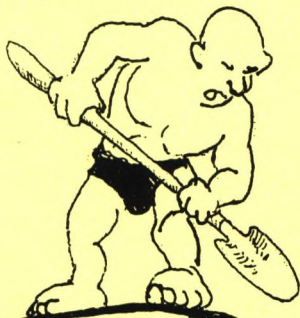


HOW LONG NOW, UH..
CLAUDE?



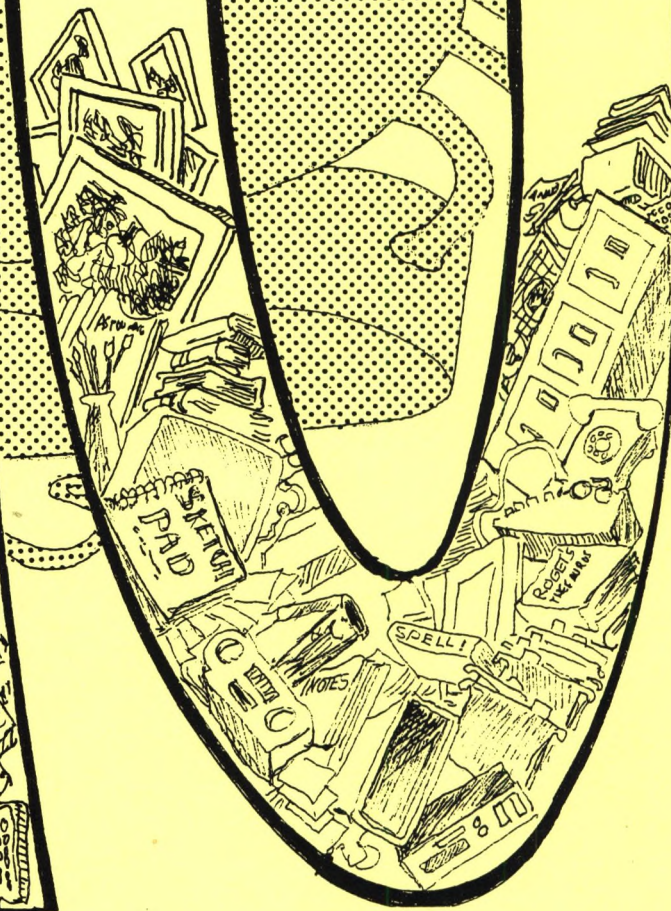
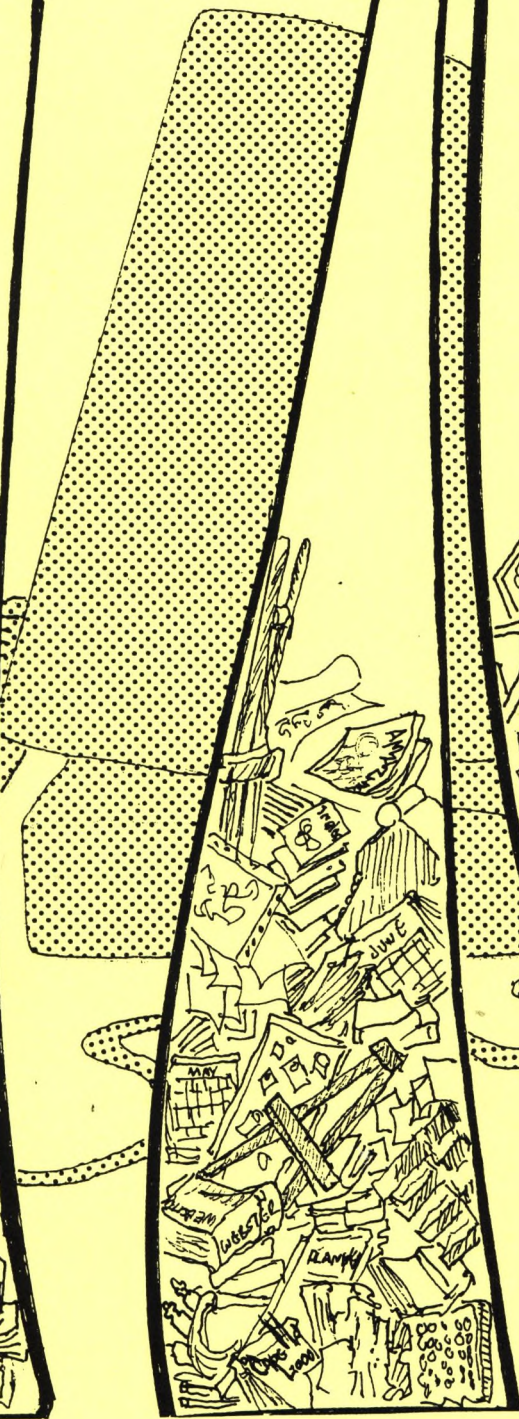
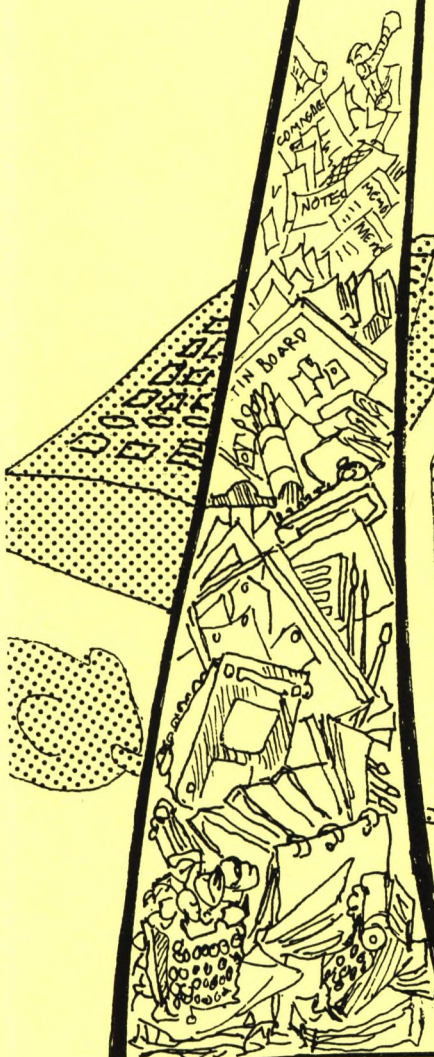
KEEP AT IT, SEBASTIAN,
TAKES TIME
TO FILL A 770!



..BUT IF
I TELL 'EM IT'S

FILE

NOW...



Thanks, and More Thanks

Editor's Notes by Mike Glycer

Rocket Night: While Teddy Harvia tore open the envelope containing the name of the winner of the Best Fanzine Hugo, I sat with my notebook open and my pen ready to write. But not ready to write the name of my own fanzine. Not even when Teddy reacted to the little piece of paper by exclaiming his delight. Then he read "File 770" aloud and I headed for the stage in a fog of not-quite-speechless amazement, where someone handed me the rocket on its beautiful wooden base.

Now comes my chance to say a coherent thank-you to so many people who make *File 770* fun to publish.

First, thank you Diana. You're my number one source of encouragement and you're always willing to help me "think out loud" about the future of the zine. Thanks for being my circulation manager, and coming up with ideas for getting more fans interested in *File 770*. And thanks for all the times you read my copy before it went to press and saved me from numberless gaffes.

Thanks to all of you whose creativity is woven throughout these pages – prolific artists Ray Capella, Brad Foster, Ian Gunn, Teddy Harvia, Joe Mayhew, Bill Rotsler, Taral Wayne, and Alan White

(three of them living on through their cartoons); feature writers including John Hertz, Francis Hamit, Chris Barkley, David Bratman, Janice Gelb, and Steven Silver; those who write LoCs; and those whose news items are the lifeblood of *File 770*.

As a postscript, thanks also to the late Irene Danziger. In 1990, she used her wizardry with a Mac and Pagemaker to create layouts for *File 770*'s earliest photocopied issues, launching the zine into era of desktop-publishing.

Torcon 3: And more thanks – to the Toronto fans who invited me to be Fan Guest of Honour for the 2003 Worldcon. I appreciate the honor, and the pleasure is all the greater because I coincidentally follow in the footsteps of Torcon 2's GoH's Robert Bloch and Bill Rotsler, two other LA fans I knew for many years. (Bloch was Pro GoH at both previous Torcons, in 1948 and 1973, and has been named Torcon 3's "GhOst of Honour.")

I'll be in Toronto with fellow GoH's George R.R. Martin and Frank Kelly Freas, toastmaster Spider Robinson – and many of you, I hope. See you there!

The Retro Hugos Are Back!

Millennium Philcon's Hugo Administrators, Rick Katze and Saul Jaffe, have announced the 2001 Worldcon will award Hugos for works written in the year 2000 and a set of Retro Hugos for the year 1950. The WSFS rules allow Retros to be given by a Worldcon held 50, 75 or 100 years after a year when regular Hugos were not awarded. Members of L.A.con III in 1996 voted on the first Retro Hugos, for works published in 1946. The next four Worldcons, though eligible, chose not to give them.

Rick Katze wrote online, "We expect to have links set up from the Millennium Philcon web page listing the works eligible for the categories in 1950 to make it easier for the nominators. When you catch something that was not listed, e-mail me personally with the header read-

ing *Retro Omission* and I will have it added to the list.

"Both Joe Siclari and Bruce Pelz will be sending me fanzine material which I will scan and then send to Joe who will put it on the web for the voters to examine. I have no idea what they intend to send to me. If you have a fanzine, fan writer or fan artist who you believe should be included, send me e-mail with the header reading *Retro Fan*. I will contact you regarding further details regarding how to get the material included in this project."

For further details, check the Millennium Philcon Web page.

COMING NEXT ISSUE

A complete report on Chicon 2000 will be in the next issue.



File 770

136

File 770:136 is edited by Mike Glycer at 705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia CA 91016. No animals were harmed in the making of this fanzine.

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Alan White: 2, 5, 11, 16, 20, 22, 24

Joe Mayhew: 17, 18, 25, 26, 28

Diana Harlan Stein: 2

Bill Rotsler: 10, 19, 29

Sheryl Birkhead: 29

Rose Marie Donovan: 3(photo)

Jason Boehm: 4 (photo)

Chaz Boston Baden: 9(photo)



Chicon 2000 Hugo Winners

Best Novel

A Deepness in the Sky by Vernor Vinge (Tor)

Best Novella

"The Winds of Marble Arch" by Connie Willis
(*Asimov's* 10-11/99)

Best Novelette

"10¹⁶ to 1" by James Patrick Kelly (*Asimov's* 6/99)

Best Short Story

"Scherzo with Tyrannosaur" by Michael Swanwick
(*Asimov's* 7/99)

Best Related Book

Science Fiction of the 20th Century
by Frank M. Robinson (Collectors Press)

Best Dramatic Presentation

Galaxy Quest

Best Professional Editor

Gardner Dozois (*Asimov's Science Fiction*)

Best Professional Artist

Michael Whelan

Best Semiprozine

Locus edited by Charles N. Brown

Best Fanzine

File 770 edited by Mike Glyer

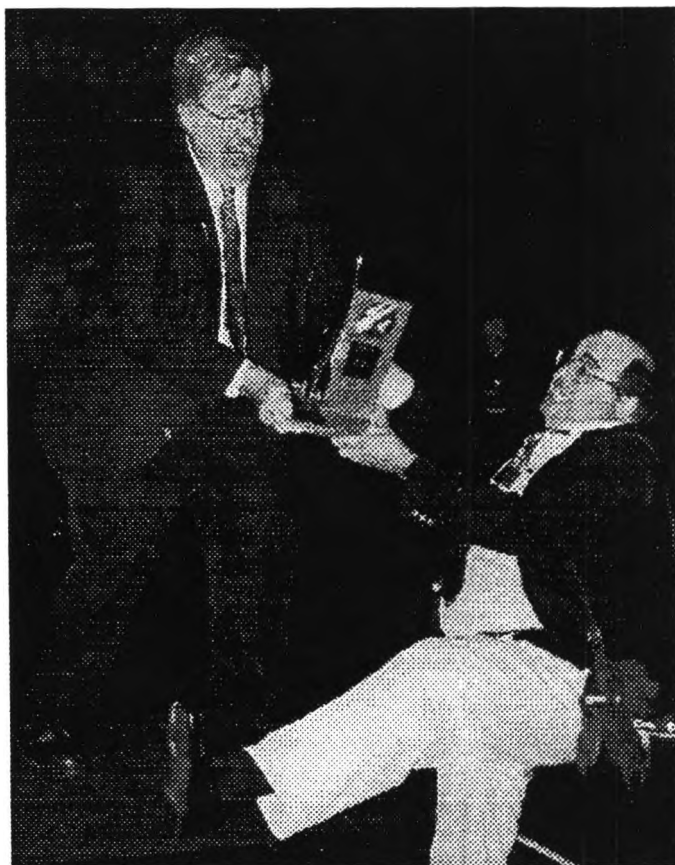
Best Fan Writer

Dave Langford

Best Fan Artist

Joe Mayhew

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer
Cory Doctorow (2nd year of eligibility)



Guy H. Lillian III insisting *Challenger* deserves the Best Fanzine Hugo. Photo by Rose Marie Donovan

Toronto Wins 2003 Worldcon Vote

Toronto will host the 61st Worldcon, after winning the Site Selection vote on the first round:

	<u>Pre-Con</u>	<u>Thurs</u>	<u>Friday</u>	<u>Saturday</u>	<u>Total</u>
Toronto	253	162	389	571	1,375
Cancun	50	25	41	131	247
No Preference	15	4	10	27	56
None of the					
Above	3	0	2	3	8
Write-In	<u>0</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>12</u>
Total	321	193	443	741	1,698

Torcon 3 will be held August 28-September 1, 2003 at the Metro Toronto Convention Centre, the Royal York Hotel, the Crowne Plaza Hotel and the Renaissance Toronto Hotel at Sky Dome.

Guests of Honour will be George R. R. Martin, Frank Kelly Freas and Mike Glyer. Toastmaster: Spider Robinson. GoHst of Honour: Robert Bloch, "the spirit of Toronto Worldcons." Peter Jarvis is the chair.

Membership and conversion rate information may be found online at www.torcon3.on.ca

News of Fandom

Vows and More Vows

Trapdoor readers learned from Robert Lichtman's editorial in the July issue that he married Carol Carr "early this year." Wanting to be married in Yosemite, they located a minister willing to drive up to the park and perform the ceremony. "So there we were, on a beautiful spring afternoon with the dogwoods in full bloom, standing under a large oak tree on the banks of the swiftly flowing Merced River – Half Dome and Lower Yosemite Falls in our view – and exchanged our rings and our vows to go steady forevermore."

While one wedding was revealed in July, another was affirmed.

Bjo and John Trimble marked their 40th wedding anniversary by renewing their vows before a crowd of friends and family in their Monrovia backyard. Bjo shone in a 1918-style wedding dress, and John celebrated by wearing a brilliantly quilted vest. The occasion was so irresistibly romantic that Jennifer Jumper, who spent her teenage years living with John and Bjo's family, announced her own plans to wed in the near future.

Because all husbands are required by law to balance the sentiment of these occasions, John mentioned between vows, "I've been exasperated to the point of murder quite a few times, but I've never been bored." To this day they still make a spectacular couple, John and the girl he met under the grand piano at Forry Ackerman's party all those years ago.

More pictures can be seen at:

<http://home.earthlink.net/~jfb Boehm/index.html>

Guy H. Lillian III asked, and Rose Marie Donovan said yes, and that's how the couple became engaged at Chicon 2000. Guy adds, "We haven't set a date, but we're both certain of our intent."

Karen Johnson and John Gory likewise announced in the Australian fannish press that we are engaged to be married. The wedding is planned to take place in Florida in February 2001. Karen wrote, "Look out America! I'm on my way!"

Ferry Wins This Time

Jack Chalker passed me in the hall at Chicon – driving an electric cart. Jack said he was riding because he mangled his leg falling from a ferryboat.

"The rest of the story" comes from Eva Whitley Chalker:

"We arrived at the Liverpool Ferry (on August 20) just as it was pushing off, Steve clambered aboard, and I was waiting for the loadmaster to lower the deck to climb on (I'm aware of my own limitations), and I was amazed to see Jack climbing aboard when he tripped over his own feet and went down.

"The next day he was purple from knee to ankle. On the August 25 he went to the emergency room with the beginnings of cellulitis (which we can now recognize by sight). The hospital wanted to admit him, but when he pointed out we have no health

insurance, he was able to talk them into an IV there with follow-up antibiotics.

"Here's where the story gets fannish. While in the emergency room another doctor came in and asked Jack if he was the Jack Chalker who 'wrote all those books.' Turns out he's Michael Kerr, and has ties to North-western fandom, but he's come East for personal reasons and works at the Carroll County General emergency room.

They asked Jack to go to his M.D. for follow-up and our doctor – who has come to Balticons and, in fact, showed up at one of my panels at the last Balticon – gave Jack the okay to travel on two conditions: one, Jack stay off his feet as much as possible, and even keep his leg up (hence the scooter) and two, Give him a copy of the Chicon program book (he's getting mine). It's a way of life, truly it is."

Dragon*Con Founder Arrested

Ed Kramer is being held without bond in a Georgia county jail on charges of aggravated molestation of a 13-year-old boy, according to the September 15 issue of the *Atlanta Journal Constitution*. Kramer is a co-founder of Dragon*Con, the huge pop culture convention held in Atlanta.

The highly-charged article emphasized that Kramer's work and hobbies gave him a great deal of access to children. Defense attorneys replied that "Kramer's interest in children is legitimate. He had been working on a film depicting the adventures of a group of boys – similar to *Lord of the Flies* but set in space." Witnesses at Kramer's bail hearing included his employer, Milton Levy, who testified that Kramer "has been a dedicated employee for 11 years, working for the Metro Regional Educational Service Agency, which provides educational resources to metro Atlanta school districts. Kramer is a technology consultant in charge of a federal grant that serves schools in the metro Atlanta area. He has worked in the schools, but lately has been working solely in an office...."

The judge denied the request for bond, saying there was reason to believe Kramer could be a threat to the community and might try to intimidate witnesses.

Before his arrest on August 25, Kramer agreed to come to police headquarters for questioning. First, he headed to the boy's home, knocking on the door and then throwing himself against the door three times, as if trying to force it open, police said. "The frantic mother called police, but Kramer was gone before officers arrived.... He was en route to the Police Department, telling investigators he was running late due to traffic congestion, [Gwinnett County police investi-



John and Bjo Trimble at their vow renewal. Photo by J. Boehm, used by permission

gator Curtis] Clemons testified."

