



LEACH.
HARDY

COLOPHON

File 770:95 is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. Layout courtesy of WordPerfect 5.1 and your editor, with one hand on the manual at all times. This is a one issue-hiatus from the beautiful desktop publishing designs of Irene Danziger. ("Pleasure be costing extra.")

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1992 HUGO AWARD WINNERS

BEST NOVEL: Bujold, Barra

BEST NOVELLA: Kress, Beggars in Spain

BEST NOVELETTE: Asimov, "Gold"

BEST SHORT STORY: Landis, "A Walk in the Sun"

BEST NON-FICTION BOOK: Addams, The World of Charles Addams

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: Terminator 2

BEST ORIGINAL ARTWORK: Whelan, The Summer Queen

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: Gardner Dozois

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Michael Whelan

BEST SEMIPROZINE: Locus

BEST FANZINE: Mimosa

BEST FAN WRITER: Dave Langford

BEST FAN ARTIST: Brad Foster

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD (Sponsored by Dell Publications): Ted Chiang

[See page 7 for additional Magicon coverage. Detailed Hugo voting statistics, NASFiC voting coverage and the Hugo Award winners will appear in the next issue.]

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

- Glenn Glazer, 437 S. Alandise Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036

Henry and Martha Beck, 215 E. Pine, Payson, AZ 85541
 Phyllis Eide, HCR 2, Box 14050, Keaan, HI 46749
 Kim Smith, 24513 Madeira Way, Aliso Viejo, CA 92656
 Janice M. Eisen, 1186 Phoenix Ave., Schenectady, NY 12308

Katie McAulay/Greg Pickersgill, 3 Bethany Row, Narbeth

Rd., Haverfordwest, Dyfed, SA61 2XG, U.K.

Dan Steffan, 3804 S. 9th St., Arlington VA 22204

Lynn V. Boston, 2618 Gates Ave., Apt. B, Redondo Beach, CA 90278

J. K. Hillary, 835 N. Wilton Pl., Los Angeles, CA 90038

C.S.F. Baden, P.O. Box 17340, Anaheim, CA 92817

Terry Fowler, 1421 W. Albion, 2d Floor, Chicago IL 60626

Probe/SFSA, P.O. Box 781481, Sandton, 2146,

South Africa

Harry Andruschak, P.O. Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309

At last, Martha Beck and her husband Hank sold their house in Cedar Lake, IN, and moved into one they'd already bought Payson, AZ. Martha said final papers were to be signed October 14. She added, "Love our 8-sided house up on the mountain. Huge (4 room) mom-in-law apartment, on the side -- so will have lots of room for visiting fan friends. ...Come help unpack. Only 180 boxes of books so far...."

Harry Andruschak submitted the COA for Probe, the quarterly clubzine of Science Fiction South Africa, saying, "SFSA has been fighting the censorship of sf books in South Africa for many years."

By the way, Harry hasn't actually changed his address, but he wants to make sure everybody realizes he doesn't live in Santa Monica just because that was postmarked on a copy of his fanzine sent to me. Now I can have peace at last!

ART CREDITS

Linda Leach Hardy - Cover

Stu Shiffman - 3, 9, 12

Bill Rotsler - 5, 8

Sheryl Birkhead - 6

Teddy Harvia - 7, 11

Alexis Gilliland - 14

Delphyne - 22

NEWS OF FANDOM

ERRATA

File 770:94's Loscon report by C.S.F. Baden contained several misstatements about Mike Resnick that I should have caught given that I organized the con's program. For one, Eleanor Wood is Resnick's agent, not Ricia Mainhardt. For another, Mike and Carol Resnick both attended Loscon: Carol herself was on three panels!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LONDON SF MEETING?

London fandom is coping with the interregnum between suitable pubs to host their monthly gathering. Several years ago the meeting moved to the Wellington after the landlord at One Tun expelled fans, having reportedly seen two men kissing. Now, writes Dave Langford in a letter, with the Wellington "precariously open while being rebuilt" the London sf meeting is in a chaotic state.

Langford's halfsheet dated September 3 wryly announced: "Schism and dissent were evident when (not actually all that many) fans turned up at the vast by initially commuter-packed Hamilton Hall bar on Liverpool Street Station. The non-fan crowd thinned out later, by which time there had been daring expedition to nearby pubs like the beguilingly named 'Dirty Dick's' (too small), and two impromptu flyers were circulating -- Nic Farey suggesting a place called 'Turnmills' (corner of Turnmill St. and Clerkenwell Rd., near Farringdon tube station of lavender-scented memory), and Bernie Peek unilaterally announcing an immediate move to 'The Wine Vaults' in Fenchurch St. ('northern side, about halfway along...nearest tube stations are Bank, Aldgate, Tower Hill and Monument' -- i.e., not close to any tube station at all.) You know my methods, Watson, you have all the data: now deduce where to go in October."

TRIP DELAYED

DUFF winner Roger Weddall attended Magicon, but told Lloyd Penney had had been forced to postpone plans for six months of travel in North America until 1993.



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November 1992

MINOR INJURIES FOR FAN IN MAJOR ACCIDENT

Allan Kent, Pat Vandenberg's husband, was driving on I-93 near Boston on September 30 when he was cut off by another car, lost control and hit a gas-tanker which overturned and spilled about 8,000 gallons of gasoline into a nearby water reservoir.

Allan went to a local hospital with cuts and bruises, and was released. According to Pat Vandenberg, he was fine, as was the driver of the tanker.

IT GETS IN YOUR EYES

Her Smoke Rose up from Supper will be the title of the sequel to Hugo-nominee *The Bakery Men Don't See*, raising funds for the James Tiptree Jr. Award. Jeanne Gomoll announced that the cookbook will be published in time for the March 1993 WisCon, in Madison, WI, site of the second annual awards presentation. The title paraphrases Tiptree's short story "Her Smoke Rose Up Forever." Recipes with anecdotes submitted by November 15, 1992, will be considered for publication. The character count should be less than 1200, which is about 200 words. Contact: SF3, PO Box 1624, Madison WI 53704-1624.

Another project for the Tiptree award is a Tiptree Quilt, to be designed by Elspeth Krisor and made during a quilting bee in Madison. The quilt will be displayed and auctioned at the 1993 Worldcon.

1992 MYTHOPOEIC AWARDS

Winners of this year's Mythopoeic Awards were announced at the Banquet of the Tolkien Centenary Conference on August 20 at Keble College, Oxford. The Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for adult literature went to Eleanor Arnason. Given for the first time, the Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for children's literature went to *Haroun and the Sea of Stories* by Salman Rushdie.

Winner of the Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Inklings studies was *Word and Story in C.S. Lewis* edited by Peter J. Schakel and Charles A. Huttar. Winning a new award for myth and fantasy studies was *The Victorian Fantasists* edited by Kath Filmer.

HOUNDS OF HECK

Ohio fan Franz Zrilich dealt with that old Baker Street irregularity problem by attending the local Sherlock Holmes club, The Inverness Capers. Writes Zrilich: "One of the members had gone this summer to the scene of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. He saw the church where

lies the real Hugo Baskervilles in a small cathedral 800 years old. The next month Satanists burned the church down. Another member showed us one of several deeds signed by the real Hugo Baskervilles, on 350-year-old faded sheepskin."

THE WORLD OF FANZINES

NEW ANSIBLE CELEBRATES FIRST ANNIVERSARY

Dave Langford admits in *Ansible 62*: "Your editor is as boggled as anyone to find that *Ansible*'s new slimline series has lasted a year (12 issues plus two illogical half-issues; over 30,000 words and no lawsuits yet.) At this juncture, apologies are extended to those far-off sf societies who wanted the agenda of all their weekly meetings listed in full, the bookshops expecting vast free publicity about every single signing, the con committees who are hurt that their 37 guests of honor and 18-tier membership rates aren't printed each issue merely because nothing has actually changed, and above all the fans who (not having fathomed the intricate subtleties of the stamped, self-addressed envelope) complain that *Ansible* is elitist and impossible to get hold of."

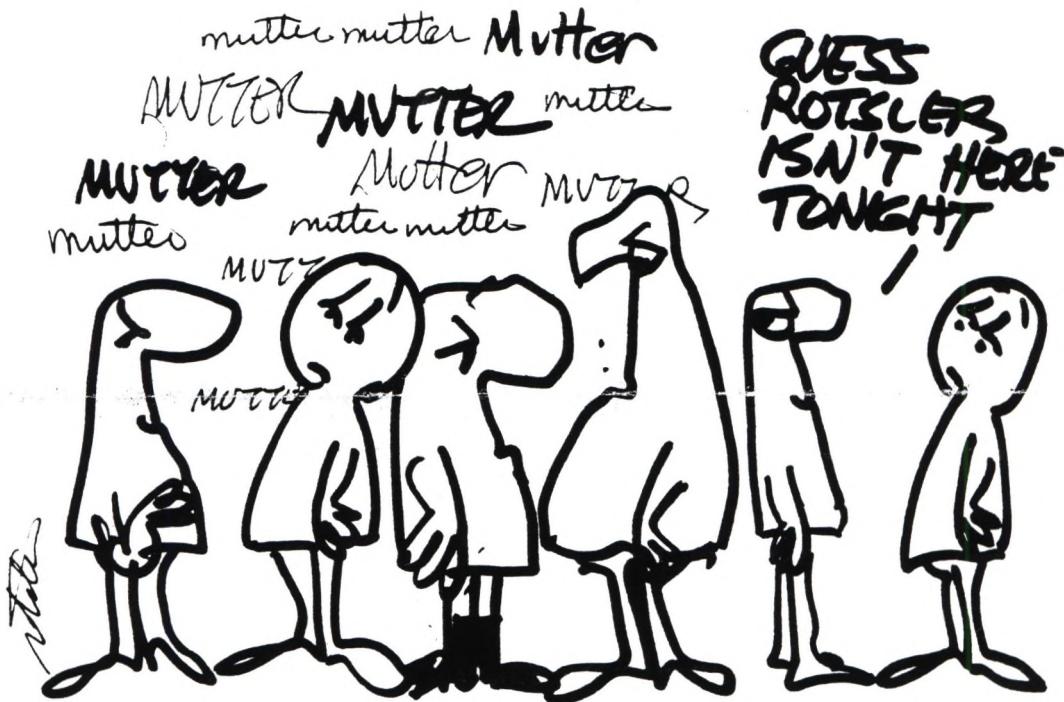
There are still plenty of gems in the two-page issues. In *Ansible 61* Dave reported, "William Gibson's poem *Agrippa (A Book of the Dead)* – the one on disk that wipes itself as you display it – is reviewed at length in the accompanying *Ansible Dumb Ideas Supplement*, which goes one better by self-destructing before you read it."

