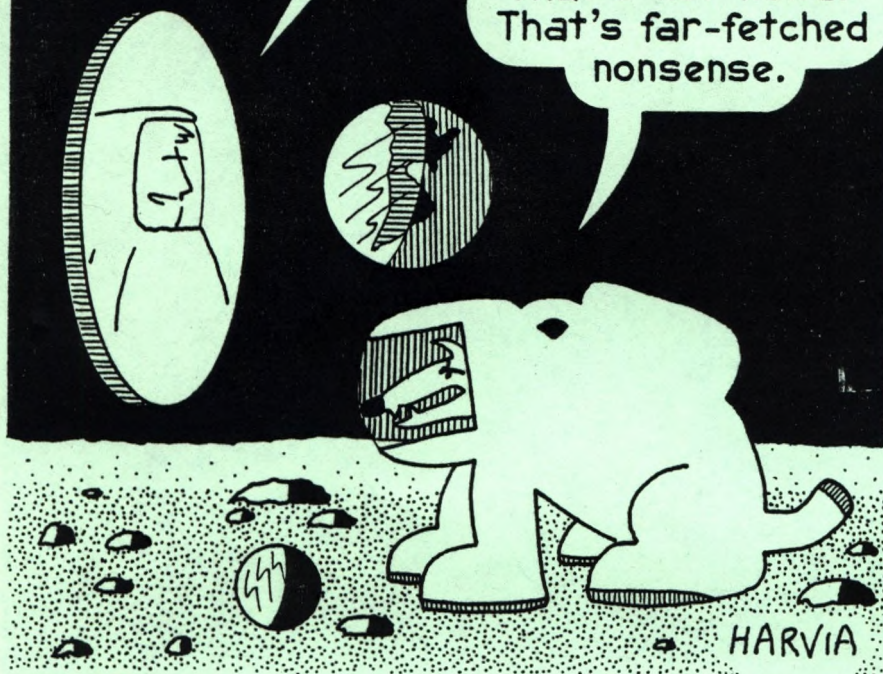


And now for the news.
Moondog bites Earthman
while playing catch.

That's not news.
That's far-fetched
nonsense.



FILE 770:84, is edited by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. The fanzine that says forewarned is forearmed: available for tips, barbs and well-made points copy in return for barbed gossip, self-accusation, but mainly 5 issues for \$5. Others may get it for arranged trades (primarily with other news or clubzines), newsy long-distance phone calls) The number here is (818) 787-5061. Finished January 23, 1990.

This issue I am experimenting with different grades of paper since mimeo stock is virtually unavailable. The orange sheets are 20 lb. bond, and page 11-12 is on OM bond, a multi-purpose printing paper. Each of them is prone to even worse setoff than you are accustomed to seeing (I saw that remark in FOSFAX, Glicksohn!) Surprisingly the orange bond is no worse than the white OM, and it's certainly prettier, so I did printed most pages on it. Some pages are afflicted by ink dripping, a problem of mechanics and technique.

ART CREDITS:

Alan White: Cover
Teddy Harvia: 2, 13
Diana Harlan Stein: 3, 4, 5, 12, 15, 21
Peggy Ranson: 2, 6, 16
Sheryl Birkhead: 22

MINNEAPOLIS FAN DIES: Karen Trego died of cancer January 11 at the age of 42. Karen had been sick since April. Though known to be in the final stages of her illness, Karen passed away weeks earlier than expected. Dana Siegel and Karen's mother, who had each arranged final visits with Trego in Minneapolis, had the misfortune to schedule their arrival after her death. She is survived by Garth Danielson, her partner of approximately 8 years, her mother and brother.

Formerly a Chicago fan, Karen was more or less drafted as a denizen of Minneapolis' famous, fannish Bozo Bus Building. According to Gail Dixon, when an open apartment appeared in the Bozo Bus Building fans took up a collection, sent in a rental application, leased the apartment and paid rent on it for several months before Karen actually decided to move -- because, after all, she had an apartment in Minneapolis.

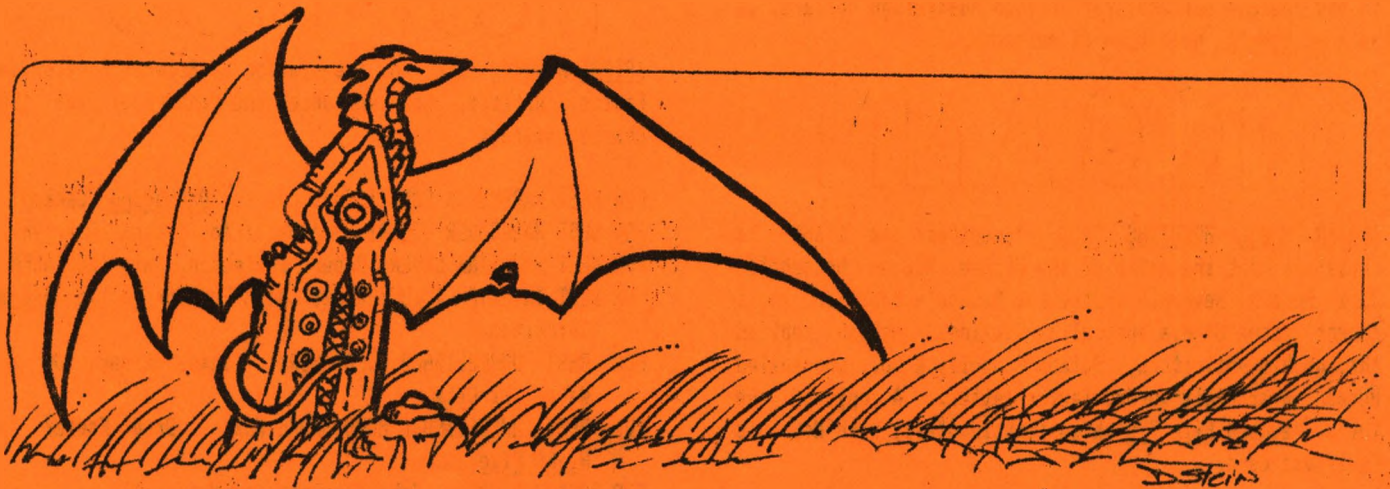
Dana Siegel, who says Karen "was loved by everybody who knew her", recalled Karen's interest in collecting Godzillas and other inflatable animals, Pee Wee Herman memorabilia and pop-up books. Trego was apparently the Church of the SubGenius' Pope of Minneapolis. "Don't laugh," cautioned Dana, "You have to pay big money for that." Both Trego and Danielson are known for their "Dead Smurf" art, miniature scenes depicting ghastly ends for the little blue critters.

Trego's friends plan a large wake for her at Minicon.

CORRECTIONS TO THE MINUTES OF THE PREVIOUS MEETING:

Francis Hamit thought the editing done to his article on Noreascon's treatment of the working press was okay except for one teensy flaw -- the 180-degree wrong-way turn executed when I accidentally inserted the word "not" into a comment that should have read: "The New York Times piece on the recent Worldcon is a case in point: a model for the kind of coverage we want; coverage that occurred despite the paranoid policies of the concon.





UBELHOR

INDIANA BURGLARY: Pulsar editor Tony Ubelhor came home for lunch December 13 and discovered his Mac computer, hard drive, laser printer and almost 100 science fiction video tapes had been taken by burglars.

Tony mailed out the new Pulsar just before the theft. His mailing list was on the stolen hddisk, but his backup file contained data for all but 10 new subscribers. Because he will only be able to continue the zine by working nights and weekends at his brother's computer store, Pulsar will cut back to two issues a year.

AT THE MIDNIGHT HOUR: Andrew Porter called late one night to ask, "Does Perth or Melbourne have later time?" While this sounded to me like a question better suited for Doctor Who to settle, Porter had just grabbed and shaken Stu Hellinger while they were engaged in an argument over the answer. "I just blew up," said Porter tiredly. "We're all getting middle aged. I should take my Geritol." With irony in his voice Porter called the fracas "the biggest thing to happen at Fanoclasts since someone tried to flush Lin Carter's rabbit down the toilet." (Carter's rabbit had a habit of jumping up on the bathroom toilet seat lid; one evening it was up and evidently one fan tried for a quick end for the soggy bunny.)

STOLEN MOMENTS FROM THE ANTIPODES: They actually have a lot more to do Down Under than watch the clock to make sure that Perth doesn't overtake Melbourne.

For example, Frank Macskasy Jr.'s column in Ethel the Aardvark #28 reports quite a lot is happening in Wellington, New Zealand. Three new sf clubs were formed there in 1989.

"Science Fiction Modellers Club started out as a damned good idea but lapsed through inactivity. It was set up as a local offshoot of the Auckland-based SFMC (NZ) Inc. by Keith Harrison and Thorin Roelants. Activity has been minimal; promised events have not come about. On October 7 I resigned as SFMC's Treasurer after a meeting dissolved into personality-politicking. Membership fee is \$25 per year, and is pretty high considering that bugger-all is happening. Membership about a dozen people?"

The Wellington SF Party/Fantastic Zone is a socially-oriented club as indicated in its newsletter which emphasizes club outings to movies, parties, video nights, etc. Subscriptions are \$10 per year and membership stands at around 16.

Phoenix (Inc.) was set up by Sue and Vince Martin-Smith to remedy a perceived vacuum of sercon, literary-oriented sf clubs in the area. It produces a monthly fanzine, Phoenixzine. Membership is \$40 per year, and stands at 35 fans.

Two Wellington clubs already functioning are NASF Wellington Branch, whose sole activity is the fanzine Cry Havoc, and the Upper Hutt SF Club which meets monthly and may draw from 6 to 20 members.

There apparently are also a few very small media clubs centered on "Blake's Seven" and "Doctor Who."

Macskasy omitted contact addresses for these clubs, so it won't matter whether you assume the subscription rates are in New Zealand dollars (rather than Australian dollars, as used in Ethel's home town of Melbourne.)

MCGANN

TROJAN HORSE GREETING CARD: "Sweetness and light" is certainly not the motto of the Michael McGann household. Jack Herman severely criticized McGann's behavior in a recent issue of his Australian newzine. McGann replied through his solicitors, Salmon Connolly & Co., who mailed Herman a strongly-worded lawyer letter. A copy of the letter reached File 770 oh-so-coincidentally with McGann's Christmas card.

"We have been instructed by Mr. McGann who has provided us with a recent copy of your Sweetness and Light magazine which, we understand, has a large circulation. Reference is made to an article referring to him under the heading of 'shit nearly hits the fan.'

"The false statements contained therein are very damaging to our client's reputation and your article has been brought to his attention from a number of different sources. In addition, they have had an adverse effect on our client's business.

"Accordingly, our client demands an unconditional retraction of the false statements and an apology to be published in the next issue of your magazine. Failure to do this will result in us carrying out our instructions to institute defamation proceedings in the Supreme Court against you."

As the line goes in True Grit: "Lawyer Daggett: she draws him like a gun." This isn't how John Wayne or Leland Sapiro would handle things!



THRUST ENDS: But that doesn't signify that the retro-rockets are about to fire. Thrust editor Doug Fratz announced in the current issue his publication will be retitled Quantum beginning in 1990.

