

The Shot Heard Round the Worldcon

A one-shot fanzine written on September 2, 2001 at the Baen Books party at the Millennium Philcon.

Edited by Tom Feller

Illustrations by Randy Cleary

Tom Feller here. I normally don't bring a laptop to a convention unless I combine it with a business trip. This time Mike Kennedy asked me to write a Worldcon report for the North Alabama Science Fiction Association Shuttle with the deadline the Saturday following the con. My wife Anita and I thought it would be interesting to write it as a series of e-mail messages. What it lacks in polish and coherence, it should make up in immediacy.

Darlene Marshall here, author of hot throbbing, purple romance and alter ego of shy, retiring fan Eve Ackerman. This is a great party and you will be able to tell who has been to the bar (five or six times) by the quality of the writing in Love's Flaming One-Shot.

ROBERT ALLEN beaming from Philcon.

WELCOME TO THE WORLDCON ONSHOT!
DONE FOR & BY MEMBERS OF SOUTHERN
FANDOM PRESS ALLIANCE AND WHOEVER
ELSE HAPPENS BY TOM'S LAPTOP AT
TONI'S BAEN PARTY SUNDAY AFTER THE
HUGOS IN PHILADELPHIA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Gotta tell you, I love living in the South, but it's nice to come back to civilization again, where people talk right. But Philly just doesn't make the cut. Oh, they talk okay, BUT YOU CAN'T BUY BOOZE ON SUNDAY!!! The Quakers have much to answer for. Ah well, hard liquor will have to serve, temporarily. Since there was a critical mass of SFPAns here, including the Noble Fighter Irvin Koch, I felt we simply must do a one shot. If only to console Guy and Rich & Nicki. Heck, they may even be at the party; I haven't made it out of the corner of the back room for about an hour..... Next!

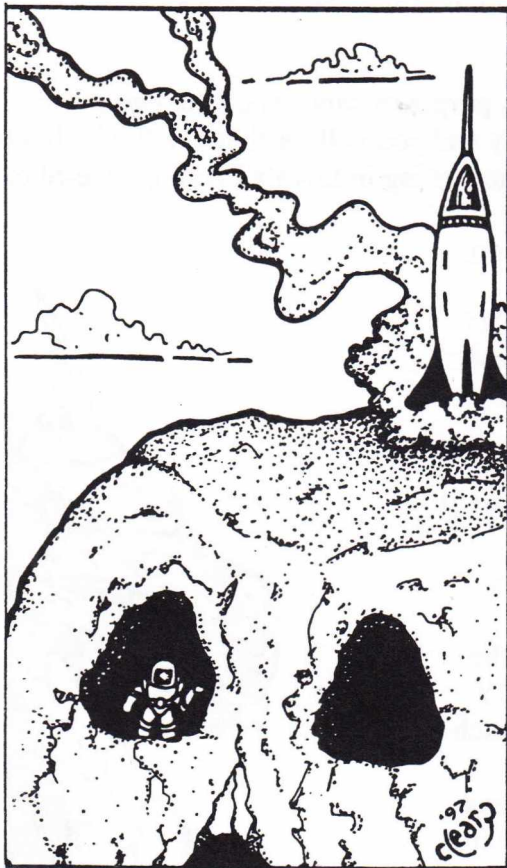
Julie Wall here. Cenk and I helped Toni shop for the party - we took a cab and schlepped the



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groceries back. Somebody didn't close the trunk well and the lady cabbie had to peel over to the side of the road so Toni could leap out and slam it closed. We almost made it past the brigade of bellmen at the Marriott with the cart full of stuff, but one of them stopped us and demanded to help. Then Toni made us help set up! But it was mostly fun. Hank and Randy blew up a million balloons and they are so full of hot air, they made them too big and they keep popping when people play volleyball with them and they hit the cottage cheese ceiling! Speaking of hot air, Hank just asked me if I was doing a one-shot in public – he “had more respect for me than that!” HaH! I told him no, I was doing it in his room! (which may not actually be his room because Toni is not sure she ever paid for the use of this room—the door opened, so we used it, so sue us! --Cenk)

Hank Reinhardt here. I am being forced against my will to do this in public. The problem is that I don't have my glasses, so that I can't see what I'm typing. Which is probably just as well. People keeping asking Toni about marrying me....she's just doing it to get a lot of sympathy. But as long as I can keep here from getting glasses, I got it made.



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Joe Haldeman here ... nice party, acceptable champagne, really good cheese. Funny not to be typing on a Mac. Normally, I don't do windows. But it's a party.

Bitter about Harry Potter winning the Hugo. Sorry. It ought to be a science fiction award. I wanted George Martin to win it, even though his was technically fantasy. It has the feel of sf. And George is one of us.

Tom Feller here again: I thought the Hugo voters played it safe this year. Either the winners were previous winners, which is not to say that they didn't deserve to win again, or they were very popular choices. The Harry Potter was a big bestseller and Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon won the Oscar for Best Foreign Film.