SNEARY TRIBUTE FANZINE AVAILABLE

Button-Tack, the Rick Sneary Memorial Fanzine edited by June and Len Moffatt and John Hertz, was released at Magicon. The 58 pages of articles and commentary interspersed with reprints of Sneary's work were contributed by Robert Bloch, Redd Boggs, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Ed Cox, Bill Ellern, Dick Eney, Don Franson, Mike Glyer, Dean Grennell, John Hertz, Frank Kelly Freas, Robert Lichtman, Ethel Lindsay, Mark Manning, Len Moffatt, Art Rapp, William Rotsler, Roy Tackett, Harry Warner Jr., Walt Willis and Stan Woolston.

Fans can obtain a copy by donating \$5.00 to TAFF in the following manner:

(1) Make your check payable to Jeanne Bowman the current North American TAFF Administrator; (2) send the check to Moffatt House, P.O. Box 4456, Downey CA 90241. The Moffatts will mail your copy and send the check on to Jeanne.



SEMIPROZINE MERGER ANNOUNCED

After publication of the Winter 1993 issue, Doug Fratz' *Quantum* will cease publication and merge with Steve Brown's *Science Fiction Eye*. Fratz will become associate editor of *SF Eye*, which will otherwise remain unchanged by the merger.

Originally titled *Thrust*, the zine changed to *Quantum* in 1990. *Quantum* earned five Hugo Award nominations, one in the Best Fanzine category and four in the Best Semiprozine category. Fratz commented that *SF Eye* has never appeared on the Hugo ballot because of Steve Brown's "refusal to define the magazine according to the award's rather narrow definitions, which result each year in its votes being split between categories."

Steve Brown eulogized, "It is always sad to see another magazine fold. It is characteristic of the sf field that there exists an ongoing dialog between the writers and readers unmatched in intensity and sheer quality than any other form of literature. The loss of *Quantum* will reduce that clamor. I have long been an admirer of Doug Fratz' own acerbic reviews and commentary, and the addition of his voice will be a valuable asset to the *Eye*."

SF Eye is available at 3/\$12 (\$20 overseas) from P.O. Box 18539, Asheville, NC 28814.

TRIMBLES SEEK SUBSCRIBERS

Bjo Trimble's bimonthly *Space-Time Continuum* builds a richly-detailed mosaic of developments in media fandom and among fannish space activists. Especially when *ST:TNG*, *Deep Space 9* and perhaps another Trek movie are in production there's a great deal of interesting news about casting, scripts and actor appearances to report. STC covers at least a little bit of everything in fandom that interests Bjo, which makes for a rich reading experience.

The zine conceives of itself as a wide-ranging reporter of fictional and real space exploration but to do that job Bjo needs to filter out obvious mistakes like the "Special Bulletin" in the October issue announcing "Our Congress voted pay raises for themselves and kept \$170 billion [emphasis in the original] in the US budget for their own 'Other Services' (travel, moving expenses, decorating their offices, etc.)" where ignorant cynicism is being passed off as political wisdom.

At the risk of winning my own Boobus Americanus award, I have been through the zine five times, found four places readers are urged to subscribe, without finding the rates. But don't be deterred! Request subscription information from Bjo at 2059 Fir Springs Dr., Kingwood TX 77539-1701.

AUSSIE FANEDS RETIRING

Retiring, but never shy, several Australia fanzine editors will soon give up their zines. Mark Loney and Greg Hills have been editors of the newzine *Thyme* for only a short while but are already stepping down. Roger Weddall told Lloyd Penney at Magicon. Alan Stewart is also leaving his editorship of the Melbourne SF clubzine *Ethel the Aardvark*.

Long retired from fanpublishing, Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown surfaced recently as the house guests of Joseph Nicholas and Judith Hanna in England. Dave Langford's cryptic explanation is, Leigh and Valma "came from Australia to attend some Euro-conference...."

IT WAS NEWS, ONCE UPON A TIME

I think it was future shock that did in *Ethel the Aardvark*'s Alan Stewart, when word of the invention of Xerox machines reached the Antipodes.

Alan Stewart took official notice in *Ethel* 43 that several fanartists submit their fanzine illustrations to more than one zine at a time. Given the dates of his examples, bottles dropped into the ocean must be taking longer than ever to wash up in to Australia -- Alan found the same Steve Fox cover on the October 1988 issue of *Erg* and the February 1989 issue of *Westwind*.

If fanzine editors used to insist on first-time publication of illos, the artists grumblingly accepted this state of affairs because fanzines were comparatively numerous and issues came out sufficiently often that artwork had a good chance of being in print within a year of submission. Also, photocopied art of even the least graphic complexity was usually too faded to use as a camera-ready original, so the only way an artist could try another fanneditor would be to retrieve the original art, an embarrassing chore for all concerned.

Two changes have shifted the balance of power in favor of artists like Ruth Thompson and Peggy Ranson. First, Xerox technology is now so good a photocopy can be made without significant loss of detail from the original. Second, the shrinking world of fanzines compels any skilled artist to take a scattershot approach if they hope for a piece to show up somewhere in their lifetime.

Stewart shouldn't be too distressed by this development: it means greater exposure for Australian fanartists like Ian Gunn, whose work begins appearing in this issue. Gunn has mailed editors everywhere a Xeroxed collection of his fanzine illos, *More Silly Illos* in hope that his Ditmar-winning talent will be more widely recognized...maybe even by Hugo voters.

WHERE TO PUT THOSE DILLINGER RELICS?

Bernadette Bosky and Arthur Hlavaty's combined book collections followed them in a move from North Carolina to New York. Added Hlavaty in *Derogatory Reference* 73:

"One decision we've made is to give up on dividing fiction by genre and/or category. ...Having all the 20th-Century English-language fiction arranged alphabetically does lead to some remarkable juxtapositions. My favorite is Charles Platt and Sylvia Plath. What makes that combination particularly putrid is that the Platt book is *The Gas*."

LIFE IN AN IRISH COUNTRY GARDEN

Diane Duane revealed on CompuServe one way spouse Peter Morwood adds special effects to everyday life:

"The butterflies have been beating each other up outside on the buddleia bush (particularly the silver-washed fritillaries, an aggressive and bullyish sort of lepidopter if you ever saw one), and Peter typically stands outside and provides them with tiny aerial combat noises. You have to see this to believe it, since the frits really are very aggressive: they will muscle a butterfly of another species right off a given flower and then follow it into the air to attack -- whacking into it with their wings and bumping the other butterfly around as they indulge in dogfight maneuvers. On a very quiet morning you can hear the sound of the little wings flapping into one another: it sounds just like a pair of Kleenex being whipped together. Until Peter gets out there, of course. Then it sounds like 'eeeeeyyyooowwww, dakkadakkadakka, vroooooom!' etc. Spitfires. Battle of Britain noises, Stuka sirens, machine guns. Vulcan anti-aircraft canon. You know."

OBITUARY

Robert Coleman, a bard in the SCA and a mainstay of California filkdom, died on the operating table October 2 at a hospital in the Ridgecrest area. Surgeons succeeded in taking care of the first of two aneurisms; they couldn't take care of the second.



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MAGICON: THE 50TH WORLDCON (September 2-7, 1992) REPORT BY MIKE GLYER

A short monorail ride delivered airport passengers to Orlando airport's baggage claim where people boarded the shuttle bus to International Drive, a trip they'd complete without seeing anything developers hadn't tamed to resemble a well-manicured golf course. Hi-tech, planned, smooth, everything conspired to achieve an illusion that the airport terminal gate was the entrance to Disneyworld. -- Look out! Who's that in the road...??!

Filksingers Lee and Barry Gold and many others discovered it could be worth their lives jaywalking International Drive between the Peabody Hotel and the Orange County Convention Center. As my shuttle passed, they leaped from the curb, guitars in hand, and ran through a gap in traffic. Less adventuresome fan used a marked crosswalk and waited on the traffic light.

FACILITIES: Seen from the Clarion Hotel the Convention Center looked like a white riverboat. Three recessed cornices at the center of the building resembled a riverboat's stepped-back decks, flanked on each side by blunt halfways ending in arched romanesque windows

like paddlewheel housings.

Unlike convention facilities in wintry cities, many sections of the Orlando convention center were illuminated by natural daylight. The airy, open sense of natural space contributed to everyone's festive spirit.

REGISTRATION: Membership services opened Wednesday and followed a recent trend by registering nearly half the attending members (2300) the night before the official opening. Final attendance figures were hard to come by. Interim reports in the daily newzine said by noon Saturday there were 5,423 members present, including 213 dailies and 395 full memberships bought at the door.

The con required members to show a photo ID to get their packets. And they were serious -- they even carded Danny Siclari, the con chairman's son. A good thing, too, because Danny went around the rest of the weekend offering Masquerade tickets and panicking people who failed to get the joke. Jay Kay Klein, who

has an absolute phobia about being unrecognized, produced a photograph of himself standing with Robert Silverberg and Isaac Asimov and asked, "Will this do?"

The influx of at-the-door memberships put \$40,000 in the coffers, allowing the committee to restore budget cuts made in July based on dire predictions. The Green Room ran out of coffee within two hours of opening, but new membership money allowed them to refill coffee as needed after Thursday.

That computerized registration software hadn't been perfected was admitted to Magicon officials only five days before the con. Vice-chair Becky Thomson dialed the Worldcon's answer to 911, computer consultant Ross Pavlac, for an emergency assist. For devoting long hours on short notice to writing a program he was presented a "Magicon Hero" medal on closing day. The attention he got wearing the medal at Magicon was nothing compared to the fuss made over him by parking lot attendants and waiters at Disneyworld...

