



FILE 770:70 is writ and Mike Glycer's typing finger moves on at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. You can become a fixture on the File 770 mailing list in return for the skinny, or the medium cool, or the big scoop. Mainly you can get five issues for \$5.00 (US) mailed first class in North America, or printed matter rate overseas. Air printed matter delivery is available for \$1.25 per copy. You can phone the editor at (818) 787-5061

HOW TO USE THIS ISSUE

This issue contains a 1987 WorldCon Report, and selected letters to the editor. The WorldCon Business Meeting will be covered next issue. In File 770:71 you'll also find Chairman Bruce Farr's NASFiC memoir, and David Axler's coverage of the party side in Phoenix. By the way, San Diego was officially selected the site of the 1990 NASFiC. In next issue your seer also predicts the appearance of letters by Ted White, Joseph Nicholas, John Foyster, Yvonne Rousseau and others. (How does he do it -- how does he do it!)

++ page 2 illustration by Steve Fox ++

FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION AT 200: Official Collator Seth Goldberg posted FAPA's 200th mailing in August, marking 50 years of continuous operation of fandom's oldest apa. Seth sent the mailing to 65 members and 8 others. "The charter members still alive and for whom we had addresses include Jack Speer and Sam Moskowitz, who are still members; and John Baltadonis, Dave Kyle, Robert Lovndes, Robert Madle, Frederik Pohl, Julius Schwartz, James Taurasi, and Don Wollheim." The mailing's pagecount hit 708, more than twice the size of typical mailings. Charter FAPAns who have passed away include J. Michael Rosenblum, John B. Michel, Vodoso, Edward J. (Ted) Carnell, Richard Wilson, Dan McPhail, and Olon F. Wiggins. Information about FAPA may be obtained from Seth Goldberg, PO Box 7309, Menlo Park CA 94026.

"Mary Richards: Where is she now?" The editors of Rune have set your task: report on the activities and whereabouts of Mary Richards, a former Associate Producer of WJM-TV, since the station was sold and the news department replaced in 1979. Rules -- maximum length 250 words typed or printed on a separate piece of paper. Entries must be received by October 31. Late entries will be relegated to the "Phyllis: Where is she now?" contest. The best entries will be printed in Rune -- but there will be no prizes! Send your entry to: Minn-Stf (RUNE) PO Box 8297 Lake Street Station, Minneapolis MN 55408.

Direct from the Bluebell Victorian Railway, the Rick Foss tour bus entered Brighton on Wednesday afternoon and followed the Royal Auto Club's white-on-blue guideposts to "World SF Comm [sic] '87." Cruising under a cloudy sky on our way to the Metropole Hotel we passed weatherbeaten white pleasure piers, suspended on a sea of ochre and blue, the color of used paintbrush cleaner.

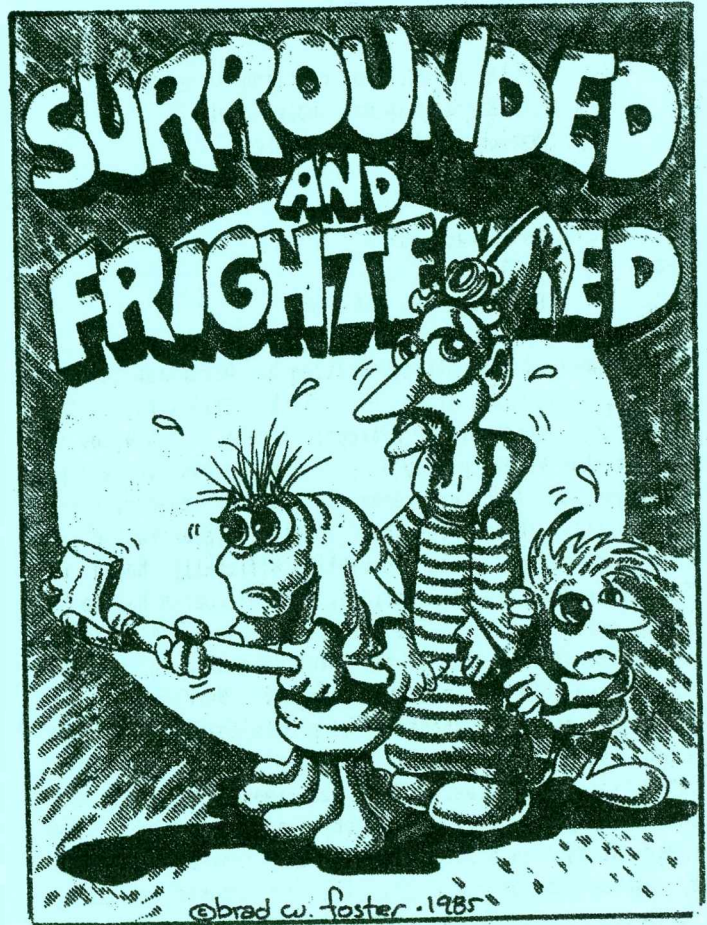
When we left the bus, the aristocratic woman who'd guided us through the English countryside, sometimes by design, announced "This tour will be part of my book, if I live to write about it!"

Clouds of Hostile Witness: Many of the 5300 con attendees leaving Brighton five days later would have liked to hear those words coming from the General Manager of the Metropole Hotel. By Monday, Conspiracy '87, the 1987 WorldCon, had been engraved on fanhistory's list of conventions mugged by unethical hotel managers. True, fans lodged at many hotels around the Brighton Conference Centre, however, the Metropole not only had the largest share of room bookings, it also housed the Dealer's Room, a major and minor track of programming and the Fan Lounge.

On check-in at the Metropole, fans received a memo from the management announcing a cash-only policy for hotel bars and restaurants. The memo also announced the closure of the hotel swimming pool for the duration of the con, and set hours for the Metropole's several eating places that were never honored. Management set the tenor of the con/hotel relationship by publishing "We feel we must point out that the television remote controls are not compatible with domestic television sets and, therefore, request that these are not removed from bedrooms, but left for future guests."

In his last public appearance as WorldCon Chairman Malcolm Edwards called the Gripe Session to order on Monday afternoon with the bitter declaration, "The Metropole Hotel is seriously in breach of contract in several respects." Construction work along a main hallway proceeded during the con. Rooms had been double-booked. The hotel denied receiving certain reservations. The hotel ousted one fan from a room -- and in the process threw his luggage away. The Metropole refused to allow fans to sign meals and drinks to their rooms, as one can do in any hotel in the world -- including the Metropole the rest of the year. The hotel even discontinued the breakfast buffet and substituted a platter serving of fried egg, bacon and sausage; but thanks to the committee's resistance the buffet was restored one day later.

Edwards asked members with complaints about the Metropole to write letters to the management of the Metropole Group, and copy those letters to the Conspiracy committee. What he did not say publicly was that the committee anticipates legal action against the hotel, and wants the letters to buttress its case. The relevant addresses are:



A FOILED
CONSPIRACY

MIKE GLYER

Mr. M. K. Bolland, Managing Director
c/o Birmingham Metropole Hotel
National Exhibition Centre
Birmingham UK

Conspiracy '87
PO Box 43
Cambridge CB1 3JJ UK

(Dave Langford has already written his broadside to Mr. Bolland, one paragraph of which criticizes, "the disgraceful state of the Metropole itself. I presume it is not the normal policy of your hotel group to accept bookings of function rooms for major events, and subsequently arrange for their complete redecoration in the same period? The Convention officially began on Thursday before the bank holiday, and of course had to be set up prior to this. The building workers whose efforts made essential parts of the hotel a shambles claimed they'd been told to finish by Saturday. Needless to say, they could not, with thousands of people moving to and fro along the half-decorated corridors leading to the exhibition facilities. The clear impression given was that Metropole hotels are shabby and amateurish. The redecoration fiasco also caused further indirect problems by making some of the logical fire exit routes unusable, resulting in needless trouble with the Fire Brigade. Although this was also the ostensible reason for the Sunday night closing of the Metropole's front doors against its own residents, it would appear that this particular act was another managerial whim. (His reported words of justification: 'We don't like the way you people dress.')

Though there have been conventions where fans and the con committee forged an alliance against a hostile hotel management, this wasn't one of them. Too many fans arrived at the con in an unforgiving mood, with grievances about undelivered Progress Reports, the resulting disenfranchisement of overseas Site Selection voters, and four-to-six month delays in the processing of their room reservations. (As a person trying to book a single room, my request was not filled for seven months -- on July 27, 1987, only 30 days before the start of the con!) At the Gripe Session Colin Fine virtually admitted months of the delay resulted from letting hotel booking forms sit around his home unprocessed. Rob Jackson was much less deserving of the cruel trick fate had played on him: determined to get Progress Report 4 and the Site Selection ballots to North America in time, Jackson abandoned the British post office and persuaded Forbidden Planet Bookstore to use its connections for air freighting the PR to New York. But Forbidden Planet butchered the job, lingered over the task for crucial weeks, with the same fatal delay as if Jackson hadn't bothered. (Just one problem with Jackson's

official explanation distributed in the registration packets was its cowardly failure to name Forbidden Planet as the responsible party.) The Gripe Session also touched most other aspects of the convention, despite being only an hour in length, and these other comments are discussed with the Masquerade, Hugos Ceremony, Parties, and Program.

The committee forfeited any residual sympathy for their hotel problems by their highly visible planning gaffes. A committee of experienced fans should have anticipated the resentment inspired by their elitist seating policies at the Masquerade and Hugos. Since they insisted on reserving the prime seats at the Masquerade for paying participants in the Masked Ball they should have noticed and solved the bad sightlines for those seats. The most revisited and annoying mistake of all was the pervasive advertising for L. Ron Hubbard in publications and during the Masquerade and Hugos. (A fan in contact with Bridge Publications claims that the committee actively solicited Hubbard advertising. Judging from the committee's statements about their finances that appears to have been the case.) Two brilliant exceptions to the prevailing ineptitude were the well-organized Fan Lounge, and the unique after-Hugos fireworks show on the beach.

