



APRIL LEE '88

file770

File 770:92, delivered on a snowy evening by Stealth dogsleds, is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. Luxurious desktop publishing designs are provided by Irene Danziger. ("Pleasure be costing extra.") (I'll get ya for that one, Mikel)

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The problem seems to be over now, but for several months I had problems with apartment mailbox vandalism and thefts. The idiot's favorite trick was to open all my mail and either put it back in the box without the envelopes, or throw the whole lot in the giant tropical bush nearby. So I'm not sure whether I actually failed to get any mail when it was all said and done. If you notice that your File 770 subscription failed to be renewed after you sent in money, and checks from 1991 have not been cashed, let me know.

Also solved is another mail problem: now that File 770 goes out in envelopes the issues seldom get destroyed by the Postal Service. However, I am always willing to replace destroyed issues. I also have a large accumulation of back issues that are available essentially for postage, while they last. Contact me if you're interested.

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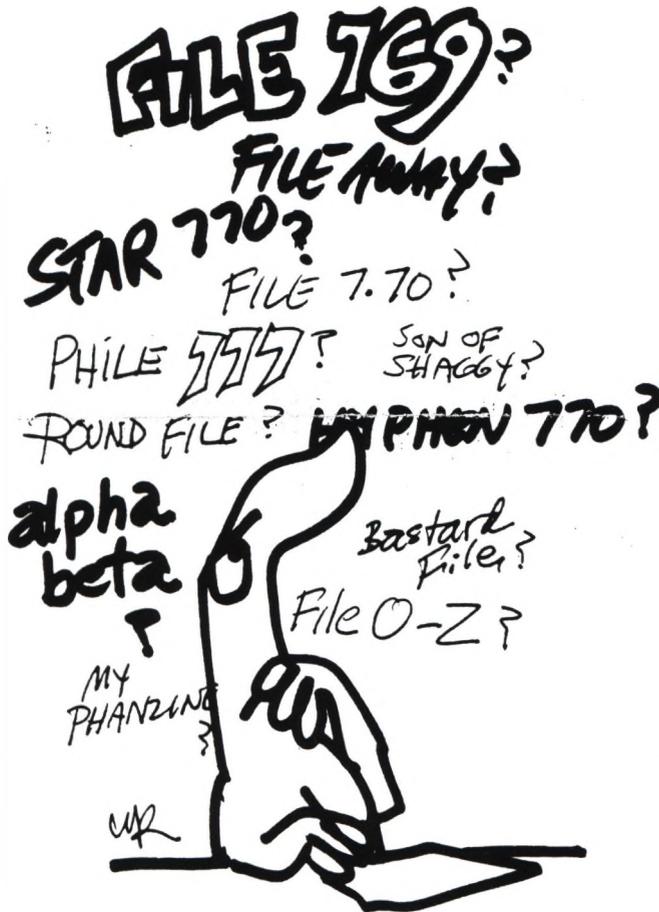
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file 770 ⁹²

A TALE OF ONE CITY

BAYCON: "The con is running so smoothly we must keep TimeCon running to keep our skills honed."

—Anonymous in ConOps/Security.

Memorial Day weekend's Baycon threatened to need its own memorial service after "fanarchists" partied and plagued the convention in 1990, but its committee put the con back on track in 1991.

At last May's convention Kevin Standlee still saw some of the "wildly-dressed 'punk' types" but fewer than 1990. One step BayCon took to discourage "fanarchists" was to stop selling "night-only" badges: fans arriving at night had to buy a \$20 one-day membership for the following day. Wrote Standlee, "BayCon is still a good convention, and it is considerably improved over the low points of a few years ago. In particular, I noticed an increase in the number of parties, and a proliferation of party themes, both of which are trends I heartily applaud. Now, if only I could have gotten in to the Black Leather party...."

Kevin concluded, "Luckily, the crowd that attended this year was less rowdy and destructive, and the Red Lion Inn seems to be firmly entrenched as the site of south bay sf cons. This year they will host FOUR big ones: BayCon, TimeCon, AnimeCon, and SiliCon."

For many years the San Jose Red Lion Inn has enjoyed a good reputation as a science fiction convention venue, offering good facilities and a staff experienced at hosting fans. But the Red Lion may have burned out on too much of a good thing. After last July's TimeCon, for fans of *Dr. Who*, the computer nets lit up with bizarre reports of a hotel/fandom civil war.

According to "Aahz (aka Dan Bernstein)", the Red Lion had been outraged by some events at BayCon and accordingly clamped down on TimeCon attendees. Fannish misconduct at BayCon, said Bernstein, included three incidents of public copulation,

S W E E T



an out-of-hand beer keg party, and a fan wearing a shirt that said "fuck you" in large letters. Also, the CEO of "a large company" left the hotel early and wrote a strong letter of complaint. While these reports are not verified, the hotel's new, long list of additional rules was distributed to con members staying at the Red Lion.

The new rules required all room parties to end by 2:00 a.m., limited maximum occupancy of a guest room to *four people*, promised expulsion of anyone found sleeping in the hotel outside a guest room, forbade public displays of affection, banned unregistered guests from the hotel between 2 a.m. and 5 a.m., prohibited "prafane [sic] gestures", set a dress code which required shoes and shirts in public areas (other than than pool), barred selling out of guest rooms, and reinforced half a dozen other points about vandalism, safety, and serving alcohol to minors that are public laws. In every case an infraction of the rules would be dealt with by eviction from one's guest room and/or being escorted off the property.

According to Bernstein he confirmed with Red Lion management that they had posted the letter in reaction to the problems at the 1991 BayCon, and the manager told him he'd already had to evict two rooms containing minors who were consuming alcohol and drugs and were jumping across balconies. After several fans had complained to the manager he circulated a second letter which said in part, "Many of you have been insulted and confused by this and questioned Red Lion's welcome. On behalf of our entire team, please accept our apology for this misinterpretation. It was our intent simply to focus on the safety and comfort of all our guests including Timecon. Unfortunately, over the years a select few individuals have conducted themselves in a fashion that has not been endorsed by the Con attendees, other hotel guests, and of course, the hotel."

By the time the retraction came out, though, fans had been outraged. Rule 6, the one banning public displays of affection, was a prime target for disobedience. Many people wore buttons that read "SIX OFFENDER" and one person wore one that said "666 — Menage a trois." Some of the fannish reaction was even more creative and hilarious, such as additional rules 1730 including:

- All pool animals must be leashed/muzzled or in carriers.
- No throwing sex objects off balcony.
- No obscene behavior with inflatable animals.
- No levitation.
- No more than 6 astral bodies in any room (except main lobby.)
- No new clothes allowed. All clothes must be worn. If shirt and shoes are thoroughly worn, pants are optional.
- Any clothing (excluding optional pants) caught making profane gestures will be removed from its wearer and evicted. (Anyone able to define "profane" gets a cigar.)
- Physical contact of any duration between humans and extraterrestrials is (of course) permitted, providing all parties are above the age of consent and are not in direct violation of the Prime Directive.
- Anyone attempting to sell the beds, television, or other furnishings from the guest rooms will be keelhauled. (Unless a suitable profit was made and funds shared with the appropriate authorities!)

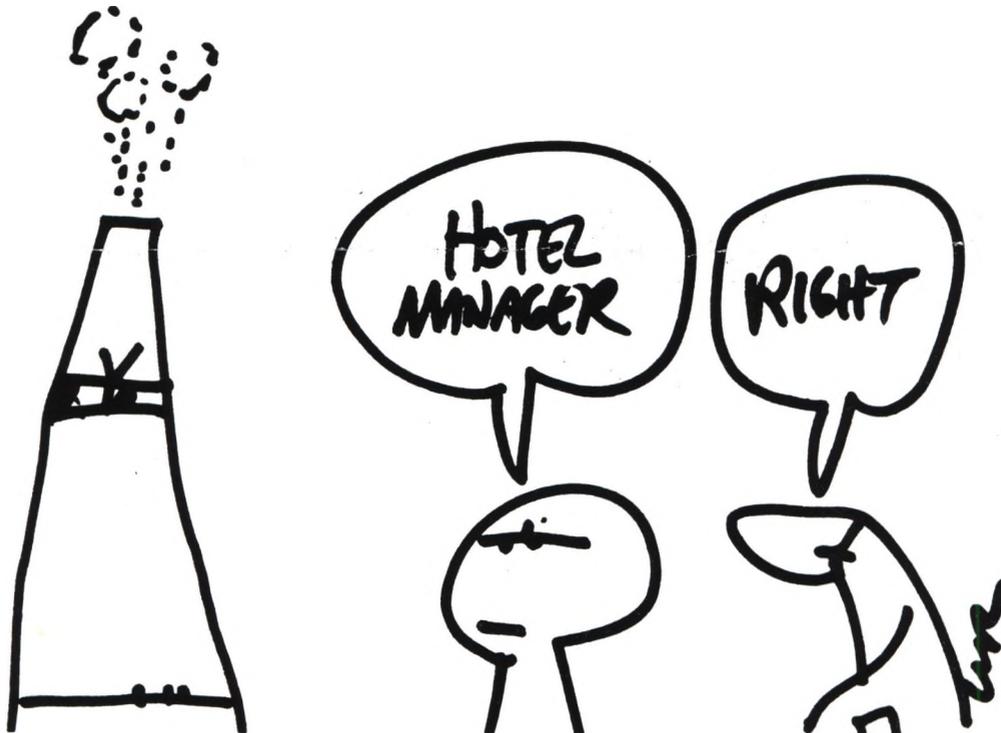
On another handwritten sheet appeared this "Special Bulletin":

"We interrupt this convention with a special bulletin. Timecon is now under marshall [sic] law. All constitutional rights have been suspended. *Stay in your room*. Do not attempt to contact loved ones, insurance agents or attomi-*es*. *SHUT UP!!* Do not attempt to think or depression may occur. *STAY IN YOUR ROOMS!* Curfew is in effect at 2:00 a.m. sharp! Anyone caught outside of their subdivision sector after curfew *WILL BE SHOT! DO NOT PANIC! REMAIN CALM!* Your security guard will be by to collect urine samples in the morning. Anyone caught interfering with the collection of urine samples *WILL BE SHOT! STAY IN YORU ROOMS! REMAIN CALM!* The number one enemies of puritanism are questions. The Red Lion Inn security is more important than individual will. All video broadcasts will proceed as planned. No more than four people may gather together for conversation or otherwise without special permission from Red Lion Inn security. Follow only the rules prescribed by security personnel or Flare. *SHUT UP! BE HAPPY!* Obey all orders without question. The comfort you've demanded is now mandatory. Be happy, at last everything is done for you."

What is it about a hostile hotel that makes otherwise bland conventions remembered so warmly?

