

**File
770**

Issue 110



Edgewood Press

P. O. Box 380264, Cambridge, MA 02238

Hogfoot Right and Bird-hands by Garry Kilworth

World Fantasy Award Finalist for Best Collection

A collection of thirteen tales of fantasy, dark fantasy, and science fiction including "White Noise," "Spiral Sands," and "On the Watchtower at Plataea."

"*Hogfoot Right and Bird-hands* is that rare thing among short-story collections: perfect." — *Interzone*

"Garry Kilworth is a Perfect Master of the short story. These extraordinary fables vividly evoke the streak of surrealistic fantasy that lurks at the edge of the commonplace." — Paul J. McAuley

"Garry Kilworth writes elegant, disturbing, exotic, wise, and very strange stories, each one of which so persuasively develops its structuring premise that you will believe in it, no matter how bizarre, utterly." — Michael Bishop

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Dealers in Light and Darkness by Cherry Wilder

"*Dealers in Light and Darkness* is a collection of lush stories, gardens of the mind made beautiful with arresting images. A glimmer of gold and sunflowers. A story about a boy who may or may not be human. Aliens and bright, watery worlds. There is a fierce optimism to these stories, for all that they do not flinch." — Maureen F. McHugh

"Cherry Wilder does not write anywhere near as many stories as I wish she did. Of course, this makes each new one even more of a treasure and a treat. It is a privilege to visit the landscapes of her imagination and observe the doings there."

— Roger Zelazny

"Cherry Wilder's subtly told stories have an incantory power. *Dealers in Light and Darkness* casts a quiet spell; this is an unusual and worthwhile collection." — Pamela Sargent

\$9.00

Venus Rising by Carol Emshwiller

Short-listed for the James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award

"I have always thought that Carol had the most inventive mind in science fiction. It is not possible to summarize her work as a whole nor describe it satisfactorily piece by piece, but it does all have a particularly tough kind of femininity that appeals to me very much. Her heroines generally rise to the occasion and they do this with only their courage and their imagination and they do this in ways no one else would. And yet, as a reader, you always liked her heroines just fine before they were heroic, so there is a bit of sadness there, that the world is the sort of world that forces nice, ordinary people into heroism. Other writers can be funny one moment and heart-breaking the next, but Carol is routinely both at once and she makes it look effortless or accidental." — Karen Joy Fowler

"*Venus Rising*...is an epic, intimate, poignant, enraging tale of first contact: a tree-dwelling male from beyond the stars 'discovers' a pacific shore- and sea-dwelling people bringing rape, murder, and dreams of dynasty....Highly recommended."
—*Feminist Bookstore News*

"*Venus Rising* is wonderfully Emshwillerian; lyrical in its language, delightfully idiosyncratic in its thinking filled with laughter and strange pain." — Pat Murphy

\$5.00

Please add one dollar for the first book for shipping, and fifty cents for each additional book.

File 770 110

File 770:110 is edited by Mike Glycer at P.O. Box 1056, Sierra Madre, CA 91025 -- **please use the new address.** Telephone number: (818) 355-3090

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Never Seems to be a Shadow In the City: When I sat down to write the promised article about sf clubs my whole concept grew and reshaped itself right out of any possibility of being finished for this issue. Look for it after the Worldcon.

A flood of material about the NASFiC also squeezed out the lettercolumn this time, but count on its return to full power next issue.

Dragon*Con: Smofs Give Two Thumbs Down

Scott Dennis commandeered an hour at last December's SMoFcon to whip the Worldcon-running crowd into a froth of anxiety that the Atlanta in '98 committee was about to steal the election. There's major overlap between the committees bidding for Atlanta in '98 and running Dragon*Con, the Atlanta pop culture convention that draws over 10,000 fans. Scott Dennis noted that Dragon*Con won the right to host the 1995 NASFiC and predicted they would use it as a springboard to get vast numbers of people who never even heard of a Worldcon before to vote for Atlanta. If your reaction is, "Yeah, so what?" then you obviously lack the paranoia required to be a Worldcon SMoF. On that December day most fans listened avidly to the conspiracy theory.

I'd already argued with Becky Thomson on GENie that Dragon*Con members with a casual impulse to support Atlanta would be deterred by the \$55 cost of a Glasgow supporting membership plus a '98 voting membership. However, Baltimore bidder Perianne Lurie admitted online she was "more than a little paranoid" about how many Dragon*con members would be convinced to vote for Atlanta.

So no one was more delighted than Worldcon SMoFs, and 1998 bidders in particular, when Dragon*Con/NASFiC took a great big pratfall. For the gory details, see Ross Pavlac's conreport. How badly did Dragon*Con hurt the Atlanta bid? According to Tom Veal, "Since the Chicago in 2000 table was next to Atlanta's, I was able to see how they were doing and estimate that they collected about 15 ballots for hand delivery to Intersection -- far from the hundreds that some



had anticipated.)"

Clouds of Witness: Janice Gelb was the first to e-mail me her lowlights of "a con which was so badly run that people were coming up to the bid tables asking how they could change the votes for Atlanta they'd already submitted for site selection for 1998." She commented:

- There were no individualized schedules for program

participants until Friday afternoon. I registered on Thursday evening and was told to flip through the newsprint pocket program (which was 8-1/2" by 11") and look for my name.

- The art show was crowded into a tiny space with aisles about 30" wide.

- The autographing room was at the end of a hallway on which the Green Room and Program Operations were also located, meaning that if you wanted to go to either of those places, you had to fight your way through the line.

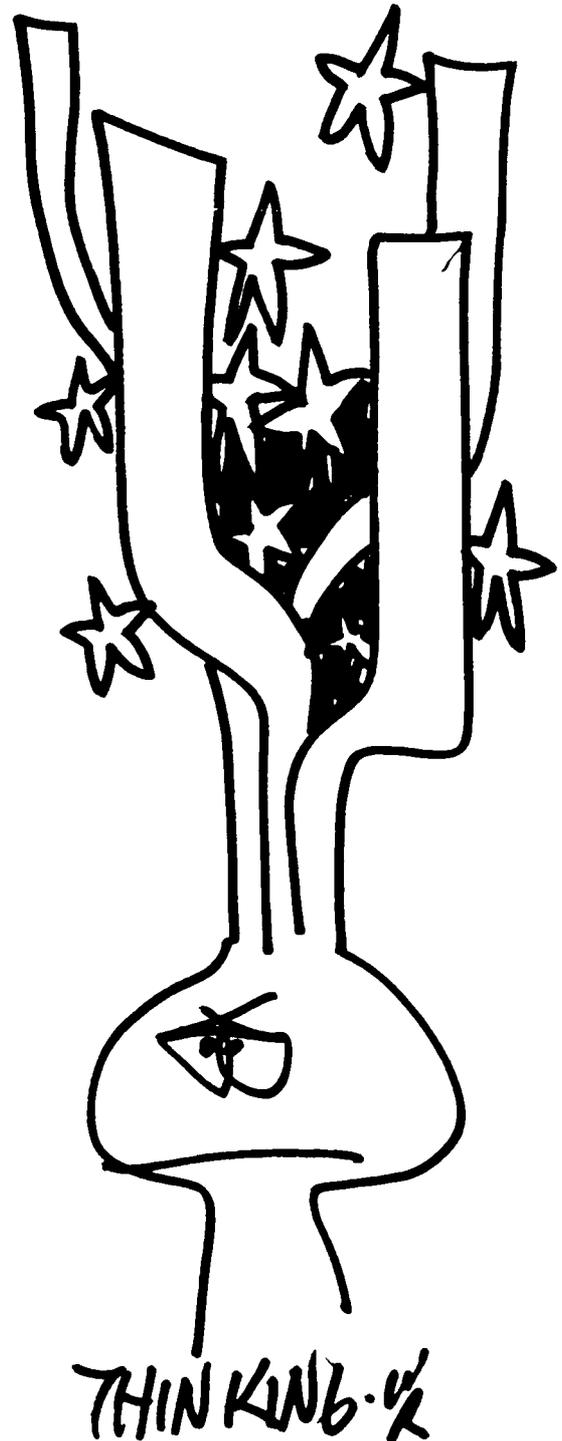
- The con suite featured for food (all the time): one plastic tub full of popcorn, one big plastic tub full of corn chips, cold refried beans, cheese dip, fruit punch (in a large dispenser labeled "bug juice"), and pitchers of soda filled from dispensers you weren't allowed to touch. You had to carry your food across the hall to a bigger room to eat it.

- One of the first things one saw when entering the dealers room was a large table inviting people to get autographs from their favorite porn stars, some of whom were there displaying their cleavage. There was also a dealers table where you could get a tattoo, several featuring adult comics, and one featuring leather fetish equipment.

- The dealers room was so confusingly laid out with such narrow aisles that I spotted a book once on a spin rack on the way out of the room with friends and when I went back later to buy it I couldn't find the table again.

Guests of Dishonor: Others say Dragon*Con/NASFiC hadn't a clue what to do with its non-media guests. George Alec Effinger was left stranded at the airport despite the committee's promise of a ride. His reading was scheduled opposite Ellison's talk. He wasn't told there was banquet until a few hours before it began, and even then didn't find out he was expected to give one of the Ellison tributes until after the banquet began. Filk guest of honor, Leslie Fish, wasn't introduced as a guest of honor at either the Opening Ceremonies or the banquet -- indeed, one of her concerts was scheduled opposite the banquet!

No Money Back Guarantee: According to Tom Veal, "By the end of the con, the Atlanta in '98 bid table (manned primarily by Ken Garrison and Jim Sutherland, two WAI veterans unconnected with Dragon*Con) was taking pains to emphasize that the Atlanta Worldcon bidcomm was not identical to the Dragon*Con committee. Ken and Jim had to endure a number of diatribes by disappointed/upset/annoyed fen who proclaimed that they had been planning to vote for Atlanta and had changed their minds."



[[Editor's Note: Why, just as recently as 1979 we ran Yale F. Ediken's trenchant critique of the convention-running skill displayed at the Louisville NASFiC. Ediken's essay was so hotly received it's taken 16 years for another writer to take up the challenge!]]

HOT SMOF BABES OF FANDOM

A Report from the 1995 NASFiC

By Ross Pavlac

Copyright (c) 1995 by Ross Pavlac. Conflict of Interest Disclaimer: I am a member of the Boston in 1998 Worldcon bid committee. Some of the contents herein could be construed as attempts to convince people not to vote for other competing bids. Please feel free to verify the factual content of this report with the recollections of other people who attended the NASFiC. Oh, and Gary Farber has given me permission to say that anything here that ticks people off can be blamed on him. <grin>

NASFiC this year was held in conjunction with Dragoncon, a long-running media/comics/gaming con. The results were....fascinating. This report is a comprehensive critique in the tradition of YaleF Edeiken's 1979 NASFiC report for *File 770* -- pointing out key things that went wrong and right in yet another futile attempt to prevent wheels from being re-invented in the future.