Official Updated Inaccurate Membership Figures: Monday's edition of PLDT, the daily newzine, took that for the title of its report of Conspiracy '87 attendance figures:

	<u>ATTENDING</u>	<u>DAILY</u>	<u>SUPPORTING</u>
Pre-Registered	4391	303	562
At Con (1)	280	1000	--
	----	----	----
<u>Subtotals</u>	<u>4671</u>	<u>1303</u>	<u>562</u>
No-Shows(1)	700		

Total persons attending = 5667

(3 dailies = 1 attending)

Total members passing through registration = 5300

Largest number present one one day = 4700

First Encounters: On Wednesday night before the con officially began, Americans jammed through the front door of the Metropole searching for convention action. At the same time a crowd of dealers were unloading their vans in back of the hotel, and the lobby echoed with the call for "help to unload a van for Exhibition Hall 6."

One of the fans in the lobby was Boston's Tony Lewis, who had on a souvenir tie with the Isle of Man's three-legged emblem, and bragged on his Manx passport stamp. While in England Tony's family got accustomed to gang bathrooms to the extent that when they checked into the Metropole young Alice Lewis demanded, "Why do we have a bathroom in our room?" and "How do the other people get in?" Ted White joined the conversation, and I pointed out that Tony was

working on becoming a Manxman. Suford Lewis glanced down and said, "He's already got no tail!"

In the bar, Milwaukeeans Glen Boettcher, Nancy Mildebrandt and Mike Vande Bunt talked about the Scottish wedding they'd photographed. Where the Fraser men were seated in their kilts, Glen had dropped his lens cap. He picked it up, and accidentally discovered the answer to what Scotsmen wear under their kilts. Or as he told Nancy, "Look, they're not circumcised!"

Opening Ceremonies: Never let it be said that Conspiracy chairman Malcolm Edwards suffered any confusion about his priorities. When I passed him going through the Metropole lobby on my way to Opening Ceremonies, Edwards was headed in the opposite direction to the SFWA suite with Anne McCaffrey, Sam Lundwall, and others. In fact, no one from the committee appeared on stage at the Opening Ceremonies.

As the audience filed into the Brighton Conference Center's main hall, technicians were pumping the hall full of chemical smoke. It gushed from the floor in gray plumes, obscuring the red-lighted stage. It was a color combination that would have been at home in any Hammer production of Edgar Allan Poe. J. R. Madden waved at the thick atmosphere and said, "We're overbooked for the Masquerade, so we're cutting down the attendance by gassing them."

As the lights dimmed, the announcer declared, "Don't take flash photographs during the laser show." J.R. laughed, "Yeah, it won't work!" Green laser light played over the heads of the audience, sparkling in the chemical fog. A sound track played the thunder and rainfall of an electrical storm. After generating some random patterns, the laser projected "Conspiracy '87" in midair. It was an impressive show...if you had never seen a rock concert, or Rick Albertson's laser display before the 1986 Hugo Awards. (Interestingly, Albertson was horrified that the lased light had been played the audience when he heard of it, and Chuq Von Rospach, who was there, wrote, "Who in their right mind would aim coherent light INTO someone's eyes? I don't care if it is 'safe', I don't care what safeguards were taken, this is STUPID.")

MC Brian Aldiss introduced the Deputy Mayor of Brighton. The efforts of scattered photographers in the darkened room were like intermittent flashes of distant artillery. Those of us in the trenches could merely listen to her "See Brighton" pitch, including the attempted humor of her explanation about our Conspiracy to the city police. When she went offstage, Brian Aldiss drily said, "We particularly thank her for notifying our arrival to the police."

Aldiss introduced the convention's guests of honor: Artist

Jim Burns, Filmmaker Ray Harryhausen, Special Guest Dave Langford, Author Doris Lessing, Fan Guests Joyce and Ken Slater, and Soviet writers Boris and Arkady Strugatsky. Afterwards, Aldiss herded the guests offstage to allow a second session of Laser Creations. As a Tangerine Dream style of tune played loudly, patterns of laser light sleeted through the audience, bounced off a mirror ball spinning on the ceiling. Before he released his listeners to the bar, Aldiss acknowledged one other convention honoree, Alfred Bester, was unable to attend due to medical problems.

Programs: For all the Britfans' who wanted to put on a uniquely British WorldCon, and the Americans who went looking for one, a lot of recycled American WorldCon programs were on the agenda.

Even avowedly British subjects had a strange mix of panelists. "British Made (or What Is British SF?)" was the first program, and its moderator, Norman Spinrad, quizzically pointed out that the panel consisted of a Canadian critic, Jon Clute, a British editor with five years' experience in New York, Toby Roxburgh, and an American writer, himself.

After technicians stopped the sound system from emitting siren howls and great wonks of feedback, the panel settled into a very thorough discussion of historic differences between the science fiction written on each side of the Atlantic. Spinrad has an admirable knowledge of science fiction as literature and as a commercial enterprise. Spinrad, who lived for awhile in Britain and wrote for New Worlds magazine, thought a schism developed the 1970s between American commercial, action-adventure SF, and Britain's SF, which is imported by American publishers less often than it once was. He blamed the decline in cross-publication on an array of aesthetic, political, and economic considerations. Toby Roxburgh remembered two years ago at a supper club he went on record attacking British SF for sharing what he felt was a national malaise of depression, mixed with feelings of inferiority, and complained there were no new ideas in the writing. He would take those words back now, for he knows what was then in the publishers' pipelines, and says in Britain there is "as exciting SF and fantasy now being written as anything we've seen before." Roxburgh named a generation of writers growing up in Britain who are not known in the States, Jon Clute said the language of SF, how the spaceships and planets work, is an American language, and if the British have gone off in a different direction it's because for a British SF writer to write a mimetic novel is like surrender.

Conspiracy's "generic" programs, could be rationalized as new to a European audience however commonplace they seemed to veteran WorldCon attendees. There was "So You Want To Be

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A Collaborator", "The Comix Business", "Need There Be War?", a cyberpunk panel disguised as "Here Comes the New Wave...Again!", and the deathless "Fan Sex, Fact or Fiction?" "Making Aliens" is something Larry Niven has discussed at least as often as Babe Ruth hit home runs -- luckily each man enjoys (or enjoyed) his work and attracts a spellbound audience. Brighton was also a new venue for "The Case For Optimism (or Why We Just Might Be Living in a Renaissance)", more concisely, the David Brin show. In the daily newzine Stuart Clark said, "Displaying that touch of Californian arrogance which he says the rest of the world should be glad the Americans have, Brin proved himself thought-provoking and an extremely good speechmaker."

In spite of the "conference centre" appellation, Conspiracy's facilities were strained by the heavy attendance (the biggest turnout for an overseas WorldCon to date.) Brighton Centre's concert hall was employed for the Opening Ceremonies, a Hawkwind concert (the city of Brighton's contribution to the weekend), the Masquerade and the Hugos. Also in the Centre was Hewison Hall, with theater seating for perhaps 600, locale for the first track of programming. Two other main tracks of programming (including the archly-titled "Third Programme") were in function rooms at the Metropole. In retrospect, fans were surprised to find Conspiracy offering fewer tracks of programming than AussieCon II.

The strongest and most original elements of the Brighton WorldCon program included those which spotlighted the guests of honor: interviews with the Strugatskys, and Doris Lessing, the Ray Harryhausen film show and interview, and Dave Langford's improvisations. Another consistently successful type of program brought together British and US writers and editors, to exchange their favorite stories under a variety of titles. At least 50% of what the audience heard was something very stimulating and new to them, and the other 50% were popular old chesnuts. Equally commendable was the "Great Figures of SF" program track devoted to talents like Olaf Stapledon and Philip K. Dick who are receiving new critical attention. Special programming included an "SF Mastermind" trivia contest based on a BBC game show, and a benefit auction for Barrington Bayley,

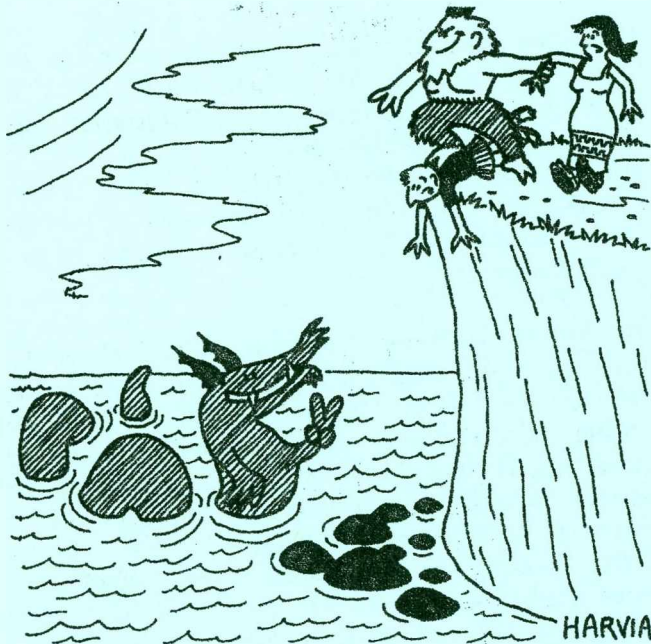
GoHs Arkady and Boris Strugatsky caught the fancy of the British fans, who regard conventions as the occasion for heavy drinking. When the waitress asked what they wanted to drink with their full English breakfast, Arkady said "Gin and tonic!" From that moment, Scottish fan Graham Stillie dubbed them "the Blues Brothers." With so many guests, the brothers turn to give a guest of honor speech didn't come until the last afternoon of the convention. Regrettably, when they did speak there were only 200 people in Hewison Hall.

