

izzard

#1: patrick & teresa nielsen hayden .4337 15th ne #411 .seattle wa 98105 .USA

DISPARATE ACTS: My fingers twitched when I heard the phone ring. Patrick had gone off to a movie with Jerry Kaufman; I was alone in the house, and vulnerable. I was also supposed to be working on a manuscript. It was John D. Berry on the line.

"I thought I'd call and read you some of your egoboo from the letters on the latest *Wing Window*," he said guilelessly.

"Ooooh," I replied, and settled back into an easy chair to have my ears annointed. To have one's egoboo read aloud by John D. Berry is a fine thing.

"Well, here's the LoC from Harry Warner," he started, and read a gratifying paragraph or so. It was extremely pleasant. Then he read another letter, and another. I got dizzy and my eyesight blurred. I am in fact an absolute sucker for egoboo.

Then John D. changed the subject, dammit. "Did you get the latest *Pong*?"

"Sure! Got it just this afternoon," I said from somewhere in the happy depths of egoboo-overdose. "Patrick's been suspecting for a couple of months now they were going to fold it. They dropped enough hints."

"Yyyesss..." Then he chuckled. "Did you see the part about how somebody else now has to pick up the small-frequent-and-fannish torch and run with it?" I started to say something I hoped would sound witty and then stopped, like a drunk driver realizing half a block too late that there was a red light back there. It is a terrible thing, after years of respectable fanpublishing complacency, to suspect that you are about to be called to a higher fate involving monthly deadlines. I made a small-fast-and-helpless noise.

John D. went on, amiable, imperturbable, duplicitous. "You guys are the logical next editors to put out a fast, fannish zine." He sounded quite happy about it.

I thought about it quickly. Were we? It sounded good. On the other hand, it might just be the sort of notion you can cook up in the course of a late-night salacious fannish phone conversation when you've allowed persons with whom you aren't even co-editing to call you up and read egoboo to you. I wished I had Gary Farber around; he is the Arbiter of All Things Fannish, and probably could have decided the matter after a bare 45 minutes' consideration. But Gary was off at the Chicon.

In the meantime John D. was saying "Haven't you and Patrick been announcing for the last year that you wanted to make *Telos* smaller and more frequent?" In fact we had, in print and everything. He had me there.

I fell back on my basic excuse. "I'll have to talk to Patrick about it," I said. That's what co-editors are for: to spread the responsibility around at convenient moments.

Moral cowardice bought me about a half-day's safety. In the mail the next day was a carbon of a letter from Dick Bergeron to Dan & Ted down at World *Pong* Headquarters, which Bergeron had thoughtfully passed on to us. Right there in black and blue it said "...Do you suppose we can persuade Patrick and Teresa to turn *Telos* into a 10pp monthly?...What about it P&T? 10pgs really isn't too many & it could be mailed first class. Why not try it for a year? My god, that's only 12 issues, 120pgs..."

We saw then that it was a case of historical inevitability, or at least of our friends conspiring against us; and if neither of those then simply more proof that, left at loose ends over Labor Day weekend, we will inevitably concoct some way to get into trouble. Friends, you will undoubtedly see us next year in Baltimore. In the meantime, this is *Izzard*, monthly and under an ounce. - tnh



THAT OTHER FANZINE: The inexorable tides of history aside (aside, I say, aside!), though, this sort of fanzine is kind of what we've been trying to make *Telos* into for over a year now. To damned little effect. At considerable cost to your eyesight, we did manage to get one 24-page mostly-micropica issue out last summer, thus (we thought) clearing our backfiles of material and setting the stage for a clockwork series of bimonthly, 24-page *Teloses*. Ja, sure. No sooner did that issue hit the mail than Bertie MacAvoy returned from Ireland and dropped an irresistible 16-page trip report in our laps. Then we got the eight pages from Terry Carr, then the fat envelope of full-pagers from Jay Kinney, then the phone call from Loren MacGregor one fine Saturday morning announcing that he was sending us a column. Meanwhile, the lettercolumn file for the last two issues approaches a full inch thick when pressed down. Getting all the material on hand into issue 5 had involved bumping Loren to our FAPazine, eliminating the lettercolumn, and cutting our own editorials to a total of four pages. My God, we realized, we're cutting our own writing. Completely appalling. We're licked and we admit it. Terry Carr once said, anent his 1960s genzine *Lighthouse*, that "inside every fat issue there was a thin fanzine trying to get out." Say the opposite of *Telos* instead: every 17- or 24-page issue we publish is a distortion, a naturally slow-moving, loquacious and comfortably plump fanzine being forcibly stuffed into an improbable micropica corset. No more. *Telos* 6 ought to be out in December or thereabouts; another issue should appear before the next worldcon, thus keeping things at least as frequent as some other stately plump blue fanzine we could mention.