Police began their investigation in response to an anonymous complaint made to the Department of Family and Children Services. Authorities said the boy initially denied any abuse took place, but "became upset and ran from the interview room at his school," then later confided in his mother and investigator Clemons.

Fan Funds

TAFF

Sue Mason came to Chicon courtesy of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, the choice of fan-nish voters on both sides of the Pond. She's a talented and generous artistic presence in many fanzines, including Hugo-nominated *Plokta*.

Sue has been involved in fandom since 1982 as a dealer, artist, gamer, costumer, conrunner, and fanzine fan. She has other interests, too: "When I'm not in fan circles, I like canal boating, English Civil War reenactment and good beer."

Fans mounted an expedition to show TAFF delegate Sue Mason around the Minnesota State Fair on August 29. On that day, it didn't matter whether you thought MinnStF was the abbreviated name of the club or the fair. MinnStF's newzine *Einblatt!* encouraged fans to rendezvous at various times, either at the base of the Space Needle at 2 p.m., in the Dairy Building by the Princess Kay butter sculptures at 4 p.m., or at the *Star Tribune* booth at 7 p.m.

CUFF

Past CUFF winners Yvonne and Lloyd Penney met this year's delegate, Sherry Neufeld, at TorontoTrek 2000 (Convention) in July. Lloyd comments that she was "fun to talk to, and she represented Western fandom well. Now to see what she says in her trip report." He also reports that it looks like two candidates may step forward to compete for the 2001 CUFF race. There may actually be a contested vote for a change.

There was some concern that CUFF was out of balance, focused on sending delegates from west to east because of its ties to Convention. "The Convention is supposed to rotate east to west and back, but for the past four years, it's been in eastern Canada: Toronto in 1997, Montréal in 1998, Fredericton, New Brunswick in 1999 and Toronto again in 2000. The problem has been that Western fandom has been short on activities and funds for a while, and only now is convention fandom there on the rebound. So, the rotation is rotating again... At the Can-

vention business meeting, I made a presentation on behalf of Vancouver fandom to host the 2001 Convention, which will be a part of VCon 26, and the business meeting decided Vancouver it will be. Just wish I could get there. Vancouver isn't just down the street."

DUFF

Janice Gelb did her job — writing and publishing her 1999 DUFF Trip Report. Now you do yours — buy a copy! All it takes is a donation of \$5 in person or \$6.50 by surface mail in either U.S. or Australian currency (more if you're feeling generous!)

Janice will bring copies with her to five upcoming conventions: Orycon, Loscon, SMOFcon, Boskone, and ConCave — where Janice will be guest of honor. But why wait? Buy immediately! Send your money to Janice Gelb, 1070 Mercedes Ave. #2, Los Altos, CA 94022; or Cathy Cupitt, P.O. Box 915, Nedlands 6909 WA Australia. Checks should be made out to the addressee. Requests from outside the U.S./Australasia should be sent to Janice at j_gelb@yahoo.com.

Nominations Open: Also, your chance to follow Janice's splendid example has arrived. Nominations have opened for the 2001 DUFF race. The winner will travel from North America to Australia and attend the 40th Australian National Science Fiction Convention being held April 13-16 in Perth.

Candidates need three North American nominators and two Australian nominators. Nominations, a 100-word platform, and a \$25 bond pledging (barring acts of God) to attend Swancon 2001 should be sent to Janice Gelb, the North American administrator, by midnight on October 31, 2000.

TAFF & DUFF at Chicon: East met west as DUFF's Cathy Cupitt and TAFF's Sue Mason presided over a tea party in Chicon's fan lounge, during the meet-the-fan-fund-winners reception. More details next issue.

Errata: Sue Batho did lose the 1974 DUFF race to Leigh Edmonds, another candidate from Down Under, but that was not the first DUFF race, as stated last issue. Andrew Porter remembers this quite clearly



because *he* lost to Rusty Hevelin in the original DUFF race of 1972.

Tales of the Aussie Corflu Bid

Eric Lindsay read the coverage in *File 770:135* and responded with the latest details:

"Regarding Corflu Down Under, it gets better. The start of June 2002 is probably when the New Zealand National Convention will be held. If we can put all our plans together, we have a chance that travelling fans could have the New Zealand Natcon, followed the next week by the Australian Nat-Con (Convergence) in Melbourne. If we can get Corflu that would be the week after, also in Melbourne.

"Meanwhile, I'm trying to talk the Sydney fans into doing something the following week. And finally the relaxacon at beautiful Airlie Beach, with the Great Barrier Reef as the tourist attraction. Just remember, June 2002 is the time to travel to Australia and New Zealand. Start saving those frequent flyer points." Contact Eric Lindsay by e-mail at: eric@wrevenge.com.au

Staple War Surplus

For those who missed this year's Corflu in

Seattle and want to get *Fanthology '94* and a Corflu t-shirt, **Andrew Hooper** makes the following offer: *Fanthology 1994* is available at a cost of \$14 postpaid. All copies of *Fanthology 1994* will be sold with a Corflatch T-shirt, your choice of M, L or XL while supplies last. Non-U.S. residents add \$1 for postage. Contact address: 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103. E-mail: Fanmailaph@aol.com

Robert Lichtman still has available copies of *Fanorama*, a collection of 40 of Walt Willis' fan columns for *Nebula*, plus five more installments published in fanzines after *Nebula* folded. *Fanorama*, 100 pages, including covers. \$10 postpaid (to anywhere). Order from Robert Lichtman, P. O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, USA

Come Out With Your Hands Raised — To Vote!

The U.K. in 2005 committee has us surrounded: at Chicon, they completed the bid's network of regional agents in North America. Vince Docherty explains, "We already had Christian McGuire for the Southwest, John Mansfield for Canada and Guy Lillian for 'the South', with Mary Burns in NY looking after our U.S. account and central mail-drop.

"At Chicon we got agreement with Sue and Steve Francis for the Midwest, John Lorentz for the Northwest and Mark Olson for the Northeast. We are discussing with Sue and Steve about being overall coordinators in the U.S.

"The idea is that in addition to being our local representatives the agents can help support those of us with funny accents who come across to the key conventions we need to hit in the next two years leading up to the bid."

Yellow Journalism Dept.

TREASURER EXPOSES CORRUPTION! That was George Flynn's suggested headline for *Instant Message's* story about the Nesfa database that keeps crashing.

Treasurer Mark Olson told the June 21 E-Board meeting, "There are accounts receivable that show up as paid in one place and as not paid in another. We can't work with corrupt books without getting corrupt results." The database is being sent to a local consulting company to be fixed.

Hoo-Ray!

Ray Bradbury's 80th birthday party at the Colony Theatre Company drew Norman Corwin, Stan Freberg, Charlton Heston, Wil-

liam Schallert, and scores of artists from Bradbury's past. *File 770* reader Andrew Dyer also attended. He saw Forry Ackerman there, and asked me why more LASFS members didn't attend. I puffed myself up and said, "Well, I didn't get an invitation!" Dyer said neither had he, they had been advertising the party on radio and selling seats at \$50 per ticket. Ah, well then, no wonder he didn't see any other LASFSians there!

WSFA Launches New Convention

The Washington Science Fiction Association will begin hosting a new annual convention the last weekend of September 2001 at the Sheraton College Park. Its name has yet to be announced, but it will *not* be Disclave.

Elsbeth Kovar wrote online, "The focus will be on short stories with one track of programming, coffee klatches, and general sociability." The committee is: Robert MacIntosh, Chair, Steve Smith, Treasurer pro-tem; Michael Nelson, Programming; Alexis Gilliland, Registration; Sam Lubell, Publicity; Elsbeth Kovar, Kitchen Staff, Minister w/out Portfolio, Jack of all Trades.

It's a party, it's a war zone, it's the Democratic Convention in Downtown LA

In Christian McGuire's secret identity — distinguished from the simple obscurity of being a former NASFiC chair — he works at the Canadian consulate in downtown LA. As if LA traffic isn't ordinarily bad enough, holding the Democratic National Convention at the Staples Center brought traffic grinding to a halt. Not because so many vehicles were needed to transport the delegates: what tied up traffic were the daily street protests, reminiscent of the WTO meeting in Seattle.

On the first day of the convention, Christian McGuire used e-mail to tell his friends in real time what was happening on the street near the consulate:

"Okay, so I regret not bringing my camera. Tomorrow will be different. On their way out, the 'Gore out of Oxy' and save the (fill-in Colombian native tribe here) were very peaceful. This was around 10:00 a.m. Maybe a thousand warm bodies. Dressed like hip earnest youth, even the geriatrics (anyone over 25). Lots of creative banners and displays. A nice effigy of both Gore and Bush sticking out of the pockets of corporate America. That was almost the biggest piece. There was another one so large that it had puppet arms on poles held up by two people. I think it was supposed to be Gore. Very Mardi Gras."

Christian says it became very quiet around his workplace after Monday because the protestors marched down different streets as the week went on. "On the final two days I saw nothing except the ominous passing convoys of flashing and sirening police cruisers going hither and thither every 20 minutes or so."

While Democratic drive-bys gridlocked businesses in Christian's part of town on Monday, the cars actually stopped at Mike Donahue's workplace in the SF Valley. Mike was on the job at Raleigh Studios when the Operations Office called: "The First Lady would like to use the Chaplin Theater for a meeting this afternoon, is that okay?" Hillary and Bill arrived and held a fundraiser. Afterwards, Mike wrote, "I've never seen so many evil government black vans in my life. Walk slowly, move slowly, don't wave your arms, don't startle the nice secret service men. Sheesh. I love my life of anonymity. Who *wants* to be famous?"

Short Waves

Martin Morse Wooster: "My article about Australian craft breweries appears in the July issue of *All About Beer*. So I am the only fan who partially paid for my trip to Aussiecon by drinking free beer."

Bill Warren discovered that the new Silver Lake Film Festival, being held in Los Angeles this September, will be showing *The Agony of Love* directed by none other than **Bill Rotsler**. Warren felt, "What a painful shame it is that he isn't here for this, but I'm so glad they're running the film."

Science fiction fandom continues to make its mark in *Wired*. Martin Morse Wooster found two juicy references in the July issue. First, an article by Mark Frauenfelder about free advice websites not only defines **egoboo** is a large-type callout box, it quotes from *Fancyyclopedia II*. And in the cover article about the "country" of Sealand, an old offshore oil rig in the North Sea, author Simson Garfinkel quotes **Erwin "Filthy Pierre" Strauss**, who wrote the definitive book about how to start your own country.

"We have been traveling," begins **Jean Weber** and **Eric Lindsay's** postcard sent September 1 from a town with the oddly Mexican-sounding name of Karumba. Get out your map of Queensland and follow their route: "Cape Hillsborough, Clermont, Longreach, Kynuna, Bladensburg, National Park (near Winton), Gregory River, Adel's Grove (near Lawn Hill National Park), Doomadgee (visiting Craig & Julia Hilton), Normanton, Karumba on the Gulf Coast. No internet or



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mobile phones anywhere. Lots of cute furry animals squashed on the road. We broke a door lock and a water tank and a light."

Medical Updates

N3F member **Debra Eckert** had a stroke in July. It affected control of her left hand, although she's already resumed writing letters to *Tightbeam*. Best wishes to Debra for a complete recovery.

The Dominos Are Falling

It's official: Japan is bidding for the 2007 Worldcon. Several leading fanpoliticians in contact with Takumi Shibano helped persuade the committee that a later year was more winnable than the ones they were considering (2005 or 2006).

And Stephen Boucher left the Hawaiian Westercon hoping to refocus Australian interest on bidding for 2009, not 2007 as discussed in the afterglow of last year's Worldcon. That way, Australia would avoid head-on competition, or a scenario in which overseas bidders contend for three consecutive years (2005-2007). Whether anyone will echo Mark Loney's dissent in *Australian SF Bullshead*, and compete with Japan for 2007, remains to be seen.

The big domino having fallen, several North American cities have begun jockeying into position for 2006, despite an existing Dallas bid.

The Dallas in '06 chair says, "Yes, we're still around, and waiting to see how a few things pan out before going ahead any further." At last year's Loscon, Willie Siros (not connected with the bid) said they had discovered a major gem show has facilities tied up for Labor Day weekend, putting a crimp in their plans.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles fans have declared their own 2006 bid. They distributed bid flyers at Chicon 2000 and will throw the official launch party at the 2000 Loscon. SCIFI directors who thought this was a well-

kept secret before Chicon were bemused when Tom Veal told Chaz Boston Baden about it, so Chaz could add the information to a web page of bids for WSFS conventions. Oook oook!

John Mansfield, at Chicon, denied rumors that he might bid Winnipeg for 2006. He did say he wanted to encourage a Calgary bid for a 2005 Westercon.

Scorecard: Here's the "new Worldcon order" as of Chicon:

Seated Worldcons:

2001 Philadelphia
 2002 San Jose
 2003 Toronto

Known Bids:

2004 Boston, Charlotte
 2005 Glasgow
 2006 Dallas, Los Angeles
 2007 Japan

Seattle fans may seek the 2005 NASFiC, behind the UK Worldcon bid. They have discussed holding it in Bellingham, WA, and using it as a stepping-stone to bid for a Seattle Worldcon in the next decade.

Apocalypse Cow? Smofs reading the tea leaves in an attempt to divine other new Worldcon bids likely to come out of the woodwork found plenty to think about in Chicon's PR#7. An ad on page 38 announces, "The Redheads from Hell present Kansas City. Details to Follow." Now that they have our attention, the question on the floor is what event is Kansas City promoting?

Ken Keller graciously avoided answering my question about the Chicon PR ad: "I'm afraid that I'm sworn to secrecy, er, not at liberty to say anything more about it at this time...but you'll be among the very first to know, believe me. Timing as always is everything."

It might be another run at a Worldcon — the cow icons in the ad resemble the graphics used by the KC in 2K Worldcon bid of the mid-1990s.

On the other hand, the ad may herald Susan Satterfield, Ann Donovan and Dee Willis's proposal to hold the 2003 World Horror Convention in Kansas City. Minutes of a KaCSFFS meeting published in the July issue of *Timebound* record the details of Susan's presentation at the July meeting.

Kansas City is also bidding to host the Nebula Awards in 2002, and planned to make its presentation to the Board of Directors at Chicon. A reliable source says that bid was organized after that ad was placed and cannot be the explanation for it.

Prix Aurora Awards

Canada's national speculative fiction awards are given for achievement by Canadian fans and pros in sf and fantasy literature, art, media and organizational work. Here are this year's winners.

Best Long-Form Work in English - 1998/1999: *Flashforward*, Robert J. Sawyer

Meilleur livre en français - 1998/1999: *Samiva de Frée* by Francine Pelletier.

Best Short-Form Work in English - 1999: *Stream of Consciousness*, Robert J. Sawyer

Meilleure nouvelle en français - 1999: *Souvenirs du Saudade Express*, Éric Gauthier

Best Work in English (Other) - 1999: *Northern Frights 5*, Don Hutchison, ed.

Meilleur ouvrage en français (autre) - 1999: *Solaris*, Joël Champetier.

Artistic Achievement - 1999: Larry Stewart

Fan Achievement (Organizational): Bernard Reischl (KAG/Kanada)

Fan Achievement (Other): Made in Canada, Don Bassie (Web site) [www.geocities.com/canadian_sf]

Fan Achievement (Fanzine): *Voyageur*, Karen Bennett, ed. (USS Hudson Bay/IDIC clubzine)

Mythopoeic Award Winners

The winners of the 2000 Mythopoeic Awards were announced on August 19th during the banquet at the 31st Mythopoeic Conference (Mythcon XXXI), held in Volcano, Hawai'i. The winners are:

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award (Adult Literature): *Tamsin* by Peter S. Beagle

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award (Children's Literature): *The Folk Keeper* by Franny Billingsley

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award (Inklings Studies): *Roverandom* by J.R.R. Tolkien, edited by Wayne G. Hammond and Christina Scull

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award (General Myth and Fantasy Studies): *Strange and Secret Peoples: Fairies and Victorian Consciousness* by Carole G. Silver

For more information, contact: Eleanor M. Farrell, Mythopoeic Awards Administrator. E-mail: emfarrell@earthlink.net

The MythSoc web site address is: www.mythsoc.org

Sidewise Awards

The fifth annual Sidewise Awards for Alternate History were presented at Chicon 2000. The Sidewise Award for Long Form went to Brendan DuBois for *Resurrection Day* (Putnam). The Sidewise Award for Short Form went to Alain Bergeron for "The Eighth Register" (*Northern Suns*, Tor, edited by David G. Hartwell and Glenn Grant). First English-language publication in *Tesseracts* (eds. Elisabeth Vonarburg and Jane Brierley), 1996. Original French publication as "Le huitième registre," in *Solaris* #107 (Autumn 1993). An award was also given to Howard Scott, Bergeron's translator.

A Special Achievement Award was presented to Randall Garrett for the Lord Darcy series.

Great Grace

Jim and Susan Rittenhouse received a referral on August 4 for their adoptive daughter, Meredith Grace Rittenhouse, from the Chinese Center for Adoption Affairs. Meredith Grace, who was born last December, currently resides in the Jiangmen Social Welfare Institute of Guangdong Province. Jim wrote online, "She's known in China as Jiang Yu Cai (which means Jade Colored River). You can see her on her home page at <http://www.marmotgraphics.com/meredith/>

Apres-Worldcon Fare

Steven Silver promises, "Despite rumors that it would not be held, there will be a Windycon in Schaumburg Illinois this November (10-12). Windycon XXVII will have the theme 'The Worldcon is Not Enough.' Fan Guests of Honor will be Midwest Booksellers Larry Smith and Sally Kobee. Editor Guests of Honor will be fans/professionals Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden. We will have other guests, but all they do is write (Terry Brooks, Phyllis Eisenstein) or paint (Lubov). More information is available at our (of course) website:

<http://www.windycon.org>

Sports Headline

Jenny Overkamp's 17-year-old son, Ben, returned from the Jr. Olympics in Orlando as the winner of the Gold medal in his class. He's a national Champion. According to his mother, "He flew directly from the Olympic training center to compete at the Jr. Olympics. He lifted 130 Kilos (286 lbs.) in the snatch (moving the weight from the floor to above his head in one motion) and 150 Kilos (332 lbs.) in the Clean and Jerk. He is only 20 Kilos from breaking the all time record for his class, and has two years to do it."