Assisted by the translating services of Polish fan Wiktor Bukato, Arkady began, "In our opinion a writer's task is not to speak but to write. The more he speaks the less he writes." Thus, he explained, "Arkady Strugatsky only appears once or twice a year, and Boris Strugatsky has not appeared before his readers since 1970." Commenting on all the media attention to their presence, he said reporters often asked "Standard Question Number One: 'How do you write together?' However, I have not heard Standard Question Number Two. Nobody asked us if we believed in UFOs, the Bermuda Triangle, or the Abominable Snowman." Arkady spoke for both of them, and focused on differences between Eastern and Western SF. One difference was the quantity. In the West there are a hundred well-known SF writers. In the USSR they can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. But the new generation of USSR science fiction writers are going in a direction where they might someday equal the West's numbers.

While emphasizing that the best Soviet, American and British writers have a common dream, he also said Sturgeon's law applied to both groups. He named "Western types of rubbish: the cult of brute force, the influence of toughness, the propaganda of brainless supermanship." Examples of "Soviet rubbish" included, "heartbreaking pink romanticism, and extreme hypocrisy." He cautioned, "We should find common principles in good literature rather than differences in bad literature."

Arkady made a short speech, and left the rest of the time for questions out of the audience. There were too many verbose political questions out of bad late-night talk shows. The Americans seemed to think they were attending Spacebridge, not WorldCon, with drivel about "Have you heard the saying that the US and USSR people are decent and want peace, but the governments want war. Whether the saying is true or not, does this reflect that citizens of both countries have lost control of their governments?" Arkady tried to give it a serious answer: "Take the example of Vietnam. A complex system of conditions caused the Vietnam war to continue. Afghanistan is a tragedy of the USSR, Afghan and Pakistani peoples. Did the people who elected Reagan want war? Did the people who elected Stalin want war, and the people who elected Gorbachev want peace? No."

Brian Aldiss turned the questioning back to the guests' area of expertise, asking for any tips the two had for young and striving writers. Arkady laughed, "We are not politicians -- we are also not theoreticians!" Boris interrupted in English, "Speak only for yourself..." Indeed, laconic Boris Strugatsky jumped in to answer in English another question, "Do writers of fantastic literature have any requirement to be relevant?" Boris replied: "Of course! Any popular literature or science fiction literature cannot exist unless it has a connection



Give me two on the rocks.

with the present day." Unbelievably, the entire hour passed without a single question about their own fiction, what their lives are like, or about the struggles of a Soviet writer.

One of Special Fan Guest Dave Langford's programs was "The Ansible Review of the Year". After explaining that his fanzine took its name from the faster-than-light communications device in the fiction of Ursula LeGuin, Langford set the mood by recalling that his first feedback on the zine came from Christopher Priest who congratulated him for having the first fanzine whose name was an anagram of "lesbian". Langford's review of the year's fannish news involved "the bits that could not be printed." Langford jibed that the real reason for Last Dangerous Visions delay is waiting for the final rewrite of L. Ron Hubbard's story. Dave also reported a complaint by Joanna Russ that the Conspiracy '87 Program is sexist because it includes Masked Balls. Likewise, "After five days of alleged brief sightings, there is still no hard evidence that Malcolm Edwards exists."

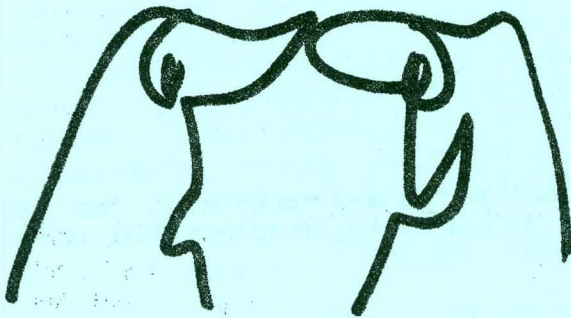
British and American letters found they had a lot of rough times in common as they taught a full house of fans at the Third Programme "How To Make Sure We Reject Your First Story." As Dave Hartwell explained the panel to its tardy moderator, Toby Roxburgh: "We are giving moral allegories about what people have done wrong and why their stories were not published." Don Wollheim warned to be very circumspect in criticizing and rejecting submissions. David Pringle, of the semiprozine Interzone said he receives 30-40 manuscripts per week, and having the help of only four part-time readers the magazine was

regrettably slow in reporting. Discussing how manuscripts are prepared, Pringle said despite opinions about the American educational system, "there is a tremendous variation in the quality between British and American submissions. Americans do it beautifully -- apparently they are taught how to do it in school." Someone disagreed, "No -- at conventions!"

Jim Frenkel repeated a story he heard at Brighton about the would-be writer who thought "double-spaced" meant to leave two spaces between each letter. "That is not what we mean," said Frenkel, who described the proper specifications of a manuscript. Agreeing with Frenkel's warning to put your name and address on the manuscript, Dave Hartwell illustrated the point with the story of David Smith, whom he said is now treasurer of SFWA. David sent in a manuscript to Ace Books. Susan Allison liked it, and wanted to offer him a contract -- but he had left his address off the manuscript, and the envelope was trashed in the mailroom. It took her two years, closing editors' panels at cons by asking if anyone knew David Smith, to finally discover David Smith, a Boston attorney, and buy his book. After Toby Roxburgh made the amazing, but fully corroborated, claim "I have read literally a million words a week for 27 years," Hartwell emphasized, "An editor's first and foremost job is to reject." Editors must clear away the submissions "as fast and fairly as possible, so that we can concentrate our quality time on the manuscripts we do intend to publish."

Philip K. Dick was One of the "Great Figures in SF" focused on by Conspiracy. Kim Stanley Robinson delivered a thoroughly compelling and erudite rap about a man whose posthumous fame grows as more previously unpublished manuscripts reach print. Robinson brought to life the two principal characters of one such novel, Valis: Horseslover Fat, and Dick himself, one in the same. Dick's vision grew out of an incident in March 1974 which Robinson hypothesized was a stroke, that Dick, instead of seeking medical treatment, took as some kind of special communication that needed to be explored in fiction. He explained Philip K. Dick's career as a science fictional impulse resisted by a realist impulse, and cemented his interpretation with anecdotes out of Dick's past. At the same time he issued a warning against critics who hide in the detail of explication "but do not touch the meaning of our real lives."

Star Gazing: When British tv producer Gerry Anderson was interviewed in Hewison Hall, he was very provocative. "As those from the States know, in America they have a film industry. Here the industry seems to be resented, and I make films anyway." By Saturday the tech crew had not only tamed the feedback, they had arranged to take questions from the audience through a radio mike carried on a short boom by ushers -- a brilliant idea which should be adopted



**TWO MINDS WITH
BUT A SINGLE
THOUGHT**

in America. Someone asked why Anderson was making commercials. Aimed at keeping his underemployed staff going, he made a pilot film called "Dick Spanner", which actually led to two Labatt's Brewery commercials featuring the analogous "Lou Tenement". Now he's doing other commercials. Not that he doesn't have capable directors on his payroll, Anderson has to direct the commercials himself because his name brings in the work. He said commercials are satisfying work for two reasons: they are much more expensive per screen minute than television, so he can do a lot of things, and since the commercials air within eight weeks he gets immediate feedback.

Pop videos were mentioned. "Funny you should ask about that," said Anderson. The producer of Dire Straits' last video wanted to do something with the Thunderbirds puppet characters, but the fees were too much. Go West also inquired about using the characters, but never followed through. Now Paul McCartney is interested. "Inevitably there's going to be a Thunderbird pop video, but so far it hasn't happened."

"The Horror, The Horror, The Horror." The three-part name lost some of its meaning in the absence of James Herbert. The audience still got its full ration of chills. Ramsey Campbell and Clive Barker interviewed themselves. Campbell asked himself what stories influenced his writing, and pointed to "Hans Christian Anderson -- not only would he witch be put in the oven by Hansel and Gretel, but the Little Mermaid, who hadn't harmed anyone, walked away on razor blades at the end: real Nordic cruelty." Clive Barker enthused: "Don't recall that...must get back to it soon." Barker said, "A lot of devouring goes on in fairy tales," and claimed the witch fattening up Hansel for consumption "is a very early sexual memory -- doctor." In his stories, said Barker, he tries to call the bluff of the sexual subtext of old fairy tales, make it explicit, and resonate against the reader's buried memories of such stories.

"I trace my first pivotal devouring experience back to Hansel and Gretel," joked Barker. A member of the audience asked about "the long pig", a slang term Barker didn't recognize. Ramsey Campbell added, "The long pig -- human flesh. Tastes like pork." An interested Barker replied, "Does it?"

Clive Barker later said of the research value of attending an autopsy, "Oh, yeah: I definitely come away with stuff I could use..."

"Rockets and Rayguns (What Has The Space Race Achieved?)" definitely had Charles Sheffield, David Brin and Robert Forward. Halfway through the panel I came in hoping for a good seat at Bob Shaw's talk in the next hour. Instead, every seat in Hewison Hall was filled and still more fans lined the walls. I settled down on the floor where I could hear but not see the panel and just listened. So I was surprised by Fred Clarke's remark that night at the Hugos that his brother, Arthur, unable to come to the con due to medical problems, had participated in this panel by remote telephone hookup.

To the question of whether there should be manned or unmanned exploration of space, Robert Forward said, "Robot people are more trustworthy than meat people," but it would be decades before artificial intelligence could perform comparably to man. Also, "space growth is not only to collect scientific information but to go out and get hold

of resources." Charles Sheffield knew politics would dictate the answer as much as technology. "Programs without people are less risky than programs with people. Bureaucrats hate risk -- and there is a strong pressure away from putting people in space." To Sheffield it's more interesting when people are involved. David Brin denied there were two opposed choices: manned and unmanned, "go hand in hand -- it's a false dichotomy."