It's like I was saying about those inexorable tides: if fandom is really determined that there should exist a fat, infrequent genzine called *Telos* (and judging from the sort of letters we get, someone does: hello, rich), so be it. Fighting destiny that manifest merely gives you strange crossbreeds like *Telos* 5: neither fish, fowl, nor frequent fanzine. The only way out of the trap is a new title, a new charter, a new (and smaller) mailing list. Thus, this. Hello. -pnh



NEXT QUESTION: "Izwhat?" several of you have already asked. "Izzard," we sagely reply, "like *Zed* (our FAPazine), a variant English name for the last letter of the alphabet, this one rather more obscure and rural." (British fans nonplussed by talk of zed as a "variant" should be advised that Americans call the letter 'Z' zee.) Now you know. Midterms are in three months, so take notes. -pnh

 "Lentil? No one's called me that in years!"

BLACK TOP HAT AND MOUSTACHE: Remember when you were in college (or something like it), and you'd go to some administrative office to get something done, and there'd be this Rotten Person behind the counter who would make you get everything in triplicate and send you to three other widely separated buildings to have some form signed and then when you came back tell you that what you wanted was impossible and anyway the deadline was six weeks ago? That's me now. I have a new job. I like it a lot.

A couple of months ago I precipitously re-entered the ranks of the unemployed, an episode that owed much to my advertising agency's not having known when they hired me that my previously undiagnosed neurological krenk was shortly going to reach a crisis. I hadn't known it either, but I had to sympathize with their viewpoint; a secretary who is collapsing narcoleptically over her typewriter isn't much of a bargain. If I'd had any money in the bank I'd have been even more sympathetic.

Three days after I was fired our landlord dropped by to say that he'd sold our house to a development company (this cheered me up), and Patrick and I wound up in an apartment across the street from the University of Washington. I took this as a sign from God, who I considered owed me a couple at that point, that I should get a job there. I had in mind something quaint, academic: a quiet office, a genially absent-minded professor or three; long chewy papers to type on James Joyce or ischemic heart disease or the habits of Puget Sound fish. And in fact the math department did offer me \$15K per annum to come type long chewy papers on the habits of small Greek symbols, but I turned it down.

This amazed me even while I did it. I'd told the personnel department at the U that I was an adventurous soul, willing to try anything (hoping they wouldn't correctly interpret this as "has no money, is desperate"), and so wound up in a bemused condition accepting a job which Personnel and I had agreed was best described as "front-line trench-warfare receptionist."

Let me tell you: it's terrific. I don't handle papers, much. I don't even type, beyond tickling the computer's throat with student ID numbers. What I do all day is perch on a high stool behind our reception counter, or back at the phones, and listen while students come in and attempt to explain what Awful Thing has happened to their financial aid awards. Then I try to sort it out for them. It's engrossing stuff.

For a lot of students our office is their first encounter with a real paperwork maze, which means I wind up spending a lot of my day explaining that we don't have anything against them personally, that everyone's student loan takes three months to process, okay? Also, many of them don't speak English as a first language. A significant chunk of the former young adulthood of South Vietnam appears to be getting funds through our office; they're supplemented by Pacific Northwest Indians, refugee Iranians, six varieties of Spanish-speaker and a smattering of everything else. Talking with them won't teach you a word of their native vocabularies, but between interpreting their explanations of how the dog ate their award letter and trying to get across the idea that their entire aid package for the next year will now be cancelled you start to get a strong idea of their syntax. The Vietnamese, for instance, seem to regard all English articles as essentially interchangeable units, and using conditional tenses with them ("if that were ... then you would") is almost begging for trouble.

In a pinch you can go by the signals: a glazed look means "rewind and start over"; suddenly-tensed shoulders and bugged-out eyes mean that your explanation has somehow cohered into a threatening entity and you'd better take all the pieces apart and reassemble it into a more soothing form.

I've had only one notable failure with the language barrier. A ranking professor from the Botany Department came in with what he assured me was a genius-level plant propagator from Peru and asked if he could get work-study. I looked at the student and said, very slowly and clearly, "Do-you-have-permanent-resident-status?" He looked back at me out of limpid brown eyes and said "I was born in New Joisy."

