

# Grandson of Daley Planet

Sunday, August 31, 1991 - Published on the Same Schedule as Son of Daley Planet. Issue #2.

Produced daily by the usual suspects. This zine is copyright 1991; we could tell you by whom, but then we'd have to kill you. All rights reversed.

## 1992 Hogu awards

The Hogu and Blackhole award ceremony started with Guest of Honor Esther Friesner giving a speech, explaining the proper ways to get someone else to vote as you wish. The acceptable methods include bribery, threats of violence, whining, and brown-nosing; it is necessary, however, to act politely, no matter which method you choose.

She started by thanking the Toastmaster, who, she explained, is just like the Beastmaster, only crummier.

The winners are:

**The Deroach Award, for putridity in everyday life:** Woody Allen.

**The Aristotle Award, for Grand Master Lifetime Achievement in Putridity:** Stuart Hellinger.

**Best New Feud: Tag Team action:** Lunarians vs. themselves.

*Singles action:* Dan Quayle vs. Noah Webster

**Best Traumatic Presentation:** Woody Allen in "Honey, I knocked up the kid."

**Best Religious Hoax:** Popeye Goes Pro-Choice

**Best Hoax Awards:** The 1992 Best Fanzine Hugo

**Best Typeface:** Demi Moore ExtraBold

**Best Professional Hoax:** Yellow Ross of Texas.

**Fandom's Biggest Turkey:** Stuart Hellinger

**Wort Fanzine Title:** Republican Platform

**Best Dead Writer:** William Shatner

**Best Hoax Convention:** Eschercon

**Best Pseudonym:** Yog Sysop

**Devo Award: To who has done the most to harm Science Fiction:** Hudson Luce

**Best Has-Been:** Admiral Truly of NASA

**Best Fan Hoax:** Suicide Squid

**Cuisinart Award for Worst Editing:** Highlander II

**Special Grand Bastard Award:** Pat Buchanan

**Most Desired Gafiation: Winner to get Mid Atlantic Fan Fund:** Charles N. Brown

**Free for all: "Saddam Hussein still has his job—do you?"**

**Special Bagelbash Award:** Family Values

**Best New Disease:** Chicago Tunnel Syndrome

**Most Bizarre Hall Costume (Real or Imagined):** Clarence Thomas as a judge

**Best Alien Music Video:** Michael Jackson—"Black or White"

**Mixed Media:** Ron & Stumpy

**Closest Encounter of the Fourth Grade (My Stepdaughter is an alien):** Woody Allen & Soon Yi

**Space Geek of the Year Award:** Dan Quayle on Mars, Mr. Potatoe Head, VP Bird Brain, Der Kluckmeister (all of the above)

**Traffic Jams, Jellies, & Preserves Award:** NYC Train Sit Authority

**Banger Award, for Most Inappropriate Con Guest of Honor:** R. Lionel Fanthorpe

## 1992 Blackhole Awards

**Standard Blackhole:** Ross Perot, Charles Keating, George Bush, Leona Helmsley

**Invisibility Award for conspicuous absence:** The Last Dangerous Visions

**Incompetence Award:** CA State Legislature

**Publisher's Award:** Factsheet Five

**Greed Award:** NYC Parking Violations Bureau

**Half-Assed Con Officiousness:** tie, Nolacontest and Stuart Hellinger's Lunacon

**Brown Hole Award for Outstanding Professionalism:** unanimously awarded to Dan Quayle.

## The Real, Official, Accept-No-Substitutes, Dana B. Siegel Party Report

This has been a pretty good convention for parties, so far. Many groups are (or have been) trying real hard to win a convention bid, and they're going all-out to try to persuade fandom that they deserve it.

Atlanta's parties have all been full of people, with the bid committee supplying lots of food and drink (and the party decoration doing an excellent job). Unfortunately, they kept the best stuff they had (such as an open bar) in a room in the back, where admittance was limited either to holders of passports or visas, or to "authorized personnel" (depending on when you tried to get in). Not nice, folks.

Glasgow didn't have quite the same array of consumables; they did, however, have a much better supply of serious Scotch whiskey. In their back room, which was open to any who dared to enter, people were engaged in finding much more interesting places to drink Scotch out of than those silly little plastic cups. The photos haven't been developed yet, but perhaps it only took the rumors to sway the voting in their favor.

The @! party, for people of the computer persuasion, was fun for that kind of people. The food was high-quality and plentiful, and the conversation mostly non-nerdish. Their willingness to make, for free, any button you asked for (computer-printed, of course) was also appreciated by many.

A membership in Mpls in '73 is still the best bargain around, and those folks sure know how to party (they've had plenty of practise).