AWARDS

ARTIST AWARDS: ASFA, the Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Artists, has announced the winners of the 1989 Chesley Awards:

FOR BEST PAPERBACK COVER: Jody Lee for Dathbound (Lackey)
 FOR BEST HARDCOVER COVER: Don Maitz for Cyteen (Cherryh)
 FOR BEST MAGAZINE COVER: Robert Eggleston, July '88 IASFM
 FOR BEST INTERIOR ILLUSTRATOR: Alan Lee for Merlin Dreams (Dickinson)
 FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED COLOR WORK: James Gurney for The Waterfall City
 FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED MONOCHROME WORK: Brad Foster for Night Flyer
 FOR BEST 3-D WORK: John Morrison for Metropolis
 THE AWARD FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO ASFA: David A. Cherry
 THE AWARD FOR ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT: Don Maitz for First Maitz

CORFLU 5 FINAL REPORT: Jerry Kaufman says the 1988 Seattle Corflu has finally closed its books showing about \$400 profit. Some of it was passed along to Corflu 6, including a grant to publish the Chuck Harris Appreciation Society Magazine; some went to Buz and Elinor Busby to cover costs of the 39th anniversary issue of Cry, and some went to DUFF. Kaufman says, "I'm holding \$100 to pay for publishing the final issue of Terry Carr's Inquendo, as soon as Robert Lichtman has stencil-ready copy for me. (I hope to have it done Real Soon Now, which as you may be away is May 3rd, the second day of Corflu 7.)"

DAVE LANGFORD ON THE AIR: Writing about his fan guest of honor stint at Orycon earlier in November, Dave Langford says, "The con itself was good fun, and although the committee failed to provide me with a giant placard saying LAUGH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, people seemed to chuckle politely at the correct places in my serious analysis of SF weaponry, an hour-long talk called 'Fun With Senseless Violence'. Afterwards, Greg Bear stalked up to me and said, 'I'll talk to you later...'"

OLD NEWS BUT STILL A GOOD STORY: Earlier this year author Diane Duane circulated the following letter by computer BBS: Many of you may be familiar with the story. I came into possession of a copy at Noreascon 3:

"This is to warn Star Trek and other fan groups, and anyone else with an interest, that a woman in the US has been posing as me, at cons and elsewhere, so far primarily in the West and Hawaii. Please let it be known from the start that I'm presently resident outside of the US, and plan to be so for the foreseeable future. Any Diane Duane giving you a home mailing address in the US is not the genuine

item. The real one can always be contacted c/o Donald Maass Literary Agency, 64 W. 84th St., NYC NY 10024, or at the address at the bottom of this letter.

"The real name of the impostor is presently unknown to me though so far she has used as an alias, among others, a name ending in 'Ringwald'. She is about 5' 4", stocky, about 150-160 pounds, with close-cropped dark hair. (For comparison I am 5' 7", about 120 pounds, with shoulder-length brown hair.) The impostor has two young daughters. To my present knowledge she first appeared as me in Denver, in September 1988, at a media convention there -- Starfleet '88 -- where she discussed plans for a future Star Trek novel (about Starfleet Academy) with numerous fans and passed out "Diane Duane" business cards. (She was not an official or invited guest of the con: she paid her own way, having stated to the people running the convention that she wanted to attend it 'incognito' for research purposes.) The address she was giving at this point was in Littleton CO, in the Denver area. The people who saw her report her as being extremely familiar with my work and with Trek in general, so they had no reason to doubt her story.

"Around the beginning of '89 she was apparently living at a military base in Hawaii -- whether as a servicewoman herself, or with someone else, is unclear, though she appeared in uniform on occasion, and at least one person claims to have seen her driving a military vehicle. At that time she made the acquaintance of a local Star Trek club in Hawaii, telling them also that she was me. She also set up at least one speaking engagement, as me, at a local library, on February 10: she had another person set up for her a talk-show interview on a local radio station and she also arranged three author signing of Spock's World at various Hawaiian branches of Waldenbooks, scheduled for the beginning of March. She was apparently taking orders for various Star Trek items as well -- her checks for these, to various Denver retailers, either bounced or turned out to have been drawn on a closed account on the mainland.

"She dropped out of sight just before the speaking engagement at the library. People who tried to contact her by phone got a message saying that she had gone to Australia for the reading of her husband's will. At the beginning of March she turned up again, again mentioning the death of her husband in a fire, but also speaking of having been to a large Star Trek convention somewhere on the East Coast of the US during that period. No one is really sure of where she was. She then moved in with a friend from the Trek club for about a week-and-a-half: during this period she seems to have done some temporary secretarial work for Manpower in Hawaii. The woman then vanished again around the end of March, after being taken to the airport with her children by an acquaintance.



There's been no news of her since.

"Possibly the reason she did not turn up for any of the signings was that she knew the FBI and both Army and Air Force military intelligence were searching for her -- for passing bad checks, and for previously attempting to pass herself off as a military intelligence officer. (Apparently the Waldenbooks store manager became suspicious having seen my picture in Signals and realizing he wasn't dealing with the same person.) Evidence found by the military intelligence people in the house where the woman had been staying indicates that she was attempting to procure drivers licenses and other ID in various names other than her own. (One application apparently listed Leonard Nimoy as 'father'.)

"I'm concerned about the possibility of people being cheated by this woman if she should surface again, since she apparently has a long history of impostures and seems unlikely to just stop. All interested, please note that I have only one remaining Stateside convention commitment this year -- to Noreascon III. As of this writing, no other Duane con appearances in the US are even slightly likely to be mine.

"I would appreciate it a great deal if the fan network passed the word around about this woman, so that we can keep anyone else from being cheated. "



JEANNE GOMOLL

JEANNE GOMOLL: Jeanne's holiday letter substitute was devoted in part to the passing of her brother, Rick. Her enclosed note read, "I don't know how much of this is fannishly 'newsworthy' but a lot of people at last year's Corflu heard about my brother Rick's condition from my speech, and may be interested to know what's happened with him and with me. There will be a new Whimsy out early next year with the narrative version of my year-away-from-fandom..." Jeanne has given her permission to reprint this extraordinarily affecting piece of writing, a very remarkable and unusual sharing that is far too good to "distill":

"As most of you know my brother Rick died on the morning of October 23. My mind is still full of the images of his death, of our family during those weeks and of memories of Rick provoked by it all. Rick came back to Wisconsin twice this year -- once in mid-summer, and last in the early fall. He visited that last time so that he could see the fall colors again and we're all grateful that weather and plane schedules chanced to make that possible for him. The trees boasted lovely, brilliant colors this year and that was one of the things he regretted leaving behind him when he moved to the west coast, the changing seasons, but especially autumn. And so, even though his health had taken a dramatic downturn the week before he was to leave, and his partner Danny had to accompany him on the flight because Rick could no longer travel alone, he was determined to be here in October. Several weeks before the trip, he'd been rather well, and had been able to go visiting friends in San Francisco, walking up 3 flights of stairs for dinner one night, for example. But very quickly he began losing his mobility and his appetite declined sharply. But he still wanted to come to Milwaukee, and so Danny helped him do that.

"The day of his arrival Dad and Mom drove him to the rolling, forested hills of the Kettle Moraine and they enjoyed some beautiful scenery. But that same day, Rick failed to eat anything. Soon afterward it was discovered that he had completely lost the ability to swallow liquids or solids. Along with his decreasing motor abilities and his growing mental confusion, this was a result of AIDS-related brain atrophy, and is the thing that finally killed Rick.

"He was admitted into a Milwaukee hospital where he was attached to various IV's for medicine and liquids, and where a tube was put down his throat to provide him with the nourishment he was no longer able to swallow on his own. Rick accepted these steps -- and as he always had -- continued to say he was "fine" to all inquiries and never complained. In fact the only thing he said he wanted during this time was to go home. Once, Danny and I were sitting with him and we asked him what he was thinking about. At first we misunderstood him; we thought he said, 'Those bad dreams again,' but when we gasped and asked him what bad dreams he was talking about, he said, "No, no...being in my own bedroom again." Which, considering how difficult and rare it was then for him to say more than a few words, the fact that he repeated the long comment really impressed us with how much he wanted to go home.

"Scott and I brought him home to San Francisco on October 13. That same day, Rick decided that he no longer wanted to be hooked up with IV's or nourishment tubes. Which meant that he had chosen to die within a week to 10 days. Danny and I made a conference call to the whole family and told them of Rick's decision. It was a very difficult,

tear-filled conversation, but nobody tried to argue with Rick's decision and we all decided that we wanted to be with Rick and each other for his last days. Scott and I returned to Madison temporarily for a couple days (during which the earthquake struck) and we all worried that because of the quake we wouldn't be able to get out to California on time. But we all did. Steve came from Pittsburgh without Betsy and their daughter Sarah because of the potential aftershock danger. Julie came from Austin with Rachel. Rick's friend Amy came from Milwaukee with Mom, Dad and our brother Dan. By Friday, October 20th, we were all at Rick's and Danny's house.

"It was a grueling, wonderful couple of days. Full of reminiscing and hugging and crying and horror as we saw Rick slipping away, every morning more weak and finally completely unable to communicate with us. Rick died very peacefully, simply breathing more shallowly and weakly, until he finally wasn't breathing anymore and we were all sitting around him holding him and one another as he died.

"We'd all been crying on and off for days (each of us breaking down at the oddest mostly unexpected times), and we all cried then as Rick stopped breathing, but there was also a strange sense of relief for all of us, that it was over, for Rick and for us.

"Rick was cremated. There were (Catholic) services in Milwaukee on October 28 and Danny invited friends over for dessert (Rick's favorite food) a week later, on November 4. We may scatter his ashes somewhere on a Lake Michigan beach next summer.

"I'm OK. My main therapy this last year has been to keep myself very busy. That continued with a vengeance during the weeks in Milwaukee at the hospital; I brought work with me and did two major illustrations in Rick's room and did massive amounts of computer literature. And as the end loomed I worried a little about the inevitable emotional crash. But it never happened. I think that the incredibly emotional, supportive, intense week with everyone in San Francisco provided an outlet for grieving and accepting for all of us. None of us will ever forget it; the experience has taught me quite a bit about our family and about myself that I will be digesting for years to come.

"Probably the most emotional moments of the week came on a Saturday afternoon when all of us sat around Rick's bed and remembered aloud. Another, for me, was the quiet morning before we'd all finished washing up and eating breakfast, when my brother Steve and I sat with Rick. I was holding a cup full of hot tea, and I asked Steve if he and Betsy had made any decisions about a name for their new baby, due in January. It wasn't as if his answer surprised me very much; I'd been hoping they were thinking

of naming their second child after Rick, but when Steve answered, suddenly sobbing 'Eric or Erica' something burst inside me and we both moved toward one another -- the tea spilling and cup falling on the floor -- and hugged and cried over Rick's bed. We think that it was at that point Rick spoke his last words, and typically he was attempting to comfort us. He reached up and touched Steve's arm and said, 'It's OK.'

"Now I feel sad a lot. After returning from the second trip to San Francisco in a month, I wanted to stay home for awhile, and Scott [Custis] and I spent a lot of time alone. But a couple weeks later I walked into my office at home and started sorting through the stack of paperwork on my desk, some of which I'd put off for more than a year. As I did that, it hit me how much of my life I'd put on hold during the year. Everything that didn't require attention had gotten sidetracked; my participation with the local science fiction group, various commitments I made to others in SF fandom, and many friendships fell on my priority list. I had pared down my attention to Rick, Scott's and my relationship, and my job. At work, I buried myself in an obsessive learning cycle and in the past year, as a result, I've made a lot of changes for myself professionally.... Scott and I have deepened our commitment to one another; I would have found it immeasurably more difficult to do what had to be done this year without him. For example, he volunteered to fly out to San Francisco with Rick and I when it became clear that the trip was going to be particularly difficult. I'll be forever grateful to him for helping then, but more than that, he was always there for me to talk to. It's good to have someone there.

"Thinking about how much I needed Scott during this last year, made me feel more sharply the pain that Danny Field must have felt as he watched his lover and best friend die in his arms. We all came to love Danny more as we watched how he cared so lovingly and patiently for Rick, and hope that he always considers himself a member of our family."

