

# WAL 770





## OBITUARIES

### **Lynn Hickman** ***Pulp Con, Apa Founder*** *Appreciation by Roger Sims*

Lynn Hickman died October 30, 1996 in Wauseon, Ohio, only eight weeks after being diagnosed with lung cancer.

Lynn was born in 1926 in a small town in northwest Ohio. His parents moved to Napoleon, OH when he was one. As Lynn grew up, he discovered pulp magazines, some of which dealt with science fiction; and he began his life as a member of fandom by writing letters to the editors.

Although he lived most of his life in Napoleon or Wauseon, he spent several years in other cities: Dixon, IL; Hannibal, MO and a small town in South Carolina. It was while living in South Carolina that he started the Little Monsters of America which eventually became the Southern Fandom Association. For this and other contributions he was given the Rebel Award at a DeepSouthCon.

In 1972, at the conclusion of the first Pulp Con, Lynn, Gordon Huber and Rusty Hevelin decided that this one shot was too much fun to let die so they made plans to hold a second one at a site to be named later. He was only involved with Pulp Con's operations for its formative years, but always remained loyal to it, attending over half of the meetings. In 1987, he talked 24 others into participating in an APA devoted to pulp magazines. He was its first OE. It was for these and other activities that won Lynn the coveted Lamont Award named for Lamont, the Shadow, Cranston, Pulp Con's annual award given to someone who has made outstanding contributions to the preservation of the pulps. These contributions also earned him one of only two Fan Guests of Honor at a Pulp Con. (The other was Darrell Richardson.)

In addition to the pulp magazine apa, Lynn was a member of a number of apas devoted to science fiction and fandom. He published such notable fanzines as *JD Argosy*, *Pulp Era*, *Pack Rat*, and *Hickman's Scrapbook*.

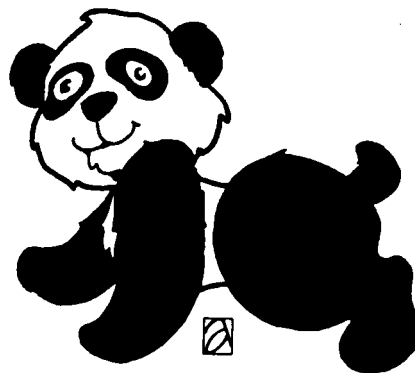
He was a founding member of First Fandom, and a frequent fan guest at Midwest and Southern regional cons.

His father was a jack of all trades but mostly a salesman, although he played baseball for the Triple-A Toledo Mud Hens. From his father he learned how to be a salesman and how to tell outrageous stories which he repeated at every opportunity.

I first met Lynn in 1951 at the first New Orleans WorldCon, NolaCon. It was friendship for life at first contact. Over the past 45 years we've spent many an hour at our kitchen tables, bars in England, Scotland, Wales, New Zealand and Australia, arguing over the smallest details to the point that our wives would throw up their hands and walk away. But we would continue for hours, and sometimes in the middle having exhausted our point of view would change sides and continue!

I will miss him more than I have ever missed another fan or friend. He truly was the brother I never had. For the rest of my life I won't taste a new beer, see a new skiffy movie or read a new book without saying to myself, "Damn, I can't share this with Lynn!"

Lynn is survived by wife, Carolyn, daughter, Kharis, three sons, Doug, Scott and Mark, and two grandchildren.



### **Joni Stopa** ***Chicon V Fan Guest of Honor***

Joni Stopa died December 4 after a serious illness that began when she collapsed at Windycon. According to Dana Siegel, Joni suffered a heart attack at Windycon, and while still in the hospital she had a massive stroke.

Joni was one of the central figures in Chicago fandom for decades, active in fanzines, costuming, convention-running, etc. She was one of the founders of WindyCon and a major force behind Chicon III and IV, and (with her husband Jon) Fan Guest of Honor at Chicon V. Ross Pavlac plans to write a full obituary for next issue.

Joni's wake was held at Strang's Funeral Home in Antioch, IL, just below the Wisconsin border the following Friday, followed by the funeral on Saturday.

If you want to send a card to Jon and (daughter) Deb, their address is Box 177, Wilmot, WI 53192.

## *L.A.con III Attendance*

Total attendance:	6,667
No-show attending members	354
Supporting members	<u>348</u>
Total membership:	7,369

L.A.con III's attendance is the fourth-largest in Worldcon history, exceeded by only L.A.con II, ConFrancisco and Noreascon 3.



## *L.A.con III Chairman's Scrapbook by Mike Glycer*

There's a lot of debate about what purpose a worldcon chairman really serves. Here's one more you can add to the list of possibilities: chauffeur.

Thursday morning of L.A.con III, around 10 a.m., I was beeped to registration. A Russian fan was there waving one of the invitation letters I'd sent to nearly 125 Eastern Europeans to facilitate their visa applications. Intersection's Bridget Wilkinson had cautioned me there might be misunderstandings. My first thought was, "Oh no, he wants us to comp his

membership and room!"

What he really wanted was to avoid paying the Hilton room rates (and who can blame him?), but I didn't find that out until later. He pulled out a scrap of paper with the phone number of someone who could help translate, a beautician in the Anaheim Hilton. After I made sure he really could pay for a motel room, I took him to my car and drove him around the corner to the Magic Lantern. He paid for his room with the first new series \$100 bill I'd seen.

Then I drove back to the Hilton to see if there was any other way I could make myself useful.

**From Russia, With Love:** Surprising numbers of Eastern European fans came to L.A.con. They added so much

# File 770 115

*File 770:115* is edited by Mike Glycer at P.O. Box 1056, Sierra Madre, CA 91025. Facts verified by Barrayaran Imperial Security. Telephone number: (818) 355-3090. E-mail: 72557.1334@compuserve.com

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## *You Bet? You Win!*

Did you renew your subscription using the "Wanna Bet?" flyer we sent out last summer? Your subscription has been lengthened by the extra issues.

### **Art Credits:**

Alan White: Cover  
Alan White: 2, 3  
Brad Foster: 9, 20  
Bill Rotsler: 4, 8  
Alexis Gilliland: 17

Danise Deckert wrote, "One of my fond memories of L.A.con will be one evening the kids and I were waiting for Dan on the lanai outside the con suite. A Russian author was carrying around his guitar while roaming. Alana, of course, latched on to him, talked him into playing several folk songs while she danced, etc.. It finally ended with his autographing a book of short stories for her, giving her post cards from his home 'Where Yeltsin from,' and extracting a promise that she learn Russian and he learn English, so next time they 'can talk good.'"

**Dear Diary:** L.A.con III really thrived on the attitude of fans everywhere who came expecting to enjoy themselves, and fulfilled their own prophecy by remaining undisturbed throughout any of the assorted problems that manifested at the con. They paid generous compliments to the committee and staff, and encouraged me with their sympathetic critiques of genuine problems. We couldn't have gotten nicer coverage if I wrote it myself. But why haven't I?

I think what's done most to stall this post-worldcon issue has been a schizophrenic debate between your tell-all editor and your grateful chairman who's declared an amnesty for all mistakes but his own. For example, I'm quite willing to accept my share of responsibility for the problems at Event X. They're not even secret, having been witnessed by hundreds. But whatever success Event X enjoyed was the result of others' sacrifice and hard work, and I don't like repaying people's help with a blunt candor that will hurt their feelings.

Also, no matter how candid I may think I'm capable of being, I also recognize I'm really just as protective of "my" worldcon as every other chairman, and prone to explain and mitigate any fault. If a worldcon has been well-received, the chairman's best choice is a grateful silence because he or she can only detract from that impression with special pleading about what problems there were.

Unfortunately, the best course for a "former worldcon chair" is also the shortest route to becoming a "former newzine editor"! So what I'm going to do is (1) open a couple of X-files about two mysterious disappearances, the fountain from the Hilton lobby, and Dave Kyle from the Hugo ceremony, and (2) respond to a few questions, quotes and clippings.

**Baywatch:** One of the things we did wrong was take Thousands of Dollars of Free Stuff in return for permitting the Hilton to carry on its renovation during L.A.con. Our committee arm-wrestled with the Hilton sales staff

over dozens of issues, including rates and suite allocations (they took away the Tower suites for parties, fouling up a lot of our arrangements). We got invested in winning a round, and it sounded like winning when the Hilton offered to pay for a slew of overpriced power drops and phone connections if we accepted their plan to carry on painting and repairs in public areas during L.A.con. We made sure it wasn't going to be anything as intrusive as the overhaul of the Brighton Metropole in the middle of the 1987 worldcon, but I, for one, never realized they'd be dismantling the Hilton's centerpiece fountain. We didn't *need* the Hilton's offer, and could have required them to leave it intact. I simply made a mistake by not asking more details about their plans.

It took everyone by surprise. Esther Friesner was seated in a Hilton restaurant when a workman sauntered by with a dolphin tucked under his arm. Friesner wrote online, "There's a story there, she said portentously. Or pretentiously. Or perhaps predatorially."

Sometime later a woman, looking lost, told my assistant, Joyce Sperling, she was supposed to meet someone in the Hilton lobby. "I'm sorry for being so stupid, but I was supposed to meet my friend by the fountain with the dolphins." Joyce turned around to point, then realized the dolphins were gone and the fountain had been emptied.

That some of the water was unintentionally emptied onto a lower floor was apparent to who could smell when they passed the fire exit on the west end of the Hilton. The hotel called in a company to clean up the mess. I thought it added something to the con to have the company's big truck parked outside the hotel, because the name on the side of the truck was the quasi-science-fictional "World Renovation."

Tom Veal's 13-year-old honorary nephew thought he wrecked the fountain by throwing a paper airplane into it, and Tom said, "I see no reason to disabuse him of the idea."

A fan had the last word. A flyer left on the drained fountain said:

"So long, and thanks for all the fish."

**First Fandom Hall of Fame:** The October *Locus* reported that Dave Kyle introduced Marjii Ellers to present the First Fandom awards. He certainly wanted to, but no, he didn't.

I'm often in the dangerous position of standing astride two wild horses when it comes to the First Fandom Hall of Fame Awards. I believe they should be among the select handful of non-WSFS awards given at the Hugo ceremonies. I gave that input to the 1990 committee (when I worked for Jo Thomas), and to Janice Gelb, who organized the Hugo ceremony for L.A.con.



I've also written critically when I believed First Fandom's award-givers abused that privilege by prolonged introductions of multiple awards which unreasonably delayed the Hugos themselves. An L.A.con committee member who remembered the criticism was surprised and annoyed to discover I would actually allow the awards to be part of our Hugo ceremony.