Other members of his team medaled too,

in fact, his team took 2nd place in overall boys weightlifting. Ben hopes to make the Junior World Team and compete representing the US in the Junior Worlds in Athens next June. He is considered an Olympic potential for year 2004 Olympics. *[[Source: The Chronicles Of The Dawn Patrol]]*

Changing of the Guard

Sourdough Jackson announced in the August DASFAx that he will give up its editorship this coming winter, at the end of his fourth year on the job. Overcoming a computer crash to produce the July issue made him realize that he is tiring: "I could see myself doing six more issues, but not eighteen more." Under his hand, DASFAx not only comes out like clockwork, it's neat and full of readable contributions from local fans. If his successor still pulls in that kind of writing (plus the monthly Harry Warner Jr. loc, virtually a column in its own right), the Denver club will continue to have a zine to brag about.

Celebrity Brush

Lynn Maudlin attended the 30-something reunion of John Marshall High School in east Hollywood (classes of 1968-1970). She wrote, "Great fun to see folks I've not seen at previous single-class reunions, including Lance Ito (judge for O.J. trial, remember?!). He's a really nice man."

Endeavour Award Finalists Announced

Five books by Pacific Northwest Authors are finalists for the second Endeavour Award and the \$1,000.00 honorarium that accompanies it. The finalists are *Calculus of Angels* by J. Gregory Keyes, *Darwin's Radio* by Greg Bear, *The Mad Ship* by Robin Hobb, *A Red Heart of Memories*, by Nina Kikiri Hoffman, and *The Terrorists of Iruktan* by Louise Marley.

The annual Endeavour Award honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection, created by a writer from the Pacific Northwest and first published in the year preceding the award. The winner will be announced November 17 at OryCon, Oregon's annual science fiction and fantasy convention.

The Endeavour Award represents a collaborative effort by writers and fans of Science Fiction and Fantasy to recognize works of excellence. It is named for the H.M. Bark *Endeavour*, the ship in which Capt. James Cook explored the Pacific and is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc., (OSFCI), the organization that sponsors

OryCon and other Oregon conventions. The corporation also sponsors the Jo Clayton Memorial Medical Fund and the Susan Petrey Clarion Scholarships.

Writers, editors, agents, and persons who attended the previous year's OryCon, may nominate works for the award. Nominations must be accompanied by four copies of the book for use in judging.

Deadline for Next Year: Deadline to enter books published during 2000 is February 15, 2001. Nomination forms may be printed from the Endeavour Award's home page:

<http://www.osfci.org/endeavour/index.html>

You may also send an SASE to: The Endeavour Award, c/o OSFCL, P.O. Box 5703, Portland, Oregon 97228

Changes of Address

Gregg Calkins, Apdo 97-4417, La Fortuna de San Carlos, Alajuela, Costa Rica
Gary Farber, 638 Valmont Place, Elmont, NY 11003

Julian Headlong, E-mail: julian.headlong@ntlworld.com

Alexis Layton, 2130 Massachusetts Ave. #6E, Cambridge, MA 02140-1917

David and Diana Thayer, 12341 Band Box Place, Dallas, TX 75244-7001 USA; Telephone: (972) 484-2144

Teddy Harvia reminds us there is no change in David's e-mail addresses. But he's had the devil's own time changing his phone number. "First, Southwestern Bell gave us a number that it had previously assigned to another new customer. Then they gave us a number ported from elsewhere that worked only within the local central office. After five days and repeated calls to its tedious automated technical support, I finally got a hold of a person at the SWB corporate office in St. Louis using an unpublished hotline number given to me by SWB employee Dennis Virzi. The problem took an experienced technician another 4 hours to figure out. A customer service representative finally apologized and gave us credit for the expense of transferring our numbers. Their 'don't call us, we'll call you' attitude took perseverance to overcome."

Obituaries

Robert Sacks

1951-2000

Appreciation by Mike Glycer

[[An earlier version of my appreciation ran in the Chicon 2000 daily newzine.]]

Chicon 2000 was too quiet. Robert Sacks missed the business meetings. Not once did he brag to me how one of his subversive motions made Kevin Standlee blow a gasket. He wrote nothing for the daily newzine, which could have used a narrative from him about the Masquerade. The reason was tragic: Robert was found dead at home on August 18, of an aortic dissection.

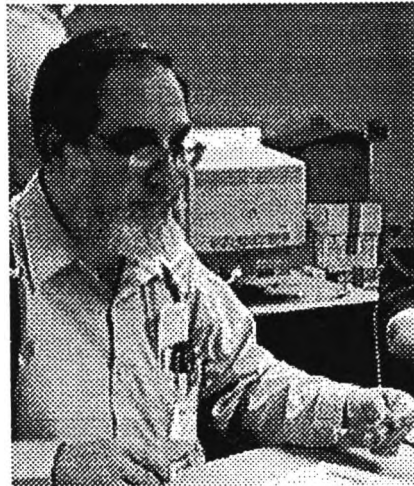
Fans regretted the news, though it also made them aware (with pleasant surprise) how much Robert had grown in their esteem over the years. He had been chosen Fan Guest of Honor for the 2001 Balticon: Hal Haag says Robert will still be celebrated there. Far more unthinkable, Chicon had invited Robert at the last minute to serve on the business meeting's "podium staff" — a small step from his accustomed seat in the front row, but a great leap for the Worldcon's most famous gadfly.

Fandom often strikes me as a legion of people who were the smartest kids in their class, then, once they all got together, discovered brains were no longer enough and had to find new ways to vie for attention. Robert blazed his own path to fannish fame by becoming an expert in the constitution of the World Science Fiction Society, then sat in the front row of the business meeting every year and reveled as fans protested his newest gratingly peculiar motion.

Robert labored so hard to preserve that part of his image that not everyone took him seriously when he volunteered to do real work at a Worldcon. He began writing for the daily newzine when I ran them in the early 80s, and prided himself (quite justifiably) for reporting objectively about the business meetings, no matter what his own positions had been on the issues. He was eager to tackle any tough assignment, even writing up some of the Masquerades.

But it really wasn't any good works he might have done that made fans look at him in a different light. They came to respect his fundamental passion for being part of fandom — a group of people he obviously cared about, no matter what verbal brickbats came his way.

Having received condolences from many fans, his brother Steven asked online, "Please let the community know that I am deeply touched that Robert found so many



wonderful and bright people to share his time and interests with; that I think that my parents would be pleasantly surprised at the warmth and high regard for him."

Fans tried to choose the best way to remember Robert during the Chicon business meeting: by a moment of silence or a moment of frenzied debate, by renaming the WSFS' "Nitpicking and Flyspecking Committee" after him, or by adjourning a meeting in his honor (they chose the last.) The discussion itself is probably the tribute he'd have valued most: having his dramatic moments at the business meeting remembered by everyone.

I wondered if business meeting regulars would avoid sitting in Sacks' usual place. They didn't: Johnny Carruthers and Louis Epstein seemed quite comfortable there. No reason they shouldn't. Besides, if you're a baseball fan you'll know what it means when I say — a lot of people wore Duke Snider's number 4 after he retired, but not even Dodger fans remember it belonging to anyone else.

Adrian Butterfield

Appreciation by John Hertz

[[Reprinted by permission from Vanamonde 376]]

Adrian Butterfield died of cancer on July 22. She and Victoria Ridenour came to English Regency fandom in the early 1980s, bringing excellent and presently superb costume. They taught and coached others, growing quite influential and earning wide acclaim. They may have begun the current usage of "building a costume." At L.A.con II the 1984 Worldcon, Masquerade director Drew Sanders knew who and what they were, and I knew, but for many they seemed to appear from nowhere, entering their first competition by challenging the Master class, and winning Best of Show, in one of the most brilliant Masquerades ever, their

Midsummer Night's Dream portrayed Oberon an Titania, which singly or together have proved beyond more than one experienced professional, and they kept almost severely to black, which can so easily be a recipe for failure as can the attempt of a fairy queen, but all these challenges only introduced their powers: in line, texture, bearing and movement, they were regal, brilliant themselves and not only with gemstones, great, mysterious, magnificent, fey.

Lloyd Landa 1943-2000

Appreciation by Lloyd Penney

Lloyd Landa, a popular filker and professional musician from Toronto, died on August 2, 2000 at home. The cause of death was asphyxiation and a heart attack, resulting from a panic attack.

Lloyd came from a big family in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, one that encouraged a love of music. He was always an in-demand performer, whether it was in filk or in other music forums, from classical to country and western. With his partner Karen Linsley, herself a recognized country and western artist, Lloyd won the 1997 Pegasus Award for Best New Song with "The Road to Roswell," and this past summer, Lloyd and Karen were nominated for a 2000 Aurora Award in the category of Fan Achievement (Other) for their CD, also entitled "The Road to Roswell." They were also GoHs at ConChord in Los Angeles in 1997, and an entry from Lloyd is a finalist in a yet-to-be-decided contest to choose an anthem for a colonized Mars.

It's a tragedy of our lives that sometimes we really never get to know a person until after they're gone. Yvonne and I knew Lloyd from the local conventions we attend, and from the local filk convention, FilKONtario, which we've worked on in the past. Not only were we namesakes (both accustomed to being the only Lloyd in the room), but we also shared a love for and a degree in journalism. But, there were so many things about Lloyd Landa we didn't know. Lloyd was also a professional musician with Karen Linsley, recorded several albums and won various Canadian music awards. He exercised his journalistic talents with several articles co-written with Karen about fellow artists in issues of the Canadian Country Music News. Lloyd was working on a full orchestral work when he died. He was also a professional public relations consultant much sought after by major Canadian corporations.

We attended Lloyd's funeral on August 6, and the home's main chamber was full, full of business partners and peers, fellow filkers

and many, many grieving family members. There we learned of the happy, positive life Lloyd led from childhood to adulthood to business life, and the grief of those who remember the music, mimicry and funny stories with which he would entertain all around him. Not only were most of local filk fandom there, but also members of a local Trek club Lloyd knew. As his rabbi has said, if only this was a party, or a testimonial or a roast, what a joyous time this would be. A lengthy procession of cars took Lloyd to his final rest north of Toronto.

The entire filk community is in shock. Lloyd will be missed by so many, and filk conventions, especially FilKONtario, will be less joyful without his presence and performing talents. There is talk on some of the filk-oriented Usenet groups of naming a grove of trees in Israel after Lloyd. In the meantime, memorial donations can be sent to the Lloyd Landa Memorial Fund, c/o The Benjamin Foundation, 3429 Bathurst St., Toronto, ON CANADA M6A 2C3.

Nancy Tucker Shaw

Nancy Tucker Shaw, well-known Midwestern fan and widow of Bob Shaw, passed away September 17 at the age of 71. She had been in very poor health since her stroke two years ago, though did come to the 1999 ConFusion where she was guest of honor. Her legacy to fandom includes the Science Fiction Oral History: she was a founding member and served as SFOHA's president for many years. She also chaired three early ConFusions.

Nancy was an accomplished artist, a musician and singer, an award-winning Avon sales representative, a pilot, and an SCCA competitive race car driver. She earned a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, where she later founded, organized, and ran the University's first audio-visual department. And she served for many

years as the secretary of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Ypsilanti, Michigan.

Nancy is survived by her brother Chic Jung and his wife Carolyn, by her sons and daughters-in-law, Lawrence and Misti, Randolph and Lori, Steven and Wendy, and Michael and Susan Tucker, and by her grandchildren Nicholas, Tomas-Jason, Corineous, Christopher, Michael, Caitlyn, and William.

[[Source: Misti Anslin Tucker's post on the Timebinders list.]]

In Passing

Ken Cheslin passed away unexpectedly on August 4. The prolific publisher of ATom and John Berry collections is mourned everywhere. He is survived by his wife, Jean. His loc about File 770:135 in this issue was written only two days before he died.

Midwestern fan **Chris Lewis** died on July 27 from complications after hospitalization for diverticulitis. Chris was a member of *The Dawn Patrol* and the fiancée of Angelia Owen ("Zoot"). Chris is in the first photo on: <http://www.kcsciencefiction.org/dawnph3.htm>

Actor **Sir Alec Guinness**, whose roles in a 66-year career ranged from Hamlet to Obi-Wan Kenobi in "Star Wars" died August 5 at the age of 86.

Emil Petaja died of a heart condition in San Francisco on August 17 at the age of 85. He wrote 13 novels and countless short stories for the pulps with titles like "The Corpse Wants Company" and "Dinosaur Goes Hollywood." He befriended writers such as H.P. Lovecraft and Ray Bradbury, and in 1995 he was named the first author emeritus by the Science Fiction Writers of America. His first published stories in the 1930s appeared in magazines like *Weird Tales*, *Amazing Stories* and *Crack Detective*

Stories. Of Finnish descent, Petaja's best-known novels were a series based on the *Kalevala*, a Finnish epic poem similar to Homer's *Odyssey*.

Orson Scott Card's son, **Charlie Card**, died on August 23. He was 17, and suffered from severe cerebral palsy. Fans will remember that in years gone by he inspired the Charlie Card Fund, that raised money for cerebral palsy research.

Bay Area fan **Owen Hannifen** died the first week in July.

Cindy McEldery, one of Kansas City's hardest working fans, passed away quietly September 1 after a long battle with cancer. She was co-chair of Contraception for the past 12 years, and a long-time member of the ConQuest committee.

Cheryl Straede was recently killed in a car accident. She is survived by her husband John. Both were regular attendees at conventions in Sydney and in Melbourne, including Aussiecon Three. [[Source: *Australian SF Bullsheet* 151]]

Steve Schwartz, past chair of Marcon passed away during the last week of August.

Bronx fan and past Lunarians vice-president **Judi Sephton** passed away August 30 at the age of 58. She had undergone surgery and treatment for a brain tumor earlier in the year. Judi's fanac began in the 1960s: she was a member of Sci-Fi, the City College of New York SF group.

ConJose Announces

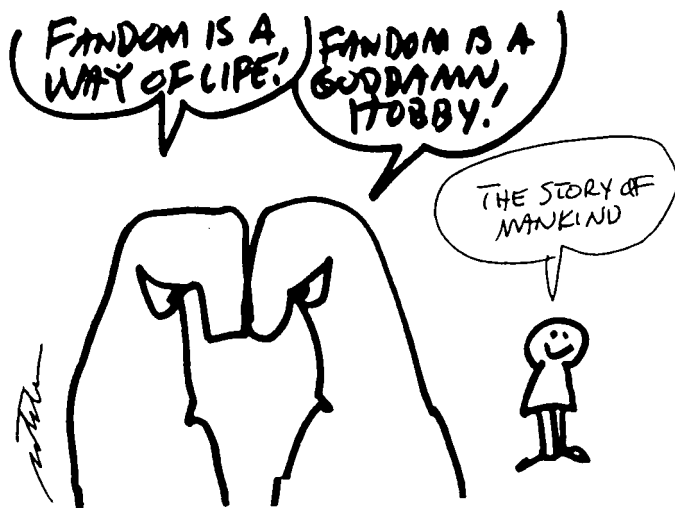
Installment Plan Purchase

The expenses Worldcon committees have to pay in advance have grown over the years, while perversely, fans have grown more willing to delay buying a membership until they're certain they can attend, even though they have to pay a higher rate the longer they wait. ConJose has a new idea to bring the harvest into the barn earlier, when they need it. Now you can pay on the easy installment plan.

Simply buy a supporting membership in ConJose and declare your intention to purchase an installment membership. Supporting memberships will remain \$35 right up until the convention. The balance fans owe to make that an attending membership is locked in at whatever attending memberships cost at the time they buy their supporting membership. Whether or not they pay the difference, they get all the publications and qualify to nominate and vote on the Hugo Awards and in site selection.

For further information, contact Comptroller Mary Kay Kare at :

marykay@feministcabal.org.



John Hertz's Westercon Notebook

Westercon 53, "Conolulu", July 1-4, 2000
Sheraton Waikiki Hotel, Honolulu, Hawaii

The last Westercon of the Millennium; and the Year 2000: the year TWO – THOUSAND. It had to be extraordinary, and it was. Its merits were splendid, its defects sorry. On the white sands of Waikiki Beach below Diamond Head it was surely our most beautiful. My first morning I turned left from the elevators and met ocean. The hotel was open on that side. It was open in front too, which sometimes drew breezes through the lobby. Why not? The air was balm. I live in Los Angeles; this weekend when I took a deep breath, I felt *better*. On Friday afternoon a woman sat showing how to make *lei*. I took one of golden plumerias. A *lei* is always given with a kiss. That being her only day, each remaining morn I stopped at a flower shop outside to buy another of a different kind: plumerias and purple dendrobiums, *ti* leaves and octopus-flower berries (*he'e*), ginger and red hibiscus. The *ti-he'e lei* was unlike anything I'd imagined. Later I saw Ctein with one. The woman at the flower shop liked s-f; we talked of Niven, Powers, and *The Bear Comes Home*. She said "Oh, a science fiction convention? Too bad I didn't hear sooner so I could plan to attend." There was not so much as an easel with a sign in the lobby.

Ctein was Art Guest of Honor, John Lorentz, Fan; Dan Simmons, Pro. Attendance was about 250. The Program Book was full of Bill Rotsler drawings made in advance for the con. He'd been charmed by the notion of Conolulu, and its committee, as who not? The credits page reminded us that Westercon is his birthday party, to which we're all invited, and asked us to raise a glass in his name on July 3rd. There was no Art Show. No Fanzine Lounge. Nine people in Programming devised half again as many panels. We had all hoped for a strong Japanese attendance,



them. The Dealers' Room was scant but brave. Zane Melder had books drop-shipped. Jane and Scott Dennis embroidered shirts with the con's logo of an octopus in a *lei*, and for tote bags did two pictures, a sea scene with the octopus, and brilliantly a Gauguin island with a flying saucer just in view. In the halls, windows slid open wide.

Thursday night on the airplane I improved the shining hours by putting my fanzine into envelopes so they could be postmarked "Honolulu." A man next to me, seeing I had written about *Frankenstein*, said how superficial the movie treatments were, "and Mary Shelley was only twenty, wasn't she?" They really are out there. After landing I saw an airport bar still open, advertising mai tais. Of course I drank one, with a mint sprig and the first of the superb pineapple that followed me like a fairy godmother all weekend.

