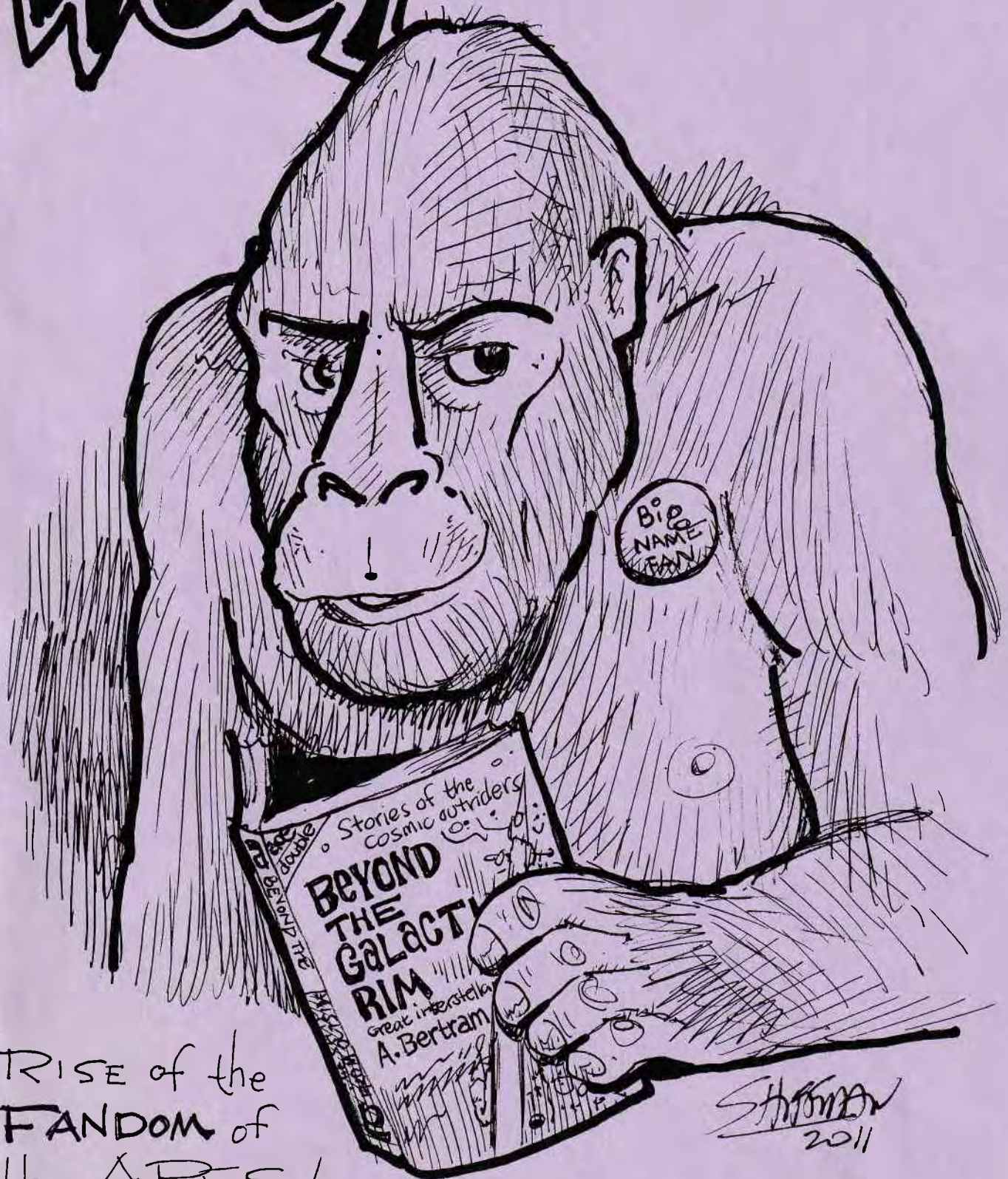


WOOF



RISE of the
FANDOM of
the APES!

Worse Than Its Bite

Worse Than Its Bite is the official organ for the 36th distribution of the World Organization Of Faneditors' amateur press association, assembled on 20 August 2011 in Reno, Nevada at the 69th World Science Fiction Convention. Official Editor for this distribution is Randy Byers, 1013 N 36th St, Seattle WA 98103, fringefaan@yahoo.com. You could be next! Many thanks to Lloyd Penney for advice and assistance, and to Roger Hill for the history.

TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR WOOF 36

Cover by Stu Shiffman	1 page
<i>Worse Than Its Bite</i> by Randy Byers and Roger Hill	3 pages
"The Worst Idea Bruce Pelz Ever Had" by Randy Byers	4 pages
<i>Yipe</i> by Jason Schachat, Kevin Roche, España Sheriff, Mette Hedin	12 pages
<i>Argosies and Agonies</i> #01 by Lloyd Penney	2 pages
<i>Born to Lose</i> by Guy Lillian	2 pages
<i>L*I*S*P</i> #12 by Christopher J. Garcia	8 pages
<i>Report From Hoople</i> #112.313 by Roger Hill	1 page
<i>BW</i> #5 by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer	10 pages
<i>Ytterbium Dioxide</i> by Alan Stewart	6 pages
<i>The Man with Two Fezzes</i> by John Coxon	10 pages
<i>Re: Westercon</i> by Andy Trembley	2 pages
<i>A fragmented personal history of fannish drinking</i> by David Cake	2 pages
<i>Tales from the Frozen North</i> by Dean Gahlon	2 pages
<i>A Tuesday in July</i> by Andy Hooper	6 pages
<i>Over the Hill*</i> by Katrina Templeton	4 pages
<i>Articles Submitted to and Rejected by Renovation Daily Newszine</i> by C. B. McGuire	1 page
Total	76 pages

A History of WOOF

by **Roger Hill**, who would like to thank David Shallcross and others for information on the existence or non-existence of recent WOOFs.

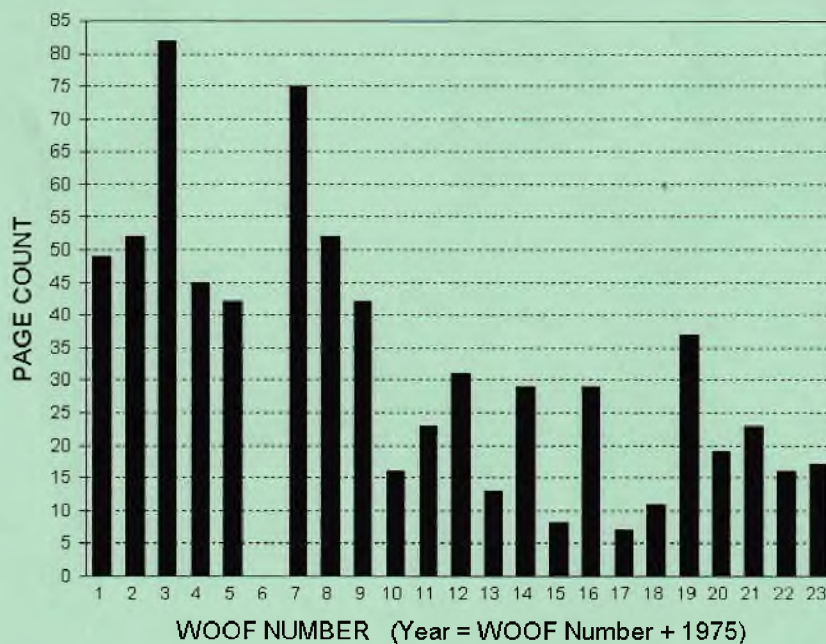
The following table shows the years and locations of worldcons since the beginning of WOOF, along with the number of the WOOF distribution (if any) collated there:

1976	Kansas City, MO	#1
1977	Miami Beach, FL	#2
1978	Phoenix, AZ	#3
1979	Brighton, England	#4
1980	Boston, MA	#5
1981	Denver, CO	#6
1982	Chicago, IL	#7
1983	Baltimore, MD	#8
1984	Anaheim, CA	#9
1985	Melbourne, Australia	#10
1986	Atlanta, GA	#11
1987	Brighton, U.K.	None
1988	New Orleans, LA	#12/13
1989	Boston, MA	#14
1990	The Hague, Netherlands	#15
1991	Chicago, IL	#16
1992	Orlando, FL	#17
1993	San Francisco, CA	#18
1994	Winnipeg, MB, Canada	#19
1995	Glasgow, Scotland	#20
1996	Anaheim, CA	#21
1997	San Antonio, TX	#22
1998	Baltimore, MD	#23
1999	Melbourne, Australia	#24
2000	Chicago, IL	#25
2001	Philadelphia, PA	#26
2002	San Jose, CA	#27
2003	Toronto, ON, Canada	#28
2004	Boston, MA	#29
2005	Glasgow, Scotland	None
2006	Anaheim, CA	#30(?)
2007	Yokohama, Japan	None
2008	Denver, CO	None
2009	Montreal, QC, Canada	2009
2010	Melbourne, Australia	#35
2011	Reno, NV	#36

As can be seen from this table, WOOF distributions formed a mostly regular sequence ($\text{WOOF\#} = \text{year} - 1975$) up through 2004. There was apparently some dispute at the 1987 worldcon over whether WOOF was an official worldcon event, resulting in WOOF #12 not being collated although there were contributions to it. The then official editor Robert Sacks saved copies of the contributions and combined them with those the following year, calling the distribution WOOF #12/13. In 2004, OE Victoria Smith declared a 1-year hiatus for 2005 (some contributions did show up, but no collation took place). WOOF resumed in 2006, but to the best of our knowledge, there was no collation in 2007 or 2008. Thanks to the efforts of John Hertz, it was revived in 2009 and has continued to the present.

As you'll see elsewhere in this distribution, WOOF was founded in 1976 by Bruce Pelz. Other OEs have included Robert Sacks through 1991, Victoria Smith from 1992 through 2004, Lloyd Penney in 2009, Alan Stewart in 2010, and Randy Byers in 2011. We would appreciate receiving any information on (or better yet, an actual copy of) the 2006 WOOF which was collated in Anaheim, CA; please contact Randy Byers at fringe faan@yahoo.com or Roger Hill at rhill@siue.edu.

When WOOF started it got quite a bit of response; the largest issue to my knowledge being WOOF #3 with 83 pages. After about 10 years it started going through an overall average decline. In 1999 I published in WOOF the following bar graph of the page count for the first 23 years, (there is no data for #6 because my copy never got to me; I would appreciate getting any information on it and/or a copy). For the combined #12/13 I made a guess as to which pages were intended for #12 and which for #13. A future project may be to continue the graph to the present.