We were in danger of annoying First Fandom, too, despite placing the awards in the Hugo ceremony.

Sometimes the award presentations are padded by introductions of award-presenters by an officer of First Fandom. Marjii Ellers was First Fandom's liaison to our worldcon, and she told us that First Fandom wanted to dispense with this extra step. We thought that was great. Dave Kyle, who would have been the one to make these extra introductions, did not think it great to have his part snipped, and he tried hard to get back into the program.

Janice and I had a strong preference to dispense with the extra layer of introductions, but we also knew, going in, that they were typical of past years. We were ready to implement whatever decision Marjii made.

Fortunately, First Fandom held to the new plan, though not without cost. A melancholy sight before the Hugos was a downcast Dave Kyle sitting by Forry Ackerman on an isolated bench on the lawn opposite the arena entrance. And I understand: it's a very upsetting thing for someone to feel dislodged from a niche they've created for themselves in the worldcon tradition.

**Line Up and Sign Up:** The autograph area in the dealer's room, capably staffed by Gary and Corlis Robe, attracted over 1,500 people over the weekend. The big draws were:

Buzz Aldrin, 200; Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle, 150; J. Michael Straczynski, 150; James White, 100; Fred Pohl, 80; David Brin, 80; Alan Dean (No Show) Foster, 80; Harlan Ellison, 80; Spider & Jeanne Robinson, 90; A. E. Van Vogt, 60; Connie Willis, 60; Robert Silverberg, 60; Alan Steele, 50; Harry Turtledove, 50

They wrote afterwards, "Mr. Aldrin was great to work with. We wish we could get him to give lessons in efficient yet gracious autographing to some of the other SF writers we dealt with."

Another long line of autograph hunters stretched out the door of the Fan Lounge during the book launch party celebrating the release of James White's new Sector General novel, *The Galactic Gourmet*, and the L.A.con III commemorative hardback *The White Papers*. We gave James a specially bound version of the latter during the party, and to get his attention I teased that we were about to do something horrible to him.

James retorted, "As conventions go, this is not very horrible...." His copy of *The White Papers* was bound in red leather, stamped with gold foil and signed by the L.A.con III division heads and officers, by the book's editors, and by the officers of the NESFA Press.

**Celebrity Brushes:** The rich and famous (or someone dressed like them) were everywhere I turned at L.A.con III. Jerry Pournelle got to pose with Buzz Lightyear. He said he might include the image on his stationery the next time he wrote to the Director of NASA. I posed with five Imperial Storm Troopers, but have no plans to add the picture to my business letterhead. (My mother liked her framed copy, though.) I also met a couple other well-known personalities.



Queen Victoria presided over a wonderful moment as I was inducted to the Adventurer's Club. In fact, it was so sweet I nearly cried during the ceremony. The Adventurer's Club, created by the amazing Karen Willson, Chris Weber and company, had over 250 kids sign up and spend time there during the convention. Most of them -- 230 -- filled souvenir passports with sufficient event stamps to receive an Adventurer's Club patch. All of them received some kind of prize. The Grand Prize, a Talking World Globe educational toy donated by Educational Insights and valued at several hundred dollars, went to Rachel Walker (daughter of Jeff and Kim Walker) for filling *five* passports. Rachel was one of several kids who enjoyed the Adventurer's Club so much the parents had a hard time getting their child to come to lunch with them.

Before my induction, I presented some of our "Best Supporting Role" medallions to Karen and Chris. These medallions, hung around the neck on tricolor ribbons, were given by me and the division heads to people who did great work at L.A.con III. We later sent enough medallions for all the volunteer actors, about 25 people who took on such roles as Father Christmas, Indiana Jones and Albert Einstein. The Adventurer's Club, and Chaz Baden's Internet Lounge, are two L.A.con III innovations I hope to see repeated.

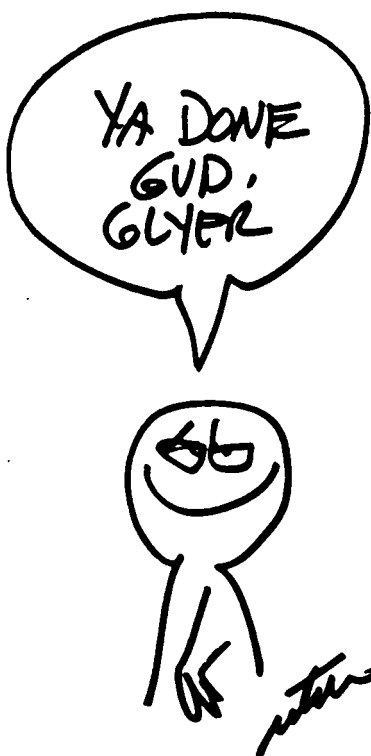
Later in the con, another mythic figure handed me his pale gray business card: "Kimball Kinnison, Unattached Lensman." The magic would have lasted if he'd said as little as Queen Victoria did. Instead, as this was immediately after the

masquerade, Jim Fox-Davis embarked on a diatribe about the judging, something to the effect that he'd lost to a competing costume that was just a sloppily sewn-together sack with painted-on designs. But even his Tellurian outburst was drowned out by the tongue-lashing a poor masquerade judge was getting from the Red Lensman in the next room. Something's been lost when the appreciation shown by the hundreds of fans who cheered these costumes (I loved them) is as nothing next to "winning."

**Fan Appreciation Day:** I happened to go to college with Dave Feldman, now known for his "Imponderables" books, like *Why Do Clocks Run Clockwise?* Although not a fan, Dave is interested in everything and he accepted our invitation to appear on the program. I got a lot of letters complimenting our committee, staff and volunteers after the con; none of them was more effusive than Dave Feldman's:

"I guess the overwhelming impression was the sheer magnitude of the volunteerism involved in the operation of the con. I can understand a cyber-junkie, say, manning the Internet room all of his or her waking hours, but why would able-minded fen sit at info booths for hours on end? For that matter, why would programming chairpersons lug screens around all day?

"And then these volunteers mount a convention that is as organized and efficient as any I've ever been to (and I've never been to a convention without any paid employees).



"Even at the Heinlein Blood Drive, the volunteers were so impressive. There had to be more fun things to do than to be a receptionist or cookie and juice pusher at a blood drive, but then again... maybe not."

Worldcons only succeed because of the long hours put in by selfless volunteers, for example, Dennis and Kristine Cherry, who ran the blood drive. The Heinlein Blood Drive collected 71 donations, which the Red Cross says helped save 285 lives.

Besides 300 committee

and staff, there were over 500 at-con volunteers (going by the number of ribbons given out). The gophers contributed thousands of hours of their time. Thomas Endrey wrote this some well-earned praise to the head of the volunteers department after the con: "Special thanks to John Lorentz for competently administering the gopher hole. Good visibility with the yellow ribbon, immediately available t-shirt and calculator, double credit for set-up, not just promised but properly credited, even food! One of a very few Worldcons which treated gophers properly."

One other footnote about volunteerism. The Book Exhibit, organized by Ron and Val Ontell, took in \$9,047.26. The proceeds go to Reading Is Fundamental and Literacy Volunteers.

**After The Ball Is Over:** What do guests of honor do after the Worldcon? Genny Dazzo and Craig Miller know: they hosted James White and the Shibanos after L.A.con III. On Tuesday, they all went to Disneyland. The GoHs found *Star Tours* most satisfying. James rode it twice.

During the day on Wednesday, Craig and Genny drove James White to shop for souvenirs for his grandchildren (per their requests, Los Angeles Lakers T-shirts and caps, Hershey bars, and Twinkies, among other items). James also wanted to see *Independence Day*, which he enjoyed (he added that his script for *Sector General* wouldn't have quite as much stuff blowing up). They took him from the theater to the airport and saw him off to Ireland.

The Shibanos went to see the stage musical version of Disney's *Beauty & The Beast* on Wednesday, and *Independence Day* on Thursday. Takumi liked the movie, declaring it "very American." Thursday night, they went to the LASFS meeting. They returned to Japan on Friday.

Several of the guests wrote to us after they got home. James White's thank-yous included word that his wife, Peggy, "was really tickled by the set of Sector General scrubs as well as the other stuff you guys sent her. When the grandchildren visited last weekend she suddenly appeared in them holding an enormous set of dressmaking scissors and a big darning needle and announced that, as the National Health Service was going to pot, she was going in for DIY surgery."

**For the Record:** Finally, if we didn't set the attendance record, thanks to Elayne Pelz, L.A.con III probably set the record for promptness is mailing Souvenir Books to nonattending members. She collected a work party on September 18 and spent three hours stuffing, labeling and sealing the packets. This bit of history was made by: Bob Null, Bruce Pelz, Gary Louie, Bruce Pelz, Robbie Cantor, Kim Marks, Jordan Brown, Drew Sanders, and Gavin Claypool. Thanks to all of them!

## *L.A.con III* *Clippings and Comments*

### Only 6667 in Anaheim!

I had a good time at the convention. I just wish there had been more people there. Any ideas why there were only 2/3 the number of people as 1984? And for that matter, why convention attendance in general seems to have plateaued since the late 80s?

++ Chris Logan Edwards

I just got my copy of *Locus* with the L.A.con III reviews. It amazes me that people seemed to keep coming back to how the con was "smaller than expected." I got the impression from the con-reviews that the planners of the convention were expecting lots more people -- with the obvious implication that L.A.con III was a financial disaster.

Of course, I know that's not true: the con was about the size you predicted. Do you think it would do any good to write a letter to *Locus* saying so and making sure people know the convention didn't lose money?

++ Kevin Standlee

I tweaked *Locus* about the **one** mistake I found, concerning Dave Kyle, but overall they could not have been more accurate or fair. *Locus'* staff-written Worldcon coverage in the November issue correctly reported, "The L.A.con III committee expected between 6,000 and 8,000, but had the room for an even larger number." It was Mark Kelly's segment in *Locus* that repeatedly voiced disappointment about the size of the convention, and even so, he rightly described some fans' belief that "The first worldcon in the US in three years... and in a major American city at that, might be expected to set records - nine, ten thousand."

Not only did some fans hope to be part of a record-setting worldcon, some probably wanted a giant worldcon for reassurance that fandom's demographics aren't truly shrinking. Would they have enjoyed coping with those crowds for five days? That's a different question. Most fans probably shared Mark Kelly's feeling: "The size of the convention was about right; I wouldn't have wanted it any more crowded."