EFFINGER FUND ESTABLISHED

The Niagara Falls Science Fiction Association has organized a fund to offset some of author George Alec Effinger's ongoing medical expenses. According to the club's statement, "[Effinger]



has had medical problems for most of his life. He's gotten significant help from the SFWA Emergency Fund three times - but it IS an 'emergency' fund, and needs to be available for others." They report Effinger, who is not covered by medical insurance, has \$40,000 in accumulated medical bills.

Pros and fans named as officers of the fund are: Mary Stanton, Administrator - Medical Fund; Nancy Kress, Trustee; Pat Cadigan, Trustee; Joan D. Vinge, Trustee; George Zebrowski, Trustee; Pamela Sargent, Trustee; Joe Maraglino, Chairman NFSFA and Executor - Medical Fund.

As a fundraiser, NASFA is selling \$20 raffle tickets; exactly a thousand will be sold, with the first prize a pair of American Airlines round-trip passes to any destination, worldwide. There will be other prizes; details are available in return for a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

THE GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER
MEDICAL FUND
c/o Niagara Falls Science Fiction
Association
PO Box 500, Bridge Station
Niagara Falls NY 14305

FAHRENHEIT 451

Last October's blaze in the Berkeley, CA, hills that claimed so many homes surprisingly left the local colony of sf fans and pros intact. The sense of surprise was heightened by the instant misinformation circulated on some computer nets that well-known writers had been burned out. (Others, like Sci-Fido II of Berkeley, circulated accurate and timely reports.)

Confronted by a fast-expanding fire zone, Charlie Brown was finally persuaded by his assistants to pack a car and clear out. Others forced from their homes include residents of Greyhaven (Marion Zimmer Bradley, Diana Paxson, Paul Zimmer, etc.), and Robert and Karen Silverberg. All returned to find their homes unscathed. Carol Carr's house was the only one left standing on her block. The only person with an sf-community connection to lose her home in the fire was Barbara Silverberg.

MY FRIEND MARTHA GOES WEST

Hank and Martha Beck have put their house up for sale and if all goes well by next summer they may be living in Arizona. Before they put the house up for sale they lightened it a little by selling 50 boxes of pulps and paperbacks to a dealer from North Dakota.

FROM THE MAILBOX

Alexis Gilliland, adding to Dolly's obituary from last issue, wrote she was buried Sunday, December 1 in a graveside service at the King David Memorial Garden. "Eight family members and about sixty friends and WSFAs turned out to see her off. The bill for her one day at GWU Hospital was \$19,605.49 of which Blue Cross/Blue Shield paid all but \$38. A good plan, that."

Turning to miscellaneous news Alexis reported, "That spirit of Hugos past, Dick Geis, is evidently feeling better. He recently wrote soliciting cartoons, and I sent him three. His plan is to put out a 100 copy perzine as a hobby rather than a business."

WOLLHEIM SCHOLARSHIP

The New York Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians, Inc., have named their \$2,000-per-year scholarship in memory of Donald A. Wollheim, legendary sf fan, writer, editor and publisher.

First distributed in 1990, the scholarship helps beginning sf and fantasy writers from the New York metropolitan area attend the Clarion or Clarion West workshop. The Lunarians can exercise their discretion in setting the amounts awarded and the number of people funded.

The fund will be increased by addition of the surplus funds from the Book Exhibit Raffle at Lunacon.

ENFORCERS OF LITERATURE WEST OF THE PECOS

Science Fiction Writers of America has empaneled its 1992 Nebula Awards Juries. The job of the novel and short fiction juries is to survey the original works published in 1992 and choose a single work of the appropriate length to supplement the preliminary Nebula Award ballot assembled from members' nominations. For this purpose novels are all works over 40,000 words, and short fiction is divided into novellas, novelettes and short stories.

On the novel jury are Debra Doyle, William Barton, Ken St. Andre, Jeffrey Dwight and Wayne Hooks. The short fiction jurors are Jim Brunet, Paul Levinson, Debbie Millitello, Michaelene Pendelton and M. Shayne Bell. SFWA publicizes the names and addresses of the jurors to invite authors of lesswell-circulated stories to send them copies of work published in 1992, to assure consideration. For more information contact Chuq Von Rospach, (415) 948-5394.

ART CREDITS

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Diana Harlan Stein - 22

MASQUERADE

The Masquerade was the glaring fault in an otherwise good Worldcon, not merely for how it was run, and there were many problems, but for the surprising number of well-made, dull costumes from people who have proven they know better. How many toga drapes must we see in an evening, worn by people whose idea of choreography is to slowly stagger about the stage?

Equally painful was self-indulgent way presentations were routinely prolonged to suit the participants at the expense of the enjoyment of the audience. And why require the MC to read credits in triplicate for wearers, designers and makers when this information has been distributed to the audience in a program?

Chicon achieved one improvement over 1982: the line to get into the Masquerade did not stretch onto Michigan Avenue as it did at Chicon IV...only to the door to Michigan Avenue. But they made us stand there a lot longer: the Masquerade began 45 minutes late.

Okay, I lied, there was a second improvement. The committee provided an excellent program listing the entries and all the credits for costume design and sources of inspiration. But it was useless to attempt to read the tiny print on orange paper in the ballroom's faint lighting before the masquerade, and obviously impossible once the lights were switched off for the show.

Speaking of switching off the lights, Masquerade MC Mike Resnick bore the brunt of some of the committee's unpreparedness. The stage lights were absolutely blind-

CHICON V: 1991 Worldcon Report

Part Two

by Mike Glycer

ing. Resnick was supposed to follow hand signals from someone in the front row to go slow, speed up, skip the next costume, etc. Due to the glare Resnick could not see him — and the fellow resorted to signalling by squeezing Resnick's ankle!

The Masquerade was carried on the Hyatt's closed-circuit television, but viewers said it came out, "in six colors other than living." Some of them vented their frustration by inventing such new award categories as "Person who should not be allowed to be naked in the shower."

The last issue of *Son of Daley Planet*, slagging union workers for Masquerade staging problems, was withdrawn by the committee and a corrected edition published that omitted the offending remark. Repeating the popular mythology to a LASFS meeting after Chicon, Alex Pournelle said he was glad the union people who put on the Masquerade were unpaid, because they were worth every penny of it: the spotlights glared on mirrors, blinding people to the right of the stage, and there was a perpetual 60-cycle hum in the audio. Drew Sanders said in reality fans got extreme cooperation from the unions, and redirected the blame to the committee for scheduling what he deemed a too-brief noon-to-4 p.m. rehearsal and 6 p.m.-to-start setup time.

After Chicon, Janet Wilson Anderson wrote on CompuServe, "I know of FIVE Master's class entries that had to drop from Chicon after major work had been done on them due to the inadequacies of the facilities and total lack of rehearsal time - which did not become known until well into August."

MASQUERADE AWARD WINNERS:

MASTER:

Best In Class: "The Lover of Mirrors", Susan K. Taubeneck and Greg Sardo.

Best in Fantasy: "The Octopus' Garden", Jacqueline M. Ward.

Excellence of Design: "Firebird", Diane and Jim Kovalcin.

Most Beautiful: "Morpheus and Iris", Fiona Leonard and Phil Gilliam.

Best Presentation: "Treasures of the Earth", Aimee Hartlove, Julie Zetterberg, Kathy Sanders and Drew Sanders.

Most Humorous: "The Volcano Gods - Kerakatoa and St. Helen", David and Claudia Ivy

convention
reportage

JOURNEYMAN:

Best in Class: "Kevin Duelle and the Mushnik Players Present a Sing-ALong", Kevin Duelle. Dana Eilers, Dave McCann.
 Most Amusing: "Krypton Caterpillar", Dana D. Eilers.
 Best Pathos: "Harlequin", Kevin Duelle.
 Best Fantasy: "The Eclipse", Anna Belle Gilbert and Zelda Gilbert.
 Best Science Fiction: "1901: A Space Odyssey", Cynthia Holloway
 Best Re-Creation: "The Dalek Syndrome", Bruce Mai and Tim Lindsay.
 Honorable Mention - Best Cartoon: "Hobbes", Mark S. Simon.

NOVICE:

Best in Class: "The Snow Queen", Joanne E. Brooks.
 Best Fairy Tale: "Puss in Boots", Laura Woods.
 Best Fantasy: "Masquerade", Kim Kofmel.
 Most Humorous: "Indiana Idaho and the Sandworm of Doom", Florence Achenbach and Missouri Smith.
 Best Re-Creation: "Morgaine", Sandra Morrese.
 Best Science Fiction: "Pyanfar Chanur and Skkukkuk", Susan Eisenhour and Joanne Allen.

MAJOR AWARDS:

Best of Show: "The Octopus Garden"
 People's Choice: "The Octopus Garden"
 Judges' Choice: "The Lover of Mirrors"
 Also given: nine awards for workmanship.

DEALERS ROOM

Nowadays Larry Smith is the proprietor, but I found Dick Spelman minding the store when I entered the Dealers' Room. Out of curiosity I asked how sales of *Bimbos of the Death Star* are going, and Dick said they're up to 930 copies sold. Dick also said my report of last year's Worldcon got him into hot water: the only reason Sharyn McCrumb had never talked to him was the same reason she had never talked to Elvis — they never met. Well, now that Dick and Sharyn have met, who knows about Elvis?

I AM CURIOUS, GREEN

"All runner-up contestants receive the home Hugo Awards Game," said Glenn Boettcher as well-dressed Hugo nominees filled his Green Room before 7 p.m.

Gardner Dozois once again wore his favorite green sportcoat, a color in men's fashion that is otherwise never seen outside of reruns of Batman featuring The Riddler. Teddy Harvia wore the suit that made him invisible on Thursday but was not lost in the crowd tonight because he was the tallest man in the room. Amy Thompson, magnificent cleavage displayed by her black gown, walked past and chortled, "It's really hurting Mr. Benford's astigmatism."

George Alec Effinger practiced a gracious acceptance speech for the Seiun Award (Japanese Hugo) being presented to him for "Schrodinger's Kitten." Said George, "I really want to thank you for this award even though you spent three or four years trying to kill my father in the Pacific."

Just before Jane Haldeman led nominees to their seats, Todd Cameron Hamilton stood on a chair and gave Hugo-holding instructions. He had personally manufactured the clear-plastic rockets and affixed them to flat marble bases. He warned us not to grab the Hugo by the waist of the rocket and wave it triumphantly to the audience lest the base snap

loose and fly into the crowd like a lethal hockey puck. And when it came time to take the Hugo home, it should be packed in with soft clothing because, "In a fight between the base and the Hugo, the Hugo will lose."