"The Worst Idea Bruce Pelz Ever Had"

"The Worst Idea Bruce Pelz Ever Had" is a contribution to WOOF by Randy Byers, 1013 N 36th St, Seattle WA 98103, fringefaan@yahoo.com. Published in August 2011 for distribution at the 69th World Science Fiction Convention. Photos by Sharee Carton.
Woot just doesn't cut it.

WHY ME?

Blame John Hertz. He's the one who contacted me on that antique technology we call a telephone (a landline, no less) to ask if I'd be willing to act as OE for WOOF this year. At first I was dubious. I explained that I had never paid much attention to WOOF and knew practically nothing about it. He gave me the basic history and appealed to my regard for fannish community. Such a smooth talker! I couldn't resist.

John is a fannish ambassador, and he first reached out to me (as I recall) when I was the administrator of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. He was running the fan lounge at the Worldcon in Boston that year, which was 2004, and he wanted to host a party for the fan fund delegates (both TAFF and DUFF) who would be at the convention. We had the first of our phone conversations then, and I was impressed by John's dedication to the cause of fannish community. Over the years we've had a number of conversations about how to reach out to new fans, and while I think John is more of an idealist than I am on that



John prefers the papernet

front, I appreciate the reminders that we were all once new-comers too. He's always looking for ways that fannish traditions can be used to let people know about the cultural continuity and connection represented by fan history.

So we've built up our own connection over the past few years, and he's published bits of my letters in his fanzine, *Vanamonde*, and I and various co-editors have published his poetry and memorials in *Chunga* and *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly*. I was one of his nominators for DUFF. Because of this and because of our conversations about how to be a good ambassador for fandom, I suppose it was inevitable that he would eventually think to ask me about taking my turn at running WOOF. I didn't know that John had been recruiting OEs for WOOF, but I wasn't at all surprised to find him working behind the scenes on this project. It's just the sort of outreach program (if that's what it is — see next section) that would appeal to him, and of course his enthusiasm is infectious. So here I am.

Was this Degler's Cosmic Circle or the later one run by Dr Askold Ladonko in Venezuela?

WHY WOOF?

Blame Bruce Pelz. As John explained it, the World Organization Of Faneditors was Bruce's idea, and he was the first OE, starting with the first distribution in 1976. (The '76 Worldcon in Kansas City seems to have been a landmark convention for a lot of people.) I'm still not completely sure what goal or goals Bruce had in mind with his idea. We discussed WOOF on the fannish list fmzfen, and Ed Meskys said he remembered Worldcons of the early '60s offering "memory books" that consisted of a number of one-shot fanzines stapled together into a single book. It was organized by the N3F, and Ed wondered if Bruce was harking back to the memory books when he started WOOF.

It was also a bit sobering to be reminded by Dave Langford that in 1979 in Brighton the copy count for WOOF was 300. In recent years the copy count has dipped as low as 50, which is probably why so many people assume it has died off. (I probably would have gone with a copy count of 50 myself if 69 hadn't been such an amusing and appropriate number. Blame Geri Sullivan for *that* idea!) The large copy count in 1979 is evidence that the objective was outreach, because they certainly can't have hoped to get 300 contributors, even in those legendary days of rampant fanzine production. Was 300 overkill even then?

As I said, I accepted the invitation to OE WOOF with only the vaguest knowledge of its history, so I was taken aback when the announcement on Mike Glycer's file770.com that WOOF would happen again this year was initially met with scorn by the likes of Dave Locke, Taral Wayne, and Kim Huett. Dave is where I got the title for this zine, as he wrote, "If Bruce Pelz were still alive I'd bet real money that he would step in at this point and yet once again confirm his belief that WOOF was the worst idea he'd ever had. I can envision him shaking his head and looking downward while he repeats that." On LiveJournal, Don Fitch echoed this idea: "I'm not absolutely certain, but am pretty sure that Bruce Pelz had WOOF in mind when he said that APA-L was his second-worst APA-related idea." We should all have such long-lived bad ideas!

There was discussion of the objective of WOOF on fmzfen as well. ("fmz," by the way, for any uninitiated reading this, was an abbreviation for "fan magazine" back in the ancient days, and is still used by some as shorthand for "fanzine". The fmzfen referred to here is a Yahoo!Group dedicated to the discussion of fanzines and fan history.) Eric Mayer didn't see why it was such a bad idea: "Distributing real fanzines at the Worldcon sounds like a praiseworthy project." New Zealand fan Bruce Burn agreed: "It does sound a Good Idea, to have a 'sampler' apa collection at a Worldcon. Keeps the fanzine side of fandom to the fore a little, eh?" Dave Locke agreed up to a point, "The *idea*, just on the face of it, doesn't really seem like a bad one. Perhaps the concept of a multiple oneshot apa is ultimately the flaw, but that's just a SWAG (scientific wild-ass guess)." Andy Hooper was perhaps getting at something similar when he responded to my announcement about WOOF on Facebook, "But wouldn't I get just as much feedback if I wrote my article on a piece of bark and left it on top of Mount Si?" And finally Ted White pointed out that a copy count of 69, minus contributor copies, didn't leave much for outreach.

The fact that so many people have never heard of WOOF and that so many people who have are scornful of the idea is perhaps the strongest argument that WOOF has not succeeded at whatever aims Bruce had for it in the beginning. On the other hand, here it is, still limping along 36 years later. Even more intriguing is that as soon as I announced this year's disty, I had expressions of interest in participating from a dozen friends and acquaintances. Apparently the idea of throwing a one-shot into the void still holds appeal. Maybe the whimsical aspect of the project is in fact part of the appeal. Fans like a good

whimsy. And there's always the traditional appeal of putting on a show. Fans like to strut their stuff, whether it be in a fanzine, a costume, or a filk song. Whether there's a larger audience for WOOF's show is another question entirely. Whether anyone will be inspired by this show to put out a fanzine of their own, or wade deeper into the world of fanzines, is even harder to judge. (And how many would we need to inspire to be a success? Ten? Five? One?) Perhaps its enough that a subsection of our subcommunity has gathered here to play and to entertain each other. It's what fans do. As for squaring the Cosmic Circle, we might do well to embrace Chuang Tzu's advice: "How useful it is to be useless!"

Fie - I'll have you know I am still marginally ane, ept, and ert!

WHEREFORE WHY?

Blame Colin Hinz. At the 2009 Worldcon in Montreal Colin, ably enabled by Sharee Carton, put together a one-shot for WOOF in the genuine old school manner. The first step was to create the stencils. Colin and Sharee got as many people as they could to contribute, both writers and artists. I'm not sure how many of the artists other than Steve Stiles had drawn to stencil before, but a number of them gave it a shot, including Marc Schirmeister (front cover), Sue Mason, Alexis Gilliland, and Frank and Brianna Spacecat Wu (back cover). I guess you can throw Steve Green into that group as well, since he created the title header for the zine when someone asked him what the title was, and he said, "I have no idea." Thus: *No Idea* #1.

Even more fun than watching artists frown at the panoply of alien styli was watching people hack away at the manual typewriter in the Fanzine Lounge After Dark on Saturday night. Dave Kyle was there to show us how they did it in olden days (forcefully!),

and Chris Garcia was there to take up the torch from him for the new generation. The sense of bonhomie inspired by this communal collaboration was exhilarating. Steve Green, who was at Worldcon in his guise as TAFF delegate, got things off to a rollicking start:

INTERIM TAFF REPORT 8/8/09: You know you're at a science fiction convention in Montreal when the Klingons greet you in French and the poutine's still moving when you stick the fork in. People keep asking me what



Steve Green and his editor

it's like to represent TAFF and meet dozen after dozen of fans, and I reply all the faces merge into one after a while; unfortunately, that one face belongs to Chris Garcia.

Other people who took a crack at the ancient technology that night were Andy Porter, Dave Weingart, Jack Brown, James Bacon, JB Segal, Alyson Abramowitz, Jacqueline



Schirm scores a stencil

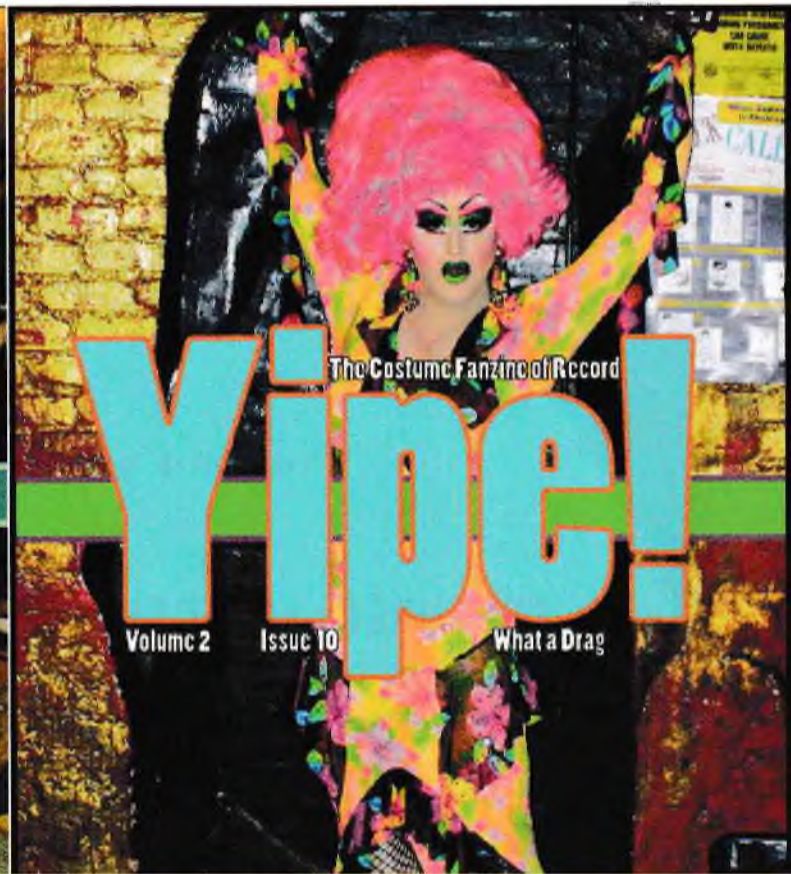
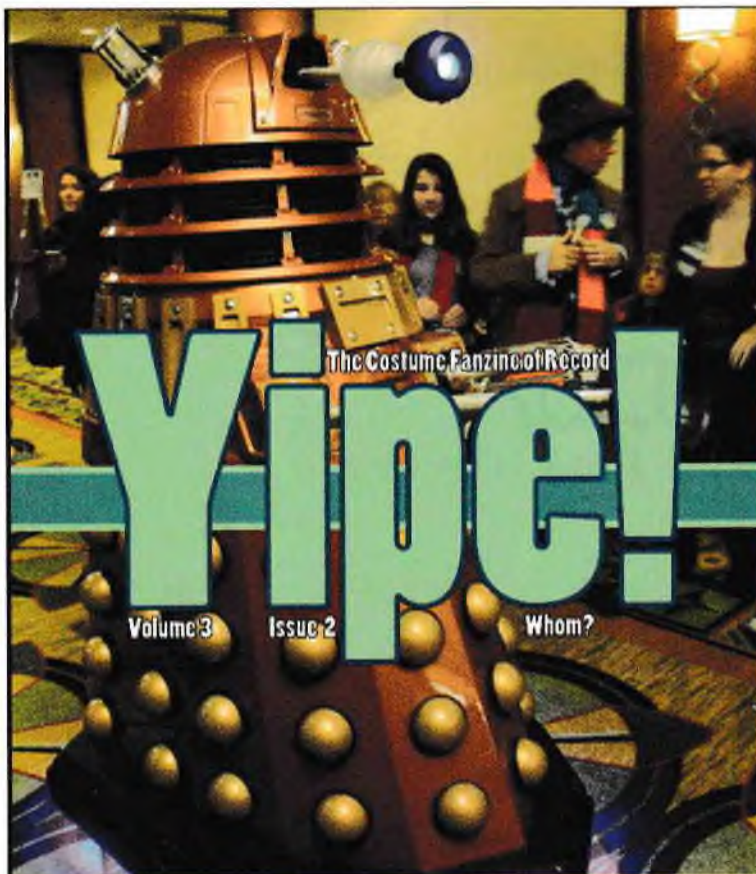
DeLisle, Neil Rest, Ranger Craig Glassner, Ron Drummond, John Hertz, and of course Sharee and Colin themselves. The next day the typewriter was set up in the daytime Fanzine Lounge and more people sat down in that more contemplative atmosphere to type a few words: Elaine Stiles, Dawn Plaskon, Jon Singer, Lenny Bailes, Amy Thomson, Guy Lillian, Lloyd Penney, Janice Gelb.

