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OBITUARY

George Turner Aussiecon 3 Guest of Honour

Author and Aussiecon 3 guest of honor George Turner died Sunday, June 8, in Ballarat, Victoria, days after suffering a massive stroke, according to John Bangsund. He turned 80 last October, an occasion celebrated by a large number of Melbourne fans. The funeral was scheduled for June 11.

Perry Middlemiss, chair of Aussiecon 3, wrote online, "At the time the Aussiecon committee asked George if he would be our guest of honor he suggested that we should choose someone younger. We disagreed and told him that our aim was to honor him, and his work. Again at his 80th birthday party last year (after a previous stroke had left him rather frail and easily tired) he pointed out that he may not be able to make the convention. I told him that if that was to occur it wouldn't change our minds and that we intended to honor him anyway. I tried to make light of it, but you could tell he was worried that he wouldn't be with us. It strikes me as a measure of the man that he should feel compelled to suggest such a course of action."

Middlemiss adds that Aussiecon's official slate of GoH's will remain the same, Turner, Greg Benford and Bruce Gillespie. "Although George will not be with us in 1999 in a physical sense, he will be there in spirit and that we intend to honor him as best we can."

Aussiecon's plan to keep Turner as an honoree is similar to L.A.con III's response to the death of its special guest, Elsie Wollheim. (Though Aussiecon will probably have a free hand in its tribute, whereas L.A.con III was restrained by Betsy Wollheim's veto of some proposals.)

Turner wrote 5 mainstream novels in the 50s and 60s before entering the sf field, first as a critic, then as an anthology

editor, and finally as a creative force in his own right. Turner's sf novels include *Beloved Son*, *Vaneglorry*, *Yesterday's Men*, and *Drowning Towers* (winner of the 1988 Arthur C. Clarke Award). Eight of his short stories were collected in *Pursuit of Miracles*. His autobiographical book *In the Heart or In the Head* was nominated for the Best Nonfiction Book Hugo in 1985.

Lou Stathis, 1952-1997 *Editor's Notes by Mike Glycer*

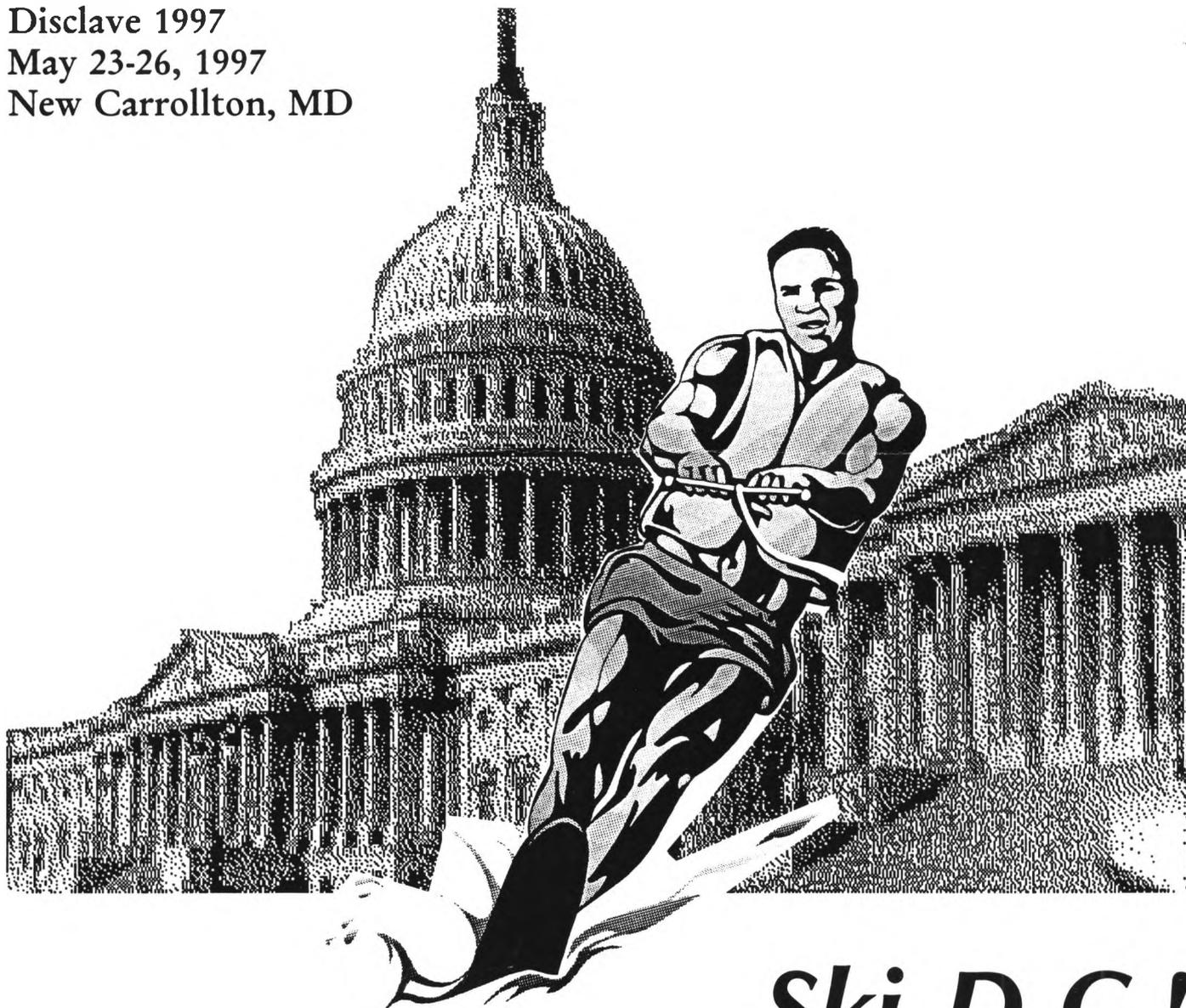
Lou Stathis died May 4. He had been under treatment for brain cancer since last June, including two operations to remove tumors. Experimental chemotherapy weakened his immune system more than expected and a resultant infection killed him, according to Moshe Feder, who added, "Ironically, the chemo was successful in stopping the third tumor's growth."

Stathis and I were the same age, 44. While in college at opposite ends of the country we became friends through fanzines. Norm Hollyn (then, Hochberg) and Lou attended SUNY Stony Brook. Their zine was mentioned in Arnie Katz' *Focal Point* and we started trading. I'd like to claim I was doing *Prehensile* by then, but in truth I was probably still doing the execrable *New Elliptic*, so it's almost unbelievable that Lou actually read it, let alone gently critiqued it in occasional letters.

Norm attended L.A.Con in 1972. I met Lou the following year, at Torcon 2. We were equally new to fandom, trying to forge an identity in it and make friends. I visited them in New York after Discon in 1974, driving up from Washington D.C. before returning to Ohio for graduate work in Bowling Green's popular culture program. I had that carefree, broke-student quality of denying even my VW Bug's most outrageous mechanical problems, like the rear tire that wobbled uncontrollably whenever it hit a bump, but could be put in

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Disclave 1997
May 23-26, 1997
New Carrollton, MD



Ski D.C.!

Sunday Morning Sprinkler Break Forces Disclave Evacuation

[[Sources: the WSFA Statement, John Pomeranz, Martin Morse Wooster, Laurie Mann, Seth Breidbart and Michael Nelson.]]

Hundreds of Disclave members felt like passengers abandoning a sinking cruise ship as they were jolted awake by fire alarms Sunday at 5:15 a.m. and made their way out of the New Carrollton Ramada Inn while thousands of gallons of water flooded the fourth floor and poured into the lobby through its ruined ceiling.

Later, a rope found tied to a broken fire sprinkler in room 403 confirmed that hotel guests engaging in B&D had suspended a heavy weight from the pipe, snapping it under the stress.

Water flooded seven adjacent rooms, loosened acoustical tiles in the elevator lobby and caused the elevators to be shut off for 14 hours. A fireman quoted by the *Washington City Paper* estimated \$100,000 of damage.

Outside in the pool area, fans consoled the unfortunate couple from room 303, directly underneath the flood, who'd been roused from a sound sleep by water splashing all around them. Their belongings were soaked, and the room itself was a total loss.

An hour passed before guests with rooms above the fourth floor were permitted back into their rooms; the others had to wait awhile longer. The main hotel elevators were in the path of the runoff and disabled, and at first guests could only return to their rooms by the stairs. However, the hotel soon made its service elevator available. Later in the morning, guests on the remaining floors of the hotel were allowed to return, some to



find rooms spared from damage, others to discover the flood had drenched everything. The hotel moved guests from water-damaged rooms to other rooms in the hotel.

Fans unable to return to their rooms were welcomed into the DisCave, Disclave's con suite, which was quickly replenished with additional refreshments. Disclave also reopened the film room and began showing videos. The hotel cal-

led in additional staff to clean up the mess and gave away sweetrolls, coffee and drinks in the lobby to fans inconvenienced by the flood. The committee complimented the hotel staff for their friendly and efficient efforts.

Humor was the fannish antidote to a lost night's sleep. Dave Weingart's parody of "S.S. Titanic," (reprinted in this issue) was one of four filksongs instantly written to commemorate the disaster.

The convention continued, despite the disaster. Activities that had been scheduled in the 10th floor function space (made inaccessible by the disabled elevators) and the Green Room (water damaged) were moved to the Con Suite.

The committee also rescheduled the gripe session to a larger room, expecting the disaster to attract a great deal of comment. Instead, said John Pomeranz, "Nobody even mentioned 'ASB' during the gripe session. The general tone was that Disclave had done a great job, all things considered, and there were far fewer complaints than at a normal Disclave."

Immediately after Disclave, WSFA's insurance company talked to the hotel's insurer, which agreed it will not be seeking any money from the convention or WSFA.

Pomeranz explained, "I doubt anyone could successfully hold a convention liable for the acts of hotel guests in private rooms, even when those guests are members of the convention.

"I would like to emphasize the reasonable way the hotel has

handled this entire incident. We feel even more comfortable going back there next year. Contract negotiations continue between their sales staff and next year's con chair Joe Mayhew, and I expect we'll have a signed contract soon."

The hotel has confirmed that the damage was the result of the people in the room who were engaging in B&D. The *Washington City Paper* quoted chairman Michael Nelson calling them, "An outside group -- parasites. We do all the work and then they come in and make the mess." Disclave will not be publicizing the names of the people involved or anything that might identify them. Pomeranz adds, "I am told they gave statements to the appropriate authorities before they left the convention."

Meanwhile, East Coast smofs left Disclave by the shortest route home to check their own insurance coverage.

Disclave '97 drew between 650 and 700 fans, up approximately 10% from last year, even with CostumeCon in Baltimore drawing off a number of Disclave regulars.

"When the fire alarm went off at 5:25 a.m., I was inclined to stay in bed since I had been up until 3:30 a.m. Then I remembered that I was the con chair and should go investigate the situation."

