

FILE 770



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Luxurious desktop publishing designs are provided by Irene Danziger. ("Text changes be costing extra.")

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LITTLE KNOWN FACTS OF SCIENCE

In the July *Interphase*, Pearl Stickler revealed some of the in-jokes inserted by the production crew into episodes of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Examples of what you may have missed include:

"Unknown." In this episode Dr. Crusher prescribes the active ingredient for SuperGlue.

"The Naked Now." During the scan of records, we see a parrot wearing a Starfleet shirt, complete with insignia, an obvious reference to Gene Roddenberry, the Great Bird of the Galaxy. This same scene also appears in "Conspiracy."

"The Neutral Zone." On the family tree of Clare Raymond, which is recalled by Troi, there are reference to various shows, including W. Hartnell m. P. Troughton, J. Pertwee m. T. Baker, and P. Davison m. C. Baker (all of whom are actors who played Doctor Who), and J-L Picard m. W. Riker. Other reference are made to *Gilligan's Island* and *M*A*S*H*.

"The Measure of a Man." When Riker is showing off Data's arm to the JAG representative, there is a pad on her desk which lists Data's parts, including "Nausican Valve" and "Totoro Interface". Also it is noted that part of Data's construction is made out of something called "Yurium." These are all references to a Japanese animation called "Dirty Pair."

"Contagion." The Iconian artifact has various markings on it, including several reference to "Dirty Pair". They also mention another Galaxy-class starship named the Yamato. This was

the flagship of the Japanese fleet in World War II and was resurrected for the animated program "Starship Yamato" (better known as "Starblazers" in the U.S.)

"Up the Long Ladder." When Picard is looking at the list of ships trying to find the Mariposa, another ship listed is the Buckaroo Banzai captained by John Whorfin and built by the company that the red Lectroids had named Yoyodyne.

"Hollow Pursuits." The anti-grav units contain a flux capacitor. Nothing big, until you consider that the flux capacitor was an essential part of the DeLorean/time-machine in *Back To The Future*.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Michael Wallis, 100 El Camino Real W. #56, Mountain View CA 94040

Lucy Huntzinger, 2305 Bernard Ave., Nashville TN 37212

Greg Pickersgill, 3 Bethany Row, Narberth Road, Haverfordwest, Dyfed, Wales SA61 2XG United Kingdom

Lt. Col. Harry Hopkins, PSC 450 Box 421, APO AP 96206-0421

Taral Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave. #211, Toronto ONT M6K 1S6 Canada.

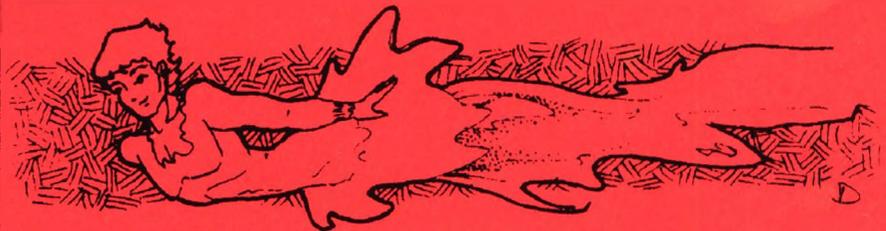
Taral Wayne adds, "From my cozy Willowdale womb of a basement I have been thrust by a schooling of hard knocks into the cruel world. And it's not all that bad. I've gone up in the world. Twenty-one floors as a matter of fact, to overlook the west end of the city, far out over distant satellite suburbs, to the outer reaches of the Niagara peninsula and the far shore of New York State. I do not kid. The perspective is magnificent."

Art Credits

Taral Wayne	1c
Diana Harlan Stein	2
Peggy Ranson	4, 6
Jim McLeod	7
Ian Gunn	9
Sheryl Birkhead	11
Alexis Gilliland	12
April Lee	14, 21
Brad Foster	17
Bill Rotsler	20
Steven Fox	bc

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ROTSLER, ELLISON, NIVEN MEDICAL PROBLEMS

The summer of 1992 has been hard on science fiction writers in the Los Angeles area. In early August, Bill Rotsler had not been heard from in days. Len Wein went over and knocked on his door until Rotsler answered, and upon learning Rotsler had been in something like a diabetic coma Wein delivered him to the hospital. Then after being admitted to the hospital Rotsler suffered a heart attack. He's now recovering at Paul and Neola Turner's home.

Harlan Ellison underwent angioplasty on June 26, a cardiac procedure to correct a 90% blockage of his coronary artery. After enduring episodes of chest pain, Ellison, 58, submitted to an angiogram at Cedars-Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles. An angiogram is performed by catheterizing in a major blood vessel near the groin and inserting a probe into the vessel.

In a recent phone conversation, Ellison quoted his physician as saying he had discovered arterial blockage and a fresh blood clot that was "about to close you down." Harlan is recovering well.

"We almost lost Larry Niven last night," announced Jerry Pournelle at a recent LASFS meeting and immediately achieved a petrified silence. Larry Niven spent three days in the hospital after losing three pints of blood from stomach ulcers triggered by an allergic reaction to Advil. Niven explained in *Locus* he was taking Advil on doctor's advice to relieve pain from gout. The result was seven ulcers, one involving a blood vessel. Niven was back at LASFS the following Thursday and received an ovation, but he was not well enough to attend DragonCon in Atlanta, held two days after, where he was to have been a guest of honor.

PORTLAND FAN HAS BYPASS SURGERY

The summer has also been rough on Debbie Cross, co-founder of the Portland Science Fiction Society, who suffered a heart attack on July 9. An angioscope revealed a blocked artery on the left side of her heart and she underwent a bypass operation on July 14. She's back at home and said to be doing fine now.

FANDOM DIRECTORY GETS NEW ADDRESS

Harry Hopkins, whose *Fandom Directory* has matured into a carefully-edited, indispensable research tool for every variety of fan, must turn over the reins to another publisher for two years. Lt. Col. Hopkins has been reassigned to

Korea for 24 months by the U.S. Air Force. Harry, wife Mariane, and their girls are already on their way as you read this.

Wrote Hopkins, "One of the hazards of running a small business while still being a member of the US Air Force is that at any time they may decide to send you on an overseas assignment which will take away your ability to do business. ...But since hundreds of customers have come to rely heavily upon our fan network lists, we cannot just let things drop for the two years we'll be in Seoul. So we are turning over the complete files of FANDATA Computer Service to Bill Cole of Bill Cole Enterprises, Inc. He has the ability to continue to service your mailing list needs..."

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN ED GREEN RECALLS LOS ANGELES RIOTS

Sgt. Ed Green wrote the following letter correcting and augmenting last issue's report about his description of National Guard duty during the LA riots. In his spare time, Ed is President of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society:

I feel that I have "arrived" in science fiction fandom! I was finally mentioned in *File 770*! When do we get the great smoking debate report?

However, I would like to amend some items in your report on my activities during the riots. The first is that I'm assigned to a National Guard Armory in Van Nuys, not South Central LA. Some of our troops did patrol the streets in Inglewood. And because of that I ended up spending several nights in that community, making sure the troops were getting any administrative (pay usually the most important problem) resolved.

Although I found myself talking to a lot of civilian employers and explaining to them that "GI Joe was on duty, and no he couldn't come back to work right now, and please don't threaten to fire the poor kid, because it's really not fair to the soldier and besides which the Pentagon has tons of lawyers who would be more than happy to explain to you the Federal laws that prohibit you from firing him, and if you do it, it could cost you \$10,000 in fines and yes, \$10,000, yes that's in US dollars. I'll be sure to tell him to take all the time he needs, and thanks for the support."

The shooting mentioned did take place near the Van Nuys armory, and it led to several nights of very high levels of stress. I remember talking to one of the younger troops,

reassuring him that being scared didn't make him crazy. I did manage to work in a joke about preserving the purity of our natural bodily fluids, but alas the modern generation has never heard of General Ripper.

One of the oddest moments for me was when the supply folks handed me eighty rounds of rifle ammunition. As I was loading the magazines the reality of what I was doing hit home. Even after watching the city burn for twenty hours previously, and being in on all the battalion staff meetings where I learned as much as any of us knew (and little that was) I was still croggled that I had bullets for possible use in LA!

The streets of South Central LA were probably the most disturbing sight for me. Everywhere I went, I saw National Guard personnel manning roadblocks and checkpoints. Dozens of burnt out businesses lined the avenues, with a surprising number that weren't torched displaying hand-lettered signs reading "Black Owned Business."

The sight which filled me with so many different feelings was the armed guards around the Public Library building in the city of Inglewood: Glad that the city police decided to put troops there; Horrified that it might be necessary to *have* armed soldiers there. It turned out to be a very popular posting. About three store fronts down from the library was a topless bar, and the troops always managed to be near the vicinity when it was "shift change". Oh, the bar stayed open every night, including the first two nights of the most violent rioting.

Finally, the movie we got to see was *Split Second*, not *Criss-Cross*! Although the troops seemed lukewarm to the film, when Rutger Hauer showed up most of the troops were very complimentary to Mr. Hauer and liked his performance. They also enjoyed the way things exploded, and *loved* the scene with the stripper in the leather bar. (Hey, these guys know what's important in life.)

And Rutger Hauer deserves a real pat on the back. The troops not billeted in the Sports Arena in LA missed most of the morale visits from the "stars", so this was a big boost. Hauer is a very interesting man in person, very soft-spoken and gentle. (Almost fannish in his interest about how things work.) I had the pleasure of driving him around for the better part of an afternoon, and even got some interesting tidbits about scenes that were shot but never used in the film *Bladerunner*.

And thanks to you for giving me a peek at what the rest of LA fandom was up to while I was busy. Wish I'd been there...

HARDCOVER WEALTH OF FABLE RELEASED

Harry Warner's fanhistory of the 1950's, *Wealth of Fable*, is now available in a hardback edition of nearly 400 pages. Editor Dick Lynch has added a 46-page index and corralled 225 period photographs. The project was funded by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests (SCIFI). Copies will be on sale at Magicon for \$25. They may also be ordered from SCIFI at P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys CA 91409. Write for by-mail price.