+ + + + +

((Jeanne reports her brother, Steve, and Betsy did name their new son Eric, which has done much to help her family balance their feelings of loss.))

ANNEMARIE VAN EWYCK

((The first of three articles about the Netherlands, its fantastic literature and its fandom.))

MAKE MORE MUDPIES!!

In 1990 The Netherlands will host the World Science Fiction Convention. Oh. Yeah. The Netherlands... I can imagine fans halfway across the world going about in a fog of friendly interest, but not much factual knowledge, where The Netherlands are concerned. You may have heard of the country, though you may have heard it called "Holland." You may know the capital is Amsterdam and the best informed may know that the inhabitants as well as their speech are dubbed "Dutch."

You are very advanced in that case, but for all those that haven't taken Small Obscure Countries of the World at college, I'd like to relate some interesting facts about the Low Countries by the Sea. Then, if you decide to come to The Netherlands, it won't be a plunge into the great unknown. And if you choose not to go, you'll at least know where the others are off to.

It won't be a story of noble souls and heroism -- not much. But you may find it entertaining (I do myself) because the Dutch have a reputation for doing things just the other way 'round. For example, most people when they settle in a place look for land that's already there. And in general, land is what sticks up out of the sea; if it's otherwise, it's seabottom. Not so in The Netherlands.

Also, most prosperous nations have at some time grown in size from their original territory. But The Netherlands are, now as before, a mere pinprick of the globe, only some 160 miles across from west to east, and some 190 miles from north to south. Just about as large as when they started out being a nation, although the country has considerably grown in bulk since then. (Read on and see how we did that trick.) In the meantime this snippet of land houses close to 14 million people, which gives us the highest overall population density in the world, barring city states like Hong Kong.

Nederland, as we call it, is at the northwestern edge of

Europe, hemmed in by Belgium and France in the south and Germany in the east. To the west and north lies the North Sea, with England only a few hours' sailing away. And so Nederland is situated at the very crossroads of northwestern Europe, in the delta of some of Europe's greatest rivers, Rhine, Schelde and Meuse -- well, let's face it, The Netherlands practically are the delta.

Deltas, though, are notoriously soggy. So for a long time, well into the Middle Ages in fact, The Low Countries by the Sea consisted only in the south and east of firm woodland and heather. The west was a dreary expanse of dunes, straggly wood and marshes, collectively called Holland.

Still, people did live in these soggy parts, on alluvial ridges and strips of beach and dune. They used their strategic position on the waterways to the full and applied themselves to dealing and trading and raking in tolls. The forbears of the first Counts of Holland rose to wealth and power operating a toll on the Meuse. But squelching around in wading boots palls after awhile. The Lowlanders build dikes against flooding and so gained some arable land. They also raised towns and castles, although gain the soggy ground set limitations. The old town of Amsterdam could only be built by driving stout 40-foot poles into the ground to support the foundations.

Natural resources are what a clever Nederlander makes of them. Nederland is a very flat country, the highest hill being only some 110 feet in height, so there is a steady supply of wind. Whole industries sprang up in the Middle Ages on the basis of wind-power, and today some regional electricity boards are setting up modern windmill ranges to supply power, on more than an experimental basis.

And bogs -- there doesn't seem to be much you can do with bogs, but the Nederlanders know. First they dug out all the peat for their fireplaces. This left lakes. From those lakes they dredged up the fertile bottom mud and with that built floating market gardens. Dutch vegetable gardening and vegetable cuisine earned such fame that the King of Denmark payed a batch of Dutch gardeners to settle in his country.

With all these lakes and streams and rivers there still wasn't much land to live on. And so in the 14th century Nederland embarked on the very first attempt at terraforming in the Galaxy. Building an enclosed dike was a cinch by now. Windmills were at hand, and so one by one bogs and lakes were sandbagged and then laid siege by hosts of windmills, pumping the water out. In the 17th century even considerable tracts of land were so reclaimed and the practice is still going on today, delivering up thousands of acres of good farmland and more living space -- without windmills, though. If you come to Nederland by air, your plane will land at Schiphol Airport, right in the middle of

a 19th century land reclamation project, a "polder" as it was then called.

Incidentally, you'll find yourself below sea level at Schiphol. Roughly 30% of the country lies below the mean level between tides and would be swamped regularly if dunes and dams and dikes didn't protect us. But even floods can protect Nederland. The Spanish armies in the 80-years' war saw their sieges undone by man-made floods, Louis XIV's army could not cross our sneaky defense line of flooded polders in 1672, and in WW II, some judicious flooding greatly helped the Allied Army along.

All this fighting on the side of windmills cannot be done on an empty purse. But Holland, the western part of The Netherlands, did have the money. Trade brought in capital and at the end of the 15th century Holland was becoming prosperous. Having a well-filled pouch does wonders for your self-esteem. In the 16th century the burghers of Holland took exception to the meddling of their monarch, Philip II of Spain, especially in religious matters. And after some political maneuvering remained largely as they were, and most of our colonies were soon lost again, chiefly through the bitter 17th century naval wars with England. From this period, by the way, date most of those derogatory expressions prefaced by "Dutch", that you'll find in English dictionaries. Though England won, on the whole the Dutch dealt them some smarting slaps in the process. But Nederland just went on with business as usual, trading all over the globe.

Meanwhile, at home... Having had our revolution long before other people got wise to the idea, we found the French Revolution upsetting. Especially since the liberating French came to liberate us as well. Our hereditary Stadhouder fled to England and died there while Napoleon rampaged through Europe and generously gave The Netherlands a king: his brother. An Imperial brother wasn't what we wanted, but a King seemed a good idea. And when Napoleon was beaten the Steward became a King. The son of the exiled Stadhouder was rapturously welcomed back and proved very willing to change his status from an aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, to being King William I of The Netherlands.

And all went more or less well. Although the revolutionary 19th century cost the King the realm of Belgium, it didn't cost us the monarchy. It just got us all a better constitution. The House of Orange stayed the course, even when the heirs to the throne died one after another. King William III simply remarried, and got himself a daughter, Wilhelmina. And she, at the tail end of the rule of Victoria, ushered in the Dutch Age of Reigning Queens. From 1890 onward Nederland has been reigned over by capable, intelligent women: Queen Mother and Regent Emma, Queen Wilhelmina, Queen Juliana, and



finally Queen Beatrix, who is confidently expected to see us through into the 21st century.

Why all this talk of royalty when it is well-known that about half of our population is republican or even more radical than that? Just another quirk in the Dutch character. There are as many ardent republicans in this country as there are royalists. But the consensus seems to be that if the monarchy ever became outvoted we'd probably get Beatrix as President.

More contradictions, nor will they be the last in the country of many waters, for the Dutch character seems seasoned with more than a little contrariness. A well-managed contrariness, I like to think, moderated by a deep dislike of exaggeration. How that came about I don't really know. Maybe dredging up one's country does it -- as opposed to building it upon bedrock. It breeds cooperation as well as doggedness, and prosperity, as we can see. Who knows, water and mud may yet prove to be great formative influences. Maybe more people should learn to make mud pies?

-- Annemarie van Euyck

*****+++++[[CHANGES OF ADDRESS]]+*****

Susan Baugh, 1903 Taffeta Dr., Louisville KY 40272-4456
David Thayer, PO Box 905, Euless TX 76039; (817) 282-2644
Renita Cassano, 638 Dauphine St., New Orleans LA 70112

convention listings

FILE 770 CONVENTION BULLETIN BOARD:

CONFERENCE ONE: (Jan. 26-28, 1990) Holiday Inn Bristol Plaza, Costa Mesa CA. Furries-anthropomorphics-funny animal theme convention. Memberships: \$20, \$25 at the door. To: Confurence, PO Box 1958, Garden Grove CA 92644-1958

CZARKON 7: (Feb. 2-4, 1990) Stratford House, Fenton MO. GoH: M. S. Murdock; Artist GoH: Erin McKee; Fan GoH: Martha Beck. Memberships: \$15 til 1/15/90, \$20 at door. Members required to be at least 18 years old. Rooms: \$36.50/sgl, \$40/dbl. Art show, dealers room, photography contest, Tucker Awards, buns, body painting. To: Magic Panda Productions, 1156 Remley Court, University City MO 63130. (314) 725-6448.

BOSKONE XXVII: (Feb. 16-18, 1990) Sheraton Tara, Marriott Hotel, Springfield MA. GoH: Glen Cook; Official Artist: David A. Cherry; Special Guest: Charles C. Ryan. Memberships: \$26 til 1/6/90, \$42 at door. Rooms: Sheraton \$79 sgl/dbl, Marriott \$78 1-4 persons. Hotels do not take reservations directly -- members receive a hotel card. To: NESFA, PO Box 6, MIT Branch, Cambridge MA 02139.

COSTUME CON: 8 (Feb. 16-19, 1990) Red Lion Inn, Ontario CA. Membership: \$30 til 2/1/90; \$40 at the door. Info: 3216 Villa Knolls Dr., Pasadena CA 91107.

ARISIA: (Feb. 23-25, 1990) Lafayette Hotel, Boston MA. GoH: Richard Bowker. Artist GoH: A.C. Farley. Memberships: (limited to 1500) \$25 til 12/31/89, \$35 after. 24-hour film and video program, masquerade, hucksters, art show, RPG. To: Arisia Inc., PO Box 2334, Pittsfield MA 01202-2334. Please include SASE.

CONCAVE 11: (Feb. 23-25, 1990) Park Mammoth Resort, Park City KY. GoH: Howard DeVore. Memberships: \$13 til 2/5/90, \$15 after. Rooms: \$26/sgl, \$36/dbl. Reservations: (502) 749-4101. Art show, huxter room. Info: (include SASE) Conace, PO Box 24, Franklin KY 42135.

CONSONANCE 1990: (March 2-4, 1990) San Jose Airport Radisson, San Jose CA. GoHs: Barry and Sally Childs-Helton. TM: Chris Weber. Rooms: \$52 sgl/dbl; phone (408) 298-0100. Memberships: \$20 through 10/9, \$25 through 2/2/90. To: Wail Songs, PO Box 29888, Oakland CA 94604.

WOLFCON 1990: (March 2-4, 1990) Beveridge Arts Center, Acadia Univ., Wolfsville, NS Canada. Membership: \$10 til 3/1/90, \$15 at door. To: Wolfcon, PO Box 796, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, BoP 1X0 Canada

WISCON 14: (March 9-11, 1990) Holiday Inn Southeast, Madison WI. GoHs: Emma Bull, Iain Banks. Membership: \$14, \$25 at the door. Rooms: \$43/sgl, \$49/dbl. Reservations: (608) 222-9121. Art show, huckster room, chemical-free con suite. Info: WisCon, PO Box 1642, Madison WI 53701-1624.

MILLENNICON -11: (Mar. 16-18, 1990) Dayton Airport Hotel, Dayton OH. Pro: Joe Haldeman. Fan: Bill Higgins. Science: Dr. Bill Breuer. Membership: \$20 til 1/31/90, \$25 after and at door. Hotel: \$60 flat rate. Reservations: (800) 543-7577. Dealers: \$40 first table, \$30 additional. To: MillenniCon -11, PO Box 636, Dayton OH 45405.

CONGENIAL: (Mar. 23-25, 1990) Sheraton Racine, Racine WI. Guests: Stu Shiffman, Kathy Mar, Charles de Lint, Reed Waller, Kate Worley. Memberships: \$18 til 2/14, \$22 at door. Rooms: \$55 sgl/dbl. Genie Awards, Silly Bathing Suit Contest. "Remember: it's not your average relaxacon." Info: Congenial, PO Box 37317, Milwaukee WI 53237.