I think I'm going to write to *Newsweek* next time they run an article about today's apathetic, disengaged college students. I disagree with them. The students that I see are very much engaged. For instance --

There's one particularly gorgeous Rube Goldberg built into the loosely-connected Registration/Admissions/Financial Aid computer systems. It kicks in when Joe Student, proud holder of a substantial financial aid award, pre-registers for Fall classes and then, say, moves without filing CoAs. One of his requested classes is full, so Registration's computer doesn't list him as taking it. Financial Aid's computer notes his subminimal course load and places a temporary stop-payment on his student aid. Meanwhile Joe Student, unaware of the interesting stack of notices piling up at his former address, serenely believes that his aid has paid his tuition. Tuition deadline passes. Admissions' computer notes this unpaid tuition and tells Registration's computer to cancel the fellow's classes. The Financial Aid computer, finding that the student's course load has now dropped below half-time, cancels his whole award. One day Joe Student realizes that he hasn't gotten any mail in five weeks and looks in at his previous address. The three pieces of correspondence on top of the stack are a letter from Registration telling him all his classes are cancelled, a letter from our office saying he's getting no money this year, and a letter from Admissions announcing that he's no longer a student at the University of Washington. He heads for Schmitz Hall, where I work. Registration and Admissions are on the second floor, but we're on the ground floor and thus get him first. This is a famous occurrence; like the annual visit of the Cossacks to your village you're apt to hear it coming before you ever see anything. Zero apathy.

We find ourselves constantly exhorting students to file CoAs, for what it's worth.

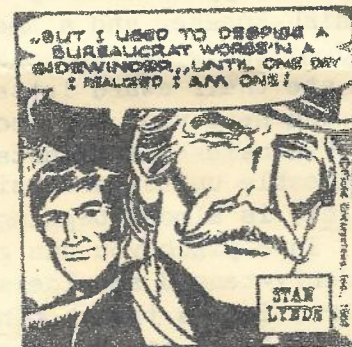
Most of our front-desk dramas aren't nearly so spectacular. A married couple comes in to explain that they both have to finish their Masters' degrees this year so they can go back to their mission in Tunisia. A freshman tells us his father makes \$140,000.00 a year, claims him as a tax exemption, and won't give him a cent for college -- does that make him ineligible for everything? (Yes. It's ummy.) Belligerent single mothers

describe in detail how their s.o.b. ex-husbands have cut off child support. One high-octane Middle Easterner tried to bribe me to rush a bit of his paperwork. A street crazy wandered in and demanded four thousand dollars and a job teaching astrophysics, so I had him fill out a bedsheet-sized student loan application; he docilely did this, after which I sent him off with explicit instructions on how to get to Personnel and see about that professorship.

And sometimes you can help people, which feels pretty good, like when a 40+ woman came in to see about money for next year so that she can get an education and stop having to raise three children on secretarial wages; I checked her circumstances and found that she's eligible for almost everything we give out. We were both delighted and she's in the application process now. And sometimes you can't do a damned thing and it's awful, like when a little Japanese student (one Tokuko Jones) came up to our counter and said, in a little tiny voice, could we please reinstate a lost scholarship of hers because she hadn't seen her father in Japan in eight years and he's dying, and we had to tell her about how big the hobnailed boots are that the Feds wear when they land on us for giving out money for "non-educational" expenses.

I hear you all muttering "bureaucracy", and I say yea verily, bureaucracy. I've said nasty things about it all my life. The difference is, now I'm behind the counter and I realize, first, that every weird policy we generate has a reason for it (usually having to do with even-weirder federal policy requirements and the fact that the feds audit us every damned time we turn around and will take their money and go home if they decide we're insufficiently audible), and second, everybody in our office would be much happier if we just had a large bucket of money and a soup-ladle and could give each student a dipperful as he came in our door. But we can't do that. We mediate the requirements of dozens of departments and programs and have no authority to infract them. All we can do is station three people on high stools at the front desk to explain to the students what's going on. It's the best help we can give them.

And after a hard day of minor crises and miraculous redemptions, my co-explainers and I sit back to talk about what happened this time. And somebody will have discovered a really slick way to do something, and we all smile, and nod, and say "that's really bureaucratic." Which by us means "good." -tnh



Speed Lines
Jerry
Kartman

Every now and then I read someone's complaint that there aren't as many fanzines now as there used to be. This, said Someone suggests, is a sign of the coming death of fanzine fandom. I think Someone is right on count one. There do seem to be less generally-available titles, and the genzines and personalzines to seem to come out less often. I explain this trend by economic factors: not only is the economy in rotten shape, and postage (all over the world) at a fantastic level, but the cost of going to multiple conventions a year has drained off money that might otherwise be spent on fanpublishing.

But Someone is wrong on count two, the death of fanzines. It's evident that fanzine publishing is actually in a boom, with enthusiastic oldfen and youngfen alike cranking away, and even signs of a new generation of neos about to appear. So what happened to the number of fanzines published? I think that those multiple conventions did the trick of drawing off all those people who once published fanzines for social contact: all the people who mainly published fanzines to make friends through the mail, to tell each other what their favorite books were, what they did for a living, what their politics were. (Not to say that we who currently publish don't ever do these things... this just isn't our primary reason for publishing.)