Charles Sheffield complained about the West's lack of policy commitment to space exploration, contrasted with the USSR's long-term commitment. Brin agreed, and said "We're the hare in the tortoise and the hare, who can go ahead any time." David claimed, "You don't Pearl Harbor America," meaning, the Soviet's 1958 and 1961 space achievements served as a "wake-up call" for America. Now the Russians take slow steps. "First, because it's the more mature way, building infrastructure step by step. Second, it's done that way so as not to alarm Americans, who'll say 'No problem: it's only incremental.'" Robert Forward observed one of the problems is that only governments can afford the necessities for space exploration -- private companies have trouble raising enough capital. He said laser launching is now being seriously studied, ~~and he himself is working on antimatter propulsion.~~ New technology might cut costs "So a mere billionaire can do it."

My prayer of finding a seat for "The Serious Scientific Talk" by Bob Shaw went unanswered. If Hewison Hall could seat 600 people, there were 900 people in the room when he started. In fact, I yielded some of my space on the wall to Mike Glicksohn.

James White introduced Shaw. Both men rattled their notes significantly. Shaw called for a water carafe. "Water?" chuckled someone. "For Shaw to walk on," answered Glicksohn. White read an introductory speech with a magnifying glass. He said "Bob Shaw is so well known that anything new I could add would fall in that gray area between the laws of libel and the Official Secrets Act."

Bob Shaw described the comic difficulties he and his pal, Erich Von Daniken, had being professional educators in Britain. Studying for certification, Von Daniken quizzed Bob, "What is Fahrenheit 451?" Shaw asked, "Could it be the temperature Ray Bradbury reached when he saw the television version of The Martian Chronicles?" They agreed life would be much simpler if all the learning added by Euclid, Shakespeare and Columbus could have been eliminated. So instead of studying further, they cooked up a time machine to go back and stop those scientific, literary and geographic discoveries. Von Daniken pointed out that when lightning strikes a man, science says the person is killed. Science Fiction shows he's transported back in time. "But don't worry -- the record shows nobody

has ever been transported back to a period in time in which they did not have a university degree about its culture." Of course Bob and his pal botched each attempt in such a way they actually assured all the discoveries they set out to prevent. The audience roared with laughter.

Heroically sloughing off his post-Hugo-winners hangover, Robert Silverberg appeared Monday morning with John M. Ford, Mike Dickinson and Gene Wolfe to argue "SF is History's Dustbin." "We generate our tales of the future out of our knowledge of the past because that's all we have," he began. He complimented Wolfe's tetralogy of the New Sun as "making use of a great number of references jumbled together in a picturesque way to show cultural continuity over millions of years, and the resurgence of archetypes. Wolfe transmits the past into the future, and much of the power of that strange book comes from that." Silverberg later said there was a science fictional way of thinking, "an underlying analytical way of approaching our stories." The SF approach "to various religious and ethical systems is -- how does it work? How does the plumbing work? The answers don't necessarily get into the story, but it has to get into the writer's mind. For this, knowledge of the past is invaluable." But Silverberg was genuinely put away when Wolfe turned the subject to Glastonbury Tor, and the Arthurian cycle. Wolfe explicated "Excalibur" as "the sword from the stone", then thought aloud, "A Christian king in southern Wales could get himself a lot of good press if he learned how to extract iron from meteors." Silverberg's jaw dropped in marvel at a new, to him, interpretation.

Fan Lounge: One delight of the convention was Walt Willis' presence. Rumors kept coming my way, from other LA fans, and even a stranger from Norway I met in the elevator: "Walt Willis is looking for you." Then one afternoon I turned around and there he was in a Hawaiian shirt. We talked, and he handed me a green flyer announcing Hyphen 37, Real Soon Now. A quiver of anticipation went through the entire fanzine fan community. Another zine-trading partner of long standing met at Brighton: Waldemar Kunning, publisher of the German genzine Munich Roundup, handed me MRU #156 as he made his greeting.

The Fan Lounge was in a large, high ceilinged room decorated with plaster moulding reminiscent of fair buildings from the Columbian Exhibition of 1890. In the room were several islands of facing couches. Elsewhere round tables were circled with chairs. One end of the Lounge was spanned by a cash bar, and the other end was spanned by fanzine sales tables.

In cliched medieval fantasy you read about trestles groaning under vast quantities of food -- and somehow that was the phrase that popped into my mind when I saw so many tables loaded with fanzines. Along another wall were

tables full of free fanzines -- including early '50s issues of Operation Fantast, a long-ago newzine published by Fan Guests of Honour Joyce and Ken Slater. What a find! The Summer 1951 issue published Ed Wood's survey of prozines, part of which read: "The name of Donald A. Wollheim conjures up nice things like POCKET BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION, PORTABLE NOVELS OF SCIENCE and not nice things like OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES which lasted two issues. Wollheim used to hound Hugo Gernsback for the deficiencies of the old WONDER STORIES. Let us be more charitable and allow the demise of OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES a respectful and grateful silence."

Among the fanzines for sale were four souvenir booklets issued by Conspiracy '87. Platen Stories was a 35,000 word collection of Dave Langford's best fanwriting, wrapped in a Jim Barker cover. The Story So Far was Rob Hansen's excellently written, concise, history of British fandom 1931-1987. Now Read On offered a 68-page collection of "recent British fanwriting", almost as notable for the astounding spectacle of D. West engaged in sordid efforts to redefine two Hugo categories, as for the articles by Kev Smith and Bob Shaw. The fourth tome, Fanfoodery, described the dietary habits of fans in the medium of a recipe book. Actually, the items sound appetizing, but the nutritional balance would give Betty Crocker cardiac arrest -- and might do the same for you!

In the comfort of the Fan Lounge hundreds of people met and had memorable conversations. I doubt that my Saturday afternoon conversation with Nick Trant, Ian and Janice Maule, Martyn Taylor, Neil Weiss, Janice Gelb and Marty Cantor was even faintly typical of the others. Trant and Marty Cantor were having a very serious discussion about breakfast architecture -- that is, how to get the most "full English breakfast" on a plate. One suggested you make a log cabin of the sausages. The other said, no, wait til the fried eggs were cold enough so they wouldn't slide. Trant furrowed his brow and said scientifically, "You have to decide which food is the most stable."

Janice Gelb animatedly told how she had discovered at the beach "The Miami Dolphins Fish and Chips Shop." I didn't want to imagine David Brin's reaction if he ever heard about that.

Mixed Media: In my British Eastercon report brief mention was made of the Folly, a VCR and color monitor done up as a robot space probe to induce unsuspecting fans to press its red button and receive a five-minute ad (quite imaginative and funny, actually) for an Eastercon bid. Well, the Folly was back in operation at Conspiracy, this time loaded with a tape of old sci-fi tv show openings -- Star Trek, Time Tunnel, Lost in Space, a whole string of Gerry Anderson shows, and the opening titles (with theme music) for each of the various Doctor Whos.

The opening to Captain Scarlett, one of many Gerry Anderson series with marionettes for actors, obviously inspired a clever entry in the daily newzine: "Greg Pickersgill is indestructible. You are not. Remember this, and do not try to criticize the newsletter, if you want to live. This has been a public service announcement."

The Repro Room, just off the Fan Lounge, was the headquarters of the daily newzine, Plot. Despite a plentiful supply of equipment its operators were just about completely uncooperative with anyone who politely asked permission to make copies. For example, Robert Sacks tried to get their cooperation for the 12th annual collation of the WorldCon Organization of Fanzines (WOOF) -- the annual apa started by Bruce Pelz in 1976. The repro room authorities maintained they had never promised repro services for attendees -- if that was the most salient point. Some sloughed WOOF off as being no WorldCon tradition. Sacks eventually gave up and arranged to have everything assembled the following week at NASFiC. The first fan who managed to crash the sacred precincts was Elst Weinstein. He walked in and ran off a flyer advertising the Ranquet. His philosophy: "It's easier to apologize than to ask permission."

Of course, Dana Siegel's powers of persuasion worked best of all -- in a far more suspicious cause. (And people think it's hard to say no to Ben Yalow!) They didn't know she had supplied the completely fake party list they so gullibly ran in Plot. when she negotiated permission for us to use the facilities. We got the run of the place to type and xerox our hoax newzine. We called it Plop! -- which is, of course, the sound a newzine makes when it falls from a tall cow's ass. British fanartist Jim Barker provided the logo (see File 770:69). We filled it full of the usual blend of utter truth, brazen satire, and subtle disinformation, ran 300 copies and papered the convention. The best lines belonged to Dennis Virzi: "Now it can be revealed that the reason NESFAns supported Holland was their close proximity to one of Holland's convention hotels. It seems that the Dutch have booked the Boston Sheraton as one of their 'third tier' hotels." Plop! also published instructions for addressing complaint letters about the Metropole. Dana had done the research and planned her own revenge on the hotel for messing with her reservations.

The Ranquet: On Saturday, as Bob Shaw's Serious Scientific Talk let out, several dozen fans gathered in the Centre's registration area for the 1:15 PM Ranquet run. When he first arrived in Brighton, Mark Blackman had located a McDonalds, and he had been eagerly awaiting the event all weekend. It seems he was one of the few, for the nucleus didn't collect many more stray curiosity seekers. Then when we set out, Elst and I had the lead -- and neither of us had set eyes on the place. I was hoping somebody who

knew the way would correct me before my infallible sense of misdirection took over. We went up a long hill, and turned left into a shopping district that may have gone on for a mile. I had a sudden flashback to 1973 and the Ranquet run up Toronto's Yonge Street Mall which went on for blocks and blocks -- we never did find a McDonalds, and I wound up declaiming the Hogu winners while balancing on the ledge of a corner fountain. In 1987 we were luckier -- the McDonalds arches soon came into sight.