*File 770* readers already know that I counted on 6,000 members and was willing to be pleasantly surprised by any higher number. The 1994 L.A. Westercon's below par attendance burned in my memory, more brightly than Con-Francisco's near-record turnout. For that reason, much more publicity was done for this worldcon than for past L.A. worldcons. Techniques included a web page, the "infobot" and automated news releases, plus the traditional parties at regional cons and stacks of flyers sent to every large con. We penetrated the mass media right before the con through stories in the neighborhood editions of the Orange County *Register*, radio public service announcements, and a promotional interview with Barbara Hambly on the Sci-Fi Channel. Anyone who thought we'd easily attract 10,000 fans will be surprised to discover the number we got came after substantial publicity. Clearly, future worldcons will be challenged to maintain their current scale.

### **The Facilities**

The location was spread over two hotels and a convention centre. The result was that it was difficult to get to everything.

++ John Mansfield  
*ConTRACT v.8 n.6*

Strangely enough, although the attendance was somewhat higher than Intersection (though nowhere near the record numbers of L.A.con II), the con felt smaller than last year. OK, so the hotels in Glasgow were miles away from the SECC, but once you got there you found the whole of the rest of the con thronging the cavernous halls. In Anaheim the programming was spread evenly between the Hilton, the Marriot and the Convention Centre. And in each case the rooms were spread out and properly walled. It is much easier to lose 6000 people in such an environment.

++ Cheryl Morgan  
*Emerald City #13*

The Hilton and the Marriott have quite enough space for a worldcon. We didn't require the Convention Center -- except to get anyone to vote for our bid in the first place, that is. A first-time Anaheim bid might have considered using only the hotels (plus the arena for major ceremonies). Instead, people expected us to build on the success of L.A.con II -- and that meant using the Anaheim Convention Center, much too powerful an icon to discard.

Not that we weren't tempted. The cost of space in the Convention Center in 1984 for two halls was \$42,000; in 1996, rental for one hall was anticipated to be a multiple of that. Rate increases far outpaced inflation because of a rising demand for the facility. I really wanted a Concourse, though, a grand area full of exhibits and events. For that, the Convention Center was more than a campaign promise, it was indispensable.

Where else could you emerge from a corridor of Sector General bulkheads into a Japanese garden, and rest there under a cosmos of silver and rainbow-hued balloons? Where else could your restful contemplation be interrupted by a spaceship crashing in the hall, and the chaotic rescue led by Diagnostician Joe Siclari and company in Sector General surgical gowns, racing an alien patient through the aisles on a gurney?

We situated the dealers room (in the Convention Center) and the art show (in the Hilton) as magnetic poles to attract fans to the two centers of action in the concourse and the fan table/site selection area. (Fans who complained about having the voodoo message boards in the Marriott are right: we made a mistake in not placing the message boards somewhere along this axis of attraction.) Whatever the disadvantages of using this group of facilities, I have no doubt fans enjoyed the arrangement much more than if we'd compressed everything into the Hilton and Marriott function rooms.

## The Hugo

Words fail to describe the splendid tackiness of the L.A.con Hugo.

++ Guy H. Lillian III  
*Challenger 5*

The Hugos were... cute... this year, with a film can as a base, and battery-powered little klieg lights. Nothing hinted at like, you know, books or nothing. I thought it was kind of neat that Bill Rotsler won both a Retro Hugo and a '96 Hugo in the same category fifty years apart.

++ George Alec Effinger

I once offended Guy by publishing my real opinion of the Nolacon II Hugo base after they had been kind enough to give me the award, so it's only fair to allow Guy to return the service. But I enjoy our Hugo bases. They're done in an over-the-top, Hollywood style: an appropriate motif for L.A.con III. They won't appeal to everyone's taste, but the designer's

creative playfulness will strike a sympathetic note in most fans and the production values are high.

## Slugging Percentage 451

**Harry Warner, Jr:** I had the unusual experience of hearing a mid-con report on the event during the early hours of the morning while I listened to the radio broadcast of the New York Yankees' west coast game. The ball club apparently was staying at one of the con hotels. The two announcers got to talking about the event. One of them described the attendees as "the most unkempt group of people I've ever seen" and the other described his bafflement over what he believed to be a hunt for dragons at the con.

**George Alec Effinger:** The Yankees were staying in the Hilton, on the fourteenth floor. One night they came in after doing the town (Anaheim?). A bunch of people were sitting around listening to Ray Bradbury hold forth. Their eyes flicked back and forth: Ray Bradbury. Don Mattingly. Ray Bradbury. HEY, IT'S DON MATTINGLY! I don't know if Bradbury even noticed them leave.



OKAY, GUY,  
YOU CAN COME  
DOWN NOW!



*John*



## Opening Ceremonies

### *Horticulture at the Worldcon, or One Ficus Fits All*

#### *Patty Wells Tells Her Inside Story*

by Patty Wells What with family problems, I'd managed to demote myself to a flunky in ops for L.A.con III. Or so I thought, until I received an e-mail from the wily David Levine (who had not been so wily as to duck taking my piece of opening ceremonies when I dropped out). He said, "We need a talented actress for the lead role for L.A.con Opening Ceremonies, and I thought you'd be perfect for the part. You'll be playing Audrey III, the next generation of the man-eating plant from 'Little Shop of Horrors.' The costume will be simple: a flowered print dress with a large flower hat."

"I'd love to," I replied. "Except for the talented part I'm ideally qualified. There are a few men in my life who'd say it was typecasting."

Somewhat later I received another e-mail in which he mentioned that Kathy Sanders had decided to design a costume for the plant. I'd always pined to wear one of her designs and was thrilled. Until the next e-mail from David that is. The costume, he said, may be getting a little out of hand. Define a little out of hand, said I.

How can a woman who's appeared as a giant crab worry too much, he responded. He had a point. A woman who's acted out the pivotal scene in *Attack of the Crab Monsters*, been a bimbo pursued by the Robot Monster, and staged a full-scale coup of an executive committee shouldn't have any shame left. And those are the highlights of my acting career.

Then I figured it out. It's a Chinese Worldcon fortune. "You will have a costume designed by the world-class costumer you admire most. She will turn you into a loathsome giant plant." For some inexplicable reason this comforted me, until I met Drew Sanders in L.A. on the day before Opening Ceremonies.

"Come back to my room to see the giant plant costume," he leered, in front of a room full of ops staff, all wondering whether I'll be gullible enough to fall for that old line. I am, but Kathy had yet to unpack the costume from their car. As we wandered aimlessly through a hotel parking garage searching for a giant plant, Drew explained I would need help



to get in and out of the costume, and would require the use of a screwdriver. We never found the car. I was forced to wait for the day of the performance to see my costume. I was no longer comforted, and I wanted my promised flowered hat.

After a night full of dreams where people use can openers to get me out of winding, grasping greenery, I entered the arena to face my alter ego. Audrey is beautiful. She's just like the musical version and has the most elegant purple tongue. She comes in two sections; a large flower pot which tied around me like a demented hoop skirt and Audrey herself. As Kathy lifted the heavy foam jaws over my head she casually said, "I hope you don't suffer from claustrophobia."

You know, until that very moment I would have sworn I didn't. Audrey's a heavy little darling. I had the mildest panic attack until I realized I could see out her upper jaw. I could even breathe, although the metal strip at the back, holding my stem up, felt like the cinchiest of corsets. I had one arm forced into Audrey's perky tongue, the other in her lower jaw. I had

achieved oneness with the plant.

Here followed much practice moving in Audrey, and asking the opinions of everyone present. How does a giant plant walk? Does she hop in her pot? Does she mince like a Southern belle, or does she perhaps attempt a little soft shoe... I tried them all. After 10 minutes it was tropical inside Audrey and the running time of this gig assumed great importance to me. Kathy suggested that someone fan me when I was not on stage.

Shortly after being released from Audrey's clutches, I saw the final script. It was half again as long as the last version and Audrey was on stage for the entire time. It was too late to back out; I'd promised David as well as telling everyone I know, including my children, that I was to be the giant plant. On the way to lunch I cornered a few more people about my adventure in horticulture. I wanted someone, anyone, to tell me that this was not the stupidest thing anyone's ever done.

I was talking to fans and so was grievously disappointed in my quest for reassurance. Why I was surprised by this remains a mystery. Maybe it's because I believe you should be nice to people who are about to die. Several people did helpfully tell me that I didn't need a costume to be a man-eating plant, but I didn't find that soothing enough.

The dress rehearsal was awful. Many of us didn't know each other. Indeed I introduced myself to a fellow cast member by saying, "I don't often meet people while getting potted." And that was the least awful joke made. We were constantly interrupted to do the light and sound checks. I had my cues taped inside my (well, Audrey's, we're pretty inseparable at this point) upper jaw with a lavalier mike clipped to my shirt. Reading the cues, opening and closing my jaws and giving inflection to my lines as I tripped across a stage I couldn't see was challenging. The plant drooped, lost her pot mid-rehearsal, and did not deliver her lines with anything approaching ravenous feeling.

I was panicked, but as I learned, so was Connie Willis who feared being a terrible toastmaster. I casually offered to switch roles with her. I have red hair and glasses -- who'd know? It suddenly struck her that there were worse things that toastmastering a worldcon.

Right before being shoehorned into the plant costume, I explained to my kids, "Mommy is the scary plant and Mommy's not at all sure her lines are funny. Your job is to clap and laugh real loud, just in case no one else does." Then I was whisked backstage to make my transformation.

Once inside Audrey, I realized that I'm tall in this costume. And I would get to eat a Scotsman. David asked me whether I could have Vince Docherty scream into my mike as I

devoured him offstage. This would have required him to have hedge clippers hidden under the kilt, so I even got to scream before going onstage with a bit of tartan to spit out.

When my climactic lines arrived, I was ready and delivered them just like in Tommy, only much louder: "See me, feel me, touch me, FEED ME!"

I followed this up by chasing people off stage after licking their faces provocatively. I didn't let the fact that the Shibanos thought we were all bizarre even by fan standards disturb me and waved my tongue at them in a welcoming manner.

The applause, combined with tantalizing thoughts of stuffing Mike Glycer into the plant, just because he's the chairman and it's all his fault, got me through it. After my triumph, my children told most of the thousand people at the ice cream social that their mother was a man-eating plant. Elizabeth insisted on being my seedling and snarled and snapped at people all evening. Like her Mom, she doesn't need a costume to fill the bill.

On Friday we went to Disneyland where I suffered from a deep desire to go up to Goofy and tell him I felt his pain. I also knew what it was like to work in a hot, idiotic outfit. I refrained, as I'm sure I would have scared him more than the hordes of screaming children, and possibly have been dragged away in a strait jacket only a little more confining than Audrey.