The Kansas City in 2K (that's 2048, according to the people at the @! party) tried to impress me with its supplies, including three large slabs of chocolate: dark, milk, and white. If they'd bought them from someone who specializes in making chocolate, rather than a company  
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## I Almost Went Home With a Hugo Award (and I wasn't even nominated)

Alan David Laska

It was after the 1986 worldcon in Atlanta, Georgia, known as Confederation, that I nearly went home with a Hugo Award. The strange part about it is that I wasn't even nominated for one.

How did this happen? you might ask... Well, it was Tuesday afternoon at Atlanta International Airport. I had my luggage and was waiting for my flight back to Texas. I had my plane ticket and, while waiting before I could board my plane, I went to get a hot dog and a drink at one of the many snack places at the terminal.

As soon as I got my food I went to the condiment bar to put catsup on my hot dog. To my surprise, there was a Hugo award sitting there. I was the only one in the snack bar besides the employees running it. I saw no one around the area besides myself.

I said to myself, "What kind of an idiot would leave his Hugo behind?" Should I go to Airport Security and turn it in? No, I decided I better take it with me back to Richardson, Texas, and as soon as I get there, I'll contact Forry Ackerman, Locus Magazine and Teresa Patterson and tell them I've got this guy's Hugo award he left at the airport and I'm sure he would want it back.

While I was making my way to my plane, three guys came running down the terminal hallway. One of them was the Hugo winner, I could tell by the name on his Confederation badge and the name on the nameplate on the Hugo.

"I assume that this is yours?" I asked.

"Yea" he replied, "I thought I lost it." He and his friends thanked me for getting his Hugo Award back.

*[The editors will offer, for a slight fee, to refrain from printing the name of the Hugo winner involved in this story.]*

## Short Snippets

A Saturn dealership called to thank us for our business (!)

To get to the staff lounge, go to the 14th floor of the Clarion. It's the second Presidential Suite on the right.

Upon hearing the results of the site selection, the Intersection Committee was heard to exclaim: "Oh shit, we've got to do it now, don't we?"

Among the information that came to light in April as a result of Atlanta's new government officials' financial disclosure law was the existence of the city's not-well-known Board of Astrology. The Associated Press could find no records of the board at City Hall but concluded after interviewing its three smoked-out members that the board administers tests to, and licenses, prospective astrologers.

Perhaps the Atlanta bid could have used better astrologers.

## Registration Blues

When they say you need a photo ID, they mean it. Danny Siclari was unable to register, despite having two committee members with him to vouch for his identity. He said it was hard for him to get a driver's license, because he's only twelve.

Any relationship between Danny and the Chair of this convention is purely hereditary.

## We Changed Our Minds

On second thought, we've decided not to apologize for the insult to the union people in Son of Daley Planet #7. We reject imperialist domination.

## Overheard around the con:

"The only pros who hang out in the SFWA suite are those who can't get invited to the open parties."

"Imagine if it was semi-pro zine."

"Mundanes? Has somebody called an exterminator?"

## Rumours around the con

Michael Whelan has had to give all of his awards to Peggy Ranson due to errors in the counting of the ballots.

An unnamed fan down on his luck was seen roasting something that looked like a small leg.

Sunday's 3 PM thunderstorm has been delayed for 24 hours to accommodate the dealers who will be loading at that time.

The Peabody hotel staff is investigating the disappearance of one of their ducks.

A distraught fan threw himself out of the press office window, unable to cash in on Danny Siclari's masquerade ticket. The fan was unable to follow the directions typed at the top of the ticket.

If Wombat is not given full voting rights at the 1993 conventions, legal action will occur, according to an unnamed source. At press time the officials of ConFrancisco were observed studying the WSFS Constitution. Ben Yalow will be asked to assist.

There will be a panel at 10 AM Monday to discuss "Ballot Folding for the Beginner". Please bring your own equipment. Needle and thread, rivet gun or a 12-gauge shotgun would be acceptable. Diagrams will be available for the listening impaired. NESFA members should come to the Clubhouse Tuesday for extra instruction.

Because Magicon has been unable to spend money at the con, it is planning to build a modest club room in Nairobi, Kenya. A raffle to finance the airplane is in the planning.

Magicon estimated that only another 1,597 at-the-door attendees are needed to assure that all debts will be paid. They are confident that this total will be reached by the time the con closes at 3 PM. In anticipation, extra wickets will be opened at Registration.

## (Dana B. Siegel Party Report, Continued)

that spends more on advertising than on ingredients, they'd have done a lot better. There also wasn't anyone there I felt like talking to.

Speaking of chocolate, the Helicon (1993 British Eastercon) party had some good stuff. It was Belgian, and much tastier than any other chocolate I've had at this convention. The serving platter wasn't as interesting as the one the Scotland party had used, though.

The Boston in '98 (why do all the Boston bids seem so similar? and why are they bidding for every year divisible by 9?) party was pretty good, too. They had make-your-own ice cream sundaes; the ice cream lasted until well after midnight, though it was a bit melted by then. The conversation wasn't their usual boring smoffing, either; maybe they're finally learning.