THAT ABOUT SAYS IT ALL

"The Worst of Science Fiction in TV", originally a newspaper article by Jeff Borden, was recently reprinted in the San Diego clubzine *Interphase*. Borden's Worst 10 is: *Space:1999*, *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, *Galactica 1980*, *The Powers of Matthew Star*, *Battlestar Galactica*, *Lost in Space*, *The Man From Atlantis*, *The Starlost*, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, and *It's About Time*.

What we learn from compiling such lists is that almost *all* the science fiction TV shows ever made are locked in mortal competition to be included.

By the way, the Sci-Fi Channel will premiere on cable September 24. Five shows on Borden's list will be in its program rotation.



WE DON'T MAKE THESE UP

"The Desert Peach is finally a musical," promises a box ad in the July *Westwind*. Donna Barr's satirical stories of General Rommel's gay brother started in comics, been portrayed in masquerades at Northwest conventions, and on November 6 will graduate to musical comedy. Tickets are on sale. Contact: Mystic Fruitcake Company, 1530 NE Liberty, Portland OR 97211. Phone: (503) 285-6788. The debut is two weeks before OryCon — don't take it for granted tickets will be available. (Or that the play will, for that matter!)

TRANS ATLANTIC FAN FUND, HURRAH

On August 1, North American TAFF administrator Jeanne Bowman opened nominations for the Europe-to-ConFrancisco (1993 Worldcon) leg of the fund's reciprocal fannish trips.

Bowman's announcement/TAFF newsletter had a few rough edges needing friendly correction. Although the majority of overseas TAFF winners have been from Great Britain, the fund is open to European fans in general. And prospective delegates must be nominated by two *North American* (rather than United States) fans and three "from over there" as she puts it. Not to be counted as an error when the next TAFF ballot appears is its lack of any place to write-in a vote, says Bowman, a change approved by "international fan honchos".

Bowman declares she is writing a trip report, and that an installment appeared in *Outworlds 61* (contact editor Bill Bowers at P.O. Box 58174, Cincinnati OH 45258-0174.) She even offers future segments to other fanzines. Yes, I would *love* to publish an installment of a TAFF trip in *File 770*. While I have asked in the past, and some TAFF winners have said "Yes", that horse just never did drink!

DOWN UNDER FAN FUND

DUFF winner Roger Weddall will roam the country for six months after attending MagiCon, according to Bowman's newsletter.

Nominations are now open for the North-America-to-Australia leg of the trip, but they will close September 15. Ballots will be out October 1 with a voting deadline of February 1, 1993. Contact North American administrator Art Widner at P.O. Box 677, Gualala CA 95445.

A STEP FARTHER OUT

"Once you're in orbit, you're halfway to anywhere in the Solar System," says Timothy Kyger, quoted by *The Boston Globe* in a July 20 article about the struggle to maintain Congressional funding of reusable Delta Clipper rockets. For the past couple of years Kyger has been a legislative assistant to Rep. Dana Rohrabacher, a California Republican.

IT WALKS! IT TALKS! IT CRAWLS ON ITS BELLY LIKE A SNAKE!

Elst Weinstein warns "APA-H lives again!" The amateur press association for hoaxes and humor has been revived after an eight year hiatus. Good Ol' Doctor Elst (it says here in the press release) attached some electrodes to the last issue and reanimated the apa which had been going since 1970.

Would-be members in APA-H obviously do not need to give their real names, just real addresses where they can receive the quarterly mailings. There are no dues, but there is a minimum activity requirement. Sample back issues of APA-H are available for \$1. The next issue will be in October. Contact Elst at 11850 Mt. Harvard Ct., Alta Loma, CA 91737.

NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION STORY CONTEST

Donald Franson just recently published the results of the 1991 N3F Amateur Short Story Contest: we don't often see news that's later than *File 770's* schedule.

Andrew Mackie, of Providence, RI, claimed the \$25 first prize with "Port City Excursion". Jeffrey Kasten, of Center Square, PA, collected \$15 for placing second with "Palmatozoa". Helen Davis, of Dayton, OH, received \$10 for her third-place story "The Surgeon's Hands." Given honorable mention was an entry by B. J. Thrower, of Tulsa, OK, "The Moon Song Goddess and Her Ultimate, Lonely Hearts Club Band".

The annual contest received 37 entries from 29 contestants. Franson selected 12 semi-finalists for consideration by final judge Jefferson P. Swycaffer.

IRISH CHRISTMAS WITH WALT WILLIS

Sixteen years' worth of Oblique House Christmas cards are reprinted in *A Fan's Christmas In Ireland*, now available from Tom Whitmore, P.O. Box 1169, Berkeley CA 94701-1169 for \$5.00 postpaid.

Beginning in 1951, Walt Willis and the *Slant* crew scripted hilarious fannish conversations and circulated the result as yuletide greetings. The text is now collected in a 42-page photocopied fanzine, introduced by Nancy Atherton and cover art provided by Stu Shiffman.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Janice Coulter and John D. Rateliff married on July 25 in Milwaukee, WI. Each is an active member of the Mythopoeic Society. Rateliff is pursuing some of the work on unpublished J.R.R. Tolkien manuscripts in

which the late Taum Santoski had been assisting Christopher Tolkien.

THE STORE NEXT DOOR

Kent Cordray and Dana Cain have opened Atomic Antiques next door to their bookstore, Science Fiction Plus. It features toys, games, and furniture (what the Beaver would call "stuff and junk") from the 1950's-1970's. Next time you're in Denver, swing by 212 S. Broadway and check out the inventory.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF BSFS CLUBHOUSE

The Baltimore SF Society bought its new clubhouse a year ago, with the help of a hefty mortgage. At a recent meeting the members tried to figure out how much of the building they really owned. Martin Deutsch guessed, "We probably own 40 to 45 percent of the place, if you consider how much we paid in down payment and stuff like that. Now I don't know which half we own —" Other members were quick to guess which half they owned.

"The floor," said Mike Walsh. Thomas McMullen thought, "The half you tore out," while Brian Alexander shouted, "The half with the bathroom." Deutsch agreed, "Tom was right. The half your brother carted to the dump."



CYCLES OF BIRTH AND DEATH

Giani and Robert Whitaker Sirignano became parents on May 1 of Leopolo Giovanni Sirignano Whitaker. The baby weighed 7 lb. 11 oz., ("no shillings", adds Robert.) "He came out right arm wrapped over his left shoulder, causing some tearing and requiring two stitches. He was pushed out at that moment after a 49 hour labor that was moment by moment intense (and in reflection boring: I finished a 300+ page book on US social fads, reading sections out loud to Giani between labor pains.)

"Giani turned a good shade of purple in the last stages of pushing. ...I had a bit of dissociation: I saw the birth and thought, 'Wow! Great special effects. What if it was real?' Anyway, there's the baby, slightly covered with purple slime resting on my wife's belly, squalling bravely, cord cut and gasping. His head was elongated, his squishy skull stretching out of vaginal tightness. 'He's from France,' I thought. I held him for awhile. He cried a show. I looked at the red wrinkled face and told Giani, 'You've given birth to Yoda.' The ears were too small, but the squinty, ugly-looking wrinkled face looked more like Yoda than Winston Churchill. An hour later the effects of being in a tub for 42 weeks eased away and he began to look like Peter Lorre."

Robert concluded, "We took him up to New York three weeks later and showed him off to Giani's mother. Giani's mother died a day after we left, having a heart attack and falling face down into a paperback pile of science fiction and mystery novels. I didn't expect to go and visit again so soon and for such a sad reason..."

MY FRIEND MARTHA

Martha Beck is still on hold in Indiana. She writes, "My father died two days before his 105th [birthday] in April. The day of the funeral Hank, [my] husband, entered the hospital for prostate cancer — surgery came out fine but he hasn't fully recovered yet. Bought a house in Payson, Arizona 'cause the realtor said our house here

[in Indiana] was sold. Came home to find their credit had gone down the drain (almost said toilet) so we now have two houses and can't afford *one!* (The realtor in Payson has rented out our house to a nice couple until September, so that is a great help.)

"Hopefully our house will sell. Many people look — all like — but the ones that really want it (young couples with kids) can't get credit. Missed and will miss many cons this year due to poverty!"

However, you can catch up to Martha at Soonercon in Oklahoma this November, which promises to be a rendezvous for First Fandomites. And friends of Martha: after all, she is a guest of honor!

FIVE-YEAR MISSION

Kevin Standlee swears he saw while driving to the Bay Area from Sacramento a sign announcing that the "USS Simonov NCC 2002/Starfleet Registry" has joined California's adopt-a-highway program, becoming responsible for picking up litter on a two-mile stretch of Interstate 80 near Dixon. ...Beam it up, Scotty? Sounds more like a job for Quark!

EARLY REPORT ON HURRICANE ANDREW

Striking southern Florida, hurricane Andrew bypassed most fans' property. But according to MagiCon chairman Joe Siclari, Bill Wilson and his housemate, Cindy Warmuth lost their rental house and its contents.

They are okay, their home is not. One wall is gone and most of the belongings likely ruined, Wilson's mother told Edie Stern and Joe Siclari by phone. "They went to check the damage yesterday and had a hard time finding their house. The signs are down, and there's so much destruction and chaos that they couldn't find the streets. Finally, they were able to drive through yards and around poles and over cables, and get to the house. Bill had stored some things in plastic bags but they don't know how much was saved"

OBITUARIES

AARON YALOW

Aaron Yalow, father of Ben, died in New York City on August 8, 1992. He was 72. He is survived by his wife, Rosalyn, his daughter Elana, and his son, Ben.

JOE SHUSTER

by Julie Washington (reprinted from *Cleveland Ansible*, August 1992)

Superman creator Joe Shuster, who with Jerry Siegel created an enduring pop culture icon while the two were boyhood pals in Cleveland, died July 30. He was 78, and had been in failing health for some time. He died of congestive heart failure at his home in Los Angeles.

Shuster was born in Toronto and moved to Cleveland as a child, according to the *New York Times*. One hot summer night in 1934, Shuster conceived of a super hero with amazing abilities. The next day he asked his friend Jerry Siegel to draw it. The cartoon strip was rejected repeatedly until Detective Comics, the predecessor to DC Comics, bought it in 1938 for the then-princely sum of \$130. Remember, at this time the comics industry did not exist. It would be born with the publication of *Superman*.