The ambient music was slack-key. I put the mai tai orchid behind my ear. In front of the hotel stood a sculpture of sea turtles. Turtle designs were woven in the carpets. The lobby floor was flagstone – better for people going to and from the beach? Fred Patten was still up. Maybe fandom is widening, we pondered, as s-f grows more acceptable, thus including people more mundane than before: the reverse of a Barbarian Invasion. Patten was the color of a

lobster, but we ignored this, at least I did.

Often I had to rise early for mundane business by phone to the mainland. On those days I was sustained by breakfast in the hotel's best restaurant, the Hanohano ("magnificent") Room on the 30th floor, with pineapple, papaya even better if possible, and fine Japanese food. At 6 a.m. Friday I was shocked to see Gardner Dozois, but he was only going to a tour. Is this fair, he worried, to the people who couldn't attend? We voted for it squarely, I said, against Phoenix, at San Diego. In the halls, by way of reminding us not to smoke, ashtrays held orchids. The snack shop and the cheap restaurant both had *musubi* (rice balls), that most comforting of Japanese handfoods. The Japanese culture is said to breed an

ability to wrap things. These contrived with inner and outer cellophane to keep the rice and the little treat at the center moist, the dried seaweed crisp. I drank guava-papaya-pineapple juice and watched the ocean.

Two of Ctein's photos covered the Program Book, a third made the namebadge. He had a badge-ribbon "Artist." He set up a display, some being his work, some double-takes with Laurie Edison: when they traveled together, and both felt inspired to shoot at the same spot, they put the Ctein photo and the Edison photo in one frame, which they called "collaborations" and I suggested they might rename "diptychs." How plainly this proved a photograph no mere mechanism, but the product of the artist's mind. Their two views were very different, but not radically different – that is, not at root. The counterpoint revealed an unstruck fundamental note. Ctein himself is a world master of dye-transfer printing, costly and labor-intensive, with longer tonal range than any other medium. For his display he begged and got intense light, which his prints almost soak up, showing color and detail in the shadows.

Darin Briskman ventured, "You seem to work hard to capture what the eye sees"; Ctein said "Yes, and it's fantastically difficult because the photographic process sees so differently from the eye." Surely God

We make friends by doing good to others, not by receiving good from them.

Thucydides

but this too failed, except for Shibano Takumi and his wife and daughter, bless

That care which is always necessary, and will hardly ever be taken.

Johnson

was in this place, and I, I, knew it not. Upon David Hartwell's recommendation Sean Smith joined me for mai tais at the Mai Tai Bar of the Royal Hawaiian next door. He brought Michael Mason. Then *sushi* in a conveyor-belt restaurant with Seth Breidbart, Saul Jaffe, Sharon Sbarsky. I forgot the *nattô* (fermented soybeans) that morning so had some in a hand roll. Back at the con I saw Minneapolis too (there's a synecdoche for you, George Flynn); Dean Gahlon and Laura Krentz, and Geri Sullivan who put copies of the *Minicon 34 Restaurant Guide* on the freebie table, startling the pros. "Look what I found with the fliers! Do you realize it's a Hugo nominee?"

On Saturday, "History of Westercons" had Steve Forty, Patten, Bruce Pelz, Lorentz moderating. Patten and Pelz told of "Bouncing Potatoes" in 1966. Also, they recalled the fried egg, or so it was billed on the breakfast check, that Rotsler drew a face on and Harlan Ellison entered in the Art Show as "Lord, How I've Suffered." When Pelz remarked that he still owned the name "FunCon", I observed from the audience that if he beat Mesa for 2002 (which he did) he could hold FunCon III. For 1984, with July 4th on Wednesday, Portland had proposed a con on the weekend before, Phoenix the weekend after, and a Los Angeles write-in

One seldom wishes to find fault with those who have defects, but are good-natured.

Lady Murasaki

both; the vote was close, packing the Business Meeting, possibly in more ways than one. Pelz said that while he was happy to demonize the Arizona climate, in fact we need venues there, and Albuquerque wouldn't be unwelcome either. How are we doing at passing on lore, I asked. Not well, everyone agreed; concons don't like to feel pushed. For which the rest of us suffer. Ctein gave the first of three printmaking demonstrations. Bridget Landry gave the first of two Mars Program updates. Hawaiians at a party in the ballroom next to ours wore dozens of different kinds of *lei*. On the lawn, the concom gave a generous reception, with a thousand nibblements: reversed maki sushi, beef skewers with Thai chili jam, kalua pig on buns, tongarashi aki

in shiso leaf, raw vegetables, tempura, fruit tartlets, brownies, and that papaya and pineapple. All vanished. With the sixth or seventh serving even we began to grow content, and by the time I went to teach Regency dancing some trays could actually be seen to hold food. The Mesa party served cactus candy and very decent margaritas. Mike Willmoth had valiantly accepted taking over the bid chair at the last minute. David Howell lamented the dreary slough of Broadway musicals; I said it was like the 17th Century collapse of English theater, intellectuals forsaking the groundlings, the temptation which is our bane.

The Hospitality Suite on the 31st floor, above even the Hanohano Room, served muffins, Japanese candies, macadamia nuts, and that papaya and pineapple. From the top of the hotel we had a grand view of canoes, kayaks, sailboats, surfboards, and swimmers. Some of the swimmers were turtles. Sullivan ran a count, which at one point had reached six in a single sighting, and a count of brides traversing the lobby, which at one point had reached nineteen in a day. We saw coral spawn. It was Sunday. Lorentz moderated presentations by Los Angeles and Mesa. Pelz wore an Aloha shirt, which Charlie Brown had oddly yet to do. Pelz and Willmoth each said, I think rightly, that a good Westercon size was about 2,000. I went to hear "If Short Stories Are the Root of S-F, Why Don't We See More of Them?", Grania Davis, Dozois, Tappan King, Beth Meacham, Larry Niven. Dozois said "People feel so burdened by time they don't want to commit to reading something they don't know they'll enjoy," hence long novels, and sequels. This horrid indictment was insightful. King ventured that in short forms evolution is faster, of

His method lacked the important element of selection.

Churchill

ideas and forms both. Meacham said there's more short science fiction, less fantasy; King said, heroic fantasy; yet Leiber, Vance, Manly Wade Wellman show it's possible. Davis said romance is almost all novels. From the audience I quoted Cicero's "Forgive me for writing such a long letter, I couldn't find time for a short letter." Niven said movies are short stories — thus making a movie from a big novel is hard. Another in the audience: "I subscribe to an s-f magazine for a year, then if the stories were good I renew. Otherwise I try another. I haven't renewed in a long time." Niven said a writer

can get in training with short stories; besides, they're fun.

At the *Locus* Awards dinner Hartwell, King and I talked of classics. Time will tell, said King, who had enough novelty to be worthy. Is that what makes worth? I asked. Just now it's our current, Romantic criterion. In medieval times, Hartwell observed, "innovation" was an insult. Round my own table Tom Veal tried to say Patrick O'Brian had no sense of narrative, only incident, but he was put down, and would have been suppressed if we had a large canvas bag. Charlie Brown in front said "George Martin is the toastmaster because he finished his novel; Connie Willis isn't

Wild words and fancy language.

Po Chü-I

because she didn't finish hers." Tor Books won its 13th Best Publisher. Hartwell kept accepting awards for people, each time in a different Aloha shirt. Afterwards I saw the hotel's placard for us had been rearranged to CTHULU LONE O. Ctein said astronomical art has to be meticulous; you have to feel you're looking into the heavens — that heavenly perfection. Jordin Kare had brought a traveler's guitar. Kathy and Jerry Olton tried it. At the Boston for 2004 Worldcon party Michael Siladi said, "Having tried them all, I prefer macadamia nuts plain, no chocolate, no salt. Maybe I'm a purist." At the Seattle-Tacoma for 2003 Westercon party I suggested checking out lore. "Oh, we have lots of cons out our way," said the bidders. "How many are 'media'-oriented?" I asked. There was a silence. At filking Joe Ficklin sang "It's the faith she can place in the truth of a dream, the good she believes I can show."

With Lorentz in the chair, which he managed with discernment and wit, the Business Meeting conferred on Los Angeles the 2002 Westercon, to be called "Conagerie"; on Progress Report 0 were an Elephant, a Springbok, an Owl, and a Lion. There was no newsletter to report the voting. *Sturgis' Rules of Order* was deposed, *Robert's* restored. Lynn Gold wanted to revise the North-South line (By-Laws, Section 3.2) from 37° to 36° latitude so rotation would be truer to our ethnic groupings, but nobody could form a motion that would pass; this may recur. The concom was thanked overwhelmingly. Seventeen hundred people were not present to vote. On Saturday Ruth Sachter had adjured me, if I was so dissatisfied with the panel programming, to devise a panel myself. I

called it "If I Make Something Out of Nothing, Is It Mine?", recruiting Hartwell, Niven, D.F. Sanders, and Veal; we took Monday across from a *Buffy* panel which until then had held the schedule alone, and besides, Veal couldn't do Sunday because he was out sailing. Anyway, when Fuzzy Pink and Larry Niven had gone to see a volcano (the con was almost called "Volcano"), Larry remembered Mark Twain's "Buy real estate, God isn't making more land" – only He is. Thus our topic. We met in good time and people gathered. In the days of acquisition by conquest, we began, if while upon the seas you found a new volcanic island, it was yours. Today maybe not. Why? If you write a poem, it's yours. Why? Nor is that all; as Veal noted, if you buy land it belongs to you and your heirs forever, but your poem goes into the public domain a few

An expression of diabolical joy came to Niven's face.

Charles Sheffield

decades after you die. Hartwell had worked in the Flatiron, a New York building declared part of the public heritage, where putting in modern elevators took four years because ordinarily the building couldn't be altered. To whom did it belong? Why? I recalled the furor a few years ago when a collector who owned a great painting threatened to destroy it; evidently people felt that in some sense it wasn't his. In Vonnegut's *Happy Birthday Wanda June*, Hartwell said, a man destroyed a Stradivarius. I tried to moderate this.

Then I went to meet the Shibanos. Masquerade directors Christine and John O'Halloran had asked me to judge, and eventually I was made Master of Ceremonies as well. I like the custom that Masquerade judges dress up, but these honors befell me on-site, when I was unprepared to ready the Regency clothes for a second appearance. I realized that, at Honolulu, I could probably hire Japanese formal wear. Cross-cultural contacts are homework for s-f. In an office building across the street was a two-story establishment that dressed the local Cherry Blossom Queen festival whose winner went to meet the Empress in Tokyo. The Shibanos kindly went with me. In two visits I was measured, fitted, and dressed in *kimono*, *hakama* (divided-skirt trousers), and *haori* (cloak), with undergarments and wrappings. A formal fan, like the breast-pocket handkerchief in a Western tailcoat, was displayed only, never used. I feared a

They are without jealousy, yet have the courage that as a rule springs only from the sense of honor.

Usama ibn Munqidh

moment for the *mon* (crest, worn in five places); I didn't belong to any of the Japanese families. "Don't worry," I was assured, "we gave you 'ordinary commoner'." At my insistence they watched and approved my walk, and corrected my bow. "This is what you would wear," they said, "to meet the Emperor." Its austere beauty impressed me deeply. I said, "I can't imagine being worthy to meet him," which I hoped was the right answer. We made a procession back to the hotel. As usual it was full of Japanese. "You surprise them," said Shibano-sensei. "Let them look," I said. Lynn Gold was the other judge. Beginning the Masquerade was a Tacky Shirt Contest. Sullivan's was gaudy with clashing pockets. Charles Matheny, gorgeous in green with cranes, easily won Most Beautiful, which I explained was, in the circumstances, the booby prize. Krentz, in a matchless ensemble, patched, misaligned, with a propeller beanie borrowed from some helpful fan, won highest place, the Big Kahuna. While Gold and I deliberated backstage, James Daugherty conducted a Tacky Souvenir Contest, to applause, cries, and roars. We gave Best of Show to an A.C. R.O.N.Y.M. production by Jim Briggs, Landry, Kate Morgenstern, Greg Sardo, and Julie Zetterberg, "Babylon Five-O", in red orange yellow green blue indigo violet and hot pink. Kosh in an Aloha shirt was eight feet high and five around. Book 'em, Dan-O. For my morning-after *waka* (formal poem, classically 5-7-5-7-7 syllables; below I scant one in emphasis) I sent

Who was that tiger?

They thought they saw strength and grace.

My kind teacher

Helped me find the rising sun

So its rays could shine on them.

Tuesday at noon I went to hear "What Are Editors Actually Doing?", King, Meacham, and Melisa Michaels. The question had long burned in my mind. To no surprise Meacham explained "90% of our work is representing a book to the publisher throughout." With every erg of politeness I could muster, I asked – and Larry Niven later told me I sounded perfectly well-mannered – "Could it be we who buy books don't notice anything but jolt and energy?" Meacham said "Yes, readers are tone-deaf."

Alas, alas. In fairness it might be asked if any of the work we expect from editors, in the wake of John Campbell, ought perhaps to be upon authors. "And what am I to do," asked Tom Doherty whom I met in the halls

In the end, after reading a series of seemingly unrelated anecdotes or impressions, we may nevertheless feel a great sense of intimacy with the writer.

Donald Keene

to talk of cabbages and kings, "when [Famous Author] sends me a 30-page single-spaced letter to insist that not a word of his prose should be touched?" In the Hospitality Suite with Tony Parker, Kim Brown continued on ownership. She disliked the "National Treasure" system to the extent it might, without a person's consent, leave in his hands what had been his property, while rendering it impossible to sell or even destroy. Ed Green expounded to Sullivan his Dog Pile theory of fandom: once a few people have done it.... All weekend there was a buzz over the prospect of a substantial Japanese Worldcon bid. Exciting; what of the cost and awkwardness for many? Shibano-sensei had sent round a letter exploring a 2005 date, which now appears to oppose Glasgow; if not that year, when?

Pelz at length found animal crackers for his membership table. I went for drinks at the Sand Bar with Jane Dennis, Kent Bloom, Mary Kay Kare, and Mary Morman, mostly mai tais. That pineapple. Bloom and Morman had played piquet in Aloha shirts at Regency dancing. Thomas Benson showed his new Aloha shirt, possibly Best of Con with hula girls, the Space Patrol, and robots. I took a walk with Smith who, celebrating an improvement of his independence, bought a Montecristi, finest straw hats in the world. They aren't really woven under water. I never could bring him together with Veal, who would have liked our talk of John Chrysostom, first acclaimed for his golden

Without even knowing that one had to look!

Wole Soyinka

words, then exiled for the irritation of his preaching. I met Lisa Deutsch Harrigan, who said "Speaking of people you don't want to run into when you're doing something stupid...." Ctein said "We can do this rarely, for a lark." It was time for the fireworks and my plane home. Kathryn Daugherty, the "beach chair" as she called herself, wrote me a thank-you note.

CON-VERSION 17

August 11-13, 2000

Calgary, Alberta

Report by Dale Speirs

First the boring details for any graduate student reading this fifty years from now for thesis research on the history of SF conventions. (Skip this paragraph if you are not a graduate student.) Calgary's annual SF gencon was held at the Metropolitan Centre downtown on the weekend of August 11 to 13, 2000. Guest of Honor was Mike Resnick, Artist GoH was Julie Lacquement, Canadian GoH was Candace Jane Dorsey, Science GoH was Dr. Thor Osborn (husband of Lacquement), Media GoH was Mike Dale, and Toastmaster/Fan GoH was Michael McAdam.

No Room At The Inn: Con-Version had a change of venue this year, more than just the usual hotel shuffle. Calgary, the petroleum capital of Canada, is booming, with all the attendant problems that an over-heated economy brings. The demand for hotel space is so high in Calgary that the convention not only had to change from its regular post-Stampede July weekend to August, but to a non-hotel site called the Metropolitan Centre.

The Metropolitan Centre is in the downtown core and is a boardroom/auditorium rental space, formerly a multiplex movie theatre. It was renovated several years ago and is commonly used by the surrounding petroleum corporations for meetings. It is located on the hotel row of the downtown and is adjacent to Chinatown. If you are a petro-executive, you can buy and sell West Texas Intermediate crude oil and finish a plate of lemon chicken at the same time. Don't forget your wireless laptop.

The year 2000 has been a rough one for Calgary non-profit groups in general, not just SF fans. The hotels are booked up solid with weddings, which are much more profitable to them. I belong to the Calgary Philatelic Society, who had the same difficulty in obtaining function space for their two annual shows. The CPS wound up in the Polish Canadian Friendship Centre out in the suburbs. SF fans and stamp collectors tend to be chintzy in hotels; they don't drink as much as Shriners, and they eat out of the hotel. The hotels much prefer a good Italian wedding, where the wine flows like water even at hotel corkage prices, and the catering is a license to print money.

Quote Unquote #1: "I would urge those

dressed in costume that may 'reveal' more than usual, to please keep in mind that you are downtown, and bring with you either a coat or cloak." (Blair Toblan, Security, in Progress Report #2)

Friday: Being pre-registered, I had my convention badge and goodie bag in about 30 seconds. It would have been 15 seconds, but the fellow on the desk was serving the guy ahead of me. ConVersion has always been efficient in registration.

I found a chair in the lobby and sat down to rummage through the goodie bag. Some peculiarities immediately became evident. No pocket guide for the programming. Other con-goers were tearing out the appropriate pages from the program book, but as I keep them intact for futurity, I instead spent about a quarter hour jotting down the panels and events I wanted to see in my pocket notebook.

The video room only ran at night, as it was used during the day for panels. The panel rooms were spread over two stories connected by a narrow staircase originally used for the old theatre balcony. Crowds were constantly elbowing past each other in the stairs and narrow hallways.

A better dealer bourse than in some past years, with lots of books evident. There were 36 tables in the bourse. I blew \$40 on pulps before the bourse was even officially open. Nice to see more than just the usual button sellers and media SF toys in original packaging.

Quote Unquote #2: GoH Candace Jane Dorsey: "I became 'Canada's Jane Dorsey' as soon as spell checkers came along. I became a typo!" (in the August 3, 2000, issue of FFWD, page 10. FFWD is a Calgary giveaway tabloid).