DEMICON 1: (March 23-25, 1990) Des Moines Howard Johnson's, 4800 Merle Hay Rd., Des Moines IA 50322. GoH: C.J. Cherryh; AGoH: J.R. Daniels; TM: Rusty Hevelin. Memberships \$15 til 2/1/90, \$20 at door. Rooms: \$39/sgl, \$45/dbl -- (515) 278-4755. Dealers, art show. TO: Demicon I, PO Box 7572, Des Moines IA 50322-7572.

NEOCON 1: (March 23-25, 1990) Days Inn East, 9100 E. Kellogg, Wichita KS. Sponsored by New Fans of Wichita. GoH: Andrew J. Offutt; AGoH: Dell Harris; FGoH: Bob Hise. Memberships: \$ til 1/1/90, \$10 after. SFWA members free. Rooms: \$38/sgl, \$40/dbl. (800)835-0240. Info: Neocon 1, c/o Mike McCain, 1235 S. Minneapolis, Wichita KS 67211.

NORWESCON 12: (Mar. 29-Apr. 1, 1990) Sheraton Tacoma, Tacoma WA. GoH: Roger Zelazny; Artist GoH: TBA; Science GoH: Dr. John Cramer; Fan GoH: Pat Mueller; Volunteer GoH: Joe Wheeler; TM: Dan Reeder. Memberships: \$28 til 3/1/90, \$35 after. Rooms: (206) 572-3200. To: Norwescon, PO Box 24207, Seattle WA 98124.

READERCON 3 (March 30-April 1, 1990) Lowell Hilton, Lowell MA. GoH: John Crowley. Memberships: \$20 til 2/20/90, \$25 after. Rooms: \$75/sgl, \$80/dbl. (508) 452-1200. To: ReaderCon, PO Box 6138, Boston MA 02209. (617) 576-0415.

TECHNICON 7: (Mar. 30-Apr. 1, 1990) Donaldson Brown Center, Blacksburg VA. SF Jeopardy, Dance, Gaming, Art Show, Costume Call. Membership: \$15. To: Technicon 7, c/o VTSFFC, PO Box 256, Blacksburg VA 24063.

STELLARCON XV: (April 6-8, 1990) UNC Greensboro. Guests: Frederik Pohl, Hal Clement, Sam Grainger, Dennis Etchison, Joe Lansdale, Richard & Janice Preston, Kristina Etchison, Allen Wold. Info: SF3, Box 4, Elliot University Center, Univ. of North Carolina at Greensboro, Greensboro NC 27412-5001.

DANSE MACABRE: (April 12-16, 1990) 29th Australian National Convention. Diplomat Motor Inn, Acland St., St. Kilda. Pro: G. R. R. Martin. Fan: John Bangsund. Memberships: \$45. Rooms: \$54/sgl, \$59/dbl. To: Danse Macabre, PO Box 273, Fitzroy VIC 3065 Australia.

MINICON 25: (April 13-15) Radisson South Hotel, 7800 Normandale Bl., Bloomington MN. Guests: Jane Yolen,

Patrick Price, Kim S. Robinson, Art Widner, David E. Romm, Dr. Joseph Romm, P.C. Hodgell. Memberships: \$15 til 3/15/90, \$30 at the door. Rooms: \$48 sgl/dbl. Radisson phone: (800) 333-3333. Hucksters info: Steve Bond, c/o Comics etc. 3952 Central Ave. NE, Columbia Hts MN 55421. Info: Minicon, PO Box 8297, Lake St. Station, Minneapolis MN 55408.

BALTICON 24: (April 13-15, 1990) The Hunt Valley Inn. GoH: Robin McKinley; Artist GoH: Charles Lang and Wendy Snow Lang. Info: BSFS, Box 686, Baltimore MD 21203.

AMIGOCON 5: (April 20-22, 1990) Embassy Suites, El Paso, TX. Author GoHs: Poul & Karen Anderson; Artist GoH: David Cherry. Memberships: \$12 til 4/13/90, \$15 at door. Info: Amigocon 5, PO Box 3177, El Paso TX 79923.

VIKING CON XI: (April 20-22, 1990) Memberships: \$22 at door. Info: Viking Union H-7, Western Washington University, Bellingham WA 98225.

NAMETHATCON 3: (April 27-29, 1990) Holiday Inn St. Louis Downtown Convention Center, 811 N. 9th St., St. Louis MO 63101. GoH: George Alec Effinger; Artist GoH: Todd Hamilton; Fan GoH: Laura LeHew; TM: Suzette Haden Elgin; Spec. Guest: Wilson "Bob" Tucker; Writer's Workshop: Emma Bull & Will Shetterly. Memberships: \$12 til 1/1/90, \$16 til 3/1/90, \$20 til 4/16/90. Rooms: \$47 sgl/dbl. Reservations: (314) 421-4000. Hucksters: \$45 first table (w/membership), \$35 additional. Art show, masquerade, filking, gaming. To: SCSF&FS, PO Box 575, St. Charles MO 63301.

PHOENIXCON 5: (May 4-6, 1990) Holiday Inn at Powers Ferry landing, GA. GoH: Piers Anthony; Artist GoH: Ron Lindahn & Val Lakey-Lindahn; Fan GoH: Steve & Sue Francis. Memberships: \$20 til 1/31/90. Info: Phoenixcon 5, 1579 Monroe Dr., Box F-218, Atlanta GA 30324.

CORFLU 7: (May 4-6, 1990) New York, NY. Fanzine fans' convention. Hotel to be announced. Memberships: \$35 attending, \$5 supporting. To: Lise Eisenberg, 99 Joralemon St., #6D, Brooklyn NY 11201.

ANGLICON III: (May 4-6, 1990) Radisson Hotel at SeaTac Int'l Airport, WA. GoH: Michael Keating (Vila of Blake's 7). "Northwest's Premier British Media Convention." Memberships: (limited to 500) \$30 til 12/31/89, \$35 til 4/20/90; \$45 after. "All proceeds to be donated to KTPS-TV 28, a PBS Station in Tacoma." To: Anglicon, TLPO Box 8207, Kirkland WA 98054-8207.

OASIS III: (May 11-13, 1990) Plaza Inn, 603 Lee Rd., Orlando FL 32810. GoH: Joan D. Vinge; Artist GoH: Robert Daniels Jr.; Fan GoH: Joe Sicalri; TM: Jim Frenkel. Memberships: \$12 til 11/30/89, \$15 til 4/15/90, \$18 at door. Rooms: \$35 one bed \$45 two beds. Reservations: (407) 644-6100. Memberships to Oasis Treasurer, PO Box 616469, Orlando FL 32861-6469.

GALAXY FAIR '90: (May 11-13, 1990) Fairmont Hotel, 1717 N. Ackard, Dallas TX 75201. Guests: C.J. Cherryh, Lois McMaster Bujold, Beth Fleischer, Don Maitz, Robert Asprin, Robert Taylor, Chris Claremont, Bill & Brenda Sutton. Memberships: \$20 til 4/1/90, \$27 at door. Rooms:

\$65 sgl/dbl. To: Galaxy Fair Inc., 5812 Woodsetter, Arlington TX 76017.

BAYCON '90: (May 25-28, 1990) San Jose Red Lion Inn. Membership: \$25 til 1/1/90, \$30 til 3/1/90, \$35 til 5/1/90, \$40 at door. Hotel: \$62/sgl, \$72/dbl. Reservations: (408) 453-4000. Info: Baycon '90, PO Box 70393, Sunnyvale CA 94086.

DISCLAVE 90: (May 25-28, 1990) Howard Johnson, 8500 Annapolis Rd., New Carrollton MD. GoH: Mike Resnick; Fan GoH: Marty Gear; Artist Guest TBA. Memberships: \$15 til 12/31/89; \$20 til 4/30/90, \$25 after. Memberships: Covert Beach, 1200 Waynewood Bl., Alexandria VA 22308. Dealers contact: Scott Dennis, 347 W. 2d St., Paris KY 40361. Rooms: \$68 flat rate. Reservations: (301) 459-6700.

V-CON 18: (May 25-27, 1990) Totem Park Residence, UBC, Vancouver BC. GoHs: Elizabeth Scarborough, Elizabeth A. Lynn, Dave Duncan; Artist GoH: Roger Raupp. Membership: US\$16 til 3/31/90, \$21 til 5/1/90, \$25 at door. Info: PO Box 48478 Bentall Centre, Vancouver BC V7X 1A2 Canada.

KEYCON '90: (May 25-27, 1990) Sheraton Hotel, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. GoHs: C.J. Cherryh, Jo Clayton, David Cherry, Geri Sullivan. Membership: \$30 til 4/30/90, \$35 at door. Info: PO Box 3178, Winnipeg MAN R3C 4E6 Canada.

CONQUEST XXI: (May 25-27, 1990) Howard Johnson's Central, 610 Washington, Kansas City MO 64105. GoH: Rudy Rucker; AGoH: Michael Whelan; FGoH: David Means; TM: Brad Denton. Memberships and room rates TBA. Info: ConQuest, Box 36212, Kansas City MO 64111.

X-CON 14: (June 1-3, 1990) Hyatt Regency Milwaukee, 333 W. Kilbourn Ave., Milwaukee WI. Guests: Christopher Stasheff, Joane Hanke-Woods, Richard Tucholka, Wilson "Bob" Tucker. Memberships: \$15 til 12/31/89, \$20 til 5/2/90, \$25 at the door. Hotel: \$64 sgl/quad. Wizards Market: write to J. & D. Watson, PO Box 1353, Milwaukee WI 53201. Info: X-Con Ltd., PO Box 7, Milwaukee WI 53201-0007.

CONVERGE II: (June 1-4, 1990) NZ Queens Birthday. Terrace Regency Hotel, Wellington NZ. Pro: Richard Arnold (Paramount's Trek archivist), Fan: James Benson. Memberships: NZ\$35, NZ\$40 at door. To: converge II, PO Box 4188, Wanganui, New Zealand.

90TH ABA CONVENTION & EXHIBIT: (June 2-5, 1990) Las Vegas, NV. For professionals only. Info: American Booksellers Assoc. 122 E. 42nd St., New York NY 10168

AD ASTRA 10: (June 8-10, 1990) Howard Johnson Airport Hotel, 801 Dixon Rd., Toronto ONT Canada. GoH: Terry Pratchett; Artist GoH: Kelly Freas; TM: Larry Stewart. Memberships: US\$18 til 5/26/90, \$27 at the door. Rooms: (416) 675-6100. Info: Ad Astra 10, PO Box 7276, Station A, Toronto ONT M5W 1X9 Canada

CONCERTO: (June 8-10, 1990) Holiday Inn, Cherry Hill NJ. GoH: Julia Ecklar. TM: Spencer Love. The East Coast filk convention. Membership: \$20 til 12/31/89; \$25 til 5/15/90; \$30 at door. Dealers \$45/table (incl. 1 membership). Rooms: \$60/sgl, \$65/dbl. Reservations: (609) 663-5300. Info: Concerto c/o Carol Kabakjian, 17 Lewis

Ave. #3, East Lansdowne PA 19050-2614.

NEW ORLEANS SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY FESTIVAL (June 15-17, 1990) Bayou Plaza Hotel, 4040 Tulane Ave., New Orleans LA 70119. GoH: Roger Zelazny; AGoH Dell Harris; TM Edward Bryant; FGoH: Frank & Cece Terry. Memberships: \$15 til 4/1/90, \$20 til 6/1/90, \$25 at door. Rooms: (800) 421-4335. Other guests: GRR Martin, M. Snodgrass, E. Datlow, G.A. Effinger, Denny O'Neil, G. Costikyan. 24-hour gaming, art show, dance, hospitality suite. To: NOSFF, PO Box 791089, New Orleans LA 70179.