While the creation flourished, the creators did not. When Shuster and Siegel pressed DC for more money they were fired. By the 1970s, both men were broke, due in part to protracted litigation with DC. Finally DC agreed to pay each a pension, which, while better than nothing, was minuscule compared to the millions reaped from Superman comics, licensing, books, tv series, movie serials and more from around the world. In the 1970s alone, Superman sales exceeded \$1 billion according to the *New York Times*.

But at least one Clevelander never forgot Shuster or Siegel. As a child, Tim Gorman revered Superman, his personal hero, protector and friend. As the 50th anniversary of Superman's creation approached, Tim dreamed big. He dreamed of a way for all the Superman fans here and across the country to express their love and admiration for the two men who had created Superman. He dreamed of a party for a few thousand of Superman's closest friends. And he dreamed of a permanent monument in Cleveland to Shuster, Siegel and Superman.

The dream took form as the 1988 International Superman Exposition, a four-day fan fest that took place in the Cleveland Convention Center. It bought about 8,000 fans downtown, many of whom had never experienced fandom before.

Despite repeated urgings, Shuster and Siegel declined to attend. I suppose that after everything that had happened, they were too demoralized to attend a celebration for a creation that had brought them as much pain as pride.

Unfortunately, the Expo would have needed to pull in almost double its attendance to be financially successful. Since its purpose was to raise funds for a permanent Superman

memorial, the event took on an air of failure. To make matters worse, the organizers — some of whom had lost significant amounts of money in the effort — fell to finger-pointing and blame-laying. In just a few days after the Expo the entire organization had unraveled, with the office dismantled, top people unreachable and the rest of us committee workers left to swap questions with few answers.

Personally I maintain that the Superman Expo was one of the best things to happen in Cleveland fandom. First, it was a helluva con. Second, it shook up the previously moribund local fandom. Third, my work on the Superman Expo inspired me to start *Cleveland Ansible*.

But the biggest reason why Cleveland should be proud of the Superman Expo became evident when I learned of Joe Shuster's death. Tim said it lots of times during the months leading up to the Expo. The worst thing that could happen, he said, was for us to let the 50th anniversary pass and do nothing to tell Jerry and Joe how we felt.

They won't be alive much longer, Tim said.

And, of course, he was right, sooner than we'd hoped.



COUNTDOWN TO MAGICON

Not since Craig Miller came home from Noreascon 2 decorated like the Rear Admiral of Zimbabwe has a convention authorized so many ribbons. Magicon has identified 19 ribbon categories from Committee down to "Dave Kyle Says I Can't Sit Here". (I qualify for five....)

There will be incredible doings in the convention center to make its Concourse as memorable as the one at Noreascon 3 (do you notice the way the name Noreascon keeps cropping up in this list of superlatives?) Since these events are rich in imagination, powered by volunteers, and often sponsored by outside clubs and fans, everything is expected to come off as planned, suffering no impact from Magicon's recent effort to balance its books by trimming all departments' budgets a total of \$55,000.

WE'LL HAVE NUNAVUT

On the bill of fare for the WSFS Business Meeting at Magicon is a proposal to amend the definition of North American site selection zones to accommodate the expected division of Canada's Northwest Territories into the tribal areas of Nunavut and Denendah.

This is heady stuff for folks who toyed with the possibility of sending the 1993 Worldcon to Zagreb, now in Croatia. Remember when we used to think the new world order was a form used to subscribe to Michael Moorcock's prozine?

LAST MINUTE SCOUTING REPORT

Ian Sorensen, in *Conrunner 17*, gives a Scottish perspective on the Glasgow in '95 Worldcon bid. "Vince Docherty is quietly confident after receiving a lot of positive feedback from cons in the USA late last year. If the bid committee can maintain their present high US profile then they may get enough punters to vote for them, countering the American conrunners' preference for a more experienced committee. I still think that Winnipeg's success in securing 1994 will count against Glasgow when American fans see the prospect of the Worldcon going out of the USA two years in a row. Meanwhile, in Glasgow, apathy is reaching a fever pitch over the prospect of the bid winning. One of the complaints we had about [the con] Speculation was that we didn't involve the local fans —

though this was a deliberate policy to ensure that the convention had a total different flavour from the old Albacons. A Worldcon should, however, cultivate local fans to provide a reliable workforce: the one thing I'm sure everyone learned from Conspiracy was the need for lots of willing workers!"

Teddy Harvia adds: "An observation on the Glasgow Worldcon bid. A news report just broke that Scotland was contemplating independence from England. It harkens back to the Zagreb bid which preceded the civil war in Yugoslavia. What is it about Worldcon bids that stir nationalistic fervor? Should we worry about the Atlanta bid? Will the South rise again?"

Chris Croughton answered questions on CompuServe about what would be involved in taking artwork for display and sale at Glasgow, if they won the '95 Worldcon. Said Croughton, "I've contacted the Customs people here (and caused much discussion and confusion in the office — I love doing that to government departments. It seems that the best way to bring artwork into the country is via an 'ATA Carnet' (pronounced 'car-nay') which you get from your end [North America]. This lists all the goods that are being brought into the country.

"Anything that you take back with you that is listed on the carnet will not need to pay duty: that means things that are brought over purely for exhibition or that weren't sold. Things that were on the carnet and have been sold *will* attract duty at around 6%, as they have been imported into Britain.

"Note that this applies to original works: something similar applies to copies/prints, but I'm not sure of the exact details."

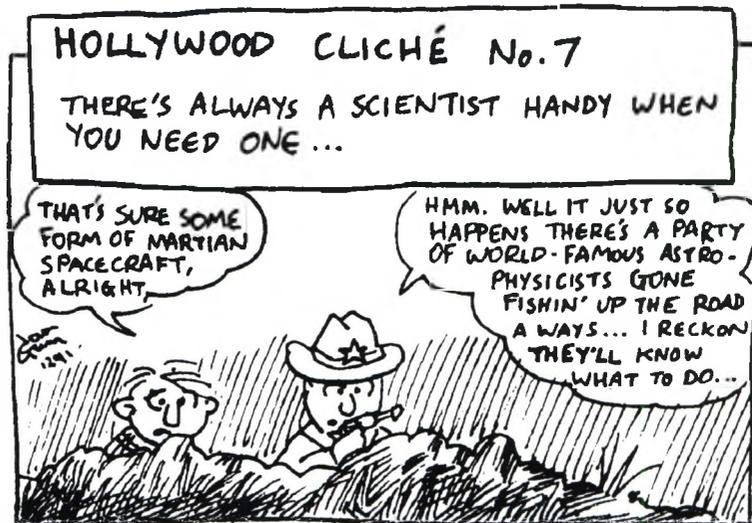
"Of course, anyone bringing art over has to pay freight and insurance — I suspect that the latter would be the larger problem."

ONCE AND FUTURE WORLDCON BIDS

A St. Louis bid has entered the lists for the 1997 Worldcon. The publicity flyer contains no specifics apart from prices for presupporting (\$10) and preopposing memberships (\$15). The contact address is St. Louis in '97 Worldcon Bid, P.O. Box 1058, St. Louis MO 63188-1058. The other announced bidder for 1997 is San Antonio.

convention
reportage

The Boston in '98 bid is gearing up. The NESFA clubzine *Instant Message 514* reported, "Mark Olson brought up a request by MCFI [Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc.] for a short-term loan of \$5,000 to cover a cash-flow crunch in the bidding process (through Magicon) with a two-year maximum pay-back." The motion was passed, with the added note: "In addition to repaying the money as quickly as possible, Noreascon 4 pledges to pass on to NESFA a *pro rata* share of the recriminations, vituperations and gratuitous attacks it receives as part of a successful bid and, one hopes, a successful Worldcon."



PROTECTORS OF THE MARK SAVE THE WORLD(CON)

A rival attempt to register "Worldcon" as a service mark has been successfully resisted by the World Science Fiction Society's Mark Protection Committee. The Association of Energy Engineers (AEE) have abandoned their attempt to register "Worldcon" as a service mark and are now advertising their trade show as "Globalcon". Chairman Donald Eastlake III reports the committee's attorney has been maintaining a watch for several months without any sign of AEE trying to re-activate or refile their registration application.

FIRST FANDOM HALL OF FAME AWARD: WHERE?

Ray Beam's *First Fandom Secretary/Treasurer's Report* for Winter 1992, received by Dave Rike in March, included a sardonic classified ad:

"HELP WANTED. Wanted: Someone who enjoys smiling a lot while having his face stepped on to take over negotiations with Worldcon committees for the Hall of Fame award presentation. No pay, long hours, no reimbursement for phone calls, stamps, travel or antacids."

Beam continued, "Dear Members. First of all, the ad on the first page. I am looking for someone to negotiate with the Worldcon committees each

year. I have been doing it for 10 years and I am tired. I do not intend to attend anymore Worldcons so it would be best to have someone who does attend to insure that the Hall of Fame Award is handled in a proper manner at The Hugo Awards. This means writing letters and knocking heads with amateurs. You will be dealing with a new and non-professional committee each year. We have already established that we will accept no lesser award ceremony than the Hugo. So when they try to shift the award you must stand firm. Be ready to withdraw the Award from the Worldcon. There are several regional cons that have expressed interest in it. These negotiations would also include arrangements for a First Fandom meeting and/or party if one is desired. Anyone that wants a very frustrating job at no pay, please write me as soon as possible. I have not yet started negotiations with Magicon in Orlando and I don't want to do it anymore."

Candidates for the 1992 First Fandom Hall of Fame Award are Nelson Bond, J. Harvey Haggard, Frank Kelly, Art Saha, Don Tuck and Art Widner. A policy question of whether the Hall of Fame Award should be awarded posthumously (currently it is not) is also on the ballot.

First Fandom membership is limited to those fans and pros who can give evidence of fan or pro activity before January 1938, while Associate

member status is open to those who were active before 1960.

Magicon committee materials indicate the Hall of Fame Award will be presented at the Hugo Ceremonies, along with the Big Heart Award and the Seiuns (Japanese Hugos) won by North American pros.

IT'S DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

The debt-ridden Vancouver Westercon of 1991 settled its \$13,000+ facilities bill from the University of British Columbia's Gage Towers and Alma Mater Society for \$6,380. *BCSFAzine 229* also reports that the AMS also terminated impending legal action against former Westercon chair Terry Fowler.