Research For SF And Fantasy Writers: This panel was a full house; ConVersion has long been a sercon event emphasizing literary SF and workshops. Starting off the panelists was Katie Harse, who is a PhD candidate in 19th century speculative fiction. She said that good fantasy requires as much research work as hard SF to get the facts and maintain consistency. Rebecca Bradley, a Calgary archaeologist with three published fantasy novels, said that serendipity during research may alter the final form of the book. One should nonetheless have a basic

idea for the story before starting research, as random research, although fun, gets you nowhere for an intended novel. A good author follows a plan and does not make up rules arbitrarily for the book. Not that anyone is paying attention to this common sense in Hollywood or the New York City publishers.

Barb Galler-Smith, an online writer, said that readers can tell when an author is wrong about the details of a story. This interferes with the enjoyment of the story. For her, the best research method was to ask people in a particular field. Most people are keen to help with information about their jobs. Bradley followed on by warning not to get too carried away with details, citing one story where a character was said to be jumping a 1.67 metre wide ditch. Harse said that at some point you have to quit researching and start writing. Resist the temptation to add just one more fact. The novelist J. Brian Clarke, speaking from the audience, warned about one seldom-mentioned danger of writing near-future fiction. It may be obsolete or irrelevant by the time the book appears in print.

Quote Unquote #3: "Like almost everyone else in North America, he is currently at work on a novel." (ConVersion program book, in the guest biographies)

Humour In SF, With Robots: From that panel in the audience, J. Brian Clarke went to this next one as a panelist. His latest novel is humorous, and he finds it much harder to write than serious stuff. The panelists spent most of their time quoting examples of humorous SF, so I went and watched the robot games instead. Put on each year by students from the local engineering schools, this year's version was for homing robots. All of them seemed to use some version of photoelectric eyes. They ranged from matchbox size to about the general size and shape of an obese fiddler crab. Not surprisingly they were popular with the kids.

Retinal Scanning Display: Be A Borg Today: Thor Osborn works for a Seattle company called Microvision, which specializes in helmet and heads-up displays for aircraft pilots and surgeons. Unlike other displays, which project onto a screen, the retinal scanning display beams the light directly into the eye, using low-power, eye-safe lasers. Not hologrammatic or virtual

reality, but using the retina as the actual display screen. Surgeons can see CAT scans and X-rays directly imposed on the patient, for easier cutting and sewing. Drivers can see road maps without taking their eyes off the road. Soldiers can get tactical scans coupled directly to both their eyes and their guns, enabling them to aim just by looking at the target.

Star Trek Redivivus: I was surprised to see a listing for a Star Trek party on Friday night, having supposed that Trekkies were extinct in Calgary or nearly so. I attended the scene, as a constable might put it, to verify the circumstances. USS Astra was celebrating by opening their five-year time capsule. The evening celebration would have been more convincing had anyone actually been wearing a Star Trek uniform. Not a Klingon in sight. Instead, half the women were in Renaissance gowns, and the other half cross-dressed as Men in Black. This suggests something but I can't think what. The menfolk were either in *Babylon 5* gear (straight up, none of them in dresses) or the universal denim and T-shirt.

There was cake and champagne, and good rowdy fun. The time capsule was an old pipeline pig, duly cut open and emptied. (A pipeline pig is a large cylinder inserted into oil pipelines and pumped through. It normally contains sensing gear to check for leaks.) From the time capsule were pulled photos, and a *Calgary Herald* newspaper dated 1995-08-21. One of the main headlines was "Teens going on cheap trips with Graval." It shows you what a sheltered life I've led. All those times I've taken Graval for nausea, and it never occurred to me that I could have had more fun swallowing the entire contents of the bottle at once.

A batch of letters was pulled out by the club president. Cries from the audience of "Read it!" So he does. More cries from the audience: "Out loud, you idiot!" So he does. Very haltingly. I have English-as-a-second-language immigrants working for me in the Parks Dept. who could have done a better job. And from that scene I departed.

Quote Unquote #4: "*Lost and Found: Any items found in the con area will be taken to Con Ops and can be claimed there. Any items not claimed by the end of the con will be sent into hyperspace.*" (ConVersion programme book)

Saturday — Publishing On The Web: The first Saturday panel I attended was on this subject. The panelists agreed that the problem is not technical but getting payment. The greatest difficulty is copyright protection in foreign countries. Just try getting a Russian ISP to shut down a site full of scanned novels.



Mike Resnick, a man of definite opinions, said professional writers are plagued by startups who want electronic rights for next to nothing. Some legitimate on-line publishers are now actually paying for content. Resnick said he used to tell other writers it wasn't worth the bother trying to hang on to electronic rights since publishers couldn't make money from them anyway, but now the rights are worth money. He reiterated several times in several ways during the panel that the billions of fiction words available for free on the Internet aren't worth reading. The good stuff costs money but is hard to locate.

Novelist Dave Duncan mentioned publishing on demand, and showed a copy of one of his novels done that way, professionally done with colour cover. The main problem with demand printing is that it is more expensive to the reader, even though it is supposedly cheaper to the publisher. Resnick said that publishers could profit from a book that only sells 800 copies but can't afford the cost of trying to locate them in a sea of 75,000,000 readers.

How Anthologies Are Put Together: I came in when it was already underway. Paula Johanson was saying that she used to consider editors rude, until she took over the *TESSERACTS* annual anthology of Canadian SF and had to read the slush pile. Candace Jane Dorsey (I had to fight with my spell checker over her first name) felt the labour of going through the slush pile was worth it

to find one good story from a new writer.

There were a few horror stories told, such as an acquaintance who submitted 150 stories, all bad of course, and expected that at least 100 would be selected "because we're such close friends". One that I can relate to is inappropriate submissions; I've had people plaguing *Opuntia* with bad fiction and worse poetry ever since a British writers magazine got hold of my address and listed my zine as accepting poetry and fiction. Fortunately I collect stamps, and can always use paper to start my fireplace.

Writers At The Improv: Always one of the most popular events at ConVersion is this one, staged by the Imaginative Fiction Writers Association (IFWA), a Calgary workshop group. IFWA members take audience suggestions of words and write a sentence using that word, or what is more expected, a pun. After time is called, each sentence from the six contenders is read out loud. The audience votes on their favorite, and in this manner a semblance of a short-short is built up. The M.C. of this event, IFWA member Tony King, remarked that it was a bit of silliness for people who can't afford the cover charge at Yuk Yuk's comedy club.

Earth And Mars: Moving from the ridiculous to the sublime, my next panel was by astronomer Roland Dechesne and J. Brian Clarke. ConVersion always gets a good turnout for science panels, and this was one no exception. Dechesne remarked that



the building blocks for organic life are strewn throughout the galaxy, with numerous kinds of molecules and heavier elements seen in space. The search for life on Mars has a particular significance for the all-or-none hypothesis. If Earth is the only planet in our solar system with life, it may be that life is unique to this planet in the entire galaxy. If life is discovered on Mars or elsewhere (such as a Jupiter satellite), then twice or more in one stellar system means that it almost certainly is common throughout the galaxy.

The odds are improving. At one time it was believed that oxygenated biospheres are so rare as to reduce the chances of finding other life. Now we are discovering life in extreme biospheres here on Earth, such as deep-sea vents or gold mine bedrock, with high pressure, heat, and anoxia.

Dechesne also showed, as a physical specimen, not a slide, a slice from the 1962 Zagami meteorite of Nigeria.

Night Skies: This panel followed on next, with Dechesne showing slides of how to photograph constellations with a small telescope and a 35-mm camera. It was interesting to see how very rich star fields could be photographed with basic equipment, so rich that the actual constellations are lost in the dense star fields not visible to the naked eye. Dechesne showed how different societies interpret constellations in the sky. The Greeks saw Ursa Major as a long-tailed bear. Canadian aboriginals saw the bear but

instead of a tail had three warriors chasing it, while alongside the bear ran a deer.

Dechesne also gave a plug for the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, which has a active chapter in Calgary. Local amateur astronomers have their own ranch site for viewing, and are campaigning against light pollution.

Dinosaur Discoveries 2000: Easily the most popular speaker at ConVersion each year is Dr. Phil Currie, from the Royal Tyrrell Museum of Palaeontology in nearby Drumheller, Alberta, about a two-hour drive east of Calgary in the heart of the richest Cretaceous fossil deposits known. The museum is the largest palaeontological museum in the world, and Currie's team are on the cutting edge of dinosaur research.

Currie reviewed the discoveries since last year's ConVersion. He started off the 2000 collecting season at Dry Island Buffalo Jump on the banks of the Red Deer River. Barnum Brown had collected there in 1910 but no one had been back since. Currie's curiosity had been roused after reviewing Brown's collections from that site now deposited in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. He found 9 right feet of the tyrannosaurid *Albertosaurus* in the drawers, but no left feet. Brown was known as a high-grader, that is, a palaeontologist who only collected top-quality display specimens and left the poorer ones behind, even though they might have provided useful scientific information.

Currie re-located Brown's quarry and built some plastic-sheet shelters over it for the excavation during the spring rainy season. Currie knew that *Albertosaurus* normally makes up about 5% of a fossil bone bed and only one or two individuals at a site. Brown's site had 12, which was not coincidence but indicated pack behavior. The bones are mixed in with logs and debris, suggesting the pack was wiped out by a catastrophic storm or forest fire. The evidence is that tyrannosaurids hunted cooperatively. The juveniles had long slender legs, suggesting that they ran down the prey and the adults finished the victim off.

Currie's team went down later in summer 2000 to Argentina, which has the world's largest dinosaurs, not one species but many. They were excavating a 100-ton sauropod; for comparison, the brontosaurid types were only about 20 tons.

Currie has also been excavating feathered dinosaurs in China. Feathers are being found on more and more dinosaurs. Currie suggested that *T. rex* hatchlings were feathered for insulation, but the adults shed them since they didn't need them because of their mass and indeed would have been hindered by them. It is pretty much evident that feathers evolved first as a method of keeping warm, and only later were used for flight when dinosaurs evolved into birds.

Quote Unquote #5: "In the real world you don't have to be supremely fast; you only have to be slightly faster than the animal you're going after." (Dr. Phil Currie, explaining that *T. rex* needed to be only a bit faster than the herbivorous dinosaurs it ate.)

Sunday - Exploring Worldcons: Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed fans met Sunday morning (perhaps I exaggerate) for this panel. It started off with an introduction to Worldcons, but once the panelists discovered everyone present had attended at least one Worldcon, they switched to anecdotes and practical hints. An example of the latter is to take your suitcases to the convention only about one-third full to allow room for purchases.

Tim Hills said that volunteering is not only a lot of fun, but it introduces you to many new people and gives you access to inside gossip and information. He felt it important, and I agree because I did it with Winnipeg in 1994, that you plan to arrive a day or two early to rest up and relax before going five days without sleep at the Worldcon. If you time it to the last second and arrive tired, you can't recover and it will take some of the enjoyment from the convention. It is also wise to allow a couple of days for the return trip so that airline delays are not so critical, and so that you don't go back to

work dead tired the next day without a chance to sleep in.

Kristina Anderson said that attending a Worldcon requires a commitment of time and money. She and her husband saved up for five years for the Australian Worldcon in 1999 and banked their vacation for the seven weeks they were Down Under.

The Ultimate Horror? Engineering Ourselves: This panel discussed genetic engineering. Paula Johanson, who owns a market garden, mentioned farmers are having trouble with herbicide-resistant weeds in her county because the genes spread from one field to another due to the advent of crops such as Roundup-Ready corn. Novelist Leslie Gadallah felt the main concern about genetic engineering was not the actual gene alterations, but the chain reactions of consequences.

Guest Of Honour Speeches: Mike Resnick, the main GoH, was a no-show because he had to catch an early flight back to Cincinnati Sunday morning. Julia Lacquement remarked that ConVersion saved her marriage. She had taken her husband to several conventions which turned out to be disasters, including the infamous RustyCon where the entire convention was evicted by the hotel in the middle of the weekend, guests and concom alike. ConVersion finally showed him that there are well-run conventions where people can enjoy themselves. She also said that she and Thor were pleased to get out to conventions as a two-for-one special, hint, hint. Thor Osborn in his speech concentrated on more serious matters,

emphasizing that science makes the fiction believable.

Candas Jane Dorsey gave the longest speech, an obviously heartfelt and intensely nationalistic speech. She first became serious about Canadian SF at a V-Con panel in Vancouver, British Columbia. Dorsey had been asked to appear on "Mounties, Sled Dogs, and Rockets," and was told that it was just a joke panel, don't worry. She did worry, because Canadian SF dates back to 1881, but each succeeding generation forgets the authors of the previous one. Dorsey has made it her mission to remind each crop of new SF fans that there is a long history behind them. She announced that by way of support for this, she is editing a new reprint series to restore lost classics such as "Strange Manuscript Found In A Copper Cylinder" and bring them back to general attention.

Til We Meet Again: Next year's convention will again be held at the Metropolitan Centre. ConVersion 18 will go on the weekend of August 3 to 5, 2001. Announced Guests of Honour so far are David Drake (Author), Jean-Pierre Normand (Artist), and Dr. Bill Brooks (Science).

I have mixed feelings about this site. Parking is non-existent except at exorbitant hourly rates, so I took the bus. This does crimp one's timetable. It also meant that I had to carry around a briefcase full of stuff instead of being able to quickly duck out into a hotel parking lot and dump everything in the car. The dealers had it worst, trying to unlock stock on the sidewalk of the busiest

street in Calgary. The hotels are directly across the street, but nonetheless one loses that feeling of convenience when everything is in one building.

There was no 24-hour video room, as the room was used for panels in the day and movies only at night. I found this inconvenient since I use the video room as a way to kill time between panels if I have an hour or so with nothing to do. The consuite was too noisy and stank of beer. The washrooms were inadequate, with only two sets (three stalls between them) serving several hundred people. Half of them were blocked off Saturday evening for the masquerade; I ended up going to a nearby hotel instead.

On the proverbial other hand, the Centre was an exclusive booking. No sharing and/or conflicts with Baptist conferences, Italian weddings, or petroleum conventions. The physically smaller space created a greater sense of community, as opposed to some hotel layouts the convention has been at where events were strung out along a kilometre of hallways.



BLOW-OUT FABRIC SALE

Sat., Sept. 30 from 10 am to 8 pm

Alta Mt. Sierra Masonic Lodge

33 E. Sierra Madre Blvd (just East of Baldwin Ave, in Sierra Madre, CA)

BUYERS & BROWSERS: Park the kids with a non-sewing friend or relative to shop for yardage, samples, costumes, vintage clothes, hats, jewelry, buttons, trim, beads, quilting & sewing notions, crafts materials, patterns, books, lace, ribbons & much, much more from the extensive stashes of costumers, quilters, historical re-enactors, & others who cleaned sewing rooms for this sale! A great time to buy Halloween costumes, patterns & fabric, so tell anxious moms. Pass the word to sewing, costuming, quilting & crafting friends online & off!

SPACE RENTAL: This will be a well-advertised event to the SCA & Regency groups, local newspaper ads, & a lawn banner. If you have sewing or costume-related items for sale, including those UFOs (UnFinished Objects), someone wants them! Nearly half the hall is already rented. Contact Bjo Trimble for space availability & rates: (626) 359-3398 or <bjot@usa.net>

Oasis 13 Con Report

by Joy V. Smith

I've been looking forward to the last weekend in May for months. I planned to escape to Oasis 13 in Orlando, which was my first SF con in quite a few years. (Oasis is a literary con that supports education, reading, scholarship, and SF and is sponsored by the Orlando Area Science Fiction Society — OASFIS.) I also planned to dump accumulated SF zines there. This was almost as important as the fun part!

Registration was quick, and we each got a bag of freebies, but we were too late for the first panels, which had started at 4:00. We checked out the con suite — great yummys and great drink selection (soda). Then we went on to the dealers' room (nice variety—not a big room). And then to the Art Show. Wow, what a fantastic selection and also some SF. Lots of dragons, cats with wings, heroes and heroines, horses, unicorns, space ships and scenes, and some furry art. (There were four furry, aka anthropomorphic, artists.) The artwork was beautiful and colorful; we visited the Art Show room several times. We bid on three pieces. We voted the next day for favorite SF artists (two), Fantasy artists (two), and Best in Show. I also bought a print by Michael G. Conrad called *Alien Attack* (dogs catching frisbees on the beach, one of which is a small flying saucer). It won First Place in SF later.

We peeked at the gaming room (always full, even when other rooms were closed) and observed people playing cards at one of the tables in the hallway. The brief opening ceremonies were at 7:30. We met Elizabeth Moon, Rowena, and the Suttons. Following that was a filk performance (SF folk singing) by Brenda and Bill Sutton. They started early, resulting in much mirth. They played (alternating) two guitars, a mandolin, a bodhran (Irish drum), and a pennywhistle, and they sang, for an hour. I loved it. The songs included *The Highwayman* (the poem); *You Were a Good Dog, Fred*; *Dogtown*; a SF writing song (writing for tabloids), and Irish songs. I can't swear to the titles; they didn't have a list, and I didn't want to bother them too long. The music was beautiful and/or funny.

The first panel we attended was on alien artifacts being identified by scientists in the future. Mike Resnick, Joe Green, Elizabeth Moon, Jack C. Haldeman II, and Jeff Mitchell had to identify alien artifacts

(actually common household items such as a funnel, a bottle, etc.) I think it was the funniest panel of the convention. The repartee was intelligent and hilarious. I asked Jack Haldeman at a later panel if they had a script, and he said — No. They wouldn't even let them see the items until the panel started! He also said that this was Elizabeth Moon's first time, and she asked him — How does this go? (They all were equally impressive and quick on their feet; this was my favorite panel.)

Later we checked out the Masters Mystery Cheese Video room, which played cartoons, serials, including *Radar Men of the Moon* (part of which we caught Sunday morning), *Batman*, etc. I made a brief stop on the second floor where registration, the gaming, dealers', panels, and Art Show rooms were. (The con suite was on the 10th floor; the video room was on the third floor.) There I met Ramsey, who refreshed my memory as to what LARP (Live Action Role Playing) is. "Gaming is my life blood," he told me, as he explained more about role playing games. He plays tabletop games and recently was sucked into the *Pokemon* game. Tabletop gaming decides characters' actions by throwing dice. (I admired his lovely leather with feathers dice bag, which he found at the Mexico pavilion at EPCOT.) LARP uses makeup and costumes, and they act out their personas. Ramsey, who is from Gainesville, goes to three or four cons a year and describes them as "reality deprivation." (I learned later from a club member that the gamers donated over \$200 to the Andre Norton scholarship fund.)