Few such "saving throws" were needed by Magicon because the central committee had done extensive recruitment years in advance of veteran convention runners and kept open communication with them with divisional APAs, e-mail and committee meetings at regionals. Money was at a premium but fans from all over the east coast (especially Boston) and England joined the core committee of Floridians and overcame resource problems with hard work.

OPENING CEREMONIES: Fans milling outside Hall A half an hour beyond the scheduled starting time for opening ceremonies because the dress rehearsal ran over were rewarded by the most excellent opening ceremonies of the 11 Worldcons I've attended.

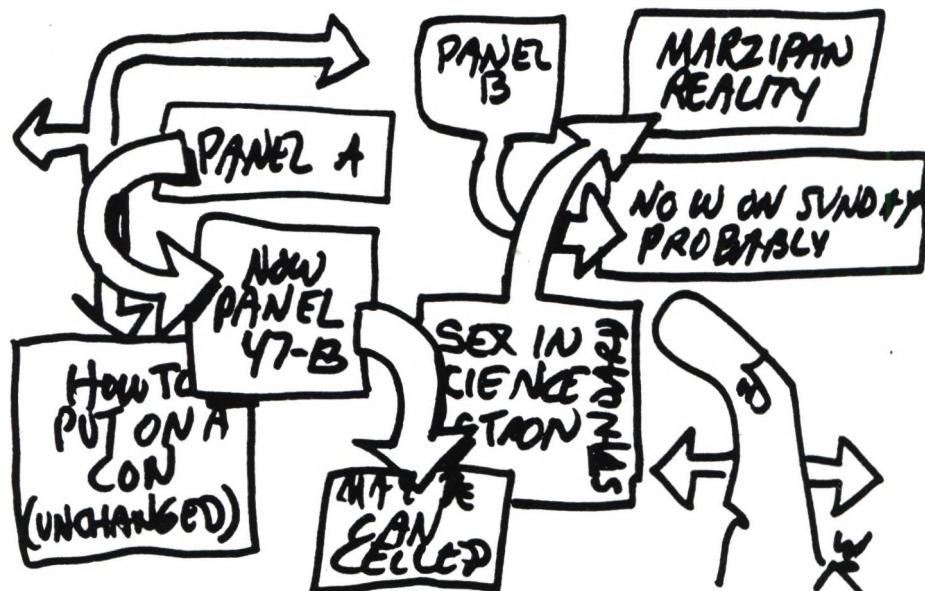
The hall darkened, John Williams Olympic fanfare rang out, astronomical slides were projected and a voice in the rafters rumbled that we were at Magicon, the 50th Worldcon.

"Thank you, Lord," answered toastmaster Spider Robinson, stepping into a spotlight. His introduction dedicated the con to three "ghosts of honor", Heinlein, Sturgeon and Asimov. He alluded to another great still with us, Clarke, while debunking the familiar Magicon motto: "Blending science and technology -- as if there was a difference!"

Blundering into Spider's rap came wizard Richard Hill in a gaudy foil robe. Hill had little idea about science and even less about science fiction. Spider faded offstage and let the "voice from above" guide Hill through a retrospective of science fiction. Beginning with an avalanche of familiar definitions of the genre authored by Knight, Panshin and others, the voice mercifully changed tack and finished with a gentle, anecdotal review of the field's history illustrated by images projected on three screens, or dramatized by other actors.

Like the audioanimatronic presidents down the road at Disneyworld, Verne and Wells appeared in period costume. From 50 feet they looked an awful lot like Don Eastlake and Anthony Lewis (but weren't.) Other live actors included First Fandomites in vintage sf costumes, such as 1939 Worldcon attendees Ackerman and Kyle; perhaps I should have recognized them all, but I didn't.

Once the play had unfolded Spider Robinson returned to say, "I'd like to thank you all for coming -- or however you're reacting." He extended his thanks to the father of modern science fiction, Hugo Gernsback, "who established a pay rate which is still in effect for many



publications."

Then convention chairman Joe Siclari brought out the honored guests, Jack and Norma Vance, Walt and Madeleine Willis, and Vincent Di Fate.

MAGICON CONCOURSE: A tradition, in fandom, is anything that's been done once. When Noreascon 3 (1989) transformed its convention center's wastelands into a thematic concourse of standing exhibits, lounges and bidder tables the fannish consciousness promptly grasped that was the way things ought to be done. Despite Boston's successful experiment the next two Worldcons in Holland and Chicago returned to disjointed orthodoxy, leaving Magicon the first to recapture the spirit of Noreascon by creatively organizing the generic gray expanse of the OCC's exhibit hall. Magicon enjoyed a great success by applying its people-power principle to overcome budget restraints. Just as Tom Sawyer dealt with whitewashing the picket fence, Magicon franchised its miniature golf holes to fan groups who paid for construction and staffed them because it looked like too much fun to miss!

Magicon ingeniously combined fan GoH Walt Willis' imaginary world and favorite recreation into the thematic 10-hole Enchanted Duplicator Golf Course that snaked around the exhibit hall. Every hole was sponsored by a bidding committee, regional con or club who paid for materials and in many cases ran a table on site. The MCFL/Noreascon 4 bid took the hole shaped like the number 4. SCIFI/LA in '96 had one in the shape of a question mark. The Glasgow in '95 hole used scotch bottles to shape the playing area. Each hole featured a signboard quoting the passage from *Enchanted Duplicator* that served as its inspiration. The holes were constructed of astroturf with plywood curbs as boundaries. Homemade golf clubs (with wood blocks for heads), and plastic whiffle-golf-balls were stocked at every hole.

The miniature golf course proved more entertaining than its sponsors hoped, providing a great outlet for childrens' energy and an entire new way for adults to think about normally drab convention centers. LA in '96 gave away souvenir tokens to anyone making par (six strokes), and "Gummi Rats" to anyone who set or tied the hole record. A few of the younger kids became obsessed with the idea of breaking par. Michael Bienewicz-Velada (about 9 years old) and Len Wien (9 years old during Nixon's "Checkers" speech) set a hole record at four. It fell to a young girl who played through a few dozen times and trimmed the record to three strokes.

Kids' enthusiasm did little damage to the sturdy equipment provided by the Magicon Golf Hole Staff even when bludgeoning the ball through some of the trickier



obstacles, though they did break off a letter from the jigsaw-cut NASA sign at the San Antonio '97 hole.

Bruce Pelz and Gary Louie spent Thursday morning hanging the History of the Worldcon exhibits, a collection of myriad clippings, badges, pictures and membership badges. On a nearby was table irreplaceable Worldcon Program Books were available to browse. For the first time there was a theft from the exhibit: the signed copy of Robert Heinlein's guest of honor speech for the 1941 Denvention. Pelz seemed resigned to the loss of the speech, handling it with black humor by pointing out although the text was signed by Heinlein and his spouse, it was Virginia's signature not Leslie's, Heinlein's wife in 1941.

A Glasgow bidder, in blue bid t-shirt and a plaid kilt, tried to have a conversation with Gary Louie. He was interrupted by Dutch fan Larry Van der Putte's less-than-traditional greeting: walking up behind and lifting the fellow's kilt to see what he was wearing underneath. The Scotsman's ritual answer to Larry's greeting? "I'll kill you later!"

A cyclopean eye against a far wall was the Sci-Fi Channel's preview screen formed of 16 color television monitors alternately presenting mosaics of large single images or smaller redundant images.

The concourse was partitioned from to rear half of the exhibit hall reserved for the Dealers' Room and Art Show. At the Dealers' Room entrance Dick Spelman sat behind a table, providing information, handling problems, and doling out the peach-colored ribbons which identified the sellers. On closer observation one discovered two versions of the same ribbon, one

stamped "Dealer," and the other, "Huckster." Whichever title a seller used to refer to himself, Spelman was ready.

THE GENERALISSIMO OF BOLIVIA EFFECT: In fact, the worldcon tradition of creating a variety of colored ribbons achieved kaleidoscopic extremes at Magicon. Almost everyone enjoyed it as much as I did, but one of the exceptions was Rick Foss. At the end of a long evening of partying, Rick observed, "It's been many years since I was at a con without seeing somebody wearing many ribbons to show how important he is passed out on a couch somewhere."

Then at the gripe session someone claimed an unauthorized fan was giving directions during masquerade set-up and was obeyed because of his intimidating fruit salad of convention ribbons.

Most fans simply entertained themselves by collecting all the badge paraphernalia they could. With a minimal investment of effort nearly anyone could get a "Jack Vance Festival of All Worlds", "Site Selection Voter" or "Gopher" ribbon. Several clubs (NESFA, WSFA, BSFS) had their own powder-blue ribbons. The San Antonio in '97 bid gave ribbons to presupporters. Boston in '98 presupporters got an enamel pin. Hugo nominees received little gold-colored rocket pins. Badge stickers were handed out at most bid parties.

Magicon also had specialized ribbons identifying "Past Worldcon Guest of Honor" and "Past Worldcon Chairman", Hugo nominees, program participants, art show exhibitors, concormittee and staff. There were also yellow ribbons for "Feather Dance Ceremony" (a Seth Breidbart hoax) and red ones stating "Dave Kyle Says You Can Sit Here." For Worldcon exhibit collector, Bruce Pelz, they even had one captioned: "Set Completer."

CARPE PER DIEM: Thursday before the meet-the-pros, Elst Weinstein led two carloads of us to a Orlando shopping mall containing half a dozen upscale restaurants. We selected the Phoenician, specializing in North African and Middle East cuisine.

Elst is a fascinating and dangerous dinner companion: since cooking exotic food is his passion he can advise and entertain about practically anything on the menu. But being Elst -- once he has his dinner companions' confidence he can't resist a little put-on. The first time he got some fans in an Iranian restaurant he ultimately persuaded them into making finger sandwiches from the pita bread and all the condiments at the table: butter, chopped onion, chopped mint leaves and yogurt sauce. Now I believe if Elst went to dinner with six fans who had never been inside an American restaurant before, after he enthralled them with the legend of worstershire sauce and cellophane-wrapped crackers he'd probably instruct

his slackjawed audience how to concoct an appetizer with the lemon-scented fingerbowl water...