WCSFCCA, the corporation which ran the Vancouver Westercon, still owes individuals \$2,500. Garth Spencer, adding a few details of the negotiations with UBC, wrote, "...Action has been taken to relieve WCSFCCA from the U.B.C./A.M.S. debts. The upshot is that UBC Conference Services gets all WCSFCCA assets (a computer and artshow flats and some audiovisual equipment, to my knowledge), and in future UBC Conference Services will expect all monies paid to them up front. (So I am told by a third party — not by the WCSFCCA president, although I am vice-president. Thus normal BCSFA channels.)"

But Vancouver fandom's resilience was proven by the success of V-Con 19.5 which drew 160 members and — even after augmenting the budget to provide more things at the con — cleared \$500 profit, some earmarked to repay Westercon debt.

TOLKIEN CENTENARY CONFERENCE PROCEEDINGS

The Mythopoeic Society, organized many years ago in Southern California to pursue fannish and scholarly interests in C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, Charles Williams and other writers collectively known as the Inklings, co-sponsored the Tolkien Centenary Conference held at Oxford in August. Together with the British Tolkien Society, senior partner in the venture, they will produce a hardcover Proceedings containing the best of the scholarly papers presented at the conference. While mainly funded by the two sponsors, the project also received a \$500 contribution from SCIFI (the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests).

SOUND BITE

ConNotations, published by Phoenix's Central Arizona SF Society, provides excellent coverage of area club and convention news, sercon features and interviews with sf pros — with its slick layout, the zine could be a country cousin of *Signals*. They'll send it to you free for the asking: contact 2040 East Cypress, Phoenix AZ 85006.

Of course, *ConNotations* is readily told apart from any publisher's zine by its spicy dose of fannish opinions. *Signals* never would write anything to enrage a pussycat like Howard Waldrop to write ordering, "Please take me off your mailing list... Tell your *Sound Off* columnists that if they don't want to be frustrated by a cliffhanger ending by the kinds of people they insist on reading, they should never pick up a book with a number on it. ...Your bitter pal, Howard Waldrop."

Editors Matthew Frederick and Margaret Grady and "Renegade

Editor" Bruce Farr are undeterred (read: delighted) by a hint of controversy. It helps energize a zine loaded with earnest reportage about the whole spectrum of special interests in Phoenix. They turned over the summer 1992 issue's "Sound Off" column to convention runner Eric Hanson for a stemwinding sermon against the rise of vandalism at LepreCons (details follow in the next article.)

Matthew Frederick's editorial echoes those concern and gives an additional warning about the way the rumor-mill generates tales of imaginary problems which get back to the hotel staff and damage relations between them and the committee. Frederick illustrated the point by recalling a widespread rumor that a gun had been pulled on police when they came to investigate events at a party at a con in Scottsdale. In reality, one of the room's occupants told police he had a gun packed in his luggage and if they were going to search the place, not to be alarmed — a warning made strictly for the safety of all concerned. There was no search and the situation ended peacefully, "but through the magic of the rumor mill, the new hotel got word that a gun was pulled."

LEPRECON EVICTED

LepreCon 18, held at the Celebrity Hotel in Phoenix this past March 27-29, drew 300 people to see artist Liz Danforth, hear writer Mike Stackpole, and listen to a concert by Joe Be-thancourt.

Eric Hanson, writing in *ConNotations*, reported the con was enjoyable but something happened to cast a cloud over its future. The Celebrity Hotel refused to have LepreCon back because, "a hotel room was rented for a party, and somebody broke into the room next door to double the size of the party. Both rooms were trashed in such a way as to leave thousands of dollars of damage."

Worries veteran con-runner Hanson, "We are already in danger of losing the privilege of having conventions because of these brigands. To make matters worse, each year we lose the

help of friends who no longer wish to devote precious time and energy to a function that is a hassle. This trend cannot be allowed to continue."

WESTERCON 45: (July 2-5, 1992)

Report by Fred Patten

Westercon 45 was "the same, yet different." It felt like a very successful relaxicon, although it had multiple programming tracks running from 10:00 a.m. until after midnight everyday. The Program Book was attractively designed, yet it generally ignored the Westercon's past history; it did not have the table of past Westercons, or the Westercon By-Laws which are *required* to be published in the program book every year. The By-Laws were printed separately as a hasty addendum and "officially declared" to be part of the Program Book, after complaints were received. The attendance was light; it felt about equal to an average Loscon. This may have been partly due to the competing Anime Expo in San Jose; I know of a few fans who usually attend the Westercon who went to the Anime Expo this year. However, most Japanimation fans are not really sf fans, so I doubt that the Anime Expo was really responsible for luring more than 50 or 100 fans at most from the Westercon.

The biggest complaints that I heard were about the "awful heat" which got up to 105 or 110 degrees. On the other hand, it was a *very* dry heat, and it didn't seem to keep fans from crowding around the hotel's sun deck swimming pool and getting tanned. (It was much more comfortable than LA's high-humidity tropical heat wave this week, which I consider to be good training for going to Orlando.)

Mitch Beiro and I were to share a hotel room with Jim Groat. This turned out to be with Jim Groat and his iguanas, to nobody's surprise. I've shared hotel rooms with Groat and his iguanas in the past, and usually the iguanas prefer to stay on the other side of the room from the people. But this time,

around 3:00 Sunday morning, the 4' iguana decided that he wanted to sleep on my pillow, and he kept trying to insert himself between me and the pillow and lever my head off the pillow. If he's going to do that in the future, I'll insist that he share in the room rent.

Our hotel room also turned out to be the gathering place for all the fans who moved from California to Arizona over the last couple of years because the "Commiefornia" government won't let them have guns anymore. It seems that Groat has become guru of this group, and he brought everything from a target pistol to an automatic machine gun with him to the con. On Friday evening, Mitch and I were invited to join a group of a half-dozen fans for some target practice at a local big shooting range. Groat brought his own targets: an Elvis Presley calendar with twelve publicity photo-portraits. I was able to hit Elvis right between the eyes with a Luger... This was certainly a new convention experience for me.

Another reason that I joined this group is that there is a big overlap between Arizona gun fandom, Arizona Japanimation fandom, and Arizona Furry fandom. What everyone is freaking out the most over right now, thought, is "The Ren and Stimpy Show."

Interestingly, "organized Japanimation fandom" at Westercon 45 seemed to be quite distinct from the fans who ran the con's Japanimation Video Room and made up most of its crowded attendance. This reinforces my impression that the popularity of Japanese sf and fantasy animation has spread beyond its organized fandom into the general American popular culture. Most of the Japanese cartoons shown were of excellent technical quality, as opposed to the blurry fifth and tenth generation video copies that were the standard convention video fare up to only a couple of years ago; and most of them were illegally but very skillfully subtitled in English (with a caption, "Subtitled by fans for fans. Sale of copies of this tape is illegal and absolutely forbidden.")



WESTERCON 45 DIARY

Report by John Hertz

Fred Patten shot bullets. Larry Niven shot paintballs. I shot off my mouth — I was on eight panels. Westercon 45 ran 160 panels and presentations for 1,600 actual attendance, a remarkable density. There was a strong science-oriented presence, with Larry, Hal Clement, Jerry Pournelle, Hank Stine, and I guess you could add Artist GoH Rick Sternbach, who may have designed more starships than anyone. The Masquerade, although it had less than 25 entries, was also very strong. Kelly Freas said the quality of fan art in the Art Show was so high that he believes in a renaissance. His own work on display ranged from his latest award-winning *Analog* cover at \$3,500 to \$35 sketches; more pro artists should do likewise. The Program Book was unusually complete and detailed, and the Pocket Program — if you folded it right — actually fit in a pocket.

The con was better run than last year's in Vancouver, but some oddities obtruded. Site-selection voting closed at midnight Friday. There was no Fanzine Lounge, no scheduled autograph sessions. Toastmaster Bob Tucker said the con included a new experience for him: the first time he was thrown out of a party. A member of the concom gave him a suitable liquid tribute in a brown paper bag at the Panelists' Reception; Tucker cheerfully handed it around, and was found and escorted away by a hotelman "so politely that I was out the door before I knew I was being given the bum's rush." But at Closing Ceremonies he was alive to tell the tale.

On Thursday, as I went to moderate "Was *Star Wars* a Western in Disguise?" I imagined I'd better be ready to argue the negative myself. The best I could think up was "No; who ever said it was in disguise?" Reading the Program Book saved me. We were supposed to talk about influence of Westerns on science fiction and fantasy. Jan Howard Funder (you have to capitalize his name at the beginning of a sentence) had seen the series six times, and at least that many samurai films. In classical Westerns, the bad guys who arrive to destroy the town come from the East. He couldn't remember whether Japanese bad guys came from the West. I pointed out that believers in Amida Buddha pray to be taken to the Western Paradise. Despite this he later inscribed a book for me in the Dealers' Room.

Costume-interest panels I sat on, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, about stage presentation, hall costumes, beginners' and experts' issues, were crowded with people wondering how to do things, asking questions, telling stories. I credit the Costumers' Guild for encouraging the growing sense of craft in this subfandom, from which we all benefit. And there are fine moments outside the Masquerade, like "Through the Judges' Eyes" with Kathy Sanders in the audience wearing a leopardskin 1950's dress, marcelled hair, and a hat in the shape of — yes, she did it — a shoe.

Best of the Art Show, by ballot, was a dazzling bust of an

armored knight realizing that the pool in which he had plunged his arm held the Lady of the Lake, the Lady shown by wavering surface reflection, while a forgotten stream splashed out of the knight's other hand — all in bronze, firm as muscle, fluid as water. Gary Persello also swept the awards for professional 3-D art: first for his Best in Show; second for a knight on horse against a dragon that was turning a lady into the latest of a field of crystals — her form was just disappearing, while the dragon's fire blasted the horseman's shield, all in bronze; third for a mermaid playing a flute in splashing bronze water. Best amateur 3-D was R.T. Sly's cut-away skull full of tiny plants, with in one corner a tiny Angel of Death. I talked to Sly. He had harvested the plants himself, sometimes painting them in natural colors. Sherlock, a local artist, did elaborate comical signs for the Art Show, the Dealers' Room, the Children's Corner: for the Art Show, creatures with color-pots were busily making a painted tortoise, a painted pony, and a painted desert.