On Sunday during the Hugo Ceremony Colin put all the stencils together and mimeoed a hundred copies (or maybe it was 75) on dove grey paper. I'm not sure where he got the Gestetner 366 originally, but

he notes in the zine itself that the ink was acquired from Bill Bowers at Corflu 4, which would have been in 1987. I have to think that Bill would have been pleased, watching the proceedings from beyond the Enchanted Convention. After Colin had printed all the pages, he and Sharee brought them to the Fanzine Lounge After Dark, and a small group of us collated and stapled them on the coffee table. Another collaborative effort that took me back to collation parties in my early days in fandom. Amongst the collators was Rita Medany, chair of the then-upcoming 2010 Eastercon in London, who had earlier expressed her concerns about the insularity of old school fans. It seemed appropriate to be bonding over such an old school ritual as collation! And then, for a brief time that night, *No Idea* was a hotly sought-after item whose precious few copies had to be hidden in a drawer and carefully distributed to those who had contributed and weren't participating otherwise in WOOF. (I still have a couple of copies if you didn't get yours.)

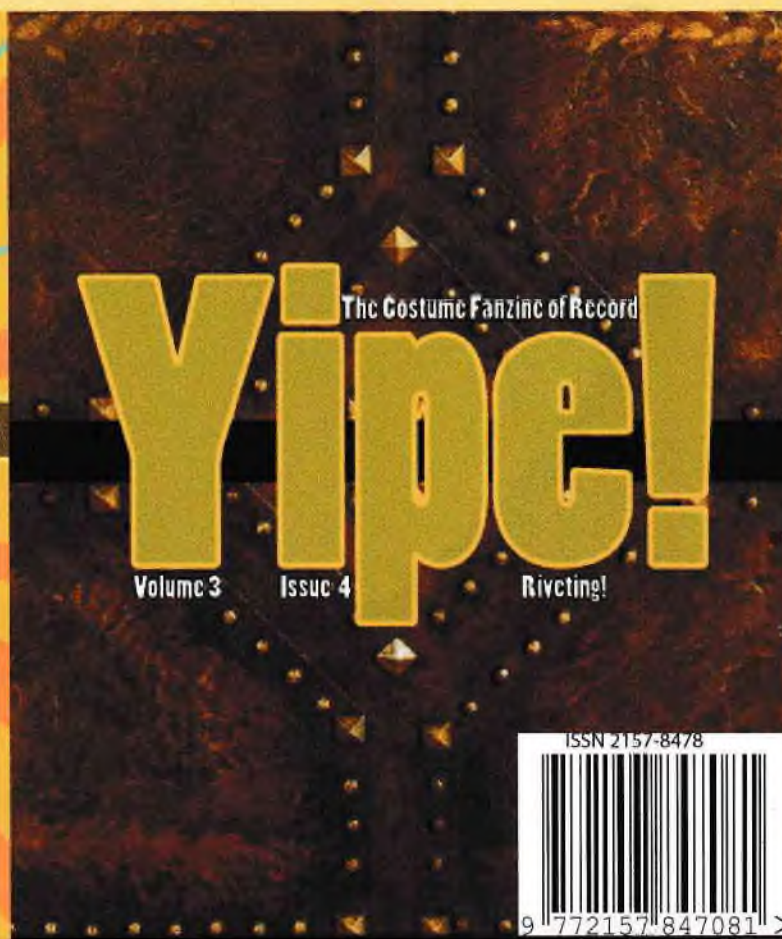
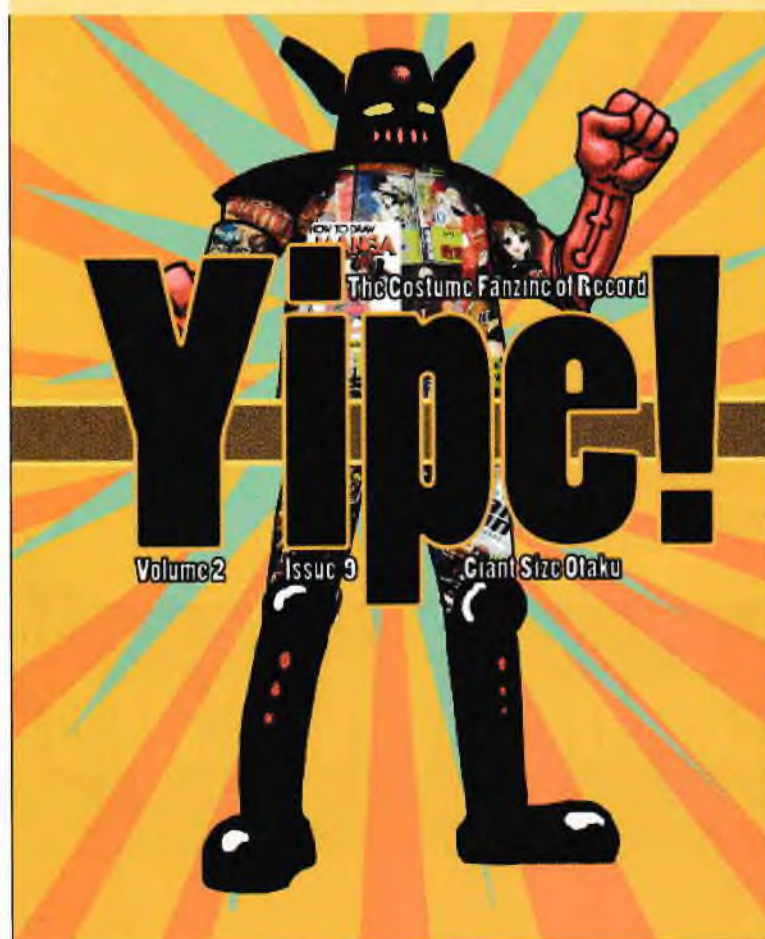
Well, it was a grand time, I tell you, and a grand reminder of our roots and of why we do this. Although to be honest, it was also a grand reminder of why technological advances are a wonderful thing. Mimeography and collation parties are nice things to feel nostalgic about, but there's a reason we've turned this work over to robots.

Zine is blog concentrate.



All Your Baste Are Now Belong to Us

Volume 3 Issue 8b WOOF Special



ISSN 2157-8478



9 772157 847081 >



The One with Too Many Covers

FEATURED ARTICLES AND COLUMNS

(Selections from past issues)

p02 Letter from the Editor by Jason Schachat

p04 Sheriff Don't Like It by España Sheriff

p06 Who Gropes the Watchmen by Mette Hedin

p08 Where's Tiki? by Kevin Roche

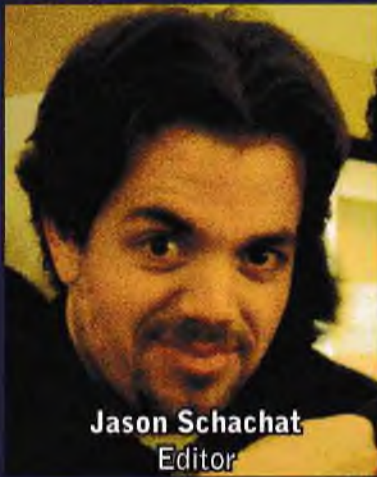
LOCS-EDITORS@YIPEZINE.COM

WWW.YIPEZINE.COM

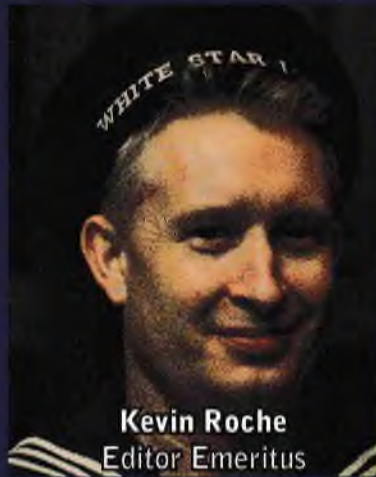
The Costume Fanzine of Record

Yipe!