++ Michael Nelson

The Disclave Horror by Michael Nelson Chairman, Disclave '97

Several years ago I was given a ride in a sailplane by a fannish friend with a sailplane pilot's license. I've taken many commercial jet plane rides and even a few rides in helicopters and small propeller-driven aircraft. Not to mention fishing trips in small boats on the ocean. So I didn't expect to be bothered by a ride in an overgrown paper airplane. We squeezed into the little cockpit of the rented sailplane -- first Robert got into the pilot's seat, then I squirmed into the seat behind him -- just like two peas in a peapod. Then he signalled to the tow plane and off we went. At first, the ascent felt no worse than an express elevator ride. But most elevators don't shimmy up and down or from side to side. I started to experience a sensation I had never felt before. I had read about this phenomenon in stories and had discounted it as a literary device. But now I knew what an author meant when they wrote that someone had "broken out in a cold sweat." My

body had reacted to this situation in ways new and disconcerting to me.

On the Sunday morning of this past Disclave, I got to experience whole new body reactions. By now you have heard many stories about Dripclave 1997. Until we have cleared up some details, I'm afraid we'll have to stay quiet on the whole story. John Pomeranz, WSFA president, will be posting updates on the WSFA web site at <http://www.wsfa.org/>

When the fire alarm went off at 5:25 a.m., I was inclined to stay in bed since I had been up until 3:30 a.m. Then I remembered that I was the con chair and should go investigate the situation. Fortunately, I was still wearing my clothes from the previous evening. After a relatively short period of time spent trying to recall where the door was located, I stumbled around the pool toward the rear lobby entrance of the main hotel building.

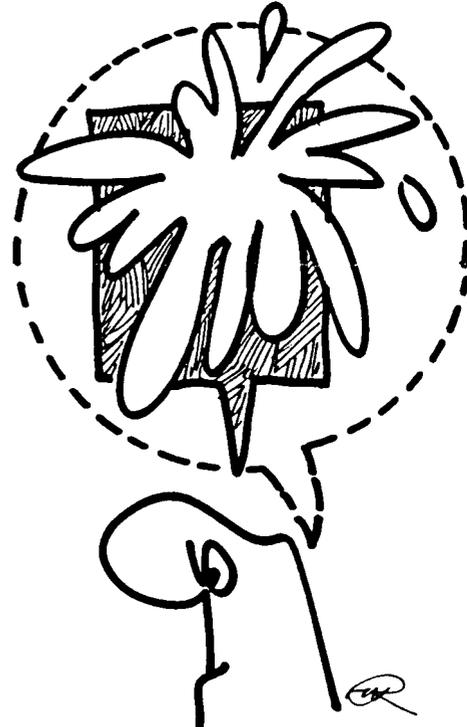
After making a joke to someone about Disclave's 'round-the-clock programming, I peered through the glass doors into the back lobby area. This was when I underwent a brand new body reaction. As I stared into the lobby and saw all that falling water and those soaking wet ceiling tiles crashing down, the first thing I thought was, "Oh my God! What's happening in the Art Show?" And my body decided that this would be a good time to experience a "sinking feeling." I mean, this wasn't simply an, "Oh, I've locked my keys in the car" sinking feeling. My body took its internal organs and dumped them straight down two meters below my feet. In some manner, I found myself transported to the other side of the hotel into the Art Show area. Oh joy, now my body was adding "in a state of shock" to my list of life experiences.

I met our artist GoH Lissanne Lake, and her significant other, Alan Reid, as they were exiting the Art Show. Lissanne hugged me and told me that everything was okay. Their room had been on the third floor and the wet splat of a falling ceiling tile had provided an early wake-up call. Once I knew the Art Show was safe, I was able to stuff my trailing guts back into my body and wander around watching my wonderful committee handle the whole emergency.

Everyone was great, like a family pulling together in a time of great need. The Night Ops people directed foot traffic around the flooded lobby area. The film crew started showing videos at 6 a.m. The DisCave opened and served coffee and breakfast munchies. Our author GoH, Patricia Anthony, was the first person to remind me that we still had a Disclave to run. She suggested that we move the tenth floor readings to the DisCave. Patricia even went around the hotel posting schedule change notices.

I thank everyone who helped keep Disclave afloat, especially the former Disclave chairs who gave me the secret "safe word" to use in case I'm ever nominated to chair another Disclave.

What else can I say about Disclave 1997? We might make the cover of *Locus*, we have our own section in Nancy Leibwitz's button catalog, and so far we have had four filk songs written about us. All because of a little bit of water.



WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID

Disclave 1997
May 23-26, 1997
New Carrollton, MD
by Martin Morse Wooster

This year's Disclave was running well. Disclave had returned to the Ramada New Carrollton, where it had been held between 1984 and 1991. People seemed to be enjoying themselves and the convention committee appeared to have kept the fuggheads under control. Then came the shocking events of Sunday, May 25.

In recent years, a large number of bondage fans, known as ASBers (an abbreviation for "alt.sex.bondage") had been attracted to East Coast science fiction conventions. They had become so prevalent that, at a recent Philcon, taxi drivers ferrying people to the Adams Mark Hotel said, "Oh, are you going to the weird sex convention?"

The ASBers had been block-booked on the Ramada's fourth

floor. At 5:30 a.m. on Sunday morning, the sprinkler in room 403 was broken. A large weight was suspended on the sprinkler for so long that the pipe snapped.

Whoever did it caused a great deal of damage. The hotel was still drying out 12 hours after the incident. The ceiling tiles in the hotel lobby had to be removed. The hotel elevators were shut down for 14 hours. Events located on the hotel's upper floors were relocated to the smoking section of the con suite. (The smokers were told to go outside.)

The con goers took the incident in good spirits. Buttons were quickly made saying "Ernest Does Bondage" and "A Sprinkler Is Not A Sex Toy." But the ASBers were now considered Legendary Fuggheads, in the same class as the moron at the 1980 "Hostility House" Disclave who pointed a toy gun at a SWAT team, and the idiot at a mid-1980's Unicon who decided to test his armor by punching his mailed fist through the hotel's front window.

It's unlikely that future Disclaves will be as tolerant towards bondage fans as in the past. I'm told that at the gripe session, 1998 Disclave Chair Joe Mayhew splenetically exploded when an ASBer argued that the sprinkler incident was an accident that ASBers shouldn't be punished for.

Aside from the flood, this year's Disclave was pleasant. Five years of attrition have shrunk Disclave so much that it's now no longer a major regional, but just a big relaxacon. There seemed to be relatively few fans from outside the Washington/Baltimore area -- maybe 5 to 10 fans each from Boston, Philadelphia, New York and the South. Many of the Boston and Philadelphia fans were present only because of the spirited Worldcon battle between the two cities. Gardner Dozois and his entourage were not present. (Nor, for that matter, was Ted White and his entourage.) Nor were the "Goths" who spent so many previous Disclaves loitering the halls playing decadent rock at high volume. In addition, many local fans skipped Disclave this year to be at Costumecon in Baltimore.

However, there was a good dealer's room. Patricia Anthony was an amiable and accessible GoH. The con suite, while not at the level of previous Disclaves, nonetheless was amply stocked most of the time, though they did run out of craft beer by Sunday night. Saturday night, a triple-layer cake prepared by Erica Ginter was cut to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Washington Science Fiction Association.

Cuban Author Visits DC

Victor Bruno Henriquez Perez, Cuban SF author and President of the Science Fiction Society of Cuba, visited America at the end of April. Bruno attended a Baltimore Science Fiction Society meeting on April 26, and a Washington Science Fiction Association barbecue on April 27.

A Disclave '97 Filksong

IDIOT! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING!

Words: Dave Weingart (c) 1997

Music: S.S. Titanic

Oh they held an SF con in New Carrollton, MD
And they had some folks who were into B&D
And some New York City cop thought that he would be the top
It was wet when that sprinkler came down

CHORUS:

It was wet, it was wet
It was wet when the sprinkler came down (Disclave '97!)
(From) two drunken fen who were into S&M
It was wet when the sprinkler came down

Oh his partner was tied up when they thought of something dumb
That they didn't have an anchor point to hang the bottom from
Who'd'a thunk they'd have the call to use the sprinkler on the wall
It was wet when that sprinkler came down

CHORUS

And then so securely tied she was hoisted in the air
And it looked as though they didn't have a care
Until a lesson learned at length on a thing called tensile strength
It was wet when that sprinkler came down

CHORUS

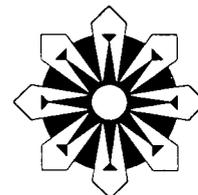
With the water pouring forth the alarms were set to blaring
Over which you heard the sound of fandom swearing
For it woke us from deep REM just at 5:15 AM
It was wet when that sprinkler came down

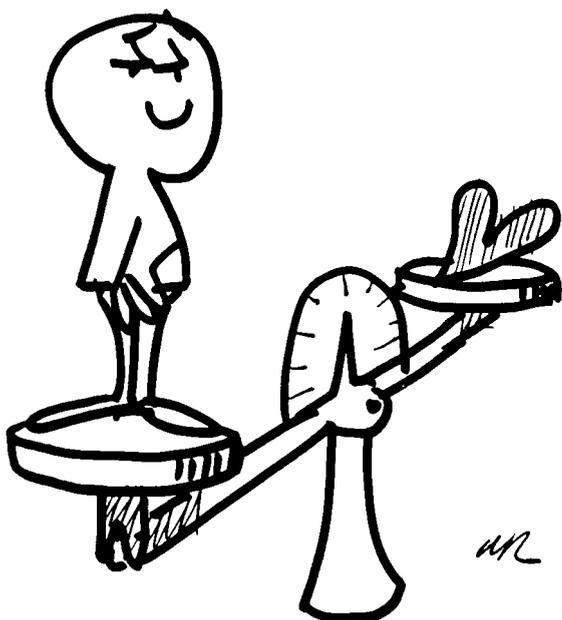
CHORUS

Just as fast as you can see water washed out 303
Then it soaked and shut the elevators down
For they tend to go to sleep when the water's six feet deep
It was wet when that sprinkler came down

CHORUS

So when you find yourself in town and you feel like hanging
'round
Just remember Disclave '97's fate
Don't be tempted by the joys, fire sprinklers ain't sex toys
Don't be wet when that sprinkler comes down





Father's Day Report

Heloise Tudor was born to Helena and Martin Tudor at 3 a.m. on April 25, 1997. She weighed 5 lb. 9 oz at birth. Health problems immediately beset the new daughter of last year's TAFF winner and his new wife, all the more terrifying because the problems could not be explained.

When 11 days old Helena was admitted to York Ward on the East Wing of Manor Hospital suffering from dehydration and hypothermia. Through fluid loss Heloise had dropped 30% of her birth weight. Physicians put her into an incubator and onto an IV drip, gave her a course of antibiotics, and started force-feeding her through a tube.