THE HUGO GERNSBACK MARCH

On the way to our seats we picked up the Hugo Awards Presentation booklet, a 26-page collection of nominee biographies and photos prepared by Jane Haldeman and Tina Jens. It really added a touch of class to the event, even though I was surprised to learn I had won a Nebula in 1980. Seated to my left, Kristine Kathryn Rusch mentioned a spurious Bram Stoker Award appeared her bio. And there was an old photo of David Brin when he had a beard: in that racing cap he looked more like Vernor Vinge. David Brin, the clean-shaven 1991 model, sat on my right wearing his black tuxedo, white shirt and wine-colored bow-tie, and another new hat. Reporters pay close attention to Brin's annual fashion statement at Hugo ceremonies, like his gaucho outfit in New Orleans. "What kind of hat is that?" I asked, since Charlie is always needling me about getting my facts right for *Locus*. But even David didn't know: he bought it from a Czech department store. He added, "When I wear it with white longjohns and a cane, I look real scary."

Speaking of clockwork, toastmaster Marta Randall reminded listeners she held the ceremonies to 90 minutes when she served at Chicon IV in 1982, and she wanted to improve on that record. She also forbade flash photography. Gesturing conspiratorily at the edge of the platform Marta said, "I know it doesn't look it, but there is an invisible moat around the edge of a stage, a 42-foot dropoff with pirhana at the bottom." Woe betide the photographer who blinded a Hugo winner and sent her over the edge.

Marta led a moment of silence for friends and colleagues who passed away during the past year. Then Ross Pavlac, Chicon's vice-president of facilities and executive over the awards ceremony, introduced Chicon's plastic version of the award. From a design inspired by a '55 Oldsmobile hood ornament came the Hugo rocket: this year's version was made of high-density acrylic. Ross waxed poetic about the industrial strength adhesive used to attach the metal name-plaque to the base, and boasted that the rocket could be unscrewed from its base for packing. The inside story was the committee was unwilling to pay the \$100 per metal rocket quoted by Peter Weston's company, a price comparable to what LAcon II paid in

1984, and Worldcons that followed. Todd Cameron Hamilton had indeed saved the committee money, using about \$60 worth of materials per rocket, because he donated a huge chunk of his own time — far more than he ever expected, as it turned out. In their own right Hamilton's awards were very handsome. I simply prefer the chrome rocket, and also wondered if the committee had been cautioned that the lucite Hugos of 1967 vintage had turned yellow over time.

Elst Weinstein won't have to worry about having a Hugo rocket turn yellow. After Ross Pavlac finished describing the trophy he presented the first of two Special Committee Awards. He explained the WSFS Constitution forbids a committee from presenting a Hugo rocket to anyone except a Hugo winner, which compelled them to do what would have been appropriate anyway in honoring the co-presenter of the Hogu and Blackhole Awards. The hoax Hogu Award is a scorched block of wood, symbolizing that the rocket has just taken off — so Ross called Elst from the audience to receive his award — a bare marble Hugo base!

When a stunned Elst had been escorted from the stage by one of the half dozen formally-dressed fans waiting at the foot of the steps, Ross Pavlac introduced his fellow Hugo administrator. From the firm of "AardvarkWaterhouse", Darrell Martin sat behind the table with the Hugo Awards. "Did you count the ballots?" Ross asked gleefully. Darrell raised whitegloved hands in defense and said, "After last night I don't want to hear that word again!"

Fred Pohl came forward and presented the First Fandom Hall of Fame Awards, saying, "It's customary to begin by describing the winner of the award at great length, and everybody tries to guess who it is, beginning with the assumption it is himself." Instead, he announced at the start tonight's winner was Robert A. W. Lowndes, one of the founders of the Futurians, one of the half-dozen fans excluded from the 1939 Worldcon (like Pohl himself), later editor of such prozines as *Future* and *SF Quarterly*. Lowndes could not attend Chicon, so Bob Madle accepted for him.

Considering the Chicon committee were the staunchest defenders of the tradition of presenting First Fandom's award at the Hugo ceremonies despite complaints the presentation was lengthy and dull, and abortive plans by the Dutch committee to drop it from Hugo night, Fred Pohl advanced the FFA's cause with his brevity and wit.

A running joke throughout the evening was started when Marta Randall yanked the podium microphone by its adjustable metal neck back down to her height from where the taller Pohl had left it. She introduced Phil Foglio to present the Best Fanartist Hugo. Remembering the static he got for accepting consecutive Fanartist Hugos in the late '70s, Phil said with heavy irony, "The winner of this Hugo usually goes on to win other Best Fanartist awards." But Teddy Harvia was a first-time winner. He spent a moment rummaging through his pockets for his speech and found something else: "That's not my speech, that's my postcard."

Before following Harvia from the platform, Foglio stretched the microphone neck straight up. Marta complained about "this heightist extravaganza," and called on Bob Tucker to present the Best Fanwriter Hugo. Pam Wells, Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund winner, accepted the Hugo for Britain's Dave Langford. Pam didn't search her pockets, she already knew she had left Dave's speech in London. Pam departed, and Tucker was about to do the same, covering his butt with both hands — remembering that the funniest moment of the 1982 Hugos occurred when Marta goosed him as he left the stage. But they made up: Marta and Tucker exchanged big hugs and walked together to the steps. "Now I know why he was kicked out of the Garden of Eden," she winked.

More non-Hugos were given. Forry Ackerman presented the Big-Heart Award "to the number-one lady-killer, Julius Schwartz." Seiun Awards, Japanese Hugos, were given to American winners. Takumi Shibano explained each year's national sf convention committee designs its own Seiun, this year being a Japanese sword. A younger couple accompanied him on stage, one an editor who said the award is, "too delicate to be brought by excited Japanese fans, so they will be shipped — parcel post."

Winners were given a scroll by Takumi's other assistant, a woman attired in an *obi*, whom he mentioned was married in the Hyatt two days before. David Brin thanked her in Japanese when he received the Seiun for Best Translated Foreign Novel. And by the time Effinger came up to get the Seiun for Best Translated Short Story he had devised a whole new mildmannered acceptance speech. The Seiun for Best Dramatic Presentation was won by a show scripted by Greg Benford.

Jon and Joni Stopa, Chicon's fan guests of honor, presented the Best Fanzine Hugo to *Lan's Lantern*. Editor George "Lan" Laskowski wore his trademark coonskin hat to accept.

Ginger Buchanan tore open the envelope to learn the winner of the Best Semiprozine Hugo, and gasped, "Oh! After all these years — I can't believe it! The winner is — *Locust!*" Charlie Brown wore a tuxedo — *that* was new. But he said he didn't sell out entirely: he bought the tux in Hawaii, and he was still wearing sandals.

Analog editor Stanley Schmidt, giving the John W. Campbell Award (for best new writer), said, "John W. Campbell liked to say he read more lousy science fiction than anybody in the world," but it was worth it for the chance to encourage good new writers was worth the effort. On that note, the nominee who received the most applause in introductions got the award, Julia Ecklar.

Chicon's second Special Committee Award was introduced by chair Kathleen Meyer, who reminded the audience in 1982 Chicon gave then perennial Hugo-loser Mike Glyer recognition "for keeping the fan in fanzine." On that note she announced Chicon V was giving a special award to Andrew Porter for excellence in producing *Science Fiction Chronicle*. Andy came onstage loaded down with camera gear, and grumpily declared, "As you know, I think there are many things wrong with the Hugo Award process. Read my editorials in *SF Chronicle* to find out what." Handling praise isn't one of Andy's strong suits in the first place, and having just lost to *Locus* for the umpteenth time it probably hadn't cheered him up any to be compared with the editor of an amateur fanzine. Nevertheless, many people were puzzled and disappointed by his reaction.

Artist guest of honor Richard Powers gave the Best Pro Artist Hugo to a grateful Michael Whelan.

Editor guest of honor Martin Harry Greenberg presented the Best Professional Editor Hugo to Gardner Dozois. A tall fellow, Gardner could and did yank the microphone down to crotch level before raising it back to speaking level and thanking the audience.

Marta Randall chastized Greenberg, who had been the honoree at a roast that afternoon. Early in the con they'd had dinner and Marta revealed the childhood nickname her sister had given her. Marta needled Greenberg for "putting Tinkerbell wings on my back" at the Roast by using that name in public. But Marta didn't make the mistake of actually repeating that name now.

E. Michael Blake, of Moebius Theater, awarded the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo to 20th Century Fox's *Edward Scissorhands*. Jeff Walker accepted and said he would pass the Hugo on to the studio. At that moment the lucky choreography between presenters, winners, escorts and the toastmaster ended as Randall's escort Doug Price bumped into the woman escorting Walker. The escorts instantly recovered and Fred-andGingered their way back to their seats.

The Best Nonfiction Book Hugo, said Dr. Elizabeth Anne Hull, went to *How to Write Science Fiction and Fantasy* by Orson Scott Card. Beth Meacham accepted.

Now came the four fiction Hugos, which Marta hinted were given in order of "ponderosity."

When it was their turn to present the Best Short Story Hugo, Karen Haber and the taller Robert Silverberg took a *Honey-mooners* approach: Haber yanked the microphone down only to have Silverberg yank it back up. When it was settled, they gave Terry Bisson a Hugo for "Bears Discover Fire." While the commercial response to these triumphant moments is "I'm going to Disneyland!", Bisson was actually on his way Volgacon in the Soviet Union. That is, if they didn't cancel the country first.

Best Novelette presenter Ed Bryant said, "As a purist, I believe the novelette bears the onus of being the first sneaky step of any American story becoming a dekalogy." This did not deter him from giving Mike Resnick a Hugo for "The Manamoukie." Resnick's droll response to being back on stage was, "Unlike the others, I'm used to those lights — I stared into them for 17 hours last night."

George R. R. Martin began, "I have to second Ed Bryant's objection to the tasteless weight theme. Marta has introduced me [and said I was invited to present the Best Novella Hugo because of] my general stature in the field. Instead, it seems to have been because of my girth. My suspicion will be confirmed if Gardner follows me to present Best novel." George recalled with dismay his mother's reaction when he visited after the World Fantasy Con, bringing his Bram Stoker Award inscribed to "George R.R.Martin - 'The Pear-Shaped Man.'" His mother said, "That wasn't a very nice thing for them to call you on your own award!"

The Best Novella Hugo went to Joe Haldeman for "The Hemingway Hoax." Haldeman said if there was any justice in the world one-half the award would go to Gardner Dozois, who found the novella in the novel (and published it in *IASFM*.) "However, there is no justice," smirked Joe, rejoined by Gardner who cried out from the back of the hall, "Aw, shit!"

To whet listeners' appetites for the novel-length paperback of *The Hemingway Hoax*, Haldeman insisted what had been trimmed to make the story fit in Asimov's "was 15- to 20,000 words of explicit sex."

Before the finale, Marta Randall introduced Jane Haldeman and Tina Jens, thanking them for organizing the ceremony. Then Chicon's writer guest of honor, Hal Clement, presented the Best novel Hugo to Lois McMaster Bujold for *The Vor Game*. Having more trouble with the lights than Resnick had, Bujold declared, "I can't see you, and you gave me this!"