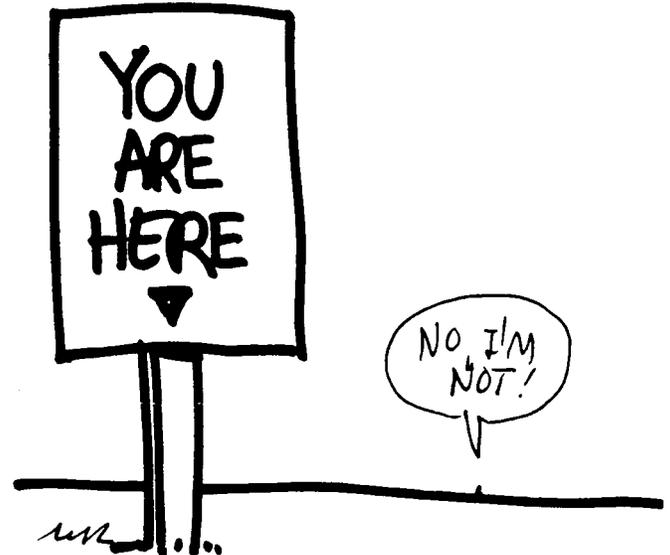
When I first arrived in Atlanta, I was impressed by the registration staff. Normally, registration is one of the key areas when evaluating a convention. This is most fans' first contact with the committee onsite, and nearly everyone has to go through it. I was walking through a transfer membership from another Chicago fan, and was nearly dumbfounded when I was clearly directed which line to wait in, spent only a few minutes in line, and was processed quickly and politely. What a change from the last con I tried to do a membership transfer with! Registration head Robert Gann and his team did one heck of a job. My experience was not isolated; during the weekend I heard few complaints about registration. This is extremely rare among conventions, and Dragoncon/NASFiC had approximately 20,000 people on site (about half of those were one-day memberships), said one of the Directors on Sunday.

The badges themselves were reasonably attractive and quite visible. They contained name and city (though a somewhat larger type font would have been nice). Membership packets were handed out in handled plastic bags, and contained the program book, pocket program, various local discount coupons, and flyers for various groups. So far so good.

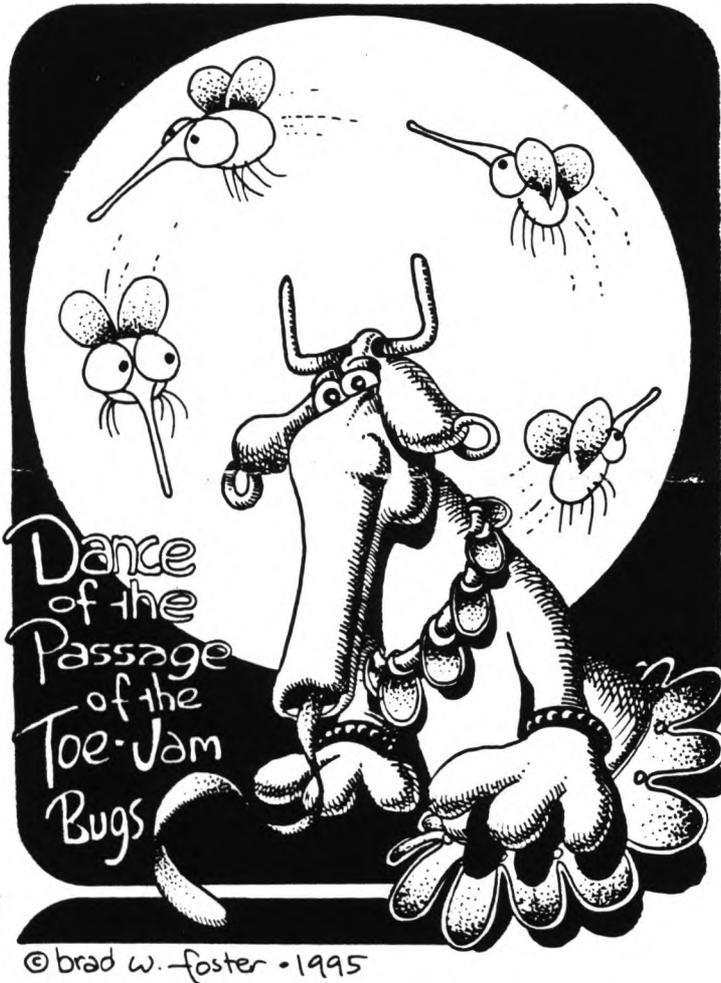
The standard voodoo message board and party board system

was used. I assume Filthy Pierre set them up as he usually does (I saw him at the con), but don't know for sure.

I was impressed by the shuttle bus system. Most SF con shuttle systems stink. They had one (sometimes two) buses running every 15 minutes from 8 a.m. to 3 a.m. You couldn't quite set your watch by them, but just about when you started wondering where the bus was, it would pull up. The air conditioning in the buses worked fine, a good thing, since outdoor temperatures reached 100 degrees that weekend.



Downtown Atlanta is very clean, matching memories of my last visit 12 years ago. In preparation for the Olympics next year, even the homeless are prepping as tour guides. At one point when walking outdoors, Scott Merritt and I were solicited by a homeless man, and politely refused to donate. He noticed our badges and asked if we were in town for a convention. We said "yes," and he responded with, "Hey, man, you guys gotta make sure you see Underground Atlanta while you're here! It's really interesting!" -- and he



proceeded to launch into giving us directions, then moved on. We thought it was incredible that even the homeless were getting into the tourism act!

Opening ceremonies went well. At one point, GOH George Alec Effinger commented on this being the 25th anniversary of his first sale. Harlan Ellison, another GOH, harangued him. George got frustrated and said, "Harlan, if you don't shut up, I'm going to tell everyone what that first sale was *to!*" Harlan, chagrined, immediately sat down and behaved during the rest of George's speech. (Yes, the sale was to Last Dangerous Visions! And it still has not seen the light of day.)

The program book contained a good set of biographies of many of the 1500 convention guests (defined as who got a comp membership), including computer iconoclast Cliff Stoll and some of the creators of Mystery Science Theatre 3000, and sf authors Bova, Haldeman, Hambly, Gerrold, Tyers, etc. A personal highlight for me was meeting David Prowse, whose voice sounds *nothing like* James Earl Jones! Oh, and the program book DID spell NASFiC right. On the critical side, there was very little material explaining fandom or telling what a NASFiC is. The bulk of the program book

was given over to guest bios and ads. Oddly, only department heads were listed in the staff list.

The pocket program had the most common pocket program problem -- it was not designed to fit in a pocket. However, it *did* contain a good set of easy to read grids (which unfortunately contained only the main programming tracks and left out much of the special interest stuff), program item descriptions, hotel floor plans, and info about the shuttles. The Starfleet and gaming programs did not appear to be listed in the pocket program at all: I don't know if they were available in written form anywhere. Given the huge number of guests, an index as to who is on when would have been useful (but not a lot of cons do this). There was apparently no restaurant guide, which was incredibly surprising considering that the number of attendees was far more than the hotels could accommodate (and that Atlanta is a pretty good restaurant city).

The crowds. The crowds were everywhere, everytime. One night at 3 a.m. I walked on the main mezzanine for ten minutes and saw hundreds of people before recognizing anyone. Part of the way crowds were (usually) kept to manageable levels is that the gamers were all placed in the Westin just down the street, and Starfleet was in the Ramada. They went in and we didn't see them again until Sunday. Fine by us, fine by them.

The hall costumes were terrific: a 9' tall Japanese anime robot, a Klingon in a tuxedo, Doc Octopus (Spiderman's foe -- with only one elongated arm, but the one arm looked *really* good!), and some barbarian women who actually had the figure for the costumes they were wearing....

An impressive thing was how many concerts and theatricals they ran. Two in particular stood out:

Atlanta Radio Theatre Company is a group of sf fans who make old-time radio presentations of sf and horror stories. Much of their repertoire comes from H.P. Lovecraft and H.G. Wells. I particularly recommend that you send for the tape of their performance at NASFiC of "Into the Labyrinth, Volume 4: Special Order." This tape is \$9.95 plus \$2 postage from Atlanta Radio Theatre Company, P.O. Box 1675, Duluth, Georgia 30135-1880. (they have a free catalog)

Glass Hammer is a rock band that played at NASFiC. Their latest album, *Journey of the Dunadan*, is a 74-minute song cycle about Aragorn's adventures in Lord of the Rings. Their sound is sort of Alan Parsons-like; the vocals could be

stronger at times, but the lyrics and most of the arrangements are top notch. Available from: Lazeria Music, 1612 Cooling Avenue, Melbourne, FL 32935, (800) 997-9137. CD is \$17, CD/Poster set is \$25.

I also met the editor of *Wonder*, an *sf* semi-prozine that I had somehow not seen before, though Barnes & Noble is one of their national distributors. This quirky little magazine is primarily oriented towards SF and anything to do with a "sense of wonder." Typical are articles about old-time radio, X-Files, history of Japanese monster movies, etc. It also includes such oddities as a history of miniature golf and a column by G.K. Chesterton. Highly recommended. Subscriptions are \$15/4 issues (quarterly) from: *Wonder*, 2770 Fairlane Dr., Atlanta, GA 30340.

Two department heads who people were complimenting were Kelly Lockhart (online services) and Regina Kirby (Member Relations/Info desk).

As I walked around the hotel on Friday, orienting myself and getting used to the crowds, I kept hearing, "Have you seen the art show?" -- and not in tones of admiration. Curious, I went directly down there ...and found myself facing the ultimate horror of Dragoncon.

Two explanations were in circulation. One blamed problems on art show function room floor plans that mistakenly included the access corridor footage in the room square footages, a mistake not discovered until they measured the room at two weeks and counting. This story has a couple of problems. For one, I personally have not ever seen floor plans that included access corridors in square footage counts. Secondly, for as much experience as they have, they should know better than to trust floor plans -- you *always* verify room sizes with your own measurements, especially with critical things like art show and dealers' rooms. To measure the room at only two weeks and counting could be considered a measure of incompetence. But even more -- this is not the first time Dragoncon used the Hilton: if their floor plans were grossly wrong, shouldn't this have been discovered last year? Or the year before?