Martin reports, "In less than a day, Heloise had been rehydrated and was back to her three-day-old weight of 5 lb. 2 oz.) but she was still weak and traumatized, so Heloise, Helena and I stayed in hospital for the rest of the week. (The Registrar who admitted her informed us that if re-hydration had been delayed a few more hours she would have died.)"

A urinary infection had been a problem, but clearing it up did not solve the dilemma. At the end of the week, Heloise came home from the hospital but she was readmitted after a checkup two days later because she had started losing weight again and was dehydrating when not given additional water.

With her urinary infection cleared up, all blood tests showing normal, and no problems with digestion or respiration,

News of Fandom

physicians still cannot explain what happened. Fortunately, Heloise's condition has greatly improved.

Martin's June 4 update said: "Good news at last. Heloise appears to be out of the woods now -- she is up to 6 lb. 15 oz. (her weight had dropped to 4 lb. 2 oz.) and is looking healthy. She has been home from the hospital for over a week now.

"However, despite three stays in hospital (totaling two and a half weeks), dozens of tests and an ultrasound scan we still don't know what was wrong with her. The tests have proved that it was neither a feeding problem, diabetes insipidus nor kidney problems -- which has been an immense relief.

"The consultant admitted today that we are unlikely to ever find out what had happened -- he also admitted that this was largely due to the inability of the ward staff to correctly follow instructions and their failure to obtain essential samples at the correct time. He also apologized for needlessly disrupting Helena's breast-feeding of Heloise (to the extent that it will be extremely difficult, almost impossible in fact, for her to wean Heloise off the current mixture of formula and breast and back to breast alone) following their initial misdiagnosis of 'under-nourishment'. (After a week of artificially increasing Heloise's appetite by force-feeding formula through a drip down her nose she put on half an ounce -- a week at home breast-feeding with formula top-ups saw her gain two ounces a day!)

"Oh well, with luck it is all over. We see the consultant again in six weeks time -- by then this will hopefully all be just a bad memory."

An earlier message from Tudor commented that complaints have already been made by their community health representatives and his own complaint will be lodged once Heloise's condition is confirmed as stable (and he has time for such technicalities).

L.A.con III Distributes Pass-On Funds

L.A.con III, the 1996 World Science Fiction Convention, has sent \$22,000 to each of the next three Worldcons, LoneStar-Con2, Bucconeer and Aussiecon 3, \$66,000 in all.

These payments fulfill L.A.con III's commitment to share its surplus under the "Pass-Along Funds" agreement, a voluntary agreement between Worldcon committees to divide 50% of any surplus among their three successors. (But only those successors who make the same promise.) In return, participating Worldcons are eligible to receive a share of their predecessors' surpluses under the same formula.

Special thanks go to Elayne Pelz, L.A.con III Treasurer, for advancing the con's financial accounting so rapidly that these distributions could be made only 10 months after the con.

Peggy Rae Pavlat, chair of the 1998 Worldcon, Bucconeer, immediately responded, "Thank you (and your entire Committee) for so quickly providing pass-along funds from the 54th Worldcon to the 56th. I am very impressed that you are so far along into wrapping up your post-convention work, and very grateful to receive the funds early enough to make them part of our budget planning."

The pass-along funds tradition was instituted by Noreascon Three in 1989, and since then nearly all Worldcons with surpluses have participated. (Chicon V did not, preferring to distribute a substantial amount of its surplus to all members as a partial refund of their membership fees.)

Intersection: The 1995 Worldcon, also had a surplus and co-chairman Martin Easterbook reports: "So far we've donated 1,500 pounds to TAFF (UK) because they needed to replenish their funds.

"We still don't know the final surplus because we have 2 years accountancy fees to pay. Current estimates of what will be left over are between 1,000 and 3,000 pounds. I would like to hand over some pass-on on principle but as you can see the amount is likely to be quite small so it would be largely symbolic."

Other Intersection committee members point out that their convention will not be refunding any memberships from their surplus, in contrast to most North American worldcons (including L.A.con III) which calculated their pass-on *after* repaying committee membership fees. Intersection would not even have a surplus if they reimbursed the committee, making it hard for anyone to be annoyed that they distributed money to TAFF before getting around to LoneStarCon2 or Bucconeer.

Diplomacy, Faanish Style

Jim Young's next State Department posting will be as head of the political section in the US embassy in Lagos, Nigeria. Jim expects to visit Minneapolis sometime the summer.

[[Einblatt, 6/97]]

Risk, Faanish Style

N3F President Lyne Masamitsu resigned from office and from the organization on February 11, *Tightbeam 204*. She complained that "Michele Center does not want to relinquish control of the club. I cannot continue with the confusion and stress caused by trying to do the job... while she continues to make club decisions by herself, and execute them by herself." Center was a member of the club's Directorate. No examples of her protested actions were described.

Side-by-side in *Tightbeam* with Masamitsu's resignation was Michele Nowak Center's own resignation, acknowledging, "It has become obvious to me that I have done the club a great disservice by interfering with the President's power and authority."

Masamitsu is from California, and Center lives in Illinois. Shepherding the N3F through this change of administration is Directorate Chairperson Susan VanSchuyver of Oklahoma City.

Shy, Retiring DUFF Candidate Found

Maybe *Thyme* positioned it right after a long interview with technoTory Ben Bova to wake readers up. And Terry Frost's announcement of his DUFF candidacy did nothing less than lift them by the lapels and get right in their faces:

"After great and deep reflection involving the LAN networking of crystal balls, ouija boards, flipped coins, used TAB tickets, the numerological value of the name 'Lloyd Williams' and a magic 8-ball, consultation with SMOFs in the secret chambers beneath Slowglass Books and sundry other methods of advisory outsourcing, I have decided to run for DUFF next year. I know my patronym works against me in this, as many jocular wits have observed, but I'm going to give it a go anyway. So why am I doing it?

"(1) Someone has to. (2) I'm told by Worldcon-level SMOFs that what Australia needs to send to the States in 1998 is a full-on industrial strength single party animal with endless energy, not too much stomach, an ability to deal stud poker with an elan unseen since Richard Boone as Paladin rode the rainbow, and minimal body odor. We couldn't find anyone like that, but I know who Richard Boone is, so I'm it.

"(3) I'll do almost anything to escape this bean-counter-infested country for a short while, including going to a place that has too many guns, too many kissin' cousins and not enough irony. What the hell, they gave Geoffrey Rush and Scott Hicks Oscar nominations for *Shine*, so something's going right over there.

"(4) Baltimore is John Waters' home town. Any place with

that kind of sleazy claim to fame is where I want to be.

"5. I want to go to Archie McPhee's in Seattle and bankrupt myself buying rubber lizards, fake rocks, resin tiki ornaments and lawn flamingos."

Next Year, In Philadelphia

The Pennsylvania Historical Commission has decided not to put up a historical marker this year requested by the Philadelphia SF Society to commemorate the site of the first SF convention. The club voted to have Lew Wolkoff go back and ask about getting one approved next year. *[[PSFS News, 5/97]]*

New baby

Kira Mackenzie Welch was born to Letha and Henry "Knarley" Welch at 12:12 p.m. on May 22, 1997. At birth she weighed 8 lbs - 3.5 oz and measured 20.5." Knarley says that Kira is the couple's third and Letha's fourth child.

Another Father

Richard Standage and Helena Bowles gave birth to their second child at 6:45 a.m. on June 5, a girl weighing 8 lb. named Magdalene. *[Source: Martin Tudor]*

Medical Update

Ken Bulmer suffered a severe stroke in late March, and is still in hospital. His daughter believes he will need to use a wheelchair hereafter, according to Vincent Clarke who posted the news online.

Well-known as a pro writer, Bulmer authored over 100 books. Well-remembered as a fan, he won TAFF in 1955, its second British winner but the first to actually come to North America. Clarke himself was the first, but he could not afford to make the trip after losing his job.

Bulmer published his first fanzine in 1941 and co-founded the first British apa.

Bulmer has recovered sufficiently to sit up and read. Clarke encourages everyone to send get-well messages via e-mail, which he will print and forward. Clarke's e-mail address is: vincentian@cix.compulink.co.uk

Jackie Causgrove has developed lung cancer and emphysema and is at home on full-time oxygen. Because surgery was not an option, much depends on the two weeks of radiation treatment she received: at last report she was waiting to learn if it had any effect. The cancer was discovered while she was

hospitalized for an unrelated problem.

Allan Rothstein recently had surgery to install a heart pacemaker. He is on his way to recovery.

Ray Capella has been recuperating from an inguinal hernia operation since the end of January. Ray says that having lost considerable weight prior to that, he doesn't know whether he's out of the woods yet.

Still Bailing

The Southern California Institute for Fan Interests (SCIFI) has contributed \$1,000 to the Fandom Association of Central Texas to help cover FACT's loss on the El Paso Westercon. ConDiablo lost \$2,700, according to co-chair Fred Duarte. The convention drew only 400 fans.

Contributions by SCIFI, BASFA, SFSFC and some individuals have now made up \$2,000 of the loss.

Duarte had asked SCIFI for \$1,700. An inherent irony of the request is that if it had been accepted FACT would not have had to cover *any* part of the loss from its own convention.

Yesterday Again

Harry Warner Jr. has agreed in principal to allow the NESFA Press to reprint *All Our Yesterdays*, his seminal history of science fiction fandom. George Price, on behalf of Advent:-Publishers, which produced the first edition in 1969, replied to a NESFA query that Warner holds copyright on the book, and he also asked that all Advent markings be removed from the reprint edition.

1996 NEBULA AWARDS

Novel: *Slow River*, by Nicola Griffith (Del Rey)

Novella: "Da Vinci Rising," by Jack Dann (*Asimov's*, May95)

Novelette: "Lifeboat on a Burning Sea," by Bruce Holland Rogers (*F&SF*, Nov95)

Short Story: "A Birthday" by Esther M. Friesner (*F&SF*, Aug-95)

Other SFWA awards presented on April 19 during Nebula Weekend in Kansas City: Grand Master (previously announced): Jack Vance; Service to SFWA: Sheila Finch, Grievance Committee

SFWA announced the election of the following officers for the 1997-1998 term: President, Michael Capobianco; Vice President, George R.R. Martin; Treasurer, Charles G. McGraw; Secretary, John J. Miller; Western Reg. Director, Michael Armstrong; Overseas Reg. Director, Sam J. Lundwall.

Fanhistory Project

Joe Siclari and company have been adding material to the Fan History Project web site (<http://www.fanac.org>). Its Bibliographies and Collections section has complete checklists of several dozen important fanzines. These include zines ranging from John Bangsund's *Australian Science Fiction Review* to Joe Kennedy's *Vampire*, *Dimensions*, *The Fanscient*, *Fantasy Commentator*, *Quandry*, *Pong*, *Slant* and others.