Then Marta chided everyone for having taken 100 minutes, and said they'd have to keep bringing her back 'til she got it right.

PARTIES

Friday was a blowout party night. The con's own Midnight Madness dance started at 10 p.m., festooned with silver streamers hanging from galaxies of white, blue and black balloons, and decorated by inflatable skeletons and blinking ghost jellyfish.

Most Worldcon bidders kicked off consecutive nights of partying, especially those being voted on in Chicago, or in the next year: Winnipeg, Louisville, Glasgow, and Atlanta.

Winnipeg ultimately squeaked by in a closely-contested race for the right to host the 1994 Worldcon, its margin of victory coming from votes cast on Saturday. With the benefit of hindsight it was clear Winnipeg's impressive Friday night party had tipped the scales in their favor. They'd flown in their convention center's chef, who prepared dishes to order in their suite. Someone costumed as a giant, red, foam-rubber maple leaf reminded people in the lobby to visit the party.

When a vote is so close you look at little things and wonder if they made a big difference. Louisville had the clever idea to promote its bid with a hotel room doorknob hanger that read, "I'm Dreaming of Louisville." These went on in the wee hours of Saturday morning. Rick Foss, working with the con's hotel liaison staff, reported the doorhangers caused the maids on some floors to believe the room didn't need making-up. Did this cost Louisville any votes?

At Friday night's Glasgow party I could smell the Scotch vapors floating in the hallway before I ever got into the party. Glenn Boettcher extolled the virtues of a 160 proof malt that leaves a butterscotch tang on the tongue, and if you dropped the glass it didn't spill out because it was so thick.

Andy Hooper spotted a familiar face and said, "There's Martin Morse Wooster — must be a Worldcon."

"Or a Hexacon," I answered. Hooper disagreed. "Not a Hexacon — I have my clothes on."

Captain Morgan Rum had such a prominent role at Baltimore in '98 bidding parties fans questioned whether the company was a bid sponsor. Besides the name-brand rum, Baltimore bidders gave out all kinds of pirate paraphernalia, including eyepatches. A cynic who remembered the last Baltimore worldcon, a money-loser, laughed, "If you look at this bid with one eye closed, it does look better!"

Rich Zellich admired the Stroh rum at another party. "It's so smooth the only taste is your larynx melting as it goes down." Matthew Tepper thanked New Orleans fan Joey Grillot for jumping in as bartender when the LA in '96 party needed someone to help stretch the soft drinks. It seemed like LA was the only party not serving alcohol, a long-standing policy of the bid.

Recent newlyweds Spike Parsons and Tom Becker circulated their change of address in the form of bookmarks, and were feted with a small room-party reception. At a Sunday night party, Tom said this year, "I didn't win a Hugo, but I won a Spike!"

THE CON SUITE

Drew Sanders appreciated that the beer served in the Con Suite had been supplied by a local microbrewery. Rick Foss said the brewery's president was manning the taps and you could go up and ask him about his trade secrets. Chips, pretzels and popcorn were continuously available, at least if the locusts didn't consume them faster than the staff could set them out. Since fans *could* devour unlimited quantities, which no con can afford, the Con Suite staff surprised people in the Suite from time to time with "good stuff" like pizza, boxes of apples, 150 pounds of Italian ice, or ice cream bars.

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE

Kevin Standlee summarized the most significant acts of the WSFS business meeting. Voters ratified a new Hugo Award for "Best Original Artwork," first approved at ConFiction last year. Magicon will be first to present a Hugo in the category.

The following changes affecting the Hugos were given first passage at Chicon, and will take effect if ratified by Magicon's WSFS business meeting:

The Hugo Award will no longer have "Science Fiction Achievement Award" as an alternate name (primarily because the Mark Protection Committee has not been able to get the service mark registered on it. Writing "in generally available electronic media" will qualify people for the Best Fan Writer Hugo Award.

Only "Natural Persons" may introduce business or vote on any matter, including the Hugo Awards — no stuffed animals.

Dick Smith tried to add a "partiers' rights" amendment that would prevent the Business Meeting from starting earlier than noon or ending later than 8 p.m. Sounds more like the weather schedule in Camelot, to me.

SITE SELECTION

Kevin Standlee gave the report of the Site Selection vote counting delegation to Sunday morning's Business Meeting. Due to record voting on the 1994 site (over 2000), a record close race (Winnipeg beat Louisville by 65 votes), and the gathering in one place of some of the most persnickety vote-counters in fandom (including Kevin, and Darrell Martin), they had spent all night verifying the ballots against the membership lists, and only finished the tally about an hour before the meeting began. After Kevin gave his report there was a new joke: "How many site selection ballot counters does it take to change a light-bulb?" The answer, "None, they just wait til the sun comes up."

Co-Chairman John Mansfield announced Conadian's Guests of Honour will be Anne McCaffrey, George Barr, Barry B. Longyear and fan Robert Runte. The con will run September 1-5, 1994, in the Winnipeg Convention Centre. The primary address is Conadian, P.O. Box 2430, Winnipeg MB, Canada

R3C 4A7. During Canada's perennial postal strikes there's a North Dakota address you can use. Those who did not presupport Winnipeg and did not vote in site selection can join until December 31 for \$60 (US), or get a supporting membership for \$25. Other conversion rates apply to voters and presupporters.

Winnipeg's win fueled a great deal of discussion whether it would be difficult to get art show entries and sales items through Canadian customs. Someone knowingly said, "If it says 'adult matter' anywhere on the box, you're in trouble." Teddy Harvia asked, "What if it says 'adult antimatter'?"

EVEN MORE PROGRAMS

The Bible as Fantasy Novel According to Janice Gelb, a panelist noted that C.S. Lewis wrote fantasy incorporating New Testament themes, and the audience asked, "What about the Old Testament", prompting Mark Blackman to say, "Maybe it would help if we thought of the Bible as an Ace Double."

A Wealth of Fable Dick Lynch, who is spearheading a project to get Harry Warner's history of '50s fandom in hardcover, moderated this panel on fanhistory.

Nancy Tucker told how the Science Fiction Oral History Association started in the early '70s, meeting at Confusion. Lloyd Biggle and Fred Pohl were instrumental in its beginnings. Nancy, like many others, had been recording panels and GoH speeches for her own use. They decided to make them available as a resource for a university library. The association also began a series of interviews to accumulate the oral history of the science fiction field.

Joe Siclari said the last issue of *Fanhistorica* is all pasted up, but he could guarantee nothing will happen to it until after Magicon, which he chairs.

Ed Wood said the problem with oral history is the inaccuracy of human memory, especially of things recalled years afterwards. Nancy said they tried to address that by preserving several accounts of the same thing, such as the party in Room 770.

Cult of the Party Goddesses We all know who's responsible for all the fun happening at conventions, and the four of them had their own panel at Chicon: Martha Beck, Joni Stopa, Dana Siegel and Laurie Mann.

Someone asked, "How does the Party Goddess reward her supplicants?" Dana said it varied with the supplicant. It was hard to overcome the audience's notion this all had something to do with sex. Asked about consorts, Dana said brains are not a requirement in a Party Goddess' consort. No knock on Madman Riley, but they mentioned he was the one they painted while he was asleep to look like a woman.

Martha Beck told about her League of Lecherous Ladies, which issued 69 leather badges for \$1.50 apiece. One lady who bought one thought it was a hunting license for the man of her choice, which seemed a bit much for only \$1.50.

Laurie Mann arrived late, with the excuse she had to buy supplies for a party. Dana disapproved, "That's what consorts are for."

The panel wouldn't be complete unless Martha told one of her favorite Bob Tucker stories. At the '74 Discon, Tucker asked to use her spare bed because his roommate Rusty Hevelin was holding a late First Fandom meeting. Tucker went in and quickly fell asleep. Martha, Joni Stopa and Jackie Causgrove collected supplies and 20 other fans and showed up in Martha's room for a party. Many sat on the edge of Tucker's bed. Tucker never wears anything to bed, noted Martha, but he told the fans, "It was hot, so I took my shirt off." The party was still going at 5 a.m. when Tucker had to answer a call of nature and wrapped in the bed-sheet tottered off to the bathroom.

THE VERDICT

As the con progressed, criticisms accumulated, but nothing that warranted the "NOLAcon North" brickbat repeated by various SMOFs. That tone bothered me, and was reminiscent of what was said about this year's Westercon. How do these people justify their own role as Worldcon organizers when they appear to enjoy nothing more than people experiencing problems at a convention?

The legitimate problems I heard about include Marty Cantor's criticism was he had to direct traffic to get a room for the TAFF Auction (none having been provided) by negotiating for the Regency Dancers to finish early, then exit in time for yet another displaced group to use the room. Cantor said, "The convention's lower echelon people went out of their way to do the best they could for you, fast." He wasn't so charitable about higher committee people and blamed the con's hierarchical culture and poor communication between division heads for the room assignment problem he had to fix.

A volunteer in Chicon's Facilities division, Rick Foss, marveled that Communications didn't know where the chairman was, or who it was for that matter. "After the second time I was beeped and told to call myself I knew there was a problem."

THE MOVIE'S OVER - GO HOME! GO HOME!

Long after Closing Ceremonies, a tired Glenn Boettcher and his equally exhausted crew were swapping lies and turning in their equipment. A staffer in a green badge told how he discovered that his beeper is the kind that vibrates to let the wearer know about a call: "I was wearing it on the front of my belt when it went off — whoa!" Had we known, there'd have been graffiti all over the con saying, "To give me a good time, call..."

CLOSING CEREMONIES

Chair Kathleen Meyer settled down all the fans batting balloons at each other, and began to thank those who had made a success of the convention. Martin Harry Greenberg said, "This is the most fun I've ever had in my life — well, there was one weekend in Havana in 1957, but this runs a close second." Hal Clement said, "I have enjoyed all the people coming up and saying they like this, that and the other, and my ego is as big as Isaac's even if I'm less outspoken."

Kathleen Meyer introduced her division heads, who mostly were still at work, or running a table in the dealers' room. At first only three people applauded the vice-president of facilities until she reminded everyone he got them the \$70 room rates. We went, "Duh, yeah!" and applauded like fiends.

Kathleen passed the gavel to Magicon's chairman, Joe Siclari. The 1992 committee stood up and tossed copies of a new "potion" into the audience. Inside each 3x2-inch ziploc bag was a cure for those "I've got those stuck in the real world for a year with no Worldcon blues" — an accordion-folded excerpt of Walt Willis' trip report to the 1988 Tropicon.

DOGS OF DEATH

The principle Dead Dog party, at least for fans, was hosted by Magicon. Neil Rest asked Mike Resnick what it was like to be masquerade MC, and whether he would rather have spent the same amount of time with his foot caught in a bear trap!