The first panel we attended Saturday morning (10:00) was on Young Adult Fiction. Panelists were Jack Haldeman and Richard Lee Byers. Young adult fiction is ages 11-13 to 16-17 and refers to the audience, not the characters, though the characters often are young. It is characterized by what you avoid — sex, complicated language, etc. Young adults like series. Haldeman mentioned *Locust* and *Gila Queen* as market sources. He believes that there's no hiding from the real world, but if children read, they have a sheltered place, and they can see situations and options. The important thing is to get kids to read; how they do it is not important (comics, etc.).

Haldeman gave us some personal background about him and his brother telling

each other stories; his parents were story tellers also. And he told us how young adult editors can destroy a story by removing what makes it a story. (He had to rewrite an editor's rewrite once; the editor was appreciative.) And he warned against preaching to a young audience. One of his pet peeves is impossible biology, including Jar Jar Binks (teeth, ears, etc. are wrong for what it is supposed to be) and a creature with stubby wings that couldn't possibly fly.

The next panel we went to (there were always others going on) was story research. Panelists were Jack McDevitt, Elizabeth Moon, Jack Haldeman, Joe Green, and Ben Bova. We were warned against info dumps. Blend it; don't let it show. Remember that 9/10 of your research doesn't show. There're a lot of things the writer needs to know, but the reader doesn't, Ben Bova told us.

We missed the trivia contest, but I didn't think I knew enough anyway, and went to the martial arts demonstration after lunch.

Richard and Ann, fencers, were first. Ann wears a plastic breast protector, which costs \$34.95 and is worth far more than that. (She got a really nasty bruise once.) She wears multiple layers, including a collarbone protector. He wears 1-1/2 layers (right side more vulnerable). They both wear face masks with neck protectors. Fencing is open to almost all ages (7-70) and is geezerific! For people over 40, there are veterans'



events.

They used foils first and demonstrated the salute, foot stance, knees flexed, hand up and back so it doesn't get whacked, parries, ripostes, etc. Sabers have a heavier blade and bigger bell (hand) guard. A foil has a point and no edge. A saber has a point and edge; and body targets change in saber fencing, and you keep your hand behind you. The epee is a point weapon with no edge and a complete bell guard. The whole body is targeted. Rules and point counts change depending on weapon.

Ann and Richard were followed by a tae kwon do team.

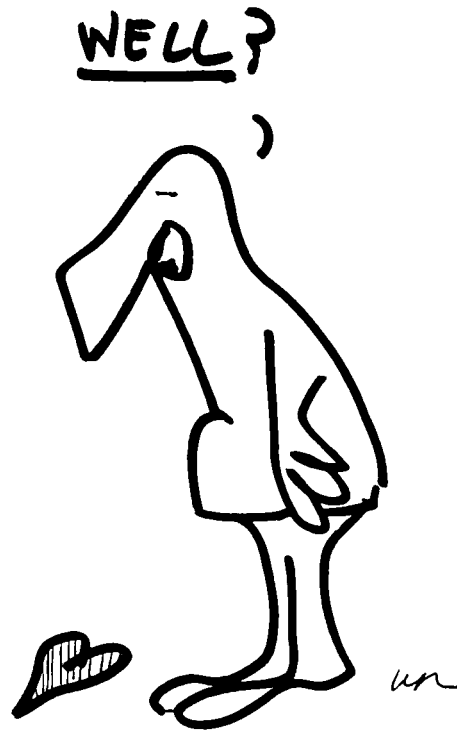
After that we went to the charity auction (3:00), which benefits the OASFiS' Andre Norton scholarship fund at Valencia Community College. It went on, as auctions do, for a long time. There was some spirited bidding for books, galley proofs, a few stuffed animals, SF collectibles, games, Mike Resnick's 14-inch monitor which he wrote books on when in Florida, and other things. (I bought 4 used Christopher Stasheff books for a dollar each. There were dealers there who really wanted those galleys and autographed books.)

I got autographs now and then (Drat, I forgot to bring my Elizabeth Moon books from home), checked out the con suite (Drat, they're out of cheese), and voted in the art show. The costume show was at 8 p.m., and the winner was the Killer Tomato. It was great the way she could roll that tomato across the room. (She was inside.) Second place went to Piccolo, an alien; and third place went to Benedict Redstone. And plaques were given to Dave Ratti and OAS-FiS for donating books to a local college.

At 9 p.m. there was more filking with the Suttons. I loved the convention costuming queen song; another John Barleycorn version; Rincewind in the tree with Death (I remember that scene!); a song about singing with parts for alto, soprano, contralto, baritone, ...; the Star Trek song (tribute to DeForest Kelly); and the stray dog man of the galaxy (aliens keep dropping off strays in gunny sacks, which keep eating the previous pet...).

We checked out the video room after that, the con suite, and the Boston in 2004 bid party down the hall from the con suite. After that we were too tired for sex (the sex in SF panel at 11:00).

Sunday morning at 10:00 we went to the Writers' Market panel with Matt DiPalma, Richard Lee Byers, and Barbara Delaplace. There was lots of helpful info. Ms. Delaplace mentioned *Speculations*, *Locus*, and *Gila Queen* as market sources. Someone pointed out that *Writer's Market* only comes



out once a year and is often outdated. Make contacts at cons; have three chapters in a briefcase, but don't force mss on editors! Byers spent 10 years pounding on TSR's doors. Keep trying! They tried to encourage a writer in the audience who was tired of rejection. We learned some *Marooned* background and that Lois Bujold reworked a Star Trek novel, which became the beginning of her well-known series, I believe.

At 11 a.m. was the Female SF writers panel: Linda Evans, Elizabeth Moon, Barbara Delaplace, and Jeanette Spencer. There's been a vast change in a woman's place in writing and life. As late as the early 80s, however, conditions were appalling. (Great examples in SF writing and in life! The equations as chapter numbers was an interesting anecdote.) 1985-1991 saw the beginning of change. I enjoyed the panel, but I think we all took exception to the statement of a man in the audience that women didn't start reading SF until Star Trek came along!

We had lunch at the con suite and then checked out and loaded the car. We zipped right back for the art auction. (When a piece of art gets three written bids on the attached slip, it goes to auction.) The piece we had bid on that went to auction was at \$75 when we left. (Only 4 or 5 pieces left then.) We picked up and paid for "Dead of Winter" (it's a beauty!) back in the art show room, but "Open Window" was gone! I loved that little winged kitten meeting the small golden dragon in the castle's casement window. Apparently someone bid on it after I checked it last. Sniffle.

We left after that (okay, I went back once more to look again for "Open Window") and made good time driving home. I loved the convention. I had a good time and learned a lot, but I really enjoyed meeting and talking to all the writers. Did I mention I got a few autographs? We plan to go back next year.

Clipping Service

Mark Evans: *Posted online July 31.* "This is a little strange, and I am sure it does not matter much to most of the folks on SMOFS, but I am still alive. I just read some e-mail from someone who was at Rivercon and one of the questions they were asked several times was 'Is Mark Evans alive?' A few weeks ago a person with almost the same name as me (different middle name) was killed in a car crash in Columbus. This has resulted in a few sympathy messages for my wife, and, seemingly, it has filtered into fandom also. Rest assured, or worry greatly, that I am still alive and if anyone asks or insists to the contrary, please tell them so."

Murray Moore: "Congratulations to the FAPAn whose name I found in the table of contents of the newest David Hartwell-edited *Best Science Fiction of the Year* collection. No, not Silverberg: Fred Lerner!" *[Source: Green Stuff 12]*

Harry Warner Jr: "I've been a teetotaler since I was ten years old and a member of the family told me to take a sip of the beer that was being passed around to mark the end of Prohibition. I thought it tasted terrible and I've never been tempted to consume anything alcoholic in the intervening years, except for a few occasions when I had a glass of eggnog at Christmas time." *[Source: DASFAx 7/2000]*

Michael McFadden: "GRAFAN was quite a group. We began in 1968 and retired in 1975. In that brief span of seven years, we met every single month without a skip, we were nationally known for the efficiency with which we ran the club, and we were the prime force behind the 1969 Worldcon in St. Louis.

"True.

"Actually, we met whenever we felt like it. We were more noted for our degeneracy than our efficiency. And I think at the '69 Worldcon I was sick in the same elevator Joyce Fisher Katz was in." *[The Insider #122, August 2000]*

A Fan in Jeopardy! Part Three!

by Steven Silver

On March 1, I taped three episodes of *Jeopardy!* My experiences leading up to the taping and at the taping themselves was described in articles which have appeared in previous issues of *File 770*. Those articles were written immediately after the taping. In fact, the first drafts of both were finished before I even left Los Angeles. In those articles, I described watching Jason Parker play his fourth game, my subsequent victory over him and my eventual loss to Meg Smath. This article differs from those in that I didn't write it until June, when I've had a chance to watch the results of that day of taping.

The Wait, Again: From March 1 to June 13 is just over one hundred days. When you are waiting to see yourself on a show like *Jeopardy!*, it feels even longer than it is.

When I returned to Chicago, of course, everyone wanted to know how I did. Initially, I was not going to tell anyone, but I quickly realized that most people didn't really want to be left in suspense. The

course I eventually settled on was to not make any statements about how I did in a public forum, but to let people know how I did on an individual basis. Naturally, I wouldn't say how I did to anyone who could be considered a member of the press. This resulted in a strange mixture. For instance, I was at a meeting on Friday, June 9 where some people knew the outcome of the game and some people did not (and didn't want to). I was careful to remind the people who knew not to say anything that would give the outcome away.

As soon as I returned to Chicago, however, I did let a wide variety of friends know when my first show would be aired. I carefully decided that the notice in my e-mail sig and on my website would inform people that they should watch for my *Jeopardy!* debut on June 13, with the suggestion that they also watch the day before so they could see Jason's spectacular performance. Of course, if you only saw my victory on June 13, it

looked like a well-played close game. Only by watching Jason the day before could you really get a feel for what I achieved by defeating him.

I also began exchanging e-mails with Meg and, eventually, Doug Souleyrette. Doug is a University of Kentucky student from Lexington who faced Jason on June 8. During my taping, the *Jeopardy!* crew only had fantastic things to say about him and, of course, his Lexington connection made me feel as if I had some link to him apart from both being on *Jeopardy!* and facing Jason. It turns out Doug is dating a girl from Chicago who appeared in last year's *Jeopardy!* college tournament. With luck, we'll be able to meet on one of his trips up to see her.

In one exchange of e-mails, Doug asked if I thought people would recognize us on the street after our appearance. I have a feeling that it is more likely that he is recognized, partly because Lexington is a smaller place than Chicago, but, more importantly,



in Chicago, *Jeopardy!* is shown in the middle of the work day. In Lexington, it airs in the evening when it can garner a larger audience.

In May, I received an e-mail from Meg informing me that she had received the photograph they took of her with Alex Trebek. I wouldn't receive mine for a few days after that. When it finally arrived, it was a digital photo of the two of us which had to be cut down to size. It came with a glass frame etched with the name *Jeopardy!* in the corner.

The Week Before: Because *Jeopardy!* is on in Chicago at 3:30 in the afternoon, I rarely get to actually watch the show "live." Beginning on June 5, I began to tape the shows. I wanted to see the person Jason would beat and, of course, I wanted to see Jason's games.

Also on Monday, June 5, I received a phone call from Marc Dadigan, an intern for Pioneer Press, publishers of the *Northbrook Star*, a local weekly paper. Each week, they run a short background, with a photograph, of a Northbrook resident. These articles are about two hundred words. We spoke on the phone for about twenty minutes and arranged to have a photographer, Joe Cyganowski, drop by my house on Tuesday at lunchtime to take the picture.

Joe was waiting for me when I showed up and came in. Glancing around the house, his eye fell on our bookshelves (the one feature everyone seems to comment on) and he asked me to pose leaning against the ladder. When I spoke to my wife later in the day, she asked if the picture had been taken in front of the bookshelves. The next day, I received a call from a friend who works for Pioneer Press, he thought he had noticed an error in the column and wanted to double check. It was an error, and was excised before the article appeared in Thursday's edition. Nevertheless, Elaine and I counted four or five factual errors or misleading statements in the article in its final form.

On Thursday, Jason was challenged by Doug Souleyrette, a student from the University of Kentucky who I had been in touch with. Although I knew the outcome before the game started (as well as the Final *Jeopardy* question, since Doug e-mailed it to me), it was a good game and one of the closest games Jason played. Despite Doug's strong efforts, Jason went into Final *Jeopardy* in an untouchable position. I had sent Doug an e-mail of support about his game, although it was a little difficult to figure out what to say. "Good luck," was inappropriate since the outcome had been decided three months earlier. Also, I knew what the outcome would be. I settled for commenting

that I looked forward to seeing him and how well he was able to do against Jason.

As I mentioned, I had a meeting on the evening in which Jason won his third victory. I was a little surprised to find myself bombarded by a series of questions, not about Alex Trebek or my own appearances, but about Jason. Of all the contestants I met, of course, I feel as if I knew Jason least, which is rather ironic, given that by dethroning him in his fifth game, I am rather linked to him. Most of what I knew about him came from watching his shows and the fact that during the taping, my family sat next to his mother and wife in the audience and had a chance to talk to them. My understanding is that he is not only exceedingly bright, but also a very nice person.

One friend mentioned that all of Jason's victories to that point were "easy" victories, meaning that Jason had enough going in to Final *Jeopardy* that it didn't matter whether he got the answer right or wrong, he would win. I didn't mention that his performance on Monday's show would practically equal his combined performance so far. In any event, I disagree with the characterization of those as easy victories. Jason managed to win his first four games in the Double *Jeopardy* round, a feat which I feel is more impressive than the come-from-behind victories which I managed to pull off on my first two days. He did it by a combination of knowledge, luck, and astute wagering, the three things which are necessary to become a *Jeopardy!* champion. Had I shown a little more aptitude with the final trait on my third day, I would have continued to reign as champion.

Over the weekend, I tracked down Jason's e-mail address and sent off an e-mail similar to the one I sent Doug, expressing my admiration for his playing in his first three games and commenting that I remembered few of the details of our own game (I remembered few categories, specific questions, etc.) and was looking forward to seeing the actual game itself. I also sent out e-mails to the people in my address book reminding people of my appearance and placed notices in some select Usenet groups in which I participate.

On Monday, I made plans to watch Tuesday's show at my parents' house. They take care of Robin on Monday and Tuesday and, although Robin would most likely be napping during the show, I thought it would be fun to watch there. However, those plans were shunted aside when my boss suggested we set up a television at my office to watch together. Unfortunately, the television we had does not have an antenna, being used exclusively for video-tape training, and we

weren't able to pick up the WLS, the ABC affiliate which carried *Jeopardy!*. I was back to watching at my parents' house until another manager, Brad, said he would bring in an antenna.

Day One: On Tuesday, Brad brought in an antenna, but when we hooked it up, we could only get UHF channels. An announcement was made, however, that a television would be set up in the cafeteria of the corporate offices, about a mile away, for anyone who wanted to watch from there. I decided I would watch from the office, a decision which turned out to be good for a variety of reasons.

At 3:25, the receptionist made an announcement over the PA that anyone interested could see me on *Jeopardy!* from 3:30 to 4:00 in the cafeteria. By the time the show began, there were about forty people in the room, many of whom I didn't know. It was strange standing there having people point at me and whisper "That's him."

What was even stranger, and I would love to have an explanation for this phenomenon, is the fact that I was more nervous watching the shows than I was when I was in California taping them. One co-worker commented that I looked like a caged animal, jumping up from my chair as soon as I sat down and pacing back and forth nervously.

During commercials, I answered questions about how the show was taped, how I had qualified for *Jeopardy!* and, of course, what Alex Trebek was really like. I also watched the reactions of the people I worked with. Although everyone was rooting for me, when we went to the first commercial break with Kari Elias running a distant third (I was leading 2000-800-300 at that point), someone shouted "Go, Kari!" They did form quick communal decisions about the contestants I faced. Kari was seen as an underdog and they liked her. Jason, they declared was bereft of a sense of humor and seemed a bit uptight. Based on my experiences with him, neither comment about him was correct.

When the show came back from the first commercial, Alex conducted his interviews with the three contestants. As mine began, WLS, the affiliate who carries the show, began a crawl across the bottom of the screen announcing a severe weather bulletin. I contacted WLS to see about getting a clean copy, and received a video tape in the mail a few days later.

The pace of the game was surprising. I discovered I got off to a much slower start than I remembered. The lead didn't change as much as I remembered and Kari did much better than I remembered. This latter fact was a recurrent theme. I remember the first

game as being primarily between Jason and me, but Kari had a strong role. I remember the second game as being between Allen Tatman and me, but again, Mary Friedman spent a significant portion of the game in first place. She was defeated as much by Allen's incredibly strong showing in Double Jeopardy as by anything else. For some reason, this dynamic does not hold true for my third game, perhaps because I was in third place going into Final Jeopardy rather than second place. I know Scott Myre had a slow start in the first round, to the extent that they checked his buzzer, and Meg gave me a good challenge in the first round, but I remember the Double Jeopardy round as a duel between Meg and Scott. Meg tells me that she remembers her second show as a duel between herself and Gregg Fanselau. In reality, John Edkins was very much in the game, so perhaps it is a normal perception.

When Alex announced the categories at the beginning of the show, none of them sounded particularly familiar to me. Even once the game began, the clues were surprises and I couldn't always remember who managed to buzz in first and whether they got the right answer. This would be repeated over the next couple of days as well.

When the Final Jeopardy question appeared, only one person in the room knew the answer. Rather than shouting it out, he whispered it to the person next to him so she could confirm that he was correct.

At the end of the show, you can hear me wish Jason luck in the Tournament of Champions when I shake his hand. I had forgotten I had said anything about it to him. I then stepped off the platform and shrank five inches.

When I returned home, the phone was ringing off the hook. One of the first calls was from Paul, a bartender who had appeared on the show in October with whom I had spoken a few months ago. He wanted to officially welcome me to the club of *Jeopardy!* winners. Both my parents and in-laws also received calls from relatives I had never met, and friends. My parents received a call from a salesman who worked for my father more than a decade ago. My mother also spoke to a friend of my grandmother's who recognized me on the show. A woman I used to work with who was home sick saw me and notified the people at my old company. A good friend's mother saw the show and he was berated for not letting her know I was going to be on. I received e-mails from people I had never heard of who had seen my messages on Usenet or on my website.

Elaine, Robin and I went out to dinner. When we got home, there were fourteen messages on our answering machine. I also



found out that my parents and sister had experienced a cable outage which only cleared as the show began. Their cable dropped out again briefly during the commercial between the Final Jeopardy category and the revelation of the question.