The Ranquet set up on the second floor -- a dozen real customers discreetly finished their lunches and escaped. We surrounded the child-sized Jolly Ronald, a boat-shaped seating area for ten kids. Janice Gelb was photographed reclining on the ship's prow, realizing a lifelong fantasy to be a figurehead. This year's Pro and Fan Guest of Honor was Linda Bushyager. Elst termed her GoH speech "Brighton Beach Memoirs."

This year's Hogu Winners:

THE DEROACH AWARD: Pat Robertson
 THE ARISTOTLE AWARD: The Vanna White Video
 BEST NEW FEUD: God vs. Oral Roberts
 BEST TRAUMATIC PRESENTATION: Gary Hart in "Lost Weekend"
 BEST RELIGIOUS HOAX: Jim & Tammy Bakker
 BEST HOAX AWARDS: The LOST Hugo Ballots
 BEST TYPE FACE: Magna Cum Goudy
 BEST PROFESSIONAL HOAX: Geraldo Rivera
 BEST FAN HOAX: THE BAD BRIE PARTY
 WORST FANZINE TITLE: DUPRASS
 BEST DEAD WRITER: Robert Heinlein
 BEST HOAX CONVENTION: Weaponscon
 BEST PSEUDONYM: Internal Revenue "Service"
 DEVO AWARD: Posthumous Dekalogs
 BEST HAS-BEEN: Jim Shooter
 MOST DESIRED SAFIATION: (tie) Robert Sacks and Neil Belsky
 FREE FOR ALL: "Pit Bulls Bite the Big One"
 SPECIAL BAGELBASH AWARD: Vermacht Doggie Obedience School
 BEST NEW DISEASE: Ted Turner's Syndrome: "Colorization"
 MOST BIZARRE HALL COSTUME: Tammy Bakker Makeup Kit
 BEST ALIEN MUSIC VIDEO: "Thatsa Smoire"
 MIXED MEDIA: Ron Headrest

["Write-Ins"...or at least "Pay-Ins"]

MOST CREATIVE USE OF AN EXTENSION CORD: Rudolf Hess
 BANGER AWARD: For Best New Fan GoH Named by a Worldcon
 CUISINART AWARD For Worst Film Editing: (tie)
 Little Shop of Horrors, and Superman V
 GREENWICH MEAN TIME AWARD For Punctuality in Mailing
 Progress Reports: Conspiracy '87

BLACK HOLE AWARDS:

STANDARD BLACKHOLE: George Bush, Ted Turner, Norman Spinrad, Kurt Waldheim
 INVISIBILITY AWARD: Brian Burley, the Wallet That Walks Like a Man, Patron of the Putrid

INCOMPETENCE AWARD: Adm. "Wrongway" Poindexter
 PUBLISHER'S AWARD: Bridge Publications
 GREED AWARD: The Bakkers (Air Conditioned Doghouse Fandom)
 HALFASSED CON OFFICIOUSNESS: Brighton Fire Department
 BROWN HOLE AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING PROFESSIONALISM:
 Andy Porter



HUCKSTERS

Dealer's Room: Three adjoining exhibition halls in the Metropole were dedicated to hucksters, mostly dealing in books. The middle hall was dimly lighted -- so poorly that it was a strain trying to read the titles on the items for sale. In fact a wargames dealer had been put smack in the darkest spot -- don't think these things aren't planned in advance!

The two big British SF specialty stores, Forbidden Planet and Andromeda Bookshop, displayed tremendous inventories. (Plop!, the hoax newzine, reminded fans that Forbidden Planet was the unnamed agent who had fouled up distributing the final PR and Site Selection ballot: "So when you are going through the dealer's room and see something you like at the Forbidden Planet table, turn around and buy it from Andromeda Books.") Joyce and Ken Slater, the fan guests of honor, were parked behind their Fantast-Medway Ltd. table,

also selling books. At other tables the goods were less predictable. Among the strange things for sale were two-headed gingerbread Zaphod Beeblebroxes at a table of baked goods.

I made a point of asking the fellow whose wargames table had been put in the darkest room how business was, but he guardedly said it was "Okay", which in huckster speak means a license to print money... I asked some of the American dealers how was business over the weekend. Bryan Barrett said, "For a WorldCon, it's the pits. For an Drycon, okay." But he had bought all of his inventory in Britain, and said "It either sells here, or back in the US for a lot more money." Next to Barrett, Greg Ketter said his business was better. Ketter had sold 2/3 of what he had imported to the convention, because he had only brought items that weren't generally available in Britain. He had sold 16 copies of Calvin and Hobbes, and 15 copies of the banned expose Spycatcher at fifteen pounds per copy. Jane Jewell said business at the Locus table picked up sharply Monday morning: "Winning a Hugo always helps." Andrew Porter of SFC said his business was okay. But Devra Langsam, with a table full of media fanzines put thumbs down and said business was "Slow." Most of her closing day trade had come from people who lost their bids in the art auction.

The Dealer's Room closed sharply at 6 PM every night, with someone from the committee screaming, "Would you all please get out!" followed momentarily by lights off. Hundreds of fans were forced to herd through narrow corridors and down stairs. As they burst back into the light at the foot of the last staircase, they usually passed another frustrated crowd held back by security from going upstairs to Hall 4 for 6 PM events on the Third Programme. This was carried to such an extreme, reported Chuq Von Rospach, that one evening Katherine Kurtz was prevented from going up to Hall 4 for her 6 PM reading. After an argument con security admitted her but refused to admit her audience. Kurtz led everyone down to the Metropole lobby and started her reading, but she was turned out of the lobby. She eventually finished the program in her own hotel room.

LIVING OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND: Every morning's breakfast in the Metropole had its party aspects, at least for the staff. My waitress Friday morning said she was enjoying reading all the name badges. I said, "Yeah, a motley crew." She said, "No, a smashing crew. It's a chance to see the world's eccentrics instead of just the British."

The cuisine was wearing on some folks. I passed two women who were waiting for an elevator. Said one in her cultured, British accent, "I'm not eating another sandwich in plastic blocks. If I eat another sandwich I think I'll scream."

If the Metropole had a 4-star restaurant, it got its fourth star the way of most British generals, by killing a lot of Frenchmen.

Fans loved the Mongolian BBQ discovered around the corner from Brighton Centre. It was good, cheap, and all you could eat. One night after we were flushed from the Dealer's Room by the 6PM sweep, the smofs turned it into their executive dining room -- with Mike Glicksohn, Joe & Gay Haldeman, Robert Sacks, Mark Blackman, Jack, Eva and David Whitley Chalker, Richard Russell, Greg Thokar, Joe D. Siclari, Edie Stern, Bill & Mary Vaughan, Mike Walsh, Anne Broomhead, Jim Frenkel, Joan Vinge, Ross & Diana Pavlac, and moi on the premises. There was memorable conversation -- like Ross describing part of his trip to Richard Russell: "Diana and I visited Sherwood Forest -- you know, where Sherlock Holmes and his men hid out."

The specialty drink of the house was the "Flaming Yak Bite" -- a shot of booze fueling a blue alcohol flame, like something out of high school chemistry. The Flaming Yak Bite may have inspired Joe Siclari to say, "ninety percent of Worldcons are hot and sticky, if not outside then inside." Edie Stern agreed, "If it's done right..."

Among the first parties of the convention were invitational events hosted by the major booksellers. Thursday night's Andromeda Party in the Fan Lounge -- which excluded many zinefans who hadn't glommed onto an invitation in the Dealers Room, and could only listen in the corridor to the throbbing disco baseline. Andromeda had evidently mounted a real disco atmosphere, with effusive smoke bombs that set off the automatic alarms and summoned 10 fire engines to the Metropole. The fire brigade's discovery that so many people were jamming the halls brought them back Friday night looking for crowded parties close.

There were two LA in '90 parties in the Metropole Hotel, one on Thursday night, the other on Friday night. (The Dutch ran parties on Friday and Saturday night). Due to the Metropole's small rooms and general uncooperativeness, ours was almost the only party running on Thursday night -- so it was wall to wall human flesh. The hotel dispensed 75 servings of ice cream smothered in the chocolate sauce we'd smuggled in with our luggage. Beer and other drinks flooded out to satisfy the thirsty locusts. We handed out lots of strips of zebra-striped fabric. People wore them as Rambo headbands, Ben Yalow bow-ties, armbands, cravats, and Aunt Jemima bandannas. We opened at 8 PM, and ran out of supplies at 11 PM, when we let the hotel staff kick the people out of the room. (Amusingly, this had the effect of leaving most people with the impression that we'd been shut down, rather than been drunk dry.) Scott Dennis claimed to have heard several different conversations among Brit fans which boiled down to: Let's go eat up LA's supplies instead of Holland's, so Holland can stay open longer. The

Americans at the con accepted it as only their right to find parties where they could freely scarf and guzzle -- while the Brits were cynically amazed that anyone was foolish enough to dish out all this free food and drink to them on their way to vote for Holland. Of course, the key to Holland's success was probably voiced by one British fan at the party who told his friends, "I'm voting for the Dutch. It'd be cheaper than coming here!"

LA wasn't even certain it could throw a on Friday night until 2 PM that afternoon when Conspiracy's Ian Sorenson finally confirmed one of the rooms in the Metropole for our use. (A room which turned out to have been double booked with 4UK, a reception for fans who'd attended all four British Worldcons.) The double-booking was resolved after the other party agreed to move and despite being in an obscure room in the bowels of the hotel, sufficient fans followed the resupply expeditions bearing free beer and ice cream back to the York Room that we never lacked for wall-to-wall fans.