The con scheduled two installments of English Regency dancing, Thursday and Saturday (the Masquerade, for some reason, was on Friday). Me, I think this is a thing to do once wonderfully at a convention, rather than as much as possible. I keep talking about the rhythm of a convention, the convention as an art form. But here people are, wanting to play longer with the toy I built, and I hate to seem ungracious. On Saturday we were in a lobby outside the Art Show. Kelly Freas kindly hand-lettered a poster. Only hours before, this lobby was full of future-consite tables and the Art Show print shop, which the con com had diligently cleared away; now it was on a main route to room parties, so more con staff set up stanchions of velvet ropes to guide the traffic. Actually the interactions were fun. I never know who will come to Regency dancing. A handful of Navajo dropped by to talk about Jane Austen, whom they had been reading on the reservation. At the end of the con Marty Massoglia told me that he had brought six feet of Georgette Heyer books, and sold five; once again she was his most popular author.

I was on two comics panels. Can heroes have families? Hal Clement said that E.R. Burroughs writing about Tarzan ignored Jane; his own wife ignores his books, and he never plays golf. Len Wolfman asked about Nora and Nick Charles; real-life detectives have adventures too. Marvel's Doctor Strange married another magician, Spider-Man had Aunt May and is now married, and three of the Fantastic Four are husband, wife, and wife's brother. I thought these were exceptional. Karen Willson said from the audience that our culture prizes the individual too much to put families in heroic fantasy. In America, said Len, we go to unemployment offices; in Europe and Asia, family members employ each other. Can s-f ideas be portrayed in comics? Larry Niven told of writing a "Bible" for DC's *Green Lantern*. DC had asked him to help rationalize a world of demons and antimatter. Even for him it wasn't easy. You have to learn things to do science; maybe comics readers don't like to. But Aristotle was right, I said, in writing that everyone loves learning, not just philosophers. Let "learning" be gaining



something, and "study" be trying to gain something; what people dislike isn't learning, it's fruitless study.

The Masquerade was in a Worldcon-class hall, a concert auditorium with all the trimmings. Three magnificent entries were the best of a very good show — none of them Masters. No one in the hall understood why the judging of twenty entries took an hour; much later I learned the judges were done in twenty minutes, but had been made to write winners' names on ribbons. Best Novice and a special Workmanship Award went to Karen Moore, who had worked from photographs, without any of the Hollywood resources we West Coasters take for granted, to re-create a Star Trek — Next Generation Romulan. A Journeyman would have known that this costume did not quite reach the back of the hall, but it was very sound work, and fine up close. Moira Whitlock was a deliverywoman for Dominatrix Pizza; "if she doesn't come in thirty minutes, you'll be punished". The audience loved the Craneys' latest Energizer Bunnies, this time energizers of the future called "Today and Tomorrow". Shirley Runyan did "Hell Raisin", a spiked dried grape. Mary Edgcomb won Most Striking (Journeyman) as an elegant noblewoman revealed by a lighting change to be "Daughter of the Dragon". Kathy and Drew Sanders won Most Beautiful (Master) for "Queen of Night, Mistress of Moonlight, and the Agent of Dawn", with Kathy in dark indigo to deep yellow, and Drew in an elaborate headpiece. First to appear of the three outstanding pieces, and Best Presentation in Show, was John Autore as "The Electric Warlord Ludovico", an Italian Renaissance figure woven into s-f with stunning blue-neon light tubes. This would have been good work for a Master; he was a Novice. Second, and Judges' Choice for Concept and Workmanship, was "Spirit Dancers", by Tasha Cady, Maryeileen McKersie, and Kit Townsend, *kachina* of the future. I can't say if they knew the story of the illuminated blueprint in *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, but they had imagined in detail what a Hopi mind might do with concepts like computation and electrical power, and they danced. Third, and Best in Show, was

"Lords of Chaos" by Dave Hanson, Eric Ledger, John Milton III, Wille Pain, and Roy Young, not the first lords of chaos at a Masquerade, nor I daresay the last, but proof that triteness is due to the artist, not the subject: they were dramatic, ingenious, and vivid.

I'm afraid my nights are a daze. I drank peach daiquiris for Atlanta and whisky for Glasgow. I went singing with Lee and Barry Gold, who are Secret Masters of Filkdom. We seem short of songs from the viewpoint of heroes and kings; fans love underdogs, but if we are the Imagi-Nation we should compass more than the rogues and loners we find personally sympathetic. I ran into Joyce and Arnie Katz, who have been sending me *Folly*, and Roytac, who commiserated with my troubles laboring on *Fancyclopedia III*; that's still immeasurable work, but the Rick Sneary memorial should be done by this year's Worldcon. Somewhere, I don't think this was at night, I went to a fanzine history panel where Pat Mueller Virzi showed slides of, naturally, fanzines. I know it was blazing sunlight when I drifted out of the con suite to see fans, in Phoenix, cheerfully sitting on the heated side of glass doors, carrying on a conversation that had something to do with iguanas. One of them was Fred Patten, and they had at least two iguanas. I understood why the *iguanas* liked an Arizona July day outdoors. I did manage one expedition for *dim sum*, to the China Doll, which had slow service, exquisite egg custards, and walnut-pork turnovers new to all of us.

On Monday I wandered out of the hotel and found a nearby Waldenbooks with heaps of titles by attending authors, McCaffrey, Niven, GoH Roberson, Stine, and to prove it was no accident, Westercon fliers. Five points to publicity head Terri Lemons. In the same mall was a store full of hand-made papers, wrought of rags, mulberries, and gold; the con had found the owner, and brought her to do a paper workshop. I was with Bjo Trimble, who proved to be on my plane home even though she hasn't lived here for years now. Her eyes lit up at the paper. I commissioned her to make something. God help me,

now I'm a patron. We ate gelato and talked about art, cactuses, bus stops, and why the sea is boiling hot, while we went to, into, and out of the air, until it was time to take back our bags and part.

HARDWIRED CONFUSION: (January '92)

Report by Brian Earl Brown

"Hardwired" ConFusion has come and gone with a good time had by all thousand or so attendees. Walter Jon Williams, the Writing guest of Honor, proved to be a gregarious raconteur who easily dominated any panel he was on — to its betterment. For his GoH speech he combined a well-written lecture on the art of good writing with a magic show illustrating various points about misdirection and sleight-of-hand. This is a show fans are not going to want to miss.

Rusty Hevelin was Fan Guest of Honor. In addition to his genial presence throughout the convention, Rusty organized an auction for the George Alec Effinger Medical Fund.

Artist Guest of Honors went to local boy, Rick Lieder, who had organized the Powers slide show for Chicon V. In addition to a generous display of his surrealist-inspired photographs, collages and computer designs in the art show, Rick conducted slide shows on excellence in SF and non-SF illustration, and a retrospective of his work.

Non-GoH, and Rick Lieder's sweetie (wife seems too mundane), Kathe Koja was easily the hardest working person at the convention, interviewing Walter Jon Williams on Friday, doing a workshop on Saturday morning, followed by a host of panels that afternoon — at one point three in a row — and finishing up with a reading that night at ten.

The concom cunningly named Gay Haldeman its Toastmaster, knowing that hubby Joe was sure to follow. Gay was neck and neck with Bill Bowers (who gave a Post-Iguanacon non-

practice speech) as most uncomfortable with public speaking but carried through like a true professional. How the committee got her and Joe to leave Florida for Michigan in the dead of winter is a mystery to me.

One novel feature of this year's ConFusion was a one-shot fanzine contest, winner to be published in the pages of *Lan's Lantern*. Judges for this spinoff from the Computer workshop included Bill Bowers, Mike Glicksohn, Dick and Leah Smith, Denice Brown and yours truly. That there were more judges than submissions will remain a secret known only to the readers of *File 770*.

The 19-story hotel with three working elevators sucked as it has every year since Autoclave 3, and the consuite outdid itself in making the pop dispensers almost inaccessible. But what's a convention without a few snags.

CORFLU CAFE

An excerpt from Andrew P. Hooper's Corflu 9 report
Reprinted from *Spent Brass 10*

It was the end of the weekend, and I think everyone was concerned about money. I know I was, having been quite forward about buying things at the Taff/Corflu auctions. I was beginning to worry about having enough to get the bus back from O'Hare field to Madison. But despite this, the party which staggered past the empty Karaoke bar to dinner was just too tired to leave the Tudor Nightmare Village Mk. IV and find a cheaper alternative to the hotel restaurant. Listless, murky pop muzak mixed with the sound of Bobby Vinton drifting from the kitchen. We sat in the heavy-lidded gaze of waiters with tasteful black pompadours and silk socks, who could smell weak tippers like us before we got in the door. Finally, we were seated, and they played Snarko, with gravity knives, to see who would have to serve us.

We were a motley group. Nigel Rowe and I had planned to go for fried chicken, but then I invited Richard

Brandt to come along, and Richard had promised to call Michelle Lyons if he went out, and then when we had started to walk to the bar Gil Gaier and Bill Rotsler were both heading in the same direction. That odd fannish social pressure that tends to create and then enlarge dinner expeditions (the province of an obscure faanish deity known as LOB, the demon lobster, king of all prawns and things prawnish and ghod of faanish dinner parties) drove us together, and no one had the energy to say they had been planning on eating with maybe *one* other person.

Bill was telling us about a karate killer he knew who used to scare away people by grinning wildly and shaking, while whispering "I — I don't want to fight *you*," when this slight man in a dark suit came over to our table. He had an armload of magenta one-sheet fliers, which he began to pass around to us all, advertising Big Band music and \$6.99 Prime Rib, for the Sunday a week hence. Now, we had been having fanzines pressed on us for almost 72 hours, so one more freebie should have simply been met with glazed eyes. But when we made no immediate reaction, he began to point out salient features and recite them, in case we perhaps could not read English.

It turned out that this was Carl Neviso, owner of the whole Cockatoo Inn hotel, restaurant and airport shuttle empire. Hundreds of Peruvian employees under his command, and the man was out peddling his own freebie one-sheets at nine on a Sunday evening. We were apologetic as we explained that none of us would still be in Hawthorne the following week; Nigel allowed as he had quite a few friends in New Zealand, some of whom might be interested in flying up from Auckland for Prime Rib and Big Band hits. "Perhaps we could send it over in the diplomatic bag," I suggested, and Michelle made an immodest noise into her drink.