Three days later I could face climbing back into the suit for closing ceremonies. Kathy added baby Audreys around my edges, and we attached people's con badges to their cute little fangs. Here I decided I didn't like my lines and threw in "Let's do lunch" instead. What could my director do, after all. I'd have bitten his head off if he objected. Carnivorous plants can be such divas.

I hadn't done enough physical comedy with Dave Romm, having comfortably stuck with clowning around with people with whom I've previously done stupid shtick. Dave found the gavel borrowed hastily from Kevin Standlee for the chairman's gavel pass. I decided that the plant really desired that gavel and wrestled him for it as Kevin feared for the fate of the business meeting gavel. Dave was a good sport about delivering his lines while a giant plant attacked him. Finally Karen Meschke led me off to introduce me to a nice prickly pear in Texas. All I really needed was the understanding of another female. We are, after all, all man-eaters at heart.

I had my moment of worldcon fame and lasting recognition. People are still impressed that I was stupid enough to get into that outfit.

## Site Selection

### It's Australia in 1999

Aussiecon 3's Guests of Honor will be Australian writer George Turner, California writer Gregory Benford and Australian fan Bruce Gillespie. The convention will be held at the World Congress Centre in Melbourne, located on the Yarra River. Their website is operational right now -- <http://www.maths.uts.edu/staff/eric/ain99>

The deadline for reservation of ad space in Progress Report 1 is February 1, 1997. The material must be received by March 1, 1997.

Addresses: (Australia) Aussiecon Three, G.P.O, Box 1212K, Melbourne, VIC 3001, Australia; (U.S.) Aussiecon Three, PO Box 266, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0266, USA.

### Middlemiss To Chair Aussiecon 3

Perry Middlemiss no sooner completed his DUFF trip to L.A.con III than he threw his hat in the ring for the chairmanship of the 1999 Worldcon -- and was chosen over another past DUFF winner.

Alan Stewart and Perry Middlemiss were nominated for chairman at the annual meeting of the Aussiecon 3 committee on November 3. Both had been officers of the successful worldcon bid: Middlemiss was its Treasurer and Stewart was

its Chair. Stewart also had been the Australasian administrator of the Down Under Fan Fund (DUFF) when Middlemiss was voted in as delegate.

### *Fans Gobsmacked by Aussiecon Rates*

**Aussiecon Three Membership Prices through December 31, 1996:**

<u>Site Selection Voters</u>	<u>US\$</u>	<u>Aussie\$</u>
Attending	65	80
Presupporters	55	70 (Paid \$10)
Friends of the Platypus	Free	Free (Paid \$50)

<u>Nonvoters</u>	<u>US\$</u>	<u>Aussie\$</u>
Attending	140	175
Presupporters	135	170
Friends of the Platypus	90	115
Supporting membership	35	45
Child-in-tow	35	45

Jaws dropped at the announcement of full attending memberships in Aussiecon Three beginning at US\$140 -- just \$20 less than L.A.con III's *at the door* membership rate.

Cheryl Morgan, an Australian fan who resigned from the bid committee shortly before the Worldcon, commented online: "This was a serious price hike, and did not go down well. Part of the reason for [the rate] is the cost of the facilities. Convention space is more expensive here than in the US (less competition), and the expected smaller membership means less economies of scale. Nevertheless, things could have been easier had it not been for the reluctance of the bidcom to seek anything much in the way of sponsorship. Intersection's site was more expensive than ours, but it was largely paid for by sponsors."

The last Aussiecon drew around 1600 attendees: planners must assume the voting members will be a much higher proportion of their final membership than a typical worldcon. Whether the decision to use an expensive conference center for a worldcon of this size is appropriate, from it follows a cold equation that translates into steep membership rates.

### *1999 Worldcon Site Selection*

<u>Bidder</u>	<u>Mail</u>	<u>Thur</u>	<u>Fri</u>	<u>Sat</u>	<u>Total</u>
Melbourne, Australia	260	62	152	334	808
Zagreb, Croatia	27	13	34	84	158
Write-ins:					30 <sup>1</sup>
None of the Above	11	3	6	13	33
	----	---	---	---	----
Total With Preference	301	81	220	447	1029
Number needed to Win					515
No Preference	18	1	3	13	35
	----	---	---	---	----
Total Valid Ballots	319	82	203	460	1064
Invalid/spoiled ballots					32

<sup>1</sup> Write-ins: Alcatraz, 19; Hawaii, 1; Holland, 1; Las Vegas, 2; Louisville, 1; Minneapolis in '73, 2; Reykjavik, 1; Rottneest Island, 3.



Kevin Standlee has compared worldcon membership figures and budgets to measure the per-capita cost of running the Worldcon. He commented online, "In recent years, the cost of providing a Worldcon has been hovering around \$85-\$100 US per member. We can presume this number will be somewhat higher at Aussiecon Three because of the small membership. They've decided not to sell memberships up-front at a known loss."

And who will pay these rates? The conventional wisdom is that anyone who can afford intercontinental travel to Aussiecon will be indifferent to high-ticket memberships. How many Australians will pay them remains to be seen. Cheryl Morgan argued that the committee is using the high initial price to protect traditionally late-buying Aussie fans from contributing a disproportionate amount of the Aussiecon budget. Morgan wrote, "Australians are not used to Worldcon membership purchase, and anyway are reluctant to buy anything until the last moment. Had a more traditional price escalation path been followed, Australian fans would have ended up subsidizing overseas visitors to a significant extent." But fans everywhere procrastinate before buying worldcon memberships. The reason for escalating rate structures is to encourage early buying to help the committee budget accurately.

The Aussiecon Three rates obviously flow from a different motive, and it's probably not egalitarianism. Does the committee assume Aussie fans will buy worldcon memberships at any price, just as long as it's the same price the Yanks and Poms are being charged? Or does the committee really fear that Aussie fans won't buy memberships at all? When Australia in '99 organizer Eric Lindsay attacked a complacent bid critic in the March issue of the Australian newzine *Thyme*, he was obviously dissatisfied with domestic support of the bid. Perhaps it's not a question of making the cost of the con ride equally on the backs of, say, Americans and Australians -- but of loading it on the only backs available.

Will Aussiecon sell enough memberships to pay the fixed costs of facilities, guest travel, publications, etc? Starting at \$140 US is a bold move that if tried in North America would drive away thousands of potential members, but by no means all of them. After all, look at how many fans voted for the Bermuda Triangle in '88 cruise ship bid. And by definition, Aussiecon doesn't need to appeal to those who opposed Bermuda Triangle because it was expensive and exclusive -- such fans can't afford the trip itself, so their opinion about the cost of memberships has been disregarded in advance. Libertarians, rejoice, because this is one time that the marketplace will be the final arbiter.

**No Value in International Support?** The high rates implicitly sacrifice an income stream enjoyed by two past Aussie worldcons: money paid by overseas fans planning to stay home but who converted to attending memberships as a show

of support. Many fans did this in 1975 and 1985.

Part of the reason is that fans realized their "supporting" membership contributed nothing extra to help pay for the con. North American worldcons barely break even on the cost of servicing supporting memberships. For European and Australian worldcons, the hundreds of "supporting" memberships are a drain on their budget. (Of Aussiecon 2's 2,522 members, 37% did not attend.)

Supporting membership once actually contributed something to the budget of a worldcon -- note Walt Daugherty's thanks to the fans who bought \$1.00 supporting memberships in the 1946 worldcon, quoted last issue. But over the years, the purpose of supporting memberships changed from fundraising to fannish outreach, encouraging people who otherwise would not attend the con to vote on the Hugos and Site Selection, although their memberships barely covered the cost of mailing publications to them. Low-cost supporting memberships were locked into the WSFS Constitution some years ago by the creation of a default voting fee, and a limit on how high it could be increased even by agreement of the bidders.

However, adjusting the price of supporting memberships by a few dollars isn't going to matter to a committee that needs to charge \$140 right out of the gate. Is that price a gamble? A brilliant tactical decision? Plain crazy? We'll know in three years.

## *Gold Fever in California, Too*

While Aussiecon 3 pioneers the high frontier of worldcon rates, the new San Francisco in '02 bid is doing the same with its presupposing members. Has the business reality of the '90s finally penetrated fandom, or is it just another example of the Dilbert principle?

To presuppose San Francisco costs \$20.02. Even more clever, and much more expensive, preopposers can pay \$49 to become part of the "49er Club." Buyers of either one receive a selected item of ConFrancisco merchandise and additional material, plus all pre-progress reports (four are anticipated). Friends of Bid, who pay \$100, get all of the presupporter material, plus a custom Land's End logo shirt of an exclusive design.

Twenty-dollar presupporter rates are startling to fans who have seen so many bids asking only \$5 or \$10. They make economic sense to a bid committee trying to raise the \$35-\$50,000 necessary for a full-blown worldcon bid. Can both economic and political needs be satisfied by these rates? If San Francisco can get fans at large to pay a substantial part of bidding expenses through \$20.02 presupposing memberships, they'll blaze a new trail of financial sense in worldcon bidding.

## L.A.con III Ribbon List

1946 Pacificon Attendee	fwa	Photography
1996 Campbell Award	fwa past president	Place Stickers Here
Nominee	fwuk	Press
1996 DUFF Winner	Game Master	Program Martyr
1996 Hugo Nominee	Guest	Red Cross Vampire
1996 TAFF Winner	Guest of Honor	SCIFI Director
Adventurer's Club	HOAX	Seattle in 2002
Artist	Horrible Example	Sector General Bimbo Nurses
Boston in 2001	Justice for Mickey Rat!!!	From Mars
Bucconeer	L.A.con IV in 2044 (and not	Sector General Visitor Pass
Business Meeting Hack	before)	Special Presenter
Card Master	L.A.S.F.S. Member	Staff
Chairman	MagiCon Veterans of Friendly	Studmuffin
Chief Diagnostician	Worldcons	Timebinders
Committee	Masquerade Krewe	Toastmistress
Compleatist	Monitor Corps	Usher
Corpsman (Not Roger)	NESFA Member	Volunteer
Diagnostician	Official Fugghead	Webmaster
Exhibitor	OSFCI Member	15 different Trivia Contest
F.T. Laney Guided Tours of	Past DUFF Winner	Ribbons
West Hollywood	Past Hogu Winner	AMSL
Fan Lounge Host	Past TAFF Winner	AUGL
Field Workers	Past Worldcon Chair	etc.
Film & Video God	Past Worldcon GoH	Also seen...
First Fandom	Patient (Not Very)	ConFrancisco Hogu Nominee