Beer is the key to success at a party in Britain. Compare the turnout for LA's party to Chicago in '91 the next night. They could hardly draw flies to the same room for a milk-and-cookies menu. The idea was certainly clever, but not very observant of the British who set great store by beer and don't consume a lot of cookies. Those who stayed seemed fascinated by the Oreos; they kept asking about "the black cookies" and how to eat them. Straightfaced Chicagoans told them you must carefully unscrew the Oreo, eat the white filling, and throw the black cookies away. So they did. Others were coached to methodically time the dunking of their Oreos in milk. Two of the most enthusiastic Oreo-eaters were "the happy Slav brothers", one fan's term for the Yugoslavian Worldcon bidders, whom he claimed decided not to run against Chicago in '91 because they liked the Oreo party.

Several closed door smof parties were run out of Scott and Jane Dennis' suite in the Metropole. One could adjourn to the balcony for the most indelicate gossip, or one could stay in the parlor and listen to Scott -- an excellent storyteller -- tell about airlines' bad wheelchair services while watching what Catherine Crockett was almost wearing.

LA's Friday party coincided with the first Holland bid party, thrown in the Kent suite LA had used the night before. The more prominent location made the Dutch highly visible to the fire marshals prowling the hotel that night. They dealt with the mob in the Dutch party by requiring them to reduce the number of people in the room, to 50 only allow people in as others left. Graham Stillie complained, "And who's bloody well going to queue up to go to a party!" The Dutch party were closed down later. So was one hosted by Norwegian fans.

Rick Foss got squeezed out of the Dutch party and found the Norwegians' party just in time. Inside were two fans Rick described as the Viking Laurel and Hardy. Foss asked the tall one if their party wasn't even more crowded than Holland's -- "Ja." Wasn't he worried about having trouble with the Fire Marshal, too? Viking Laurel replied, "No trouble -- we kill him." Foss asked the other Norwegian, didn't he think the Fire Marshal would shut them down. The other one looked about thoughtfully, "He can't get in -- the crowd's too big."

Saturday night's private "parties" included four people breaking into Paul Oldroyd and Chris Donaldson's suite at the Metropole, and taking a considerable amount of cash, and jewelry, including Chris' wedding and engagement rings. The same evening, author Iain Banks got too filled with party spirit and was arrested trying to climb the south face of the Metropole.

Mickey and Judy Bid Dad's Barn for the WorldCon: Above the far end of the Dealer's Room was a wide gallery overlooking the action, furnished as a lounge, with a corner bar. As this was also the assigned space for the Site Selection voting table, and the Dutch and LA bidders' tables, more and more smofs gravitated to it throughout the weekend, with other bid tables springing up like mushrooms. 1992 bidders, Orlando and DC, set up across from the Dutch. Noreascon 3, and the next two British Eastercons, set up tables to one side of LA. While the bidding materials shipped to Brighton by Chicago in '91 failed to arrive, their last-minute improvisation was brilliant. Captive artist Todd Hamilton took a 6-foot tall, 12-foot long strip of butcher paper, taped it to the wall, and on-the-spot drew an amazing Chicago in '91 banner, replete with gargoyles and buxom spacewomen.

There were other modest displays by Winnipeg in '94, Perth in '94, and Milwaukee in '94 (for NASFiC, one heard). There was no representation from Cleveland. Most impressive of the late blooming Worldcon bids was Berlin in 1994 which materialized in front of a multi-panel fold-out "International Congress Center Berlin" display like the Dutch exhibits we'd seen all weekend.

Author Thomas R. D. Mielke extolled the virtues of Berlin's Congress Center. A 58-page color brochure described the Center as 320-meters long, 80 meters wide, 40 meters high, with 25 exhibition halls totalling 79,000 square meters of covered display space. The Great Auditorium seats 5,000. The largest program hall seats 806. A circular conference area can seat 206, and an adjacent hall could hold 250 (or be divided into two smaller spaces). "Work centres" elsewhere in the building can seat 300, and some smaller meeting areas exist. The exhibition space is elsewhere under the same roof. Mielke said one could contact him and

"Worldcon '94" through AMK Berlin, Ausstellungs-Messe-Kongress-GmbH, Messedamm 22, D-1000 Berlin 19, West Germany.

Mielke said 1994 was chosen for his bid to avoid a conflict with another Western Zone bid. I asked who was going to organize the convention, and never got a specific answer, though in the process I learned that Mielke is the President of World SF in Germany. According to him, he's had 200 science fiction novels published in Germany. Since none of them has been translated into English, he pulled two examples from his pack and gave a quick synopsis of their story lines so I could get an impression of German sf. One involved future English men and women mindlessly acting out high culture events -- like performances of Mozart -- whose upper class status they seemed to recall but not the significance, owing to a flip-flop in the magnetic field that has blanked their memories. In the other novel, his characters were an inbred race that had lived for centuries under the eaves of a German cathedral, without any outside contact. Mielke proudly pointed to a map of the cathedral eaves, and each mini-family's assigned quarters. Through some unexplained process of evolution these once full-sized humans had shrunk to a Lilliputian dimensions to fit their confinement.

Zagreb in every year might be one way of viewing Krsto Mazuranic's Yugoslavian bid. The Harold Stassen of WorldCon bids now is competing for 1994, though with better support than ever before. Journalist Zivko Prodanovic said both the Croatian Republic's commission of culture, and the city of Zagreb, are supporting the bid. He said last year Zagreb was the site of Eurocon.

The 1991 Sydney bid also erected a big Australian tourist bureau sign, and ran a promotional tape on a monitor at their table. They, too, boasted a big new convention center. At its bid presentation during Sunday's Business Meeting, Sydney in '91's advocate railed against "a NASFiC three out of four years that calls itself a WorldCon," and pleaded that voters not exclude new blood by always insisting on an experienced committee. Rather telling was that out of a list of ten committee members, not one person boasted any WorldCon running experience -- or even mentioned attendance at AussieCon I or II. Key '85 WorldCon committee people like Carey Handfield and Justin Ackroyd prefer Perth.

In the hazy middle distances fans think they see a Japanese bid for the Worldcon during the 1990s, though no organizers have stepped forward. One of the Japanese fans at Brighton, Ken Yamaoka, handed out a four-page, photo-illustrated report of Uracon '87, which drew 1200 fans to a resort on the Sea of Japan. One of the programs "was 'How To Organize A WorldCon in Japan'...joined by some 15

active fans including two Americans, Gene Van Troyer and Regina Cohen, and an Australian fan, Andrew Johnson." Yamaoka added, "I cannot say if it is possible or not, so far, but, if nobody tries to act for its realization, it will be impossible forever. What we should do now is to know more about the WorldCon, and, on the other hand, we should give information to others about traditional Japanese SF conventions. This is why I am writing this miserable report." Before there can be a Japanese WorldCon, there must be a critical mass of Japanese fans who know what one is and want to host it. The first stirrings of interest are becoming apparent.

Closing Ceremonies: All the guests of honor were on stage for one last round of applause. After Malcolm Edwards declared he'd really been a figurehead chairman (Really?) he thanked Paul Oldroyd for doing all the real chairman work. Brian Aldiss stepped up and told everyone, "I don't know what you've been doing for the last five days, but now's the time when you have to stop it." Appropos of author Iain Banks' arrest the previous night for attempting to scale the face of the Metropole, Aldiss accused him of playing the Scottish version of blind man's buff. In it you stand a Scotsman in the middle of a room blindfolded, have him drink a bottle of Scotch, then take off the blindfold and make him guess who he is.

Edwards and Aldiss read an encyclopedic list of credits, thanking everyone down to the Metropole Hotel staff, manager Fred Hutchings excepted and loudly booed.

At last Edwards said it was time for him to turn over "the luxurious gavel" to John Guidry and the 1988 WorldCon committee. A door at the back of the hall swung open to admit a full Dixieland band, in uniform. J. R. Madden walked ahead waving an opened, black umbrella time to the jazz. (Was it a jazz funeral or a Mardi Gras parade? When I asked J. R., even he wasn't sure! It depended on what you thought about having to run a WorldCon...) On stage, Justin Winston and John Guidry rehearsed some clever lines, with Guidry sincerely adding, "Coming to this country has been a lifelong dream. But the dream pales by comparison to the reality."

The Gripe Session: Except that the contract required Conspiracy to vacate the Brighton Centre soon after Closing Ceremonies, 200 grippers could have been spared the march back to the Metropole. Even at the Metropole they only had the room for an hour, but that was long enough to provide Malcolm Edwards with his finest moment of the con, at center stage with his committee for a very rough session.

After Edwards' candid list of grievances about the Metropole, the audience took a turn. Rick Foss summarized the bad performance of the Brighton Borough Council which did not forward some room deposits, causing his clients to

be double-charged. Foss also planned to protest to the British Tourist Association. Edwards echoed Foss' disbelief that full-time professionals did a poorer job than he would have done in his spare time. Rick's description of how some people had been forced to improvise their own reservations inspired hotel liaison Katie Hoare to complain about the double-booking in the Metropole. Besides a great deal of frustration and ill will that resulted, the Committee paid one program participant 200 pounds make-good on their relocation to the nearby Ramada to prevent them from walking out of the convention. In the audience Leslie Turek indignantly replied that it was not the fans' fault that their hotel reservation needs weren't being serviced. (Boston fans would later wink at one another and ask, "Did you hear that Leslie exploded at the Gripe Session?") Katie Hoare answered in her I'm-sorry-you-have-a-problem tone, "I'm sorry, I didn't feel it was the fans' fault, but despite having to deal with irate program participants, I didn't feel it was my fault, either."

Members criticized Conspiracy's misleading announcement that the convention ran through September 1, when in fact all events ended by 6 PM August 31. They objected to being stung for an extra room night. Edwards was interrupted by the audience when he suggested that the last date was always the departure date.