The second version (heard at the gripe session), the con-com's official version, said they originally used more footage in the room, but the art show crossed a sightline between the escalators and the exits, and the fire marshal ordered them to use less space. They then crammed the art show into the allowed space (without reducing the number of panels). The committee then claimed the fire marshal had gone through the con on Saturday and approved the layout; supposedly the art show aisles passed by two inches.

Version two doesn't make sense, either. I can believe the sightline issue (I've had similar problems with fire marshals

at other cons). But to scrunch the art show into less space and keep the number of panels the same? And the fire marshal *approved* this? I can see the con-com doing the scrunching. But if an emergency had occurred and people had to evacuate quickly there was no way to get out of there without knocking over panels (which would have created a domino effect) -- people would have died. One theory bouncing around was that the fire marshal had been paid off. There are some cons where the fire marshal has ignored minor violations while accepting a "tip," even where to the uneducated eye there was simply a dangerous situation. A fire marshal may ignore a table that sticks a couple of inches in front of a doorway, but this was far more dangerous. I simply don't know.

What would I have done? Had the scrunching occurred without my knowledge, upon seeing the mess, I would have sent out an emergency call for the head of gofers and the head of programming, and informed programming that they were about to sacrifice a small meeting room -- pick one. Then moved a third of the show into the programming room, placed large signs advertising the second room (and notices in the daily newsletter), and refunded the hanging fees of the artists whose work was moved to the auxiliary show. Then if necessary, used a sleeping room to move the displaced programming into. No fun, but better than what NASFiC actually did.

Rumors were flying that all the artists were demanding their hanging fees back; scant comfort to compensate for lost or lowered sales. ASFA (the Association of SF Artists) had their annual meeting at Dragoncon/NASFiC -- they declined to do it again at Dragoncon next year, and accepted LA's offer to move it to the Worldcon. (No one was surprised by this.)

The Dealers' room also had some problems. While the aisles were *somewhat* better than the art show (at a guess, 5 feet), the crowds were so great that it was difficult to move easily. There were constant problems with dealers letting their merchandise creep into the aisles, and the con-com's enforcement was very spotty on preventing this. There were *very* few book dealers, probably less than half a dozen who sold only *sf/fantasy* books (new or used) -- and this was a large dealers' room.

The con-com was also spotty on enforcing the no-sales-except-in-the-dealers' room rule. They pulled Dave Berry's badge for unauthorized sale of Magic Cards (TM), but did not seem to make a major effort to universally stop it. Dave felt he was being picked on; my impression is he was in the wrong place at the wrong time when the wrong con-com member happened to pass by.

Another dealer-related problem was the huge amount of

pornography and bondage equipment and such for sale (including a couple of models who demonstrated some pretty scanty stuff). In quantity and explicitness, it was more than I have seen at regionals or Worldcons. Given that this stuff was often right next to Mickey Mouse comics, and that the Dragoncon demographics included a number of families with children, I heard a lot of complaints. Interestingly, no one I spoke with said the stuff *shouldn't* be allowed; nearly all felt that an X-rated aisle should be created for those whose material is mostly sex-oriented, and that this would solve most of the problem.

Guest Liaison also had a number of problems. George Alec Effinger, the pro Guest of Honor, was not picked up at the airport by the concom. I heard conflicting stories on this, but when George was not asked to attend the committee dinner on Sunday, I felt like George's version is more accurate. George walked up to a group of us on Friday around 5 p.m., saying, "Well, I'm done." "What do you mean you're done?" George explained he had been asked to do one autograph session and one reading and *no* panels, and by 5 p.m. Friday he had finished. Talk about under-utilizing your guests!

Hotel liaison had at least one screw-up. On moving party supplies into the hotel, fans were being hit with corkage charges, despite advance assurances by the concom that this had been covered with the hotel. To my knowledge, these charges were later refunded, but it provided for some scary moments.

The hotel physical plant kept failing under the stress. Escalators were constantly breaking down, and waiting for elevators was a good opportunity for a nap. Elevator monitors were put in partly through the con, but there were

simultaneously (e.g., "Internet and the WWW" and "Electronic Fandom;" "Writers of the Future" and "Advice to Writers;" "How to Build a World" and "Do your Historical Research"). While media programming was very strong, a number of traditional elements got short shrift. There was very little programming to do with traditional SF fandom (e.g., only one fanzine panel, and it was on Thursday). There was a panel on con-running and one on bidding for a con, both of which sounded sort of generic -- only one of the panelists was of the "usual suspects" one would expect to see on panels of this nature. (Both of these were on Friday afternoon, too!) There was no panel with the 1998 Worldcon bidders, much less a generic panel with all Worldcon bidders. If there was a film program, I didn't notice it. There was a video program, but it was not listed except at the entrance to the room, so I kept forgetting it existed unless I walked past it.

I did not go to the masquerade. My understanding is that buses were provided for the attendees, but not the costumers,

which is odd.

Now, with all the above, the question comes up: does this con constitute a disaster? This is a question that is near and dear to me, as I have been involved in the past with helping to bail out several cons that most fans agree were "disasters." One of the predictable aspects of fandom is that as every worldcon comes around, disaster is predicted. But just what is a disaster? Certainly, having a con actually shut down by the fire marshal would be a disaster. Losing the hotel right before the con would be a disaster. Losing, say, \$50,000 (or more!) would be a disaster. Massive lawsuits afterwards would be a disaster.

But the above, while they do happen, are rare. Many cons with none of the above have been labeled "disasters." Also, a number of problems are internal to the committee, and while they might affect the con indirectly, the brunt is attendees generally were indifferent to the idea of an Atlanta Worldcon -- as long as a Dragoncon was held that year (and I heard that they *are* committed to a Dragoncon), the gaming and comics and media stuff would be there, and that's what they came for.

Also, Robert Sacks and Brian Burley took the first steps towards seeing if they can create a "Continental SF Convention." It will be interesting to see what comes of it.

Oddly, despite excellent breakfast and lunch buffets, the Hilton's dinner buffet was maybe half the size of the lunch buffet -- a real ripoff. I didn't understand how they could have such a chintzy dinner buffet in light of their generous lunch buffet. Fortunately, the dinner companionship (*FOS-FAX* editor Tim Lane and contributors Taras Wolansky and Johnny Caruthers) made up for it.

At breakfast one day, Harlan Ellison, who was eating at the table next to us, called over and asked me if I had gotten any sausage from the buffet. I looked down at my plate and said, "no." He then asked if I wanted his sausage, as he was full and didn't want the food to go to waste. I accepted, and ate it to the consternation of the others at my table. "Hey," I shrugged, "This is a lot better than when I was a neo-fan in 1966 and Harlan grabbed a just-autographed copy of the Foundation Trilogy out of my hands, ran down the hall with it, and gave it to a fan at random."

Worldcon bidders were relatively scarce. *Boston in 1998 showed up and held parties on both nights!!* (brief commercial plug). Baltimore in 1998 was there, too, as was Niagara Falls in 1998. (equal time) Surprisingly, Atlanta in 1998 did not hold any parties or put on any special presentations (my guess: all their people were busy running the convention). The San Antonio 1997 Worldcon ran a party Saturday, featuring Debbie Hodgkinson's homemade guacamole.



Philadelphia in 2001 also appeared. Chicago in 2000 and the 1996 LA Worldcon ran tables, but did not do parties. None of the other announced bids for 2000 and 2001 showed up (and none of the 1999 bids did anything).

Debbie Hodgkinson and I discussed the (relatively minor) controversy over the San Antonio Worldcon being numbered Lonestarcon *2*. Although I was initially on the other side of the fence, I ended up agreeing with her -- since Lonestarcon 1 (a NASFiC) was WSFS-sanctioned (as all NASFiCs are), then a second Texas con sanctioned by WSFS can legitimately call itself #2, and should not get any flak for doing so.

Oh, you wanted to hear about the Hot Smof Babes of Fandom?

Well, at one point I walked into the Boston in 1998 room party, and noticed that everyone in the room had convention-running credentials -- there had to be at least 150 years of con-running experience present. In particular, laying on the bed were Jill Eastlake, Janice Gelb, Becky Thomson, Judy Bemis, and Marcia McCoy. They were the only women in the room, and were chatting among themselves (about running special events at cons, as I recall). There were several men in the room, all standing around the bed, like acolytes. I paused for a moment, looking at this tableau. "Why, it's the Hot Smof Babes of Fandom," I thought to myself.

There was only one course of action. I went to the dealers'

room the next morning and had five buttons made up (black lettering on hot pink) that read: *HOT SMOF BABES OF FANDOM*. As the day passed, I awarded one to each of the five women who had been on the bed at the Boston party. According to the ladies, the buttons were sources of many puzzled looks and questions during the rest of the con. Jill Eastlake said that several women asked where they could get one, and she preened and replied, "It's an award. You had to have been there."

Indeed, the same is true for all of NASFiC 1995. You had to have been there.

True Grit

George Alec Effinger confesses: "I was in L.A. at the end of May -- I went to a convention as a fan, to a 'Days of Our Lives' convention. Debbie was appalled. I had a great time, met the cast, and talked with some people about how they go about hiring writers. It's something I'd love to do, to get a regular paycheck...."

I'm sure you have a future with them, George. There's such natural affinity between the setting for your famous novel series and a show that introduces itself: "Like sand through an hourglass, so are the Days of Our Lives...."

Special Hugo Nominees Exclusive to *Locus* Readers

Blame the antidemocratic forces of *Locus* for getting the news right. *File 770*, *Science Fiction Chronicle*, and the Australian newzine *Thyme*, published Hugo nominee lists based on Intersection's e-mail press release which omitted Ursula K. LeGuin's other nominated novelette, "Solitude," from the list. (The story was even missing from the list Glasgow chairman Martin Easterbrook sent by internal e-mail to his own committee.)

Editors who dealt directly with Mike and Debby Moir, Intersection's Hugo Award Administrators, got an accurate list of nominees for publication. Dave Langford, who ran the correct list in *Ansible*, explains: "To be fair, I suppose *Ansible* got special treatment this year, in that

I was conveniently accessible in person (at Eastercon) and by fax for Mike and Debby Moir to consult (mostly about nominated fans' addresses). The LeGuin, Burns and Feintuch errors never actually appeared in any of the Moirs' faxed drafts, but were inserted by some other Intersection hand. Somehow." (The same release had "Ian Burns" for "Jim Burns" under pro artist, and misspelled "Feintuch," one of the Campbell nominees.)