## L.A.con III Art Show Awards

### Popular Choice: Professional

Lisa Snellings

Sergey Poyarkov (Second Place)

### Popular Choice: Amateur

Luisa Nadalini

Allen Desmaretz (Second Place)

### Judges' Choice, Best in Show: Professional

Rob Alexander, *Sinja's World*

### Judges' Choice, Best in Show: Amateur

Jackie Boutin, *Shipwrecked*

### Chair's Choice

Don Davis, *K-T From Land and Sea*

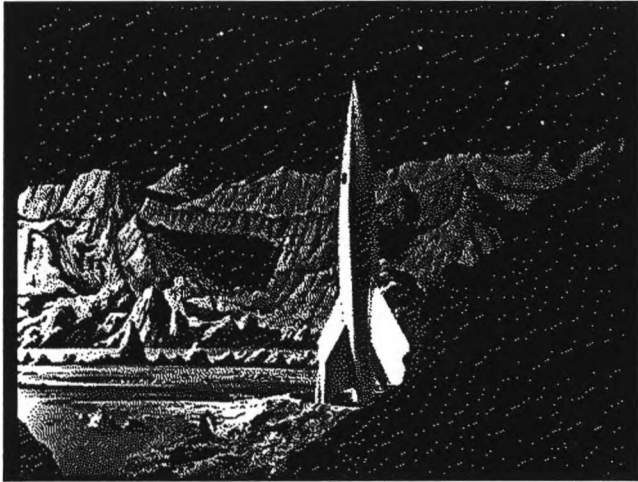
### Director's Choice

James Christensen, *Sisters of the Sea*

**Judges' Choices:** Rob Alexander, *Poseidon's Daughter*; Jim

Burns, *The Fate of the Waters*; John Christopher Butler, *One Small Mistake for a Man*; Aquarius, *We Thank You*; David A. Cherry, *Solar Sailor*; *The Lovers* (sketch); James Christensen, *Hidden Trolls*; Don Davis, *K-T From Land and Sea*; Krista Dodson, *Star Rise*; Bob Eggleton, *Saturn Rukh*; Max S. Fellwalker, *Living Symbol*; Ellen Gurak, *Behind the Mask*; Richard Hescoc, *Ancient Memories*; Jael, *Changes 11*; Victoria & Julius Lisi, *Dragon Tree*; Todd Lockwood, *Kali*, *Lubov*, *Red Tape*; Don Maitz, *The Idiot*; David Martin, *Snow Dragon*; *Monarch of the Sacred Mountain*; Erin McKee, *Forest Spirits*; Clayburn Moore, (body of work); J. A. Pippett, *Time Bandit*; Sergey Poyarkov, (body of work); Judith Rauchfuss, (body of work); Sheila Rayyan, *Catfish*; Arthur Roberg, *Lady of the Lake*; Davette Shands, *Waiting for Anthony*; Lisa Snellings, *Crowded After Hours*; Elizabeth Treat, (paper sculptures); Ken Tunell, *Descent to Mars*; Mary Porter Vaughn, *Dance for the Future and Honor the Past* (pair); Ron Walotsky, *Panda Ray*; Michael Whelan, *Lumen 4*; Stephen Youll, *Exile's Children*.

**Art Show Staff Choices:** Rob Alexander, *Sinja's World*; Dennis Amador Cherry, *Magic the Blathering* (body of work); Don Davis, (body of work); Richard Hescoc, *Aurora*; Omar Rayyan, (body of work).



This scene from *Destination Moon* inspired a design element of the 1996 Hugo base.

## 1996 HUGO AWARD WINNERS

L.A.con III presented annual Hugo Awards for Achievement in Science Fiction and Fantasy, and the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, to:

**Best Novel:** *The Diamond Age*, by Neal Stephenson (Bantam Spectra)

**Best Novella:** "The Death of Captain Future", by Allen Steele (*Asimov's*, October 1995)

**Best Novelette:** "Think Like a Dinosaur", by James Patrick Kelly (*Asimov's*, June 1995)

**Best Short Story:** "The Lincoln Train", by Maureen F. McHugh (*F&SF*, April 1995)

**Best Non-Fiction Book:** *Science Fiction: The Illustrated Encyclopedia*, by John Clute (Dorling Kindersley)

**Best Dramatic Presentation:** "The Coming of Shadows" (*Babylon 5*) (Warner Brothers) J. Michael Straczynski, Douglas Netter, John Copeland, producers; J. Michael Straczynski, screenplay; Janet Greek, director.

**Best Professional Editor:** Gardner Dozois

**Best Professional Artist:** Bob Eggleton

**Best Original Artwork:** *Dinotopia: The World Beneath*, by James Gurney (Turner)

**Best Semi-Prozine:** *Locus*, edited by Charles N. Brown

**Best Fanzine:** *Ansible*, edited by Dave Langford

**Best Fan Writer:** Dave Langford

**Best Fan Artist:** William Rotsler

**John W. Campbell Award:** David Feintuch

## L.A.con III Masquerade Awards

### Master Division

**Best in Show:** *In the Cave of the Salamanders*. Worn by: Susan Taubeneck, Lynn Kingsley, Matt Hargreaves, and Qeldas Pickett (with help from Vaughn Pickett). Design and construction: Susan Taubeneck, Lynn Kingsley, Doug Overton. Inspired by: C.S. Lewis & Imagination

**Best in Class:** *Expedition to Mars*. Entrants: Gordon Smudger and Jennifer Menken

**Retro Master Award:** *The Wedding on Klovvia*. Worn by: Jim Fox-Davis, Janet Wilson Anderson, Gary Anderson, Bridget Landry, George Popa III, Keith Thompson, Kate Morgenstern, Marty Gear, Malcolm Scott, Erik Anderson, Jess Miller, Karen Willson, Susan Fox-Davis, Bruce Briant, Steve Saunders, Chris Weber, Eric Gerds, Elizabeth Gerds, Rene Kinner, Mary Llewellyn, Robin Pavlovsky, Dagny Anderson Design: Janet Wilson Anderson (with help from Robin Pavlovsky, Bridget Landry, Kate Morgenstern, Steve Saunders, Elizabeth and Eric Gerds, Malcolm Scott). Construction: Entire onstage company, with assistance from Jaan Calderon, Liz Case, Cat Devereaux, Zelda Gilbert, Carolyn Kinkad, Sharon Landrum, Teresa Lipski, Fred Louaillier, Sandy Manning, Kirsten Manning, Annie Mitschek, Victor Moray, Sandy Rymer, Stephanie Steiner, John Whiting, and Tao Will; also Jody Samson, Abel Rojas, and Kelly Rupp. Based on: E.E. "Doc" Smith's *Second Stage Lensmen*.

**Good Judgement Award:** *Judgement*. Worn by: Edward Endres, Bob Vaillencourt, Weber Jones, Leman Yuen, and Mark Shidler. Construction: Flyberdyne Labs. Source: Judge Dredd Comics

**Most Dramatic:** *Reluctant Sacrifice*. Entrants: Ralph and Katharine Scotese

**Best Re-Creation:** *The Ogre*. Entrant: Robert Beech. Source: Disney's 'Gummi Bears'

### Journeyman Division

**Best in Class:** *Another Day at the Office*. Entrant: Terry Duquette & Brad Upton. Source: Marvel Comics.

**Highest Bid:** *BucConeer Banzai*. Worn by: Lance Oszko, Jonlun Pisoski, Steve Pisoski, Andre Lievin, Robin Lievin, Cristine Markel Lampe, George Michael Lampe. Design: Lisa Ashton and Lance Oszko. Construction: Lisa Ashton, Christine Markel Lampe, Robin Lievin.

**Most Chromatic:** *The Gift*. Worn by: Keri Lyn Doering, Dave Doering, Karen & Anna Birkedahl. Design: Keri Lyn Doering. Construction: Keri and Dave Doering, Pat Birkedahl.

**Least Touching:** *Farewell, My Knight*. Worn by: Krunoslav Colo and Maja Cetineo. Design and construction: Krunoslav Colo & Nela Colo

**Best Manga:** *Char Aznable*. Entrant: David Ramsay. Source:



Newtype 100% Magazine

**Most Evocative of Film:** *The Toys Are Back In Town*. Entrant: Andrew Bergstrom & Raven O'Neill. Construction: Andrew Bergstrom. Source: Disney's Toy Story

**Most Evocative of Book:** *Nell*. Entrant: Jennie Faries. Based on: *The Diamond Age* by Neal Stephenson

**Best Re-Creation:** *Troll*. Worn by: Woody Welch. Design: Carlo Rimbaldi (for Steven King's 'Cat's Eye'). Construction: Woody Welch

## Novice Division

**Best in Class:** *ChronoBot*. Entrant: Joe Eibe.

**Most Imperial Attitude:** *Molor the Tyrant*. Entrant: John Hart. Inspired by: The Star Trek universe

**Best Presentation:** *Master and Pupil*. Entrants: Bill Ernoehazy and John Stephen Bondi-Ernoehazy

**Honorable Mention:** *Lego Man & Duplo Boy*. Entrants: Michael Citrak & Becky Simpson (with help from Jesse Simpson)

Other Awards: **CostumAPA Originality Award:** *The Gift*. Worn by: Keri Lyn Doering, Dave Doering, Karen and Anna Birkedahl. Design: Keri Lyn Doering Construction: Keri and Dave Doering, Pat Birkedahl.

## Masquerade Workmanship Awards

**Overall Workmanship (and Detailing):** BucConcer Banzai, Lisa Ashton

**Chutzpah Award for Her Hairdo (and Authentic Detail):** Centauri Consort, Deidre McCarthy

**Outstanding Wig Work:** Char Anzable, David Larson

**Overall Care and Excellence:** Char Anzable, David Ramsey

**Self Lighting Book (and General Excellence):** Nell from *The Diamond Age*, Jennie Faries

**Fibreglass Work for the Shoulder Appliances:** Judgment, Fiberdyne Labs: Edward Endres, Bob Villienecourt, Weber Jones, Leman Yuen, Mark Shidler

**Foam Latex Mask Work:** Morn (Deep Space 9), Darren Merritt

**Fine Leatherwork:** The Horned King, Chris Oversby

**Workmanship (Best in Show):** The Wedding of Klovvia, Janet Anderson and a cast of thousands

**Powerful Use of Fur and Bone:** Tulwar and Jarla, Commanders of the Red Griffon Guard, Theresa MacWilli and Calvin Cotton

**Exquisitely Lovely Work:** Earth Fairy, Judith Rauchfuss

**Persistence Award for Hand-made Chain Mail:** Magaera Caine, Cyberpunk Assassin, Melissa Kate

**Masters of Illusion for Fabric Effects:** In the Cave of the Salamander, Susan Taubeneck, Lynn Kingsley, Matt Hargreaves, Queldas Pickett

**Overall Excellence:** Expedition to Mars, Jennifer Menken and Gordon Smuder

**Excellence in Construction and Use of ABS Plastics:** The Toys are Back in Town, Andrew Bergstrom

**Excellence for Colorful Transformation:** The Gift, Keri Lynn Doering, Dave Doering, Karen and Ann Birkedahl

**Excellence in Beading Detail:** Lady of Rainbows, Lisa Ashton



Retro Hugo design committee meeting.