Siclari reports, "Important articles and even complete issues of some zines have already been put online. Complete issues of *Slant*, *Hyphen*, *The Willis Papers*, *The Enchanted Duplicator*, *Peace on Sol III*, *Entropy* and others are available so far. Material from *A Sense of Fapa* and *Spacewarp* are also on the site. Links are included to many other zines online. Current SF e-zines such as *Babel-On 2*, *M.T. Void* and *Tommyworld* are also being added to the site as they are published.

"The current listings of the FanHistorical Archive Collection, the Memory Hole Collection, and the West Coast Science Fiction Association Archives can be read and searched for specific zines. When searching for specific fanzines, these listings can be very helpful. There is also a link to the Temple University Library Fanzine Collection and to the British Fanzine Bibliography. Additions to this material go up frequently, especially complete articles and fanzine checklists. And we are always looking for more material.

"This site is dedicated to documenting and preserving the materials of Science Fiction Fandom. If you publish a fanzine using your computer, consider allowing us to put your zine on our web site. You get more exposure and circulation. We get to preserve our current history rather than have to find and document it later. If you publish an SF e-zine, please put me on your mailing list (jsiclari@icanect.net). If you are willing, we would also like to make your zine available through the web site. And it's FREE! Contact me to make arrangements.

"Volunteers Desperately Wanted! Would you like to help? Would you like to preserve your favorite fannish article or zine? Type it up and send it to me! Do you have a scanner? Would you scan some photos from a convention or club or your favorite fanzine?"

For more information or to volunteer to be part of the project, contact: Joe Siclari, Chairman, FANAC Fan History Project; E-mail: jsiclari@icanect.net; Phone: (561) 392-6462. Address: 4599 NW 5 Ave. Boca Raton, FL 33431-4601

Mythopoeic Awards

The Mythopoeic Society has announced the nominees of the Mythopoeic Awards for 1997. The Mythopoeic Fantasy Awards are given to book-length work of fantasy, in the spirit

of the Inklings, published during the previous year. The Children's Literature award was suspended for this year, and all candidates competed in the category of Adult Literature.

The nominees for Adult Literature are: *One for the Morning Glory* by John Barnes; *Winter Rose* by Patricia McKillip, *Fair Peril* by Nancy Springer, *The Wood Wife* by Terri Windling and *The Book of the Long Sun* by Gene Wolfe.

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:

The Hobbit: A Journey Into Maturity by William H. Green; *C.S. Lewis: A Companion & Guide*, by Walter Hooper; *Charles Williams: A Celebration*, ed. by Brian Horne; *The Rhetoric of Visions: Essays on Charles Williams* ed. by Charles A. Huttar and Peter Schakel;

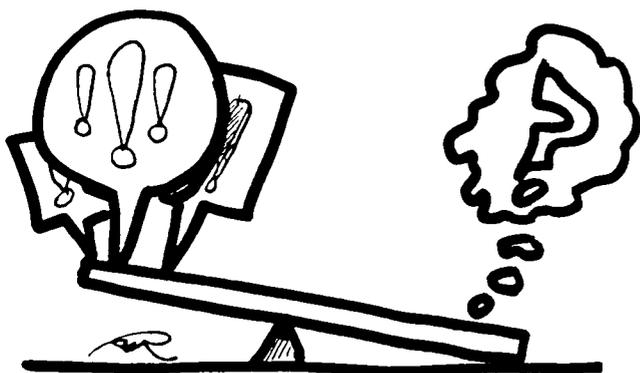
The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Myth and Fantasy Studies is given to a work of scholarship on the broader field of mythopoeic fantasy published during the previous three years. The nominees are:

The Supernatural and English Fiction by Glen Cavaliero; *Lord Dunsany, Master of the Anglo-Irish Imagination* by S.T. Joshi; *When Toys Came Alive: Narratives of Animation, Metamorphosis and Development* by Lois Rostow Kuznets; *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* by William Morris, edited, with introduction, notes and glossary by Norman Talbot.

The Mythopoeic Awards are small statuettes of a seated lion (intended to evoke, but not officially named after, Aslan from C.S. Lewis's Narnian books) inscribed with a plaque on the base.

The nominees and winners are chosen by committees formed of members of the Society. The winners are announced at the banquet of the annual Mythopoeic Conference (Mythcon). This year the conference will be held at Pepperdine University, Malibu, California, August 8-11.

The Mythopoeic Society is 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. It 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. The Mythopoeic Society, P.O. Box 6707, Altadena CA 91003; Awards contact: David Bratman, d.bratman@genie.com



Tough Sledding For Aussiecon Three

What a Worldcon committee wants right after it's won the bid is a rest. They know it's three years to the convention. Plenty of time for an autumn snooze. There's just two things the committee really needs to do before it goes into hibernation: cash the membership checks and mail a PR to let the members know they're connected.

Alternatively, they should patch things up with that ex-committee member who will post to the internet daily telling everyone they haven't done these things.

Nine months after winning, Aussiecon 3 has yet to issue its first Progress Report, however, one may be on the way. Teddy Harvia wrote in mid-May, "My offer of advice seems to have turned into an offer to print and mail it." Teddy is already handling publishing chores for LSC2.

Then, bureaucratic snarls delayed the opening of the con's bank account in Australia, so checks couldn't be deposited for several months. This resulted in such anomalies as L.A.con's check to convey Site Selection fees going stale before it could be deposited (a new one was drafted.) The delay has been remarked by many fans who wrote checks to Aussiecon after it won the bid.

Cheryl Morgan, a former Aussiecon bid member who frequently comments online about the fledgling committee's progress, has criticized Aussiecon's lack of publicity, but defended its problems with officialdom in the course of trying to open a bank account.

Morgan also reported on the strained relationship between Aussiecon and Melbourne locals who perceive the committee as anti-mediafan. Baseless rumors that Aussiecon 3 would program no media-related items sparked resentment in

Melbourne's media fandom: some of them entertained the idea of running a media con opposite the Worldcon until chair Perry Middlemiss's appearance at the May 9 meeting of the Melbourne SF Club quelled their heated reactions.

Middlemiss said again what he has written online, "I would like Aussiecon Three to be as open as possible, for it to encompass as many parts of the science fiction field as possible, and for it not to set out to exclude anyone. I am not interested in any philosophy that will actively seek to discourage anyone from attending. I'm not sure I can say it plainer than that."

Elsewhere in the world, a couple of British fans complained of feeling slighted because Aussiecon 3 did not have an information table at the 1997 Eastercon. But other British fans, like Paul Treadway, rejected complaints about the absence of a table: that overseas fans ever run one, Treadway wrote online, "hasn't stopped being a pleasant surprise yet."

Martin Easterbrook views the status of Aussiecon publicity without alarm, "With the exception of publicity in the US (for which TR Smith did a superb job while we were still sorting out jobs on this side of the Atlantic) we were in exactly the same situation at this point in the development of Intersection."

Membership Rates: Middlemiss has also shared the philosophy behind Aussiecon 3's steep membership rates:

"Looking simply at North American fans coming to the convention, if they buy an attending membership at the L.A.con rate we can assume that the cost of that membership will be less than 10% of the total cost of the trip to Australia. From that, we assumed potential North American members would not be put off by the 'higher' membership rate but more likely by the cost of actually travelling to the convention. And that is outside our control.

"On the Australian side, fans are regularly holding conventions in this country where they charge over \$A100 for a two-day event, with few facilities and limited events. We will be holding a 5-day convention which will probably run close to 24 hours per day. So we felt that our value-per-dollar ratio would be higher. Given that, we erred on the side of fiscal responsibility and aimed for a high initial rate which we would hold steady for as long as we could."

Bid Address Errata

SF in 2002: The address published in *File 770:116* for the SF in 2002 bid should have read P.O. Box 61363, Sunnyvale, CA 94088. The other box is Kevin Standlee's personal mailbox.

Cancun in 2003: Teddy Harvia warns, "You've repeated the

zip code typo I made in our first flyer. The zip code for the P.O. Box is 76039-0905. (Mail addressed wrong still gets through, but delayed."

Changes of address

Stan Burns, 1058 Spazier #3, Glendale, CA 91201
 Lindsay Crawford & Faye Manning, 5335 Daisy St SPC #94,
 Springfield, OR 97478-6265; Telephone (541) 747-3642
 Ed Green (summer), P.O. Box 56, Los Alamitos, CA 90720
 Shinji Maki, 1-27-16 Hashimotodai, Sagamihara, Kanagawa,
 229-11 Japan
 Laurraine Tutihasi, 29217 Stonecrest Rd., Rolling Hills Est.,
 CA 90275-4936
 Alan Ziebarth, 5133 S. Major Ave., Chicago, IL 60638



1997 Hugo Nominees

LoneStarCon2, the 1997 World Science Fiction Convention, announces the 1997 Hugo nominees for outstanding achievement in the science fiction field. The Hugos are nominated by members of the current World Science Fiction Convention. LoneStarCon2 received a total of 429 valid ballots (ballots cast for each category are noted).

Best Novel (356 ballots)

Blue Mars by Kim Stanley Robinson (HarperCollins Voyager; Bantam Spectra)
Holy Fire by Bruce Sterling (Orion; Bantam Spectra)

Memory by Lois McMaster Bujold (Baen)
Remnant Population by Elizabeth Moon (Baen)
Starplex by Robert J. Sawyer (Ace)

Best Novella (209 ballots)

"Abandon in Place" by Jerry Oltion (*F&SF* 12/96)
 "Blood of The Dragon" by George R. R. Martin (*Asimov's* 7/96)
 "The Cost to Be Wise" by Maureen F. McHugh (*Starlight 1*)
 "Gas Fish" by Mary Rosenblum (*Asimov's* 2/96)
 "Immersion" by Gregory Benford (*SF Age* 3/96)
 "Time Travelers Never Die" by Jack McDevitt (*Asimov's* 5/96)
 NOTE: There are six nominees due to a tie vote.

Best Novelette (221 ballots)

"Age of Aquarius" by William Barton (*Asimov's* 5/96)
 "Beauty and the Opera or the Phantom Beast" by Suzy McKee Charnas (*Asimov's* 3/96)
 "Bicycle Repairman" by Bruce Sterling (*Intersections; Asimov's* 10/96)
 "The Land of Nod" by Mike Resnick (*Asimov's* 6/96)
 "Mountain Ways" by Ursula K. Le Guin (*Asimov's* 8/96)

Best Short Story (254 ballots)

"The Dead" by Michael Swanwick (*Starlight 1*)
 "Decency" by Robert Reed (*Asimov's* 6/96)
 "Gone" by John Crowley (*F&SF* 9/96)
 "The Soul Selects Her Own Society..." by Connie Willis (*Asimov's* 4/96; *War of the Worlds: Global Dispatches*)
 "Un-Birthday Boy" by James White (*Analog* 2/96)

Best Non-Fiction Book (163 ballots)

The Faces of Fantasy by Patti Perret (Tor)
Look at the Evidence by John Clute (Serconia Press)
Silence of the Langford by Dave Langford (NESFA Press)
Time & Chance by L. Sprague de Camp (Grant)
The Tough Guide to Fantasyland by Diana Wynne Jones (Gollancz/Vista)

Best Dramatic Presentation (283 ballots)

Independence Day

(Centropolis Film Productions/20th Century Fox Film) Directed by Roland Emmerich, Written by Dean Devlin and Roland Emmerich, Produced by Dean Devlin

Mars Attacks!