These people published the bulk of fanzines at one time. Their fanzines were mostly mediocre and not very memorable. They usually consisted of two pages of personal chat as editorial, a few book reviews, and an article on 2001 or whatever the current topic was; a piece of amateur fiction, a couple of poems, a piece of humor (perhaps in imitation of the English John Berry, or Gary Deindorfer), and a few letters. People assumed that a healthy fanpublishing scene required about 85 of these undistinguished zines to provide a

backdrop to the ten or fifteen good zines that might appear at any one time.

Would anybody care to venture a guess at the number of fanzines coming out now? I won't, but I will guess that there are not 100 generally-available titles now, and that of those coming out a higher proportion are good. The others are often terrible, but they bear distinctive personal stamps -- they exist because their editors have unique visions to convey. They are not dull. Almost everyone publishing today really wants to publish fanzines. They're producing works of art, not just multiple letters to their friends.

I'll predict a prediction: it is possible that the multiplicity of conventions may decrease in the next several years, because of economic conditions. Already several western conventions have Rumours floating around their heads that they will lose money this year, and fold. If this happens, many convention attendees will find out that a small personalzine, or medium genzine with a slightly stricter subscription policy, is going to cost them less than a trip outside their home fannish grounds to a Westercon or a Disclave. We'll see an increase in the number of fanzines coming out, and Someone will be reassured. But we're not going to get a "healthier" fanzine fandom or a more memorable one. We'll just have a lot more paper in our attics. -jak

STAPLE GOODS: Despite the fact that I haven't written or published a fanzine review since 1976, when I was a callow seventeen, people keep assuming I've been a regular practitioner of the form for years. Why, just the other week bouncy Brian Earl Brown firmly asserted me to be a leading light in a campaign of "abuse" directed against Marty Cantor and his fanzine *Holier Than Thou*, despite the fact that I don't recall ever saying much one way or another about the zine, which I actually rather like sometimes. (I did chide Marty once, two or three years ago, for what I saw as controversy-mongering, but I didn't think that added up to an attack on *HTT*, or even an evaluation of it.) Might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, though, so appearing regularly here will be this column of brief reviews, some of which may get your goat (and a few of which may be turkeys).

Steve Bieler (or Steven Bryan Bieler, as his auctorial monicker has it -- to be a modern neo-pro you need three names, it's in the rules) is a local fan, former Massachusetts resident and aspiring sf writer whose first fanzine, *On Company Time* #1, is a surprise and a delight. Produced just like it says, behind his supervisors' backs on the job at a downtown insurance company, *OCT* #1 consists mostly of one essay which manages the never-easy, and quintessentially fannish, task of making a subject you're probably not interested in interesting and amusing. The subject is baseball, one of Steve's manias (a secret vice shared with a select group of other trufans including Harry Warner and Avedon Carol), and the narrative is personal, anecdotal, and autobiographical, sprinkled with ironic asides about the history of the game. The last page of the fanzine is something else you don't usually find done well in fanzines: a poem. Which left me laughing helplessly on the floor and apparently appealed well enough to the editors of the *Co-Evolution Quarterly* that they bought reprint rights. *On Company Time* is vital proof that any rules can be broken if you're good enough, and Bieler is good enough. Next issue ought to be out next time Steve's supervisors all go to lunch at the same time. Watch this man. (Steve Bieler, Box 21606, Seattle WA 98111; "Whim & Random, Distributors.")

Space Junk #6, the long awaited Lovecraft issue, is finally out from Rich Coad, and for all its impressive lineup is, I'm afraid, a bit disappointing. Lovecraft's style and affectations are broad enough that most fans can turn out reasonably amusing, journeyman HPL parody material at fairly short notice, and the fact that Rich, Dave Langford, Cheryl Cline and a reprinted Jim Turner all do so here mostly proves that Rich's fanzine is normally good enough that when he decides to assemble a bunch of twice-told jokes he can get a classy set of writers to tell them. Of all the contributors here, only Bill Gibson really departs the obvious to excavate the real scoop about old H.P.: "...'cause this is the Modern World, Jack, and all the eldritch horror off all the bedsheets of Providence is as nothing in the face of the horrors that confront us daily. ...This guy's work abounds with 'feminine landscapes', hillocks and mounts with holes in them, and, if you're unlucky enough to find your way down one of these things, you'll find, too late, that it's full of rats, it's all damp and icky there, the very fabric of reality breaks down, down there...The Golden Age of Sexual Paranoia is past, and HPL's just another taste in the wire rack at Safeway." Gibson is, as usual, working at a level quite beyond that of most fanwriting. Usually *Space Junk*, despite its affected scrappiness, is excellent enough

that the contrast between Bill and everyone else is less obvious. This time, it isn't. (Rich Coad, 251 Ashbury St #4, San Francisco CA 94117; the usual.)

