they argue. Hour after hour they argue. They may kill a few people -- it is easy to kill -- but they cannot form a successful committee. So how can they ever hope to form a government?"

-- Michael Kurland, The Infernal Device

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well  
but no  
seem to be  
calming down.

# THE LAST, REALLY, NO SHIT, LAST IGUANACON BLUES

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by Bruce D. Arthurs, 4522 E. Bowker, Phoenix, Arizona 85040 for FAPA, 8/79

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## PART ONE: A SEMI-HYSTERICAL DOCUMENT

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I had intended to print the following document as part of IGUANACON BLUES REDUX in the February mailing of FAPA. When the moment came to actually type it in, however, I was unable to find my copy, despite several hours spent looking thru the accumulated papers and other rubbish in the study. It finally turned up again, a few months ago, and rather than letting it go to waste, I am printing it here. Other than the one footnote I have added to it, I shall make no comment on the letter other than to state that it may have some historical or amusement value and that it provides some interesting foreshadowings of the attitudes and personalities that eventually came to take complete control of Iguanacon.

Shortly after Phoenix won their '78 Worldcon bid at MAC, the first local committee meeting was held. I believe the circumstances of that meeting are clear from what I have written below. What follows is the text of the letter I wrote to the Iguanacon Central Committee in response to that meeting:

Bruce D. Arthurs  
920 N. 82nd St., H-201  
Scottsdale, AZ 85257  
24 Sept 76

Iguanacon Steering Committee  
Attn: Greg Brown  
PO Box 1072  
Phoenix, AZ 85001

Greg, et al:

This letter is concerning my appointment as Secretary to the Iguanacon committee and also a critique and comments on the committee meetings.

First of all, concerning my appointment as Secretary, I am afraid, like the Webberts, I must ask that several conditions be met:

1) Access to information. Earlier this year, I wrote a long and controversial editorial for GODLESS #13, defending the Phoenix bids and slamming various LA people. I went to a lot of sweat and effort to try and make that editorial as accurate and airtight as possible. Despite these efforts, I found myself being "burned" no less than three times by members of the Phoenix committee. The first was by Rick Gellman, with his "200 person son" statement; this, however, was pure coincidence. The other two times, I was given inaccurate information by committee members, despite my pleas for absolutely accurate info. Tim Kyger's version of the deadlines for the Westercon PR ad led me to believe that we had only two weeks to come up with an ad and get it to Mike Glyer, when in fact that two weeks was to prepare a new ad for Glyer, who had received the original ad in plenty of time

Curt Stubbs told me specifically that he had not asked Craig Miller for any advice on hotels; imagine how I felt when Mike Glycer quoted from Curt's letters to Craig, where he did specifically ask for information on hotels.

I do not like being made to look like an idiot. What I want is complete access to records, correspondence, et cetera. If I give out any information about our plans, I want to be sure, I want to see it in writing with my own two eyes, that the information I give out is accurate. This is one of the reasons why I am so emphatic that file copies should be kept of everything.

2) Freedom of Speech. As you know, I publish my own fanzine, plus several apazines. I tend to be very honest and candid in my writing. I do not want to embarrass or sabotage Iguacon, but I do want to be able to express my personal comments or criticisms of our plans. I am willing to give the steering committee first look at any such comments, and, if I still want to publish the comments anyway, will give the committee response space in the same publication.

Moving on the committee meetings, I see two major problems arising:

1) Attitude. This has been particularly noticeable in Greg Brown. He appears to take great glee in gloating over the LA defeat. Since our lead was only slightly over 7% of the total votes cast, I think our Phoenix victory is something more to wipe off the sweat from your brow, rather than gloat about. Our Westercon loss, which was extremely narrow, was won by 3% of the total votes cast at LA; our Worldcon win was merely narrow.

Also, Greg's attitude towards offers of aid given to him at MAC was very poor, especially if it came from someone whose name he didn't recognize. Saturday night at MAC, a fellow named Dave Carldon (if I remember correctly) came into the room party and offered his aid to Greg...who promptly reacted as if the fellow was something that had crawled out from under a rock.\* He was rude, impolite, and showed absolutely no enthusiasm for the fellow's offer at all. The next morning I saw the fellow again and apologized to him for Greg's behavior. I learned at that time that the fellow hadn't been too pissed off because later on at the Phoenix party he was able to pick up someone to spend the rest of the night with...but this is obviously something we can't guarantee for everyone.

Also, Greg's attitude towards the steering committee seems to be an elitist one, particularly notable in his reference to the committee as "the loyal six". You cannot afford to ignore the feelings and ideas of other local fans. Iguacon is supposed to be a Worldcon, not a GregBrownCon or a SteeringCommitteeCon. Greg's statement, "We're not going to hog the light, but we're not going to step out of it either" is revealing. If your attitude towards Iguacon is that it's a good way to make a name for

\*FOOTNOTE FROM THE PRESENT: If the things I have heard about Dave Carldon since writing this letter are true, he may indeed have crawled out from under a rock. This is irrelevant, however, since neither Greg Brown or I had ever heard of the fellow before MAC, and since Greg Brown was seen behaving similarly towards other people at MidAmeriCon.

yourself and get lots of egoboo, you are going to blow it! You will not get the egoboo, you will get the blame.