(Warner Bros.) Directed by Tim Burton, Written by Jonathan Gems, Produced by Tim Burton and Larry Franco

Babylon 5 "Severed Dreams"

(Warner Bros.) Directed by David J. Eagle, Written by J. Michael Straczynski, Produced by John Copeland

Star Trek: First Contact

(Paramount Pictures) Directed by Jonathan Frakes,

Story by Ronald D. Moore, Brannon Braga & Rick Berman, Screenplay by Ronald D. Moore & Brannon Braga, Produced by Rick Berman

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine "Trials and Tribble-ations" (Paramount Pictures) Directed by Jonathan West, Written by Ronald D. Moore & Rene Echevarria, Story by Ira Steven Behr & Hans Beimler & Robert Hewitt Wolfe, Executive Producers Ira Steven Behr & Rick Berman

NOTE: The *Babylon 5* episodes "War without End" and "Z'Ha'Dum" received enough votes to be nominated, but J. Michael Straczynski declined.

Best Editor (248 ballots)

Gardner Dozois (*Asimov's*)
 Scott Edelman (*SF Age*)
 Patrick Nielsen Hayden (Tor)
 Kristine Kathryn Rusch (*F&SF*)
 Stanley Schmidt (*Analog*)

Best Professional Artist (226 ballots)

Thomas Canty
 David Cherry
 Bob Eggleton
 Don Maitz
 Michael Whelan

Best Semiprozine (223 ballots)

Interzone edited by David Pringle
Locus edited by Charles N. Brown
New York Review of Science Fiction edited by Kathryn Cramer, Tad Dembinski, Ariel Hameon, David G. Hartwell and Kevin Maroney
Science Fiction Chronicle edited by Andrew I. Porter
Speculations edited by Kent Brewster

Best Fanzine (224 ballots)

Ansible edited by Dave Langford
File 770 edited by Mike Glyer
Mimosa edited by Dick & Nicki Lynch
Nova Express edited by Lawrence Person
Tangent edited by Dave Truesdale

Best Fan Writer (202 ballots)

Sharon Farber
 Mike Glyer
 Andy Hooper
 Dave Langford
 Evelyn C. Leeper

Best Fan Artist (177 ballots)

Ian Gunn
 Joe Mayhew
 Peggy Ranson

William Rotsler
 Sherlock

NOTE: Brad Foster and Teddy Harvia declined their nominations.

John W. Campbell Award (not a Hugo) (156 ballots)
 (Award for the best new science fiction writer of 1995 or 1996, sponsored by Dell Magazines)

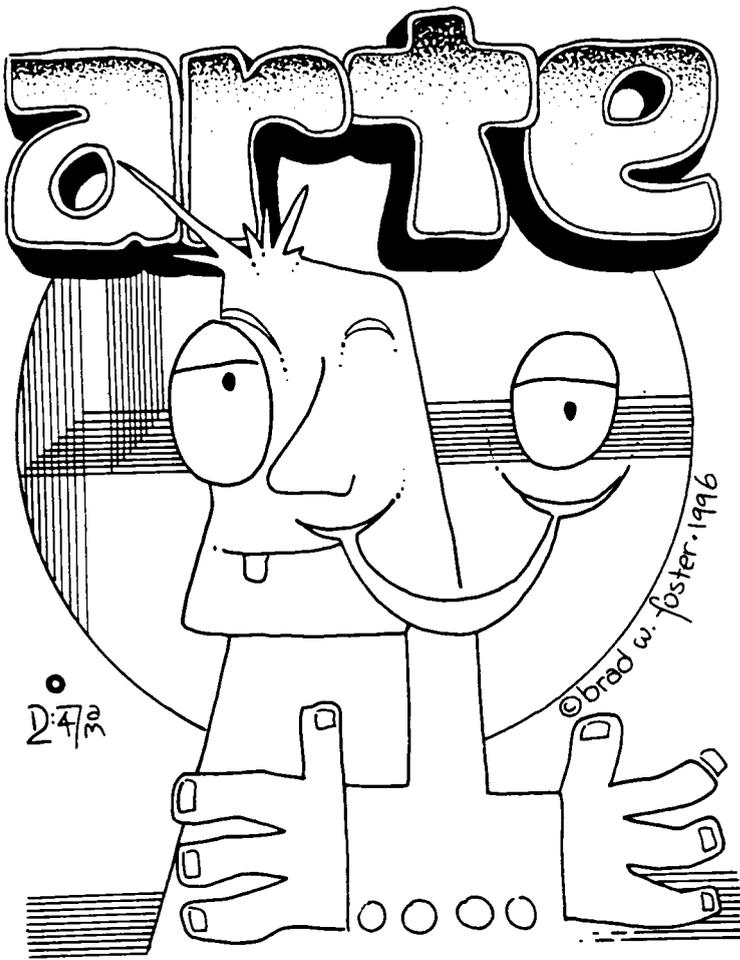
Michael A. Burstein (second year of eligibility)
 Raphael Carter (first year of eligibility)
 Richard Garfinkle (first year of eligibility)
 Katya Reimann (first year of eligibility)
 Sharon Shinn (second year of eligibility)

The Scoop: J. Michael Straczynski told a LASFS audience he had withdrawn two out of three nominated episodes from contention for the straightforward reason that he wanted to improve the odds of having one win. He also said the two episodes were replaced on the final Hugo ballot by *Mars Attacks* and the *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* episode "Trials and Tribble-ations."

Brad Foster and Teddy Harvia declined nominations for Best Fan Artist due to self-perceived conflicts of interest created by their close involvement with the San Antonio Worldcon. Foster has drawn the covers for all the Progress Reports. He did the same for at least one past Worldcon, MagiCon, won a Hugo there, and is rumored to have taken some flak for having had an "unfair advantage." (Only in fandom would someone demand that our top talents forego Hugo nominations as a condition of being allowed to provide art for free. As if Foster hadn't already shown by an earlier win that he doesn't need to be propped up to win the award.)

Turning to Harvia, David Thayer explained in PR#5: "To Teddy Harvia, winning a Hugo is the thrill of a lifetime. Past WorldCons have thrilled him twice. Teddy asked to be a presenter in San Antonio to give someone else a thrill. To avoid the awkward possibility of having to announce, 'And the winner is ...me', he has declined a Best Fan Artist nomination for himself."

Harvia also felt that, like Foster, his artistic contributions to LSC2's Progress Reports gave him too great a competitive advantage. I respect the two artists' decisions to declare themselves ineligible, though both richly deserved the nominations they declined. Noticing that *Tangent* and *Nova Express* bumped some familiar names from the list of nominated fanzines, it will be interesting when the statistics are released to see how many votes it took to get on the bottom rung of the ladder. *Nova Express*, edited by Lawrence Person and published in Texas, is campaigning hard, but it's also true that last year 20 nominations was enough to make the finals.



Did *Nova Express* and *Tangent* drum up a lot of votes, or just enough to squeeze past some of the other really good zines? *Nova Express* has been offering a free copy to any NESFA member who is also a member of LSC2. I can only admire the guy's work ethic. (g)

A Guide to Goths, Biters and Other People in Black by Dave Howell

[Reprinted from *Smofs*, by permission. Conreorts in this zine have been referring to fans in black for the past few years without defining who they're talking about. Dave Howell examines the question from the viewpoint of Seattle area conventions]

Northwest Goths (and I think California Goths) generally are 18-25. To the untrained eye, there is an amorphous blackness. However, there are three groups: the biters, the goths, and the pibs.

Biters: Biters are those who play *Vampire: The Masquerade*. Usually members of the *Camarilla*, they'll usually dress much better than the other groups (depending on clan), and will spend most of their time in rooms with each other, not out and about. Because of the formal, stylized rules of the game, biters are usually very polite and well-mannered. (Ahem. Usually.)

Goths: Goths are people who are trying to make angst and death an art form. They will dress as if they're dead or going to a funeral, tend toward white-face and piercing, move slowly, and try as hard as possible to exude an air of futility and ennui. Also normally harmless, due to the slow pace at which they function.

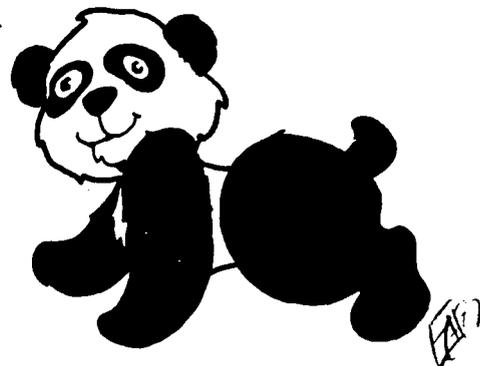
People in Black: People In Black are basically what's left. If somebody's wearing black leather, they're probably a PIB. One PIB subgroup is the kinky/bondage set, with lots of studs and straps in leather or latex. Another is the Tough Punk group, which dresses to intimidate. A third group are those who think there's something cool going on, but can't tell the above groups apart, so they're wandering around confusedly with plastic fangs, a studded collar, and an ear cuff.

And just to make the PIB-spotter's life more interesting, some people just dress in black as a simple fashion statement.

On the off chance you have the opportunity to go to a "Goth Dance Club," keep in mind that going does not *ipso facto* make you a Goth. There are many pibs at goth clubs.

Goths vs. Gamers: Those rare gamers who aren't actually geeks or nerds get the label by association. Goths are "cool." The studied aloofness and apparent social superiority will make many gamers very jealous. Other gamers will see Gothness as foolish pretension. Most gamers will agree that Goths are "lame."

Gamers may or may not include biters in their scorn, depending on if a particular game clique is dominated by individuals who are of the "cool" or "pretentious" category. Gamers who wish they were cool will hate biters for being cool gamers. Gamers who think goths are pretentious will consider biters gamers who have a good reason for dressing up, and thus will accept them.



Editor's Notes/ from page 2

order simply by braking to a stop. I hadn't thought to mention this to Norm and Lou until we were on the Cross-Bronx Expressway, swooped into one of its elephantine potholes and started to shimmy violently.