I don't want to go over all the material in *Still It Moves* #2, from Simon Ounsley, but a few things stand out for special mention. Alan Ferguson's "You Must Be Mad" appears to be yet another example of the season's new fanwriterly genre: painful & intense experience articles, viz. Berta MacAvoy on adult orthodontia in *Telos* 5 and Steve Brown, in *Boonfark* 6, on having his hand cut off. Ferguson's article is about learning to sky-dive, and like the other two, it's fairly harrowing. "We are told to always put our left foot on our right if neither of our chutes open. This means we will go into the ground on a right-hand thread and so will be easier to unscrew. I don't think I want to play anymore." Nonetheless he does indeed eventually jump, and evokes the experience more vividly than any number of movies I've seen of parachutists in the act. Another article, John Nixon's "The Psychology Of Fanzines," hits wide of the mark here and there, but still makes some good points about the real reasons people publish fanzines, all rationalizations aside. Nixon's answer is: egotism and self-projection. Nixon presents this as deplorable but unavoidable. I don't see it as deplorable; is this more of that US/UK Cultural Gap at work? I do think, though, that it's a useful point to remind ourselves of when lost in labrynthine arguments about purpose, meaning and communication in fanpublishing. Finally, D. West's "A Dream Of Silicone Women" says, with typical Western sardonic dead-accuracy, what everyone else merely mutters under their breath: "The most bizarre aspect of the displays of fetishistic exhibitionism which occur at conventions is not that such things happen at all -- which is fairly unremarkable -- but that they appear to happen without the participants being quite conscious of what's going on." West goes on to question just what it is most fans are doing at conventions, really, and proposes the scrapping of the fiction Hugoes in favor of awards for costumes, sexual fantasies, etc. A trenchant proposal for our times, you bet. Not everything in *Still It Moves* is as striking as these pieces (in fact, parts of it are downright forgettable), but on balance it's a good, varied genzine still finding its own voice, helped considerably by Pete Lyon's funny fillos and the fact that editor Ounsley is himself a good writer who puts a lot of himself into the zine's verbiage. As Jerry Kaufman just pointed out up there, lots of journeyman genzines aren't necessarily a sign of fannish health, but journeyman genzines evolving into distinctive & individualistic ones, as *SIM* seems to be doing, certainly are. (Simon Ounsley, 13A Cardigan Rd, Headingley, Leeds LS6 3AE UK; available for the usual.) -pnh

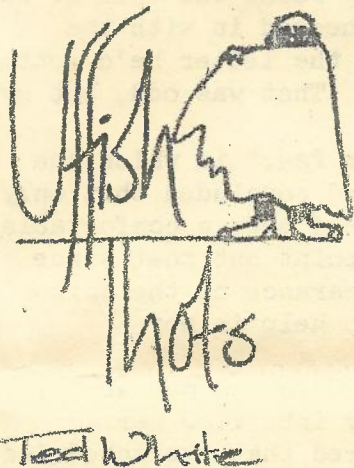
STAPLE NOT-SO-GOODS: *Nothing Left To The Imagination* #3, from Alina Chu and Teresa Miñambres, starts out by proclaiming that the persons who write it and are written about in it are not "normal" (quotation marks theirs), in contrast to all the dull, pedestrian, tedious souls they otherwise encounter in their lives. Periodically throughout the rest of the zine they make reference to what fine, weird, silly folk they all are, and what a good time they had at the two conventions this zine celebrates.

You know, whenever I hear someone talking incessantly about how zany they are, and how boringly normal everyone else is, I immediately think they can't be looking very hard at the people around them.

What else is here? Well, it's loose and scattered-looking, though that's no great sin. Much force and energy (and surplus of exclamation points) is expended on jolly tales of fans forcibly rubbing each others' body parts with cut oranges, throwing beer at each other, running about conventions in tight shorts, being shat upon by dogs in cars, and playing volleyball in the pool at Midwestcon. It was probably a lot of fun at the time, but I wasn't there at the time. Nothing sounds particularly startling or unusual, and in the meantime the writing itself conveys no sense of fun or excitement. In fact, the weirdest thing about these people is how drably they write about these happenings; despite all those exclamation points it's the same old flat conreport style -- "and then we did this, and then we did that, and then we went to dinner, and then we all gathered in the bathroom to watch Joe Wesson piss." It could be splendidly libellous -- one finds one's self wishing, say, Leroy Kettle had been there to write it all up -- but as it is it's just flat.

The trouble with *Nothing Left To The Imagination* is that it leaves everything to the imagination; you get told how wild and kinky so-and-so is but then you never get shown

them being wild and kinky. It's frustrating: much implied, perhaps, but no gory details. Alina Chu and Teresa Miñambres ought to check out the writings of Bill Gibson or Don West, both of whom go on quite vividly about their, ahem, various concerns and leave it to the reader to determine that those men are very far gone indeed. (Alina Chu and Teresa Miñambres, 72 Orchard St #13, New York NY 10002; no availability indicated.) -tnh



Intro: When we got back from Chicago there was a note awaiting us in our accumulated mail. "Dear Sirs," it said, "This is to acknowledge shipment of the following materials: (Item) Gauntlet; (Size) medium; (Quantity) 1 - one. All of the above items have been picked up and are accepted in the condition received." It was signed by both Teresa and Patrick Nielsen Hayden.