Taylor Blanchard, to the extent he was allowed, offered detailed criticism of the Art Show. He had sent a long letter to the committee in advance of the convention making recommendations based on flaws in past WorldCon Art Shows, that he said was ignored. Blanchard said too many letters had to be sent to Conspiracy to get adequate information about space, setup, etc. He wondered why the committee had not warned artists of a 15% duty collectable at Customs -- it took 150 pounds out of Taylor's pocket that he hadn't budgeted. He liked the stable wooden hangings in the Show, even though artists had to pound nails into them to hang their art. Where this turned into a problem was -- both sides of the hangings were used, so the second artist who came along pounded his nails through into the back of the other person's paintings, or if not that, knocked matted drawings crooked in their frames.

The Gripe Session was good for one laugh -- a rumor that impostors posing as hotel management had been responsible for shutting down a disco dance at the con.

Come Back Basil Fawltly, All Is Forgiven: Monday night, fans in the Metropole improvised their own entertainment. For instance, the crowd in the third floor lounge had two games of charades running at once. The first game was played in the usual way. The second game involved two teens in camo and short haircuts who were riding up and down in the elevator. Every time the elevator stopped at

the third floor, they had just until the doors banged closed again to gesture the new clue and field guesses from the players.

Ross and Diana Pavlac, Andy Porter, Dave Langford and others swapped stories in another Metropole lounge. Langford recalled with pleasure the satiric barbs he stuck in me while doing his Ansible: Review of the Year panel. "Someday I must cringingly approach and ask if you're ever going to speak to me again," he chortled. Dave also favored us with his account of guiding David Brin around souther England before the WorldCon, which involved lots of imitative jumping up and down, and gushing enthusiasm, mocking Brin's delight over meeting the Hugo-winning Langford. Not only did Diana laugh loudly at Langford's act, she made 3 pounds on the deal after he left, picking up the coins that flew out of his pockets.

Ross also confided Teresa Nielsen Hayden's discovery that the reason Langford was drinking her under the table was while she was getting gin-and-tonics that were 3:1 gin, he was ordering 3:1 tonic. "So that's how he does it!"

But the number one attraction went on in the Fan Lounge. Someone who had obviously heard the folksong "What Can You Do With a Hotel Manager?" (to the tune of "What Can You Do With a Drunken Sailor?") but forgotten the real words had improvised some verses, typed them, and run off copies. What the suggestions lacked in subtlety was more than compensated by 200 enthusiastic fans loudly singing them.

Outside the Fan Lounge, other fans were industriously papering the length of a forty-foot corridor on both sides with jokes about the hotel manager, each writ large on a sheet of letter-sized paper and taped to the wall. "Avoid fire hazards. Burn the hotel manager outside." "Q: What do you have when you have a hotel manager up to his neck in sand? A: Not enough sand." "Q: Why can't you circumscribe a hotel manager? A: Because there's no end to that prick." "Q: Why did the hotel manager cross the road? A: Because he couldn't pull out of the chicken." And the only one that could be reprinted in a family publication like LOCUS, "Basil Fawltly Come Home -- All Is Forgiven!"

Hotel employees went out of their way to pass through the corridor en route to their duties, always beaming happily, sometimes taking aside fans to chime in with their own complaints.

Martin Hoare said after midnight all the jokes were taken down and auctioned off on behalf of Books for the Blind. They fetched a total of 255 pounds, increased to 364 by passing the hat. That was the proper note to close the convention on: fans creatively bashing their oppressor, and profiting from adversity.



FLASHBACKS ON FILE

EDITOR IMMOLATION ABATEMENT DISTRICT

HARLAN ELLISON: A brief and deeply felt thankyou for the item re: my leaving Hour 25. It was handled in exemplary fashion, prudently and yet with full disclosure. The approbation for my year on Mike Hodel's program warmed me. As you once pointed out, a high profile does include the risk of being an easy target for potshots, and that has been an "occupational hazard" I've lived with (not always with equanimity, being only human) for years and years. And though the balance is difficult to maintain between Andy Parter, Robert Collins and Charles Platt taking every possible opportunity to make me look like a thug or monster...and File 770 only upbraiding me when I actually screw up and otherwise commending me for Good Deeds...were it not for File 770 and friends and kind strangers, I would sink into a Slough of Despond where fandom is concerned, as have so many other professionals who just nix the entire subculture out of a sense of survival.

The item in issue #68 may have been small, but it looms large, large in buoying my spirits on this day of small miseries and wearisome problems. You has done real good, this day, and I thank you three times, thereby making it authentic.

READERS ON THE 1990 SITE SELECTION

HARRY J. N. ANDRUSCHAK: I have read your comments on the 1990 site selection fiasco and I am not really convinced. What about people like me who paid good money for a supporting membership in the 1987 WorldCon for the sole purpose of voting for the 1990 site...and not getting ballots. Anyway way we can get our money back?

Also, I think LA made a mistake in not fighting for a new ballot. I at least would have liked to have a chance to

vote, even if I lost. But at least give me, and a lot of other USA fans, a chance. Grumble grumble grumble....

DAVE TRAVIS: I was very glad to get the File 770 with the report on the 1990 Site Selection voting. I was at Phoenix where the comments were uninformed but angry. A button appeared that said, "It really was a Conspiracy!"

I confess to feeling angry because I did not get an opportunity to vote. I got a ballot from Cactuscon on August 6. By the time I read it, I couldn't have gotten it in the post office until the 8th and it said I must have it in the mail by July 31. The ballot from the Worldcon itself came on August 18.

I resent being disenfranchised whether through carelessness, inefficiency (or deliberately).

I had an attending membership, but did not try to go because I did not feel able to fit my bulk into the affordable child-potty size seats on a plane. And, unless Ed McMahon comes through with that 10 million dollar check he talked about in that bulk mailing a couple of months ago, I won't be able to fly to Holland First Class either. Based on my experience voting on worldcons it seems to me that Americans have been both willing and eager to vote for other nations' bids, whenever there has been a viable bid. (The only exception I can recall was Sweden.) ((Copenhagen, you probably meant.)) That makes that Brighton panel on the "Americans Hijacking The WorldCon" especially ironic in view of their performance this year.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Thanks for sending me issue #69 and congratulations on the speed and relative objectivity with which you brought it out. I'll look forward to your actual conreport with great interest.

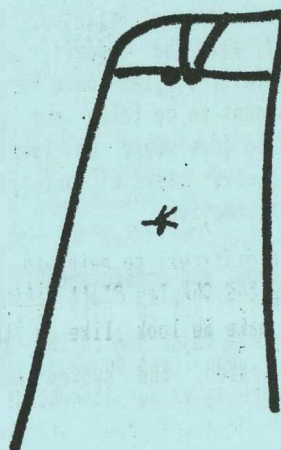
While you have the right to be annoyed at some of the things that happened that probably helped Holland and hindered you I think that realistically none of these factors had a significant impact on the overall result. You might have made the race a little closer in different circumstances but I don't think there was a chance you could have beaten the Dutch bid. Sometimes it's just a

case of an idea whose time has come.

I was specifically told by a member of the [Conspiracy] committee that the only reason Budrys was allowed to start the Hugo ceremonies was because he promised not not to turn his comments into a blurb for Hubbard and Bridge. When he broke that promise he so infuriated the committee that those who were also on next year's MEXICON committee and had already asked A.J. to be their GoH and received his acceptance either have or will rescind their invitation. This may (probably is) be the first such incident in the history of conventions.

Also I was told that things got a little heavy-handed at that post-Hugo party held by Bridge and that Aldiss was physically moved after making some drink-inspired anti-Hubbard comments. It was also reported that Langford was taken aside by some Bridge heavies and warned to "keep his mouth shut if he knew what was good for him." These Mafia-like tactics seem to have crystallized anti Bridge/NEW ERA sentiments in the British fan and pro communities and rumor has it that we can expect an article/pamphlet describing the various Bridge faux pas and warning against their apparent (if inexplicable) attempts to gain influence within the field. I'm damn sure that the committee has recognized, with hindsight, that they should have refused the carrot Bridge dangled for them no matter how attractive it may have seemed at the time and if this proposed anti-Bridge campaign actually does get launched I'd venture to suggest we're in for some, as the Chinese might say, Interesting Times.

((Since Langford described his behavior at the Bridge/New Era party to me the next night, and did not include any of the juicy details that were supplied to you by the rumor mill, I have to regard the whole account with a grain of salt. In my conreport I related what Langford did say. As to the Hubbard advertising -- Fred Harris, of Authors Services, which promotes Writers of the Future and Hubbard's books in the US as New Era does in Britain, has a different version. He says the overall Hubbard presence at Conspiracy was the cumulative effect of repeated solicitations from the committee to buy ads or sponsor events. Harris says that had he been consulted, they would not have done so much, nor would it have been done so intrusively. John Hertz contends the New Era crew are professional advertising people without a knowledge of fandom or its psychology. They wanted to capitalize on fannish word-of-mouth publicity for their enterprises, and presumed the best way to do that was to buy into the various opportunities presented by the committee. These people were just trying to get their money's worth. Now, taking into account the Conspiracy committee's record for reliability, plus their insensitive habit of putting the fox in the henhouse and then pretending surprise at the result, I blame their bad judgement for allowing things to



CLOSED MIND

get out of hand, and the Hubbard crew was just took advantage of opportunities they figured were bought and paid for.))

GLENN GLAZER: Truth be told, Mike, when I got to NASFiC this year and started to inquire about who won the WorldCon bid and how, the most common responses I got was "The LA Steering Committee rolled over and played dead." or "People are going to be waiting back in LA for Bruce [Pelz] with long, pointed knives." or simply, "They wimped out." Not encouraging, to say the least, but I think it was mostly griping and post-defeat letdown.