MIDWESTCON 41: (June 21-24, 1990) Cincinnati Marriott, 11320 Chester Rd., Glendale OH. Memberships: \$16 til 6/1/90; \$20 at door. Mail to: Jackie Causgrove, 6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati OH 45236. Rooms: \$70/sgl. Reservations: (800) 950-8883. Relaxacon. Banquet \$20. TM: Bob Tucker.

INCONJUNCTION X: (June 29-July 1, 1990) Indianapolis IN. GoHs: Philip Jose Farmer, Frank Kelly Freas, L. Sprague DeCamp, Michael Whelan; TM: Wilson "Bob" Tucker. Info: Inconjunction X: PO Box 19776, Indianapolis IN 46219.

WESTERCON 43: (July 5-8, 1990) Red Lion Inn, Portland OR. GoHs: Ursula K. LeGuin, Vonda McIntyre, Kate Wilhelm, Art Widner; TM Steve Perry. Memberships: \$40 til 6/20/90; \$50 at door. To: Westercon 43, PO Box 5794, Portland OR 97228. Dealer's room and art show sold out. Info: (503) 283-0802.

MYTHCON XXI: (August 3-6, 1990) Cal State Long Beach, CA. Writer GoH: Diana Paxson, Artist GoH: Pat Wynne. Theme: Aspects of Love in Fantasy. Memberships: \$25 til 3/1, \$35 after. Room & board package: \$125. (Banquet separate) Papers coordinator (proposal deadline 5/1): Paul Nolan Hyde, 2661 E. Lee St., Simi Valley CA 93065. For membership and information: Mythcon XXI, 2554 Lincoln Bl. Ste. 190, Marina Del Rey CA 90291.

RIVERCON XV: (Aug. 3-5, 1990) Holiday Inn Downtown, Louisville KY. GoH: Mike Resnick; Fan GoH: George Laskowski; TM: George Alec Effinger. Memberships: \$18 til 7/15/90, \$25 at door. For info contact the following: art show, Cliff Richle, 5712 Santa Fe Trail, #2, Louisville KY 40258; huckster room, Steve Francis, 5503 Matterhorn Dr., Louisville KY 40216; masquerade, Susan Baugh, Valley Library Branch, 6505 Bethany Ln., Louisville KY 40272. Info: RiverCon, PO Box 58009, Louisville KY 40258.

CONFICTION - WorldCon 48: (Aug. 23-27, 1990) The Hague, Netherlands. Pro GoHs: Joe Haldeman, Wolfgang Jeschke, Harry Harrison; Fan: Andrew Porter; TM: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. Memberships: attending \$70, child attending \$17, supporting \$28, all good til 12/31. To: PO Box 95370, 2509 CJ The Hague, The Netherlands.

CONDIEGO - NASFiC: (Aug. 30-Sept. 3, 1990) San Diego, CA. Pro: Samuel Delany. Fan: Ben Yalow. Memberships: attending \$55 til 7/1/89, supporting \$25 til 7/1/90. To: ConDiego, PO Box 15771, San Diego CA 92115.

IN-CON: (Sept. 21-23, 1990) Spokane WA. Guests: Dean Ing, Betsy Mott, Donna Tingle, Paul Wilson,

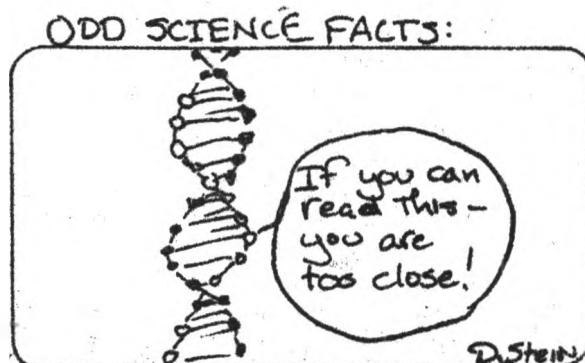
John Dalmás. Memberships: \$10 til 1/1/90, \$15 til 7/1/90, \$18 7/1/90, \$20 at door. Hotel: Shilo Inn, E. 923 3rd, Spokane WA 99206. (509) 535-9000. \$48/night. Info: PO Box 1026, Spokane WA 99210.

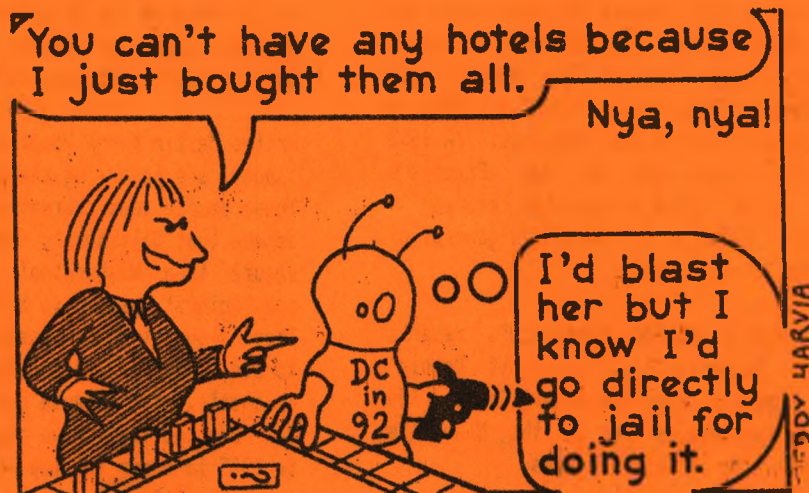
LOSCON 17: (Nov. 23-25, 1990) Buena Park Hotel, Buena Park CA. GoH: Barry B. Longyear; Fan GoH: Ben Yalow; Artist GoH: TBA. Memberships: \$15 til 12/31/89, \$17.50 til 7/4/90, \$20 til 11/15/90, \$25 at door. Hotel rooms: \$64 sgl/dbl. Art show, dealers, Ice Cream Social, dances, the Blood Drive. Info: Loscon 17, LASFS, 11513 Burbank Bl., North Hollywood CA 91601.

HUTTCON '90: (November 23-25, 1990) 1990 Media NatCon bid, but it will go ahead win or lose. The Diplomat Hotel, 12 Acland St., St. Kilda. Membership: \$45 til 6/30/89, \$50 til 12/31/89. To: James Allen, PO Box 41, West Brunswick VIC 3055 Australia.

WESTERCON 44: (July 4-7, 1991) Vancouver BC, Canada Pro: William Gibson. Fan: Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins. Artist: Warren Oddsson. Memberships: \$23. (Various provisions made for voters and presupporters until Sept. 30: contact committee.) Site: Gage Residence and Student Union Building, University of British Columbia, Vancouver BC. Info: Westercon 44, Box 48478 Bentall Stn., Vancouver BC V7X 1A2 Canada.

CHICON V - WorldCon 49 (Aug. 29-Sept. 2, 1991) Chicago IL. Pro GoHs: Writer- Hal Clement, Artist - Richard Powers, Editor - Martin Harry Greenberg; Fan: Jon & Joni Stopa; TM: Marta Randall. Memberships: attending \$75 til 12/31/89. Supporting? Memberships to: Chicon V, PO Box 218121, Upper Arlington OH 43221. For information: Chicon V, PO Box A3120, Chicago IL 60690.





MIKE GLYER: WORLDCONS IN THE 1990'S

THE FUTURE OF THE WORLDCON: At every Midwest and East Coast convention I attended in the past three months -- Noreascon, Armadillocon, Windycon, and Philcon -- people asked me, "Is the Hawaii bid for real?" Since I had heard absolutely nothing I was surprised to hear from the same people that Los Angeles fan Lex Nakashima had concocted a bid to hold the Worldcon in Hawaii, a serious bid (unlike his Hong Kong campaign), and (one hears) has qualified it under WSFS rules to receive countable write-in votes in the 1993 Site Selection although it won't be listed on the mail ballot. Scott Dennis, reports *Instant Message*, told an audience at Smofcon the Hawaii bid proposed to use a series of Sheratons on the beach. Facilities? Committee? Here, have a Hurricane!

Speaking of "Mikhail" Sinclair, the well-known New Orleans bidder has traded in his Hurricane glasses for a 19th Century samovar and is stumping the midwestern convention circuit, encouraging his comrades to "Say Da!" to Moscow in '95. Yes, the Moscow in Russia. Write for information to: PO Box 4696, Louisville KY 40204.

To attract presupporters, Moscow in '95 gives them a mock Soviet passport with red cover and gray pages divided to make room for the rubber-stamped visas Sinclair will enter at each convention where they hold a bidding party.

The Midwest is a historic source of wolves-in-sheep's-clothing -- hoax Worldcon bids that secretly aspire to be taken seriously. Meeting Sinclair at Windycon, I asked him how seriously "Say Da" bidders wanted to bring the Worldcon to Russia. Sinclair said he has contacted some

Soviet officials, like the mayor of Moscow and representatives of Intourist. He is interested in "Say Da" becoming the vehicle for a Soviet group to get the right to host a Moscow Worldcon, but at present no Soviet group has expressed interest -- if indeed any such group is aware of this golden opportunity.

If the "Say Da" bid was merely an excuse to throw parties it wouldn't merit so much attention, but one remembers how the Bermuda Triangle in '88 bidders encouraged people's assumption it was a joke, until the committee found enough support to permit them to take the wraps off their serious ambition to run a cruise-ship Worldcon. Afterwards they laughed their way to the second highest number of votes in Site Selection.

The 1993 bids that have qualified to appear on the mail ballot are Zagreb, Phoenix and San Francisco. Both Phoenix and San Francisco have endured setbacks due to changing leadership: San Francisco is in the hands of its fourth chairperson. San Francisco also must reckon with any voter concerns aroused by the October earthquake. However, Zagreb seems to be in no position to capitalize on the misfortunes of its competition.

Freshly returned from a visit to eastern Europe, Scott and Jane Dennis have been on the huckster circuit selling buttons and circulating news. At Philcon, Scott said he learned in Yugoslavia that the Zagreb bid has lost its travel agent and that the biggest sf club in the country is no longer associated with the bid.

Instant Message 470's report of the "Spanish Inquisition" held at Smofcon states a 1993 Phoenix Worldcon would be co-chaired by Terry (Gish) Berry, Eric Hanson and Doreen Webbert. The civic plaza between the hotels and convention center, famed as "the Anvil of God" in 1978, is being architecturally modified to beat the heat. A 1993 San Francisco Worldcon would use the San Francisco Marriott as its main hotel. Bid corporation chairman is Mike Wallis (formerly of Toronto) and secretary-general of the bid is Terry Biffel of Sacramento.

The same report condensed Linda Ross-Mansfield's remarks about the Winnipeg in '94 facilities, and Scott Dennis' equally flattering comments about the Nashville in '94 hotels. Scott and Jane Dennis are on the Nashville committee, proving that time heals all wounds.

The aspiring Britain in '97 sent a delegation to Noreascon 3; they promptly found themselves being courted by American smofs to shift their bid to 1995.

The Brits started the weekend by inviting Americans they knew, or wanted to know, to a Seacon tenth anniversary reception. Then they fanned out to meet and consult with U.S. convention-runners.

For example, Caroline Mullan sought my counsel and advice on running convention newzines, though clearly I could take lessons from their Jersey Eastercon daily. If Caroline's approach is characteristic, their campaign will be very effective. By modestly asking experienced and well-known American convention-runners for advice, which con organizers are always ready to dispense regardless of the audience's interest, the Brits will be thought of as studious and wise. The Brits may even hear something new and useful to them (though probably not.) Their willingness to learn, particularly from Americans, will take the curse off memories of the recent Brighton Worldcon plagued by financial reverses, hotel problems and a public relations backlash over the involvement of New Era publishing company, and compensate for the bid's lack of an internationally-known leader (such as Malcolm Edwards, who spearheaded the 1987 effort.)