I had been hoping that someone would pick up the gauntlet, but I confess I was a little surprised it was the Nielsen Haydens, simply because they seemed to have their hands full already, fannishly speaking. In the final *Pong* I offered "encouragement" to whoever picked up that gauntlet and put out a new zippy little fmz, said encouragement to take the form of "a copy of our mailing list and some *Pongish* material." The mailing list has been sent and this column constitutes my share of the "*Pongish* material." In content this column will

resemble a boiled-down *Pong*, and mark something of a return to those days when fanzine columns were made up of short bits rather than single essays. That said, let's get on with it.

Chicon IV: It could not have been coincidence that *Time* magazine, in the issue published for the week of the Chicon, ran a short piece on the way Chicago's Mayor Byrne has been plastering her name over every event taking place in Chicago (e.g., "Mayor Byrne's Kool Jazz Festival," the publicity flyers for which had her name in bigger print than that used for the festival's actual title), and I half expected to find on arrival at the Hyatt Regency that I was attending "Mayor Byrne's Chicon IV." Although that didn't happen, those who flew to Chicago were greeted on their way in from O'Hare Airport by a billboard welcoming them to the Chicon. The billboard was from L. Ron Hubbard, whose *Battlefield Earth: A Saga of the Year 3000* has just been published by St. Martin's Press with great promotional hype, of which the billboard was typical. (Has any other stf novel ever been advertised on a billboard in a major city?)

How was the con? I enjoyed it. But then, I usually do. My impression was that it was smaller than the last couple of worldcons -- some 4300 or so attendees were claimed -- and it fitted comfortably into a single hotel (although attendees ranged over several hotels) with even the masquerade and the Hugo Awards ceremony taking place in the Hyatt's ballroom (rather than a civic center auditorium). Like the last Chicon, twenty years ago, it was a two-tower hotel, requiring that one take an elevator down to one of two floors to cross over to the other tower, there to take another elevator, each time one changed parties from tower to tower. But after half-mile walks to parties that seemed almost insignificant. I found myself leaving the Hyatt for parties elsewhere only twice in six days. For those six days (Wednesday through Monday) it was possible to live in an encapsulated reality entirely divorced from mundane reality -- nearly a week of Pure Convention.

The fanzine room turned out to be a good gathering place this year. It was accessible and could be counted on for meeting someone I wanted to see, from Lee Hoffman (who generally hung out there during the day except when attending or appearing on a program item), to John-Henri Holmberg (who I last saw fifteen years ago at NyCon3), and Marty Cantor did a good job of running the fanzine table there.

When I noticed that Marty was not only displaying but selling fanzines at his table in the fanzine room, I asked him what the deal was and learned that all proceeds from the sales went to the fanzine editors. Impressed, I went up to my room and picked up five copies of *Pong* #40 and another five of *Gambit* #56. "With a \$5.00 price I'm sure they won't sell," I told Marty when I handed them to him, "but what the hell." Two days later I checked to see how many had sold and discovered they'd all sold. Fifty dollars richer, I decided that next year I'd bring a lot more copies of whatever fanzines I could dig up

...maybe some really old ones, too. I'd like to publicly thank Marty here and now for the job he did at Chicon; I hope he'll be doing this in years to come.

Bad Shit: Chicon was not without its assholes, however, and a major one is (on the evidence) Yale Edeiken, the Manager of Chicon's "Program Division."

Nearly everyone who was on a program item had at least one complaint about the way he or she was dealt with: most received form letters informing them they were on specific program items, mostly out of the blue and at the last minute. Jerry Jacks was told he was on an "Alternate Lifestyles" panel, for instance. But when Jerry checked in with the programming people he was told that because he had not acknowledged the letter he'd gotten a week before the con, the panel had been deleted from the program. That was odd, but my experience was odder yet.

In *Gambit* #55 I published Lee Hoffman's "Confessions of a Paper Fan," in which she looked back at her prior experiences before convention audiences, and concluded that only a panel at the Suncon on which she appeared with Terry Carr and me had been a comfortable experience for her. After stencilling her piece I wrote to her to point out that since she was a Guest of Honor, she could determine the nature of her appearance on the Chicon program, and if it would be more comfortable for her I'd be happy to help in her presentation.

Lee was delighted with my suggestion and took me up on it. So I worked out what I thought would make a good program item, in which I would essentially interview her.

Imagine my surprise when I read the Pocket Program and discovered that the scheduled interview was to be conducted by Terry Carr. "They probably think we're the same person," Terry told me at a party soon thereafter. It was a problem we sometimes had when we put out *Void*, after all.

