



**A fanzine, by her friends, in support of JANICE GELB
for 1999 Down Under Fan Fund representative**

It's all Janice's fault.

OK, I don't think I can blame coming down with mononucleosis at Bucky on her, but the rest of it...

The fact that I was in Baltimore at all, that's Janice's fault.

See, back in the late '70s I was minding my own business in Gainesville, Florida when Janice breezes back into town and meets me for coffee at Café Espresso. We were sitting in my favorite booth, the one in the window, catching up on what we'd been up to since Janice graduated and moved to Atlanta. I did apologize for not making it to that world science fiction thing in Miami, but life interfered, and wasn't that more important than SF? (Innocent...I was so innocent...) It was then she pulled out all these different colored, mimeographed and photocopied pages.

MYRIAD, it said on the top sheet.

I looked at it – gibberish, with hand-drawn pictures – passed it back and said, “Let me make sure I understand this – you write something once a month to these people, and they write back to you? About science fiction? Total strangers? Who are these people? And why would you do this?”

I forgot about that apazine stuff, but a couple months later found myself unemployed and having some extra time. Janice kept writing to me, urging me to get involved 'cause it would keep my writing skills honed.

So one day I sat down at my typewriter, plunked out something called “BS in Journalism” and sent it off with my dues to the MYRIAD mailing address.

Next disty (See? I was learning the language) there were comments to me -- from people I'd never met! Some of them thought my writing was interesting. One sent a drawing.

Janice called.

“You got a mailing comment and art from Mike Glyer!”

“Who?”

Anyway, from there it didn't take long till I was driving to Atlanta to spend a weekend with Janice and meet some of the fen. And then there was Asficon, and Kubla Khan, where I learned about filksinging and all night fandom and “smooooooth” liquor, and she got me to join LASFAPA and SFPA and going to

Noreascon 2 where I learned you could sleep with eight other people in the hotel room and it just escalated.

Scotland wins the WorldCon bid. Janice turns to me at the celebration party with men in skirts and lots of good single malt and says 'We're going to Scotland in 1995.'

"Ha, ha, that's very funny, Janice. Like I'm going to leave my husband and children and jet off halfway around the world for a Science Fiction Convention."

We had a lovely time, thank you very much.

So why was I spending so much time with this woman who knew some very <koff> interesting people? (Should I mention the time Dick & Nicki Lynch called many years ago to say they were passing through Gainesville and I invited them to lunch? After I hung up the phone my husband said "Who are these people? You haven't ever met them, only written to them? How do you know they're not ax murderers?" ... but that's a different story.

Because thanks to Janice Gelb, I learned all about the joys of fandom. I learned that one can enjoy a science fiction convention a lot more if one works at that convention. Or at least one can have more interesting gossip to share in late night drinking sessions. Thanks to Janice, I learned one can take perfectly harmless songs, put new lyrics to them and see them in a whole new light. I now know more verses to "The Troop Ship Song" than humans should be allowed to know. I hummed "Hope Eyrie (The Eagle Has Landed)", a song I learned filking with Janice, when I was a reporter covering the first Space Shuttle launch. When Janice and I were in Edinburgh attending a folk singing workshop at the Festival, we heard the singer who'd composed "The Banks of Sicily." He didn't realize there were all these Dorsai fen who knew it better as "The Green Hills of Harmony" and I'd learned it from Janice.

Thanks to Janice the apahacking I did helped provide me with samples of my writing to show to prospective employers.

Thanks to Janice I met new people from around the world and if I learned one thing from fandom it was this -- don't judge the person by the outer packaging -- a lesson I've tried to carry over into all aspects of my life.

It was Janice who pushed, prodded, motivated and cajoled me into being more active. I've worked on *WorldCon Tonight* at ConFederation, run Green Room at MagiCon, the Meet the Guests party at San Francisco, Green Room at Intersection, served as Asst. to the Producer for the Hugos at L.A.Con III and hosted the pre-Hugo Reception at Bucconeer. I don't say this to tout my accomplishments in fandom, but rather to point out how Janice encourages people to give their best in a milieu run by volunteers and dedicated individuals.

Many years ago, there was a feud in an apa where a person poked fun at Janice by referring to her as "JaNICE" -- someone "who always wanted everybody to play nice and cooperate." He said it sneeringly. As Janice's friend, I would say it proudly. Janice Gelb *is* someone who wants people to enjoy fandom. and she's done her best over the past 20 years to see to it that everyone she works with gets the same

satisfaction out of it that she does. I can think of no better DUFF candidate to represent US fandom in Australia than Janice Gelb.