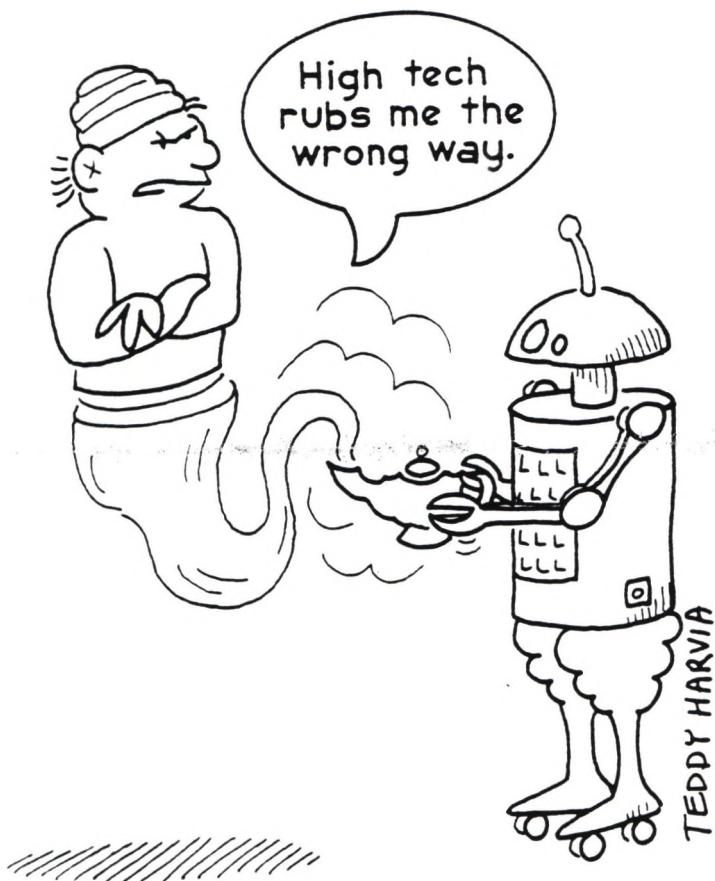
RECURRING NIGHTMARES -- MEET THE VIP'S: Our dinner group arrived in the middle of Thursday night's frantic "Meet the VIP's" reception in the Clarion ballroom. As Richard Brandt said in next morning's newzine, "In the dim, cavernous hall I was jotting down notes...pressed up against a far wall when a functionary with an Events gizmo came trotting over and demanded who had raised the lights. 'You're backing up against the dimmer switch,' he told me. 'Nobody touches the dimmer switch.' 'Heavens forfend,' I replied, straining my eyes to see if I could recognize my date. I think she had stepped outside for some light."

Crowds of party-dressed people were roaring to be heard above Mike Resnick, who was announcing Magicon notables over the public address while maybe three people in the room actually paid attention. As guests' index cards were handed to him Resnick read their two-line bios; the three people paying attention looked around expecting the people Resnick was introducing to be spotlighted, or wave, or at least be in the room. No such luck. The meaningless recitation was painfully reminiscent of Shari Tepper's depiction in *Grass of believers'* names given a ritual utterance by a recorder at the universal church.

In "Xenogenesis" Harlan Ellison proved that from time to time fans do awful things to pros. What was done to Resnick belongs on the list. Sought after to emcee events like meet-the-pros, the Hugos (at NOLAcon) and the masquerade (at Chicon V), Mike Resnick has excellent stage presence, a wonderful announcing voice, good stories, and he's easy for a committee to work with. How many more times Resnick will say "yes" is a question after he's repeatedly had to salvage events from the mistakes of their organizers. I respect his loyalty, for no one's patience is inexhaustible!

Indeed, the whole "meet-the-pros" concept proved unworkable long before I began attending Worldcons. Wrote Walt Willis in 1952 to those absent from Chicon I's opening ceremonies: "[T]he only spectacles they missed were those of Erle ('I cannot see') Korshak as he peered despairingly about the vast auditorium looking for familiar faces to introduce. The Convention Hall was actually a huge terraced restaurant, with tier after tier of small tables rising in semi-circles from a large stage. One result of this was that even those who were within a stone's throw of the official programme tended to ignore it as if it were a sort of cabaret."

The "Platonic ideal" meet-the-pros reception allows fans easy access to the writers they want to meet, gives newcomers the means to match pros' names to their faces, while it provides the pros comfortable



surroundings.

But Worldcons are no closer to this achievement today than they were in 1952. The less-known guests reluctantly attend, anxious about an introduction to a blank-faced audience. Some experienced pros stay away for the very reason they will be recognized and overwhelmed by more fans than they can hope to converse with. Newcomers waiting for a particular favorite cannot enjoy a party while they are concentrating on a succession of introductions, and veteran fans, knowing the futility, get on with their noisy party and make it impossible for those actually listening. These psychological constants assure no amount of tweaking and revamping will ever make the "meet-the-pros party" into a successful Worldcon concept.

Several regional conventions have abandoned the concept without anyone noticing because they have kept the name. But "meet-the-pros" means two extremely different things at Armadillocon and BayCon. At Armadillocon everyone gathers into the biggest program room on Friday night and listens while a humorous pro like Shiner, Cadigan, Snodgrass or Connie Willis cracks jokes about friends in the audience: it's great stand-up comedy and makes no pretense of giving systematic coverage of the guests. In contrast, BayCon is

completely systematic, stationing guests at tables on the perimeter of a ballroom and having fans circulate among them in a glorified autograph party. (The number of guests and attendees at a Worldcon probably rules out adopting BayCon's model, as would the amount of regimentation, which might alienate some well-known pros.)

ART SHOW: Magicon's "meet-the-pros" made a worrisome first impression, but did not prove typical of the committee's planning or awareness of people's needs. Only an hour later I was both grateful and impressed about Thursday night's Art Show preview for Magicon staff. This year no worker needed to say he or she was too busy working the con to see the Art Show.

I followed Janice Gelb and Eve Ackerman through many aisles of sf and fantasy art. Janice's favorite piece was a three-panel pen-and-ink ST:TNG cartoon. The first showed "Data, the Good brother", the second, "Lore, the Evil brother", and the third, a Data look-alike in drag captioned, "Jerome, the brother they don't talk about."

At the staff preview, as he did throughout the weekend, Vincent Di Fate guided fans through an extensive exhibit of his collection of historic science fiction art, giving his insights on each artist's technique and impact on the field.

PROGRAMMING:

Interview With Vincent Di Fate: Questioned about his career by Joe Siclari and Roger Reed, of Illustration House (a coordinator of the Di Fate retrospective displayed in the Art Show), Magicon guest of honor Vincent Di Fate continued to dazzle listeners with his historical knowledge, critical perception and capacity for explaining technical art matter to everyday fans in understandable terms.

"It was not my intention to go into art," insisted Di Fate. "It seemed like every artist I ever talked to was angry about something and I didn't want to spend my life in the visual arts."

Attracted by the set design of *Rocket Ship X-M*, the Disney style and the astronomical art of Chesley Bonestell, Di Fate brought to him profession a great deal of intuitive knowledge about the look of spacecraft and equipment.

Di Fate answered his interviewers so candidly that their

open-ended questions drew responses too sophisticated for listeners to fully comprehend without the translations he supplied. A generic question about his reputation as a hardware artist launched Di Fate on a cryptic commentary: "I have found no market for the exploration of the viscous properties of paint." Said Di Fate, art directors want the images more sharp and hard-edged, adding dismissively, "but that's what photographs are for." He has faith the current standard will ultimately be abandoned. "The artist needs to provide an alternative. There needs to be some room left for viewer participation, imagining what those shapes mean."

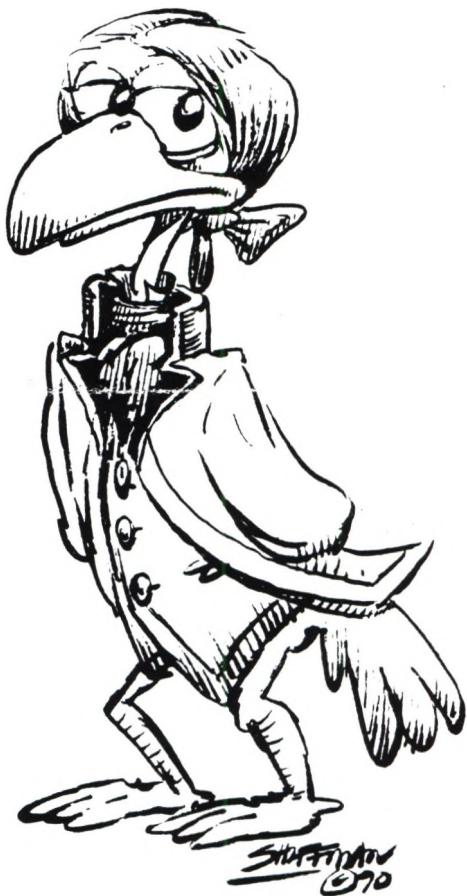
Answering another question, Di Fate observed that artists absorb a sense of how spaceships capable of flying in atmosphere must look from the way Cadillacs are shaped and the design of thousands of other familiar artifacts. Yet if the spaceship never need to fly in atmosphere it can look like anything. One John Schoenherr black-and-white spaceship in *Analog* was based on a washing machine agitator; the artist created false details simply by varying his brushstrokes.

Like the stereotyped artist, DiFate has never done a painting that satisfies him. "When paintings leave the studio I utterly loathe and despise them, and loath and despise myself."

Keynote Luncheon: The guests of honor and astronaut John Young were presented at a Friday luncheon. Young's speech, which was repeatedly interrupted by applause, was all the more remarkable given some of the obstacles he overcame. According to Becky Thomson, Delta canceled Young's Thursday night flight. Mere hours before his talk he reached Orlando as co-pilot of a military plane. Since NASA had not relayed Magicon's correspondence to Young he didn't even know he was appearing at a science fiction convention before talking to Thomson. On the ride from the airport Young pored over the Program Book and pocket program -- often uttering things like, "Oh, I've read that!" Thomson concluded, "By the time he was done he knew more about last year's Hugo nominees than I do!"