Langford adds, "I was amused by your hot news item to the effect that I would have been nominated in three Hugo categories in 1993 were it not that I wasn't. This is what investigative journalism is all about...."

News of Fandom:

DUFF Winners Journey to Oz, or Of News and New Zealand

Report by Pat and Rogert Sims: "We have returned from our whirlwind DUFF trip, in 17 days visiting fans in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney in Australia and Wellington, New Zealand. This, in addition to attending Thylacon, the Australian National Convention in Hobart.

"We had a fabulous, exciting time seeing friends from 20 years ago (Aussicon 1) and meeting many new people. Everyone was great, extending themselves to make us feel welcome -- some to the point of even giving us their own bedroom! Although with only about 100 in attendance, our room and breakfast at Thylacon was taken care of by the Convention. Special thanks go to Alan Stewart, Donna Heenen, Bruce Gillespie, Elaine Cochrane, Roman Orzanski, Nick Stathopoulos, Jean Weber, Eric Lindsay, Robin Johnson and Cary Lenehan (co-chairs of Thylacon), David Russell, Mervyn Barrett, Kay Guggins, Timothy Jones, and many, many more for making our trip so fantastic.

"The Down Under fans really set a standard of graciousness and welcoming that we will have to work hard to match for the next candidate."

Report by Tim Jones: "At the end of their DUFF trip to Australasia, Pat and Roger Sims spent two days in Wellington, New Zealand. Despite cold and wet mid-winter weather, they seemed to enjoy their stay in this nation's fair capital

(cue National Anthem, etc.) Long-time NZ fan Mervyn Barrett met them at the airport and entertained them on Thursday afternoon and all Friday, when he took them around most of the sights that are to be seen in the Wellington region. Their hosts, Tim Jones and Kay Gubbins, took them out to dinner with one bunch of fans on Thursday night, and a different bunch on Friday night, so they got to meet a reasonable sample of local fandom. They also garnered at least one amusing story for their Trip Report -- but I'll leave that to them to tell."

Heenan Takes FFANZ Trip

Fan Fund of Australia and New Zealand, Report by Tim Jones: Donna Heenan of Melbourne, Australia was the 1995 winner of the Fan Fund of Australia and New Zealand. She and travelling companion Neil Murray attended Conquest, the New Zealand NatCon, held in Auckland (GsoH Roger Zelazny, Vonda Macintyre, Jane Lindskold (not sure of the spelling on that last one)) at Easter, and then spent just under two weeks travelling around New Zealand, going from south to north, meeting fans in Dunedin, Christchurch, and Wellington before driving back to Auckland via Lyn McConchie's place in Norsewood. Donna and Neil made an excellent impression on the many fans who met them and seemed to have a good time - all will doubtless be revealed in their trip report!

NZ fans were saddened to hear of the death of Roger Zelazny so soon after he had been a GoH at Conquest. Though obviously unwell, he was generous of his time and

attention with con members.

Talking of trip reports, the 1994 FFANZ Trip Report, "Australian Crawl," detailing Tim Jones' and Kay Gubbins' trip to Australia, is now available for \$5 (NZ, US, Australian, or Canadian) or 3 UK pounds to the NZ Administrator, Tim Jones, 87 Ellice St, Wellington 6001, New Zealand. Cost includes surface mail.

Nominations for the 1996 FFANZ race, to Swancon 21 in Perth, Western Australia, don't close until 10 August, but one couple and one individual have already confirmed that they will stand, so prospects seem bright for a good contest.

Mimosa Update

Dick and Nicki Lynch have been putting their lives in order since their townhouse burned on January 3. They recently updated friends online about the recovery. The fire started in another home that shared a common wall with theirs. "By the time it was over, six homes in the subdivision had experienced damage. Ours sustained the second-most-severe damage (the home where the fire started was completely destroyed), and as a result, we haven't been able to live there for the past six months.

"There is no end yet in sight. The contractors tell us that it will be at least another two months before the home is rebuilt, so meanwhile, we've been living in a small two bedroom apartment (a fourth floor walk-up) about five miles away. Most of our belongings are in storage, including the mimeographs, all of the mimeograph supplies, and our entire inventory of current and back issues of *Mimosa* [[their Hugo-winning *genzine*]]. We haven't seen them since January, and don't know what condition they are in.

"But this doesn't mean that we won't be publishing another issue! In fact, planning for *Mimosa 17* is well underway, and we hope to publish it (via a commercial reproduction service) before the end of summer. " We wish the Lynches a full recovery from their disaster, and look forward to more issues of their excellent fanzine.

Wollheim Scholarship Winner Announced

New York's Lunarians club has awarded Robert Emmett Murphy, Jr. of Brooklyn the 1995 Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship. Murphy received \$1,000 to help him attend the Clarion West Writer's Workshop.

The Scholarship Fund was established in 1989 and renamed in 1991 in memory of the late Donald A. Wollheim,

legendary science fiction fan, writer, editor and publisher. The Fund helps beginning science fiction and fantasy writers from the New York Metropolitan area attend the Clarion or Clarion West science fiction and fantasy writers workshop. Scholarship funds come from individual donors and Lunarians, Inc., and through donations, ticket sales at Lunacon's Book Exhibit Raffle and special auctions. The New York Science Fiction Society, the Lunarians, Inc., is a nonprofit corporation recognized under IRS section 501(c)(3).

Standlee Scores

Kevin Standlee received notice from the National Association of Parliamentarians that he scored 100 percent on his NAP admission exam. We expected nothing less, Kevin!

Mythopoeic Awards

The Mythopoeic Awards were presented August 6 at Mythcon in Berkeley. The awards are sponsored by the Mythopoeic Society, a nonprofit educational organization of readers, scholars, and fans of the works of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Charles Williams (The Inklings), and the related genres of myth and fantasy studies.

The nominees and winners are chosen by committees formed of members of the Mythopoeic Society. The physical awards are small statuettes of a seated lion (intended to evoke, but not officially named after, Aslan from C.S. Lewis's *Narnia* books) inscribed with a plaque on the base. The awards are given in four categories. The nominees are shown, with the winner indicated in **boldface**.

The Mythopoeic Fantasy Awards are given to book-length work of fantasy, in the spirit of the Inklings, published during the previous year. (Paperback reprints of recent years' hardcovers are also eligible.) Since 1992, the award has been split into two categories, one for Adult Literature and one for Children's Literature.

The nominees and winners in the Mythopoeic Awards for 1995 in the Adult Literature category are:

Dean, Pamela. *The Dubious Hills* (Tor)
Holdstock, Robert. *The Hollowing* (Roc)
McKillip, Patricia A. *Something Rich and Strange* (Bantam)
Pollack, Rachel. *Temporary Agency* (St Martins)

The nominees for Children's Literature are:

Bull, Emma. *The Princess and the Lord of Night* (Harcourt Brace)
Griffin, Peni R. *Switching Well* (McElderry, Puffin)

Kindl, Patrice. *Owl in Love* (Houghton Mifflin, Puffin)
 McKinley, Robin. *A Knot in the Grain and other stories*
 (Greenwillow)
 Yolen, Jane. *Good Griselle* (Harcourt Brace)

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Inklings Studies is given to a work of scholarship on J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, or Charles Williams published during the previous three years. The nominees are:

Filmer, Kath. *The Fiction of C.S. Lewis: Mask and Mirror*
 (St Martin's Press, 1993)
J.R.R. Tolkien: Life and Legend, introduction by Judith Priestman. Exhibition catalogue. (Bodleian Library, 1992)
 Manlove, Colin. *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Patterning of a Fantastic World* (Twayne, 1993)
 Myers, Doris T. *C.S. Lewis in Context* (Kent State University Press, 1994)
 Rosebury, Brian. *Tolkien: A Critical Assessment* (St Martin's Press, 1992)

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Myth and Fantasy Studies is given to a work of scholarship on the broader field of mythopoeic fantasy published during the previous three years. The nominees are:

King, James Roy. *Old Tales and New Truths: Charting the Bright-Shadow World* (State University of New York Press, 1992)
 Kuznets, Lois Rostow. *When Toys Come Alive: Narratives of Animation, Metamorphosis, and Development* (Yale University Press, 1994)
 McGillis, Roderick, ed. *For the Childlike: George MacDonald's Fantasies for Children* (Children's Literature Association & Scarecrow Press, 1992)
 Warner, Marina. *From the Beast to the Blonde: On Fairy Tales and Their Tellers* (Chatto & Windus, 1994)
 Zipes, Jack. *Fairy Tale as Myth/Myth as Fairy Tale* (University Press of Kentucky, 1994)

The Society publishes three magazines as well as sponsoring local discussion groups and the annual Mythcons. For further general information on the Society, write the address above. For details on the awards, contact the Awards Administrator, David Bratman. His e-mail address is: D.BRATMAN@GE-nie.geis.com.

OBITUARIES

Harry B. Moore, NOLAcon I Chairman
 by Guy Lillian III

Harry B. (for Browning) Moore was chairman of the 1952

Worldcon, Nolacon, and had lived a hermit's life practically ever since. So reclusive was he that of my generation of New Orleans fandom, the Nolacon II era, only John Guidry, author Pat Adkins and Justin Winston ever met the man. The stories they told of a refrigerator without hinges on the door, and a .45 toted in a Playtex glove, made me, at least, feel that meeting Harry was a pleasure best postponed indefinitely.

Moore lived in a small house in a lower-middle-class suburb of the city, having moved from his famous Orange Street address. Talking with his neighbors after his death, I heard that Moore's fannish reputation for eccentricity remained intact in his daily living. He never cut his lawn, which grew thigh-high. His windows lacked screens. Neighborhood kids terrorized him. When the terrible May 9th flood sent a foot of water into houses on his street, his only effort to clean up afterward was to open his doors so the water could drain out. His next-door neighbor figured that living in the resulting filth for three weeks may have led to his death. He was found at home on Memorial Day. No one knew the reason for his demise, but it was almost certainly due to natural causes.

This was a fannish as well as a human disaster. Harry was a collector of original art, which he stored carelessly at the bottom of closets. He also owned stacks of ancient pulps, many of which I found drying in his carport. His correspondence, scattered haphazardly throughout his house, included letters from some of the great names of the genre. We locals were very concerned that the flood could have ruined all.