## 1946 RETROSPECTIVE HUGO AWARD WINNERS

L.A.con III also presented the Retrospective Hugo Awards for Achievement in Science Fiction and Fantasy for 1946, in honor of the 50th anniversary of Pacificon I, the first Los Angeles-area World Science Fiction Convention. The winners are:

**Best Novel:** *The Mule*, by Isaac Asimov (*Astounding*, November-December 1945; also published as Part II of *Foundation and Empire*)

**Best Novella:** *Animal Farm*, by George Orwell (Secker and Warburg)

**Best Novelette:** "First Contact", by Murray Leinster (*Astounding*, May 1945)

**Best Short Story:** "Uncommon Sense", by Hal Clement (*Astounding*, September 1945)

**Best Dramatic Presentation:** *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

**Best Professional Editor:** John W. Campbell, Jr.

**Best Professional Artist:** Virgil Finlay

**Best Fanzine:** *Voice of the Imagi-Nation*, edited by Forrest J Ackerman

**Best Fan Writer:** Forrest J Ackerman

**Best Fan Artist:** William Rotsler

There were 939 valid ballots received for the 1996 Hugos, and 605 for the 1946 Retro-Hugos. Of these voters, 558 voted for both awards.

## Once Doesn't Make a Tradition

Don't look for a repeat of L.A.con III's Retro Hugos next year, or possibly ever. The rules change that created them opened the way for the next several worldcons to give the awards, but neither the 1997 nor 1998 worldcons want to. The LoneStarCon2 committee officially voted down the idea during its meeting at Armadillocon in October. Peggy Rae Pavlat, 1998 worldcon chair, had already privately assured 1997 chair Karen Meschke that if the 1997 committee didn't continue the awards, neither would she.

The winners of the first Retro Hugos certainly generated a

level of controversy worthy of any experiment, especially the fannish winners. Gary Farber spearheaded online criticism, his most telling point made by reproducing the annual fan poll from *Shangri L'Affaires* #31, published in July 1946 (based on 75 returned ballots), and comparing it with the results in the Retro Hugos' Best Fan Writer category. Farber feels the poll represents fan sentiment just before the 1946 Worldcon and shows more accurately how fans might have voted if Hugos had been given there.

Farber comments, "As you can see, Rotsler failed to even crack the top 10 in the voting for best fan artist. Jack Wiedenbeck was the overwhelming winner. *The Acolyte* took best fanzine, and *Voice of the Imagination* (Vom) was back in the

pack. There were several categories for fanwriting, and as you can see Ackerman placed in all three of the main categories, and Burbee came in ahead of him in all three categories. Ackerman won for best overall fan, narrowly edging out Joe Kennedy." Farber argues, "This award, in the fan categories, as shown by these figures, is beyond meaningless, and is outright destructive of any valid sense of fanhistory. These fan awards have no validity whatever, and should not happen again."

The people who voted to institute the Retro Hugos, a majority at a couple of heavily-attended business meetings, probably wouldn't have bothered if they believed the success of these new awards was going to depend on today's voters reproducing the opinions already recorded in 50-year-old polls. Obviously, their real purpose was to create an additional honor for pros and fans who made great contributions to our field. And, to make the voting process into a bully pulpit for everyone who wants to draw well-deserved attention to our fannish roots.

However, when devoted fan-historians like Farber and Peggy Rae Pavlat find the Retro

### 1946 Retro Hugos: Best Fan Writer

first place votes:

Forrest J Ackerman	183	186	193	193
Bob Tucker	134	136	145	147
Charles E. Burbee	29	31	33	34
No Award	22	23	23	
Art Widner	18	19		
Francis T. Laney	11			

### 1946 Shangri-L'affaires Poll

Top Fan Artist		Top Fan Article Writer		Top Fanzine	
1	Wiedenbeck	1	Moskowitz	1	The Acolyte
2	Alva Rogers	2	SD Russell	2	Shangri L'Affaires
3	Ron Clyne	3	FTLaney	3	Fantasy Commentator
4	Lou Goldstone	4	Burbee-Hemmel	4	Vampire
5	Joe Gibson	5	Speer	5	Chanticleer
6	J Cockroft	6	Ackerman	6	Scientifictionist
7	Ashley	7	Harry Warner	7	Le Zombie
8	"Beaumont"		Joe Kennedy	8	The Damned Thing
9	Warth		Bob Tucker (tie)		En Garde (tie)
10	Splawn	10	James Blish	10	Light
Best Fan of the Year		Top Fan Fiction Writer		Fan Humorist	
1	Ackerman	1	Crane		
2	Joe Kennedy	2	Bob Tucker		
3	FTLaney	3	Charles Burbee	1	Tucker
4	Jack Speer	4	Ashley	2	Burbee
5	Moskowitz	5	F. Lee Baldwin	3	Joe Kennedy
	Coslet (tie)		Joe Kennedy (tie)	4	Walt Liebscher
7	Burbee	7	Croutch	5	Ackerman
	Tucker (tie)	8	FTLaney		
		9	JH Mason		
			Jack Speer		
			Ackerman (tie)		

Hugos undeserving of support, it makes sense to wonder if the Retros are fatally flawed.

Should the Retros never be repeated, I'm still grateful that Bruce Pelz, Mark Olson and some others actively used this opportunity to bring classic fanwriting to the attention of today's fans.

### *Silverberg Invented Retros in 1971!*

In his recent zine for SFPA, Harry Warner, Jr. told the following story about listening to a set of records from the Noreascon Hugo banquet, for which Robert Silverberg served as toastmaster:

"One curiosity about Bob's toastmastering is his reference to what we now call the retro Hugos. He evoked a lot of guffaws by pretending that the convention was going to hand out not only the 1971 Hugos but also those for 1954, which the San Francisco convention in that year didn't provide. Then he said that they had all gone to Harlan who wasn't in Boston to accept them so there were more laughs. This encouraged him to bring up the idea briefly near the end with a threat to give out the 1932 Hugos."

++ Janice Gelb

## *Sound of Knowledge's 8 Top Selling Tapes of L.A.con III Programs Notes by Craig Miller*

Sound of Knowledge, the firm that recorded most of the L.A.con III program items, sold a surprising number of tapes (several hundred). Here are list of the eight hottest-selling programs:

### **Debate: Is There A God?**

Ross Pavlac, J. Michael Straczynski

### **Buzz Aldrin Q&A**

Buzz Aldrin, John Barnes, Betsy Mitchell

### **Intermediate Writing**

Steven Barnes, Greg Bear, C.J. Cherryh, Jack McDevitt, Mike Resnick, Will Shetterly. "Intermediate Writing" was about how to keep your career going once you've made a first sale or two so it was a good 'business' program for the large number of newbie writers and writer-wannabees in attendance.

### **The Future of Medicine**

Dr. Richard Crownover, Dr. Stephen Davis, Bill Ernoehazy, M.D., James W. Fiscus, Charles S. Tritt, Deborah Wheeler

### **Science Fiction of the '70s & '80s**

Edward Bryant, C.J. Cherryh, Gardner Dozois, Harlan Ellison, George R.R. Martin

### **Funny Stories from Science Research & Development**

Dr. Jim Busby, Dave Clements, Howard Davidson, Bill Higgins, Charles S. Tritt

### **Science Fiction of the '50s & '60s**

Harlan Ellison, Frederik Pohl, Robert Silverberg

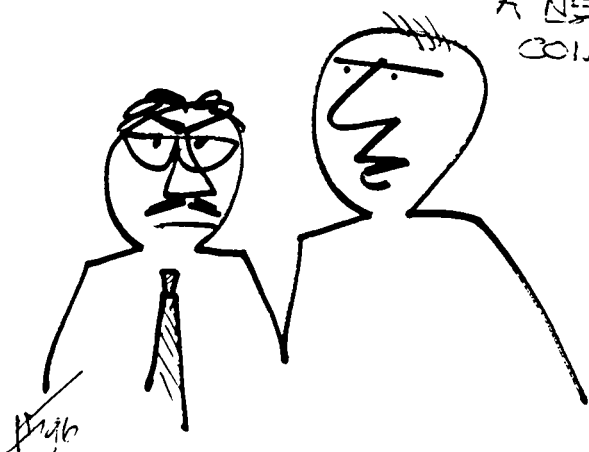
### **A Look At Past Futures**

Hal Clement, Harlan Ellison, Alan Dean Foster, David Gerrold, Larry Niven. At L.A.con I, the 1972 Worldcon in Los Angeles, a panel of top science fiction writers made a series of predictions for the future. Specifically what the world would be like in 1995. Five of them were back for this panel, to discuss how their 24-year-old predictions turned out.

You might note the presence of Harlan on three of these. Clearly, he's still very popular and almost always puts on a good show.

Ordering information may be obtained from: Sound of Knowledge, 4901 Morena Bl., Ste. 207, San Diego, CA 92117.

WE PREFER TO  
CALL THEM RE-RUNS.  
"UNDEAD" HAS SUCH  
A NEGATIVE  
CONNOTATION.





## News of Fandom

### Marriage Plans On Track

Kevin Standlee, Worldcon Business Meeting maven and now chair of the San Francisco in '02 bid, wed Lisa Hayes in Portland, OR on October 13. The ceremony was on board a chartered Vintage Trolley, signifying Kevin's fascination with railroading. Wedding guest Ruth Sachter said, "Even the occasional rain showers joined in by bringing a double rainbow to help celebrate." Kevin and Lisa honeymooned at Disneyland.

For now, Lisa will continue to live on her parents' property near Salem, OR where she helps them take care of their ten-acre "ranch." Kevin will continue to live in Mountain View, CA. Adds Kevin, "No immediate change of residence is contemplated for either of us, although in the long term *something* will change."

### New FanHistoricon Fan Fund

Joe Siclari announces that, thanks to the generosity of Boskone, FanHistoricon will not only have a suite to hold programs and discussions, but will institute the First FanHistoricon Fan Fund. British fan Rob Hansen will be the first recipient. Boskone and NESFA are providing his airfare.