Subsequently a committee member told me that the decision to switch from me to Terry was specifically made by Yale Edeiken, "out of spite." Why Yale should feel spiteful towards me I have no idea -- I've never had any dealings with the man -- but it definitely earns him my Asshole of the Convention award.

Other Rumors: I hear the Chicon based its budget on an expected membership of over 5,000 and came up about a thousand members short. I can't say for certain, but I do know that there was some doubling up of membership numbers. My original supporting membership (purchased under the illusion that I was getting a full attending membership) had a number in the 1700s, but when I converted I was given a number in the 5300s, so I personally account for two numbers. I have no idea how many others were similarly treated. In any case, there was apparently some belt-tightening, but no panic among the Con Committee.

But rumors were flying about money being spent like water by the Committee, which, among other things, picked up the lease on Larry Propp's former apartment when he moved out.

Denver's budget was based on an income of at least \$145,000.00. I've heard Chicon's bruted to be in the quarter-million range, and Baltimore's is half a million dollars.

This is Big Money in anyone's terms, and it's obvious that weighed against such a budget a few hundred or even a few thousand spent here and there seems pretty minor indeed. The potential for genteel graft is no longer just a potential: it is occurring now.

The San Francisco bid for '87, now being mooted, is based on getting back to a more reasonable level of attendance fees and budgets; I hope it won't (if it occurs) be too late. Once the tradition that, for instance, the Con Committee Chairman (or -men) is supported to the tune of twenty to forty thousand dollars a year for at least the year before the convention is firmly established (because "they did it last year" or somesuch) it will be hard to break. And if in fact this is going to occur I think the bidding committee had better clearly specify it up front.

The simple fact is that stuff like this has been going on for years, at first for quasi-altruistic purposes (like the money the LASFS building fund skimmed off the '72 LACon) and then increasingly less so. It's one thing to say (as I did in 1967) that, as Con Chairman, I lost most of a year's income putting on that year's con, and it's another thing entirely to insist that the convention make it up to me. If the chairman expects to take a year off from his regular job without pay, it is not unreasonable for him to ask for compensation (assuming that the con can afford it), but this ought to be done openly and not in the present, under-the-counter, covert manner. The present system encourages not only abuse but inneundo and slander.

Fan Publications: The Chicon was responsible for any number of fan publications, including WOOF #7 (surely one of the worst apa mailings ever seen), but two stand out, both dedicated to and based on the career of the Fan GoH, Lee Hoffman.

In And Out Of Quandry is a hardcover book, published Ace Double fashion with a collection of fiction by Pro GoH A. Bertram Chandler, by NESFA Press. It's not entirely successful in its typographical design, but it's otherwise a handsome edition of a book which may surprise those who think of Lee primarily as an editor rather than as a writer. Much of the content comes from Lee's FAPazines of the late fifties and early sixties and will be a pleasant discovery for most people. I paid \$10.00 for the book at Chicon, but I think the post-Chicon price is higher.

Joe D. Siclari has published Volume One of *The Complete Quandry*, a xeroxed replication of Qs 14-17. As Joe notes in his introduction, the original copies are now crumbling and becoming unreadable and this edition will restore them to readability. But apparently Joe had to work with less than perfect copies -- a number of pages are underinked and spotty -- and no effort was made to improve their readability for reproduction (which is on uncharacteristic white paper). (By contrast, when Dan Steffan replicated *Wild Hair* #7 in *Boonfark* #7, he first made xerox copies of each page and carefully went over them by hand, whitening out blotches and touching up partly-printed letters. These retouched pages were then re-xeroxed and then electro-stencilled, the ultimate result being more readable than the original he had started with.)

Joe also notes that "This first volume starts with issue #14 because Lee believes, and I agree, that Q was in its prime at this point." Volume Two will contain #s 18-21, and the earliest issues will be in the final volume. This strikes me as bibliographically odd although sensible enough in terms of letting Chicon's members see Q at its prime; that final volume is going to be an anticlimax.

At 116 pages, Volume One is a good buy for \$5.00 (plus \$1 for postage), any anyone who is curious about all the talk about Sixth Fandom and *Quandry* owes it to him or herself to get a copy. It makes a nice complement to *Warhoon* #28, too. (Siclari, 4599 NW 5th Ave, Boca Raton FL 33431.) -tw

UFFISH THOTS POSTSCRIPT: Since Ted brings it up, I'll add my two cents to the Matter of Worldconcom Finance. I've lived off Worldcon money. In the last month before Iguanacón, about three hundred dollars of our \$200,000.00 cash-flow went to feed those several top concom members, myself included, who'd spent their last dollar on the con and still needed to continue working full-time -- fourteen to eighteen hours a day -- on it. It was the considered judgement of the Steering Committee that malnourished staff members were not in the best interests of the 36th World Science Fiction Convention. In a similar vein the treasury footed about \$135.00 towards one month's rent at the notorious Garrett, one-and-a-half-room office of the committee and home to about half of it. No doubt it was this sort of profligate largesse, lush meals of the finest soybeans and all the latest in Early Septic Tank home furnishings, that inspired local rumors of our having fled to San Francisco after the con with \$25,000.