From looking over the aforementioned magazines, I found that whatever damage had been done had only compounded Moore's own neglect. A box of *Gold Galaxys* was almost completely covered in white mold. The *Astoundings* and *Amazings* and *Thrilling Wonders* which filled his carport all showed signs of disregard, loose or torn or lost covers, grimy edges and the like. One item in better shape than most was the August 1928 issue of *Amazing Stories* featuring the first chapter of *Skylark of Space* and *Armageddon - 2148 A.D.* Though Moore had, in ages past, taped the interior edges of its covers, the book wasn't in too bad shape, yet Moore's relatives had laid it out where the rain and wind could destroy it, or any thief could pinch it. I wrapped it and the other dried pulps in plastic bags, asked a kind neighbor to look after them and contacted the heirs, begging them to take better care of Moore's tattered legacy.

They told me that they were having the magazines evaluated for auction. Moore's closest relative, a California cousin, had inventoried the original artwork and taken it home. Of the letters, and even worse, of the Nolacon register with the names, addresses and signatures of all of the convention's

attendees, there was no word. The worst is feared.

Curt Clemmer, Chicago Conrunner and Dorsai Irregular ***Report by Ross Pavlac***

Curt Clemmer, longtime Chicago SF fan, died in his sleep on June 8 at age 63: probable cause of death was a heart attack. Curt was a robust fan, a giant of a man in just about all ways. Known as Redbeard in some fan circles, his presence and boisterous laugh would light up a room whenever he entered it.

He was a veteran of the Korean War, and was always proud of his military service. Over the years he had been extremely active in Veterans of Foreign Wars and other veterans' organizations. Curt's main hobby other than sf was stamp collecting, and he had a huge stamp collection. In particular, the U.N., as I recall, coordinated a series of many countries issuing anti-malaria stamps during the 1960's; Curt had a complete collection of this hard-to-get item, and loved showing it off to visitors.

Curt first became prominent in fandom during the era of large Star Trek conventions in the 1970's -- back when they would draw 20,000-30,000 people and overwhelm the capabilities of the hotels (and concom!) Curt was a major player, helping to keep things going as smoothly as possible in the trying atmosphere of these cons. He gained a reputation as a solid, reliable force who could be depended on in a pinch. When the Dorsai Irregulars were formed in fandom, Curt was one of the early members and helped to keep the organization from becoming too stuck on itself.

I first met Curt in 1977, when Larry Propp and I were putting together the bid for the 1982 World Science Fiction Convention. I vividly remember Larry at Wilcon, (a private con thrown by Jon and Joni Stopa each year over 4th of July at their ski lodge in Wisconsin), taking me to Curt's hotel room and introducing us. I was awed not so much of Curt as I was that *Larry* was awed by Curt, and Larry Propp was in awe of darn few people!

Although I had been present at the Worldcon in 1966 where Gene Roddenberry premiered Star Trek to fandom, I had not been involved in Trek fandom. Curt took me under his wing and, with his future wife Melissa, introduced me to all the movers and shakers in Trekdom. He was also responsible for getting me on the committee of Cleveland Trek, the one Trek con that I worked on in a major role.

Curt became one of the core architects of the bid for the 1982 Worldcon, along with Larry, Yale Edeiken, and myself. Curt's contributions were twofold. He was our conscience in insisting that while the Worldcon's primary thrust should be

literary SF, that media fandom had a role too, and that many literati in fandom were too snobbish towards these folks; this resulted in our bid (and the eventual Worldcon) being more balanced. He also was one of the best "idea men" I ever met -- he had *all kinds* of grandiose ideas; some of them were even practical. The fact that he never understood that not all of his ideas could be done simultaneously did not detract from his usefulness in generating ideas that would make bidding and conventions more fun, and many of us valued him for that.

Curt was also one of the best recruiters I have ever worked with. He had a gift for recognizing convention-running talent, and for quietly walking up to me and saying, "You know, Ross, you guys really are under-utilizing so-and-so; you really should look at her more closely...."

In addition to his work on the 1982 and 1991 Worldcons in Chicago, Curt was a former member of the Board of Directors for ISFiC, the parent body of Windycon. He worked on Windycons for many, many years. For the past several years (no one is quite sure how many), he had been the guru of Program Operations, settling himself down in Program Ops at the beginning of the con and running the Program Ops desk. While others were titularly in charge of Program Ops, it was by common consent that Curt ran things on the floor.

My own favorite anecdote with Curt has to do with his wedding to Melissa Bayard in 1980. It was to be a fan wedding, held at the annual Dorsai Thing in Ann Arbor. A couple of months before the wedding, Curt called me up and said, "Ross, we'd like you to wear your aardvark costume to the wedding." (Yes, for those of you who don't know me very well, I *do* happen to have an aardark costume).

"To the *wedding itself*?" I gasped out, astonished. "Put Melissa on the phone."

"Yes?" she said. I repeated, "Melissa, Curt claims you guys want me to wear the aardvark suit to the wedding." She corrected, "No. I want you to wear the aardvark suit to the wedding."

I gasped again. "You're *sure*? This is *your* day, and I want you to really enjoy it. You *know* the aardvark suit will um, attract attention." Melissa answered, "No, we understand. I really want you to wear it."

...On the day of the wedding, I strolled into the hotel meeting room where the wedding would be, wearing my bright blue aardvark suit, complete with long ears, tail, nose, etc. It being a formal occasion, I carried a cane. Also, since Melissa and I are descended from the McKenzie clan, I wore a tie of Dress McKenzie tartan.

Curt was chatting with the pastor. The pastor took one look at me and shook his head. "I know you guys warned me about this, but I didn't really believe it..."

I sat on the bride's side, since Melissa specifically invited me. All of her relatives took one look at me, and politely eased as far from me as they could. The ceremony began. Melissa wore a beautiful white dress. Curt and his best man, Gordon R. Dickson, wore formal Scottish kilts. Many Dorsai were present, all in paramilitary uniform.

As the vows were recited, Dr. Bob Passovoy's daughter Robin (who was about three at the time) suddenly noticed me. She turned to her father. "Who dat, daddy? Who dat?" The Passovoy's were sitting in the front row, only a few feet away from where the vows were even then being spoken. Bob tried to quiet her by whispering, "That's your uncle Aardvark, Robin."

Robin's reaction was to wave wildly to me, shouting, "Hi, uncie Aardvark! Hi, uncie Aardvark!"

Curt, who was well within earshot of this, said afterwards that it took the greatest concentration of his life to pay attention to the vows and not break out laughing. As the couple exited, the Dorsai whipped out swords, switchblades and such to form a military arch of steel. I proudly participated, using my cane in lieu of a weapon....

After they got back from the honeymoon, they called to thank me for wearing the costume. "After all," said Melissa, "We couldn't have gotten married without you." I said, "Huh?" still not understanding.

Melissa laughed. "Well in order to get married I had to have something old, something new, something borrowed...." Curt chimed in, "*And you were the something blue Uncle Aardvark!*" Laughing boisterously.

Over the years since then, whenever Curt or I have been at a fan gathering, and the other of us enters the room, Curt always took great pleasure in regaling the room with this anecdote. I put it here in memorial to him, as a remembrance of one of the best moments of both our lives.

As those who know me are aware, Curt and I had disagreements from time to time. Some of them were quite loud. But we always had more in common than we had in differences, and we always remained friends. My God, I'm going to miss him.

Cards may be sent to Melissa Clemmer at P.O. Box 156, Tinley Park, IL 60477. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made in Curt's name to the American Heart Association.

New Convention Listings

Bubonicon: (August 11-13, 1995) Howard Johnson East, I-40 and Eubank NE, Albuquerque, NM. GoH: Harry Turtledove. TM: Simon Hawke. Artist: Martin "Lucky Starr" Cameron. Media: Rick Sternbach. Rooms: \$48 sgl/dbl, call (800) 877-4852. Memberships: \$21 til 7/30, \$25 at door. Contact: NMSF Conference, P.O. Box 37257, Albuquerque, NM 87176.

Rivercon XX: (September 1-4, 1995) Executive West Hotel, Louisville, KY. GoH: Philip Jose Farmer. Fan GoH: Robert and Juanita Coulson. TM: Andrew J. Offutt. Rooms: \$60 sgl-to-quad, call (800) 626-2708. Memberships: \$25 til 8/15, \$35 at door. Contact: RiverCon, P.O. Box 58009, Louisville, KY 40268.

Reinconation: (October 13-15, 1995) Regency Plaza Hotel, Minneapolis, MN. Guests: Judith Merrill, Andy Hooper. Memberships: \$19.73 til 9/5, \$30 at door. Contact: Reinconation, PO Box 8297 Lake Street Station, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

Ditto 8: (November 3-5, 1995) Mayflower Park Hotel, 4th and Olive, Seattle WA. Fanzine fans convention. Special Guest: Taral Wayne. Hotel rooms: \$80 sgl/dbl, contact (800) 426-5100. Memberships: US\$30, C\$40. Contact (and make checks/cheques payable to): Alan Rosenthal, P.O. Box 75684, Seattle, WA 98125-0684.

Sci-Con 17: (November 10-12, 1995) Sheraton Oceanfront Inn, Virginia Beach, VA. For reservations call: (804) 425-9000. Guests: *Magic - The Gathering* artist Mark Poole, Author/Gaming guest Larry Bond, Games Workshop, Decipher Inc. Memberships: \$20 til 9/1, \$25 at door. Contact: Sci-Con, c/o HaRoSFA, PO Box 9434, Hampton, VA 23670.

Windycon XXII: (November 10-12, 1995) Hyatt Regency Woodfield, Schaumburg, IL. GoHs: Poul Anderson, Stanley Schmidt, Heather Bruton, Dick and Leah Zeldes. TM: Bob and Anne Passovoy. Guests: Barry B. Longyear, David Lee Anderson, Ben Bova, Harry Turtledove. Hotel rooms: \$77 sgl/dbl, contact (800) 233-1234. Memberships: \$25 til 10/2. Contact: Windycon XXII, P.O. Box 184, Palatine, IL 60078, or call (708) 383-6948.