Randy B. Cleary here! Well, it's mighty nice to be breathing the rarified air of all

these BNP's here at Toni's party. It was really quite nice of Toni to invite me here. All I had to do was blow up a few balloons and get some buckets of ice. Not being able to converse on the level of the room, I've been forced to render stupid little fillo cartoons. Unfortunately, I keep running out of paper. Some people have been polite enough to force a few laughs out. Julie Wall says she may run them in the next SFC Bulletin if she

needs to fill space. Toni may run them in her zine also. The MilPhil WorldCon has been pretty fun. I just wish I was two or three people so I could enjoy all the things I keep missing (and so I can distribute the calories of all these parties also). Well, I better give someone else a chance to type for this one shot. I'm sure I've bored you enough. ☺

...;!!!!;0<

Sheila
Strickland here.
Rich Lynch is
looking over my
shoulder and
saying, "Hi!"
I'm not sure



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how legible or coherent this will be at midnight; but then one-shots never are. Sunday night at the Worldcon and I'm finally having fun. Tom's laptop has proved itself hopelessly mundane by not recognizing "Worldcon" as a proper word. I've decided to rename this con "Takeahike Con". Walking several blocks from my hotel to the convention center; trudging through the hallway maze to find the con suite (about the size of a DeepSouthCon suite); and the vast expanse of the dealer's room/art show. My arms are going to sleep from propping them up trying to type, so I'll hand it off to someone else.

Ruth Shields here, trying to adjust to touch typing a laptop on top of a high dresser. This is definitely not ergonomic posture for proper typing. Rickey and I have been having a great visit to Philadelphia, our first visit, and we even walked up the Rocky steps at the Museum of Art. (No, neither of us risked heart attack or broken bones by running up.) The con has also been enjoyable, although I agree with Sheila about the hiking. The Hugos seemed a little flat, with all the Usual persons winning and not many new faces taking the award. And though I love the Harry Potter books, I'd rather see the award go to somebody who really appreciated the honor. Well, I imagine that's a common complaint...

Henry Welch here, it is 12:35am and we're getting ready to leave and go home. Doesn't sound so strange until you realize that home is in Milwaukee, WI and I'll probably drive straight through the night. Traffic is much friendlier that way and the children will sleep in the car rather than get restless like they would during the day. As always, we regret that WorldCon is coming to an end and that it is time to leave. We could certainly come to this type of "party" more often. Next month is Ditto, which will be a lot of fun. I hope to see you there.

Kevin Maroney here. Late on Sunday night. This is the first Worldcon I've been to in any significant quantity since Atlanta 86, and I have to say that I'm tired but happy. Worldcons are particularly dangerous for dilettantes like me—there's everything everywhere allathetime. It's also the first time I've really been in Philadelphia—if one can, with fairness, say that venturing out of the hermetic confines of the hotel/con center

complex twice a day counts as “been in”—and I now understand why people live here. Lovely city, rich and foot-friendly like New York but less overwhelming and demanding.

Bra...ha...ha...! No one is typing! No is my chance to strike. Me, the unknown Fan. Bob Eggleton just dropped in carrying his two Hugos, one in each hand. Impressive and well deserved, say I. Of course, it's all about the hair, you know. The secret of his strength is his hair. I wonder if I could get paid by Donato Giancola to sneak up on him with a pair of scissors? Snip, snip. Bra...ha...ha...! ☺

Andy Porter here, a wonderful return to the days of one shots—except where is the ditto machine or the mimeo? Seems almost obscene without the reek of a Roneo or Gestetner and the smell of napalm in the morning, uh, the smell of fine Aged Gestetner ink wafting through the room. Anyway, here I am, typing furiously with the usual two fingers, have just (*sob*) Lost a Hugo. Again, *sigh [I would add a second asterisk here to make a fine fannish expression, but doing so turns the word into **boldface**, as so. A dumb machine made by fakefans, obviously]. Unless, perhaps, it senses in me, perhaps sampling my DNA, it has compared me to a list of Apple Computer users and/or Apple stock holders, both of which I proudly admit to... Well, time to go get some sleep, my genes and jeans quite fannish, but I am becoming, slowly but surely, an Old Fan and Tired. And so, for me, to bed, realsoonnow...

Leah Zeldes Smith here. It sounds like sour grapes, perhaps, but I believe the Hugo electorate is becoming less and less informed about the candidates. I don't mind that we didn't win – it was a very respectable group of fanzines this year – but I do mind that 99 people voted No Award before STET. Someone I complained about that to claimed that people who voted No Award in first place thought it meant No Preference. If that's true, it means that the voters are even stupider than I believe. And it's embarrassing that the Best Novel award went to a children's fantasy – the fourth book of a series, yet! – written by someone who is not only not a member of the SF community but who didn't even care enough about it to designate an acceptor. To me it means that more and more of the Hugo voters/Worldcon attendees aren't fans. If that sounds snobbish, so be it. As James Stanley Daugherty says, “So let our fandom die. It'll be **our** fandom.”

Dick Smith here. I don't think it's as bad as Leah thinks (although I may hate all the voters in the morning)... but more likely, we're seeing more voters who are informed only about a few categories. Worse, perhaps, I suspect that the nominations are very strongly influenced by some widely publicized lists of “what's eligible.” But that's how it is. The fiction I nominated didn't make the ballot, either.

There have been a lot of interesting votes this weekend. Of course, I'm a Yankee, and so I haven't been all that impressed by the Southern loyalty requested by the Charlotte Worldcon bid. Not that I have anything against bids from the South... but various things about the Charlotte bid didn't seem quite right. I suppose I shouldn't be bothered by appeals to whatever... desperation is desperation. But I haven't seen any demands for Yankee loyalty from any bid ever. Let the South produce a reasonable bid, there will be backing.