Day Two: On Wednesday morning, the first thing I was asked when I walked into the office was if I had a copy of the show. Since I live about five minutes from the office, I was dispatched home to pick it up. At 11:30, the Tuesday show was run in one of the conference rooms for the benefit of those who had been in a meeting on Tuesday when we watched the show. It was a smaller group, but the dynamics were similar.

Things worked similarly on the second day, with the addition of popcorn for the viewing.

The opinions on the second day were similar to the opinions on the first. The crowd liked Mary, but, perhaps this is an urban or a Northern bias, they ridiculed Allen based on his appearance and his accent. Even his impressive demonstration of intelligence was not enough to overcome the initial reaction.

When the Final Jeopardy question was revealed, the crowd went wild. People on the opposite side of the building heard the noise and came down to find out what had happened, working from the assumption that I had won a second day.

I left the office to pick up my daughter at day care and meet my wife for a celebratory dinner. It was our eighth wedding anniversary and my second *Jeopardy!* win. We went

to Lovell's an expensive wine bar in Highland Park which is owned by the son of former astronaut James Lovell, Jr. The food was fantastic, but Robin wanted to look around the restaurant rather than sit still. Actually, Elaine and I wanted to look around, too, but we figured we would wait until we had finished eating.

When we returned from celebrating our anniversary, the answering machine informed us that there was only 3 minutes and 10 seconds of unrecorded time. One of them was from my former boss who had been informed that I was on the show. He wanted to know if he could get a tape of it to show at his next staff meeting.

Day Three: Once again, we showed the tape at 11:30 on Thursday for the people who missed it on Wednesday. Once

again, their opinions of my challengers matched the opinions of the crowd who watched the day before.

Since I now had documented proof that I was worth \$15,000 an hour, I tried to convince my boss to give me a raise. If he had, I figured that working one day a week would be more than enough to keep me happy. Unfortunately, he didn't think the company could quite afford to meet that salary at this time, but he would give it all the future consideration the salary request deserved.

I now had a difficult decision to make. Elaine works Monday through Wednesday, which meant I couldn't watch the show with her on those days. On Thursday, however, she does not work. I wanted to watch the show with her, but by now I had determined how much fun it was to watch with other people. Furthermore, I was afraid that if I watched from home, the people at work would decide I had skipped out because the outcome of the third show was not to my advantage. I suggested Elaine bring Robin to the office, but the show falls in the middle of Robin's nap. For the same reason, I didn't feel I could invite people to our house (and we weren't really desirous of hosting forty or more people). We managed to solve the problem by finding a neighborhood girl who could watch Robin for an hour or so when the show was on and Elaine could join me at the office.

In the third game, I lost my concentration when they stopped taping for about ten minutes to check answers and scores. When they came back, they played a tape of Alex

announcing my wrong answer several times and I never really regained my rhythm after that. The strange thing is that during the first round, when I was doing well, I felt I had gone as far as I would.

Watching the show, I was surprised to see that I spent much of Double Jeopardy in the lead. A few bad answers lowered my score, but it was a much more competitive round than I remember.

In Final Jeopardy, I bet a measly \$10, and people have been asking why I bet such a strange amount. My thinking was that although a category like the Supreme Court seems reasonable tight, it is actually quite broad. Questions can range from John Jay to Oliver Wendall Holmes to Thurgood Marshall to Clarence Thomas. They can ask which president appointed a justice or expanded the court. They can ask about particulars in a specific case. If I were a lawyer or a constitutional historian, and felt more confident, I would have bet more. As it was, I was working from the assumption that I would get the answer wrong. Because of that, I didn't want to bet too much. Looking at Scott and Meg, they were close enough to each other and me, that they had to take all three scores into account. I figured that if both got the answer right, it wouldn't matter what I bet since I would come in third. If one got it right and one got it wrong, I would probably wind up in second. If both got it wrong and I bet nothing or only a small amount, I might actually win. Of course, I couldn't know that Meg would bet nothing, and so if she got it wrong and Scott got it right I would still come in third. As it was, I was happy (but, of course, not ecstatic) about the results.

Reactions: As I mentioned, I received several comments from people, some of whom I knew personally, some of whom I knew by reputation and some of whom I had never heard of. I received e-mail from Del Rey thanking me for plugging one of their books on national television in my first game, from a graduate student who attended my talk on the Bubonic Plague mentioned in the second episode, and a mention on a technical writers' list serve because of my interview during the final game.

I've sent e-mail to Jason and left a message for Kari, but haven't heard from either of them. Attending a science fiction convention the weekend after the shows aired, I fielded questions about the show and accepted congratulations from people who I had previously only seen in passing. At one point, the guest of honor congratulated me and I started talking about the show, only to realize she was congratulating me on my Hugo nomination. *BookPage*, a magazine

which publishes my monthly review column, contact me asking if it was all right to include a line about my *Jeopardy!* championship in the bio which appears with my column.

A week after my first game, I still haven't been recognized on the street (no real surprise), although I did get an e-mail from Meg saying that she was recognized by a store clerk the other day when she was paying for something.

I'm glad I was able to appear on the show. I would like to think that I would have enjoyed the experience as much if I had lost to Jason or if I had managed to become a five time champion. In the end, it doesn't matter. The people involved with the show were great, professional and knew how to put the contestants at ease. I was lucky in the group selected for my day since all of them were friendly and there was no real feeling of competition or psyching each other out. As Meg wrote in an e-mail, "I look at it this way: you and I weren't so much competing against each other as we both were just trying to do well."

Frequently Asked Questions:

Q: What is Alex Trebek really like?

A: Your guess is as good as mine. The sum total of my discussions with him can be seen on tapes of the three days I appeared on the show. He doesn't see the contestants before the show because he is afraid he might let something slip and cause a contestant to be disqualified. After each show, Alex, and the winner, have a total of about ten minutes to change clothes before the next show begins. He doesn't eat lunch with the contestants and leaves as soon as the final show is taped.

Q: Do you have to pay taxes on the prizes?

A: Yes. Taxes are deducted from the cash prizes before the check is mailed. Before a prize is sent out, the recipient receives a bill for the tax on the prize. The bill must be paid before the prize is delivered.

Q: When do you get your prizes?

A: According to the people at Kingworld, prizes are generally sent out about 120 days after the show's air date.

Q: Why is there a delay?

A: Although I haven't been told, I imagine it is so they can continue to accrue interest on the amount for another four months.

Q: Does the show send you a list of categories to study?

A: No. They send a contract, a set of directions to the study, a page explaining what you need to bring (changes of clothing, social security card, etc.), and the name of a hotel which will offer a discount to contestants.

Q: Did you study for the show?

A: No. I figured that studying would be too haphazard and wouldn't allow me to fully incorporate the information. The only preparation I did was to read from Alex Trebek's *The Jeopardy! Book*, speak to Paul and work crossword puzzles, which I would have done anyway.

Q: Does the show pay for your trip?

A: No. The contestants are fully responsible for paying for their flights, hotels, food, and any other expenses incurred.

Q: How many days did you tape?

A: *Jeopardy!* tapes five shows a day. The shows will run over the course of a week, Monday through Friday. Since my shows ran Tuesday-Thursday, they were the second, third and fourth shows taped that day. Contestants had to be at the studio by 9:00 and the taping started at 11:00. There was a lunch break (which they paid for) between the third and fourth shows.

Q: What were your Final Jeopardy questions?

A: *Day One:* Jason-Steven-Kari

Category: Famous Scientists

At this scientist's death in 1727, he left behind several thousand pages of writings about alchemy and the occult.

Who was Isaac Newton? (Kari and I answered correctly, Jason answered Francis Bacon. Kari took second, Jason took third).

Day Two: Steven-Mary-Allen

Category: Airport Codes

This airport takes its three letter designation from its former name—Orchard Place.

What is O'Hare (Allen answered Buffalo, thinking of Orchard Park, NY, Mary answered Orlando. Allen took second and Mary took third.)

Day Three: Steven-Scott-Meg

Category: The Supreme Court

These two Supreme Court justices who finished first in their class were offered jobs as typists at major legal firms.

Who are Sandra Day O'Connor and Ruth Bader Ginsburg? (Meg and I answered correctly, Scott answered Frankfurter. Meg came in first, Scott came in third.)

Q: How did you "fix" the Final Jeopardy question on the second day?

A: I didn't. It was the luck of the draw. Similarly, on the first day, I almost mentioned a book called *Newton's Cannon* which is about Newton's researches into the occult. It could have dramatically altered the results of the game if I had.

The Fanivore



Martin Morse Wooster

You lost two lines of my article about the Potomac River Science Fiction Society. *[[Sorry, but at least I fixed it on the web page!]]* What I said was that PRSFS had two of the original members: Jeanie Dunnington, who has been a member of PRSFS since its founding in 1975, and Martin Morse Wooster, who went to PRSFS's first three meetings after graduating from high school, and then rejoined the club after he was graduated from college in 1980. (Efforts to have us referred to as "revered founding members" were resoundingly defeated....)

Janice Gelb

Thanks for repeating some of Alison Scott's tips for trip reports. I hope to incorporate some of them to make my DUFF report more interesting!

As a former *Jeopardy!* contestant myself, I was, of course, very interested in Steven Silver's account of his adventures. I'm very

glad I was living in LA when I was on the show, given that (a) I didn't have to worry about finding a cab to get to the studio, and (b) I didn't have to film a "Hometown Howdy"!

There were definitely other differences between our two appearances. Sounds like the contestants have much more interaction than they did when I was on. I barely got to talk to the people in my group. And it was evidently much less "show-biz" then as well: we didn't get stage makeup.

The key difference between our performances, though, is that Steven mentions a few times how comfortable he was with the buzzer. As you know if you saw my show, the buzzer was my nemesis, as I kept buzzing in too early and being locked out. We do have similar memories, though: my appearance was a blur afterward as well. When I watched the tape later, I was surprised at some of the questions I'd answered.

I'm glad Steven represented fandom better than I did, even if he did have to beat a potential record-breaking fellow Gator to do it!

I also see that Lloyd Penney mentions in his loc about *Jeopardy!* that when he took the test, they got a souvenir pen and a *Jeopardy!* T-shirt. All I got was the relief that I'd passed...

Harry Warner, Jr.

For awhile this summer I thought I would cash in my fannish chips. But I've decided to try to keep going at least a little longer, so it's time to write some long-delayed locs. I suppose I should adhere to my old philosophy: One century at a time.

The obituary material on Bill Danner was excellent. All I might have added would have been a mention of the wonderful ATom covers that *Stef* featured in so many issues, most of them in multi-color work. Of course, there were also the Skreughbaul Press bookmarks that Bill distributed to favored people on his mailing list. I don't know how many designs existed. I like particularly the one that informs us J.Q. Vandz struck my big fox whelp, a new method of using all the letters of the alphabet in one sentence. I think all the bookmarks included the Skreughbaul Press logo, an ATom sketch of a bem riding aboard an eight-ball.

[[That illo, multiplied, was pressed into service by Ken Cheslin as the cover art for one of his ATom collections published within the past year or so.]]

I am very unhappy to have learned about the death of Joe Mayhew, and yours is the most complete obituary for him that I've seen. It seems impossible that the Hugo nomination data for fan artist should tell us that 101 artists were nominated. It seems as if almost that many fine fanzine artists have died in the past couple of years.

On more cheerful topics, I was impressed with all this information from Alan White on the fate of famous props from science fiction and fantasy films. I imagine there has been much lamentation in Hollywood circles recently over the fact that some of those dispersal sales were conducted two and three decades ago. If held back until the present day, they would undoubtedly have brought many times the prices paid for them a generation ago, before movie nostalgia and collecting had become such an enormous thing.

Steven Silver's conclusion to his *Jeopardy!* adventure was amusing and informative about this syndicated series. Now, of course, we must hope that someone from fandom or prodom will find his or her way to the current ABC quiz show. I haven't watched it, but I have read about the way contestants can get help with their answers from other people and this makes me feel more alienated from the present day because

I can remember the old radio quiz shows on which contestants fell into disgrace because they had received help with the answers from just one person.

The only valid argument I can think of for abolishing the Hugos in certain nonfiction categories depends on the fact that those awards come from the World Science Fiction Society, and dramatic presentations aren't fiction. Taken to its logical extreme, that reasoning would wipe out all the fan Hugos, the nonfiction book awards, the pro artist awards, and maybe some others I can't think of at the moment. On the other hand, it would be possible to argue that movies and television shows can't be called sci-fi because fi is an abbreviation of a word that signifies reading the written word. I think we could sacrifice a lot of Hugos to be rid of sci-fi.

Wasn't there a scene in Huxley's *Brave New World* where a man fell from the sky and nobody paid attention? Or was it a dog? I forget but I was reminded of the episode when I read about the apparently unreported death of the unidentified man who fell from the BayCon hotel.

I thought the accident in which a fire truck fell onto Curt Phillips was the ultimate experience, but it seems to have fallen into second place behind the injuries suffered in Australia by James Styles in a locomotive derailment. I must remember to stay as far as possible from steam rollers.

Gene Stewart

Is that "tired" front cover a re-tread? Or is it a rent-controlled flat, perhaps? (And how did Alan get his camera in my basement window?)

Glad 4E won. Let's hope Har's available on appeal, too.

So a mundane heard there were fans at Baycon 2000 and jumped, huh?

Yeah, who'd want military folks learning about bombs? Leave it to the kids.

Can Lapine save *SFC*? Will he open Science Fiction Chixen outlets? Would any tru-fan refuse to eat there? (And where'd all the cats go?)

Add train-wrecking to the Suppressed List of Real Fanac.

Lest anyone thought Neal Stephenson's *Cryptonomicon* is too long, here comes George Rail Road Martin's 1521 pp ms. He'll win a bunch of awards just so the judges won't have to read it all. Of course, Joe Major at *Fosfax* will read it in half an hour, between Heinlein re-readings, so it all balances out.

Will Julie Schwartz's autobiography be offered to Tim Burton for translation to the

big screen? If so, will Julius get 20% agent's fee?

Thanks for acknowledging my wife's elevation to a token branch on Joe Major's family tree. We can't wait for the moonshine revenues to kick in.

What's this irreverence being bandied at the Five Pompous Idiots? Tread lightly. "...A link of dust and microbes..." is a great zine title for *Baloney* to latch onto. Of course, *Boneheaded Digressions* is damned good, too, and far more accurate a description of the average zine content.

But I like *No Award*, mostly, so to hell with me.

Joe Mayhew R.I.P. Another good one's gone, damn it. Excellent appreciation, Mike. And *Battlefield Earth* will never be any good no matter how many zombies boost it.

How come Prince Chaz can't compete with and rise above a little character smearing, especially when it's against others? I mean, okay, Clarke was accused of heinous nastiness, but it was unproven. You'd think it would be a knee-jerk reaction by now for Charles to ignore such crap.

Is envying Fanboy 1 a good thing? What an exhibit, what a stumble down memory drain. Great pix, too.

As a reject from Alex Treebark's Traveling Jeopardy Weed-Out, I am impressed by High-Yo Silver's account. I feel spared. Well, except for all the myriad details Long John pirated back for us. Whew.

Harry Warner, Jr. You can read Kirby Bartlett-Sloan's inch-by-instant account of adopting in China in my issue of *Fantasy Rotator*, but only if you can pick one up. A fork-lift would help, jeex.

I disagree about being able to produce intelligent sf for TV or movies. There is no reason a popular success can't also be superb, even in skiffyland. My ghod, look at the National Inquirer TV Show, for example, or the movie *Road Trip* — what more could any trufan want?

Joseph T. Major: Hey, bro. // My solution to writing HTML code or JAVA Scripting is to let my eldest son do it.

Allan D. Burrows: Oh, no, Trufandom's dying AGAIN? Or STILL? Ho hum. You need to sober up and take this stuff more seriously or you'll entirely miss out on the apopleptic fit we had all planned for you.

Lloyd Penney: Good letter, bravo. Encore.

Henry Welch: Hey, Knarley. But wasn't your comment on lack of comment hooks itself hooked on a sort of null-A comment hook?

Roy Pettis: Come back for more abuse any time.

Monsieur Mike Glyer: The back May-

hew cover was both funny and wistful, given the circumstances. One hopes you have more on hand for later use.

Sheryl Birkhead

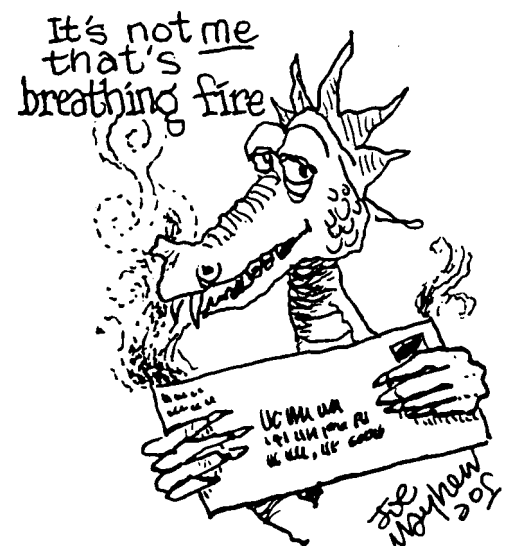
Glad to hear about the James White Award. Senior Physician? Diagnostician? So we've added the Rotsler and the White Awards — a pity they have to celebrate fandom's loss.

I wonder if *SFC* will remain as fan friendly (as opposed to *Locus*) as it has been? I haven't bought the Worldcon issue for a few years, but I've checked out the Lynches' copy to locate voting information. The last time I checked (it has been awhile) *SFC* was available from Borders Books — guess I need to ask again.

Heartiest congratulations to Sue Mason on the TAFF win. I know there are a lot of US fen interested in meeting her at Chicon. Very nice "ant-man" (ahem) on page 5.

Bill Bowers will do a fine job on the *Fanthology '95*. I continue to wish I organized things better so I could locate the fanthologies I do have and know which ones I need to hunt. Even under the best of conditions my "classic" zines are loosely tossed in the top two drawers of a file cabinet, but until I get all my stuff out of storage I can't even say that.

Thanks for running my CoA. It still feels like coming "home" to a hotel room — but it's starting to feel more "real." The farmhouse was demolished about a month ago, and houses on the farm (area to be called "Birkshire") will start in the mid-\$300's. I couldn't have afforded living there even if I had been willing to see *everything* change.