Meanwhile, Rotsler had been, as always, drawing. With disarming speed he had drawn a complicated cartoon with horns issuing patterns of alternate shadows and light. Carl took the drawing from Rotsler, impressed. He looked at the clip art he had used in the flier, then back at the Rotsler drawing. "Do you mind if I use this?" he asked.

Back in the hospitality suite, all that remained of the con, I told the story of the hotelier who wanted to pub his ish, to overall approval. I don't know if Don Fitch ever heard of it, or Geri Sullivan. The former was still running around cleaning, opening packages of food, making coffee, putting stuff out on tables, and being the Best Host in Fandom, as he had been all weekend. The latter was trying to get him to stop, and was quite willing to use force to convince him. They chased one another from room to room like sixteen-year-old neofen, and when Geri would subside, panting, Don would be back breaking some new delicacy from his massive stash of provisions and serving it with considerably more enthusiasm than the low-rent thugs on the wait staff had ever shown at dinner.

I had to shake my head. "Wish Willis was here," I said to Geri.

"So do I — so does everybody," said Geri, "but what makes you say so right now?"

"I was thinking of *The Harp Stateside*," I replied, "and about Walt's comments on Jim Webbert, and that bellhop who joined the Chicon. He wrote, 'It is curious that in one hotel there should be a bellhop with the soul of a fan and a fan with the soul of a bellhop.'"

"Yeah, so?"

"So, history repeats itself, if a trifle sideways. Tonight I've seen a restaurateur with the soul of a fan and a fan with the soul of — well, of a pretty fine short-order cook, anyway."

"The fan better close the grill for the night if he knows what's good for him," grouched Geri, as Don scuttled by with an armful of coffee cups. He looked over his shoulder at her once, perhaps pretending that he had not quite heard, then darted out the door as she chased after him.

LUNACON: (March 20-22, 1992) Rye Town Hilton, Rye, NY

Report by Mordechai Housman

I shall write this report in a manner similar to that in which the convention hotel was built. Therefore, we shall start at page two, and proceed to page seven. In order to reach page one, you must first read page seven until it becomes page four, then descend three pages to page one. Or else, you can advance two pages to page eight, proceed along page eight until it becomes page five, then descend one page to page four — oh wait, you can't go that way. Hm, let's see. Shall I use the Lunacon, map, or the hotel map? No, I think neither. One is not three dimensional enough, and the other is way too three dimensional. I would ask the hotel staff, but neither of the two ways they've told me have so far been correct. Wait! Isn't that me turning the corner over there?!

What's this? Oh, just the skeleton of someone else lost here, nothing to worry about.



A friend of mine reported actually finding the fifth floor, but only on Sunday.

It is my belief that the hotel flits back and forth between two universes, and walking down a corridor will not necessarily bring you to the same place it did last time. This also means that there were actually more people at the con than you could ever see at one time. Some were in one universe, some in the other. Now I know why the Minotaur didn't pack up and go home. He was lost too!

But about the con...

Friday, I picked up Mark Blackman, Sarah Cole, Ken Gale (publisher of Evolution Comics), and another fan, named Adria Crum, and up we went to Lunacon. It being a tradition with my car, we got slightly lost. But with a twist. This time we weren't lost, we only *thought* we were lost.

We arrived around noontime. I helped set up the art show. The work went very well, no problems. It was very well organized, and there were no fights or arguments. Everyone did their task, and had it ready in time for the next step. At no time did anyone have to say: "We have to wait until those guys over there finish getting that thing ready." Ken Gale told me that when he stopped by to see where we were holding, he saw the vibes there were very good. It was a pleasure working with that crowd, and the kudos go to Mark Richards and Chip Hitchcock, mainly.

As at most conventions, I socialized more than anything else, although I attended very few parties. I did get to attend the Lunarians' meeting, but I'm not sure why I did. It was rather small by the time I got there, but there was still enough arguing to go around. <grin>

One "panel" I attended was held by David Honigsberg. It was the New Games participation. The object of this panel is to learn non-competitive games. Instead of trying to win, you just try to enjoy yourself. Some were silly, some were intriguing, all were fun.

I attended the filk workshop, and helped, if ever so infinitesimally, to write that new filk (to Charlie On The MTA) about the cosmonaut who was stuck in space. (Of course, now it's obsolete.)

Personally, I think "Charlie On The MTA" has been filked a dozen too many times, but they were having fun, and I'm no spoilsport. (I've killed Joy, but I wouldn't spoil sport.)

It was a fun con. The strangest news I've received lately is that next year's Lunacon will be at the same hotel. If it's still in the same place then...

PHROLICON

Report by Mordechai Housman

The most amazing thing about Phrolicon '92 was that I didn't get lost at all, not on the way to, and not on the way back. This year's Guest of Honor was Esther Friesner, which made the con a blast. Esther is one wacky woman, and it was non-stop fun. Esther put on one of her famous plays, in which I had a part. At Phrolicon, I was cast in the starring role in Esther Friesner's play. I have acted before, but they were all plays I had written, directed, and "produced". While most of them were comedies, none were like this. This play was a (comic) melodrama. The play was called "The Marriage of Love and Beauty".

Unfortunately, Beauty was engaged to Wealth, at the behest of her father, Greed. But Love prevailed, and Wealth married Charity. I was cast as Love, and Terri Wells was Beauty. (And she still is.) Wealth was played by Keith DeCandido, one of the producers of "The Chronic Rift". (A show on Manhattan Cable TV about science fiction.) Judith Solomon took the part of Charity.

My sidekick was a sheep, well played by Debbie Baker.

The three nymphs were played by three men in drag, Gary Ehrlich,

Jonathan Baker, and someone else whose name I can't remember. Their dance was a sight to see.

About five minutes after Love and Beauty got married (there was no ceremony that I recall), our baby was presented. (Now you know why we were in such a hurry to get married.) The woman playing the baby (and I was hoping for a boy; oh well), entered carrying a Baby Sinclair doll (and I was hoping for a human; oh well). She held a up a sign over my head. It said "MOMMA", with a circle and a diagonal line through it. In other words: Not the Momma. She turned it around, and held it over Terri's head. It now read: "MOMMA". This got a laugh, of course.

The whole shebang was recorded with three camcorders. They plan on editing them and making three (I assume identical) copies. The copies were auctioned at Phrolicon. I bought one and was told I would receive it in a few months. Just in case, I had them record the transaction. Not that it would help much; they have the tape.

Pete Radatti, the con chair, kept his camcorder with him wherever he went and recorded interesting bits of the con. Like the Theme Party for example. Boy, was that fun!

First we carried the GOH into the con suite on a specially built carrier chair. I walked beside her and fanned her (in both senses of the word), while she handed out 'large esses' to various people. (Get it? Largesse? Forget it.)

The theme of the party was "lost worlds". They had a selection of costumes for those who hadn't brought any with them. I selected a hula skirt and lei. (Yes, I heard all the jokes.) I almost wore the bikini bra too, but decided against it for this time.

During the party, Esther requested of me the first Hassidic Hula dance, which I did (probably poorly), and it was recorded by that infernal camcorder. I cannot wait to see it. And I'm sure neither can you.

I missed the latter half of the theme party, to go do something else that I cannot for the life of me remember. I am told there was a beauty contest or something, in which the women judged the legs of the men. I heard that Ozzie Fentucchio won, amidst cries of "Fix! Fix!" (And I hadn't heard his legs were broken.)

The filking was rather small, and resultantly, informal. I wish I could remember the names of all the people who were there, but I'm rather lousy with names, as whatshisname will attest. I read my Yabbervuck (Jabberwocky in Yiddish) aloud, and it was well received. That is one piece that is much better when I read it aloud than when people see it on paper. I emote it as I think it should be read. This gives over the meaning, even when you don't know the language.

As usual, I can remember little of the con. I did what I usually do at cons; I socialized.

I enjoyed myself at this con, unsurprisingly.

LOSCON 18: (November 28-December 1, 1991)

Report by C.S.F. Baden

Loscon was held at the Long Beach Hyatt Regency, which is adjacent to the Long Beach Convention Center. Dealer room and art show, some panels, a gamers' room, green room, and a stop-motion animation demonstration were all held over in the Convention Center. Unfortunately, the Long Beach "powers that be" had scheduled an Auto Show for the same weekend in the convention center. The traffic path from the hotel to the convention center took you on a ped bridge to the convention center, through the side doors which coincidentally were opposite the doors used for the Auto Show, then across the (short) width of the auto show into the bar area. Past the bar, turn left, down a hall, turn left and go down into what essentially is the basement of the convention center.

Since previous Loscons (1990, Buena Park Hotel; 1989 and many previous years, Pasadena Hilton) were held in hotels with sufficient function space to have dealer/art rooms in the hotel, this had the effect of diminishing traffic in the dealer/art rooms compared to previous years. I have not spoken to any dealers to get their take on the situation, but I know I only went over there on one day myself.

The dealer's room at Loscon was a typical dealer's room, I guess. I picked up a rubber stamp of the Bugs Bunny Martian, a couple pounds of Alicia Austin xmas cards, and a few other items while at the con.

Silly Hats Party: A Loscon tradition on Friday night at the con is the Ice Cream Social. This year, of course, was no different.

The theme for the ice cream social was "Silly Hats" and there was plenty of construction paper and balloons to

make them. Unfortunately, nobody explained to the GOHs that the fans would be making the silly hats during the evening; as a result, the GOHs were at first struggling to find hats to give their prizes away to, and then as the evening wore on they didn't have any prizes to hand out to the truly worthy spontaneous creations anyway.

But everybody had a good time.

In years past, LASFS has provided a roomfull of Baskin-Robbins flavors. This year, however, they only had three flavors —Chocolate, Vanilla, and Strawberry. But nobody complained: they'd substituted Haägen-Dazs this time around! Frozen bliss in a cup.

Sound Trek: I enjoyed the panels at Loscon, the few panels that I did in fact go to. One of the interesting ones was "Sound Trek." A couple of Hollywood movie sound people brought reels of sound effects, and explained how they came up with them.

They played the Tie-Fighter sound effects from Star Wars; then played the source material (an elephant's roar) that was manipulated to make the spaceship's noise.