An inspired track of programming recreated panels from the first Worldcon in 1939 -- and even fielded one of the original panelists, Sam Moskowitz. Hal Clement gave a contemporary version of "Seeing the Universe", Vincent DiFate paid tribute to Frank R. Paul's 1939 talk "SF: The Spirit of Youth," and after 53 years such panels as "The Changing SF" (this time with Gardner Dozois and Beth Meacham) and "The Fan World of the Future" have become traditional fare.

Sam Moskowitz delivered two talks at the 1939 con, one of them "The Fan World of the Future." In concept, he



was to deliver his original talk again, followed by a discussion between himself, Bruce Pelz, Wilma Meier and myself. By the time Sam got to the con he still hadn't found his original text: perhaps it had even been extemporaneous. So he began with his own look back at the way fans lived 50 years ago, a series of recollections that enthralled everyone.

In 1939 many fans still didn't have phones -- including the four who organized the first Worldcon. But in those days if Moskowitz mailed a Special Delivery letter by 6 p.m., the other party would get it by 11 if he wasn't more than 50 miles away, at a cost of 3 cents. Progress isn't always progress.

Moskowitz' own *Fantasy Times* in 1940 was the first offset fanzine. Early fanzines were often reproduced by hektograph: a process in which a typewriter's impressions on a purple master were transferred to a bed of hektograph jelly, and a careful fan could make about 60 readable copies by pressing down one sheet at a time.

Most early fans didn't own automobiles or travel by plane, but a legendary trek to the 1941 Denvention involved both forms of transportation. Art Widner owned a 20-year-old car that broke down every 15 miles. He and six friends from Boston and New York contributed \$10 each for the round trip to Denver. Moskowitz winked. "Needless to say, there was a bit of thievery along the way." One of the riders, John Bell, became so disgusted with Denvention he made the first recorded fan plane trip -- home.

Returning to the topic Moskowitz said they planned to hold a 1939 World's Fair Convention. The fair had agreed to give them meeting space, and declare it jointly "Science Fiction/Boy Scout Day." But the fair expected fans to pay admission: three days at 75 cents, \$2.25. was out of the question so "fair" was dropped from the name of the event.

They also shortened it to a one-day con because none of the fans could afford a hotel room. Except Jack Williamson put himself up for \$1 a night at Sloane House -- sort of like a YMHA -- an expense befitting his status as a successful author!

A Talk With Walt Willis: Ted White conducted an interview with fan guest of honor, Walt Willis. It took a moment to pick up Walt's lilting Irish accent in the room's bad acoustics -- but once anyone did he was likely to keep it! (Later in the weekend Art Widner explained the odd diction of his First Fandom award acceptance speech as the product of listening to James White for hours.)

The health and age of guests Vance and Willis contributed to each man's decision to be interviewed rather than give a GoH speech. This was certainly a successful choice for Willis who sat surrounded by an audience of fanzine readers who were encyclopedically familiar with his work and offered questions more to express their appreciation than to learn anything new. For example, Moshe Feder recalled, "I embarrassed Walt at Tropicon by saying it was like meeting somebody out of the Bible." Then Feder asked who Walt admired in fandom. Willis answered that he admired Charles Burbee for his versatility, and Bob Tucker for his fanfiction.

THE JACK VANCE FESTIVAL OF ALL WORLDS: Answering a call for jugglers, mimes and "balloon zoologists", fans instigated an indoor street fair Friday night in honor of GoH Jack Vance.

Martin Morse Wooster walked about in an orange and red balloon headdress looking like he'd survived a bungee jump into a vat of giant Life Savers. He called it his idea generator. "I go out and stand in the crowd and ideas come to me." I agreed, "People passing by will

shout them out at you!"

PARTIES: The Peabody had been designated the 'party hotel' so that hosts would reserve their rooms in a central location. Lloyd and Yvonne Penney brought their 14-year-old niece Nicole with them to the con who discovered the heavy-metal group Metallica was staying on their floor at the Peabody when she met them in the lobby.

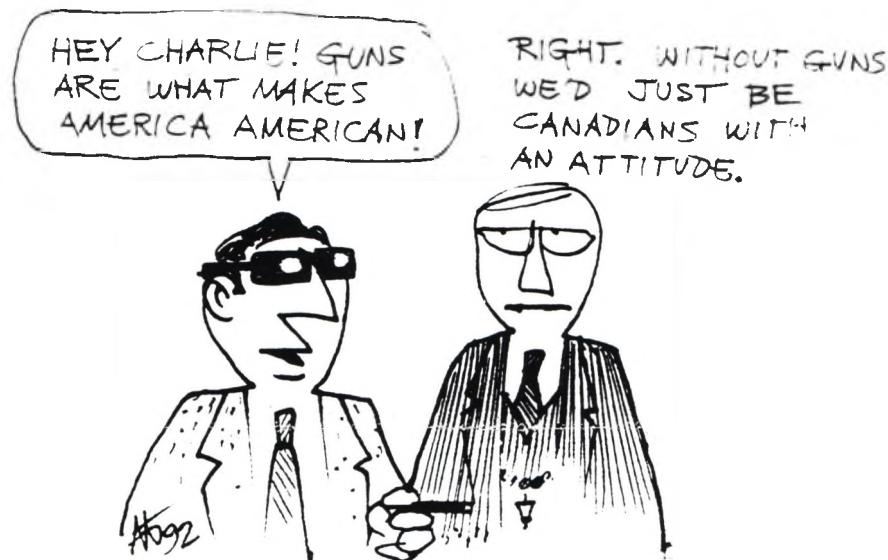
Over the weekend the Peabody boasted 10 to 20 open parties each night, plus the invitational receptions held by publishers. Crowds were rationed into the elevator cars a dozen at a time by monitors doing the second-most-thankless worldcon job (emcee of the meet-the-pros being first, of course...)

Counters at the "Slightly Higher In Canada" party said over 1000 fans came through in just one night. That made them better off than the Atlanta in '95 bid party: I think when the thousand fans got there, they just stayed. Pressing through a solid wall of flesh to enter the party made me so claustrophobic I promptly shoved my way out again. According to Kurt Baty, Atlanta bidders kept a quiet VIP room in the rear of the suite and steered guests like Kelly Freas and Dave Kyle there to comfortable seats and the hospitality of a well-stocked bar.

New Orleans' favorite son, Joey Grilloc, visited the LA in '96 party. Joey laughed about confusing the hell out of somebody at a party he'd just left when he told him, "I'm going to LA." The other fan said, "But LA's in California!" Joey said, "No, it's up on the ninth floor." His slower companion asked, "How'd they get it up there?" Joey smiled, "They got everybody out, then folded it up REAL SMALL."

At another point Joey remembered John Guidry's announcement to New Orleans fans they had won the 1988 bid. Guidry told them the rules required the committee to do certain things, like present the Hugos. "What's that?" Joey asked, wondering if he'd heard right. Said Guidry, "That's the science fiction award we give every year." Joey was amazed. "John, how're you gonna get 26 of those Hungarian automobiles in the grand ballroom of the Sheraton?"

IN PASSING: Saturday morning in the Green Room I noticed that Jay Kay Klein, of all people, had yet to pick up his "Past Worldcon Guest of Honor" ribbon. Yet he was the fellow who'd taken me aside at ConFiction to say he wanted Worldcons to start distributing them. Janice Gelb did give him a VIP ribbon. He already had a "lost kid" ribbon from a theme park, and hoped to get one for "Meritorious Eating At Worldcon Banquets."



Highlighting "The Spanish Inquisition" panel of worldcon bidders was an exchange between NESFAns. Tony Lewis said a 1998 worldcon in Boston "is not going to be Noreascon 3 mark 2." Anne Broomhead agreed. "Mark wouldn't stand for it." Deb Geisler said, "We won't make the same mistakes." Tony Lewis enthusiastically agreed. "We'll make a whole new lot of mistakes, in new areas. We're going to be the first people to make mistakes in these areas."

Winnipeg's John Mansfield continued his recruiting drive. When I volunteered for a job he had already filled he added the odd comment he also didn't want it to seem there were "too many LA people" on the committee. I envy a chairman who already has "too many" volunteers to work his worldcon!

POCKET PROGRAM: Kathryn Daugherty snorted: "Did you actually carry around that mammoth publication in your pocket? Even my purse wasn't big enough and somewhere in there is the map to the Lost Dutchman Mine and Judge Crater's phone number."

It was a great line, but doesn't withstand close inspection. Nothing more ambitious than a barebones list of titles and times could encompass the worldcon in anything that would fit in a pocket. Laurie Mann's "pocket program" delivered program information, function area maps, lists of participants, a dealer's room guide and film and video schedules in a lightweight zine that was both easier to carry than the Program Book and much more accurate than if it had been sent to press with the Program Book.

HUGO AWARDS CEREMONY: Eve Ackerman was in the Green Room distributing Hugo Award nominee ribbons and gold-colored nominee rocket pins to people waiting to march in at the start of the ceremony. Alexis Gilliland, in a peach-colored jacket, sat at a table presiding over regiments of plastic dinosaurs marching abreast on the tablecloth: he looked like a Devonian-era Doctor Doolittle...

Many other fans also looked like they could "talk to the animals." Diana Harlan Stein arrived in a green jumpsuit wearing a blue cap with horns. George Laskowski kept his raccoon hat stashed nearby.

Gardner Dozois had graduated to a salt-and-pepper gray sports jacket, more befitting the leading magazine editor. Mark Owings wore a paisley tie, and said, "My 'power tie', I call it, but what it gives me power over I don't know."

The crowd was called to order so that artist Phil Tortorici could display the 1992 Hugos, gold-plated, on his beautifully-made bases. He'd hand-painted an astronomical scene on each black stone backdrop; the rockets rested on little squares of orange grating which came from the actual Pad 29 that was used to launch America's first satellite. Tortorici's bases are the finest since 1976, and only he and Tim Kirk have achieved the goal of making the awards real works of art.

After the procession of the nominees, emcee Spider Robinson was on the job again in top hat, tails and with a walking stick. "They misunderstood: they thought I some kind of comedian, but that's 'Canadian'."

No, they were right -- he is a comedian. Robinson charmed the audience with two-liners like: "When cordless phones went on sale I bought one because it had one feature I liked -- a button to turn off the ringer. It's in my house somewhere..." In fact, that wasn't the only thing in the house he needed help finding. "I need a VCR that when you switch it on the remote control announces where it is."