Rob Hansen's excellent British fanhistory, *Then*, is a major ongoing project. His new Who's Who in Fandom website (<http://www.fiawol.demon.co.uk/who>) will provide excellent biographical information on fans. Siclari needs to raise additional funds for the trip, and is asking for contributions from fandom. Make checks payable to: Joe Siclari, 4599 NW 5 Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431-4601. He hopes this will make a successful start on a new tradition.

### Girls All Calling

"A Girl's World," Karen and Chris Willson's online clubhouse, has made a huge splash in the Internet pond. It got the "Point" Top 5% of the Web award, was featured as the "Best of the Web" in October's Family PC magazine, and was featured in the syndicated column: [www.4kids.org](http://www.4kids.org) in over 2,000 newspapers across the country. "A Girl's World" also offers an e-mail newsletter. Send email to "subscriptions@agirlsworld.com" with a single line in the body of your email message that says: subscribe

### Teddy Harvia's Nose For News

Fanartist Teddy Harvia, til now best known in the sports world

for drawing Wingnut Soccer, reports, "I broke my nose helping to coach my daughter Matilda's softball team. Three hours later in the emergency room, the flow of blood finally stopped. Most surreal was the role reversal of having Matilda holding my hand and reassuringly saying, 'You'll be all right, Dad.' The pain is minimal compared to the discomfort of wearing glasses to read and draw."

Teddy seemed fully recovered at ArmadilloCon. He was pouring sangria for guests at his ConCancun in 2003 bid party, and pumping Worldcon smofs for inside information, like how much white sand beach is needed for the dealers room and art show?

### Bid for Margaritaville

Randy Shepherd, Diana Thayer, and Teddy Harvia have launched a 2003 bid for Cancun, Mexico. The location, Gulf Coast, offers numerous hotels along 14 miles of white sand beaches. The committee says it also boasts a world-class convention center within walking distance of several major hotels, Mayan ruins a day trip's away, and numerous restaurants with both local and international cuisine.

### If You Can't Lick 'Em

The Postal Service has finally found the way to make fans happy about paying for service they aren't receiving, judging by philatelist news clippings sent in by Sheryl Birkhead.

James Gurney is the artist of a new dinosaur stamp to be issued next summer. Each pane of stamps has upper and lower halves, two dino-filled scenes, and each dino is an individually-perforated 32-cent stamp. Birkhead explains, "The goal is to have collectors keep and not use them. The one picture I saw looks (pardon the expression) fantastic."

Then, in time for next Halloween, five Classic Movie Monsters will appear on their own pane of stamps: Frankenstein's monster, the Mummy, the Phantom of the Opera, the Wolf Man and Dracula. The images are based on the portrayals by Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney, Jr. and Bela Lugosi.

### Treated Like Royalty

Mike Resnick started the holidays early by sending checks to *Alternate Worldcons* contributors, along with this little explanation:

"Well, gang, it happened. *Alternate Worldcons* was a runaway success. So much so that when I sold *Again, Alternate Worldcons*, the publisher insisted on reprinting *Alternate Worldcons* as part of an omnibus volume. The pay was -- hold onto your hats -- a whopping \$200.00!!!

"Half of that \$200.00 goes to your hard-working soft-drinking editor (i.e., Me). The remaining \$100.00 is divided among 15 stories, and as any mathematician in the crowd can tell you, one fifteenth of \$100.00 comes to \$6.67. Actually, it's \$6.6667, but in my big-hearted magnanimity, I'm tossing in the extra third of a penny, gratis.

"Who knows? When *The Last Alternate Worldcons* comes out 34 years from now (or maybe 42), you may all get another \$6.67. So hang in there."

Just what I always hoped: to progress from Worldcon chairman to full-fledged pro! At this dizzying pace, my lifetime income from professional sales may yet attain a four-digit number *without* including the odd cents after the decimal point....

### License to Drive

*File 770* readers getting their copies by mail probably noticed the last issue came in envelopes whose return address labels were styled after California personalized license plates. I decided against getting real personalized plates 17 years ago after asking myself, "How long can this thing last?"

The answer turned out to be: a long time. And it's still hard to explain the title of this newzine: practically impossible to fans who know the name *Ansible* was still unclaimed in 1978. At least, unclaimed as the name of a fanzine. For years, Galen Tripp had that name on his personalized plates. Now he writes, "Perhaps someone among your California readers may be interested to know that the word 'ANSIBLE' will soon be available once again to put on a California automobile license plate." It never occurred to me that a newzine name might outlive personalized plates!

### BASFA Donates to El Paso Westercon

In November, the Bay Area Science Fiction Association (BASFA) donated \$250 of club funds, and another \$30 from individual members, to help offset the loss sustained by Westercon 49 (ConDiablo).

Westercon 49 drew less than 400 fans to El Paso. Kevin Standlee reports some of the reasons cited for the poor turnout are: the distance from any major fan population bases, and the rescheduling of the San Diego ComicCon to the same weekend (July 4) so ComicCon could avoid a conflict with the Republican National Convention. Westercon lost approximately \$2,200, according to Westercon co-Chair Fred Duarte.

"BASFA was pleased to be able to donate toward the relief of Westercon, as much as we were sorry to hear about it," said BASFA President Kevin Standlee. "The fact that with such low attendance they were able to keep the loss to a relatively

manageable level was remarkable."

### Old News, But True

I logged onto CompuServe on June 4 and found that *What's Hot* listed "Meet Sci-Fi Author Larry Niven" ahead of "People: Demi Moore in 'Striptease'." I was impressed.

### Birth Department

Charlotte Amanda arrived in Kathy and Ian Taylor's lives on September 20. She weighed 7 lb. 13 oz. Ian posted online: "When Kathy told me that she was going to be Membership Secretary for an Eastercon (Intuition in 1998), I knew it was going to involve me in a lot of work, but little did I realize just how seriously she was going to take her job!"

David Stever reports he and Marge Parmenter had a daughter on November 1. Emily Grace Stever, and she's doing quite well, having weighed in at 9 lbs., 6 oz. Says David, "She's doing all the usual baby things, like stealing my heart."

### Jo Clayton's Recovery

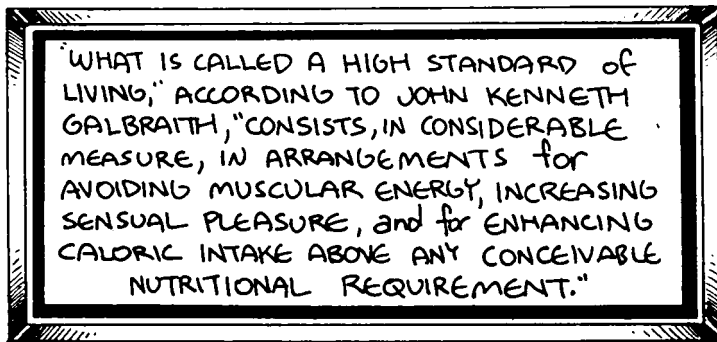
John Lorentz reports, "Jo's recovery is making great strides -- surprising her doctors quite often. She's sitting up a lot sooner than they'd thought she would, the bone cells are filling in at a tremendous rate, and she's back to being able to use her computer again. She's wrapped up her latest book, and is now starting to outline the third of the trilogy. Even so, it'll probably be 3-6 months before she leaves the hospital."

The effort to raise money for Jo Clayton, spurred on by Harlan Ellison's *Sci-Fi Buzz* appeal, brought in over \$3,000 in about 10 days, adds Lorentz. An auction at L.A.con III raised another \$1,800.

Additional donations to help with Clayton's large medical bills should be sent to: The Oregon SF Emergency Fund, OSFCI, P.O. Box 5703, Portland, Oregon 97228. Donations to OSFCI are tax-deductible. The fund is a trust fund set up to help any Oregon SF writers who need help.

### Mythcon 26

Saturday at lunch, Berni Phillips mused about the nap she was planning to take after lunch, while husband David Bratman put the finishing touches on his paper "The Counties of England." Lynn Maudlin told her, "And if you have trouble sleeping, you can just ask David to read to you." Berni agreed: "I'll just lie back and think of England."



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## ***John Hertz's Westercon Notebook***

### ***Westercon 49 -- "ConDiablo"***

### ***El Paso, Texas, July 4-7, 1996***

Dappled by the wild images of Brad Foster, I was nearly as far east as a Westercon can be (Bylaws, Article 3.1 -- west of the 104th west meridian). For many of us, Westercon celebrates the birthday of that giant among fanartists, Bill Rotsler, but this year belonged to Foster: Artist Guest of Honor, covers of the Progress Reports and Program Book, reproductions in the Print Shop, Best Monochrome and Best of Show in the Art Show, prolific, seaworthy in both serious and comical currents, original and yet natural to the fannish mind. Fan Guests of Honor were Joyce and Arnie Katz, Pro Guests were James Blaylock and Howard Waldrop, Toastmaster was Pat Cadigan. The Katzes too were everywhere, in the halls, on panels, receiving in their suite. And the Camino Real Paso del Norte Hotel was a gem, old-fashioned in design, refurbished in comfort, like the Fort

Garry where I stayed at ConAdian 1,500 miles away.

I was at ConDiablo, but where was everybody? As a fan of big cons, I thought the latest Portland Westercon with 1,800 was small. ConDiablo had 400. This was the news of the weekend. It was a surprise, and a shock, but not all surprises are bad. What had happened? Maybe a decline in fannish wealth, so that travel was harder. With a Worldcon in the same quarter of the country and the year, some may have deferred their resources. Maybe a decline in fannish vigor, so that the adorning reasons to vote for El Paso told on the attendance: Westercon has never been there, it's off the beaten path. Scores who paid never went. And the local community, active and worthy, was smaller than Phoenix, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle. But the prevailing view was that Chairmen Brandt and Duarte did not fail. Had they everyone who mattered, losing only fringe-fen? Had they planned so well that what was meant for many was fit for a few? Was it a benison of Roscoe? The con that came was good.

I shall begin in the natural way, that is, by going back to first principles.