Eve Ackerman
Gainesville, Florida

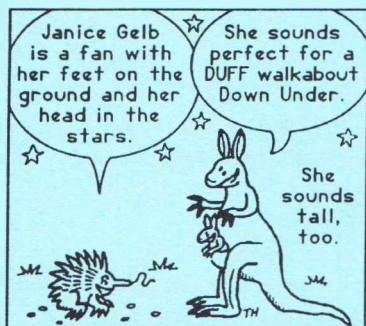


Here's the problem, Australians: if you meet Janice Gelb, you'll want to keep her. From the Southwest to the Southeast to the Middle East – every fannish region Janice has lived in wants her back. But we've all had to learn to share. She's a friend worth making, as you'll have a chance to find out if she's voted in as DUFF delegate.

Though Janice has lived in many places, her fannish roots are in the South. She got involved in apas and conrunning while living in Atlanta. She has belonged to the Southern Fandom Press Alliance for many years, home of fine fanwriters and ferocious Hearts players. Her humorous Worldcon reports from SFPA make good reading: you can find them on her web page.

Janice is warm, friendly and direct. She works as a technical editor at a well-known company in Silicon Valley, where software writers keep turning out new programs and instruction manuals to go with them. They always need someone with Janice's knack for asking "What are the three steps you're still carrying around in your head that the user has to know *before* they can follow these instructions?"

It's a question that's equally useful when she volunteers at conventions to work with the head of programming. And, as things unravel in the Green Room, her approach sounds so much gentler than asking, "What were you *thinking*?"



Janice also enjoys working on the Hugo ceremonies, sometimes as one of the men and women in formal wear escorting winners to the stage. She calls the male escorts "studmuffins." When Janice directed the Hugo Awards ceremony at L.A.con III she even printed badge ribbons with that title for the escorts. The two souvenirs from L.A.con III I prize most highly are ribbons, one saying "Past Worldcon Chairman" and the other saying "Studmuffin." (I hope nobody ever prints ribbons that say, "Past Studmuffin.")

Even after working shifts at a con, Janice always seems to have plenty of energy left for fun. She stands out in a crowd of fans as an enthusiastic dancer. Whether stepping to the tunes of the English Regency or a big band rhythm, Janice will be found in front of the music.

She may even know how to do the "Babbity Bowster." At least, she wrote in her Intersection report about staying in the hotel named for this ancient Scottish fertility dance. Having learned the explanation of the name isn't proof that she also learned the steps, so you'll need to bring her to Australia and ask!

Mike Glyer
Monrovia, California

I was flying to New Orleans for Nolacon. I carried two Official Documents from the convention, both telling me that I was appearing on a panel at 5 PM. One said it was that day; one said it was the following day. I trusted that I would find someone who knew what was going on, and sure enough, when I got to the con, there was Janice Gelb, to tell me that it was the following day. It soon transpired that if it hadn't been for Janice, and a few others, there might not have been a program at all. It seems that those supposedly in charge of programming had somehow not gotten around to organizing it, so Janice and friends had to perform a last-minute rescue, and a few little discrepancies in the mail were all that was left of the chaos they had displaced.

Sometimes I need Janice to get into the con at all. In 1992, when I arrived at Magicon, I was still in the process of moving back to New York State, and thus I did not have that *sine qua non*, a driver's license with a photo ID. Con registration was firm until Janice, who wore enough ribbons on her con badge to be listened to, informed them that I was the person I claimed to be.

For twenty years or so, I have been despairing of the future of the World Science Fiction Convention. It is a gathering of thousands of people with dozens of interests, run on a structure designed for 500 people with one interest, and it is all done by volunteers. This latter may be what saves it, unless you believe that God watches over fools, drunkards, and worldcons, to the extent that nothing else is needed.



No, it's people like Janice who keep the worldcons going: organizing programming, dealing with Giant Killer Egos from Space, doing her job so well that it is unnoticed. And every year, she writes a con report, much nicer than I would be able to make it under the circumstances, but amusing, edifying, and useful to those who'll work on next year's con.

Of course, there's something about using a fan fund as an Award for Meritorious Service that makes me think of all those tales where the Hero slays the dragon or wins the battle or something, and so he gets the Girl, with no one asking the Girl whether she wishes to be awarded to the Hero. So let me say to Australia: You'll like Janice. I've known her for about as long as I've been worrying about worldcons, and while most of that acquaintance has been on paper (and now on screen), she's fun in person, too. She's friendly, personable, and witty. She'll give Aussie fandom a chance to meet American fandom at its nicest, and then she'll write a delightful report about it.

JANICE GELB FOR DUFF!

Arthur Hlavaty

Yonkers, New York



More information about Janice Gelb is available at the "Who's Who in Fandom" web site, <http://www.fiawol.demon.co.uk/who/gelb.html>, and at Janice's web page <http://www.geocities.com/Area51/8018/index.html> (Illos by Teddy Harvia).