STAFF & CONTRIBUTORS



Jason Schachat
Editor



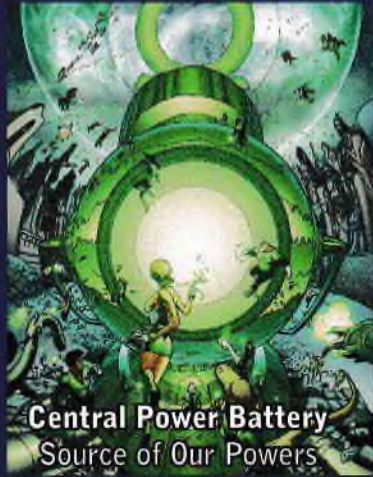
Kevin Roche
Editor Emeritus



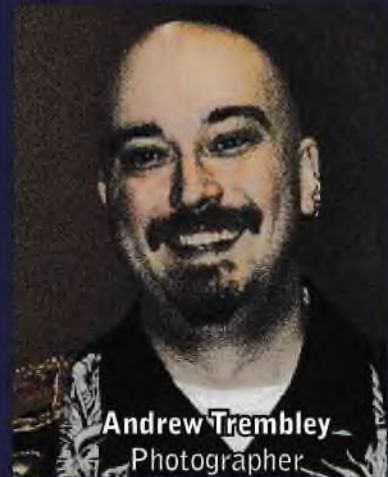
España Sheriff
Associate Editor



Mette Hedin
Associate Editor



Central Power Battery
Source of Our Powers



Andrew Trembley
Photographer

Photo Credits: numerous

For complete credits

Visit www.yipezine.com and view

Volume 2, Issue 8 (August 2010)

Volume 3, Issue 4 (April 2011)

Volume 3, Issue 7 (July 2011)



Letter from the Editor

Send all complaints to:
Jason@yipezine.com

I'm just going to come right out and say it: this isn't the best issue we've ever done.

It's not the worst. No, I think we've yet to truly plumb the depths of how awful we can be when we drag our hungover carcasses out of bed only to have some jerk stick a keyboard in our faces and tell us to be "creative".

But what we're dealing with here is a lack of... what's the word... cohesiveness? I like that one... High syllable count.

Yes, anyway: cohesiveness. You see, fanzines are like magazines which are like costumes in that everything comes together in the end and is expected to sorta... cohere. You get all your trimmings and details and hair and makeup and, unless you're a terrible excuse for a human being, it adds up to something.

And that's what we try to do with this fanzine. Take a bunch of writing from hands which should never be allowed to touch, and edit them together into one... cohesive, right?



Yes, a cohesive group of stories, pictures, rants, histories, drawings, and things I have no words to describe-- all adding up to one glorious whole.

Well, this ain't that fanzine.

No, something went awry when we all got together in the secret lair and tossed around possible themes for August. I was hoping we could try for an issue dedicated to cosplay after the glory that was Anime Expo and the only slightly different glory that was Comi-Con. Sadly, schedules were not permitting and the cosplay issue was pushed to a later date.

So Kevin peered out from under his dracula cape and proposed we focus the issue around the great costuming myths of fandom. Now, this was something we could really sink our teeth into. An untapped well of pure fanzine gold.

Only problem: no one had any costuming myths to share. Which itself sounds like a costuming myth, but there you are.

All eyes were on España as she finished slaughtering a busload of orphans in front of their crying mothers. Surely someone as evil as her would have the answer for us. She's SPANISH, dammit. All they ever do is commit fashion nightmares, write sex farces, and start civil wars, right? And their trains always run on time, I hear.

I really don't remember what happened next. They tell me it took a few weeks to reattach my head after I conveyed the preceding sentiments. Everything seems to work, for the most part, but my thought process is a bit... not... cohesive?

But, in the meantime, articles were written, photos were taken, alcohol was consumed, and what we had left was... well... a bunch of Loose Threads.

Are these stories relatedly to each other thematically? Does the slightest detail connect each one to every other? Can I think of anything to link them in any way whatsoever?

Yes, actually. They belong in Yipe!

Jason Schachat



Sheriff Don't Like It

by España Sheriff



All right, so the space occupied this week by this frankly sub-standard and entirely off topic rant should in fact be occupied by a solid seven hundred (well okay, 612) words of fresh vitriol hot off the flimsy chiclet keyboard of the supposedly technologically superior macintosh computer that i have been forced to struggle against with for the past two weeks while the genuises at dell attempt and repeatedly fail to make a simple delivery of a replacement pc with such a mind-blowing level of incompetence that the aether spontaneously generates the faint strains of 'yakety sax' each time i'm lucky enough to explain

the whole debacle yet again from the beginning to the latest newly assigned but not briefed customer service rep.

But, as you may have cleverly discerned from these even fresher 505 tardily delivered words of technophobic mouth-frothing, something-as they say-went awry. In point of fact google docs and this aesthetically pleasing but less than entirely intuitively designed pos i am even now still forced to type on, conspired to "cut" but then not so much "paste" as "consign to oblivion" all my pretty, pretty prose.

Now, google docs, like most of google's products seems to inhabit a curious space smack in the middle between "awesome tool i never knew i needed but is now indispensable" and "app that satan shat out to screw me over by failing right at the critical moment" so you know, i get it. No one trusts google anymore, 'don't be evil' has become a punchline, so yeah-it's perfectly reasonable to expect it to make my life-and by extension that of your long-suffering editor-miserable.

But, mac... For all that i my primitive ape-like end user intellect shall never be entirely comfortable navigating your too-polished intricacies... I had at least thought we had an mutual understanding; you don't fuck me over too blatantly and i don't accidentally drop you and all your futuristic shiny surfaces and pleasingly inoffensive round corners onto the concrete floor when i move you off the desk to make room for the much-delayed replacement pc.

That is, if i get a replacement

pc at all, because it is slowly becoming clear this may never happen. It seems you have brainwashed everyone in the office into looooooving you so much that they keep casually stopping by my desk to ask, with brightly glittering cultist eyes "so, how do you like the mac?" And day-dreamily commenting how awesome it would be to replace all the machines in the office with more of your pod-children. At which point i am liable to grab the nearest femur and go totally 2001 on their asses while screaming 'listen! They're here already! You're next!'

Right, breathing... I'm fine...

I'm sorry, what was that? Wait, did i hear you say something about linux? Really now? Well that sounds just fascinating. I am intrigued and quite suddenly made aroused and kittenish by your smug technological superiority... Please, ignore the claw hammer in my trembling fist and step just. A. Few. Inches. Closer.

*Originally published in
Yipe 2.08 © August 2010
by España Sheriff.*



PICTURE UNRELATED

But it's a gigantic panda blasting a hole through a knight with a rainbow spewed from its mouth... what's not to like?



Who Gropes the Watchmen?

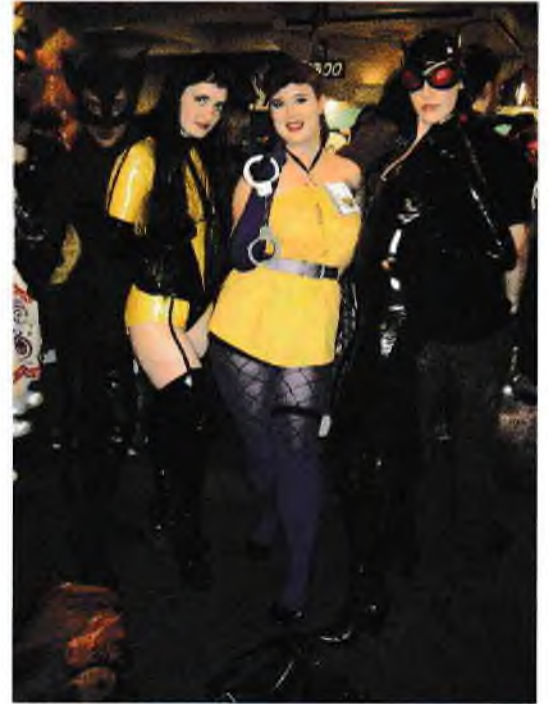


While many female superheroes are quite literally kick- ass, most have to contend with skimpy impractical outfits that often show more than they hide, and this is a relatively constant going all the way back to the beginning.

The first known female superhero was a character

introduced in 1940 named “Fantomah - Mystery Woman of the Jungle”, and even though she was an ancient Egyptian princess with several interesting powers such as flying and transforming other humans, she still felt the need to climb the trees in the Jungle in what looks like a bathing suit and a completely transparent dress.

A mere 2 years after Fantomah sprung on the scene came the introduction one of the more recognizable female superheroes, Wonder Woman. Wonder Woman was Invented by the American psychologist William Moulton Marston as a positive role model for girls. The



good doctor had some kinks so it is perhaps not surprising that she ended up fighting evil in underwear and boots and that her early stories had strong themes of bondage, an unusual topic in mainstream culture at the time. Looking at our current female comic book heroes, not much has changed, if anything some of the outfits



have gotten drastically skimpier.

Perhaps I am far too practical and modern for the relatively archaic tropes of superhero comics, but if I was to find myself with superhuman powers or some sudden urge to fight crime, my list of priorities when it comes to dressing myself would be:

1. Get a good pair of sturdy boots for all that running
2. Get a practical outfit with plenty of pockets for gadgets
3. Utility belt, utility belt,

utility belt.

4. Get a helmet, preferably with night vision goggles built in.

I could go on, but nowhere on my list of priorities will I ever find items such as “display my mammary glands in an attractive manner” or “figure out a way to always be freezing my butt off”. I have my favorite superheroes just like most geeky gals at conventions, but I have never wanted to make any of the costumes,

perhaps because they are well past a metaphorical “clothing line” I am not willing to cross. The more I ponder it, the more I am starting to understand why Sue Storm went with invisibility for her super power.



Would you like to read more about what befalls a female costumer in Superhero garb at a large convention? You can read the whole article in issue 3.07 at www.yipezine.com



Excerpt from "Who Gropes the Watchmen"

© July 2011 by Mette Hedin

WHERE'S TIKI?

Look at that!



What could it be? It is a Dalek!

Oh No! We should run. We should run fast. We should run far!

Wait! That is not a bad Dalek. That is

Tiki Dalek!

TDK, the

TDK is fun. He does not exterminate, like bad Daleks.

He exuberates instead!

Look at TDK go! Go, TDK, Go!



See TDK visit Nova Albion. What shall he do? Whom shall he meet?

TDK shall go shopping! Shop, TDK, Shop!

Look at all the steampunk people
stop and laugh
Laugh, goggle-folk, laugh!



They take pictures.

They bring their babies to see the Tiki Dalek.

Someone has called for

The Doctor.

Silly goggle-folk.

The Doctor is up on the Lanai Deck of the TARDIS,
making Mai Tais.

Shake, Doctor, Shake!

Where shall TDK go next?





Look, he is going to the concert.
There is no music yet.

TDK has music!
Let's go on the dance floor and play
Tiki Music!
Play, TDK, Play!



Oh, look, it is Lee Press-on. Hi Lee! Let us
take a picture together.

Now it

is time to let the concert
start. TDK shall go downstairs to the bar.
Elevate, TDK, Elevate!



Look at all the LEGO people.
No, silly, they are not made of LEGOs. They build things
from LEGOs.

Build, LEGO people, Build!