By the Monday night the grapevine knew about three bids for Chicago in the year 2000. There was Ross Pavlac's bid, announced by an ad in the Program Book. Reputedly there was another bid made up of staff who responded to the first bid saying, "Oh, no!" The third bid consisted of people who presently run Capricorn in Chicago in the spring. A local fan declared the Chicon VI bid "is all the same old farts. It's like watching the Star Trek movies." Chicago bidders will be up against a Kansas City bid organized by the lottery-winning Satterfields.

Fans will decide between the Atlanta and Glasgow bids for 1995 at Orlando. Los Angeles is so far the only announced bid for 1996. A St. Louis in '97 bid may vie with the already-active San Antonio bid. There are Baltimore and Niagara Falls bids for 1998.

EVEN OLDER CONVENTION NEWS

HARLAN ELLISON IS NOT GUILTY!

Don't believe rumors that Harlan Ellison's expensive demands caused the last-minute cancellation of the Australian National Convention over Easter weekend 1991. For one, the committee led Ellison to believe for over a year that his travel requirements were agreed upon and budgeted. For another, the convention actually took place. Read on.

In June 1988, Catherine Kerrigan invited Harlan as guest of honor of the 1991 Australian national con to be held in Brisbane, if their bid won. After some delay, Ellison accepted with acerbic glee: "Despite my determination not to have anything to do with sf cons (or sf fandom in general) here in the States, if I were solicited to be GoH of the Australian Dung-Collectors Convention, I would say yes. I adore Australia..."

Their correspondence about travel arrangements took half of 1990 to complete with Ellison writing in January and Kerrigan answering in August, "I think that we've budgeted for economy airfares [for Ellison and his wife, Susan] and \$A5,000 for expenses, accommodations, etc. ...If I can get some sponsorship for the convention we'll try to upgrade the airfares to business class." Having a bad back from cheap seats on a flight to England years before, Ellison said business class fares would be necessary (which he and Susan would upgrade to First using mileage-bonus premiums.) He left the committee a diplomatic escape by summarizing, "Please run all this by your committee. If we're too expensive a luxury, I'll understand."

In fact the answering postcard in October reassured Ellison that Suncon had budgeted \$A10,000 for airfare plus \$A5,000 for expenses, and not to worry. Even as late as February 8, 1991, Kerrigan asked Ellison to have his travel agent fax them details of the arrangements, and the committee would wire-transfer the funds. As the deadline to book reservations at the prevailing rates neared without word or money from the committee, Ellison's calls to the chair, Patricia Anderson, went unanswered. It was left to Terry Dowling to break the news to Ellison that the convention was canceled.

Or was it? The next thing, Harlan had a call from Carey Handfield that the NatCon was on again, with Aussie writer Patrick Tilley as guest of honor (Tilley's publisher reportedly paid his way), while the committee spread stories Ellison had canceled on *them*.

Suncon's published explanation was more reserved: "Due to a lack of registrations for the convention, we have been [un]able to raise sufficient funds to pay for the travel costs of our Guest of Honour, Harlan Ellison and his wife Susan. As a result, Harlan will not be attending the convention. This has been a great concern to us and we tried many avenues to raise the funds, unsuccessfully. Our initial decision was to cancel the convention and this was communicated verbally to several people.

"However, the committee has decided to proceed with the convention nonetheless. We still have bestselling author Patrick Tilley as our Guest of Honour, and popular fan, Nick Stathopoulos, as our Toastmaster. We are currently trying to obtain another Guest of replace Harlan..."

Just before the convention Ellison faxed Nick Stathopoulos an open letter to read at Suncon. It started with what would have been his convention opening remarks. "The best time I ever had in my life — and it's been an *extremely* interesting life, lemme tell ya — was the time I spent in your wonderful wonderland in 1983. I made friends and saw things and had adventures that I haven't stopped babbling about in eight years. Some day get someone to play for you the tape of the radio show I did the week after I got back. I sounded like some kind of demented Scientologist raving about spirit messages from Ron Hubbard. Completely around the bend at how magnificent Down Under is. And how special the people are."

Ellison continued with a plea: "I ask that you listen to these few words because it's very important, urgently important, *to me* that all of *you* know that I didn't cancel out, nor that I demanded plane fares and perks that made it impossible for the convention committee to bring me and Susan to you. That is flat untrue, and there's lots of documentation to nail it down. If you've heard any sort of rumor or badrap that says I was less than absolutely out of my mind happy to see you all again...it's bullshit.

"...I don't want to suggest the committee screwed up. That's not my place to say. What happened, happened, for reasons that are closer to miscalculation than bad planning. But at the core of all this is my intense need to let you know that I didn't crap out on you or the Suncon or Australia. We had the flight booked, we had the itinerary — including me going down to Wonnangata Station to sit with my portable Olympia and write *Down Deep* for the anthology, right there on the site of the story I want to tell — and Susan was endlessly enthusiastic about seeing Justin and Marilyn Pride and Kerry-and-Kerry and Jack and schlepping around with Terry and Nick...and doing a story for *Eidolon*. You can't know how unhappy all this makes us.

"I turned down three speaking engagements here in the States, at \$6,000 a night, because I said, 'Sorry, I'll be in Oz during that time.' I said no to rewriting a hack movie for one of the studios. I can't even begin to think how much money that would've brought in. So we sit a bit flat, like many of you, at the moment, because Australia didn't happen."

SunCon members received in their membership packets a lengthy "open letter" from Catherine Kerrigan explaining the convention's rocky financial history. She blamed unexpectedly low membership levels for forcing her to consider canceling the convention — but not before she sought a personal loan to cover Ellison's airfare in advance of the convention, which her bank refused. According to Kerrigan, bad health, fannish abuse and threats of lawsuits forced her to leave the committee. Those who stayed ran the con anyway, and probably took a bath.

Thyme 82 published that Suncon probably lost money, and said the committee offered no explanation for their last-minute panic despite having two years to prepare. *Doxy*, "the sheet of shame" published by John Foyster, that had taken to calling Cathy Kerrigan the "non-spokesperson" for the con, was warned in Kerrigan's handout "if any further articles are published anywhere in fandom defaming my character or my actions in respect of *SunCon*, I will take legal action."

From an attendee's viewpoint, wrote Foyster afterwards, SunCon was partially rescued by replacement guests of honor Patrick Tilley (pro) and Nick Stathopoulos (fan), and DUFF delegate Art Widner "[who] are always good value at conventions, so the major ingredients for success were available."

ECLECTICON BITES TONGUE, THEN BITES DUST

Sacramento's sixth annual Eclecticon, scheduled for February, has been canceled for economic reasons a few weeks after weathering a vicious printed attack on its fan guest of honor.

An anonymous flyer ridiculing Eclecticon VI fan guest of honor, Kevin Standlee, arrived in fans' mailboxes after Thanksgiving weekend. The only evidence of its origin, probably misleading, was that it was mailed from the Long Beach, site of Loscon, over the convention weekend. The flyer urged a boycott of the Eclecticon and a protest letter campaign based on a laundry list of personal allegations about Standlee's character and supposed lack of qualifications to be a fan guest of honor.

On CompuServe an incensed Raymond Feist ended his polemic against the anonymous flyer, "It's a Convention Committee's prerogative to pick whoever it wishes to be GoH, and if one disagrees, one can either go to the convention and ignore said GoH, or not go if one chooses. But calling for a letter writing campaign and/or boycott, because of unsubstantiated accusations, while not having the courage of convictions to come forth and make one's grievance public, offer any supporting evidence of the charge, or even to let people know the identity of the author of the grievance, is the work of a vicious rumor monger. I trust any of you who may have gotten a similar letter will deposit it in the appropriate place, the trash. And should anyone reading this know who the author is, make it clear that the only fact demonstrated by this mean-spirited crap is that the author of the letter is a coward and deserves nothing more than contempt."

While Feist did not identify the flyer's target, Standlee was not reluctant to confront the subject openly. With comparative calm he remarked, "Whoever did this doesn't know Eclecticon all that well... The previous five fan guests of honor have been people who are reasonably well-known in Sacramento convention or media fandom, but not usually elsewhere except maybe the Bay Area." For example, the fan guests of Eclecticon 2 and 3 were hosts of the local *Doctor Who* pledge-breaks; they were not otherwise active in fandom. The con's other fan guests have

been: Bridget McKenna; Terry, head of the *Ladyhawk* fan club and Eclecticon's Handicap Affairs person; and Rhea Stone, husband of the late Sue Stone.

Did the anonymous flyer have any role in the con's cancellation?

According to Standlee, "No, the 'hit piece' didn't have anything to do with the cancellation, as far as the Sacramento Science Fantasy Association is concerned. Actually, the notoriety actually brought us memberships we wouldn't have had otherwise. The economy is weak and a lot of local fans (85+% of the paid attendees) simply have stopped going to any regular science fiction conventions. Alas, Creation shows continue to draw them by the thousands." The club has put Eclecticon on hiatus through 1993, since it is thought that ConFrancisco will drain off a lot of local fan energy and money.

1993 WORLDCON CHAIRMAN DIES

Terry Biffel, Chairman of ConFrancisco, the 1993 World Science Fiction Convention, died Wednesday, January 8th, 1992, at 8:15 a.m., after a long battle with cancer.

The con committee announced, "Due to the nature of his long illness, Biffel had made arrangements for this eventuality, and ConFrancisco will be announcing those plans in due course."

Vice Chairman Peggy Rae Pavlat has been handling ConFrancisco's executive role during Biffel's illness. (Ironically, Sasha Miller, the bestknown member of ConFrancisco's bidding committee, was removed from the convention committee by Biffel before he learned of his medical problems.)

WORLDCONS MAKE THE BUSINESS PAGE

The 1990 tidal wave dislocation of ConFrancisco (the 1993 Worldcon) from the Marriott by a Ford sales meeting even made a ripple on the business page. One commentator used the story to illustrate a problem of declining convention business in San Francisco at the very time the

Moscone Convention Center has expanded to twice its original space. The number of conventioners tailed off 6 percent, and of the three downtown hotels big enough to serve as convention headquarters, on the Marriott is a one-block walk from the Center.

Thom Calandra, in the June 9 installment of his "Money Talks" column in the San Francisco *Examiner*, related this version of the story:

"One group of visitors, the 51st World Science Fiction Convention's 8,000 *aficionados*, booked into Moscone for September 1993. They believed their place in the universe was fixed. They had a preliminary pact with Marriott for rooms and function space. Alas, 'The universe has changed,' says Terry Biffel, chairman of the group's ConFrancisco committee. Ford Motor Co. last year usurped the literati with a vast sales conference at the same time. Plunking down a fat deposit, Ford took chunks of meeting space and rooms in that hotel and other. The sci-fi panel, misinformed by its sales rep that Ford *would not* monopolize the Marriott, failed to exercise its right to exclude the automaker.