Spider called for the audience to applaud the three GoH's, "all of whom declined to give a speech." Then the awards began.

Andre Norton presented the Gryphon Award for Beginning Women Writers to Eleanor Scabin, and gave honorable mention to Terry McGarry.

The Big Heart Award, presented annually by Forrest J Ackerman in memory of E. Everett Evans, has been assured of surviving its septuagenarian founders Ackerman and Walt Daugherty. Forry has arranged that in the future the Order of St. Fantony will co-sponsor the presentation. The 1992 award went to Samantha Jeude, a founder of Electrical Eggs (concerned about handicap access at cons) and one of the award's rare women winners. Exasperatedly, Samantha said it's the second award she's won and again her husband, Don Cook, wasn't there to see it. "He's off doing Worldcon garbage," she explained: chair of the Atlanta bid, Cook was counting site selection votes.

Dave Kyle presided over the First Fandom Hall of Fame Awards. If only by coincidence, in 1991 only a single First Fandom award was given at Chicon following controversy over the way multiple awards inject an unwanted 15-minute delay before the Hugos. But in 1992 the group slipped its bridle and announced three.

Kyle said the Hall of Fame awards are given to people for accomplishments in sf before the creation of the Hugos in 1953. There is a preference for giving them to the oldest deserving candidates in hopes of avoiding posthumous awards, and all but twice the group has succeeded.

Forry Ackerman presented a Hall of Fame Award to Art Widner. Jack Williamson announced one for Nelson Bond, who wasn't present. Julie Schwartz announced an award for J. Harvey Haggard, which was accepted by Sam Moskowitz.

Then again, there was no hurry to start announcing Hugos anyway because on deck was a 15-minute retrospective slide show.

"50 Worldcons Remembered" was a brilliant image

collage of Program Book covers, ads, photos and illustrations, Hugo trophies, winning Best Novel covers and other memorabilia presented in chronological order and paced by dramatic music. At the outset there was a trickle of applause for recurring motifs -- Dave and Ruth Kyle's clever ads in each Program Book -- that built as more fans recognized cons they personally attended or helped run. It was an outstanding retrospective.

Now came the main awards. Stanley Schmidt kicked things off by giving the John W. Campbell Award for best new writer to Ted Chiang. The award was accepted by Eileen Gunn, who got a laugh claiming to be using a speech left over from the last time she accepted an award (for Howard Waldrop), which was: "Howard says -- buy his books!"

The committee showed slides of the nominees' names on the auditorium screen intended to be synchronized with Spider Robinson's reading. But Spider appeared completely unrehearsed in this. After cycling through the Best Fanartist images twice while Robinson stood by obviously confused, Marty Gear as the "voice from above" had to explain the concept. It was an omen.

Brad Foster, Best Fanartist Hugo winner, noted it was the first time he had been present to receive one of his Hugos.

Dave Langford's Best Fanwriter Hugo was accepted by Martin Hoare. He had done this before and knew when he called Dave in England with the news the appreciative response would be: "You bastard -- I was fast asleep!"

The ceremonies derailed when Spider ripped open an envelope and read that *Lan's Lantern* won the Best Fanzine Hugo. While Robinson was placing the trophy in George Laskowski's hands, on the screen behind him flashed a slide that the winner was *Mimosa*, edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch. Beside me, Janice Gelb cringed just like at *Raiders of the Lost Ark* when I warned her the face-melting scene was coming. Laskowski briefly said, "Thank you," and got offstage because he'd seen *Mimosa* on the award plaque, too.

As Joe Siclari and others excused themselves from the audience and headed backstage to investigate, several more Hugos were given. *Locus* won Best Semiprozine. Michael Whelan accepted the Best Professional Artist Hugo, confessing "With so many artists in the field doing so much excellent work I feel like a thief taking this award. Nevertheless I accept it." Gardner Dozois received another Best Professional Editor Hugo.

Now, a shaken Spider Robinson revealed that *Mimosa*

was the correct Hugo-winning fanzine and was joined by Laskowski to turn over the trophy to Dick and Nicki Lynch. The mistake was reminiscent of the year Asimov accidentally announced Gene Wolfe's "Island of Dr. Death" had won the Nebula, disbelieving that No Award (the correct result) had finished first and naming instead the second item listed. The only remotely comparable mistake at any other Hugo ceremonies happened in 1985 when the slide operator (of course) flashed that John Varley's short story won before the emcee even announced the nominees. Laskowski has won two Hugos in the past -- and showed extreme grace in surrendering Magicon's Hugo to the Lynches.

Not that the comedy of errors was over. Completely in shock, Dick Lynch reached the stage alone and gazed at the shadowy auditorium doors hoping to see his wife, Nicki, who had made a quick trip out of the room after the fanzine Hugo had been given. "I wish my wife could be here. What do I do?" Dick seemed even more lost without his spouse than did Samantha Jeude, which permanently endeared him to women who commented about it later.

Another couple of Hugos were given. A representative of James Cameron's company accepted the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo on behalf of *Terminator 2*. Michael Whelan claimed another Hugo in the Best Original Artwork category for the cover of Joan Vinge's *The Summer Queen*.

When Spider Robinson paused to find his place our plaque of fanzine fans sitting in the VIP seats noticed Nicki Lynch was back. "Bring back Nicki Lynch!" shouted Stu Shiffman, and Moshe Feder, and Janice Gelb. Some stood up to yell. My God, even Andy Porter stood up and shouted through cupped hands, "Bring up Nicki Lynch!" It was like a Bud Greenspar documentary, like the end of *It's a Wonderful Life*. Spider agreed, "That's an excellent idea," and both editors of *Mimosa* finally had their proper moment together at the Hugo Awards.

When the Best Nonfiction Book Hugo went to *The World of Charles Addams* Spider tried to recover his humorous stride. "The award will be accepted by 'Hand'...." Yelled the audience, "That's 'Thing'!"

The main fiction Hugos came last. Best Short Story went to Geoffrey Landis' "A Walk in the Sun." Best Novelette was posthumously accepted for Isaac Asimov's "Gold" by Janice Jeppson Asimov. Nancy Kress' "Beggars in Spain" won Best Novella and Moshe Feder told us, "I voted for a winner -- that never happens!"

Kress' speech was both endearing and emotional. She recalled George R. R. Martin's acceptance speech at the

1980 Hugos and how he described sitting in some even more ancient Hugo audience and receiving inspiration to strive to win his own. She admonished those in the back of the audience to listen to their heart, as she had, and "Go for it!" themselves.

Finally, Lois McMaster Bujold was rewarded once again with a Best Novel Hugo, for *Barryar*.

People surged out of the awards looking for Laskowski, the Lynches and Spider, to console, congratulate or cross-examine. Robinson spent the evening wearing the erroneous card, listing *Lan's Lantern*, around his neck on a string to prove it wasn't his fault. Reportedly, calligraphers had specially prepared cards with every nominee's name and title. They were told to do all of them, since the actual winners were a secret -- and somehow the wrong card got included in the award-winner envelopes delivered to Spider.

OOPST Even the non-Hugo awards ceremony suffered a notorious glitch. Brad Lineaweaver sent Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle to the wrong building for the ceremony. Together with Michael Flynn, they were to receive the Libertarian Futurist Society's prize for Best Libertarian Novel of 1991: *Fallen Angels*. Making the mistake memorable for photographers, Niven and Pournelle later posed driving the award plaque through Lineaweaver's skull at a 45-degree angle...

The Asimov Memorial Panel, said Tony Lewis, featured Harlan Ellison calling from LA (and making discordant swipes at Andy Porter.) Robert Silverberg offered many warm reminiscences of Isaac. In fact, Lewis asked Silverberg, "Will you say nice things about me at my memorial?" Silverberg agreed, "Certainly, but don't make it too soon. It'll take a long time to think up nice things."

A phone link also brought Arthur C. Clarke together in public conversation with his brother, Fred, who actually attended the con and displayed treasure that Arthur had retrieved from the floor of the Indian Ocean while diving. Two 10-minute phone calls to Sri Lanka were sandwiched around showing a 52-minute video of the Minehead Space Festival, held in the brothers' birthplace to celebrate Arthur's 75th birthday.

20th ANNIVERSARY RANQUET: Sunday marked the 20th anniversary of a popular Worldcon event not usually reported in *Locus* out of deference to the laws of libel: the Ranquet. First held at McDonalds by Elst Weinstein and seven other fans who couldn't afford \$8.00 for the 1972 worldcon banquet, the Ranquet ironically outlived traditional worldcon banquet dinners and typically attracts 50-70 attendees. Spurned by the nearest McDonalds, which already had more tourist trade than it

needed, Elst turned to a Sizzler two blocks from the convention center.

Sometime in the past 20 years, the Ranquet acquired a tradition of having pro guests of honor such as Vic Milan, Glen Cook, Steve Barnes, Lawrence Watt-Evans and George Alec Effinger. New York fans, who always turn out in force, and Watt-Evans, used GENie to persuade Esther Friesner to be this year's guest.

Once presented by Elst Weinstein, Friesner began, "It is an honor to be introduced by your toastmaster.

Toastmaster is like the Beastmaster, only crummier."

Mentioning her "Ask Aunt Esther" etiquette column for *Pulphouse*, she launched into a demonstration of Ranquet manners. Advising listeners how to lobby votes for the "Hogu" (a hoax award given at the Ranquet), she said the way to coerce people to vote, politely and correctly, was through bribery. "Always make sure the money is clean – you can always send it out to be laundered." She paused, "Remember – blackmail is an unreliable method because some of the people might be pleased to have the details published!"

The mixup with the fanzine Hugo had already passed into legend by Sunday. Elst made an intentional mistake announcing I was the recipient of a souvenir certificate, then taking it back and "correctly" presenting it to Dick and Nicki Lynch. And sitting behind the Lynches was Darrell Schweitzer wearing this button: "For all I know, I might have won a Hugo."

ANOTHER MANIC MONDAY: Every day fans plodded through the humidity toward an oasis of air conditioning past two electro-mechanical signs displaying animated graphics of the Magicon title, and the countdown to a shuttle launch. The rhythm of the pieces forming the display sounded vaguely familiar because the slow clatter beginning each cycle that rapidly accelerated until the shuttle had "lifted off" sounded a lot like the marching aliens in an Atari 2600 "Space Invaders" game.

