



in attendance at the last couple of Worldcons. All indications are that Tim and Morning Glory are trufen. So why should they feel threatened?

First of all, economics should be considered. Either prices will have to rise to ration scarce Con Space (as Kansas City's committee have wisely chosen), the Cons will have to be remote (à la Aussiecon), or a system of non-market rationing will have to be introduced. Personally, I am not convinced of the validity of this premise. When Worldcons get to the position of renting out the hotel space in a city, and fill up the major arena, I'll start worrying.

But the assumption is taking hold; people are buying it. Worldcons are Too Big and Something Must Be Done. Since no one wants to pay more,... well, some people are content to pay for what they get. But if you are Important, why should you have to pay?

So once again, it's privilege vs. paying. Who should be selected?

Let's go back over a little fan history. In the early days, readers of SF and related fields were few and far between. Many of these people were primarily radio hams and airplane spotters and the ilk, certainly "fringe-fen." In order to get as many people into the local social set as possible, the definition of fandom was made as loose and all-encompassing as possible.

So we acquired Burroughs Bibliophiles, fantasy fans, Fu Manchu fearers, UFO nuts, Futurians, Shaverites, Scientologists, Sword and Sorcery buffs, futurists, Harlan Ellison and Pain fandom, Georgette Meyer Tea-sippers, libertarians, pagans, and a partridge-in-a-pear-tree fan or two.

And a few who even like the straight, hard science, blast rockets and Clear Ether, Kimball! stuff.

All this was accepted as long as such a crowd was needed to build up Con attendance and cut individual costs by having it spread amongst as many as possible. Now, "we" don't need "them" anymore. They are expendable.

The final blow probably came with the rise of Trekkies, 2001-movie-fans, Ape fans and Rhabfen. A feeling of superiority, long secretly harbored by most fen anyway, finally exhibited itself. The Trekkies were driven into their ghetto and the others quickly followed.

Last year, during Hugo balloting, Linda Basta and Jacqueline Lichtenberg were plaintively trying to rid themselves of the Curse of Being Trekkies. After all, they pleaded, they were also trufen!

Which is true. And it is also true about many other Trekkies--though not all, or even most. And this is true about Tim Zell and Morning Glory and many other Neo-Pagans, but not all or even most. And true about many Tarzan swingers and Conan addicts, and true about all the others. Even libertarians.

For you see (as you probably did all the time, dear reader) that human beings may have more than one interest. They can even have three or four dimensions to their being. As a matter of fact, with differing degrees of commitment, I am myself a hard SF Old Wave fan, a Sword and Sorcery buff, a Secondary Universe fantasy fan (à la Inklings), a Fu Manchu acolyte, a Modesty Blaise adorer, and even will recommend some mainstream works of the multi-volume epics that I groove on such as the Lanny Budd series of Upton Sinclair and Allen Drury's Advise and Consent series.

And naturally, we are only talking about fiction there. Expanding into non-fiction reading and its subject matter, why, we expand into the Universe. Somewhere on the boundary of that entity lies the fringe, beyond which there is naught, and hence finally outside our purview.

Let the trufen select themselves, not some self-appointed Guardians of Fannish Purity. The market provides the mechanism. Let the trufan pay early or high, get reserved seats close-in, etc. After all, fandom is not a collective; it's a way of life.