"It was a gross encounter, the worst kind. 'Ford put its foot in the door. We found ourselves on the street,' says ConFrancisco treasurer David Clark. The Hyatt Regency was an option, but it was too far from the Moscone. 'Our people are intense, hate large distances,' says Clark, promoting the sci-fi stereotype of indoor dweebs. The group is now looking at Hilton, Parc Fifty Five and Le Meridien. But its members' molecules will be scattered around town. The group is still short of banquet rooms for morning/evening functions."

SOMEBODY OUGHT TO KNOW

Scott Dennis, of the legendary *Jane's Fighting Smofs*, thought someone should spread the word found in the May 1991 *Meeting News* that ASCAP, the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers, and BMI, Broadcast Music Inc., have started cracking down on the use of copyright music at meetings. U.S. copyright law requires payment of a licensing fee for playing any copyrighted music at an event.

Worldcons in particular have long since grown large enough to be forced to reckon with all kinds of officialdom. They also frequently play movie and tv theme music for the audience as an overture before the Masquerade or Hugo ceremonies. Scott Dennis foresees a day when ASCAP and BMI will want their pound of flesh.

Complying with the licensing fee rules is not all that difficult, but like anything else requires advance planning. The nearest ASCAP or BMI office can supply forms for listing event dates, schedules, and attendance counts, to accompany the remittance. For recorded music use, the rate is 4.5 cents per attendee. ("So if you play 1,000 songs for a meeting of 10, it'll cost 45 cents. If you play just one song for 10,000 delegates, it will cost \$450.") A separate fee schedule applies to live music.

BMI requires licensees to pay a minimum of \$150 per year if any music is performed at one or more events. The maximum fee for both groups is \$4,000 per event. The toll-free phone numbers for questions are: BMI (800) 669-4264, and ASCAP (800) 627-9805.

ASCAP recently won a swift victory in its first lawsuit over copyright infringement at the Marin Home Show. The defendant paid a settlement for its unauthorized live performance of four songs at its 1990 show.

RED INK FLOWS IN THE HUMBOLDT CURRENT

The average attendee of this summer's Vancouver Westercon thinks of it as a pleasure-shrouded memory, if at all, but for many conrunning fans in British Columbia it is a living nightmare. Westercon ended \$11,500 in the red, and over \$6,000 remains to be paid.

In August, *BCSFazine* editor Graeme Cameron wrote, "Some people blame Terry [Fowler] for everything — never mind she pushed herself to the point of collapse to get things done — and she, meanwhile, is furious with those who backed out at critical moments. The history of inter-committee relations, or lack thereof, is not cut and dried (much depends on who is doing the talking), but certainly there is rancour enough for all... There seems to be a split between those who dropped out and those who stuck with it till it was over. And then there are those who have backed off from the whole thing. Ours is not a happy club. This Westercon seems to have blown us out of the water, emotionally anyway. Burn outs flaming down everywhere."

BCSFazine 223 reproduced the November minutes of WCSFCCA, the Canadian tax-exempt corporation responsible for the 1991 Westercon, led by long-time fans like Al Betz, Mike Bailey, Graeme Cameron and Steve Forty. At the corporation's November 12 meeting treasurer Mike Bailey said Westercon owed (in Canadian dollars) about \$11,825.00: composed of the Gage (facilities) bill of \$8,283, a food service bill of \$2,986 and reimbursements to the committee of \$300 for the fan who footed Steve Jackson's airfare, \$86 for registration supplies and \$170 for tv rental.

Since the WCSFCCA started out with a \$5,000 reserve, and raised another \$1,130 at an auction, the group must now raise nearly \$6,000 to finish paying for the party.

Neither Terry Fowler, Westercon chair, nor Jackie Wilson, Westercon treasurer, attended the November meeting.

The minutes also reported that 20 to 30 people paid for copies of the Westercon masquerade tape — which a volunteer agreed to duplicate "if the original could be found!"

CHEESE WITH NO HOLES

Unlike the 1991 Westercon, the 1990 Worldcon in Holland balanced its books. The con took in about \$380,000 of revenue and paid it out in expenses, reported the October *Shards of Babel*. According to Roelof Goudriaan, chairman Kees Van Toorn provided a financial statement for presentation at Chicon V. Van Toorn reported ConFiction will not be able to reimburse memberships for volunteers and others.

Revenue from memberships was \$197,000. The next largest pot of income was a government subsidy of \$70,000, not paid until after the con.

Goudriaan reports ConFiction bidding expenses amounted to more than \$36,000, funded as follows: "Income from presupporters amounted to \$8,700; the rest of bidding expenses coming from sponsorship (\$12,500) and brought-in personal money from bidding committee members (\$15,000.)"

The major convention-running expense of ConFiction was renting the Congress Center. \$167,000. There was also \$37,000 of travel, and \$35,000 of printing. The travel is not explained: was it for guests or all travel in connection with the con?

FANS IN GLASS HOUSES NEVER THROW HAGGIS

Glasgow in '95 bid chairman Vince Docherty's complaint about Chicon V's worker reimbursement policy was circulated on CompuServe by his bidding colleague, Theresa Renner:

"It seems Chicon have found another way of saving money. Today Jacky (?) got a letter from them (postmarked 23rd Oct) saying how grateful they were for all her work. So far so good. It then goes on to say that all helpers are getting a special anthology as a reward (but no refunds). But, since they were available at Chicon, could they write back to say whether they got one there, don't want one or do want one. The reply TO GET TO THE CHICON ADDRESS BY 1st NOVEMBER! And the Scots are accused of being mean!"

Ross Pavlac, one of Chicon's division heads, demurred that the letter was the action of just one division, though he didn't know which one Jacky worked in. He assured, "If you have not yet requested a guest of honor book, you may still do so, as may any other Chicon staff. While I don't recall the board of directors setting a specific deadline, it would be nice to hear from everyone fairly soon."

Pavlac amplified, "Any statement by a Chicon department or division manager that we are not planning on giving out refunds to staffers is simply not true. Funds exist for reimbursements, and we are currently gathering information from all divisions who the various managers feel are eligible for reimbursement. Depending on how quickly the managers get their info to our admin people, we would like (not guarantee) to send out reimbursement cheques by the end of the year."

ANOTHER BID IN THE BARREL

No, you haven't taken a Rip Van Winkle-sized nap and missed the '90s if you're seeing flyers for 1998 Worldcon bids. The Niagara Falls Science Fiction Association, Joe Maraglino chairman, wants to bring the con to the Niagara Falls Convention and Civic Center, with accommodations in the Radisson hotel. A bid flyer boasts these facilities offer a "combined meeting space" of 250,000 square feet, whatever that means. The bid promises, "The end result will be a WorldCON where the fans can have fun again. Where the program isn't limited to four or five tracks. A WorldCON with areal Con Suite...right out of 1964. A WorldCON with a dealers room so big it needs its own Zip code. In short, a fannish dream...NOT a big city nightmare."

While hucksters may withhold their applause, given their chronic grievance about the way huge dealer rooms dilute the sacred huckster-tocustomer ratio, other fans will be fascinated by some of the famous names endorsing the bid: Mike Glicksohn and Bill Bowers. Pre-supports are \$5. Contact NFSFA, P.O. Box 500, Bridge Station, Niagara Falls, NY 14305.

1991 BRITISH EASTERCON

Report by Ian Sorenson

Speculation was the 42nd Annual British Eastercon and was held in Glasgow, formerly Cultural Capital of Europe (1990) and hopefully Worldcon City (1995). Although smaller than recent Eastercons (750 attending), Speculation had a busy atmosphere and enough fans to populate the programme halls and the bar simultaneously. Having nailed the convention's colours to the mast of Programme, the committee endeavored to get people to turn up for the items that we thought deserved an appreciative audience, i.e. all of them. Our success can be judged by the show of hands at the closing ceremonies which revealed that there wasn't anyone who had missed the whole programme (though habitual nonattenders may well have been in the bar at this point...) The biggest success was definitely the Biospherics Module: a series of items looking at closed environments as a way of exploring space and

better understanding ecology. Irving Rappaport, the director of a recent TV documentary about Biosphere 2 in Arizona was there and, drawn by a psychic force, Phil Dawes (the designer of the biosphere) turned up from the States unannounced.

Other popular items included the free drinks party sponsored by some publishers (no surprise there) and an item by popular science writer Dougal Dixon looking at the possibilities of recreating dinosaurs from their genetic remnants. As the aim of the program was to involve the audience it was no surprise that "A Very Cross Section of Fandom", conceived as a forum for airing personal dissatisfaction with "elitist" groups in fandom, quickly generated much voluble argument and hot air, leading to the conclusion that everyone is a minority and that we are all stuck-up, elitist bastards — just some more than others.

During the Saturday night going into Sunday we changes from Greenwich Mean Time to British Summer Time — an event marked by a "Practical Time Travel Workshop" which ran for one hour from 2 a.m. to 4 a.m.

MINICON 26 (March 29-31, 1991)

Report by Jerry Kaufman

Minicon was fun: I've enclosed a copy of the *Live Mainstream* table of contents so you'll get a taste of what you missed. Other strange programming (which we didn't see) included: "Ike at the Mike", a dramatization of a Howard Waldrop story; and "My Dinner With Singer", an item that featured Lunch Guest of Honor Jon Singer and Elise Krueger having dinner and conversation while Victor Raymond served them. Dinner included a package of teriyaki crickets that had been auctioned at Janecon a few weeks before for the Farber Fire Fund.

(Has anyone told you about Janecon or the Fire Fund? Janecon was Jane Hawkins' birthday celebration, itself inspired by Elise Krueger's Birthdaycon held over Labor Day weekend in 1990, at which Jane and Luke McGuff got married in a surprise service at Opening Ceremonies. Jane kept telling us not to miss Opening Ceremonies, and telling us, and telling us. The Farber Fire Fund sprung up to help Gary Farber after a disastrous apartment fire, starting on the floor below his, wiped out most of his possessions. We raised about \$700.)

That auction inspired another Minicon event, the Elise Eyes and Ears Auction. (Why does this woman's name pop up so often in Mpls-Stplrelated news?) Elise has steadily deteriorating hearing, so an auction was arranged to help her pay for new and terribly expensive hearing aids. Running from midnight Saturday to 3 a.m., it raised more than \$3,100, enough to buy the hearing aids and have lots left over. So there will be a Hearing Aids Fan Fund.

As for the controversy you reported, the subject of Whither Minicon was on everyone's lips. As far as we could see, the "no alcohol" policy worked, on the whole. The con was smaller than projected, there were still plenty of young fans in evidence, there were plenty of old guard (though not apparently all, there were some boycotting), and many parties had beer or spirits. In fact, the Glasgow in '95 party had single malt scotches and the X-con party had something called Blue Death. And we had a very good time.

fan mail

EARLY RETURNS FROM CHICON V

JIM YOUNG: On to other "stuff", like rocks and roses for Chicon V.