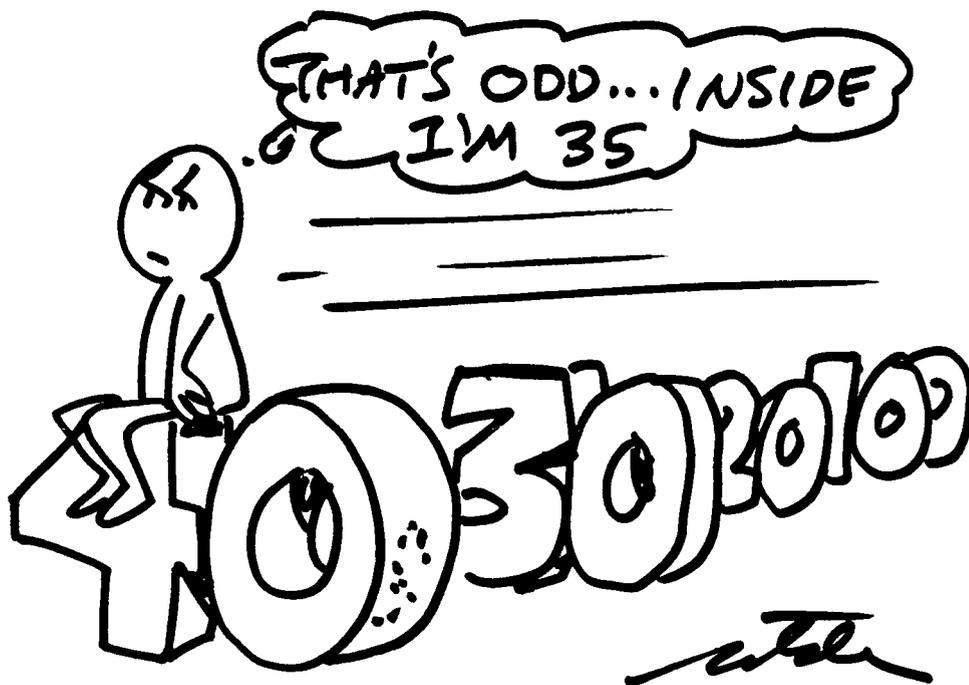
We stuck with public transit the rest of the week. Lou arranged to meet Moshe Feder for dinner -- requiring a dizzying number of subway transfers, perhaps as many as two. Along the way, Lou extolled the virtues of Deep Purple and Electric Flag. It wasn't an interest in particular kinds of music that we had in common, but a boundless curiosity about the process of creating popular culture. I really enjoyed Lou's passionate insights about the music that interested him.

After dinner, Moshe had us over to the house to inspect his collection of Coca Cola artifacts. Lou prodded him to bring out a volume of Damon Knight's *Orbit* anthology with Moshe's Escher-esque short story -- I didn't know Moshe had been published, and it happened to be an excellent story.

Lou's trademark was relentless candor, seasoned to taste with humor and profanity. His outrageous digs resonated with the spirit of the times (Lenny Bruce, Monty Python, the "put-on" etc.) More than that, Lou clearly related to life out of a zeal for excellence from which he did not exempt himself. No one demanded more from Lou's writing than Lou.

Around 1977, Lou wrote to me that he was phasing out of fanwriting to concentrate on professional writing. I thought, well, that's a mature thing to do, fandom's loss of course, but Lou's style and intensity really deserve a wider audience, it's good there are music and pop culture magazines starting to appreciate that, but of course they don't pay much, and for that matter, if Lou is willing to write for a cent a word let me pull \$20 out of my own wallet and get my columnist back!

Lou wrote a two installments of "Urban Blitz" for *Scientifiction* on that basis. The last one was a highly informative view of New York sf magazine publishing from behind the scenes, entirely worthy of *Locus*, except spicier. It led off with a defense of Ted White's accomplishments at *Amazing*, which Lou knew firsthand from working as an assistant (although Ted's loc in the next issue of *Scientifiction* showed there were differences of opinion about cause and effect.) Lou



stopped writing the column simply because it took away from his focus on writing about music.

Having been out of touch with Lou for a very long time, I was shocked to hear that he had passed away after a prolonged struggle with a disease that physically depleted the verbal talents he valued most. But the news was not entirely sad: through it I learned how Lou had achieved some of his ambitions while earning the esteem and affection of a diverse group of creative people.

OBITUARY

DC Comics Obituary for Lou Stathis

by DC Moore

[Reprint of online article]

With profound sadness, DC Comics regrets to announce that *Vertigo* editor Lou Stathis passed away in the early morning on Sunday, May 4, after a ten-month battle with brain cancer. He was 44 years old.

"Lou had a brilliant mind, a razor-sharp wit, and a tenacious spirit," said Karen Berger, Executive Editor -- *Vertigo*. "He was totally dedicated to his job at DC, and brought an intelligence and a sense of challenge to everything he approached. There was no pretense with Lou -- he always said what everyone else was afraid to say -- and that's one of the qualities I admired most about him. For those of us lucky to

have known him well, we knew that beneath that tough veneer was a gentle and generous person." Longtime friend and collaborator Matt Howarth summed up the loss: "I've lost a dear friend and collaborator. You've lost a truly brilliant writer, a masterful editor, a prime mover and instigator of really cool stuff. We're all on our own now."

Stathis began work as an editor at *Vertigo* in the middle of 1993, where he edited such titles as *Animal Man*, *Black Orchid*, *Hellblazer*, *Doom Patrol*, *Industrial Gothic*, *Dhampire: Stillborn*, *The Unseen Hand*, *Prez* and *The System*. Cartoonist Peter Kuper, creator of *The System*, remembered his time with Stathis fondly: "Lou was the most creative editor I've ever worked with. He understood where to give artistic freedom and when to give guidance."

Stathis built those skills over years of working, both as an editor and as a writer, in nearly every aspect of the publishing world -- including books, magazines, and comics. Prior to his position at DC, he had been editor-in-chief of *Reflex*, managing editor of *High Times*, associate editor of *Heavy Metal*, assistant editor at Dell Books, and assistant editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* magazines. He was also a freelance editor at the comics publisher *Vortex*, editing Howard Chaykin's *Black Kiss*, Ted McKeever's *Transit*, and Howarth's *Those Annoying Post Bros*. In addition, his freelance writing credits -- far too lengthy to list in total -- included *Spin*, *Details*, *Rip*, *Twilight Zone*, *Heavy Metal*, *Cheval Noir*, *Whole Life*, *Future Life*, *Science Fiction Eye*, *Music and Sound Output*, *Alive*, and *Punk*.

In his work as a journalist for the music industry, Stathis was an aggressive champion for alternative and progressive music. According to Ned Sublette, owner of the record label Qbadisc and a musician specializing in "cowboy rumba", "Lou's tastes in music ran towards the highly intelligent and the highly toxic. He loved industrial music before it was industrial music, but there wasn't anything he wouldn't listen to. The thing that Lou did so well was that he would let you write about anything you wanted -- and his editing was always positive. He was the only reason I wrote for *Reflex*."

But no matter what genre or medium to which he referred, in all of his work Stathis propagated an all-encompassing approach to culture -- an approach that he outlined in an interview for *Shop Talk*, DC's newsletter to its freelance community: "I see connections between all vital forms of popular art. It's all counterproductive and just plain stupid. Most of the artists and writers I know listen to and take inspiration from music while they work; most of the musicians I know read comics and get off on the imagery. There's an intense, crosscultural/media conversation going on, and all you have to do to hear it is stop listening selectively."

Stathis is survived by his mother, Mary, his sisters, Florence

Farrat and Marguerite Sillis, and his girlfriend, fellow *Vertigo* editor Shelly Roeberg.

The family asks that, in lieu of flowers, donations be sent to: Bone Marrow Transplant Fund at Columbia University, Attn: Joanne, Milstein Pavilion c/o Dr. Hesdorffer, 177 Ft. Washington Ave., 6th Floor, Room 435, NY, NY 10032.

Lou Stathis Wake

by Gary Farber

[Reprinted by permission]

Lou Stathis' wake was held May 7 at John J. Barrett and Sons, which I've meant to write a bit about the wake; here-with some quick and dirty words painfully and awkwardly forced out.

Chris Couch was there, and understandably a bit tearful; Susan Palermo was clinging to him at times, when people were speaking about Lou, being more tearful herself. I hadn't realized that Chris had become a senior editor for Kitchen Sink in recent times, while still teaching a bit on the side at Amherst, where his office is next to Chip Delany's. Lots of people were reaching for each other.

Lou was only 44.

Lou's wake was crowded: over a hundred people at the evening session, crowding the available rooms beyond capacity, so that most of us could not see who was speaking, as various friends, family, and colleagues spoke of the Lou we all knew ("the most arrogant sonofabitch I've ever met"); some folks stood on chairs for a time, including Moshe Feder, and Lise Eisenberg, and others. There was a confluence of people from the comics world, the sf world, the publishing world, the music world, and since Lou was editor of *High Times* magazine at one point, for all I know, the drug world.

I saw Neil Gaiman prowling the edges of the crowd, and couldn't help but think there was no pale adolescent girl in evidence; Matt Howarth and Karen Berger were among those who spoke, as did Bob Mecoy, Bob Morales, who told of how Lou convinced another writer that Bob's father was "a big wheel in the Puerto Rican Mafia," Lou's nephew Angelo, and others including Lou's former girlfriend Judy, who told of their growing friendship, and the concert they went to, and how they finally went back to her apartment, where Lou said "so, we gonna keep this clean or what?," one of Lou's sisters, who bitterly spoke of "this crummy world, which steals people from us too soon," and Lou's partner, Shelle Roeberg, who barely held it together as she spoke of the love of her life; Archie Goodwin was there, and so were many comics folk whose faces I didn't recognize, and doubtless more whose names I wouldn't have recognized, but should have.

Everyone spoke of how very *Lou Lou* was: you always knew what you were dealing with -- he'd tell you to your face what an asshole he thought you were. He rarely told anyone he liked them, but he'd tell someone else, and you'd know just from the way he tolerated you. We all laughed when someone said "you know what I mean -- you've heard that stuff he liked to listen to," referring to Lou's, uh, individualistic musical taste. Lou was gruff, foul-mouthed, and abrasive, but we all liked the bastard, and some loved him. His assistant, Axel, spoke of how Lou scared him at first, and of how generous Lou could be, which was a repeated theme.

Ted White, Dan Steffan and Lynn Steffan were there; Dan spoke of the fancy restaurant he and Lou once went to, where Lou tremendously enjoyed the huge prime rib, and, responding to the very hoity-toity waiter's query as to the meal, said "that was the best fucking piece of dead cow I've ever had in my life!" We all knew how "Lou" that was, and Dan concluded his remarks by saying more or less that Lou was the best fucking slab of dead human he'd ever known. Shelly said that "loving him was a piece of cake, once you could get to liking him," and then she kinda lost it. A number of folks did then.

In one room, a large face shot picture of Lou grinned at us: I kept thinking that Lou would have had extremely sardonic remarks about the whole affair, very cutting and snotty, and I wished I could hear what they were.

Old fans crawled out of the woodwork, beyond Susan, and Chris Couch. Brad Balfour was there, in a suit, with business card. Frank Lunney was there, looking understandably unhappy and uncomfortable. Mike Hinge turned up, surprising several of us with the news that he had been living in Philadelphia in the last couple of years, since last we had heard he had moved back to New Zealand. Lynn Cohen Koehler was there.