*The End of Civilization
as Somebody Besides Us Knows It*
by Mike Glycer

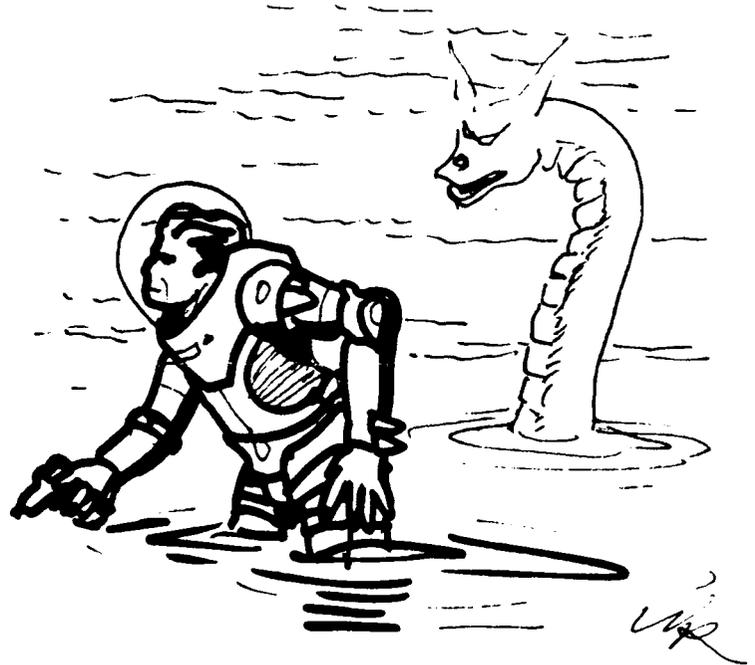
Last June, the Glasgow committee was caught in one of those e-mail forest fires that flare up on Internet at the slightest provocation. Someone asked if the '95 Worldcon was providing free rooms to the TAFF and DUFF delegates. The committee gave a politically incorrect answer.

As Kevin Standlee explained, "It has been more-or-less standard practice for hosting conventions to give the fan-fund winner a free hotel room. Not knowing that the host con was expected to give the fan fund winners free rooms, Intersection never budgeted for it. This is easier at larger U.S. and Canadian conventions, where the host cons usually end up with a number of comp rooms (earned in exchange for members' room bookings) that are otherwise not going to very good use. In the U.K., however, Intersection doesn't earn comp rooms, and therefore every hotel room must be purchased by the convention."

Even when a North American worldcon gives a fan fund winner use of a comp room, that's arguably the same as spending money for a room. Several recent Worldcons turned extra comp rooms into cash by renting them to trusty fans who paid the committee instead of the hotel. The tactic generated from \$7,000 to \$10,000 per con.

While rich brown fanned the flames online, past TAFF administrators quietly talked to the Glasgow committee and handled things, graciously agreeing that TAFF would cover its own room and leave the con's available support for the GUFF winner (from Australia), so I hear. Former European TAFF administrator Pam Wells also asked the L.A.con III committee whether they planned to give the TAFF and DUFF delegates comp rooms at the 1996 Worldcon. The '96 con's parent group, SCIFI, has a long tradition of supporting fan funds. Between its donations of 1984 Worldcon profits and \$500 bounties for completed trip reports, SCIFI has contributed thousands of dollars to fan funds in the past 10 years. L.A.con III will follow that tradition and offer TAFF and DUFF delegates a comp room for the core nights of the convention.

Leah Zeldes wrote on GENie, "It's most unfortunate that a few loudmouthed snobs have put people off the fan funds, which do serve a valuable purpose in promoting communication among international fandom.... I hope this particular TAFF controversy can be resolved without creating more bad feeling and dissension between fanzine fans and convention fans. As someone active in both areas, I really hate the Us vs. Them attitude that's grown in recent years between these groups."



It's a political split acutely felt by fanzine fans but only recently suspected by convention fans. Most Worldcon runners who have any opinion on the subject want to nurture the fan funds, whose delegates heighten the profile of traditional fandom at the con. In the same spirit, they keep the First Fandom awards as part of the the Hugo ceremony, trying to steer by a fannish pole star despite the winds of popular culture.

In the early '80s, fans amended the Worldcon rules to recommend ways to distribute Worldcon profits that placed fan funds almost at the top of the list. But rich brown's flaming online about comp rooms for fund winners resonates disturbingly with comments by other fanwriters over the last ten years characterizing the TAFF winner's obligation to attend the Worldcon as a burdensome courtesy performed on the way to visit real fans. Now, some of the same fans who installed that rules change wonder if they are being exploited by TAFF supporters who scorn convention fanac. For the first time there is resistance to contributing convention profits to fan funds, if not yet a refusal to do so.

Convention fans Martha Beck and Samantha Jeude didn't simply lose two TAFF races a decade apart, both times their very right to participate was sharply attacked in fanzine editorials and lettercolumns. Jeude's platform was even ridiculed by the eventual winner in his own fanzine -- an ordinary day's work for Steffan, but a stark contrast to the conduct of past TAFF candidates, one that leaves him in no position to heal the political rift. (Hopefully, he'll improve on the record of the current North American TAFF

administrator who did not even distribute a press release to newzines or Worldcon committees about the result of the last race.)

What would it take to set things right? Two opposite possibilities come to mind.

The most unattractive choice is for TAFF to declare that its mission is to exchange fanzine fans between North America and Europe. TAFF should also announce whether it will continue to send those delegates to the Worldcon whenever there's an opportunity. By taking these two steps, TAFF would eliminate the double-message being sent to convention fans. No doubt that would lead directly to the fund losing much of the financial support it gets from Worldcons. But many irksome contrasts between the TAFF concept and its reality would cease to exist.

A better choice would be one that fulfills TAFF's promise to all of fandom. Let there come a breakthrough, when a prominent convention fan stands for TAFF -- and wins -- in a race as closely contested and as cleanly fought as the Glasgow and Atlanta bids the 1995 Worldcon. I choose that example purposefully. The campaigners treated each other with great respect, an example TAFF candidates and their supporters should follow. Also, Glasgow's win ended a different kind of historic imbalance. Never before had an overseas Worldcon pre-empted the Eastern Zone in the 20-plus-year period that the rotation system had been in place. Fans' belief in the potential for fairness is strained when too many years pass without the balance being struck, and, in the case of TAFF, there's not even lip-service given to ever balancing the run of fanzine fans with a delegate chiefly known for her convention fanac.

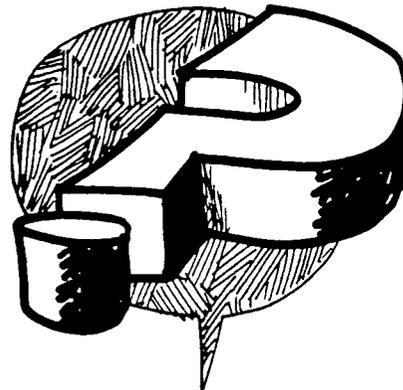
Tom Disch Loses His Way by John Hertz

A cover story about science fiction in a national magazine. Sounds great, doesn't it? I don't mean *The New Yorker* for July 17th. There was nothing newsworthy for us there. The streamer "The Sci-Fi Speaker, Hendrik Hertzberg on Newt's New Books" was what we'd expect, and so was the article on page 6.

No, the magazine was *The Nation* for February 27th, and the story was by a leading s-f writer, Thomas M. Disch. Here we may have a lower circulation, and no pretense of being mainstream -- *The Nation* is well to the Left of *The New Yorker*, and proud of it -- but the magazine is literate, the article was feature-length, and Disch knows something about science fiction. Or should.

In *The Nation's* cover drawing, men in flying saucers, escort a smug Gingrich, zap juice beaming from their pens: "Future Shockers: Sci-Fi Writers Invade Newton's Brain!" The headline, "Speaker Moonbeam: Newton's Futurist Brain Trust". Evidently neither Disch nor *The Nation* remember this was the name rightists threw at a certain California governor not long ago.

Disch hardly breaks custom by pressing literature into the mold of politics. And I can forgive the diction. But I never see how it's supposed to be impressive to use a word one obviously doesn't understand. Even under the standards of *The Nation*, I suppose it's too much to ask that Jerry Pournelle not be called Robert Heinlein's heir apparent -- Heinlein is dead, and an heir apparent is a person who will inherit if he outlives his ancestor.



QUESTIONS ARE MORE MEANINGFUL THAN PRAISE

But I do want Disch to get his s-f right. Let's start with facts. "Heinlein's first book, in 1950, was *The Man Who Sold the Moon*" -- as Ted White says, get real! Then let's read the stuff. Disch picks out Heinlein on a theory that, you guessed it,

In *Starship Troopers* (1959), his seminal work, Heinlein uses the gosh-wow conventions of pulp-era space opera to advance a political agenda that celebrates America's future as the Rome of the space age. With

the skill of Leni Riefenstahl, the author glamorizes the trappings of military power — the uniforms and macho rituals -- while lecturing the reader, as if he were a raw recruit, on the need to obey one's officers and to exterminate the enemy (the Bugs, in this novel) utterly.

Maybe that's Disch's own fantasy, but it isn't *Starship Troopers*. Heinlein was a Navy man, who with the Greek historian Polybius thought "war is a fearful thing, but not so fearful that we should submit to anything to avoid it". He warned against the trappings of military power, from *Starship Troopers* to *Space Cadet*. He was the Father of Modern Science Fiction for *not* lecturing readers, and in his best, of which there is a bushel, he never did. As for his seminal work, can Disch be unaware of the commotion when Heinlein followed *Troopers* with *Stranger in a Strange Land*, the yin to *Troopers*' yang, conspicuously absent from this article? For decades people asked Heinlein "How could you write both those books?" Heinlein himself joked how *Stranger* resembled John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy*, another famous novel which, like Hesse's Nobel Prize winner *The Glass Bead Game*, never gets credit as science fiction. He scorned the cheap reader's notion that art "advances a political agenda". When he answered at all, he said "I'm a science-fiction writer. I make things up."

Why is Disch treating us to this? Because Disch's way of attacking Gingrich is to insinuate that Gingrich is ticky in the coco, and the evidence is that Gingrich is tarred with the brush of science fiction. Oh, and religion, too. "In short, vote for me and someday your children will inhabit the *Star Trek* of their video dreams.

When some mundane clod hits science fiction for the crime of being imaginative, I expect it. The news is that Disch, who should know better, turns this tired old taunt on Gingrich. Disch does not explore how amazing it is -- no pun intended -- that Gingrich professes to like science fiction at all. That when *To Renew America* came out it had thirty lines in the first thirty pages about science fiction. Disch has a sidebar that Gingrich is co-writing a book with Pournelle, but the point is only made to show how Newt is a nut and advancing a political agenda. The Speaker of the House is writing a science fiction novel with a winner of the Campbell Award! Even Heinlein didn't foresee this future.

So why does Disch do it? Because he's careless? Because rather than take on Gingrich's ideas he'd prefer to sling innuendo? I don't know. I know he's disappointed me. And he's left as a great big hole for conservatives that he accuses Gingrich of having imagination.