I am not offering my services to Iguanacon because of any egoboo I might get out of it. I can get a lot more egoboo just by continuing to publish my own fanzines. I'm offering my services because I feel you need someone who can do a good job as Secretary, and I feel I can do that job.

I recommend that: 1) In the future, do not hold the closed steering committee meetings in conjunction with public meetings. It does not give a good impression when "the loyal six" gather themselves up and stalk off to a private room (no unauthorized personnel allowed). 2) If people want to talk to the steering committee privately, let them into the closed meetings for a while and say their piece. The first person I heard suggest the closed meetings in the first place was Hilde; she wanted to say some things in private, particularly about the choice of "Iguanacon II" as a name, and she found herself shut out of the meeting. I wanted to say a few things in private (mostly what I discussed about Greg up above) and I got shut out of the meeting too. I'd been attending most of the meetings til then, and I would have appreciated learning beforehand that I was not welcome in the steering committee meeting. The Williamses have been attending most meetings; they were pissed off. And I don't think Doreen Webbert was too happy about being left out as well.

2) Organization of the Steering Committee. I believe the present steering committee is imbalanced in two ways: 1) ideological. All the present members of the steering committee are basically anarchistic in their political and social outlooks. This makes for a "loose", informal type of committee. We cannot afford to have "loose" planning for a Worldcon; it must be as specific and pre-planned as possible. I strongly recommend that the meetings be opened to persons with a more conservative, "stricter" outlook, specifically the Webberts or Williamses.

2) Organizational. The present steering committee consists of a chairman, a Membership head, two Programming heads and two Publications heads. This does not give a full or balanced outlook for the convention. I strongly recommend, again, that other people be allowed to attend the steering committee meetings; even if they do not have a vote, I believe their input is necessary and desirable. In particular I am talking about the Treasurers.

I also have some more specific suggestions, concerning matters brought up in the meetings:

1) Presupporting members -- At MAC, it was decided that presupporters would be able to purchase attending memberships for \$5 until 1 Jan 77. I explained this policy to one pre-supporter at MAC, and he did not particularly look pleased about it. I suggest that a better, and more traditional way, to handle pre-supporters would be to give them \$1 off on purchase of a membership up to and including at the door. Any presupporters who already bought a membership at MAC should have a \$1 refund sent to them.

2) Establishing a separate account for Publications, under the control of the Publications head -- Definitely not, except for petty cash purchases. Once a printer is chosen, he should be given a retainer (if required) and printing costs should be billed to the convention committee, where they can be discussed

and approved by the committee as a whole.

3) Personal Relations -- Since the meetings are being taped, I suggest that it would be a good idea if the committee members took the attitude people being discussed were right there listening. I'm sure you don't want to duplicate Nixon's Folly and have embarrassing things left on public record. Tom Williams, for instance, should have been asked to his face whether he would be willing to work for Security if the committee insisted that gate-crashers and such were only expelled from the convention, not prosecuted. (If not, perhaps he could work with Communications.) Tom Williams is probably the best qualified person we've got locally to work Security, and I don't think his name should be curtly dismissed. Basically what I'm trying to say is, don't dump garbage on other people if they're not there, and watch your fucking mouths.

4) Progress Reports Styled After Old Fanzines -- I consider this to be an unworkable idea. First of all, where will Bill Patterson get the old fanzines to model after? Second, there are a multitude of disadvantages to the idea. One is that most old fanzines didn't have attractive formats or styles. Also -- regarding a particular infatuation of Bill's -- very few old fanzines had justified margins. (In that case, tho, we wouldn't need typesetting done professionally.) Also, to duplicate old fanzines you'd have to use full-size type without any reduction; that would run your page count and printing costs up. How will advertsiers react to their ads being placed into something deliberately styled after mimeoed fanzines? I don't think they'd like it, plus the ads would ruin your format in the first place. And if you decided to run all the ads in a special section at the back of the PR, I don't think the advertisers would particularly appreciate that, either. I suggest that we instead concentrate on publishing solid conventional PR's, and that if we want them to be different from other worldcons' publications, that we do so by publishing them on schedule.

5) Outstanding Debts -- I must express strong disagreement with the approval of paying Greg Brown's room expenses for the last night at MAC. Why? Because there was a party held there? Our official victory party was held Saturday night, the night before, and \$100 was appropriated for that party. I consider any party Greg may have thrown in his room Sunday night to be just that...his room, and he should bear responsibility for its expense. Friday night at MAC, for instance, Hilde talked to several people who were attracted to our room by an open door and convinced them they should vote for Phoanix. Should her room expenses for that night be paid from convention funds? This was before we'd won; I think she deserves such a repayment much more than Greg does. (Which is to say, I don't think she or Greg should be reimbursed.)