The chapel had to nearly physically throw us all out: repeatedly requesting that we leave; people stayed on and on, and on further, outside, despite unseasonably excessively cold weather many weren't dressed or prepared for. People didn't want to let go.

Chris Couch, Hank Davis, Lise Eisenberg, Moshe Feder, Kathy Sagan, an old girlfriend of Lou's, now editor-in-chief of the new *Mary Higgins Clark Mystery Magazine*, Susan Palermo, and I went to a bar for some food and drink, and talked till past midnight.

I realized only at the wake that Lou Stathis gave me my first job in sf publishing, twenty-three years ago, when he was an Assistant Editor at *Amazing SF Magazine* and *Fantastic Stories Magazine* under Ted White, and he couldn't keep up, and handed off shopping bags of slush for me to read, with the quarter-per-manuscript fee to be kept by the reader (me).

A little while before that, after a Fanoclats meeting at his and Barry Smotroff's Queens apartment, the second I had been invited to, he told me and Lise Eisenberg, that we were at least temporarily not invited back. The attendance had spiked up, the apartment was jammed, and we later found out that he was annoyed that someone had left chip crumbs on his bed, and mistakenly thought that Lise and I, the two most recently invited guests, and the youngest -- I was a twerp of fifteen -- were responsible. I was disappointed, but didn't resent him for it, as I never felt I had a "right" to be invited to someone's apartment, and I figured this would pass; a couple of months later, it did.

Barry Smotroff was stabbed and killed, murdered, less than two years later.

The last time I saw Lou, in October, 1996, he was doing me a favor, coming out to the passport office with me and Moshe Feder, as readers of this newsgroup may remember; we had lunch afterwards in a favorite midtown luncheonette. He bought my meal. He wasn't doing too badly, comparatively, then, and enjoyed the excuse to get out and walk around, with only a cane in case he fell; he showed little sign of needing it. Some of his vocabulary was garbled, but there was little trouble understanding what he meant after a bit of struggle. He was pretty cheery, really, and we had a good time. It's a good last memory for me.

Lou expected that after death, you're worm meat. The brain tumor having taken his ability to read and write, he had said that he wanted to beat the damn thing, but if he couldn't read and write afterwards, he'd then kill himself. If there's anything left of you, Lou, beyond your legacy and our memories, I know you'll give the fuckers hell. And critique their style the whole fucking way.



[[Skel called one Sunday morning from England wondering, what happened to the Joni Stopa appreciation promised at the end of her obituary in F770:115? Answer: The fan who told me he'd write it never delivered. Skel offered his own commemoration of Joni for reprinting in F770, noting that the part about Bob Shaw has already appeared as part of a loc in Apparatchik. I love Skel's writing and thank him for helping File 770 pay a proper tribute to Joni.]]

Joni's Gifts

by Skel

I've liked pistachios ever since I was first introduced to them by Joni Stopa. We first met Jon and Joni in Brighton at Seacon '79, but only fleetingly. They were throwing room party to which Mike Glicksohn had entry and Cas had tagged along with him. I'd stayed chatting with friends in the Metropole's lounges and corridors. The con was winding down. We'd been staying at the con hotel, but had booked out of our room earlier that final day because of the expense and we were supposed to be going along with Dave Rowe sometime in the early hours to crash in the flat of a friend of his, before making our way home on the morrow. Younger fans had been crashing on the sofas in the lounges and corridors throughout the con. The hotel didn't like it, but they were making lots of money, so they put up with it. But now the convention was officially over and there was no more money to be made, so the hotel staff stalked the corridors checking that people were residents and in possession of roomkeys, or asking them to leave. Alas, on this final night I wasn't, so I hadn't, and they did.

Thus it was that Dave and I made our way to the Stopas' room and knocked on the door from behind which came mutedly the sounds of shouted conversation and merriment. The door opened just enough for Jon to glare balefully out and repel unwanted intruders. Above the now louder hubbub we told him we were about to be ejected and that he'd either have to let us into the already overcrowded room, or find Cas and let her out. He debated on the instant and welcomed us warmly in. Sanctuary. I did actually speak to him again before we finally left, albeit for only a minute or two, asking if he was the same Jon Stopa who'd had a piece or two printed in ASF. This appeared to come as news to our mutual friend Mike Glicksohn, whose pretensions to some knowledge of SF were immediately called into question. I don't recall now if I even saw Joni that night, but I recalled her name from various fanzines and added her to the *Small Friendly Dog* mailing list for the next issue by way of a belated "thankyou."

Looking back on it now I still cannot see where it came from, this subsequent friendship which has enriched my life.

OH MY,
THERE'S
A LOT OF
HOT AIR
COMING
FROM THAT
BIDDING
PARTY!



Certainly the seeds were not at Seacon '79. They can only lie in Joni, in her response to *SFD*, and more importantly, in her response to Cas and me. I'm not quite sure when she started sending us "care packages" but I suspect it was shortly after Cas' breakdown towards the end of 1980. Christine Lavin has a song "Shopping Cart of Love: The Play" on her 1990 *Attainable Love* album, in which the lead character tries to eat her way out of depression. Joni's finger was on a similar instinctive pulse and she sent over packages filled with lots of what had to be for us new taste sensations. We shared them. By unspoken agreement Cas took most of the sweet things, and I pigged out on the savories. Which is where the salted and roasted pistachios first came in.

Since then, of course, pistachios have become more commonly available in England, as have some of the other nut varieties to which I was introduced via Joni's packages. I guess I would eventually, given my penchant for trying new foodstuffs, have found them for myself. I'm glad it didn't work out that way,

though, because the gift Joni gave wasn't a specific tin or packet, but rather the whole experience so that every time I buy pistachios, macadamias, or smoked almonds I am enjoying that gift over again.

The warp and the woof of the fabric of fannish connections defies analysis. I knew Jon and Joni for instance, and I knew Bob Shaw, but I had no idea they knew each other until one year Bob turned up on our doorstep bearing Christmas presents from the Stopas. "Care Packages" are one thing, but Christmas gifts are something else. They are supposed to be a surprise, but postal regulations requiring green Customs Declarations gummed to the outside declaring a parcel's contents tend to make the surprise less than total. There are ways around this. You can give things so unusual that even the declaration gives no clue, such as Dave Rowe and Carolyn Doyle once managed when they sent us "Bottle Wrap." Alternatively, you can just plain lie, as Mike Glicksohn did when declaring some "AC&C" tablets (aspirin, caffeine and codeine) he was sending me as "Gourmet Candy." Unable or unwilling to take either of these options, Joni chose instead to go a roundabout route. She'd met Bob back when he spent some time in Canada and the USA, back in the early 60s I believe, just before he was due to return to this side of the Atlantic, and heard him say that one thing he'd miss was a specific brand of US pipe tobacco. Not if Joni had anything to do with it he wouldn't, and apparently she sent him regular supplies from then on. Anyway, seeing as she was already shipping stuff to him she arranged to add our presents to his parcel so that he could unpack them and bring them around without the betraying declaration form.

I don't think Joni ever appreciated how much of Bob's time this took, it being about 40 miles each way, not to mention the enforced delay in the middle consuming some of my single-malt whiskey by way of the traditional "thankyou." Bob probably didn't want it, and was almost certainly anxious to get back to work on his current novel, but ever the gentleman he was too gracious to upset us with an unwelcome refusal, even if it did mean that he'd probably have to park overnight in a nearby layby until his blood alcohol was legal enough to drive home the next morning. That's the kind of guy Bob was. We for our part accepted Santa Bob's gifts, never thinking to complain that his beard was neither flowing nor white, or that his outfit was never the traditional red.

It's really odd the way you make connections in fandom, or fail to make them. When we first got into fandom in the early 70s there was this great sense of "community", and we readily made friends with folk all over the place. We visited them, they visited us, for parties or more singular occasions. We were part of a vast and informal social scene. Oddly, we seem to have lost all but the most tenuous contact with just about everyone in the UK, whilst developing close relationships with several North American fans, these relationships predating (although being strengthened by) our two visits to that

continent.

Both our US/Canada visits used Chicago as the hub, and more particularly, Jon and Joni, about an hour's drive out into rural Wisconsin. They'd pick us up at the airport and take us to their place, at least to begin with. Then they'd take us back to the airport for us to fly off and visit with someone else. Soon, though, we began to see it as them picking us up and taking us "home."

The last time we left their house, back in 1993, we were also carrying a gift. We were flying up to visit Mike Glicksohn and Susan Manchester in Toronto and the present was Jon and Joni's wedding gift for them. We were informed by American Airlines that we could take it as carry-on, but when it went through the scanner and was revealed to contain a couple of vicious-looking knives (it was a kitchen carving set) large numbers of beefy security personnel converged upon us in the belief that we were some kind of low-tech terrorists, and would only be placated by me returning to check-in and having it crated for the hold. I should have been prepared. This was, after all, not the first of Joni's ideas to have unexpected ramifications, nor the first in which she'd involved me. You may recall, for instance, "Martha Beck for TAFF", which on inception was just one more instance of Joni thinking of others.

For they say with gifts that "it's the thought that counts", and Joni was always thinking of others. To me, the perfect example of this is a gift she never got to give. Mike Glicksohn had visited their home on several occasions and she always assumed that someday, sometime, he would again. Toward this eventuality she prepared a gift. She bought him a special beer glass. The gift, though, was not the glass. Every one of Mike's friends who visited Jon and Joni was given pen and paper so they could leave Mike a message to be placed in the glass. The gift was to be the pleasure Mike would get in opening this unique "Time Capsule." Joni's gift was the concept, and the caring for others from which it sprang.

Joni was not a "centre stage" person. Her relationships were always one-to-one. It's true that she and Jon were joint Fan GoH's at the Chicago Worldcon in 1991, but this honor was merited (and most assuredly it was merited) by the sheer volume of their grass-roots contributions. It is, of course, also possible that the honor was merited for higher profile reasons, but if so, they are not reasons of which I've become aware from my contact with them (perhaps in much the same way that Mike Glicksohn, a friend of longer standing, had never become aware of those ASF contributions of Jon's...it never came up.) Mike himself wrote about Joni in a recent letter, mentioning that he'd commented in LoC "just how little most people realize they owed to her, even if they'd never heard her name before. Such was her influence on the fandom we all live in, in myriad ways both direct and subtle."

By some strange twist of fate, just as it was in the company of Dave Rowe that I was first welcomed into their life, it was Dave Rowe who telephoned with the devastating news of Joni's death. Later that night I held Cas as she cried, a symbolic reiteration of that afternoon in 1990 when we'd gone for a bittersweet stroll around Wilmot Mountain towards the end of our first U.S. visit and I'd held her then as the tears streamed down her face for all the wonderful people we'd met on that trip and might never see again... and I swore to her that we would see them again. We wanted it badly enough and we would make it so. And we did... and would again, and again. Taking for granted that it was all within our power. Sadly it wasn't. Though we weren't to know it at the time, we bade our last farewell to Joni upon leaving Octocon in Cincinnati in 1993. I've tried, but for the life of me I cannot recall the occasion. The "Goodbyes" of 1990 are clear and etched forever in memory, but in 1993 we'd proved that we could return on a three-year schedule (not appreciating then how little attention the future marriage of our daughters would pay to such considerations), and in so doing we had robbed the 'goodbyes' of their emotional hammer-blow.