Star Trek: Voyager Creates New Universes to Conquer by Francis Hamit

Copyright 1995. All Rights Reserved. First appeared in Advanced Image. It is perhaps the most successful entertainment franchise in history, having produced seven major motion pictures, four television series, dozens of novels, and a large and loyal legion of fans. It is a future where crew members refer to their starships affectionately as "she", and, in fact, at least one Star Trek producer confides that he thinks of the Enterprise as a character (or rather a succession of characters) in the play. The vision of the future that the late Gene Roddenberry had in the original *Star Trek* series in the late 1960s has been renewed and enhanced, most recently in *Star Trek: Voyager*, which has entirely new characters and debuted with some of the most spectacular special effects yet seen in a drama produced for television.

Special effects are an essential part of most television productions with an action adventure theme. Where science fiction is concerned, they are so important to the creation of a believable scenario and the viewer's suspension of disbelief that the production cannot be done without them.

While the elements of story, performance, directing and editing are essential, the special effects supervisor creates the final elements that make a quality production. That, in turn, requires meticulous and painstaking attention to details that are never noticed by members of the audience.

Paramount's new series, *Star Trek: Voyager*, chosen to flagship the Paramount United Network, continues a long tradition of quality. Dan Curry, a Special Effects Supervisor and second unit director for both *Voyager* and its older siblings *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, will work for two weeks completing the effects on a one hour episode; twice as long as everyone else.

While some effects are generated with computer graphic techniques, *Star Trek: Voyager* uses highly detailed models and sets to create its title starship. Well-established film techniques using motion control and multiple camera passes are used to create the elements that are used to render the *Voyager* and its surroundings.

The process of designing and constructing the models used is a slow and meticulous one. First a 3/4 elevation of the space craft is drawn and then Rick Sternbach, who has designed *Star Trek* productions for many years, makes a detailed set of drawings of the craft. These, done mostly by hand on a drafting board rather than with a CAD system, show how the compartments represented by individual sets relate to each other within the models. The models are built

and carefully detailed by hand. They are then shot from a number of angles with a 4x5 view camera and many different angles and distances. These images are then digitized to create a database that will provide an integrated and continuous image. Sternbach also creates a "bible" of all of the visual elements, for future reference by writers, directors and technicians. This assures continuity from one episode to the next.

This does not mean that the models are then put aside. In fact, they are used most of the time, posing in an intricate ballet with the motion-controlled cameras. And the level of detail is such that color transparencies of the permanent sets representing the interiors of the starship are taken and placed in the proper windows on the models, which are made in several different sizes so that long, medium and close-up shots can all be set up easily.

It is this attention to detail that makes the illusion such a convincing one. It is painstaking work. Complex calculations precede the set-up of each shot, and it is slow. As Curry put it, "Watching motion-control camera work has all of the visceral excitement of watching cattle graze." Some of the time required is cut by using the new Kodak 5298 film stock, a fine grained, 500 ASA emulsion that can capture even minute points of light. This cuts the time required to make one light pass from two hours to about 20 minutes. Because of the varying intensities of the lights used, as many as seven passes are used for a single shot. The 35mm film originals are then electronically mastered on a D-1 video system, electronically composited, and output on a D-2 videotape system for release.

The starfield is a backlit hemispherical pinhole panorama, draped with black at the sides with a fixed point of view so that a motion control camera can pass its lens lovingly over a model in a continuous shot again and again as the "beauty" (showing the hull of the starship in its environment), matte and lighting shots are perfectly matched. The matte shot is done with ultra violet light on an orange background to provide visual separation of the models from the background.

Post-production work includes preventing or eliminating visual artifacts created by the three-two pulldown ratio between film and video and by the compression of digital images.

The fire-explosion created in the pilot episode, where one spacecraft rammed another, was created with liquid nitrogen controlled by a stream of compressed air and lit with tinted gels. The same effect will be used again, and the final version may be enhanced using computer graphics techniques. Other effects are sub-contracted.

The morphing of the "Odo" shapeshifter character in Deep

Space Nine is done by Vision Arts. From a design provided by Curry, Santa Barbara Studios created the background for the Voyager title sequence. Amblin Imaging, a new unit of Stephen Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment, created the plasma storm and vortex effects used in the series pilot episode. There are two special effect teams on each series which work on alternative episodes. The effects, perhaps ten percent of the entire production, must be both entirely believable and unobtrusive, to create the essential "suspension of disbelief" for the members of the audience.

The sets have interactive elements such as backlit control panels with flashing lights, and video monitors that play coordinated feeds of material that is essential to a script. Color transparencies of the sets, from the proper angle, are placed in the windows of some models so that even the audience's subconscious can be persuaded that what they are seeing is real.

The sets are also constructed and detailed to look and feel like the real thing. The railing in the bridge set behind the Captain's chair is brushed aluminum rather than painted wood. The chairs are meant to be sat in for long periods of time and the television and computer monitors are "live" meaning that they work in the shot during the action.

The other sets are equally sturdy. They fill several sound stages at one end of the Paramount lot, and production offices and other facilities are also close by.

"Dan's amazing," said Brannon Braga, one of Star Trek's producers and one of their most prolific writers, "He's one of those guys you can say 'we need an asteroid field, and it can't look like any other asteroid field the audience has ever seen -- and it's got to be cheap!' -- and he always come through. And it's convincing, and it's not always high-tech. He'd as soon use a piece of tin foil as a computer. I don't know the full extent of these techniques. When I write something, I just know it will be accomplished. We try to be explicit in our description of the effect. Sometimes we can't. We sometimes have no idea of what it should look like, as in the Voyager episode where they entered a space anomaly, and just ask that it look different.

"My only regret about using digital effects," Braga added, "Is that you lose some of the spontaneity you used to have, like when you were fiddling with lights and angles and you would accidentally kick it -- and there it was."

The broad range of techniques used in special effects, from the simplest prop to the most advanced computer graphics software, has made the field an art form in itself; one that, like all good stagecraft, enhances but never intrudes upon the story.

Zagreb Again in 19-fill-in-the-year

The first 1999 Worldcon bid officially filed with L.A. con III has arrived and it's from....

Zagreb. Krsto Mazuranic is back. Krsto writes, "Mad Bidders Never Desist. In order to prove this is not merely a witty slogan and an empty phrase, we hereby announce our intention to bid the city of Zagreb for the site of the 57th World Science Fiction Convention to be held in 1999."

His announcement came with a letter from by Maja Fabris, Vice President Marketing of ATLAS Travel Agency in Dubrovnik, Croatia. ATLAS confirms "in case of Zagreb being accepted as the site of the... Worldcon in 1999, it will provide hotel accomodation for the participants and accompanying persons/guests as well as function space for the Worldcon program."

Aussiecon 3, we'll leave the light on for ya....



Convention Reportage

Can*Con '95

Ottawa, Canada

May 12-14, 1995

Report by Lloyd Penney

Can*con '95 took place at the Talisman Hotel in Ottawa. This gathering had many titles. Can*con was the 4th Annual Conference on Canadian Content in Speculative Literature, the 15th CanVention, Boreal 12, the newly-revived Canadian Francophone SF&F convention, the First Annual Academic Conference on Canadian Content in Speculative Literature, and Computer Expo II. It was co-host to the opening of the National Library of Canada's new exhibit on Canadian science fiction and fantasy. Lots of promises were made here, but I'm not sure how much was actually delivered.

The con was well-run but did have some problems. The program book never did arrive, which meant that the first day's worth of programming did not happen for the most part. People didn't know if they were on panels, or where they might be. A quick program guide was produced and distributed *en masse* to as many of the attendees as could be found. The con suite was small, hidden away and underused,

as were the con office and green room. The hotel promised rooms they did not deliver for that weekend, so the art show and computer expo were shoved into the back of the dealers room. The function space was strung out through the entire length of the hotel, and so much of the weekend was spent walking from room to room. Directional signs were nonexistent, and room signs indicated what was in the room, but most of these signs did not go up until Saturday afternoon. I'm sure the pros would find this convention a marvelous gathering for their own interests, but I wonder how many of the fans and readers would agree with me in this con report.

Now, here's some other comments some may not like. I find that many Canadian cultural events are extremely snobbish and pretentious, and based on my experiences that weekend Can*Con '95 (etc.) wasn't much different. I guess I should have expected that such a highly literate and pro-oriented event should have little for the fans or readers, but chairman Jim Botte assured me there would be something for everyone. I left the convention a little disappointed and alienated. I recognize the hard work and effort that Jim Botte, Farrell McGovern, and the rest of the committee put into the con and I think, despite the few cavils above, the con was a success. It's just that I think a Worldcon caters to all interests of all its attendees, and a CanVention should do the

same thing.

Yvonne and I went to Can*con '95 because of Jim's assertions of variety for all, and because of our nominations for the Auroras. I guess we're just used to fannish conventions with the enjoyment of SF&F and fun foremost in mind, not the professional self-absorption and the ultra-litcon.

The Bottom Line on Can*Con: "Can*Con '95 lost about \$2,000, it would have been more but Smith books came through big time." [*CONTRACT, Jul/Aug 1995*]

Disclave 1995

Washington, DC

May 26-29, 1995

Report by Martin Morse Wooster

Having been rejected by yet another suburban hotel, Disclave returned to downtown Washington to the Renaissance Hotel. This was a smart move, since the Renaissance Hotel was not only located near several inexpensive restaurants in Chinatown, but also seemed to welcome Disclave. There weren't as many people as in years past; if attendance was over 800, I would be amazed. And while most of the big-name out-of-town pros (such as Gardner Dozois and his friends) were out of town, the con was also free of the destructive punks that have cluttered Maryland conventions, although there was one party for "people in black." (Calling them "Goths," I'm told, is now politically incorrect.)

GoH Charles Sheffield gave a very amusing speech full of anecdotes about various writers he's dealt with in his career. Other programming was, in the Disclave tradition, very light. The spacious "Discave" consuite continued to be one of the better hospitality suites at a convention.

Most of the parties were convention bids, and rumors swirled thick and fast about Worldcon bids. The smofs I talked to were agreed that Atlanta now has a lock on the 1998 Worldcon because of the relaxation of the rule about submitting Worldcon bids [*sic*]. Everyone is convinced that the DragonCon committee will convince about 5000 members to buy supporting memberships which will then be "hand-carried" by DragonCon committee members (with capacious hands!) to Glasgow. Some say that DragonCon is doing this because they *already* have the largest con in America, and holding a Worldcon would be slightly easier than running a DragonCon. Others claim that DragonCon has already signed agreements with the hotels they plan to use and that they have decided to go for broke and get the Worldcon. They have apparently announced that if Baltimore wins the Worldcon, then DragonCon will be held over Labor

Day. In any case, it's clear that Atlanta will be the first Worldcon to be dominated by comics, gaming and media fandom.