They never thought to build a Tiki Dalek.
Laugh, TDK, Laugh.



Here is the Doctor!
Hello Doctor? Where is my Mai Tai?

Spoilers, Doctor, Spoilers!

Now it is time for bed. TDK
must go back to his secret room.

Good Night, Doctor!
Good Night, Babies!
Good Night, LEGO people!
Good Night, Steampunks!
Elevate, TDK, Elevate! Pleasant dreams of waves and Mai Tais!



WOLF



August 2011 WOLF Special
rear cover March 2011

Argosies and Agonies

#01

A second issue in two years total...well, that's not too bad, I guess. Argosies and Agonies #01 is the follow-up from the first issue (#00) that I put into the 2009 WOOF we all put together in Montreal. I hope this first page will look familiar to at least some. There's been a lot of online criticism of WOOF as being the worst idea ever...I guess they're not contributing, Randy? This issue is produced by me, Lloyd Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Apt. 1701, Etobicoke, ON CANADA M9C 2B2, reachable via e-mail at penneys@bell.net, COeA. I don't know how many keep track any more, but for the record, this is Galactic Muffin Publication 170.

Greetings to all who read this, or have contributed to this, and especially to our Official Editor Randy Byers, who was willing to take it on, and John Hertz, who not only recruited Randy to do it this year, but recruited me for the editorship of the 2009 WOOF. Let's see if what I write is worth reading...

This past year has been full of ups and downs. For fandom, it's been plenty of ups. I was nominated for a Hugo for Best Fan Writer at last year's Australian Worldcon, and this year, I have been nominated for an Aurora Award, in the category of Best Fan (Other) for fanwriting. (I know how some feel about the Hugos...well, too bad. I still think they are worth something, and I was quite pleased when I got the word. Same goes for the Aurora nom, too.) Also, in another fannish arena, Yvonne and I decided to retire from conrunning after a 30-year career each, and we are satisfied with our efforts. There have been the temptations to return and run a con suite or green room, but to make sure we didn't return, we rid ourselves of most of our hospitality equipment. We've done

our bit, and we're not coming back. It's been fun, and we shall rest on our laurels for a while, but there are other things we must do now.

Home life is an up...Yvonne and I celebrated our 28th wedding anniversary on May 28. Could I do any of what I do alone? I simply don't think so, and I wouldn't want to find out. The economy seems to be getting worse, so it's much easier to survive as a couple rather than a single. We're together for the long haul.

Work life is a down...I've been more underemployed than fully employed. Honestly, it shouldn't be this difficult to find work, but I am in an industry that is in a downward spiral, and may not show much signs of recovery over the next few years. That industry, unfortunately for all of us attending an event mostly about the written word, is publishing.

Strangely enough, what employment I do have is with a daily newspaper. I work for an agency, Freelancers Unlimited, that supplies me to the Toronto paper The Globe and Mail to install senior employment appointment announcements onto their website, and to rekey the components of a real estate ad onto the website weekly. Given how difficult it is to find work these days, I thank my lucky stars for my work at the G&M. It was originally supposed to tide me over until a good full-time job came up...I've been there over 6 1/2 years now.

I wish I could come up with more to discuss, but I can see further fannish involvement slowly drying up in the future. Fandom is not a game for the poor. We are supporting the London in 2014 Worldcon bid because that will be the best reason and way to get to London, for what will probably be the only time in our lives. Worth a shot at TAFF? We are considering it. Should London get it, and we go, I think our Worldcon careers will be done. Not unless the provincial lottery decides to burden us with untold wealth.

I think that's all for the moment...if there's anything else to natter about this week, we can do it in person. Take care all...

Lloyd Penney

Check out my websites for...

Letters of comment
Voice work

lloydpenney.livejournal.com
lloydpenney.workbooklive.com

And, I'm on Facebook, too. (Who isn't these days...)

A zine for WOOF 2011 by
GUY LILLIAN,
5915 River Road Shreveport
LA 71105
GHLIII@yahoo.com *
318/797-1822 * 318/218-2345
* GHLIII Press Pub #1103

Ah, were this a better world
For in a better world Rose-
Marie and I would greet
August, 2011 in frenzied
anticipation. In just over a
fortnight **Renovation**, the
umpty-umpth World Science
Fiction Convention, will open –
and in that better world, we'd
be in attendance. Of course,
this is the world as it is, and in
this sorry sphere of actuality, it
doesn't look like it's going to happen. This WOOFzine will have to do.



Of course, real-world matters are to blame. Since April, when my public defender gig crashed on a budgetary reef, I've been seeking work. This is a tough challenge in this economy, especially for a 62-year-old guy who's spent his career as a defense lawyer in a state reeling from budget woes and, counterintuitively, enjoying a downturn in crime. Rosy, on the other hand, is doing splendidly in her professorial position at Louisiana State University in Shreveport. Though we have adequate bread to attend **Renovation** (assuming we eschew – *gesundheit!* – the Peppermill Resort for less exalted digs at Motel 6), Rosy's school year begins August 17th – and she really shouldn't miss the opening bell. You see what I mean.

So someone else is going to have to attend the Hugo ceremonies and bravely applaud the fanzine which beats my *Challenger* for the award – unless they give it to *StarShipSofa*, in which case he's instructed to sit quietly and scowl. Someone else must stand up in my place and argue for the change in the Hugo rules which will return the fanzine Hugo to the fanzines. If you haven't heard, Rich Lynch and Chris Barkley are advancing a proposal to establish a Hugo for electronic media, like SSS, to keep such interlopers out of *our* listing. I'd prefer a general catch-all category – similar to the Fan Achievement Aurora Award north of the border or the "Other Forms" Hugo instituted at Nolacon II – but I'm so fwustwated by the way things are now, I'd argue for almost any alternative. In a better world. In this one, someone else will have to do the arguing for me.

Speaking of the Hugos, my vote went to *The Dervish House* – effing brilliant – and to deserving fans in the fan writer and fan artist categories, fans who haven't won already. I'm a huge advocate of spreading the wealth when it comes to fannish honors. So whoever attends the

ceremony in my place, give a prayer for Steve Stiles or Taral Wayne, James Bacon or Stephen Silver, Claire Brialey or Chris Garcia ...

Growl. We won't be there, and I *hate* it. When the Reno bid burst out of nowhere and then won the rights to the 2011 worldcon, I was delighted. I'd been to the Greatest Little City in the World several times as a teenager, and I looked forward to showing it – and Lake Tahoe – to *la belle* Rose-Marie. But that's life in the big city.

There is always Chicon 7, for which I am Publications Director. Rosy and I will be editing a second progress report for the 2012 worldcon in September – don't forget to play "spot the UFO!" – and she's already at work on the souvenir book, which she is editing. I'm working on the 34th issue of *Challenger*, which you might – *might*, I say – find in the Reno fanzine lounge, but for sure RSN through me, on eFanzines, or RSN on our new *Challenger* website. I have the 28th edition of *The Zine Dump* to prep for my beleaguered brethren in fanzine fandom. (A reminder: if you publish a fanzine on the subject of science fiction and/or its fandom, please send me a copy for review. I'll pop you back a *Challenger* in return.)



And there's the 50th anniversary mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance to officially edit. If fandom paid, I'd be Republican-rich.

Even as I am, I still feel wealthy. Archon has asked me to serve as Fan Guest of Honor in 2012! Save that October weekend!

Well, other than that, what else is new? Rosy and I spent July in Florida, where I spent days before the tube, lost in the Casey Anthony trial. In case anyone wonders, I loathed the sexy, surly sociopath, am utterly certain of her responsibility in her baby's death ... and think the jury's verdict absolutely correct. The prosecution was skillful, the defense lawyers obnoxious, the crime atrocious ... the evidence, inconclusive. I had some hopes that heart-shaped sticker would tie Casey to the duct tape on her daughter's skull, but ... mindful of the disgusting word play, the state couldn't make it stick. She *had* to go free.

But that repulsive spectacle wasn't all that we did in the Sunshine State. On July 8 at 4:30AM I camped out on a tiny beach on the Banana River, joined in a few hours by Rosy, her father Joe Green, her stepmother Patty and her family. When I arrived you could see launch pad 39A gleaming like a white pearl across the miles, and seven hours later, when the solids kicked in and *Atlantis* took off ...

It was the second time I'd seen a shuttle launched, and it was an almost entirely different experience than the first, ten years before. Then we were at the press site, much closer, and the lesson I learned was *power*. This time the awe came from *height*. I could not believe how high the sky is! The shuttle didn't stop where jets cross the firmament – it just *kept going*. In a non-word, WOW. One can't be too certainly "born to lose" who gets to see such sights, and in such company.

GHLIII

L * I * S * P 12

*It's been ages since I've done an issue of L*I*S*P, I think since 2009, so I figured why not for WOOF? I'm excited because I've lost all teh previous L*I*S*P files and I can't find copies of old issues in with the Fan Lounge materials! IF you've never seen L*I*S*P, it's just a series of lists that are... well, they're different.*

So, what kinds of lists will be in this issue?

Wrestling

Music

Movies

Novels

People

Zines

Amy Winehouse

Death

More Movies

More Music

My Ten Favorite Wrestling Matches

10) Minami Toyota vs. Kyoko Inoue

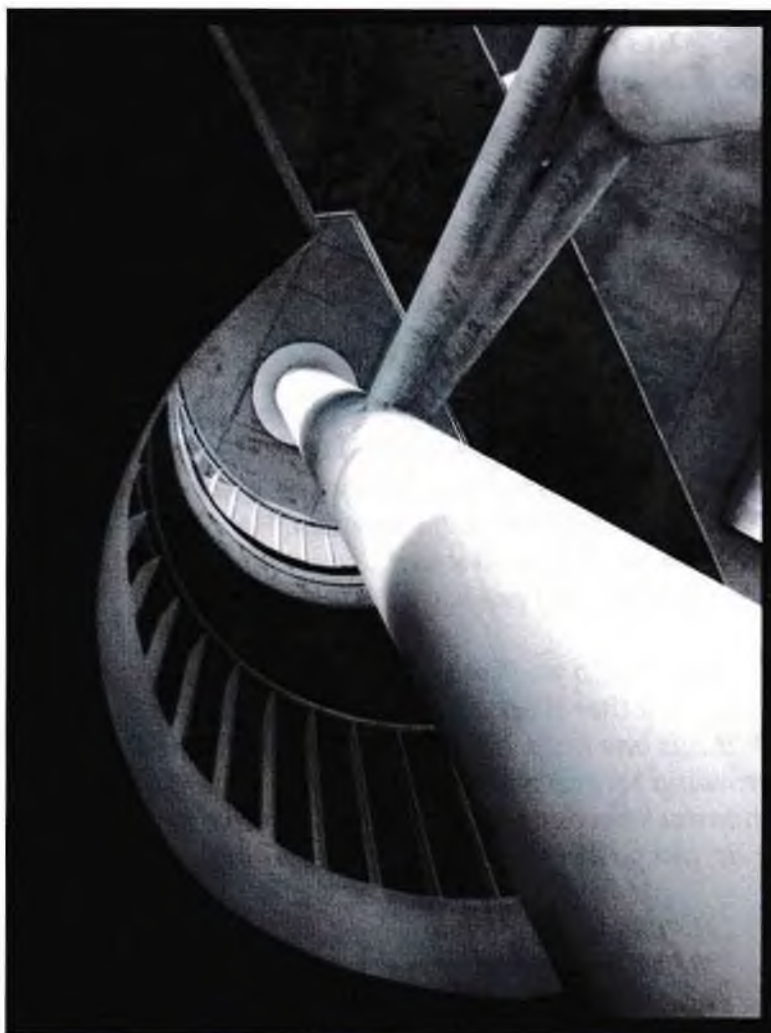
It's impossible for me to think of a match that has this sort of intensity and level of work. It won the 1995 Match of the Year from the Wrestling Observer. This one might be the one that I'd introduce people who say they hate wrestling to first.