ROCKS to the concom for setting up autographing in the smoking section of the consuite. Even Dr. Poumelle was forced into retreat (could it have been my cigar?) But ROSES to the nonsmoking pros and fans who put up with it.

Speaking of the consuite, ROSES to them for having the official bheer be from that microbrewery. Eghad, Baderbrau is ghod-awful ghood bheer.

Speaking of bheer (don't you like the way one thing leads to another?) ROCKS to the Canadians for leaving the Moosehead at home. Labatt's and Molson are fine, but Moosehead should be declared a national treasure. Wait a minute, maybe it was US Customs, afraid that too much Moosehead would be bad for the US bheer industry, that wouldn't let them bring it. Okay, no ROCKS for the Canadians — but they better have Moosehead in Winnipeg.

Speaking of party supplies, ROSES to the Glasgow crew for not only having scotch, but also for having some Bushmill's Irish whiskey. It is smoooooth!

What can be said about the newzine (that hasn't already been said?) ROCKS to their adherence to the publishing schedule. ROSES to their last issue (dubbed version 6.1 by Don McLaurine) and to their thanking the Cleveland Indians for vacating the hotel and freeing up the rooms. The Indians need as many good thoughts as possible, and then some.

ROSES to all responsible for the seating at the Hugos and masquerade (especially the Electrical Eggs.) That went about as well as something like that could.

For me the mark of a good con is whether or not, when I leave, I want to go to more cons than usual (the last worldcon I actually attended was ConStellation — nuff said.) Chicon was a good con.

JULIE WASHINGTON: For several years, fans at Worldcons have enjoyed the Portrait Gallery, hundreds of photographs of SF professionals taken by fan and professional photographer Christine Valada. Since its inception at Noreascon Three, the Gallery has grown in size and importance as Christine has traveled the country to photograph authors for her insightful portraits. The Gallery now numbers nearly 300 photographs.

While interviewing Christine about her work for an upcoming feature in *Cleveland Ansible*, I was surprised to learn that funding for her work has largely come out of her own pocket. This includes travel to convention and other cities, as well as photographic expenses.

I propose that a grant from some surplus convention account be awarded to Christine to ensure that her work continues. In addition to its artistic merits, the Gallery also has historical value, since it captured on film masters of the field who have since passed away. She plans to exhibit the Gallery at Orlando, San Francisco and Winnipeg.

I'm sure the cynical among us will argue that Christine is already profiting from her work, at least in terms of promotion if nothing else. And it is true that some of her work has been used on book jackets, and that other spinoff recompense may come her way in the future.

Yet I believe that her work is of such vital importance to the historical documentation of the genre that it should be supported by the fans. We give money to TAFF, DUFF and other worthy causes — why not contribute something that will preserve SF's legacy for the future?



I'm leaving the details up to people who know more about this kind of thing than I do. After all, you're the SMOFs, not me. But perhaps if any worldcon or regional con has had the bad taste to (gasp!) make a profit, and the concom is looking for worthy causes to donate money to, Christine's portrait gallery could be considered.

THE VANCOUVER WESTERCON

KEVIN STANDLEE: It's a pleasure to see *File 770* out of hibernation. I'm writing to clarify one particular point in John Hertz' report on Westercon 44 in Vancouver, which I generally enjoyed.

As you know, I for the most part ran the site-selection and the bid/con tables. (Not that this was the plan, mind you; I simply ended up doing it when I arrived, when Garth Spencer, who was nominally in charge, was unable to get time off from his job for the first two days of the convention and left it to me.) On the first morning of the Westercon 44, I came up to the bid/con tables area and, along with Gary Louie, attempted to divvy up the tables in an equitable manner. Based on my own experiences bidding, I don't like putting bids for the same year adjacent to each other, nor did I want to arrange the two Westercon bidders in a fashion that appeared to favor them from the start. Complicating this was the fact that there were quite a few more groups than there were tables. We handed out a half-table to everyone; including some late arrivals, there were some three-to-a-table allocations, although that was generally by mutual consent when the third person didn't want to sit at one of the isolated back tables.

As luck would have it, the group who was given the other half of Seattle's table never showed; Seattle showed up with a big display and loads of material, enough to cover their whole table. I was aware that they were taking more than their share of space, but felt that the best I could do would be to try and find the same amount of space for Santa Clara if they wanted it.

Until the last day of the election, Santa Clara didn't even bother to staff their bid table! I repeatedly asked Terry Berry, David Berry, and Tom Stern if they planned on using their space, but they kept telling me that they didn't have enough people there to do so. I took them at their word.

As a result of Santa Clara not being at their allocated space, the bids flanking it (Glasgow and Atlanta) started spreading out. I didn't stop this, nor did I see any reason to do so. Santa Clara was, apparently to me, forfeiting their space as had the group that was slated to share with Seattle.

On the last day of the election, Santa Clara insisting on having a full table with prominent placement. I told them that now was a fine time to get around to this, but managed to get them their space. I'd like to thank the LA in '96 bid and the folks handing out ConFiction program books for letting me move them to a less-desirable space.

In short: Santa Clara, when they actually showed up to staff their table, got as much space and as prominent a placement as Seattle did. When they weren't there, I saw no need to keep a table in a busy and heavily-in-demand area vacant. It was the bids responsibilities to staff their tables, not mine to somehow "handicap" one of the bids because the other one didn't staff theirs. I tried to explain this at the gripe session, but since I was in a hurry to catch my flight back to California (as you know), my explanation may have been unclear. I hope this helps.

JERRY KAUFMAN: Re: John Hertz' report on Westercon and the live *Mainstream*, Taral and Craig Smith also contributed art. We hope to have *Mainstream 14* out by year's end with "Live Mainstream" material from both Westercon and Minicon. Hertz' report was congenial and fun to read, as was your ConFiction report. Now it's time for your Chicon report!

ALTERNATE FANHISTORY, AND THE HISTORY OF ALTERNATE FANDOMS

HARRY WARNER, JR: I've been [spending] a lot of time fiddling with the new edition of *A Wealth of Fable*. But fortunately, my obligations seem to be just about wound up and Dick Lynch will have the headaches from now on. We've been making corrections, updatings, some additions and a few regrettable subtractions. One of the best anecdotes in the original mimeographed edition had to go because the fan from whom it emanated has since admitted he made it up out of the whole cloth. On the other hand, I've finally solved one mystery that baffled me in the first edition, the identity of the fanzine editor who created the tradition of sending fanzines free in return for locs.

That was a splendid obituary for Rick Sneary from Len Moffatt. Len might have added that they shared a membership in the same small apa continuously for more than thirty years, and only a good guy like Rick could withstand all that constant exposure without warts and flaws in character or behavior becoming evident. You've probably been told repeatedly by other fans already that Don Thompson died in mid-December, not in January.

Our worldcon could have taken a different action when another worldcon appeared. Simply forward all the bills incurred by our worldcon to the Association of Energy Engineers and advise the mundane group that they can assume the fiscal obligations along with the name.

DELPHYNE JOAN WOODS: I may be a bit of a First Fandom basher, but I cannot believe that a worldcon committee regards First Fandom presentations as inappropriate for the Hugo ceremonies. It's like kicking the Old Man off the family estate (established by the Old Man himself) because he's "just an old fart and in the way anyway."

It has been many years now since my first convention, a worldcon, but the splendidorous MidAmeriCon Hugo ceremonies, resplendent with its general rude foolishness, its "booing" of (gasp!) Robert Heinlein, its classic rendition of "lecherous toastmaster-ship" by Wilson R. ("Bob") Tucker, and its incomprehensible blur of

multiple awards reverberate in my holographic memory. As a first impression it was ideal. One thereby becomes more aware of the multifaceted psychoses of fandom — quite a useful revelation for a neo.

Ah well, it is true that "modern" worldcons run by these reckless whippersnappers (heedless of the sanctity of the trust with which they are charged) are done so burdened with the responsibility of a larger mass of human (?) flesh with which to deal. TIME, therefore, has become the overwhelming logistical essence. This sad state supports my personal contention that anyone under the age of 30 is not to be trusted, and should be barred from all fannish activities (except as sexual slaves, of course.) Also, no science fiction convention with a membership greater than 250 is worth the price of admission — bar none (except, of course, if I am fan artist guest of honor...)

CONFICTION REPORT

IAN SORENSEN: I've been in fandom exactly ten years and the only Worldcon I'd been to before ConFiction was Conspiracy in Brighton, 1987. As I was on the committee for that one, I didn't get any time to socialize, so missed out on the opportunity to chat to all the fans, mostly American, with whom I've traded zines over the years. I was looking forward to this in Holland where I had a light schedule of program appearances and a little conrunning. Imagine my disappointment when I discover there are only three fanzines being distributed at the con, and only one of them in English! Where were the Bob Lichtmans, the Neilsen Haydens, and the Jeanne Gomolls of my youth? OK, so I didn't have a new zine out for the con, but, heck, I've got work to do in the real world and have to be "on the sick" to attend the worldcon — fannish legends from the zines get paid to do zines, don't they?

I'm a conrunner at heart, but I like to know what's going on in the rest of fandom and felt cheated by a worldcon where news was available mostly by word of mouth. Thank heaven for the con newsletter — without it I might have forgotten how to read over the long weekend.

In terms of atmosphere ConFiction was like a British Eastercon to me, and that was a good thing, I suppose. It lacked the surprise and buzz of a really big con and I hope that if the worldcon comes to

Scotland in 1995 then all the Americans who stayed home this year will come over, suitcases bulging with fanzines, and give me the worldcon experience I've so far missed. Please!

ALLYSON M. W. DYAR: I loved the convention report in *File 770:89* and wished I had the talent to write such interesting con reports. I really tried to keep a diary this time when I went to England but I just can't train myself to write down every little bit. During Fanderson '91 (the convention for the fans of Gerry Anderson) in England we made an audio tape for a blind friend and had a really wonderful time doing so. I was thinking that perhaps I need to keep an audio diary for conventions.

I was very touched by Joe Haldeman's comment about fans not criticizing him for being a soldier. This is the essence of what fandom means to me, having friends that may not agree with me and what I do 100% but we can remain friends.

JAY KAY KLEIN: I enjoyed, sort of, your Dutch con report. Your Dutch report included a report on my Noreascon "private" report. It took me about 5 minutes to recover, and start laughing.

LLOYD PENNEY: I guess we're all spoiled rotten, by being used to the expansive and expensive hotel that offers a myriad of services and little touches. The Bel Air [in The Hague] was reported to be a typical Dutch 4star hotel, we took it as such, and while there were a few small surprises, not all unpleasant, we moved in and felt reasonably comfortable. We made a few trips to the shopping area west of the hotel to stock up on mineral wafers and broodjes, but otherwise we ate well, with the great breakfasts. A few tourists made loud noises about things not being as they were at home, but we gave the staff knowing looks. They were a little cold, but very efficient, and were ready to smile once you smiled first.