Despite the committee's substantial experience running Eastercons and regionals, they are very inexperienced worldcon bidders and have evidently taken some poisonous advice which will probably assure their defeat. Britain's band of wannabe-smofs spent after-midnight in a smoke-filled room at Noreascon with a crowd of midwest and East Coast fans who have been hunting for somebody (anybody!) to stand up to Jim Gilpatrick's Atlanta in '95 bid. At Philcon several convention-running fans told me their desire to see Britain bid against Atlanta for '95, rather than '97, stemmed from strong disapproval of Gilpatrick's past con administration practices. They also

disingenuously admitted it is the Eastern zone's "turn" to be pre-empted by an overseas convention -- a generosity perhaps based on there being as yet no group outside Atlanta well-positioned to bid for '95.

Writes Martin Morse Wooster, "Several people in Baltimore fandom are pondering the idea of a Baltimore in 1998 bid. These people (not currently a majority of Baltimore fandom) assume that Baltimore's convention center will be easier to secure than Washington's, since Baltimore is a 'less prestigious' place to hold conventions than Washington. They also act on the premise that Boston is too burned out to bid, New York is too disorganized, Philadelphia is too apathetic, and Atlanta has a lock on 1995. While several New England smofs have reportedly begged Baltimore to bid in 1995 in order to stop Atlanta, a Baltimore bid, if it occurs, will not happen until 1998." Now, as I was saying about the devotion of eastern smofs to overseas worldcons...

Another aspect of the calculation, widely discussed at Noreascon, is that maneuvering the British to bid for 1995 removes a threat to the formative 1997 San Antonio bid.

The British bidders are seduced by promises that American smofs will support their bid. But can any alliance based on a cynical desire to bash Jim Gilpatrick rather than a sincere desire to hold another worldcon in England hope to be productive? It is doubtful the average site selection voter has formed a negative opinion of Mr. Gilpatrick, or even knows his name, meanwhile the memory of aesthetic delights of the Atlanta facilities remains fresh.

Certainly from my perspective as a defeated LA in '90 bidder, one political fact of life burned into my consciousness is that Eastern Zone voters form the bulk of domestic support for European worldcon bids not merely because they endorse the ideal of overseas worldcons: they are the Americans for whom it is cheapest to actually attend such worldcons. Once choosing between American and European sites ceases to mean a choice between an expensive flight to the too-familiar West Coast and a comparably-priced flight to a the Old World, but instead poses a choice between the cost of airfare to and travel in Britain or a much less expensive Southern vacation, idealism and economy will part company. By shifting to '95 British bidders take on the additional handicap that site selection voting for their year will occur in 1992, in America, just two years after another European worldcon. Taking all these factors into consideration, how can U.S. con organizers seriously hope to deliver significant numbers of votes for the Brits?

How has the deal been received in Britain? Rather than being greeted by a lynch mob for his gullibility, British bid chairman Vince Docherty received a docile two-sentence

mention of his trial balloon about the change to 1995 deep inside the December issue of Critical Wave. Conrunner 12 editor Ian Sorenson is skeptical about Docherty on general principles, and resists a British bid for any year, concerned that Docherty "ha[ve] no vision of what the programme would offer, what the convention would be about: he simply want[s] to try to improve the organisation side of it. I don't think that this is sufficient reason to plunge Britain conrunning fandom into 6 - 8 years of anticipation." Sorenson questions the assumption that a Worldcon is the best way to recruit the new generation of British fans, and whether such recruits are even desirable now that the national Eastercon is finding venues hard to come by.

Despite Sorenson, other writers in Conrunner made it clear the bid is going ahead, and the main choices for a site are the isle of Jersey (The De France and Fort Regent) and Glasgow, Scotland, (The SEC and Forum).

While everyone's attention has been focused on a prospective Atlanta-Meets-The-Atlantic brawl, no less than Jack Herman of Sydney, Australia, called a November 19 meeting of literary, media, wargaming and computer groups to formulate a Sydney in 1995 bid. Herman intends to take up the torch from the fallen Perth in '94 bid, and capitalize on goodwill generated by the defeated Sydney in '91 bidders. Results of the meeting have not yet been broadcast. (Scott Dennis can't be everywhere!) We may have in store a rerun of the 1983 site selection when two overseas bids lost to a powerful Eastern U.S. bidder.

Don Cook presented the Atlanta in '95 bid at Smofcon, saying their Worldcon would use the same facilities as the 1986 Worldcon did. Jim Gilpatrick is, indeed, the bid chairman.

Pam Fremon's Instant Message report mentioned that Seth Breidbart presented a New York in '95 bid (which appears less facetious as time goes by) while vehemently denying he is a member of the committee. A New York Worldcon would use the Hilton, Sheraton Center and New York Marriott hotels located in midtown Manhattan. Bruce Farr

observed Seth kept confusing his pronouns, using "I" rather than "we", despite his disavowal of committee membership. "Are you saying 'we' or is there a mouse in your pocket?" asked Farr. "There isn't a mouse in my pocket," said Seth, "I'm just glad to see you."

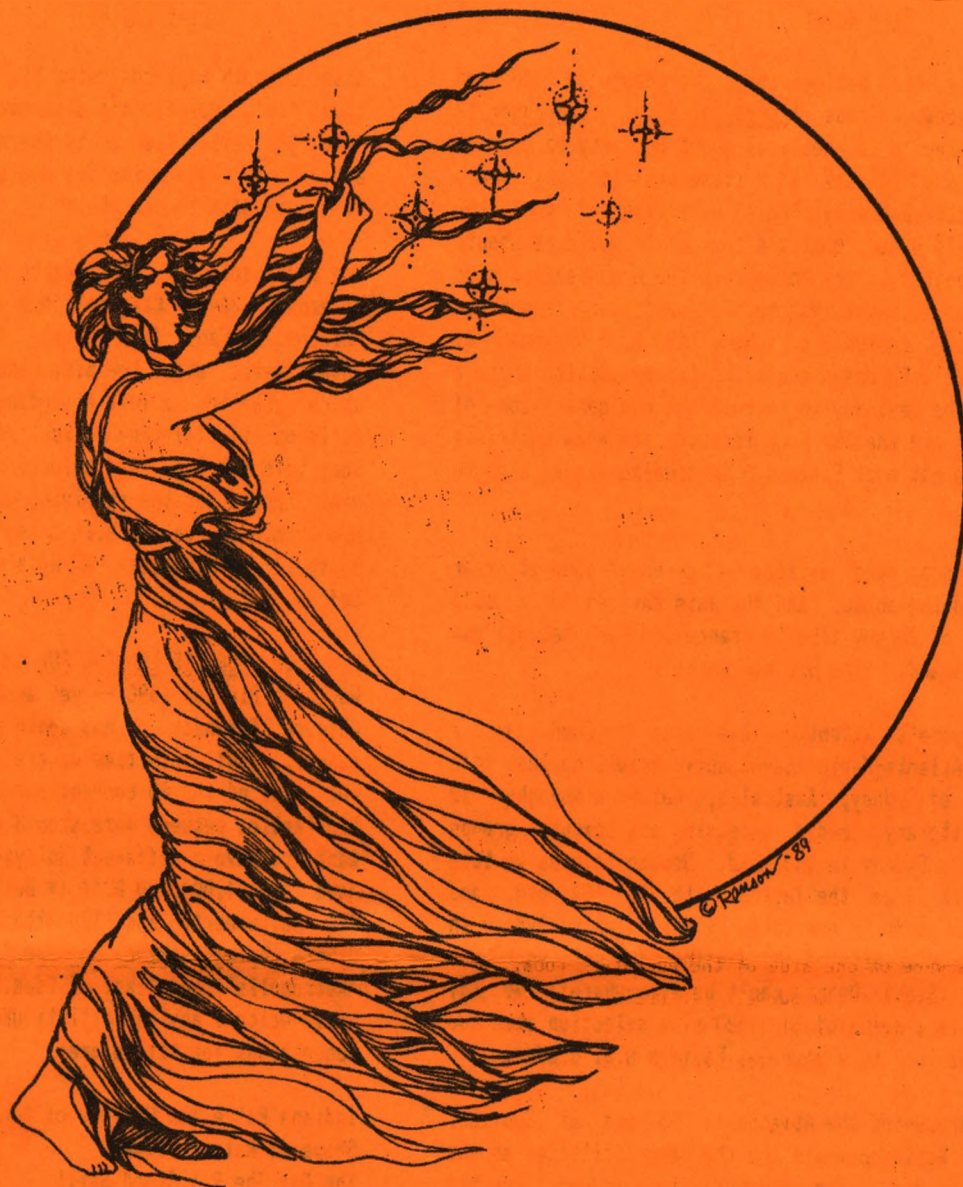
The Los Angeles in '96 campaign began at Noreascon 3. In November, Gavin Claypool and I threw a bid party at Philcon. Fans from Boston to Balti/Wash were quite enthusiastic about the bid, and its sticker-book gimmick which promises a full attending membership in the 1996 Worldcon if (1) they collect 20 of the expected 60, (2) they vote for 1996 site selection, and, of course, (3) we win. Being on the receiving end of enthusiasm for an LA bid reminded me of Bill Cosby's routine about playing football at Temple: "A hole -- I'd never seen a hole before...."

L.A. IN '96 IS LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD RATS: The L.A. Worldcon Bid for 1996 -- yet another Year of the Rat in the Chinese Calendar -- has again picked Reynolds Rat as its mascot. But this time we are sending him to Hollywood. For each of the 65 conventions ~~at~~ which we expect to throw Bid Parties between Noreascon 3 and the 1993 Worldcon, we want to have a different Hollywood Rat flyer. So far we have had "1,000,000 BC" (* Before Cats), "Ratman", "The 4th Ratketeer", and "The Attack of the 50-ft. Vermin." Others being worked on are "Rat Women of the Moon", "Ratropolis" and "East of Edam." We need lots more, and would welcome any fan artists who would like to help. Some suggestions for titles are:

Indiana Rat & The Warrens of Doom	Dead Rats Society
Shape of Rats to Come	The Last Ratfighter
The Day The Rat Stood Still	When Rats Collide
Cheshire of the Sierra Madre	Rat In Mond
The Rat That Roared	Rat Ballou
The Rat On The Moon	The Black PiRat
Days of Rats and Roses	Dr. Gnav
Rat Race 2000	Frankenrat
The HunchRat of Notre Dame	Ratty Poppins
The Charge of the Rat Brigade	R*A*T*S
For a Few Rats More	The Maltese Rodent
Rat Warrior	A Fistful of Rats
The Man Who Loved Rat Dancing	Ratula
From Russia With Rats	CabaRat
Rat On A Hot Tin Roof	Rats and Dolls
Three Rats in the Fountain	Muthering Rats
The Rat of the Baskervilles	The Rat Stuff
A Rat at the Opera	PiRats of Penzance
Gone With The Rind	The Little MeRat
(featuring Rat Butler)	Ratfeathers
Star Tracks, Too: The Rat of Cons	King Rat Kong

For details (like: what's in it for you) call Bruce Pelz at 818-366-3827, or write: LA in '96, PO Box 8442, Van Nuys CA 91409





DAVID BRATMAN REPORT

DITTO 2: (October 13-15, 1989)

Report by David Bratman (from Girabbit #5)

It's a good thing the quake didn't happen while fifty of fandom's finest were up on the 26th floor of the Golden Gate Holiday Inn, that's all I can say. There was Moshe Feder leaning precariously out of the nearly floor-to-ceiling window, striving for the best possible camera shot of San Francisco.... No, I don't want to think about it. ((The quake was two days later.))