9) Ric Flair vs. Shawn Michaels

This was Flair's "Retirement" match, though he only stayed away for a year or so. This was an emotional match and since it was at WrestleMania, it was a HUGE deal. I thought that Shawn's conflict was the kind of thing you don't see in wrestling that often. HE really didn't want to win, but he could not bring himself to lose. Flair was amazing as well.

8) Shawn Michaels vs. Kurt Angle

Another WrestleMania match and one of the best. Kurt was excellent, even though at this poitn he was at the peak of his painpills use. The match had action and perfect timing in with the athleticism. I think it's a great American match.



The Zine of Lists by Chris Garcia

7) Magnum TA vs. Tully Blanchard

Before *WrestleMania*, *Starrcade* was *WrestleMania*. In 1985, in a Steel Cage, Magnum TA wrestled Tully in an I Quit match. To say it was brutal would be an understatement, and even though I've seen Japanese Matches where guys bled more, took insane bumps and were dropped on their heads, Here, when Magnus broke a chair to use a piece of it to gouge at Tully's eye, it is the peak of brutality.

6) Minami Toyota/Yamakama vs. Mayumi Ozaki /Dynamite Kensei

This match rules. It's 2 of 3 Falls and the first fall happens almost instantly. Then on, it's a contest with both teams pulling out all the stops. There was more perfect timing, but here, the drama was made greater via the use of cutting edge work. It is an amazing match.

5) Ricky Steamboat vs. Randy Savage

This was the peak of 1980s wrestling. If you think of all the matches of the 1980s, this was the one that was the perfect example. Everything was crisp. Everything was fluid. That's something that wasn't in great demand during the age of the Heavyweight. The way the match plays out is so beautiful. Savage was awesome when he wanted to be. Steamboat was better.

4) Terry Funk vs. Ric Flair

This is another I Quit match, this time from 1989, but it was brutal and the ideal meeting of two men who have always been known for their years of perfection in working. Here, they are workign tight and smart. Everything they do has meaning and power.

3) Steve Austin vs. Bret Hart

Another *WrestleMania* match, Another I Quit this one from 1996, and it features a great brawling section and then an in-ring section. Ken Shamrock becomes involved, and Austin does not Quit, but passes out. Changed everything.

2) CM Punk vs. John Cena

CM Punk had an amazing month where he basically told the truth and became the hottest thing in wrestling. John Cena is a heat magnet, both positively and negatively. This match

was the hottest I've ever seen. It had everything from good moves, amazing drama, powerful emotions from the participants, and a feeling of history. Probably the best American match you'll ever see.

1) Mitsuharu Misawa vs. Kenta Kobashi

They had wars in the late 1990s, but this one from 2003 was a masterpiece. The fact that Misawa was fighting weight problems and Kobashi had knees worse than a 60 year old meant that they had to work harder in ways that weren't as physical. Of course, they also just let everything go after a while and delivered huge moves and leaps. Misawa busted his chin. Kobashi was dropped from the ring apron to the floor. It was an incredible bit of wrestling perfection.

The Bands I Saw at California Extreme #Rockage

1) Survival Guide

A band comprised of two people, a lovely young lady and a fellow. She sang and had a lovely light voice. Their music felt like the soundtrack for an Independent Film.

2) Gnarboots

These guys, one of whom is a friend of mine, do Dadaist Hip Hop for the Masses. They mix recorded music, a Speak-n-Spell and ska with a frantic stage show. Weird, but endlessly amusing.

3) A_Rival

8-bit Hip Hop of the 1980s. The guy, A_Rival himself, who came out in a Teal Members Only jacket. His rhymes were hot and his dancer was delightful. I bought his CD

4) The Phenomenauts

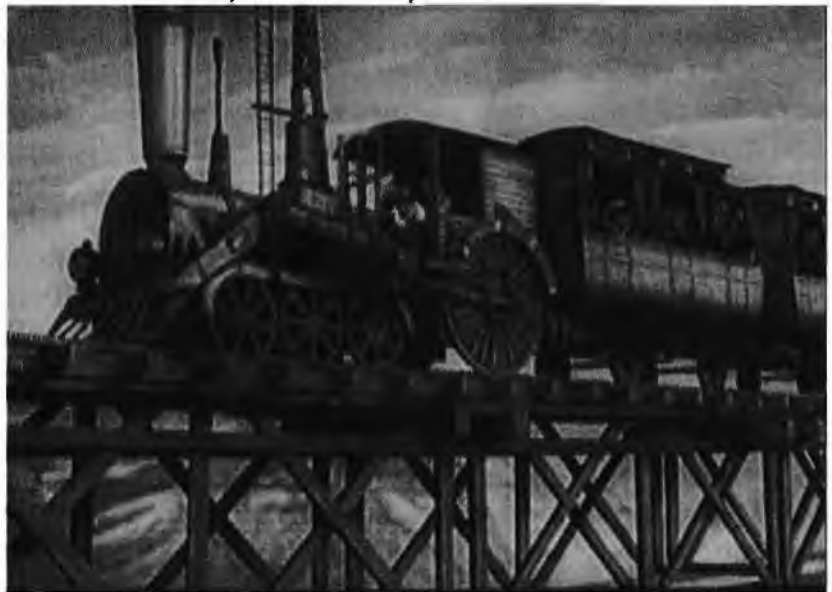
These guys are the best Science Fiction band in the world right now. They're psychobilly and utterly fun. In a way, they're The Aquabats except steeped in Rockabilly fury instead of Ska zaniness. I loved the stage show, and in a room as small as the room was, when they blasted the smoke machine, it became clouded like the swamps on Dagobah. Still, they killed it that night!

The Drink Tank's 52 Weeks To Science Fiction Film Literacy Films

1. A Trip to the Moon - Melies, French SF
2. Edison's Frankenstein - Edison, Lost Films
3. 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea (1913) - Verne on Film, underwater photography, remakes
4. Metropolis - German SF, Dystopianism, Fritz Lang, Robots
5. The Invisible Man - Claude Rains, special effects, James Whale,
6. Flash Gordon (the Serial) - Serials, Republic Pictures, Buster Crabbe, set-design
7. Things to Come - HG Wells, World War II, Set Design, English SF film, Colorization
8. Counterblast - Little-known SF, Lack of SF in teh 1940s, the Thriller
9. Destination Moon - Robert Albertson Heinlein, Woody Woodpecker, Chesley Bonestal, George Pal
10. The Day The Earth Stood Still - SF in teh 1950s, Robert Wise, Message SF
11. Gojira - Kaiju, AMerican Remakes, franchise, effects, Tsuburaya, EcoCatastrophy
12. Forbidden Planet - Animation, Effects, Star Trek influence, Robots, costuming
13. Invasion of the Bodysnähmers! - Communism, not what you think, THEY'RE HERE!!!!
14. The Fabulous World of Jules Verne - Eatern Bloc SF, animation, Verne, visual storytelling
15. The Day The Earth Caught Fire - Nuclear fear
- 16 - ALphaville - Godard, Noir, Assitry?
17. Dr. Strangelove - Kubrick
18. 2001: A Space Odyssey - Art House SF, Clarke, Kubrick, HAL, Computers in SF]
19. Planet of the Apes - Make-up, Twist Endings
20. The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes - Disney, Silly SF, Computers in Film
21. Slaughterhouse Five - Adaptation, dream-like SF
22. Solaris - Russian SF, Tarakovsky
23. The Rocky Horror Picture Show - Musical, references,
24. Rollerball - Corporateism
25. Close Encounters of the Third Kind - Spielberg, spectacle, Aliens
26. Demon Seed - Computers as dangerous, nudity in SF
27. Star Wars - Space Opera, cultural

impact

28. Wizards - Animation, Heavy Metal (Metal Hurlant)
29. Alien - Science Fiction/Horror
30. Mad Max - Post-Apocalyptic
31. Scanners - Croenenburg
32. Bladerunner - Film Noir
33. E.T. - Spielberg
34. Tron - Computer Animation, Video Games effect on movies
35. Buckaroo Banzai - Zen, strangeness
36. Back to the Future - Franchise, comedy
37. Weird Science - concept fo the nerd
38. Mr. India - Bollywood, Superhero
39. Akira - Anime
40. Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure - AWESOME
41. Terminator 2: Judgment Day
42. Jurassic Park
43. The Fifth Element - Costuming, Gaultier,
44. Pi - Art House SF, Egoyan
45. The Iron Giant - animation, children's SF
46. The Matrix - rotoscoping, effects, style
47. Donnie Darko - Teen film, period piece, philosophy of time travel
48. Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind - Gondry, Charlie Kaufman
49. Sky Captain & The World of Tomorrow - Art Direction, Alt History, Dieselpunk, Green Screen shooting
50. A Scanner Darkly - Phillip K. Dick, Adaptation, specialized Animation
51. Wall*E - Computer Animation, Pixar
52. Watchmen - Superhero movies, Alternate History, Controversy



Hard Case Crime Novels I've Read

1. Money Shot by Christa Faust

I read it in Croydon while stayign with The Fishlifters. Porn, The Mob, what's not to love?

2. Losers Live Longer by Russell Atwood

A sultry Russian, an amazing cover, a powerful novel that's harder-boiled than most

3. Casino Moon by Peter Blauner

A fight, Atlantic City, seedy underworld and a dame. You can't go wrong with a dame.