The interesting thing is that this is probably the first time anyone not close to the concom has heard about this. In the absence of any admitted-to precedent for this sort of thing (though we knew damned well committees had been doing it under the table for years, and usually with a lot less good reason), the safest thing seemed to be to shut up and record it all as Petty Cash Out. The fact that lunatic feuds were taking place between the committee and local fandom didn't help matters, either. But it would certainly be a fine thing if those of us out there who've had to be supported, partially or fully, for any amount of time by a Worldcon committee would come out and say so, thus providing precedent, a framework for discussion of what's proper and what isn't, out in the open rather than in furtive, closed committee meetings.

The fact is that Worldcons are huge jobs. A few people pretty much have to give up normal lives for a few months in order to pull them off. There's some initial glory and egoboo but by the time the con rolls around all that's left is grim determination and a lot of carnage -- broken friendships, nervous breakdowns, and dented lives. Under the current protocols of the WSFS Uninc. we essentially elect a new group of suckers every year and tell them to do this terrible thing to themselves in order that everyone else can have a good time. Rewriting the book on financial etiquette, establishing clearly and realistically what's kosher & what isn't, would help some. -pnh

AVEDON FOR TAFF Why? Why:

(a) The best party manner west of the Falkland Islands. Room parties guaranteed held spellbound. Electric anecdotes & bonecrushing retorts. Spectacular entertainment for all.

(b) Writer, letterhack, editor, publisher, sercon reviewer, fannish fan, convention organizer: one of the very few all-around actifans of this generation.

(c) A real macher: less likely than most to run out of gas before finishing her TAFF report. (Hi, Steve. Hi, Elliot. Hi, Peter?)

(d) Uncompromising, volatile, and bloody brilliant. The connoisseur's choice. Don't wait; don't stop to think. Vote early, often, and AVEDON FOR TAFF. Go. -p&tnh

BACKTALK: CoA -- Andi Shechter, 1901 6th St, Berkeley CA 94710; Pete Lyon, 33 Haddon Pl, Leeds LS4 2JU UK. ||| Dick Bergeron writes to inform us: "Difficult to believe but true: Wrhn 30 is finished! By finished I mean I no longer have the text/art around here to fool around with. The whole 86pg mess has been sent off to my printer in New York for photographing and printing. Now it's in the hands of the inexorable commercial world of NYC. I should have printed sheets back here in 3 weeks at the outside. Whee. It didn't look so much like an issue of Wrhn (when I last looked) as it did the outbreak of WWIII. It's wild." Dated 14 September 1982, so duck. ||| We didn't make a very big deal about it, but we have moved, since *Telos* 5 in fact. Our new address is rather similar at first sight to our old one, so check and make sure we're in your files under 4337 15th NE #411, Seattle WA 98105. You too, Eric Mayer; the last *Groggy* was sent to an address two moves old and was miraculously forwarded the entire distance. (Good fanzine; deserved the miracle.) ||| Of course now that you've got the address handy naturally you'll want to pop \$2.50 into an envelope and send it to Patrick, who'll retaliate with a copy of his 66-page *Fanthology* 1981, featuring the very best of that year's fanwriting including material from Chris Atkinson, Dave Langford, Ted White, Avedon Carol, Eric Mayer, Chris Priest, Kevin Smith, John Bangsund, Greg Benford, Chris Atkinson Again, and the ever-quotable Malcolm Edwards. Decorated by Teresa, covers by Bergeron, mimeography by Gestetner and staples by Bostich (you remember him?). This massive work (or "tome" as we say out here on the Coast, man) has received rave reviews from Falls Church to East Snopsworstshire, so don't you dare delay. Oh, and it is just \$2 even if you buy it in person, so all you British and Australian fans who've been casting about for an excuse to drop by can come over now. No, no, don't mention it. ||| Special Committee Award, Chicon IV, to Mike Glycer "for keeping the fan in fanpublishing." But which one? And is Mike going to let him out now? -pnh

Izzard is published every month by Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, 4337 15th NE #411 Seattle WA 98105 206-633-0244, and is available for the usual: letters, contributions, trades, or \$1 a copy (no subs). Letters are preferred (we already publish a trade genzine). Compact, punchy letters are printed, even. UK agents: Chris Atkinson and Malcolm Edwards. Cheerleader & pedant: John D. Berry. 28 Sep 1982: rhp#43, ee#208.



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