There is no question in my mind what Ditto 2 will be remembered for. This may well have been the best

convention banquet of all time. Patty Peters and Gary Mattingly, who ran the con, rented an entire Chinese restaurant, where we were served a -- I lost count, 12 course? -- anyway, a really big meal. The quality of the food was quite good if not superb, and the quantity could not be faulted by anyone. I'd have thought a table of twelve fans (and that was just my table: there were three or four more) could eat anything that was set before us, but by the end of the meal even the most dedicated trencherfen among us were completely stuffed. We picked only desultorily at the last couple of courses; one of these being a veggie dish that I knew Berni [Phillips]

would like (she had a membership but hadn't come that day). I had the bulk of our serving packed up and took it home to her, where its last morsels were destined to be scattered across the dining room by the force of earthquake.

Not surprisingly, nothing much happened back at the hotel for the rest of Sunday afternoon. The earlier parts of Ditto had been rather livelier. I skipped out on the auction, as the offerings were mostly mint-condition Hyphens and other things I couldn't afford, but I did get a few bargains from Bruce Pelz in the huckster room. I don't know where Bruce has been getting these things (raiding his own collection or what) but at the past few cons where I've seen him he's had several boxes of fanzines for sale. They cover a range of vintages. This time I got, among other things, Gary Farber's Drift #1 from 1975 (I now have three issues of Drift which for all I know may be a complete set; I'm fascinated by the idea of collecting the works of a Big Name Fanzine Fan who's hardly ever published a fanzine) and a crumbling fiction zine called Fan Fare Vol. 3 No. 3 edited by W. Paul Ganley of North Tonawanda, New York, and dated 1953; a nondescript item until you open it and discover that the lead story, "The Annals of Aardvark", is by Harlan Ellison. (It contains the word "birdbath", so I know it's authentic.)

Bruce's tables were on one side of the huckster room, a small room adjoining the con suite. In one corner was a television set on which several fakefans watched the World Series on Sunday. And the other end of the room was occupied by the wares of Bryan Barrett, bookdealer: mostly mystery novels and Daniel Pinkwater, which seems to be what fans read these days.

The con suite was two large rooms on the top floor of the hotel, with those gorgeous views of the city that so engaged Moshe's photographic attentions. Our committee spared no expense to make this a nifty occasion. There was some programming at the convention. The titles are here in the Program Book: "Why I Don't Publish Fanzines Anymore" and "Round Table Discussion on Fanzines and Fmz Fandom". I know it happened, especially the second one, at which some good points were made. But I don't remember anything about it. Instead, I remember things like this:

- Dave Rike, collector of weird things, showing me his latest acquisitions: a sheaf of glossy Bridge Publications publicity, aimed at selling leatherbound editions of Mission Earth to gullible Scientologists, and a book of nursery rhymes rewritten to provide Christian messages ("Jack and Jill went up the hill / To fetch some Holy Water...")

- Hope Leibowitz hawking Taral-designed t-shirts to raise

money for the poor, starving artist.

- Introducing myself to the recently degafiated Don Fitch and saying how much I enjoyed his FAPAzine. He was surprised to learn that FAPA even had a vice-president.

- Linda Bushyager interrogating Moshe [Feder] and Lise [Eisenberg] as to why they aren't getting married. "Oh, Linda," someone interjected, "you just want to go to the wedding."

- Catherine Crockett discoursing on comparative American and Canadian drug control laws.

- The millimeter-high print in which Ron Bushyager lettered his name on his badge.

- The restaurant guide by Bruce Townley, enjoyable reading even if you weren't looking for a place to eat. As someone noted in the computerized one-shot, since George Alec Effinger's magnificent production for Nolacon 2 a good restaurant guide is something no good convention is without.

Ditto 2 was a good little fanzine con. Best of luck to Leah & Dick Smith who will be running the next one somewhere in darkest suburban Chicago.

WORLD FANTASY CON

WORLD FANTASY CON: (Oct. 27-28, 1989)

Report by David Bratman (from Girabbit 5)

I'd never actually been to a World Fantasy Con before. I remember in 1977 Alva Rogers came back from the Third World Fantasy Convention, as they were called back then when the organizers were still fannish enough to number them (there was a lot of speculation as to what Third World Fantasy might be: Latin American magic realists?), and describing what a great time he had: no hordes of convention rats running around, just a lot of good people, mostly pros. I would have taken time to attend the 1981 WFC in Berkeley (the famous "No unicorns in the art show!" con) if I hadn't been living in Seattle at the time. But other than that I'd avoided WFCs for two reasons. One: the theme. To the World Fantasy Convention "fantasy" seems to mean mostly horror. Fantasy, more narrowly defined, is my favorite type of fiction, but I have no interest in horror, and even if the balance were more to my taste horror and fantasy are as different from each other as either is from science fiction. I know that the idea is to give a showcase to the forms of the genre that get a back seat at World SF cons, but it still makes an odd balance.

The other reason is WFC's reputation as a good place for

pros to talk shop and make deals, and a bad place for mere fans and readers. I have a couple of friends, more readers than real fans, who have attended past WFCs and came away feeling positively insulted. After learning that, I felt a bit nervous about the prospect of attending one myself. I remember asking Debbie Notkin, "Will there be anyone there for me to talk to?" She tried to reassure me.

Well, I had a great time at the WFC in Seattle last month, but I had figured this one might be different. The theme was: "The Roots of Fantasy: Myth, Folklore and Archetype", and a very well-planned program took off from that theme (with due reference to Joseph Campbell) to explore the fantasy side of the con's interests.

Ursula K. Le Guin was one of the GoHs, and I couldn't miss an easy-to-get-to appearance by my favorite living author, could I? And there would be people to talk to. I knew just about everybody on the committee, and while they might be too busy to chat, I expected I could hang out with the other scruffy Seattle fans. Also, Apanagers would be there in force, and while I'm not one myself, I know more members of that apa than any other I've never belonged to (with the possible exception of A Women's Apa).

Everything came out fine. I did hang out with the scruffy fans and Apanagers, but I also talked with the pros and felt no condescension or discrimination. There seemed to be a general attitude of "If you're here, you must have a good reason." Throughout the convention I had friendly chats with people on all levels of fame. I got to meet Ellen Kushner and Emma Bull, chatted briefly with old acquaintances Jane Yolen and Vonda McIntyre and spotted lots of other notable folk. One time I saw Patricia McKillip and Stephen R. Donaldson talking together, and wondered how two authors at -- shall we say -- such totally different ends of the style spectrum could stand together without vanishing in a giant matter-antimatter explosion. Tim Callahan, whom I was sharing a room with, hooked up one evening with a dinner party including Fritz Leiber, so you see, it's still possible to do such things, even here.

The presence of mere mortals aside, the whole convention had an atmosphere of wealth and luxury. This was obvious from the time I arrived on Thursday. The Sheraton is one of Seattle's largest and most luxurious hotels, and the management decided to prove it at the opening reception party that evening in the large third-floor ballroom, with plentiful snacks, including lots of those little multi-ingredient constructions on crackers that cause endless amusement as you try to figure out what's on them, and staggeringly expensive drinks from the cash bar. For all the food, noise, excitement and people to meet, the most

interesting thing at the party was just outside the ballroom, among the corridor to the elevators.

Mark Manning had driven me in from the Arkadian Bookshop's signing party for Emma Bull and Will Shetterly, and as we walked along the corridor I noticed that one wall was lined with two rows of framed portraits, each subscribed with a name and year. A paper in the far upper left frame explained that these individuals, mostly men in suits, were the annual winners of some local business group's "First Citizen of Seattle Award." Well, I used to be a citizen of Seattle myself, so I wondered if I might recognize any of these names. Disappointingly few, in fact, but some sixth sense led me to expect that maybe, just maybe, I might find a certain gentleman who had a locally notable career as a lawyer before he went on to more national fame. And sure enough, there he was.

Gentle readers, the First Citizen for the year 1972 (note that year well) was none other than:

John

D.

Ehrlichman

There he was, looking just as you remember him from the glory days of Watergate: the same overpowering dark eyebrows, the same overwhelmingly evil grin.

I was incredibly tickled. For the rest of the evening, whenever I could nudge anyone into the corridor for a moment, I'd point to the rows of portraits peeking around the corner, explain their First Citizenry, and suggest that a short walk to look at the First Citizen for 1972 might be rewarding. Then I'd watch as the person walked down the hallway, looking at the dates under the pictures and counting them off. When they got to the designated one, their eyes would bug out, their jaws would drop and they'd cry out, "Oh, my God!"

It was deeply satisfying to watch.

Friday morning the economic level of the world I was visiting was illustrated at the registration table: each member was given a hefty and niftily typeset souvenir book, and a small shopping bag filled with literally \$50 of new paperbacks from assorted publishers. (This offset most of the \$70 membership fee by itself, and insured that a bored attendee never lacked for something to read, not that I was ever bored. I felt that I was travelling in a rarefied world in which paperbacks were small items of insignificant monetary value, and only hardcovers were "real" books. This feeling was intensified after I visited the dealers' room when the con officially opened at 11 a.m., where the offerings were mostly limited to hardcovers: rare fantasy classics long out of print and fancy modern collectors' editions. Only a few dealers, including Mike Walsh and Bryan Barrett, had any paperbacks.

The Art Show, on the other hand, was much more like that of a typical science fiction convention. It ran the gamut from amazingly large oil paintings by amazingly bad artists to, off in one corner, a panel of works by the Mythopoeic Society's hidden treasure, Patrick Wynne.

If the best thing about Ditto was the banquet, the best thing about WFC was the programming: interesting ideas, good panelists, provocative discussions. Due egoboo to Chris Bates, Dave Bray and Amy Thomson for thinking it all up. I saw Amy running around a lot, busy track-managing and anxiously waiting to see how her pet panels would turn out. I knew how she felt, having masterminded one dream panel of my own at Mythcon last year (all four collaborators on Le Guin's Always Coming Home talking about the book). She needn't have worried: the programming was excellent and even got better as it went along (unlike most sf conventions where everyone is too tired by the last day to say anything coherent.)

To be honest, things did get off to a slow start on Friday afternoon. A session described in the schedule as "A lively discussion of the use and treatment of animals in fantasy" was anything but lively. It was followed by a panel on alternate-world historical fantasy which mostly consisted of an argument over the merits of explaining the historical background or assuming things and hoping the reader picks it up.

The next panel, on the use of myths, legends and folklore in modern children's fantasy, picked up the pace, moderated by Jane Yolen, and well-stocked with authors of children's books. They discussed whether the moral lessons in children's fantasy are (or should be) innate to the story or imposed by the author. Jane felt that the morality in her stories is something he absorbs from her own reading and storytelling, and seeps into her unconscious. Bruce Coville felt that the mythic pattern is already there, but that the author has to find it and pull it out. Any one retelling can use the strengths of one interpretation, but other interpretations may also be found. He also commented that, according to Bruno Bettelheim, children emulate the characters they read about which, if true, makes the moral question an important one for authors. Ursula Le Guin closed the panel by saying that a lack of morality is itself a moral choice, and inveighing against some of what is to be found on children's television.

That evening Amy [Thomson] drove Tim, Art Widner and myself to one of her favorite Chinese restaurants in the 1-district, where we made a thoroughly tasty mess out of a plat of crab in lobster sauce and one nutcracker. We got back just in time for an evening program item Amy insisted we not miss. The session with an Amerind storyteller named Vi Hilbert was quite enthralling, though in

description it can only sound simplistic and boring. Vi Hilbert was a plain-spoken woman who told a variety of tales in a simple and compelling manner. Each short legend was told phrase by phrase in two languages, first in her native tongue (Skagit, I later learned) followed by an English translation.