Chicago in 2000 continued to offer its cards of pros for presupporting members. Shamelessly copying the L.A.con III sticker book, Chicago plans to offer 41 different cards of pros, complete with baseball-card-like stats on the back. Turn in 20 of them to the committee and you can convert your supporting membership to attending. Get all 41, says big chair Tom Veal, "and you'll have a very nice collection." As an added benefit, the cards can also be used in Magic games. Asking around, people concluded that Gordy Dickson had the power to control Tully bottles, while George Alec Effinger could control sand. But what powers does Fred Pohl have? Suggestions to the Chicago committee.

ConQuest 26

Kansas City, MO

May 26-28, 1995

Report by Mike Glycer

Only 25 years late, I've learned ConQuest is too good to miss. These people are true conrunners. The con chair had a nine-year-old kid left with her during the con and instinctively decided, "That boy don't need a babysitter, he needs a job!"

ConQuest 1995's theme, "Alternate Hollywood," found a dozen creative outlets. They covered the con suite walls with a series of humorous variations on classic film posters such as *Cthulhublanca*. The committee paraded through Opening Ceremonies in costumes satirizing famous movie roles and personalities. They even chose the perfect toastmaster, Alternate- anthologies editor Mike Resnick.

Resnick introduced author Octavia Butler and the con's other guests at Opening Ceremonies, myself included. He admirably carried the load of entertaining the audience with his misadventures. Resnick concluded with the story of how a Cape buffalo interrupted him while he was trying to answer nature's call behind a large bush: "[In Africa] you're never alone. No matter how empty and desolate the plains are, do one embarrassing thing and you've got an audience Lawrence Olivier would die for."

There was a ready audience at ConQuest for all kinds of humor. The Masquerade was essentially a tournament of costumed wits. Some took a morbid turn, like the "SCA widow, who grieves every day for her husband who was slain -- at her hands." There was also a vampire who declared, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for I am one of them...."

Other favorites included the Animaniacs, whose red noses kept falling off and bouncing into the audience. They still won Best in Show. A man in a kilt and cowboy shirt came as "Rob Roy Rogers." "Fannish Gump" twisted the film's clichéd line into: "Fandom is like a box of chocolates: a lot of fruits and nuts in skimpy wrappers."

On a panel about humor in fandom, I got my first look at those kings of comedy, the pilots of "White Knuckle Airline" from Wichita, Kansas. I think it was one of them who said, "The only thing you have to remember about Kansas fandom is that Kansas wasn't flattened in a day." Roger Tener and Leonard Bishop told frightening stories about almost making it to conventions in private planes, stories now graced with humor because everyone made it through unscathed.

I highly enjoyed my long conversations with Ken Keller at ConQuest. I specially note that because three fans watched us talking in a corner of a room party for 20 minutes, then tried to rescue me. Thoughtful, but quite needless: we became engrossed in analyzing the impact of 1976's Big MAC, the first mega-Worldcon, which he chaired.

Of course, Keller enjoys a certain reputation. A one-sheet distributed on the last day of the con made up of snippets of overheard conversations said, "I'm going to quote Keller extensively. Is there any other way?"

Yet the editors missed the weekend's most hilarious exchange. The guests had just come back from dinner with the committee and were milling in the lobby. Mike Resnick responded to a question, "I'd never say anything against what it stands for. But the Chicon V Hugo looked to me like a rectal thermometer for an elephant." Ken Keller innocently agreed, "And who would know better than you...?" His comment hung over the lobby for the split-second necessary for everyone to take it the wrong way, then uproarious laughter drowned out all other conversations. Keller tried to retrieve himself: "Uh, after all the times you've been to Africa!"

This report has been slanted toward funny things that happened at ConQuest, but it also featured substantial, thought-provoking items like Suzette Haden Elgin's two-hour seminar, "The Gentle Art of Verbal Self Defense." Its goal was "To establish an environment in which verbal violence almost never occurs and which -- on those rare occasions when it cannot be avoided -- it is dealt with efficiently and effectively, with no loss of face on either side." She taught four basic principles: "Know that you are under attack. Know what kind of attack you are facing. Know how to make your defense fit the attack. Know how to follow through."

ConQuest 26 drew 425 fans. Keller says the con's bylaws set

a 500-member limit. They're having fun in KC: be among the next 75 fans in line for memberships now!

SF Saturday

Vancouver, BC

May 27, 1995

Report by Donna McMahon

SF Saturday, the Positive Women's Network fundraiser in Vancouver, B.C., was a financial and popular success. The event was held May 27 by the West Coast Science Fiction Association in memory of long-time Vancouver fan Evelyn Beheshti Hildebrandt (wife of SF writer Don DeBrandt) who died of AIDS on March 13 at the age of 33.

We had approximately 150 attending members, including fans from Victoria, Bellingham, Seattle, Portland, Edmonton, and Whitehorse (Yukon). Non-attending members were from as far away as California (Bay area) and Toronto.

The one day event featured two tracks of programming, a small dealer's room, an "Evelyn Room" (with memorabilia and AIDS information), a play, a concert, and a dance.

Bill Gibson was kind enough to attend, despite having just arrived back in Vancouver from an exhausting four continent publicity tour for *Johnny Mnemonic*. Not only did the severely jet-lagged author do a reading, gave a talk on JM, and donate some special collectors posters to sell for the cause, but we shamelessly hit him up to pay for his membership!

Local fan Stan Hyde, a noted expert on the sex life of Godzilla (along with *BCSFazine* Ghod-Editor R. Graeme Cameron), brought his entire class of theatre students from Sir Winston Churchill Secondary School. They performed a short play ("What's My Century?") written by local SF and game writer Lisa Smedman.

Jeanne and Spider Robinson did readings and an hour-long concert in the evening. Their warm-up act was local fan Vicki Oates performing "Patchwork," the song she wrote about a BCSFA trip to the AIDS quilt. Evelyn organized the trip about two years ago.

Evelyn's moms made a particular splash during the evening--one in a Gandalf costume, and the other dressed as Mini Mouse Dominatrix.

Donations to the event were also made by Patrick Nielsen Hayden at Tor Books, Lisa Miscione at Ace Putnam Berkeley, Dale Sproule at *TransVersions* magazine, Penguin Books in Vancouver, and Mike Glyer at *File 770*!

Our Treasurer is still painfully, oops, I mean painstakingly working out the last nitpicking details of the financial report, but we have already given a cheque for \$2,500 to the Positive Women's Network. There should be a little more money to come.

Still to be auctioned off are a 10-issue subscription to File 770, an uncorrected bound manuscript of "Legacy" by Greg Bear, an uncorrected proof of "Beowulf's Children" by Niven, Pournelle & Barnes, and a limited edition Japanese language "Johnny Mnemonic" poster signed by Bill Gibson. These will be sold at Banffcon in October unless we get irresistible offers before then. We also have hardcover copies of Spider and Jeanne Robinson's latest novel, "Star-mind" (if you order one, we'll get it signed for you) -- all proceeds to the Positive Women's Network.

Anyone who is interested in any of the above items or who would like a copy of the Evelyn memorial issue of BCSFA-zine (\$2) should contact Donna McMahon, #902 - 1655 Haro Street, Vancouver, BC V6G 1G9, Canada.

[[Next issue will include John Hertz' highly-detailed Westercon report. A quick impression is provided by James Taylor, a long-time File 770 reader writing his first conreport for these pages.]]

Westercon 48

Portland, OR

June 30-July 3, 1995

Report by James M. Taylor

My first impression of Westercon 48 was that something was missing. There wasn't a problem driving right up to the front door, there wasn't a line to check in at the Hotel and even registration was lineless once I figured out which table I belonged at. Between 8:00 and 8:30 Friday night I went from standing in front of the Red Lion Columbia River to looking through my pocket program guide for my first program session, a personal best.

The first panel, Science Fiction/Fantasy/Mystery Crossover, seemed normal enough at first. But it quickly became evident that Romance was the strongest market segment today. You could put in any element: fantasy, horror or space opera as long as it could be published as a Romance. Think about it, *The Forever War* in the Romance aisle. A new cover would be the only change.

Saturday started well with the usual suspects having fun with SF in Cartoons. The big point was that a chip-based lockout on TV receivers would free the networks to compete with

cable using sex and violence. Not sure about that, it happens that TV uses a limited resource: radio spectrum. It might be more profitable to put entertainment on cable and use the freed up space for the "wireless" office the computer magazines keep talking about.

The biggest problem with conventions then reared its ugly head: time. You're not going to get to all the interesting panels even if you skip meals and non-con related items: you just can't. I had compounded the problem by only having one full day to spend at Westercon. Now I had no choice. I skipped three panels and went to the art show. In the early days of my con going, I had always purchased something at the art show as a way to memorialize the con. But after five months unemployment ending only in June that wasn't possible this time, but I went anyway. It was worth it to me, a good mix: skill and media, a little humor, some nudity, a lot of vampires.

Building on success, I then moved on to the dealers room where I succeeded in spending that part of my cash not already given to L.A.con III coffers.

The "Alien Aliens" panel did it's best but in the end a truly Alien Alien didn't have much hope of commercial publication. I had to agree as a reader my tolerance for experimental forms and unfathomable characters is very limited. Of course, if I like a book, the question does not come up. I mean it couldn't really be that Alien if I liked it, could it?

The thing about pros is they no longer seem shy to pitch their books at a panel. Not one book, mind you, but two in print plus what ever is coming out plus any magazine work ever done. They still try to make self depreciating comments on these efforts, but they still do it anyway. Having just finished a class in self publishing, I know how important an opportunity a convention can be and why they do it, but my patience has limits. Other ways to allow or encourage self publishing efforts should be considered or expanded by concoms of the future: an expanded bibliography with the panel biographies, after dinner presentations in a con suite to see, meet and purchase an several author's work, etc. Larry Niven doesn't need the this help, but the vast majority of panel author's seem to be on only their first to third book and probably still have day jobs.

The masquerade was a lot of fun, even if looking at the carpet a certain way made it look like Barney's face. The length to quality ratio was good, and once the self hiding black duct tape was located, things seem to go smoothly, for a masquerade.

"Predictions Great and Small" led off my panel going Sunday and was mostly fun. I finished up with "Stupidity as a Plot Mechanism" which quickly got out of hand but remained amusing. All in all, a solid and successful con.