The last morning of Magicon I entered the convention center and saw, in the distance, Geri Sullivan carrying a fully-inflated brontosaurus over one shoulder toward the Fanzine Lounge.

Half curtained-off from huckster traffic by poles and drapes, the lounge boasted its own beer bar (shades of Brighton), a couple of couches and several circular banquet tables with chairs. All weekend long fanzine fans had kept an oasis of Corfu in the heart of Magicon, hosting their own receptions, auctions and discussions. Here you could find Walt Willis, James White, Andy Hooper, Ted White, Arnie Katz, Timothy Lane and Vincent Clarke's shirt. British fanzine fan Vincent Clarke

couldn't attend in person, but with Geri's help there was a sense he was constantly engaged in the lounge's most interesting activities. Geri Sullivan showed everyone the t-shirt imprinted with Vince's color photo and asked them to autograph it. Vince even boasted his share of the omnipresent con ribbons. Andy Hooper asked about the kelly green ribbon. Geri beamed, "Vince shot a hole-in-one on the Willis golf course!"

Hooper turned to Walt Willis. "I know one under par is a birdie and two under is an eagle -- what is it when you shoot three under par?" he asked. Said Willis, "An albatross."

In another conversation Timothy Lane worked in a typical Fosfax conservative touch by answering someone's question: "World SF is an organization of professional people who are really upset that the Soviet Union has gone away."

EVEN MORE PROGRAM: At the end of "Rejection Slips and Other Downers", Ginger Curry, John F. Moore and Laura Resnick listened to Del Stone, Jr. Del explained how naive he was when he submitted his first manuscript to a prozine. He got the manuscript back with a form letter. "It was rejected, but my reaction was, 'Ben Bova's autograph – wow!'"

Evelyn Leeper upstaged the "Lost Art of the Newzine" panel by sitting in the front row wearing her "For all I know, I might have won a Hugo" button, satirizing the mixup at the Hugo Awards.

A remarkable number of past and present Tor managing editors joined the panel for "Magical Practices of the Publizandi," a tongue-in-cheek panel that disguised insights worthy of Margaret Mead by offering them in the language of a typical 1930's travelogue. Survivors (of Tor and other houses) Jane Jewell, Beth Meacham, Teresa Nielsen-Hayden, Tappan King and moderator Sarah Goodman enjoyed themselves hugely. Tappan King droned mystically, "The pitch derives from the package, the package derives from the book..." When someone naively asked, "Is someone actually supposed to read the book?", Tappan King doubletalked, "We've found that editors who have actually read the book cannot give us the hook."

Striving for needless clarity, Sarah Goodman asked panelists to illustrate the "hook" by devising one for *Stranger in a Strange Land* as if it were being published for the first time. Tappan King smirked that behind the "hook" was editors' superstition that if you gathered together enough previously-sold objects then you can convince the sales force to hustle your project. So a

[Please turn to page 20]

GLASGOW'S SEVEN PERCENT SOLUTION

Glasgow will host Intersection, the 1995 Worldcon, having outpolled Atlanta by seven percent out of a record-setting 2,544 valid ballots.

Intersection's Guest of Honor will be Samuel R. Delany, and its Guest of Honour will be Gerry Anderson. Think about it. The committee intends to wait a year before announcing its fan guest. Venue for the con will be the Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre and the adjacent Moat House International Hotel, from August 24-28, 1995.

Glasgow won on the first ballot, reports Tom Veal, Magicon's administrator of site selection voting, having received 52.87 percent of the valid ballots cast, excluding blank and "No Preference" ballots. The Atlanta bid received 46.53 percent.

Debate has broken out whether the record-high vote was actually a financial setback for Glasgow. Proponents may be referring to the extra hundreds of people who joined to vote for Atlanta and having automatically become supporting members must receive convention publications at added cost to the committee. It is expected most such voters will never convert to attending members, leaving open to question how much of their \$20 fees will have to be spent for mailing costs.

Vince Docherty, chairman of the winning Glasgow bid, announced the final count of 1995 site selection votes and supplied a table of ballots broken out by time and region:

1995 SITE SELECTION VOTE		
GLASGOW		1325
ATLANTA		1166
I-95 in '95		12
NEW YORK		1
NO PREFERENCE		32
BLANK		6
NONE OF ABOVE		2
INVALID		58 (a)
TOTAL		2602

(a) Invalid votes were distributed as follows, according to Veal:

Multiple ballots from same voter	26
Voting fee not paid	21
Voter not a member of MagiCon	5
Spoiled ballots	3
Nonvoting membership in MagiCon	3
Mail-in ballot too late to count	1
Total	59

	EAST		CENTRAL		WEST		OVERSEAS		UNKNOWN		TOTAL	
	ATL	GLA	ATL	GLA	ATL	GLA	ATL	GLA	ATL	GLA	ATL	GLA
MAIL	107	96	96	64	41	57	4	105	0	0	248	322
THUR	71	46	53	34	17	22	4	68	16	5	161	175
FRI	154	134	100	72	43	56	1	57	9	15	307	334
SAT	224	184	126	115	53	90	1	41	14	26	418	456
PROB	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	32	38	32	38
TOTL	556	460	375	285	154	225	10	271	71	84	1166	1325

Magicon avoided repeating last year's night-long vote count by validating all ballots cast on site as they were turned in to the voting table. (Validation consisted of checking that the voter was a member of Magicon and had paid the voting fee. Membership transfers were also checked to insure just one vote was cast per membership.)

Contact addresses for the winning are: Intersection - The 53rd Worldcon, c/o 121 Cape Hill, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands B66 4SH, United Kingdom; or Intersection - The 53rd Worldcon, c/o Theresa Renner, Box 15430, Washington, DC 20003-0430, United States

GLASGOW MEMBERSHIP CONVERSION CHART

Glasgow Conversion Fees

Voted in Site Selection?	Pre Supported Glasgow?	Befriended Glasgow?	Status	to Support	to Attend
NO	NO	NO	NONE	\$25/£15	\$65/£40
		YES	FRIEND	—	\$25/£15*
	YES	NO	PRE SUPPORT	\$17/£10	\$57/£35
		YES	FRIEND	—	\$17/£10*
YES	NO	NO	SUPPORT	—	\$40/£25
		YES	ATTEND	—	\$65/£40
	YES	NO	SUPPORT	—	\$32/£20
		YES	ATTEND	—	—
Bought Attending When Voted? (Paid \$60/£37)			ATTEND	—	—

* Friends of Glasgow who did not vote have until 30 April 1993 to convert to attending membership at these rates. After this they will become ordinary supporting members.

Memberships for children born after 24 August 1983 will be \$10 or £5. Memberships for children born after 24 August 1980 will be \$25 or £15. Child memberships do not include childcare, as the costs of this are as yet uncertain.

1995 NASFiC TO DRAGONCON BID

Promptly following the announcement of Glasgow's victory, the WSFS business meeting switched on its NASFiC selection machinery. The constitution calls for a North American Science Fiction Convention to be held in years when the Worldcon is awarded overseas, and requires that the choice of site be made in a ridiculously short time, even less than allowed for the three Christmas ghosts to straighten out Ebeneezer Scrooge.

NASFiC site selection administrator Kevin Standlee set a 10 p.m. Sunday deadline for bids to be filed and waited til the last minute at a central location in the convention center for the I-95 in '95 crew to complete its filing. Unlike the Atlanta/Don Cook bid, the I-95 hoax worldcon bid wanted to enter the NASFiC race. Bids were also filed by Atlanta/Dragoncon committee and a New York committee. Under the rules, a bid is not adequate unless it provides a letter verifying it has facilities reserved for its proposed convention date and Standlee rejected the first I-95 filing on those

grounds. According to Standlee, even a reservation for one room-night in a hotel on the proposed date would be "adequate" for filing purposes, but there aren't many places equipped to reserve a hotel room three years in advance. Finally, at the stroke of ten o'clock, running across the convention center floor with the same painful urgency as athletes in a slow-motion shot from *Chariots of Fire*, came the I-95 bidders. In hand was a one-night room reservation they had persuaded the night clerk at a DC beltway hotel to accept and fax to them.

On Monday, site selection votes were accepted, with the following results:

Bidder	Automatic Runoff		
	1st	2nd	3rd
Atlanta	152	172	184
I-95 in '95	92	100	135
None of the above	80	93	
New York	51		
Write-ins	2		
Subtotal	377	365	319
No preference	4	16	62
Total ballots	381	381	381

"hook" for *Stranger* would come out: "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS MEETS THE NEW TESTAMENT." Beth Meacham liked: "COUNTER-CULTURE MESSIAH FROM ANOTHER PLANET." Someone added, "He came from another planet for love, sex and cannibalism."

King said there are ritual sacrifices that must be made by the publizandi from time to time. "The managing editor is the most obvious person for that function," he said. Teresa Nielsen Hayden said, "Being managing editor for Tor is like being drummer for Spinal Tap," and sent the audience into a frenzy of laughter. She and Meacham remembered ritual humor objects handed down through a succession of Tor managing editors.

Teresa narrated the hilariously impossible demands made on managing editors, from the hallucinatory sales estimate forms required long before orders are ever solicited to eleventh-hour production changes she supposed publishers must believe the "book fairies" will bring about. Just pausing for breath after the last remark, Teresa watched, horrified, as TOR's publisher Tom Doherty and entourage passed the door, turned back and marched in. Doherty sat in fingernail-biting fascination as Teresa dissolved into giggles. Beth Meacham acrobatically rescued the moment, opening her mouth about a completely different subject in a tone of voice as though she was responding to something Teresa had just said.

Someone from the program staff held up a sign at the back of the room that read, "5 minutes" when it was almost time for the panel to end. Meacham corrected, "Usually, a single digit is spelled out." Teresa added, "And minute should not be capitalized because it isn't a sentence." The staffer paused, then asked, "Y'all need any more water in here?"