Eric Lindsay

The New Mexico fires even made the news down here, mostly because that way the press could speculate on radioactive by-products turning Smokey the Bear into a rival for Japanese monster movies.

Jean Weber's father died suddenly in June. Jean made it to the USA in time for the full military funeral at Arlington.

We figure we will set out in August in our motorhome via the gemfield to Doomadgee, and visit Craig and Julia Hilton in their splendid isolation in the middle of the Gulf country. Even with the four wheel drive, we can't get in once the rainy season starts.

George Flynn

So Lloyd Penney wants to know my "take" on the serial comma. Why me? There are loads of style manuals that discuss the issue at great length. The situation is much as it has been for the last century or so: There are two competing "rules," each with its fervent partisans. In particular, newspapers (almost universally) require omission of the comma, except where it's needed for clarity; while book publishers (mostly) recommend its inclusion. The puzzling thing is where some people (not just Marie Rengstorff) get the idea that "the rules have changed," as if there were someone with the power to change them. I suppose such people have learned one way, are shocked to encounter someone promulgating the other way, and don't understand that There Is No Universal Rule. And never has been. The "rules" have not changed, are not changing, and are not likely to change.

But I suppose Lloyd wants my recommendation. Well, at least 90% of the time it makes no difference either way for comprehension. In those cases where the comma *does* make a difference, you're less likely to

go wrong by always including it than by always omitting it, or by trying to make a judgment call in each individual case. So for what it's worth, I play it safe and always use the comma [see examples above]. But beyond this, it's a theological issue. (Hmm, I wonder how many angels can dance on the point of a serial comma...)

[[I answered George -- It being "a matter of theology" beyond a certain point, I wonder if the grammar checkers in Macs and PC's have different rules? George's reply was: "Doesn't matter. In theological terms, all "grammar checkers" are spawn of the devil..."]]

Lloyd Penney

Thank you for issue 135 of *File 770*...always a pleasure to receive it. It's better than a listserv any day, and definitely my preferred way of finding out what's happening in the fannish metropolis. It gives me time to read and digest, and a listserv is just too darned fast. RASSFand Trufen are proof enough. And now, some commentary on the contents...

Reading about the fires in New Mexico added to what I saw on television. There were a lot of heroes working hard to douse those flames, and it's good to see that some of those heroes were fans. I have wondered what fans would do in an emergency, and my estimations have now been revised upwards, not only with these reports from New Mexico, but also with some fans now working with fire departments, in hospitals and in other time-sensitive and dangerous professions.

I hope that Andrew Porter can return *SFC* to its former glories. As good as *Locus* is, it could use some competition, and if Andrew can concentrate on reporting the SF news and getting it published in a timely manner, we'll all benefit from it. There have been few issues of *SFC* over the last few years, and few of those made it up here, so I hope a new *SFC* can get better distribution.

The name John Kahane is one Ottawa fans of the past treat with some disdain, so when he opened Basilisk Dreams Books, a store meant to fill the vacuum from the closing of Rodger Turner's House of Speculative Fiction, local fandom had some doubts. I haven't seen much about Kahane's acts of review piracy in the local club's zine, but I honestly doubt that local fandom there cares much, that there's many people who would

know and care. I don't know if anyone in Ottawa receives the *File*...

If the next Corflu will be in somewhere in New England, that's a convention we might actually be able to get to...please relay any info that comes your way. I've only been to one Ditto, the very first one in Toronto, and I've never gotten to a Corflu.

I always enjoy any fanzine from Arnie Katz, but the Zine Police should be made aware of his flagrant, or fragrant, use of zine titles, one after the other in rapid succession. He's had more than his fair share, and he's greatly depleted the limited supply of zine titles. If Arnie's intent was to stir the fannish pot, he's got lots of people in a whirl, especially about the five pompous idiots on the mailing list. However, I suppose we're all a little thin-skinned...I suppose I could be the dull letterhack/tedious git Alison Scott is complaining about...I've written my share of two-page cures for insomnia. Who do YOU think it is? Send me a quick e-mail, and strictly DNQ. She is right about one thing... The Usual isn't so usual any more. I've fallen off a few mailing lists, not because I haven't responded, but because (I suspect) my response wasn't good enough.

Thanks for publishing the list of Aurora Award nominees, and I hope you received the list of winners I sent to you. We got skunked again! Lots of deserving winners this year, and one fan award might have been block-voted. However, that's past. Rob Sawyer won both major English-language Auroras, for long-form and short-form works.

Great article by Alan White on The Time Machine...good to know that there are many other fans of SF cinema who are preservationists. Forry can't do it all! Yet, there are others who see the treasures we see as pure junk, or just properties no longer useful, and so many wonderful props are but rust, dust and garbage.

Seeing my loc contains some comments on Steven Silver's quest for bucks on *Jeopardy!*, I'll make some more here. Alex Trebek is now an American citizen, but he still comes up to Toronto fairly regularly. I think he has family here, and he champions various causes here with money and endorsements. He has said that because of his Canadian roots, he does try to influence the number of Canadian answers and questions that show up on the *Jeopardy!* boards. Trebek's an intelligent guy, too, in spite of his self-deprecating humor. He exercises some creative control over the show, and has said he likes the idea of a game show for the smart, and has even tossed in a few questions and categories.

A Japanese Worldcon bid sure interests



me, and we've volunteered to agent for them should they launch it. I know a trip to Australia was expensive, and a trip to Japan is probably just as expensive. Tokyo is an expensive city, but not as expensive as it used to be, with the decline in the value of the yen. Still, it should pique the interest of the travelling fan. The next few years may be very expensive for the Worldcon fan...2005 in Glasgow, 2006 possibly in Japan, 2007 possibly in Australia? Somebody let me win the lottery! You're right in your reply to Ed Meskys about how winnable these three overseas bids are. Yet, the appeal and novelty of a Japanese bid may be enough to secure them one year. And, the NASFiCs won't go away so easily: based on the strength of a UK in 2005 bid, a group from Seattle is bidding for that year's NASFiC.

Another of Joe's doodles rounds out another good issue. We were looking forward to seeing Joe at Chicon. The convention will be smaller without him.

Francis Hamit

I've finally gotten something up on MightyWords.com. Its that short story of mine that was published in *Red Rock Review* in 1996. MightyWords is an on-line publishing service that I think has the best deal for authors and is something that you may want to cover for *File 770*. They do have a lot of science fiction and fantasy up now.

My story is called "Buying Retail" and is more of a mainstream/mystery. It's priced at the two dollar minimum fee. It requires anyone downloading it to have Adobe PDF Reader and a credit card.

The file is encrypted with a one-time key, so it can't be ripped off too easily. We do plan to do more of this. I have a pile of legacy material. Currently in the works is a collection of articles about special effects in science fiction and fantasy media. Its being edited and indexed and includes many of the articles of mine that I let you reprint in *File 770*, along with some other material.

This is an experiment right now and we're taking baby steps. There are so many things that have to be worked out, from finding a font that works well both on screen and printed out to copyright and WGA registration. Its also early days for MightyWords, but I believe that this service is going to open up a lot of new opportunities for writers everywhere.

"Buying Retail" can be found in the "Short Stories and Novellas" section of "Fiction and Literature" on MightyWords. I'll keep you informed about future publications, which will not be limited to just my own work, although we're not accepting sub-

missions or anything like that for some time to come.

People who are eager to get their work out online should simply go to the MightyWords.com site and register themselves. Once we have a little more experience we might produce a "how-to" document.

Teddy Harvia

The death of Joe Mayhew has jolted me out of my cartoon creative lethargy. I was sitting back and enjoying his (and Ian Gunn's) prodigious fillo output. The death of Ian seemed to push Joe into a drawing frenzy.

Since Joe's death I have come up with almost 50 sketches and actually sent out a dozen finished cartoons. Diana and I are in the process of buying a new house and selling our old one, but by August I should be in full production.

My cartooning can't replace the loss of Ian and Joe, but I think they'd appreciate my remembering them by carrying on.

Henry L. Welch

Thanks for *File 770*. Nice cheap shot in the LOCcol to print my anti-LOC, but then I get what I deserve.

I found the Guide Star web site to be very frustrating. I was trying to get to some of the more detailed information in the 990, but the site only has a summary. Maybe they could upload the documents themselves in PDF or something.

I'm very sorry to see the obituary for Joseph Mayhew. He was one of the nicest fanartists I've worked with in recent years. He frequently volunteered to do covers and was quick in providing them. It is a huge loss.

I don't know what to make of the Hugo and FAAN voting statistics. I'm sure there is a significant overlap in votership, but I don't know if there is much that can be drawn from the data. How about some alpha or chi tests on the data?

Back in 1992 we spent about five days at Disney World *et al* prior to Magiccon. I am firmly convinced that the visit was best enjoyed and was the most interesting to our 8-week-old at the time. He was very alert and took everything in. We've never tried a 2-year-old as Steven Silver did (BTW: congrats on the *Jeopardy!* success).

Joseph T. Majors

Forry Knocks Out Ferry: I hate to sound like a spoiler, but to most people in Los Angeles, Ray Bradbury and Harlan Ellison are

not celebrities. They are writers.

The Purloined Letters: Yes, but what is the address of this site for Basilisk Dreams? There are people besides Cheryl Morgan (I have a cousin Cheryl Morgan) who review books.

[[The site address is: <http://www.basilisk.on.ca/books/staff-review.html>]]

Clipping Service: "[An] amnesty for all NESFA political prisoners." But I presume the Shaft, having confessed its crimes, has suffered the supreme penalty.

Short Waves: But Major Major has been around since the fifties, before even Joseph Heller. He is also related to my wife, Lisa.

Lawyers Love Fandom.com: I doubt that Heinlein would have chosen either "Anson MacDonald" or even "Cordwainer Bird" as his pseudonym for Paul Verhoeven's *Starship Troopers*. "Alexei Panshin" would, I think, be ruled out. That leaves most likely "Simon York."

Graphic Examples: I figured out what to do about Baloney. Arnie said that Fandom was a family. Fine. So the loc I sent was done on my family newsletter stationery, which has a listing of my descent from Richard Major [ca. 1600-aft.1664] running down the left-hand side, and I included a copy of my Major family newsletter.

The Fanivore: Harry Warner, Jr. doubts that baby girls are being thrown out in China any longer. My cousin Kristy would disagree, as she went there twice to adopt abandoned girls, so I now have relatives named "Zoë Fu-Li" and "Ivy Huihong". So would Lisa's cousin David, who did likewise.

Me: And his Lordship did announce the verdict in the *Irving vs. Lipstadt et al.* trial. And the deniers, who had that morning been gloating over how their enemies would be getting their comeuppance, instantly began explaining how the judge had been bribed by International Zionism. However, it looks as if Prof. Lipstadt, Penguin Books, et al. have about as much chance of getting any money out of Irving as Forry has of getting money out of Ferry.

Johnny Carruthers will go on endlessly about *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, so there is one more example.

Gene "Old 815" Stewart: Checking BigSouthAmericanRiver.com reveals five (5) van Vogt books in print: *The Book of Ptath*, *The Empire of Isher* (a combined edition of *The Weapon Shops of Isher* and *The Weapon Makers*), *The Mind Cage*, *Slan*, and *The War Against the Rull*.

Lloyd Penney: And the worst part of the recruitment problem is that the people who chase "the few possible recruits away with [their] feuding, sniping, plotting and arguing" are the very ones who are the

loudest about complaining that there are no new recruits.

Ed Meskys: What concerns me is having only the choice of Dragon*World*Con and WorldCreationCon, because the conrunning fans are too burned out to mount a bid.

Ken Cheslin

The Sue Mason illo looks a lot like the "Green Man" with a bit of St. Herne the Hunter thrown in. GM often shown with oak twigs/leaves coming out of the sides of mouth – and with acorns. I've seen misericord in Lincoln Cathedral like that – though horns, I guess, are Herne's.

The WR on page 9 reminds me that I saw someone in a recent fanzine asking about, or what were, the Staple Wars. Alas, that fanish history is forgotten. Inevitable, I suppose, but sad.

I only heard about Joe Mayhew's death weeks after, via a mention in passing, as it were, of his memorial service. Dammit, I never got the chance to know the bloke, who looked/seemed to me to be a nice chap. Besides somewhat resembling me when I wore a beard!

Not interested in this *Jeopardy!* thing – some sort of TV quiz show, I guess? We get a superfluity of US programs on TV, usually violent cops things and that Springer bloke, and Awful Hemphry (or whatever). Surely all Americans aren't as – as – as – uncouth and dim as the subhumans who get on these shows. No American I've ever met has been as grotty as these. They must be especially selected by folk who want the USA to have a bad image.

[[Hey, not everyone can be President. The runners-up still need to make a living!]]

Half fandom seems to be "on the net" nowadays.

Brad Foster

Such sad news to read of Joe's passing in the latest issue. We had heard he was in the hospital, and I had expected to open this issue to find news on that, a condition update, maybe even that he was out, but I hadn't even considered the idea that he could be gone. I knew Rotsler mainly through reputation and his work, having only actually met him and exchanged a few brief words twice. Ian I never met, and had a limited exchange of letters with. But Joe I did know a bit better from longer conversations, and I guess that made this news a bit tougher to handle. Cindy enjoyed meeting him at the Worldcon in Baltimore, and we will both miss him very much. A huge loss

of a huge talent and a wonderful man.

Cheryl Morgan

The new issue arrived yesterday. Kevin cunningly neglected to tell me about it until we had arrived at BASFA and he had sat down to start reading it. I was left with lesser fare such as *Instant Message*, but quickly gave up trying to concentrate as Kevin kept reading out bits of *File 770* to me. I managed to sneak a quick look when he went to refill his soda but he snatched it back again on his return. Finally, however, some gallant gentlemen lured him into a bridge game and I was able to enjoy the 'zine at last.

Thanks for carrying the Kahane story. It isn't strictly correct to say that he apologized. He still insists that the reviews were all his own work. He simply decided to remove them to avoid any ill feeling.

I was disappointed to see you attacking Alison Scott's reviews. Whilst panning everything in sight can occasionally be entertaining, the truth of the matter is that most fanzines have some good bits, some bad bits, and a lot of dull bits. It seemed to me that Alison was trying to be mature and responsible. That may be dreadfully unfannish but actually I think it makes for more informative reviews.

[[We often agree about fannish matters — Alison's fnz reviews are an exception. Her reviews, for example, of Mimosa and Challenger did not simply report on an uneven effort. She did not review enough of the contents of either zine for that to be the case. Her brief descriptions of the contents were simply at odds with her conclusions about each zine (whether positive or negative).]]

Not being a pompous idiot I wasn't send a

copy of *Baloney*, but I like to think I would not have been taken in by the joke. The thought of Arnie actually having friends to send the zine to is rather too far fetched. Also I suspect that the word "five" is a secret code word for "everyone we know in fandom," that being the point at which Arnie and Tom ran out of fingers to count them.

We Also Heard From

Joy V. Smith: Great cover by Alan White. What is the medium?

[[It was created using computer graphics. Maybe Alan will give us more details about the process?]]

I enjoyed your reviews of the new fanzine, *Baloney*, and Kittywompus Tracks Fanzines, Alison Scott's fanzine review diary (praising with faint damns). Also Alan White's Time Machine article, with photos. And I loved Steven Silver's "A Fan in Jeopardy! Part II!" I'm sorry I missed the show! And I always enjoy the LOCs.

Evelyn Leeper: In *File 770:135*, you refer to Elian Gonzalez as "an international orphan." He is *not* an orphan — his father is alive and well and wants to raise him.

[[Quite right. That was the whole point, after all!]]

(Maybe I'm extra-sensitive to this terminology because of having read several columnists who point out that if his father had taken him on the raft and died and his mother had wanted him back, Elian would have been back in Cuba so fast no one would have had time to stage these ridiculous shenanigans.)

Andrew Porter: Just a note to say that when I "sold" SFC back in May, I'd lost 21 pounds. Happy to say the loss is now up to about 28 pounds, with the goal of 40 pounds — and keeping it off the rest of my life — a little nearer.

I've discovered some bones I didn't know I had, and haven't had the problem of my pants slipping down for *months*.

Also, my beard's getting whiter and whiter — so maybe I could shave it off as a program item at Chicon. I first started growing it two weeks before MidAmeriCon, in '76...

Rich Gutkes: Please allow me to express my condolences to Mr. DeCamp for the loss of his wife, Catherine. My first Worldcon was Atlanta's and I attended the neo's gathering for first-timers. Rusty Hevelin and Gay Haldeman were talking about burnout and hygiene when in walked the DeCamps.



Catherine sat next to me. She was gracious and regal and he was courtly. She was very welcoming and I instantly became tongue-tied. Here was someone who went out of their way to express and practice the idea that fandom was open and accepting to all. Her memory is very vivid to me. I mourn her passing.

Elizabeth Osborne: Francis Hamit gave good answers to my questions about his report. In truth, he was there, and not I, so he has the better claim to what went on, but I am still glad to add to the discussion.

Ronald Tansky: Re: Jerry Pournelle's ruminations on Pluto/Goofy. Back in the 50s, Pluto eloquently asked the same question in the pages of *Mad Magazine*.

[[Ronald color-xeroxed several frames from Mad, including "Pluted Pup's" sign-board plea, "Can I help it if of all the animals here I have been chosen to remain mute? Why me, I ask you? Am I not an animal like the rest of you..."]]

J.R. Madden: I have done a little work on my website, <http://www.geocities.com/jrmaddog>. You might glance at it sometime when you have the time.

Steven Silver: So far, I'm enjoying *File 770:135*. I especially like the LoC which accuses me of giving away my Jeopardy loss. I also like your picture with Buzz and your analysis of Hugo/FAAN voting.

Tom Feller: About 10 years ago, Circle Ouroboros, a small con in Meridian, MS, was marred by the drowning of a fan in the hotel swimming pool. If I remember correctly, he may have been drinking and fell into the pool.

I voted No Preference for DUFF. I had heard of neither candidate, and neither of them asked for my vote.

Jacqueline Passey: I like your "Is Your Club Dead Yet?" article. Some of it jives with my own theories. I think being tormented as a young person (and the resulting lasting psychological trauma) might be necessary to develop a "fannish" personality. Now that SF is mainstream kids don't get tormented so much anymore. All the young fans I do know (myself included, I'm 22) who get into fandom were all tormented in school, and the young people I meet who like SF but aren't into fandom, weren't. Go figure.



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