4. Fade to Blonde by Max Phillips

A story of a Hollywood that I know exists. The cover, my ghod the cover, is a softer Debbie Harry with a gun. A guy trapped novel at its best

5. The Last Quarry by Max Allen Collins

Quarry might be the star of the Hard Case Crime line. A tough novel of a hitman's last score

6. The Guns of Heaven by Pete Hamill

A novel of The Struggle in Northern Ireland and a good one. The entire thing feels rough as a late-night beat-down.

7. Straight Cut by Madison Smartt Bell

One of the very few Hard Case books that I didn't love. A story of a film editor and smuggler brought to Italy and the woman he loves? Maybe.

8. The First Quarry by Max Allen Collins

The story of Quarry's first job. He's like a slightly scuzzy James Bond... only a bad guy!

9. Zero Cool by John Lange

I had to double-check to see if I had read it yet. I had. Not a memorable one, I guess.

10. Grave Descend by John Lange

A story of a boat and a pretty good one. I mean really, it has water AND a boat!

11. No House Limit by Steve Flsher

A gambling book and one of the better ones. The girl on the cover is exactly my ex-girlfriend, only slightly less trecherous.

12. Quarry in the Mlddle by Max Allen Collins

Quarry in the 1980s. A strong book of a professional and his work.

13. The Corpse Wore Pasties by Johnny Porkpie

The kind of book that feels completely like a gimmick, only endlessly readable and a plot that begs for mercy

14. Fifty-to-One by Charles Ardai

Well, it takes the titles of all the other Hard Case Crimes and turns them into plotpoints and chapter titles. Gimmick, but fun.

The People I Have to Thank if I Ever Win a Hugo

1. My Pops

2. The Lovely & Talented Linda

3. James Bacon

4. Genevieve & Evelyn

5. My Moms

6. Aunt Susie and Uncle Wayne

7. Tim Powers

8. Jan Stinson

9. Earl Kemp

10. Forry

11. All the Kevins

12. All the Steves and Stevens

13. Bob Hole

14. Andy Trembley

15. Guy Lillian

16. The Bella Donnas

17. John The Rock Coxon

18. Mo Starkey

19. Taral Wayne

20. Frank Wu & Briana Spacekat Wu

21. Brad W. Foster

22. All the Daves

23. All the Jens

24. All the Michaels and Mikes

25. Lloyd and Yvonne Penney

26. Those darn PLOKTAns!

27. Those Damned CHUNGAns

28. Bruce Gillespie

29. Bill Wright

30. The Fishlifters (and the backyard Squirrels)

31. Ric Flair

32. Milt Stevens

33. Derek McCaw

34. Warren Buff

35. The Good People at Locus

36. Christian McGuire

37. Leigh Ann

38. Espana Sheriff

39. Jason Schachat

40. John Purcell

41. Radio, Lux, Heather and Sara.

42. Douglas Adams (for the Hitchhiker's game)

43. John Hertz

44. Arnie & Joyce

45. All the SF/SF folks

46. Spike

47. Helen Montgomery

48. John Picacio

49. God, Elvis & The American Dream

Recent-ish Zines That Have Turned My Head

1. e2PMI by Robert Hole

I love e2PMI, and sadly have just heard that it's folding after 12 issues. Bob did a good job doing a zine that wasn't much like anything else out there. He did great covers, had some fun articles (and recipes!) and generally every issue made me smile!

2. Dark Matter by Nalini Haynes

a 250-page fanzine. Not a special issue that ran 250 pages, but a REGULAR issue that ran 250. And then another that was just as long!!! Lots of interviews, nice reviews and a good deal of art and news. I really enjoy it, though it took me nearly as long as it would to read a Hard Case Crime book!

3. Journey Planet by James & Co. and Me

OK, it sounds egotistical to say it, but Journey Planet never ceases to amaze me. Part of it is that James is not afraid to ask anyone for anything and gets folks like Alastair Reynolds and Paul McAuley to give us stuff. The Dune issue had some great stuff, and the next issue, which should be out at WorldCon is an impressive piece of work. It also means we got to work with Yvonne Rowse and Peter Young

4. SF Commentary by Bruce Gillespie

Another in a series of 40th Anniversary issues, Bruce does an amazing job of looking at science fiction and the like through the lens that I would never find on my own. He does it all so well!

5. Chunga by Carl Juarez, Randy Byers & Andy Hooper

A great zine, always a great zine, and I wish they'd release issues more often. It's always a good day when I come into work and find a new issue!

6. Banana Wings by Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer

Mark needs a nickname. Arguably the best fannish writing out there today. It's got writing from all sorts of people and it has Claire and Mark doing what Claire and Mark do best: being flat-out amazing!

7. Inca by Rob Jackson

I love Maya. Dad had a couple of copies when I was a kid and when Rob brought back Inca a few years ago, I was psyched. It's the kind of zine that just flat goes! I think it's the quality of the writing that makes me so happy.

8. Alexiad by Joe & Lisa Major

I like that Joe Major guy, and he's a helluva writer. The reviews are strong and smart, even if I don't agree with some of them, but the key to me is the news of the monarchs, the look at the horses and Johnny Curuthers' candy bar reviews. Those really set off a fine zine!

9. File 770 by Mad Man Mike Glycer

I love Mike's zine, and I only wish I had a complete run of them. The latest issue has John Hertz and myself and Espana Sheriff and much, much more. When I need to remind myself of why I so much prefer zines to blogs, I read the blog of File 770 and then the zine and realise that the zine is just so much better.

10. YIPE! by Jason Schachat, Kevin Roche, Espana Sheriff, Mette Hedin and many many more

YIPE! might be the prettiest zine that's ever lived. I mean Jason does an amazing job and the photos are great. Mo Starkey did a cover for the Anime issue that was just gorgeous! I'm hoping I can find a way to get them an article about the Hugo for Best Dressed Editor.



The Songs of Amy Winehouse's Back To Black

1. Rehab

It seems ironic that the song that will always be attached to her is named Rehab, though the chorus "They tried to make me go to Rehab and I said no, no, no." may be the story that fits her life best. As I type this, the day of Amy's death, I am recalling how powerful a song this was the first time I heard it. Neo-Soul had been around for a while, but this, this was as brassy as you'd ever hear.

2. You Know I'm No Good

This song was the 1960s in every tone. It was 60s that before *Mad Men* premiered they used as the intro song on the commercials. It so set the mood. Even with other singers like Duffy, who do a great job of evoking the past, none of them did it as successfully as Amy Winehouse did here. Well, no one but Amy Winehouse at least.

3. Me & Mr. Jones

One thing that struck me about *Back to Black* is how it was structured like a 1960 album. The first is the blockbuster, the second is the show-off number, but the third, the third is the fun one. Here, it's a slower number, a piece of 1960s pastiche that complains about a dude being unfaithful and Amy having to miss a Slick Ric gig. The phrase "what kind of fuckery is this?" has become a part of my every day vocabulary.

4. Just Friends

Perhaps the clearest example of the beauty and control and passion that Amy Winehouse could bring to her voice. Here, her voice is at once soft and commanding over Jamaican rhythms. It's an impressive song and one of the ones that didn't get much radio play. Go figure.

5. Back to Black

If Rehab expresses the anger at being told how to live her life, *Back to Black* explains the pain of having lived it. Perhaps this is the most appropriate song to remember a 27 year old who saw much of her career slip away after being the hottest thing in music for almost a year and then it slipped away to drugs, drink, etc

6. Love is a Losing Game

This is almost Lounge in the butter spread of her voice across some very clipped guitars and a simple drum track with a smooth flow of strings over the top and a touch of vibe. Her voice here is as soft as you'll find in the album, and it might be the most sensual.

7. Tears Dry On Their Own

Phrasing. In Rehab, she played with it a bit, but here, she makes the phrasing the focus. This is also the first track with an evident backing vocal track. She shows she has real chops and was not just the product of superior production. This is a beautifully bitter song with a great, almost Gladys Knight feel to it. The sort of Jump Blues feel to the instrumental track is impressive for her voice to play with.

8. Wake Up Alone

Another bitter smooth Bitter R&B number, this one combining a very rich singing style combined with an intelligent and in a way it's a downbeat first of Tears Dry On Their Own. One of the things that I enjoy about this song is that she's not just working in a style, she's performing in a mode that is emotionally focusing.

9. Some Unholy War

This is a Marvin Gaye tune at its heart. It's just about the perfect choice for her afflicted voice. Phrasing here is solid, but it's a very controlled performance and to me, it's one of the best songs on the album because it takes the lyrics and puts a layer of emotion on them with just the right layer of embellishment. A great and over-looked song.

10. He Can Only Hold Her

This is the way to end an album. It's a smooth one again, punctuated by horns and a backing vocal track that could have come from any album of 1965 Blue-Eyed Soul. This one makes me the saddest. This was the opener, the one that should have shown where she was going with her next works, what she'd try to take on next. I can only hope that she recorded a lot of other material that'll make it to the market eventually, but sadly, I think she was too far gone to have done much more material.

These Are People Who've Died in 2011 That I Met

1. Lucian Freud

I met Lucian Freud while I was in College and he shook my hand once. It was weird, he basically gripped my thumb and shook it. His art was dramatic and thick and almost gooey.

2. Randy Macho Man Savage

My buddy Dave Lagana and I were walking into the Providence Holiday Inn and Macho Man was walking out. We said hi and he said Hi back. That was a brief moment, but one that always played in my mind. He was one of the true giants of the 1980s wrestling scene.

3. Clarence Clemons

An awesome Sax player, at met him at a Bill & Ted's convention in the 1990s. A genuinely nice guy

4. Sherwood Schwartz

The guy had career nearly as long as Senor Wences, but he made awesome TV shows. I met him at some signing con in the 1980s and he was pretty funny.

5. James Arness

The Thing. I am pretty sure I met him at the same convention I met Sherwood Schwartz. He complimented me on my choice of girlfriends. I thought he was a real talent.

6. Jack Kevorkian

I sat next to him on a plane in the 1990s. I didn't recognise him at first, then when I did I asked him "So, you only do it when they ask you to, right?" He laughed.

7. Dwayne McDuffie

One of the creators of the Milestone line of comics that I loved despite being the completely wrong demographic. His character Static was amazing. I had forgotten I met him until I found some of my comics I bought at Wondercon back in the day and I had a signed one.

8. Zoogz Rift

Other than Johnny Legend and maybe Capt. Crunch, the weirdest guy I ever met.



The Danish Films I've Fallen in Love With

1. Festen (The Celebration)

A son goes to his father's 60th birthday party to confront him about sexual abuse. One of the most emotional raw films I've ever seen and one of the best of all the Dogme films.