After all, the understanding that the various cures to the problems of ballot mismanagement were worse than the disease (the Brighton Blight?) were perfectly reasonable. Nobody wanted to deal with the bureaucratic nightmare a revote would entail.

This leads us to one single future point: what to do if a bid convention committee, such as WorldCons and NASFiCs, fails to perform its duties in such a fashion as to harm one or more of the current bidders' chances? Punitive measures are, of course, out of the question. Anyway, the damaged reputation of the current committee will serve. The other problem is restitution to the damaged committee(s) and their potential conventions.

board. How the members of such would be elected or appointed would vary from con to con, as would their terms of service. The major functions of such a board would be to referee such disputes as occurred at Brighton, and run elections independently of all the bidders, and the current committee. To aid this, a bylaw could be enacted stating that a certain amount to be taken out of the current con's site selection fees would be immediately granted to such a board to cover costs of printing and mailing ballots and voter information.

would create many more problems, and understandably backed down, the fact that they had to put up with Brighton's failures sans compensation is a major bug in the system. Some ideas need to be generated, the system must be reformed.

((There is nothing technically unworkable about your idea, Glenn, but something similar was objected to consideration at the 1987 Business Meeting, suggesting it has a long way to go to get the necessary votes.))

ALEXIS GILLILAND: A brief note. At last night's WSFA meeting I asked Kent Bloom if he had turned in our site selection ballots at Brighton, and he said yes, so Dolly and I managed to vote after all. Despite a certain ineptitude on the part of the committee, I mention this as a sort of lead-in to commenting on your discussion of the site selection process.

First, the Wednesday decision to accept the results of the Saturday Site Selection voting was correct: it was the best that could be done in the circumstances. The thinking behind the decision is interesting, if not surprising. Second, the deed is done and cannot be undone. Those SCIFI directors wishing to protest the count and censure the Brighton Worldcon Committee are digging in to fight the last war. I hope you are wrong in thinking "we will be squabbling over this for a good long time" because such a rhubarb would impair LA's chances for the '93 WorldCon. Who wants to vote for a bunch of

soreheads, after all?

Taral's cover is very attractive, but either the traffic cones are very short or the cat person is ten feet tall. That should do for now.

((The cat person was on a skateboard, and the "toy" traffic cones used to lay out skateboard courses are most likely what Taral was depicting, not full-sized cones. // The post-WorldCon SCIFI directors' meeting disposed of the hindsight issues in a better humor than I was expecting when I wrote that piece. People got it out of their systems.))

ANDY PORTER: Might it not be possible for you to realize that the enthusiasm with which I slammed LA in '90, to use your words, was based more on the disgust I felt for LA than the enthusiasm I felt for Holland? This has happened before: go ask Bjo about her feelings after Bill Donaho and company "stole" the 1968 WorldCon away from LA, after LA had campaigned long and hard for that WorldCon.

((Your spirited libel of the LA bid is at least explainable when it's set alongside your being asked as Holland's guest of honor. Otherwise, we can only add it to the heap of irrational, maliciously-intended nonsense you've published for years about LA conventions, beginning with your foolish allegations about the cost of the LACon One Program Book in 1972, that were easily refuted with cancelled checks proving the full amount. You never let the facts stand in the way of an enthusiastic expression of your prejudices.))

***** WORLDCON REPORT: PART ONE *****

DICK LYNCH: One correction to your analysis of the Hugo Awards -- even if INTERZONE had received an extra 8 or so first place votes from British nonvoters, it still would have likely lost, since LOCUS ultimately defeated it by 37 votes in the automatic runoff. An extra 8 votes would have given INTERZONE a somewhat hollow victory on first place votes only. The biggest effect British nonvoters might have provided for a nonwinning British nominee would have been giving the Fan Artist Hugo to Arthur Thomson if 10 more fans had preferred him to Brad Foster (and they wouldn't have had to be first place votes!) ...Now, then, how about explaining your inexcusable snubbing of the Hugo Awards?

DAVE LANGFORD: [The enclosed copy of a letter to the Metropole Group management] is sent FYI. I've been brooding over it all while convalescing (picked up vile bronchial infections at the con, possibly from inadequately

sterilized writers of the future) and catching up with personal work. Rage, spleen, bile. Commiserations re the convention bid: after Conspiracy I imagine the committee regarded it as a lucky escape. It is not true that Fred Harris and I are just good friends.

CORRECTIONS TO THE MINUTES OF THE PREVIOUS MEETING

CAREY HANDFIELD: Thanks for printing the Aussiecon II financial report in File 770:68. Re Aussiecon I, I don't know where you got your info, but we made a profit of \$2,000, not a loss and a financial report was published in the MidAmeriCon Program Book.

((I intend to put a prompt end to my recent streak of careless fanhistorical errors, like this one, and the Hugo statistics George Flynn corrected for me. The MAC Program Book on page 83 does indeed contain an interim financial report for Aussiecon I. There was a surplus of \$661, with some further income and expense items yet to be reconciled.))

DENNY LIEN: For the record, Marty Cantor is incorrect in his belief that Linda Lounsbury and Ken Fletcher were married (to each other) when they stood for and won DUFF in 1979. (In fact, they were doubly married, and I attended both ceremonies: Episcopalian and Great Spiderist.) They divorced around 1981, and Linda has since remarried. None of this affects Marty's argument significantly, of course; just removes a nonexistent precedent.

ROBERT LICHTMAN: Regarding Patrick Nielsen Hayden's letter (obliquely): That final Innuendo is indeed unfinished but accumulations of pages exist. Terry gave the stencils to Lucy Huntzinger several years ago and asked her to run off a handful of copies, onesided on twiltone, so that he could use them in photocopying the final zine. There are articles in that issue by Arnie Katz, Susan Wood, Sidney Coleman, Elmer Perdue, Tom Perry, Carol Carr, a collaboration of Greg Benford and Calvin Demmon, and an incomplete article about Bob Tucker whose authorship escapes me at the moment. There's a letter of some length in the letter column by Philip K. Dick. I don't know if Patrick has received all of this to work with, but if not I'll have to see to it. For, you see, I've been very involved in Terry's fanzine collection. Over several recent weekends I handled each and every fanzine in some fifty shelf feet of it while Carol took down notes (editor, title, issue, date, etc.) on about 2/3 of it. A university library is very interested in the whole lot, would put them in special storage and ultimately

microfiche them. Nothing is at all final on that yet. It would be good for the collection to stay in one piece and in one place because it is certainly, in my estimation, one of the handful of finest in existence, with items going back as far as 1933.

ALEXIS GILLILAND: Brad Foster wonders about me and Joan Hanke Woods winning the fan artist Hugo and dropping off the next year's ballot. In my own case, I won three Hugos in a row, and my number of nominations was smaller each year. As Casey Stengel says, you could look it up. Perhaps the Secret Masters put the word in.

((Not to reopen old wounds, I observed that your disappearance as a yearly Hugo finalist came on the heels of unpleasantness at WSFA about the DUNE preview screening. I've regarded that as the first evidence in support of my opinion that the votes of local club fans are responsible for many nominees making the final ballot, even some of the eventual winners who you wouldn't expect to have a problem getting nominated.))

GARTH SPENCER: The two major themes [of File 770:67] seem to be (a) SF conventions work well (at least toward 'Doc' Barrett's con objectives) only within a certain range of attendance -- a demand of expediency to which even WorldCon committees must eventually bow; and (b) some people want to learn such things the hard way. MCFI and Sheraton-Boston management in particular. Mr. Chalker's remarks were apt, just, and to the point. Still, Lloyd Penney's suggestion that the Sheraton be recommended to the Shriners has my support.

I have entered a belief system in which all fans will do anything they can to shoot themselves in the foot, and anybody else's fan activities they can affect adversely, too, through sheer ignorance, obstinacy, or willful stupidity, and there is nothing, absolutely nothing that we can or will do about it. In his instance, I think MCFI has to deal with a hotel, however inconsiderate and unfair, as an Immovable Object, and not mistake themselves for an Irresistable Force.

((I'm sure everyone, including Boskone Committees, are dedicated to working with hotels to solve problems. However, there does not seem to be any reason for fandom to voluntarily lay down and die when so requested by a hotel.))

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NEW ARRIVAL: Micah Jacob Rosenblatt was born June 9, 1987, to Howard M. Rosenblatt and Eve Ackerman. Weight, 8 lb. 4 oz. Mom says, "I know Micah's fannish because he likes to drink, makes funny noises with his body and likes to party all night."

STAND BY FOR...NEWS! Newshound Brian Earl Brown forwarded a potpourri of information about Michigan fandom: "Fannish friends, Mary Walsh and Rich Cook, got married and are looking for work despite being 'overqualified' for anything. Artist Mike Kuoharski is engaged to be married. Cy Chauvin's book, a collection of James Blish's critical essays, has finally been released. Dreadful cover. Maia Cowan broke her leg. Howard Devore had a surprise birthday party where friends told stories about him and he told stories about them. Lynn Hickman just put out the first mailing of the Pulp Era APA (PEAPA) which looks to be quite successful. Interested pulp fans should contact Lynn at 413 Ottokoe, Mauseon OH 43567."

ART CREDITS

Alan White: Cover

Brad Foster: 3

Linda Leach: 11

Bill Rotsler: 8

Teddy Harvia: 7

CLEARANCE SALE: Leigh Edmonds, editor of a revived The Notional, says, "You may be interested to know that I've sold my entire fanzine collection (25 boxes of it) to Murdoch University Library in West Australia. It joins the Don Tuck collection of fanzines from the earliest to the 1950s and John Bangsund's collection up to the mid-70s. Coincidentally, Valma [Brown] and I are planning to move to Perth next year and I am hopeful of doing post-graduate studies at Murdoch -- not fanhistory, although all the resources will be there."



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File 770:70

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