I am also not wild about paying for the Moffatt's dinner, though I suppose that that at least is somewhat justifiable.

I disapprove, however, of paying for the phone calls made by unknown person or persons from Greg's room. If Greg left his room open and unsupervised, it's his responsibility for what the people left there do while he's gone. I realize he's unemployed and doesn't have much surplus cash of his own floating about, but on principle alone I have to disagree with this.

I also have an outstanding debt of my own to report. At MAC, I paid Jeff May \$9.50 for publishing costs, \$8.00 for 1,000 copies of PR #0, and \$1.50 for 250 copies of membership ballots. This

payment came out of my own pocket and reimbursement would be appreciated.

That, I think, is it for now. If I angered anyone, or pissed anyone off with my comments and remarks, I'm sorry, but these are my honest feelings and I felt they needed expressing.

sincerely,

/S/ Bruce D. Arthurs

Bruce D. Arthurs

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PART TWO: THE CHARACTERIZATION AND ASSASSINATION OF MICHAEL GLYER AS PERFORMED BY A SURVIVOR OF THE MADHOUSE OF IGUANACON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE GLER

In NOW LEAVING ON TRACK 9, Mike Glycer responded to my remarks to him in IGUANACON BLUES REDUX with the following:

"Let's face it, Bruce, I only made three brief statements that related to Hilde, and the information in all three came from your own fanzines. Now, if there was an expiration date on the validity of the truth in your fan publications, well and good, but you're just going to have to face up to the truth that you make all your own problems."

Oh? Really?

This is what Mike Glycer wrote in THE SPEED OF DARK #17, the statements he refers to in the above quote:

"Greg Brown in those days never seemed a particularly stable leader. He was probably traumatized when his wife moved in with another fan. Thereafter he was hailed into court where even his apazines were used against him. Soon Brown drifted out of contact with the committee, was accuded by Curt Stubbs of perpetrating small ripoffs, and Iggy drifted towards organizational disaster."

It certainly is wonderful, isn't it, Mike, what you can do with the English language when you pick and choose the facts you want to present, when you can present them in the order you choose, when you can ignore any other facts you don't like?

"He was probably traumatized when his wife moved in with another fan." As I'm sure you were perfectly aware when you wrote it, Mike, that statement clearly implies that Hilde walked out on Greg Brown because she was having an affair with me.

Of course, you ignored the fact that it was actually Greg Brown who walked out on Hilde.

You ignored the fact that Greg Brown walked out on Hilde in August of 1975, some nine months before Hilde and I even started dating.

You ignored the fact that when Hilde moved in with me, she and Greg Brown had been legally separated for six months and that it was only a week or two later that the final divorce came thru.

You ignored the fact that Hilde would not have moved in with me that soon except that conditions with her alcoholic father had reached the point where she feared for Aric's safety if she continued to live in her parent's home.

You tell a direct lie when you state that Greg Brown was hailed into court for non-payment of child-support after Hilde had moved in with me. (The paperwork on the case was begun in January of 1977, the court appearance was in May, and Hilde moved into my apartment in June.)

And of course you ignore the fact that Greg Brown's apazines were presented as evidence because statements within them indicated he had been earning unreported income under a false identity.

And with all this bizarrely slanted, one-sided presentation of a few chosen facts and a lie or two, you try to imply that Iguanacon's problems were caused because I persecuted, harassed and sabotaged its chairman until the poor fellow was unable to function effectively!

Anyone who knows Greg Brown at all well (which, unfortunately, I didn't during the spring and summer of '76) would laugh in your face at that implication, Mike. For you to try and make that implication after your own experiences with Greg Brown at the '76 Westercon is doubly croggling. What incredible gall. What incredible effrontery. What incredible...stupidity.

But why the hell am I bothering to tell you all this? You know the true facts; they've all been available to you, mainly in my own fanzines. But you don't give a shit for truth; you just want to make me look as bad as you possibly can, even if you have to degrade yourself to the depth of libeling my family along with me.

But, oh, what the hell, Mike. I guess the things you've written are the sort of unbiased and accurate information one has to expect from the editor of FILE 770, isn't it?

As for your attempt to label me a character assassin, the only things I have to say are things I've said previously. First, you have absolutely no idea how my mind works. Second, what I wrote said exactly what I wanted it to say. If you insist on misunderstanding a simple, clear and accurate use of the English language, I really don't feel that strong an urge to try and enlighten you. I would certainly appreciate it, however, if henceforth you would cease interpreting my writing by your standards of literacy.

And if you still don't see what I'm getting at in the above paragraph, well...what I've written says exactly what I want it to say.