Aristotle

On my way to unpack I saw a corridor of athletes whose clothing bore a checkerboard of white and black. Knowing that device (as do you: Mike Grgich puts it on the wine he makes with Austin Hills), I was happy to give them the surprise of recognizing it. They had to be and were Croats, a soccer team. An omen for the Zagreb bid? Starting with Bob Vardeman at the Meet the Pros party, I kept finding people who'd been with me in TAPS, and I began a weekend-long conversation with Arnie Katz about the value of generalists. At the Art Show reception Gail Barton said she was the only astronomical artist she knew who was not using airbrush. Her *White Cliffs of Miranda* were like baleen. She had brought tiles cut by 30-watt laser, colored in Winsor & Newton scrimshaw ink. Ctein said this was technically new and interesting. The manufacturer uses Barton's drawings to test the \$20,000 machine. Ctein, whose three dye-transfer photographs of Comet Hyakutake in March were a hundred midnight blues, is of course an astronomical artist not using airbrush. At the Hawaii party there was rum with pineapple and ginger. We don't, said Kathryn Dougherty, really drink Hawaiian Punch. I told Duarte we were all lucky he could cover when a tide of work nearly drowned Brandt. Bruce Pelz was bidding Palm Springs against San Diego for 1998.



Friday morning on "Fandom, social laboratory or Never--Never Land?" Arnie Katz noted from the audience a *Time* survey finding half the U.S. households with at least one person defining himself as an s-f fan. We "panelists of varying degrees of maturity", moderated by his wife, pondered it. Setting aside that the surveyed must have been what fanspeak calls readers, persons with an interest in s-f, not fans, persons who take part in our community, this was still a remarkable statistic. Think how much television is s-f. Even if not very good, s-f it unmistakably is. As fandom formed no one dreamt such things. These people, said Leah Zeldes Smith, are what we were when we first found fandom. And not everyone interesting finds us. Peggy Rae Pavlat said she always introduces newcomers to five or six. Public paths could be better marked; Program Books, I preached, more comprehensible. Zeldes Smith reported a recent Windycon flier without even "s-f con". Tom Becker said the first person he met in fandom was Art Widner; "I had a copy of *YHOS*, but I didn't know what to do with it." Larry Emmett from the audience said "At my first con it was hard to find the thread. Special interests were easier to see." Becker had found that camera buffs too can spot each other a mile away. No doubt by their sensitive fannish faces.

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Fit audience find, though few.

Milton  
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Arnie Katz said pariahs will seek a subculture. But now we have to ask, I said, whether that's essential to fandom. Maybe it never was. I proposed two ways fandom might be good for the health: reading s-f exercises the imagination, and con-running exercises the ability to get along with annoying people. Is there one fandom? asked Pavlat. Yes, said Becker: where zealots will be zealously excommunicated.

In the hall Filthy Pierre played *Down in the West Texas town of El Paso*. I had a minute to watch "A reading list for a college course or a newcomer". Ben Yalow said, "I want a story I can't put down." I piped up, this separates away the classical mind; it's in Romance that art must be compelling. On to nomination: *The City and the Stars*, 1984, *Slan*, *The Time Machine*. Bill Baldwin said "Anything with Larry Niven's name on it." Here was a man to drink with. Nobody offered Heinlein juveniles, but two bright ideas were Campbell's letters (Chapdelaine ed. 1986), and *The Witches of Karres*, "which has a bit of everything".

On "Life cycle of the American apa", whatever that means, we thought how apas themselves have evolved. FAPA and

SAPS are bundles of stand-alones, more recently formed apas are mostly comments, said Horrible Old Roy Tackett from the audience, wheelchaired and indomitable, Ghu bless him. Will apas go on? Janice Gelb thought use-net groups were different. On the Internet people are savaged. A more physical medium, I observed, can have various paper and printing; even the word-processed are remarkably individual. Newer apas are topic-centered, said Lindsay Crawford. Gelb told how *Myriad* started because the SFPA waiting list was too long. Here, in SFPA, might be a life-cycle, with the damnyankee rule and sabbaticals. It was still only Friday, but none of us had heard of any apa parties. Crawford said 2/3 of APA-50 had been at ConFrancisco.

Charlie Brown, formidable to anyone, frightened me on "Criticism or review?" Everything he reads is new. My God. No *Tales of Genji*. No Maimonides. No Shakespeare. I

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My business is perpetually to find fault until the limit of attainable perfection is reached.

G.B. Shaw  
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said I want reviewers to tell me why a book is interesting; "it's good" and "it's bad" are opaque. Brown said dislike is easier. Gordon Van Gelder said reviewers should tell where they're coming from. Up the hall from us was "Food in s-f". Barbara Hambly said "Mars wants Earth women -- for what? The proteins are incompatible." Niven said, for diet food. George Alec Effinger said, "I used a Web search engine with my name to see what people say about me behind my back. That's a bad idea, don't do it."

In the bar Baldwin bought me a Negra Modelo. Pavlat sold me a Buccaneer membership. She and I discussed permeation. I quoted Churchill's "How useful it is in great organizations to have a roving eye", with which she was much impressed. She called it management by moving around. Albuquerque came to Regency dancing in force; Walter Jon Williams introduced me to his wife, apologized for his mundane suit required by pro biz that evening, and made up for it, snapping open a matching fan. The *Locus* Awards came back to Westercon after sojourning in the wilderness, and were celebrated at a barbecue, which sold out. Frango mints at the Chicago party, Moebius-strip bracelets and inexhaustible madness at the Zagreb party. Bandit reported childcare shut down, not enough children. Best food and drink of the night probably with Phoenix. Sam Konkin promptly noticed decent beer: "This will get you a favorable rating in *Frefanzine*." They closed at 3:30 a.m. San Diego beat Palm Springs 70-66, four-fifths of the votes being cast

at the con. Elayne Pelz won the voting pool.

Saturday morning I watched "Creating religions". Maya Bohnhoff noted our cheap Christianity-bashing. In much of fantasy, religion is used for window dressing. And religion is taken as the politics people impose on religion -- world's greatest excuse. Tim Powers said, God is scary. In the New Testament when angels show up they always start with "Don't be afraid." Curiously that isn't so in the Old Testament. Abraham's heart is clean, so he recognizes the angels, Lot's is not, so he doesn't. Jacob wrestles one. Bohnhoff said priests protect people from themselves, which corrupts into a power trip. Powers said, I didn't happen to believe the religions in my books -- I'm an orthodox Catholic -- but I treated them as if they were true. Someone asked what religion would exist in a future with all natural processes explained. Powers said, I like your assumption that religion exists to explain.

Judith Ward, Vardeman, and I judged the Masquerade. Like much of the con it was miniature. Director Richard Wright had tried to cancel it, which caused an uproar, so like Archbishop Cranmer he revoked his recantation. Best Novice was Jo Webber for "Ribbon Knots", a marvelous 800-yard salad. Best Presentation (Journeyman) was Elaine Pasco for "Iwicableza", carefully researched and largely home-made Southwest Amerind dress, authentic music and dance, solid, earthy, but no discernable s-f element. Best Journeyman was Joe Meils for "Robot Monster", a gorilla with a steel-globe head and a heart of gold. No Masters. Ward's influence reached the Hospitality Suite, where a vase held three yellow roses. The Melbourne party served musk sticks, Platypus Punch, ANZAC biscuits, and Lindemans. Steven Boucher said "West Australian people can't speak Australian, let alone English." Liz Mortensen said Vegemite tasted like raw bouillon cubes. Dick Smith said, worse.

The newsletter, by Becker, Andy Hooper, and Spike Parsons, each day faked the format of a different semiprozine. A *Daily Frefanzine* by Konkin and Anders Monsen pulled an article out of Mike Glyer: "The first [newszine] I saw was ... at the 1973 Westercon.... The St. Francis was one of the hotels, like the Camino Real, that stamps its logo in the sand of the ashtrays.... People waiting for elevators were surprised to see STF, [our] abbreviation for 'scientification'." In the official zine, Hooper reviewed an 1862 battle north of El Paso, a baseball game, and Waldrop's references to Jack London and merry John Heywood; Becker wrote "This Just Looks Like a Hoax Zine"; and Parsons reviewed "the action-packed zone where science fiction and pro wrestling intersect".

Judith Rauchfuss in the Art Show had brought 16 fantastic masks, of quilt, feathers, sequins, some with curved tendrils two feet long. One, a ram, red with orange and white, won

Best 3-D. Fuzzy Pink Niven bought another. Robert Ashton showed his lucite cubes carved beneath and behind in planets and towers. Linda Michaels prints, like stained glass, bright black-edged colors, flat. A pumpkin spirit, in watercolor and ink, was a dryad drifting free from a jack o'lantern, lissome, transparent; would a man have shown freedom by revealing her breasts? Joy Marie Ledet won Best Sculpture for a cute dragon biting a cookie, but next on her table was a 4" clay Morrigan, the Celtic war spirit (a Masquerade entry at Conozoic in 1994) who came to the hero Cuchulainn; the Morrigan's attribute of appearing as a crow was shown as a headdress, her face with strength and vision: not even a bid. Elizabeth Hail won Best Amateur for *This Bank and Shoal of Time*, in alkyds, a meandering river, a space gadget on a tripod, but the real prize was her *Elysian Villars*, acrylics, eggshells for texture, three peaks of stone green and brown, the light gilding them.

On Sunday, Leroy Berven won Hooper's Fannish *Jeopardy* tournament with 725 points; second, Dave Clark with 719; third, Ed Green, whom Nemesis threw from a too-magical 770 points to 170. Hooper had found 99¢ sparkler zapguns for the contestants to signal with, sparking the thought of James White zapguns, i.e. water pistols, with which contestants would signal by squirting Hooper. Sample categories from the last round: Famous Con Bidders, Ursula K. LeGuin, 3-D Insect Fear Films, Still More Chips & Machines. This, like the Masquerade, and much else, was accompanied on the mighty Strausophone. Hooper sang out "Play that funky music, Filthy."

Effinger, Hambly, Kathleen Dalton-Woodbury, K.D. Wentworth, and I had a go at "Why don't humor-writers get respect?" Effinger proposed that humor is rejection, so we following suit don't take it seriously. I said, it's because the technique doesn't show; also (picking up an earlier theme) here in the Romantic age we take everything seriously, so we gulp down the relief of humor, but since humor isn't earth-shattering, it isn't important. Hambly said humor actually is not universal, e.g. Gibbons' *Cold Comfort Farm* (1977), hysterically funny to those reared on British humor. Dalton-Woodbury said, when the reader is in on the joke, he likes it. That brought in the unreliable narrator, whose failings the reader may not notice. Wentworth remarked how publishing delay strained timeliness. Effinger said, they don't hear me for a year. Wentworth said, at *Asimov's* three years. Effinger said, if I'm reading a funny scene that goes on long, I suspect something awful will happen. I said, maybe *Dilbert* would be painful if realistically drawn. But humor does get respect. No less than Hilaire Belloc introduced *Weekend Wodehouse* (1939), calling P.G. Wodehouse the best living writer of English, "the head of my profession".