Later I visited the publisher party (whichever publisher was hosting it that night) on some high-numbered floor of the hotel and finding it crowded beyond the ability of anyone except perhaps John "Stand On Zanzibar" Brunner to tell, beat a hasty retreat to the hospitality suite on the fourth floor. Except for the last night when it was the only party left, the suite was the most underutilized feature of the convention. The side table was always well-stocked with sandwich makings as well as the traditional, less-nutritious, sorts of munchies. That evening at midnight there was, duly listed in the program schedule but sadly underattended, a special hors d'ourves buffet featuring scrumptuous little shrimp and chicken nibblets.

The best panel of the convention came Saturday morning, bright and early at 10 a.m. This was a very lively discussion of the ethics of using native cultures in literature. The consensus, heavily influenced by an outspoken Amerind writer, Owl Going Back, was that it's okay for outsiders to use native cultures as long as they get it right. Owl himself is fed up with New Age mystics who, he says, distort Amerind religious beliefs.

In the Amerind tradition it's okay for natives (and apparently, only natives) of a culture to rewrite its stories according to their own creative impulses, but there are a number of interesting variants on this in other cultures. For example, Michaela Roessner testified that Australian aborigines don't care what anyone writes about their legends, but individual storytellers hold what amounts to copyright privileges over any oral renditions of their tales. They believe that the spoken word holds power which the dead written word lacks. Someone else recounted the case of an anthropologist who was highly regarded by the Hopi as the only white who really understood their philosophical and epistemological beliefs, but whom they rebuked when he published his findings, accurate and respectful though they were. The case of Salman Rushdie's book The Satanic Verses came up and it was observed that Muslims, as a rule, don't care what outsiders say about Islam (they're all infidels anyway) but that believers had better treat the religion with respect: the exact inverse of the Amerind principle as Owl and Vi Hilbert had been expounding it.

So what should one do? A few members of the audience held that in a sense all writing is presumptuous, so one shouldn't worry too much. But taking a cue from Vi Hilbert's statement that the bottom line is respect, the

discussion seemed to come to the conclusion that it's unacceptable to mock anyone's religion in their own eyes. The assigned hour ended with many people eager to continue the panel, so we adjourned to an overflow room. In the post-panel discussion I pointed out that the consensus we'd arrived at would permit the censorship of the film The Last Temptation of Christ, and did anyone want that? Someone told me that as long as you could find some liberal Christians who said the film was acceptable to them, it was okay to ignore conservative Christians who found it objectionable. This struck me as absurd, but not being a Christian myself I decided not to pursue the subject any further. I began to wish that some of the Mythopoeic Society's more articulate, practicing Christians were around.

By then it was time for the noon panel on that hardy perennial topic, contemporary urban fantasy. I was most impressed by Suzy McKee Charnas' comments. She comes from New York City which may be a difficult place for adults to live in but is great to grow up in because it's filled with potential for a child, including the potential for magic. In her children's fantasies she tries to imbue places with magic to sanctify and give power to the places where modern people live. Fritz Leiber stated simply that modern ghost stories should be placed in modern settings, and his son Justin Leiber expressed in his own unique intense manner a feeling that the city is home to most of us: we built it all; it's ours; and, he added, "we need all the help we can get!"

There followed "An Hour With Ursula K. Le Guin", during which she read a selection from her upcoming novel Tehanu, the fourth and last Earthsea book, the tale of Tenar (The priestess heroine of The Tombs of Atuan) in her old age in the same way that The Farthest Shore is the tale of Ged's old age. It'll be out next spring from Atheneum.

By 2 p.m. I'd been through just about the most interesting four consecutive hours of convention programming I could remember. It would have been six hours if the androgyny panel had been preceded, as planned, by a critical lecture by Joanna Russ, but Joanna had cancelled. In a way that was a good thing, because I was finally able to get the first bite to eat I'd had since breakfast down at Pike Place.

As it happened, the panelists [on the androgyny panel] were all women, and they talked mostly about neutralizing socially-determined gender. This panel was the clearest expression of a welcome feminist atmosphere that had mildly permeated everything from Friday's children's fantasy panel on. There was one sharp example of feminist humor at this panel. Jane Yolen described some work as being seminal, and a voice from the audience interjected, "Ovular!" Everyone laughed and Jane said, "Uh oh, how do

I get out of this?"

A Sunday morning panel billed as "Archetype vs. Characterization" instead turned into a "How To Write Evil Characters" panel. It was fairly interesting: Greg Bear's description of the modern shape of evil as petty, spiteful and malicious led to a memorable digression on whether Scarlett O'Hara is evil. The best comment was made by Poul Anderson, who wasn't even on the panel, in the hallway before it began. Playing the old game of conjugating verbs by their implications he said, "I use archetypes, you have stereotyped characters, and he writes cardboard."

I skipped the Banquet and returned from a cheaper lunch elsewhere in time for the speechifying. Each of the five GoH's gave a short speech. Yoshitaka Amano, the Japanese artist who did the cover of the souvenir book, thanked the audience briefly through his interpreter. Robert R. McCammon, the token horror writer among the guests, thanked the audience at considerably greater length. Ursula Le Guin read a short poem, "The World Fantasy Convention Perceived as a Flight of Wild Ducks." Despite the title it was a serious poem. Somtow Sucharitkul spoke on the role of cultural syncretism in his own life as a Thai assimilated to Western culture. Avram Davidson, who is in poor health, mumbled a few sentences into his microphone, then gathered all his strength to ask, "Does the fetus have a choice?" -- an interesting question but one of uncertain relevance to the World Fantasy Convention. Ginjer Buchanan, the toastmaster, who is after all the author of "I've Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle", told a long and amusing fable about the committee's desperate quest to rid the Sheraton of an infestation of giant snails.

The awards ceremony that followed was most notable for two things that happened at the award for Best Collection. The winner was a tie: Storeys from the Old Hotel by Gene Wolfe, and Angry Candy by Harlan Ellison. Both authors accepted in person. What was remarkable about this was that until that moment Harlan had not been at the convention. (How could he have been kept under wraps if he were?) He must have sneaked into the banquet room from the loading dock or something. Harlan gave profuse thanks to many people, including his competitors for the award, one of whom, Fritz Leiber, was seated near where I stood. Harlan's tribute failed to mollify Fitz' companion, Margo Skinner. I have never seen someone so indignant as this woman at an award that was not won. A small-disturbing episode in an otherwise cheerful convention.

By evening the Hospitality Suite had finally filled up as was its due. It was a great closing party. Jerry Kaufman told me about the folk singing going on in the smoking room, so I wandered over and listened in as the trio of Heather Wood (now an editor at Tor, but remembered by some as one of the Young Tradition, the pioneering English folk

revival group), Ellen Kushner, and Jon Singer tossed songs at each other. Later Jon taught a bunch of innocents a round whose lyrics were taken from a railroad emergency brake notice. You're supposed to mime the procedure as you sing, and the idea is that the round goes faster and faster until watching each other becomes so hilarious that you all fall down laughing. We didn't quite get that far, but it was amusing standing there doing all this along with frenetic Jon Singer, snappy Amy Thomson, and stately (even in a Ditto t-shirt) Art Widner. Later on I was able to separate Ellen Kushner from a couple of overeager would-be comic book publishers and ask her all the questions about Swordspoint that she'll undoubtedly be very tired of by the time she becomes the Big Name author she'll deserve to be a few books down the road.

Monday morning, Tim having already left to catch an early flight home to LA, I got up, wandered downstairs, and stumbled into a group of Apanagers waiting to have breakfast together in the hotel coffee shop. I made a couple of dreadful puns, but they decided to let me stay anyway. We chowed down in the buffet. Afterwards most of us piled into a car to visit the University Book Store for a doze of that without which fans could not exist. I said my quick farewells there and ran off to do a little shopping of my own. The convention had been a success.

like a garbling of Roz Kaveny's review in Foundation 27 in which she complained that Battlefield Earth's introduction has Hubbard representing himself as a really major figure in SF, and argued that in fact (I quote) "he was an unimportant writer before he became a bad man." Whether or not you agree with this judgement, there's a big gap between "bad" and Kaveny's "unimportant" (or Chris Priest's "profoundly secondrate"). Of course Darrell's counter-judgement of "perfectly good writer" is equally open to niggling: is "perfectly good" being used in the sense of "not actually illiterate", or "OK for its time"...or is perfection being ascribed to L. Ron's early work, leaving one short of critical vocabulary should a better writer ever emerge in SF?

If you take the view of fanzine fandom as a sort of lively debating society, full of (ahem) intellectual clash and parry, the reason for the lack of religious discussion seems self-evident. At our most idealistic we fans have a touching trust in reason, quite often based on actual facts, as the prime tool of debate. Religion, being a matter of faith and what the believer "knows" to be true, isn't subject to debate: you can respect (or sometimes despise) people's beliefs, but argument tends to be useless. Of course, this also applies in other areas: some fans can honestly discuss TAFF or Worldcon organization or



QUICKNOTES/LOCS

IS FANDOM ANTI-RELIGIOUS?

DAVE LANGFORD: Darrell Schweitzer's letter about Hubbard matters in #79 is sensible enough, but I think his memory might have let him down when he speaks of the "unfairness" of the "British fanzine" remark that "L. Ron Hubbard was a bad writer before he became an evil man." This sounds

L5 colonies and be swayed by revelations of fact or "better" theoretical paradigms, while others appear to have received their opinions on sacred and unalterable tablets of stone, and should in fairness be judged as religious nuts.

((Your comments both flatter fanzine fans and neglect the other 95% of fandom. You don't have white witches, crystal folk, devotees of astrology, Tarot and numerology in British fandom? Ho ho! If it was confined to LA I'd hold my peace, but you can find sf fans with such interests as easily in Ohio or New Jersey or Iowa. Just some slight retraining and one fannish astrologer I know could navigate Richard Seaton's Skylark using an ephemeris, pencil and paper. Since the '60s we've seen lots of people once deterred by the ridicule heaped on pseudo-science now

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devoting the study skills acquired during their public school education to the pursuit of mystical knowledge. This is readily seen in fandom.))

ALEXIS GILLILAND: When you ask if fandom is anti-religious, you have to be careful to define your terms. I suspect you could define a fannish orthodoxy without much trouble, once you understand that "ideas" are something to play with rather than accept as articles of faith, and in that sense most of fandom would be anti-religious, in the sense that free thinkers used to be. When anybody says, "Those who are not with us are against us," I have a feeling of unthinking opposition.

CONSUMER COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

DENNIS LIEN: You know you've really gafiated when -- you send Mike Glyer a CoA for your October 1988 move, and eleven months later he hasn't bothered to print it, even though he did update his record for the File 770 subscription. Come on Mike: even if your presumption that nobody would have wanted to get in touch with me again was correct (and it's probably not -- I can't help feeling that a CoA printed in File 770 might have meant I would have been contacted for a letter for the one-shot Cry revival, which I'm sorry not to have heard about in time),



File 770:84
Mike Glyer
5828 Woodman Ave. #2
Van Nuys CA 91401

still someone out there might want to contact Terry, who's still reasonably active in fandom beyond my burnout local level?

((All I can say Dennis and Terry is: sorry! Believe me, it wasn't a judgement call about your level of crifanac...))

BRIAN EARL BROWN: Your jape about "political correctness" seems more appropriate to TAFF than DUFF. For all its yewling about NASFiCs DUFF at least decided to send a delegate as scheduled whereas TAFF is holding off for a year. One wonders just how representative a sampling of British fandom Robert Lichtman canvassed before deciding to cancel this year's race. Just how sure was he that no Britfans would have run if they didn't think it was politically incorrect to go to a (ptui!) NASFiC?

---==#++::((CONTRIBUTORS ADDRESSES))::++#==---

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