I started writing this (then very different) piece a couple of years ago, wanting simply to say that my life was the richer for knowing Jon and Joni. Unfortunately, I couldn't seem to make it all come together. Now I guess, in addition, I want to say "Goodbye" to Joni one more time. Joni's greatest gift was herself, which she gave freely with her friendship. I'll always treasure it.



[[Editor's Note: I received the following convention report and a letter of comment from John Pomeranz last fall, duly entered them in the computer, then, unfortunately, forgot about them. John Pomeranz' rebuttal to Martin Morse Wooster's Disclave '96 conreport is not appearing as timely as it deserves, but its insights are worth sharing regardless. I believe fannish timebinders can cope with a letter that views Disclave '97 as a far future event in the midst of a issue that otherwise addresses it as past tense.]]

Even the Fruit Loops Were Memorable

OryCon 18
November 8-10, 1996
Portland, OR
by Marie Rengstorff

The first night, Friday, at OryCon 18 was so terrific, it took me until Tuesday to remember most of it. Even then, moments remained a bit vague.

The natives at the Red Lion Inn on the Columbia River gave good-natured welcomes as the aliens descended. The desk clerk smiled politely, despite wide-eyed amazement as werewolves, vampires, Star trek personnel, and the strangest creatures of all, writers, checked in. Oregon, THE LAST FRONTIER.

I only got lost once, in the motel designed like an Altran octopus, on my way to a group presentation on how to get published. What followed was not a highlight event. Too many of the panel members talked about "the Rules of the Secret Handshake Club," -- information like, use one-inch margins, put your name on every sheet, number your pages, etc.

I'm one of the "Try Not To Be Too Much of a Slob Club." We believe one must write a good story and not hit the editor on a day when he or she has a headache. Be sure to include your social security number and address just in case they want to pay you. I have even done the unmentionable -- used one-and-a-quarter inch margins -- and gotten published. So, the first meeting was a bit of a slow start.

By midnight the filksings were at full strum and moan. This was my first such event with real live sentients. Would you believe, a prior con in Nevada played tapes? OryCon demonstrated some great minor key voices singing about blood and guts and war and suffering. Some bards chanted about war and valor and blood and suffering. Some weak but brave voices sang about death and heroism and blood and -- you get the

idea. Everyone enjoyed all that suffering very much.

I left all that blood and guts to try something else new to me. By now, the four hours sleep the night before, the full day of work, the travel time from my wilderness den, and the late hour, were getting the best of me. But what value sleep when three days of rabble-rousing offered itself for the taking? OryCon wound up rousing at least 1,611 rabble.

I slipped into the dark where horror writers were giving readings in a blacked-out room. Yes, even a few of the readers found the situation a bit grim, but the stories were captivating. As the last, but enthralling, story continued toward the break of dawn, my mind refused to let go until the bitter end. I kept worrying that my body might begin to snore. No one complained. I must assume my physiology remained silent.

"Good ending," I told myself as first light illuminated the way to my room through octopus corridors. One other person exited with me and took the same route, but I was staggering from wall to wall. I thought the better of trying to exchange introductions for fear I would pass out from even a minor delay in finding my bed.

Along the route, a greenish Klingon leaned against one wall, his sagittal crest on the diagonal. His right brow ridge dangled in the direction of his nose. He grumbled something guttural and I mumbled back about blood wine. This seemed to please him. He sank to the floor with the "Live long a prosper" sign, or possibly, he gave me the finger. I don't think either one of us cared.

I continued my wind down the hall trying to match my zigs with the corridor's zags. I must have found my bed because I woke up there.

Due to what I know must be a genetic engineering error, I reached the breakfast room at 7 a.m. Fred, a volunteer organizer who should have been chairing a college department of anthropology, arrived shortly to join me. He drank three cups of coffee, piled his buffet plate three feet high with at least 5,000 calories, then began directing traffic around the mouthfuls. He soothed management, directed the removal of a few corpse-like bodies from the hallways, and straightened out the schedule problems. All, while he and I debated the evolutionary relationship between Australopithecine Africanus and Homo Habilis. Our paper napkins became obscured by drawings of ancient caves such as Sterkfontein and Makapansgat, Swartkrans and Kroadraai. The young security guards kept watching us. With a vampire chewing on some Amathon's neck and some ghost clanking down the hall, these kids were watching us. Then I heard, "spy," "not of this Federation," and "secret alien code."

"Oh," I thought as Fred lowered the level in his plate, finished off the last three pounds of friend potatoes and the last two

scones, and maintained the figure of an adolescent James White. Then, we got on with the business of the con.

Presenters like Larry Niven informed us. Robert Sheckley won everyone's heart. Sheckley is the classic teddy bear in writer's garb. And, Gardner Dozois' presentation was X-rated and not open to mere youths of 18 and under. Everything you ever imagined about Gardner is true. How degenerate is your imagination?

Don McQuin's small group discussed such issues as bad contracts, selling a story then having the magazine go belly up, finding a short story or article republished to your complete surprise and no check forthcoming, etc. Sadly, problems such as these are all too common. For the novice professional we, too often, get the hang of these things the hard way. By sharing the pitfalls in group, we learn and even avoid a few. Mostly, we just feel better by finding out we are not alone.

I want to thank a few people for their talk with novices. The helpful pros included writer GoH Diane Duane, Julie Stevens, Elizabeth "Lace" Gilligan, and Jean Lamb. I also heard novice professional fantasy writers singing the praises of Marion Zimmer Bradley.

Sunday activities included benefit auctions. Oregonian Jo Clayton, author of 34 novels and many short stories, is currently hospitalized with multiple myeloma, a cancer of the bone marrow. She will benefit from some of the auction proceeds, especially during long-term care beyond her current hospital stay.

Then the goodbyes began. Half of the 1,611 alien invaders stood around in the foyer and drank one last cup of coffee (which some needed more than others). They waited to see "that special friend" one more time, hugged, or punched each other, in friendly farewell according to their genetic or otherworldly predisposition, and drifted away to catch their rockets, airplanes, skimmers, time-shuttles, or Volkswagen bus rides to other planets or parallel universes.

Many other aliens lined up to preregister for next year or continue the parties in and around Portland. A few went back for another free bowl of crunch loop-things in purple, pink, chartreuse and turquoise. Such food, although it was free, should only be eaten by the AUGL* physiological type. For sure, the adult DBDG's** will not eat another bowl of that until next year.

* At least one AUGL was a 40-foot-long, fishlike water breather with body plates and large teeth.

** Most DBDG's come from earth. For further information, see James White. I bet he never ate any turquoise or chartreuse loop-things, so even his expertise in alien physiology might be lacking in regards to this issue.

The Fanivore

John Pomeranz

I am always intrigued to read Martin Morse Wooster's reviews of Disclave. Martin's contact with WSFA is minimal (not, I hope, due to any animosity on either side -- come to some more meetings, Martin!). As a result, his reviews frequently help us target areas that need improvement but occasionally hit wide of the mark. Let me try to respond to some points in both of these categories based on some recent discussions within WSFA. Please note that I am speaking in my role as a participant in these discussions and as a WSFAn, not from my post (as in "tied to a post") as WSFA's current President.

On August 11, approximately 30 WSFAns and others interested in the future of Disclave came together for a barbecue and a discussion and planning session about Disclave. In the course of a half-day-long meeting we explored some of the things that define Disclave, identified some of the problems we face, and began to create strategies to make the con better in the future.

By the end of the day, the group had identified two primary areas of concern. The first of these was a need to more clearly define what Disclave is and what we wanted it to be. Martin touches on this when he suggests that Disclave is now "a big relaxacon and is no longer a major regional convention." Of course, for years Disclave was *designed* to be a relaxacon. It's only in the last ten to fifteen years that we've taken on more of the trappings of a major gencon. A group of WSFAns (the "Ad Hoc Vision-Thing Committee," as I've taken to calling it) is now trying to draft a statement of what Disclave was, is, and should be. The committee has asked everyone in WSFA to provide a short statement of their vision of the convention, and I hope others who attend (or have attended) Disclave will contribute as well. (Send copies to WSFA Secretary Joe Mayhew or e-mail them to me, and I'll pass them on to the committee.)

The second major concern of the group was the decline in attendance that Martin noted. In addition to some of the reasons he cited (the changes in location, the cost of recent sites) let me add the competition we faced from a terrific 20th anniversary bash for Wiscon, to which we lost both pro and fan attendees. (BTW, I certainly don't agree with Martin that GoH Michael Swanwick wasn't enough of a "draw.") Some of these problems will be solved next year -- room and parking rates will be substantially reduced, and our site has hosted numerous successful Disclaves in the past. Nonetheless, we are moving again next year, and we will lose some members to CostumeCon in Baltimore the same weekend. WSFA is exploring ways to rebuild our membership base. Of course the

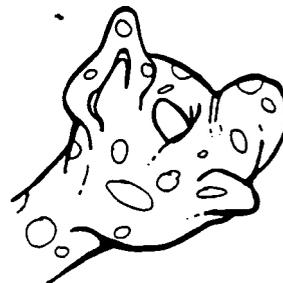
most fundamental way to accomplish that is to run the best convention we possibly can.

I was amused by Martin's melodramatic description of the AFB contingent at the convention. His "reliable estimate" that this group made up a quarter of the attendees is, of course, absurd. His anticipated "confrontation with them comparable to Disclave's expulsion of punks in the late '80s" is wrong, both as a prediction of the future and a statement of historical fact. I have never understood what the connection was supposed to be between fandom and AFB other than a small overlap of membership. Like the "punks" (or "goths") of the 80s to which Martin refers, I expect that if we focus on what Disclave is about, those with other interests will go elsewhere, leaving only those who share our common interest in SF. I note that WSFA's current Vice President, Elspeth Burgess, was (and, I suppose, still is) part of the dreaded group of goths (eek!) in addition to doing a damn fine job running WSFA. Likewise, if there are any members of AFB who are truly interested in fandom, they will stay for that interest; their other mundane or not-so-mundane pursuits will be pursued elsewhere.

I apologize (a little) for rambling on about a convention I love. I'm excited about Disclave '97 Chair Michael Nelson's plans for the convention. To everyone who enjoys Disclave, we'll see you next year. To everyone who has enjoyed Disclave in the past, come back; you'll like what you find. To everyone else, isn't it time you saw what you've been missing?

ART CREDITS

Tara: Cover,
Alan White: 4, 14, 18, 20
Bill Rotsler: 5, 7, 11, 15
Teddy Harvia: 12
Brad Foster: 14
Sheryl Birkhead: 22



Hmpf...if you've seen one piper band, you've seen 'em all!