They also showed how the flying toys in *Poltergeist* were recorded. In *Poltergeist*, the university parapsychologists are outside, rhapsodizing about using time-lapse photography to photograph a car moving an inch or so over a five-hour period; then they open the door, and all the toys are flying through the air.

So they took some wind-up and squeaky toys, and walked around the two (stereo) microphones making noise with each toy. (For this they're paid kilodollars....) And since one of the toys milling about was a plastic tie-fighter, they threw in the above-mentioned *Star Wars* sound too...

And they had some anecdotes about the sounds, mostly whales, in *Star Trek IV*. Yes, of course the whale songs were done using whale songs. For the "transmission" from the tubular alien spaceship (also known as the Giant Cheese Log), they processed several layers of whale songs, and then the "top" layer was a saxophone solo specially recorded for the project.

And the punk on the bus, playing the ghetto blaster, was in real life Nimoy's assistant. (Apparently on shooting day, he had some difficulty with the guard getting through the studio gate...) Not only that, but even though the punk doesn't have a speaking role we still get to hear his voice — twice.

For the song on the 'blaster, they needed something really, really, obnoxious. Paramount sent over a bunch of really lame stuff, but none of it was abrasive enough. So the two sound guys sat down and wrote a punk song... took them all of 20 minutes... one of them plays guitar, the other drums... and Nimoy's assistant came over to sing, or actually shout the lyrics until his throat was bloody (their words). "I hate you, I berate you... I eschew you, I say screw you..." another

deathless classic comes to the movie screen.

Life is a masquerade, old chum: The only way, in my opinion, to get a good seat for the Masquerade is to volunteer to work it. In particular I always sign up as a catcher (ninja).

Catcher is the general term for the various Masquerade stage-side volunteers. (There are also miscellaneous Green Room volunteers, who are as low-ranking as us lowly Catchers.)

Loscon Masquerades are Guild-run. The Costumers' Guild takes charge, and they do a consistent job, year after year. They've even published a compilation of all of the advice sheets produced by masqueraders over the years: if you're in costuming, I recommend getting a copy of it. Just about everything that's valid, they've included; I'm sure it contains some contradictory advice from when what works for one crew and what else works for another... but get it.

Well, I think I've already addressed the shortage of function space... so... the Ballroom wasn't clear of functions until 5:00 or 6:00 p.m. The stage itself had been set up, but the walls and whatnot were still in place. At the afternoon run-through, I watched them tell costumers they'd come on stage left (the audience's right) and exit stage right. Later in the afternoon I heard another director or ass't director or somebody say she thought it was on stage right, off stage left... then heard that they were going to be coming on stage left, exit center down the steps....

If you've never been to a con, go to one. When you get there, if it's a good-sized con, find out when the Masquerade is (probably Saturday night). It's usually one of the biggest events at the con. And sign up to volunteer to work the Masquerade as a catcher.

It's a good idea to pack black. Black pants (very new blue jeans will do in a pinch), black shirt. If you've got a black t-shirt with a design on it, you'll



want to turn the shirt inside out. This is so you can be more-inconspicuous when they put you at the edge of the stage. You get a great up-close view; you'll be closer to the costumers than the judges themselves, and all you have to do is tell 'em when they're getting too close to the edge. Or catch them, if they fall off the edge of the stage.

This is why you'll often see the stage with tiny xmas lights strung along the edges. Costumers with complicated low-visibility costumes have a difficult time seeing where they're going. The spotlight's in their eyes, they can't see anything. The lights at the edge of the stage, and you in your theoretical role of catcher, keep them from going over the side. The run-through is also important. If they know how many steps to get to the center of the stage, they're not going to go too far. They already know where to go.

Anyhow, this all gets set up by the roadies who put the stage together. The lights are put up, the curtains on either side, the sound system, everything is put in place and tested to make sure it works.

Unfortunately we were getting a bit of a slow start on this end of things! Back stage, we figured out where the costumers would be coming on

and off. The catcher-director was shuffling us catchers around, figuring out who to put where. And a friend of mine was going to be on stage that night, for the first time.

Despite a few technical hitches (such as starting an hour late, and an entry that dropped out) the show went well. In fact, Entry 11 disappeared; so after #10 came #12. Lynn Boston was #12. Kevin was unprepared for the switch, but Lynn made it on safely after all. She walked out, imperiously, with incredible dignity and grace; did her turn; came down the steps and out of the theater.

One of the entries was the fan goh, Allan Rothstein. He went as himself, in the "Guest of Honor Category." Dressed only in a towel, carrying a shiny cylinder, the MC explained that in Philip Jose Farmer's Riverworld series, everyone that ever lived is reincarnated on the banks of the riverworld. Rothstein entered as himself. Notice the detail on the face. Rothstein has been gaining weight for years, in order to look even more like himself.... Costume designed by Rothstein. Costume made by Cannon Towel Company. Costume worn by Mel Gibson.

Resnick on the loose: At Loscon this year, Mike Resnick was the pro goh. I've enjoyed Resnick's work, such as

the Kirinyaga and Teddy Roosevelt stories that have been published in IASFM. He was very accessible at the con — he was on a number of panels, and I kept seeing him in the lobby or outside the con suite, chatting with fans. He brought his agent, Ricia Mainhardt, with him; on some panels they both participated.

I picked up a copy of *Through Darkest Resnick*, a WSFA-published book of misc. Resnick. Including a couple of essays (“Why Africa?”, explaining why he likes writing about Africa and goes there every year), some short stories and excerpts from “Paradise and Ivory”, and a couple of trip reports. I recommend getting *Lan’s Lantern*, by the way; that’s the fanzine that Resnick’s safari reports are first published in.

Nostalgia for futures that never were: One interesting panel, which included (among others) sf writers Larry Niven and Mike Resnick, discussed “future technologies” that never came to pass.

For example: Memory pills. Remember when memory RNA was supposed to be harnessed to let you instantly learn something? (Conversation eventually got around to Niven’s “The Fourth Profession” and other stories.) There was a lot of excitement when an experiment seemed to show that after a flatworm learned a maze, you could chop it up and feed it to another worm and the second-generation worm would learn faster. It turned out that the cause was actually dirty glassware; the second worm was following the slime trails left by the first one. But before the rebuttal, so to speak, came out in the scientific journals there was a lot of sf written that took advantage of this theory...

Or zeppelins. Remember when blimps were going to be the wave of future transportation? Or Rolling Roads, such as Heinlein’s “The Roads Must Roll”, and similar conveyor-belt transportation technologies? And nostalgia for places that didn’t turn out that way, like the jungles of Venus, the canals of Mars, and the locked-orbit Mercury.

fan mail

ASIMOV AND HEINLEIN

TEDDY HARVIA: I came within a few feet of Robert Heinlein at MidAmeri-Con in 1976 but was unable to penetrate the wall of adoring fans to meet him. I passed Isaac Asimov going in the opposite direction on the escalators at Noreascon III in 1989 but was too surprised either to speak or wave at him.

Heinlein, despite his emphasis on male-female relationships in his writing, to me wrote no greater relationship than the one between his protagonist and the robot in *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress*. Asimov’s characters never progressed beyond the impersonal and mechanical thinking of his original robot stories, imaginative as they were. Their different reputations rest on readers being better able to relate to human-like robots than mechanical humans.

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND: The Asimov obituary recalled meeting Isaac at the ’81 Disclave. That was the last

convention I ran, partly because they were getting progressively harder to put on, and partly because that particular Disclave went so well (once it finally got started) that I knew I’d never top it. Getting Isaac to come had been hard. I’d spoken to him, and talked to him on the phone, and finally, in late February or early March, when I told him I needed to prepare the convention flyer. Isaac said, yes, he’d come. When I went to meet him at Washington’s Union Station, however, he had taken an earlier train, so we missed him. You wouldn’t believe the response we got paging Isaac Asimov over the public address system. Finally I called registration and learned to my immense relief that Asimov was already there.

One of the perks of running a convention is that you get to take the GoH to dinner. Dolly and I had a very pleasant meal that evening with Isaac as Janet, and it is worth mentioning that the waitress knew who he was. Asimov was an outstanding GoH for

us, courteous, patient and accessible, and he had motivation. The featured speaker at the Nebula Awards banquet that year had been a notorious Creationist, giving a speech that Isaac hadn’t been able to sit through. Rather than dispute with SFWA’s guest at the banquet, he let his bile simmer and gave a real stemwinding Counter-Creationist speech at Disclave to a standing room only crowd in the big ballroom.

Asimov did indeed have a photographic memory, but it evidently applied only to text, not people. About a year later, it might have been at a Lunacon, I was signing autographs with Janet and Ben Bova, when Isaac wandered in and decided to autograph alongside his wife. Once Isaac sat down, that old line formed and wound itself around the huckster room, providing an object lesson in humility to lesser authors. He had excused himself to me as he pulled a chair up and then did a double take. “I know you,” he said, but faces were never his strong point, and he confessed that he

relied on the con badges even with people he knew. In any event, the memory for faces has its own special locus in the brain, and it is possible that Isaac was only average in matching names to faces.

BUILD A ROCKET IN YOUR BACKYARD

LLOYD PENNEY: Here's a word to future Worldcons and Worldcon bidders that probably isn't necessary: use the Peter Weston Hugo rockets. I'd heard about too many broken fins on the plastic Hugos Chicon V gave out. Also, an award gains more stature when it has a standard design and composition. If the little man with the sword on the Oscar statuette were made of plastic instead of metal, I'd think even Oscar's reputation would suffer. Also, if a small carrying case could be cheaply produced and supplied with the award the winners would have a much greater chance of getting their award home in one piece.

I know who was in the red maple leaf at Chicon V. Should I embarrass him by revealing his name? Hmmmm, maybe later. Because of prior commitments at Chicon V, I missed most of the fanzine programming, and I regret that. I'll try to remedy that in Orlando.

DAVE LANGFORD: Peter Weston was philosophical about Chicon's decision not to use the shiny chrome Hugos which he'd already had made, but did say plaintively that it would have been nice to hear about this before the convention.