THE GRIPE SESSION – NOT! Joe Siclari doesn't understand how gripe sessions are supposed to run: he is blessed. At the worldcon gripe session they take the lid off emotions that have been stewing four or five days. You get Malcolm Edwards trying to explain how L. Ron Hubbard bought the pocket program. You see people calculating whether to gang-tackle Mike Phillips because it looks like in another split-second he's going to charge John Guidry.

What you never see is a gripe session like Magicon's where seven out of the first ten comments are directing credit to people who worked different areas of the convention, and out of the other three, the worst gripe is about the tiny size of names on membership badges! People complimented everything from babysitting and childrens' programming to art show security and

handicapped access. It was the worldcon chairman's heaven on earth!

From the Gripe Session Joe dashed to Closing Ceremonies, which are the subject of a sidebar story by Laurie Mann.

AFTER THE CLOSING CEREMONIES: Did you wonder what happened to the Time Capsule after they finished with it at Closing Ceremonies? Jay Kay Klein got an unintentional look behind-the-scenes.

Jay Kay loaned Joe Siclari some full-size photos of pros to exhibit at the con, which Joe intended to return after closing. But in the heat of the moment everything was swept into the big cooler – Jay Kay's photos and Siclari's convention notes included -- and it was sealed off. Joe had to have his notes back and in reality the capsule hadn't been sealed yet: Steve Whitmore was making a catalog of everything contributed. He dug down under the piles and retrieved the photos and notes.

SUMMARY: Magicon delighted everyone. People will remember it as one of the better Worldcons for several reasons.

First, the committee set reasonable expectations. The committee never conducted themselves in a way that promised to deliver the world, or even the "best Worldcon ever." What they promised was to work hard and make very creative and intelligent use of their finite resources, which they did.

Second, their modest and friendly approach attracted a lot of help from worldwide fandom. They realistically estimated what Florida convention fans could handle then recruited outside help. Free of the historic paranoia of committees who fear an outside helpers will take over, Magicon executives knew the "outsiders" as friends of long-standing and were so welcoming that, like Tom Sawyer, they made people practically grateful for a chance to help paint their picket fence.

Some fans consider Magicon a better con than Noreascon 3, but if Magicon delivered more it's only because the 1992 committee stood on the shoulders of giants, foremost, the people who ran Noreascon 3. Priscilla Pollner played a major role in organizing the program. The theme park Concourse advanced ideas originated in 1989. People from all areas of fandom were unusually generous in their contribution of ideas and energy.

Third, Magicon's leadership made very sophisticated use of fanhistory as a premise for exhibits and programs.

November 1992

Perhaps it seemed an obvious goal at the 50th Worldcon, but fans always want a con that reminds them of their historic identity and of all the emotions that bring our scattered tribe together on Labor Day. By filling that need with dramatic opening ceremonies, a Di Fate historic art retrospective, a time capsule, diverse fannish programming that balanced the "trade show" feel of so many pro panels, Magicon left members well satisfied. No group left feeling taken for granted, from people who are still wistfully remembering the 1949 Cinvention to first-time worldcon attendees hoping they'd at least find some Star Trek stuff in the Dealer's Room.

The con's pleasing personality could only have come from organizers who had looked into their own hearts for what people value in a worldcon, then spared no effort to deliver it. ...And by sending "thank-you" notes to the workers, department heads left them actually willing to think about doing it again!

MAGICON SIDEBAR STORIES BY LAURIE MANN

Francis Ford Coppola's Speech (Saturday, 3pm)

About twelve hundred fans jammed Hall A to hear Francis Ford Coppola's speech. He preceded the speech with a twelve minute short on the making of his latest movie, *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. The movie looks elegant, erotic and bloody. Publicist Jeff Walker introduced Coppola who was joined by his son, Roman.

Coppola spoke for about forty-five minutes, explaining how he once read the novel "Dracula" to his charges when he was a camp counselor, and always had a soft spot for the character. The movie is currently being scored and edited, and should be out by Thanksgiving. It stars Gary Oldham (of "Sid and Nancy" and "JFK" fame) as the count, Anthony Hopkins as van Helsing, and Winona Ryder as one of the women beguiled by Dracula.

The special effects are all "in-the-camera" effects. Computer morphing was not used, including in the scenes where Dracula is transformed to other creatures. Coppola promises the movie is more about the characters than about horror.

Coppola answered audience questions for a half hour, then signed about two hundred Dracula posters for members of the audience.

He was whisked back to the airport, having taken a red-

eye to Orlando. Along the way, he got to the art show long enough to be extremely impressed by SF art, particularly Michael Whelan's "The Summer Queen."

The Chesley Awards (Saturday, 6pm in the Clarion)

If you're a member of ASFA or an art fan of any stripe, the Chesley Awards offer you an opportunity to show your appreciation for the phenomenal job science fiction artists do every year. The Chesley Awards are sponsored by the Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy artists, and are awarded at the Worldcon. The audience is enthusiastic, polite, and better-dressed than your average Hugo attendee. The slides of nearly all the nominated art are a genuine plus to the ceremony.

The Chesley Award winners for 1992 are:

Best Cover Illustration, Hardback Book: Michael Whelan for *The Summer Queen* (written by Joan D. Vinge)

Best Cover Illustration, Paperback Book: David Cherry for *Sword and Sorceress VIII* (edited by Andre Norton)

Best Cover Illustration, Magazine: David Mattingly, *Amazing 9/91*

Best Interior Illustration: Bob Walters, "It Grows on You," *Weird Tales*, Summer 1991

Best Color Work, Unpublished: David Cherry for "Filia Mea"

Best Monochrome, Unpublished: Michael Whelan for "Study for All the Weyrs of Pern"

Best Three Dimensional Art: Clayburn Moore for "Celestial Jade."

Award for Artistic Achievement: James Gurney for body of work to date

Award for Contribution to ASFA: (a tie) Jan Sherrell Gephardt for her service to ASFA and Richard Kelly for financial assistance

Best Art Director: Betsy Wolheim and Sheila Gilbert, DAW Books

The Chesley Awards ceremony was MCed by Wilma Meier, with opening and closing remarks given by Barbara Lynn Higgins. The evening's award presenters were Stu Hellinger, Vincent Di Fate, Kim Mohan, Gary Feldbaum, Michele Lundgren, Andrew Porter, Charlene Taylor, Ron Walotsky, Janny Wurts and Tess Kissinger.

Closing Ceremonies (Monday, 4pm)

MagiCon's chair Joe Siclari opened closing ceremonies by introducing Spider Robinson, who quipped, "I'd like to thank the other MagiCon guests, Jack Chalker, Vincent van Gogh and Walter Miller."

Siclari briefly recapped MagiCon's origin as a bid ad in the ConFederation Program Book (1986). He thanked the bid's founder, Becky Thomson, and all the division directors by name. He had the area heads rise *en masse* to applause by the attendees.

Events Czar Steve Whitmore interrupted the proceedings to bring *Vincent Di Fate* to the platform. Vincent grabbed Joe's mike and told him to sit down to be awarded. "After all, a crew is only as good as its captain. Think of this as a testimonial (not a memorial, though I'm sure a few of you want him dead.)" Di Fate presented Joe with a white box, causing the standard "ticking" jokes in the audience. The box contained a commemorative MagiCon plaque with footsteps in it, and a Mickey Mouse "Sorcerer's Apprentice" doll to fill the footsteps with. Joe was almost speechless, shocking many people in the audience.

Dave Kyle came up to the podium and received Joe's thanks on behalf of First Fandom. Kyle said, "The dinosaurs lived for millions of years. Worldcons last a million years. Chairing a Worldcon is like a geologic period. We First Fandom dinosaurs leave hibernation long enough to attend Worldcon. We get rejuvenated at each Worldcon, but we can't help but look around in wonder and ask...My gosh, what did we create?" (applause and laughter) "And I'm glad we did!"

Joe announced it was time to close the time capsule. To commemorate the 50th Worldcon, MagiCon collected material for a time capsule, destined to be opened at the 100th Worldcon. Many, many items were put in, including:

Barryar, this year's Hugo-winning novel;
MagiCon souvenirs, pins, patches and publications;
Worldcon bidding material, including Glasgow water bottles and a scotch box, ConFrancisco kazoo, LA in '84 key rings, Chicon VI tissues, and material from '95 in '95, Louisville and Australia bids;
Fantasy Showcase Tarot Deck (edited for Noreascon 2 by Bruce Pelz);
Duct tape;
First fandom card from Dave Kyle;
Lots of fanzines, magazines and buttons (including the "Clue," "For All I Know I Might Have Won A Hugo," and "None of the Above" buttons);
China Coast chopsticks;

Sci Fi Channel material;
Helicon flask;
Westercon sash;
Kate Bush CD;
Bow tie from Ben Yallow;
Super Hugo book;
Joe Siclari's signature hat;
Hotel keys;
Charlie Seelig's MagiCon badge;
Spider Robinson's guitar pick;
Orlando Sentinel for September 7, 1992, which included a piece on MagiCon;
Many ribbons, including a "Dave Kyle Says I Can Sit Here" ribbon and a "Pull" ribbon with Francis Ford Coppola's signature;
Hugo pin and statue;
7 for '77 bag (historical note: '77 WOULD have been the first Orlando Worldcon except hotel trouble forced the con to move to Miami);
Golf ball and golf club;
"Seth's balls" (never did see that, but that's what it SOUNDED like he said!!);
NASA material, including a picture of the first space shuttle crew "Priority" envelope;
Glitz from the Costumer's Guide;
Complete set of *Slant* (Walt Willis' fanzine);
ConFrancisco gavel;

Adding material to the box went on for a while and the audience grew restive, so Joe eventually locked the box, and, using a golf club as a gavel, declared MagiCon over.

He turned things over to the Dave Clark, ConFrancisco's chair, who immediately told the audience "I feel fine, thank-you."

Many members of the ConFrancisco committee entered in costume and with flags and marched around the hall to the strains of "ConFrancisco, Here We Come." Dave then presented a slide show, part hard-sell tourist and part fannish on San Francisco and the next Worldcon. The slide of the Ghiradelli Chocolate Factory garnered the most applause. The ConFrancisco committee then passed fannish fortune cookies through the audience.

As I was leaving, I noticed Program Ops Head Janice Gelb's button, "And now I'm going to Disney World!"