I talked to some American fans at ConFiction about various people I expected to see there. I got the feeling some fans didn't want to go to the Worldcon because it was in Holland. Certainly, it took some extra savings to be able to go, but there was, to me, the inkling of anti-non-American feelings in this case. I hope I'm wrong.

[[Clearly I'm not the guy to talk to. When I was bidding for LA in '90 I met hundreds of Americans who said they couldn't wait for the chance to visit a worldcon in an exciting, unfamiliar, overseas venue!]]

Andy Porter's vitriolic remarks about fandom and its contacts with prodrom at ConFiction nearly matched his ungracious acceptance of a special convention award at Chicon V, and his bitterness at not getting a Hugo. I saw the awards on television while preparing a room party, and the whole room jeered at his sour remarks.

ALLAN D. BURROWS: I must say it's about time you reported on ConFiction! I couldn't make it myself and received only relatively sketchy reports from friends. One filkzine I receive mentioned that they had a bit of con friction over the room assigned to a filk panel. Apparently one filthy pro in particular thought it was assigned to "World SF". (Whatever that is) and He is Never Wrong (unless you fancy losing some teeth.) Fist the Mighty allowed himself to be persuaded to accept mollification, however. The rest of the annual caterwaul went off with few hitches. Other than this, however, I knew little of Holland's efforts until you came along.

And may I say that your report lives up to its previous efforts. I've always been impressed with your worldcon reports, and this one is no different. It almost felt as if I was there with you, reliving the Dutch Worldcon (quite a trick since I couldn't afford to go.) Your prose is both clear and vivid, only slightly dented by the occasional typo. Congratulations, sir! (There, ego boosted enough? Fine, then.)

MERCENARY CONVENTIONS

LLOYD PENNEY: The questions George Jumper brought up on professionally run Worldcons are being asked now by media fans about the gatherings (I hesitate to call them cons) produced by Creation Conventions of Minneola, New York. We all know about them, we've all seen the flyers, some of us may even have been to one or two, and I know that none of us would run a convention the way Creation runs their gatherings.

The weekend event Creation advertises is really two one-day cons, side-by-side, with the Saturday programming nearly identical with the Sunday programming. Not quite identical, but different enough to ensure that some people will actually pay the double price to go both days. Exorbitant prices are charged to see a Star Trek actor for 15 minutes, and have the opportunity to purchase cheap Trek junk at even more exorbitant prices. Not my way to spend a Saturday.

The professional way Creation runs these events means they are impersonal, pushy, condescending to everyone involved (including the Trek actors), and they have no social aspect whatsoever. They are merely expensive chances to spend even more money. Some years of these Creation-Cons building up their income base at the expense of fans has meant that the fans now stay away, and allow the casual, starstruck Trek watcher to fill Creation's pockets with cash. Now Creation has made the Trek fans mad by attempting to sign some of the actors to contracts that mean they will attend CreationCons exclusively, thereby shutting out any fan-run conventions. Creation doesn't care, though. They continue to line their pockets, and have now expanded all throughout Canada, and into the United Kingdom.

SF conrunners have a lesson to learn here: If you want the convention run the way you want, run it yourself. Don't let the professionals in to produce it the way no one likes.

ALCOHOL AND CONVENTIONS

Paul E. Jamison: It all boils down to the old battle of security versus freedom. You can ultimately have one or another — not both. Do we attend a con, secure in knowing we won't be hassled by drunks and fuggheads, or do we have fun? It's a delicate balance.

Erwin S. "Filthy Pierre" Strauss: I think Franz Zrilich has gone a little over the top in his arguments about alcohol, and high convention fees. I know few people who take three days off work to go to an average con, nor do they live at an expense-account level while there. Most attendees at local cons — and certainly most people just getting into fandom — are day trippers, for whom membership is the main fixed cost involved in congoing. Recruiting through tie-ins to press tours is all very well, but the reality is that cons are the main source of new blood in fandom these days.

On the alcohol issue, if we lived our lives on the basis of what an aggressive lawyer could do in the worst case, we'd die of boredom. At one extreme, after the "Boskone From Hell" in 1987, NESFA obviously had to do something about alcohol — and, in 20/20 hindsight, something clearly should have been done sooner. But at the other end, a dry Midwestcon would hardly be a Midwestcon at all; and attendance there is small, and mainly older people, so alcohol just isn't a significant problem for them, anyway.

Press relations are another area where circumstances must drive policy. A new con looking to grow, and draw members into a local club, may choose to aggressively court the press. A stable, mature con like Midwestcon might want to actively discourage local publicity. For a specialize con, like Corflu, press coverage might be simply irrelevant: fanzine fans will hear about it in the zines, and others won't find anything to attract them.

As the Boston people learned out of their post-1987 problems (the Incredible Shrinking Boskones, now barely one-fifth the size of their 1987 peak), draconian measures adopted in panic only replace one crisis with another. What's needed is less bombast, and more pragmatic adjustments based on specific situations.

[[Do you think "draconian measures adopted in panic" are as much to do with the declining trend of Boskone membership as the fact that a smaller convention is an inadequate canvas for the conrunning artists of NESFA to display their talents to good effect?]]

Franz Zrilich: I have Mr. Strauss' letter. Actually, I tend to agree with him. Ideally, each convention committee should express a large degree of custom-tailored discretion in terms of conforming to the local laws and their enforcement when it comes to minors, alcohol, and advertising. The problem is that ability to exercise proper discretion is uneven. Therefore when combined with sheer random bad luck, we should require a more realistic, uniform, and high level of adherence to a dry, majoritarian and discrete convention policy, with only carefully thought-out deviations backed up by proper counsel.

My point of view stems from two elements in my background. Firstly, I am paid by clients to visualize the worst possible things that can go wrong in their businesses, and give them specific advice on how to both avoid things going wrong and to minimize the damage. Secondly, I have been peripherally involved in scandals at a number of major universities involving sex, drugs, alcohol, hazing and cheating. It is amazing beyond belief to see how seemingly simple incidents rapidly get ballooned out of control of the instructor, coach, Dean and Fraternity Advisor, and into the front pages of the *New York Times* and a federal courtroom. Consequently, I have become an advocate of being safer than somier.

Erwin S. Strauss: On the alcohol issue there are a number of factors to be considered. Does the convention have a track record, or is there a record of conventions similarly situated (in terms of time year, place, theme, etc.)? Is it in the heart of a big city, the suburbs, or well out in the countryside? Is the theme of the convention likely to attract a younger, rowdier crowd (e.g., gaming), or an older, more sedate one (literary SF)?

There's also the question of the format in which alcohol is served. Strictly soft drinks, beer also, or hard liquor as well? Is it to be served in the con suite, or only in room parties, or not at all? Then there's always the cash-bar option, making direct liability the hotel's problem, leaving only the nuisance of associated rowdiness.

All of these variables leave me reluctant to make a flat recommendation of an alcohol policy.

On the financial impact of congoing, I too have done some of the things you describe, like rearranging my schedule to clear the day before or after a con. But we are hardcore aficionados. The issue is the people at the margin: people new to fandom, or others for whom the decision to attend or not is a close one. Also, there's a difference between such rearrangement, and what you were talking about, which latter was actually forgoing income altogether. You and your friends may do that, but I know of few others who do (except maybe around Worldcon.)

THE HELGA FILE

BRIAN EARL BROWN: Helga Trautwetter seems to be giving Lloyd Penney the raspberry but I don't know why. I like to think of the people I've traded fanzines with or exchanged letters of comment as my friends even though I might know little about them. Certainly I feel closer to them than I do the people who work with me who so often have no interest in the things I admire. In any case, mailing an international Christmas cards is not the casual thing Ms. Trautwetter implies. One does not pay \$1.50 for a card and another \$1+ for postage to send greetings to some vague acquaintance. Lloyd's mantle full of international Christmas cards indeed represents a list of people from around the world who consider him worth the effort. That's as real a measure of friendship as any.

[[I don't think anyone could have proved Helga's case more convincingly...!]]

MICHAEL W. WAITE: Regarding female nudity in the pages of *File 770* (or anywhere else) I offer the following observation of Gustave Flaubert:

"A nude woman is not immodest; a hand that hides, a veil that covers, a fold that is made — those are immodest."

I *do not* support censorship. I *do* support Ms. Trautwetter's right to express her opinion. I applaud her letter, as it gave me an opportunity to rebut (no pun intended.)

THE PAVLAC COLUMN

HARRY WARNER JR: It's mostly theoretical information to a non-congoer like me, but I still enjoyed what Ross Pavlac wrote about running cons. I think the membership badge identification problems could be solved quite easily by moving the location of the name of the individual wearing the badge. Reserve the badge for the purpose of proving the wearer has the right to be in the convention. Put the name on an adhesive strip on the lower part of his or her forehead, in letters large enough to be read from a distance of six or eight feet. That way, anyone could come up to someone else in the lobby, look him right in the eye, and greet him by name. The greeter would have no way of knowing that the greeter hadn't known who he was until looking at the name above the eyes, and this would improve the greeter's egoboo supply considerably because he would imagine he's famous enough to be recognized on sight.

ALLAN D. BURROWS: I can't agree with Ross Pavlac about the purpose of convention name badges. Not that I've run any conventions, but I've been to a couple of Smofcons and a bunch of concom meetings and two things impressed me. First, yes, con badges should tell the members who they're talking to. Equally, however, they should help security control access. Con badges should be difficult to forge. Forget about impossible: if it could be done the national mint would [make money] that way.

Making it as difficult as one practically can makes sense, however, especially if the concom has enemies or other trouble-makers in the city.

A string of gadgets printed across the bottom of the badge also makes it easier to tell who should or shouldn't be going where. A gadget that can be overstruck for members under the legal drinking age tells anyone tending bar who'll get them into trouble if they serve, for instance. Another could proclaim a member as not handicapped unless magic-markered over thus barring them from Electrical Eggs areas. This does not excuse poorly designed badges, however, but neither does it mean they have to be plain, white squares! I think Mr. Pavlac overstated his case just a bit.

IS THERE A FREE LUNCH FOR JOURNALISTS?

HARRY WARNER JR: I don't know how the generality of journalists feel about it, but after my first few years as a journalist, I decided for myself I wasn't going to accept any more food or drink from any organization or individual involved in the story I was covering. I kept that self-imposed rule throughout the remainder of my career, and I also refused to accept offers to pick me up at the office and provide transportation to the site of the news event.

I can't see any difference between a reporter eating a \$10 meal without charge at a news-producing banquet and accepting a \$10 bill from someone involved in the event; there's a certain sense of obligation for any favor, whether it's monetary or otherwise.