HUGO ELIGIBILITY FOR ELECTRONIC-MEDIA FANWRITING

DAVE LANGFORD: I foresee long bickering about fanwriter Hugo eligibility for writing "in generally available electronic media." Teresa Nielsen Hayden spent some time at Boskone extolling the superlative wonders of GENIE to me. (I gather that fine writing on GENIE led to her 1991 nomination without any assistance from the special eligibility clause, which makes you wonder why one is

thought necessary.) "Gosh, I must try this!" I cried eagerly. "Alas," she wept, to loud jeers from a skeptic Mike Glicksohn, "there are no Genie nodes in Britain." Generally available, huh. All fandom will be plunged into war... Am convinced that Teresa, a better writer than myself, deserves any number of fan Hugos. I just want to be able to read her stuff!

ABSENT AT THE CREATION:

ERWIN S. STRAUSS: It was interesting to read about the Creation boycott. When I first heard about it, I was concerned, since I've aided and abetted Creation by listing their cons in my column in and in the *SF Convention Register* (my own, big con list.) I was afraid they were perpetrating some kind of fraud my readers should know about. The closest I've seen to that was the overflow situation you described, but when you put on as many events as Creation, some screwups are bound to occur; and by your own account, prompt refunds were made, which seems to me all that could be reasonably expected.

Frankly, the beefs you cite seem rather mild: driving up the price of Trek stars for fan-run cons, and siphoning off potential members from them and conventional SF/fantasy cons. But after all, the Creation people, and the stars, and Paramount, are all in (literally, since Creation events are called "shows") "the show business." There's no reason to expect them to do otherwise than package, price and promote their product so as to maximize profit. If this tilts the table so stars, money, dealers and members flow toward Creations and away from other cons, so be it.

(By the way, it's my understanding that the days of Trek stars attending cons gratis, with the cons just picking up expenses, ended back in the 1970s somewhere. Even in that decade, the practice became common of handing over generous sums as "walking around money" which stars could plausibly treat as "expenses" for tax purposes (thus never report) but for which no detailed accounting was requested by the cons.)

In the absence of some moral imperative, I guess there's still the question of whether a boycott might have some practical effect in the market of tilting the table back the other way. That doesn't seem very likely to me. The vast majority of Creation members go there to spend an hour in the same room as a Trek star, maybe get to ask a question, get an autograph and pick up some memorabilia in the dealers' room. The dealers go there to move merchandise and make money. For these people, Creation delivers. I can't see any rationale for them joining a boycott. The concerns of fan-run-con organizers must seem rather "inside baseball" to them.

[[That appears to misstate the strategy of the boycott, whether or not you see any valid purpose served by it. It's the ticket-buying fans who would be the backbone of a boycott, not dealers, and they would need to be active and vocal more than they need to be numerous, since their object is to modify Creation's business conduct which the company may find costs them less than the ongoing ill-will and bad publicity of offended fans.]]

For myself, I can hardly boycott Creations, since I've never been to one, and never expect to. They just don't have much that interests me; and I suspect that would be the attitude of most fans I know. The genius of Star Trek springs (sprang) from the mind of Gene Roddenberry and the writers. A convention with them would interest me (I went to most of the August Party cons where Roddenberry did a phone interview; and of course many of the writers are regulars at mainstream cons.) The actors add at most some nuance of character; the success of *The Next Generation* shows none of them is indispensable.

If fan-run cons want to appeal to those with an interest in the substance of Star Trek, let them forget about the actors. But if they want to appeal to the celebrity fetishism of the booboisie, then let them go head-to-head against Creations, and may the high bidder win. I can't see many in the

latter audience having particular potential as mainstream SF/fantasy fans, anyway.

REPEATING UNLEARNED LESSONS OF FANHISTORY

AVEDON CAROL: I am croggled by the suggestion that poor SF pro writers and artists should be given rebates for costs of con membership on a basis not duplicated for fans. Some of my best fans have been poor, and I want *them* to be able to go to cons, too. (For that matter, some of my favorite fans have been 15-16 when they started coming to cons. Most of them have since become SF pros — what if they'd never been able to afford cons, deliberately deterred by high entrance-fee policies and anti-teenager rules?)

If you really want to keep down the number of attendees who aren't really interested in SF, are only there for the beer, etc., why not skip the high membership fees and have an entrance exam instead? Like:

What does FTL stand for? (Either answer will do.) Who wrote *Glory Road*? In what book is the world frozen over by ice-nine? What Hugo-winning novel is a science fiction account of an author's Vietnam experiences, and who was that author? (For extra points, what was the name of his non-SF book on the same subject?) Who was Alice Sheldon? Where is Octocon held? In what trilogy did the Mule appear? Fill in the blank: "The Ballad of Lost ____." Name the author *The Gate to Woman's Country*. What is *File 770* named after? — you know, questions that would be pretty easy for an sf fan, but would stymie your average high school drunk. (I supposed you'd have to throw in more questions about newer fiction to allow for those eager young neos.)

[[What percentage does it take to pass? Do the people who pass with 75% get to drink the con suite's beer? Do the people who score 100% get told where the Glasgow party is?]]?

DALE SPEIRS: Issue 92 got me thinking about why most con reports leave a bad taste in my mouth after

reading them. It's all the whining and complaining because the event did not go off without a single problem. Worldcon reports in particular bother me, because the concom is not likely to hold another such event, and therefore has nothing to learn from the experience. For an annual con, the concom certainly should learn from the reports of others in order to improve next year's con. But for the Worldcon, it is over and done with. It will be years before that city hosts another Worldcon, and if it does, the concom will very likely consist mostly of people who weren't around last time. Most of the complaints are site-specific, so experience can't be transferred to another city, hotel, convention centre, or legal system. And the history of conrunning has clearly demonstrated that concoms will not pay attention to well-meant advice from outsiders.

I fearlessly predict that *File 770* reports on Magicon, ConFrancisco and Conadian will all contain gripes about hotels, concom organization, programming and the consuite. My suggestion is let's forget about the bad stuff and remember only the good times. It takes the same effort to remember and write about the things that went well and results in happier memories years from now. Why clutter up one's brain with bad memories?

[[I don't disagree with your conviction that concoms do not learn from conreports: some do, just not enough to argue the point. For instance, what I wrote about Chicon V's Green Room was an echo of the recommendations I made to them before the con. Advice not taken is equally unlikely to be accepted as criticism.

[[But surely you don't think the main purpose of con reports is to educate committees? People read them to compare their experience with the writer's. While no good purpose is served by abusive criticism or obsessive nitpicking, I also think no good purpose is served by a writer if he must lie in order to report only positive experiences.]]

BRIAN EARL BROWN: Does local advertising recruit new people who are willing to work on the convention? My experience with passing out fanzines at conventions — not entirely the same thing, I know — is that you never get responses from those copies, even from the fanzine fans who usually loc. But I think it suggests that Convention time is different from other time. Things done there don't count in the real world, and recruits then won't show up later on.



HOLLAND WORLDCON REPORT REVISITED

AVEDON CAROL: Good conreport Mikel! First time anyone's ever written about a speech in such a way that I found myself saying, "God, I wish I'd been there to hear that." But then, Joe Haldeman has always been a special guy. I really, really miss seeing him at cons.

I'm slightly shocked that Terry Pratchett made such an ignorant (bigoted, stupid) remark about "the Americans." But of course, bigotry seems to be the national sport here [in Britain]. It still astonishes me that so many Brits who seem like otherwise fairly smart people are capable of such crass idiocy, yet it's amazingly common. Even lefty-type fans, when I first moved here, used to treat me to accusations about "you Americans" whenever Ronald Reagan did or said anything. And when I told people that *my friend* Terry Carr had died, they said, "So what? American editors never buy stories from British authors." (It always turned out they'd never submitted anything to Carr, the most accessible editor in SF. I don't know how I restrained myself from shouting, "If you're too bloody unprofessional to know the market in your own goddam trade, you don't *deserve* to sell anything!")

Then they'd always whine about how the British fanwriters were the best, but "the Americans" wouldn't vote for a Brit (nothing to do with the fact that they can't be bothered to send enough copies of their work to America for fans there to have seen the stuff.) And I'd say, "Yeah? So when everyone was saying all the great genzines were coming from Seattle, how come no Seattle folk got Hugos? For that matter, where's *my* Hugo from the 70's when all sorts of people were talking about what a hot fanwriter I was? You think we didn't get Hugos because we were *British*? Or haven't you noticed that *everyone* complains about how the wrong people get the Hugos?" (Thank God they now have Langford to complain about.)

And of course, we Americans are violent. As a typical violent American, I was particularly thrilled to note that the nice, pacifistic British method of dealing with an overabundance of litter in the fan room at Brighton was to loudly threaten violence against any future litterers, and then to attempt to pound hell out of some wise guy who proceeded to fly a paper airplane across the room in response to the threat. I guess they assume we just *shoot* people who don't do what we want.

My favorite piece of idiocy is the persistent claim that Americans are always hoarding the Worldcon. I point out to them that no serious bid from outside North America has ever been beaten by a North American bid. I point out that when we (American fans) tried to introduce a motion making out-of-North-America bids part of a four-year rotation, it was the non-Americans who opposed it on the grounds that they couldn't be sure to work up bids on such a frequent schedule. But they continue to promote this canard. The NASFiC, according to them, is just proof that Americans refuse to recognize out-of-US Worldcons. "Who the hell do you think *votes* for out-of-US Worldcons. You think they win on British and Scandinavian votes? Are you out of your mind? Have you ever looked at the voting figures?" Well, of course, they *haven't* looked at the voting figures, and no matter how often history repeats itself, they always act like it's *amazing, unprecedented*, that any Australian or European bid has won.

Indeed, when they do win a bid they are still certain that "the Americans" are conspiring every minute to take their Worldcon away from them. Over and over, planning failures at Conspiracy were explained to me in terms of "we didn't realize" how much this would be needed, or that you had to do that thing, or whatever. And I'd say, "Well why didn't you ask someone

like Mike Glyer or talk to Ross Pavlac, who have done all this many times?" They'd say, "We were afraid that once we let the Americans in, they'd take over."

That's right, Mike, the shambles in the mimeo room was the result of the *obvious* fact that, if they phoned you up and asked for recommendations about how many reams of paper they ought to have on hand, you would crawl right up the phone wire, you imperialist bastard, and take over the entire Worldcon.

The worst part is that these horrible, insensitive, stupid, paranoid remarks were all made to me by nice people. Terry Pratchett, in my experience, is a nice person. But like I say, it's the national sport.

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