2. Brothers

This is a tough, tough film. It's got Connie Nielsen, from *Gladiator*, and Mads Mikkelsen and Ulrich Thomsen and they all give performances the likes of which you seldom see. It just blew away all my expectations. The American remake wasn't bad, but the Danish one just had powerful filmmaking behind amazing acting.

3. Adam's Apples

This one is a Danish comedy, which means it's only 2/3 depressing and dark. The story of a Neo-Nazi who is sent to a half-way house and meets a guy who has the best outlook on the world ever. Mads Mikkelsen and Ulrich Thomsen are amazing in it. This is also one of the most disturbing films you'll ever see.

4. Italian for Beginners

Danish, Dogme, delightful. As far as Dogme films go, they are mostly dark and painful, this one is dark, to a degree, but it's more of a fun little romance. I loved the performance of Anders Berthelsten, who I know I've seen in something since, but I can't remember what it is!

5. The Substitute

I love Paprika Steen, one of the finest actresses you'll ever find. She has both power and vulnerability. She's brutally funny and intense in this science fiction comedy. Yes, it's still got family drama, but there's also silly fun and funkiness. It's kinda like the Danish version of a 1980s Spielberg film. It's most of the big name Danish movie stars in an effect-laden sci-fi film.

6. Villa Paranoia

A festival film where an old man meets a woman who turns around his life... kinda. There are chickens all over this movie !

7. Babette's Feast

'cause if I didn't include it, I'd lose all cred

My Favorite Albums Made between 2000 and 2010

10. Teenage Dream by Katy Perry

One of the best bubblegum albums of all-time. She's saucy and songs like Last Friday Night are beautiful.

9. Monster by Lady Gaga

Lady Gaga hit the American Pop charts like a ton of bricks. She's amazingly talented and the song Bad Romance is AWESOME!

8. The Soundtrack to CQ by Mellow

A Coppola film set in 1960s France with a soundtrack from Mellow, which is perfectly evocative of the era.

7. The Fame by Lady Gaga

Gaga's two biggest hits are on this one, and the album is pretty much screaming this is the future of Art House Pop music.

6. Lungs by Florence + The Machine

Remember when I said The Fame was the future of Art House Pop music? Florence redefined it less than a year later. There is not a bad song on the album.

5. You Are The Quarry by Morrissey

Morrissey makes his comeback after two really really weak albums, and the song English Heart, Irish Blood is enough to make it a classic.

4. Neon Bible by Arcade Fire

The first masterpiece from Montreal!

3. Walk Hard: The Original Movie Soundtrack

The funniest album ever! It perfectly skewers 30 years of rock and Pop.

2. Back to Black by Amy Winehouse

Won almost every award you could in 2007. Amazing depth and Amy's voice was magnificent

1. The Suburbs by Arcade Fire

Quite possibly the greatest hipster album ever. It screams and it whimpers and it crouches and dares you too look deeper. And there's always something more behind it. We Used To Wait deserves a religion to be found around it.

**REPORT
FROM
HOOPLE
#112.313**

FOR WOOF #36 WORLDCON 2011

ROGER HILL
300 S. Main St., #5
Edwardsville, IL 62025
www.siu.edu/~rhill
rhill@siue.edu

Also for APA L. During summer and Christmas / New Year times I can also be found at 2661 Bowring Dr., Altadena, CA 91001. Anything sent to one address will get forwarded to the other if necessary.

Thanks to Randy Byers for not only taking on the task of collating *WOOF* this year and soliciting contributions, but also researching the history of *WOOF*, compiling extensive information which is to appear in this year's distribution. I have been happy to help him in this effort by supplying what information I have through many pleasant E-mail exchanges. Thanks also to John Hertz for continuing to deliver my own contribution to the Worldcon, and for spearheading the revival and continuation of *WOOF*.

This REPORT FROM HOOPLE would not be complete by mentioning *WOOF* #6 (collated in Denver, CO in 1981), and also the *WOOF* collated in 2006 in Anaheim, CA. I would appreciate getting any information on either of them, or better yet a copy, or even a copy of a copy.

Since the history of *WOOF* is being featured in this distribution, it would also be appropriate to say a few words about the history of my own contribution to it. The name REPORT FROM HOOPLE was inspired by an alleged radio program of that name, hosted by Peter Schickele and broadcast by radio station WOOF at the University of Southern North Dakota at Hoople. These highly entertaining "broadcasts", featuring works of P.D.Q. Bach along with Baroque-style commercials and a novel way of explaining Beethoven's 5th Symphony, can be heard in the recording *P.D.Q. Bach on the Air*.

Unrelated to the title (except that they both have musical connotations) are the zine numbers, which I haven't explained for some years: They are the zeros of the Bessel function $J_0(x)$, a mathematical function which among other things describes some of the ways that a circular drumhead or gong can vibrate. This function alternates between positive and negative as x increases, but the zeros (i.e. the values of x where the function becomes zero) are not quite equally spaced; the first few are $x = 2.405, 5.520, 8.654, 11.792$, and so on. Each of these numbers is proportional to a frequency at which the drum can vibrate. For some time I had thought it might be nice to use these for numbering something, so when *WOOF* started in 1976, my first contribution was REPORT FROM HOOPLE #2.405.

Since then I have written a contribution for *WOOF* every year. For some years Dan Alderson and I printed our 1-page zines back to back. Dan passed away in 1989 and I wrote a 2-page tribute to him, the longest REPORT FROM HOOPLE to date. More recently, there were some years when I wasn't sure if there was going to be a *WOOF*, or if there had been one the previous year, but I let T_EX automatically generate

the colophon, zine number and all, with a "projected *WOOF* number" (the year minus 1975) as if there had been a *WOOF* every year. At it turned out, the actual number of *WOOF*s collated is currently 3 less than this (see "The History of *WOOF*" elsewhere in this distribution), and some issues of REPORT FROM HOOPLE never got into a *WOOF*, though all of them did get published in APA L.

NEWS

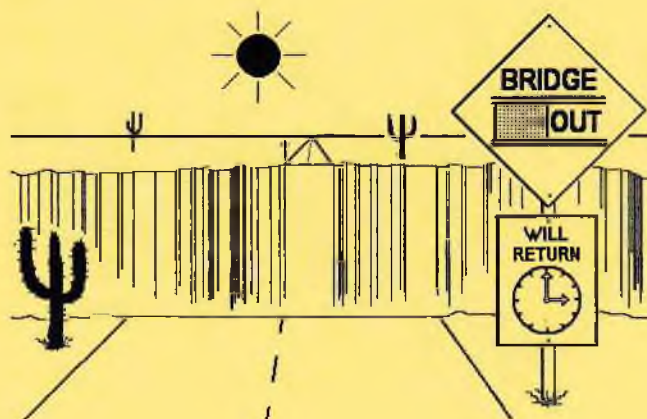
My main news is that I retired on September 1, 2010 from Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville after teaching physics there for 40 years, and am enjoying retired life, although I've had to have some not-so-much-fun activities such as an operation for a "macular pucker". Also I worked intensively during the last year to clean up and vacate my office, a major task, as I had had it for the last 23 years. I have maintained my official address in Edwardsville, IL but spend a lot of time also in Altadena, CA where I'm originally from. In addition to some retirement parties, highlights of the past year have included operating an Illinois Terminal electric locomotive at the Illinois Railway Museum and riding other restored interurban cars there, and also riding and running streetcars and interurban cars at the Orange Empire Railway Museum in California. Other activities have included international folk dancing and playing my *gaida* (Bulgarian bagpipe) there, as well as going to conferences of HHC (Hand-Held Computing), a Hewlett-Packard calculator users' group that has been going (under various names) for almost 40 years.

COMMENTS ON WOOF #35

Alan Stewart: Thanks for taking on the job of coordinating and collating *WOOF* last year. And very interesting on the Metcards! Are there Metcard collectors' organizations that publish catalogs, etc., around there?

Dean Gahlon: Nice to hear from you again. As you point out, it seems that printed APAs are giving way to internet-based groups, I guess because the response is faster and also because people are spending more time on them and don't have as much time to write printed zines as before. I suppose a discussion group could simulate the flavor of a periodic APA by holding contributed messages and only displaying them at predetermined intervals (e.g. a certain time each week to simulate APA L being collated), but I don't know whether such a thing has really been implemented.

And finally, a Road Thingie, which is a slight variation on one that somebody (sorry, don't remember who) put in APA L many years ago:



BW

... is to stoat interrogation what Chris Garcia is to salad dressing. It comes from **Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer**, who may now be found at 59 Shirley Road, Croydon,

Surrey CR0 7ES, UK, and electronically at fishlifter@googlemail.com. Dated August 2011, the Year of the Pygmy Sloth.

BW is a little piece of fan history, a term guaranteed to send most readers fleeing the room even when, as in this case, we are talking about relatively modern fan history. It wends its way into the twenty-first century from the dark days of the 1990s and a world where nobody had even heard of iPhones, 'Best Dramatic Presentation (Short Form)' Hugos or John Coxon. Accordingly, a little contextualising is perhaps in order.

The first issue, eschewing any number, was produced between the sixth and seventh issues of our genzine *Banana Wings* and carried a date of 31 May 1997. It had ten pages and it was pink. A second outburst followed promptly on 25 July 1997 ('Clearly life in Croydon is too eventful to be contained', wrote Christine Lake). It also had ten pages but in a bid to demonstrate our obvious resentment of tradition it was yellow. Number three was essentially two fanzines bound back-to-back Ace Double style, and came out in October 1997. Our flirtation with colour variation had clearly gone to our heads; #3 (not that we called it #3) had twenty pages, ten pale green and ten cream. The first attempt at producing a fourth issue was distributed at Mike 'Simo' Simpson's wedding in – good grief, can it really be? – May 1998 and was a mere four pages printed on gold paper, and a true #4 (although for some perverse reason we continued to exclude actual issue numbers) served as a surrogate Christmas card at the end of that year. That one was pale blue and was back to 10 pages.

And that's when *BW* ground to a halt. Its larger genzine cousin bounded on, stubbornly disregarding the popular consensus that we were now in a post-fanzine fandom. In 1998 *Banana Wings* was still produced on a duplicator and often topped 60 pages an issue. It switched to photocopy in 1999, usually with a reduced page count, and in 2008 ensmallled itself to A5. We used to claim that it was generally perceived to be too long, too serious and too boring although it remained popular with the Welsh. These days I'm not so sure about the Welsh. And *BW*? Well, tellingly, these days whenever I ever type those two letters my PC automatically corrects them to *Banana Wings*. From here, *BW* looks an awful lot like an ex-fanzine.

Time for a resurrection, then. Using our powers of deductive reasoning, we declare this to be *BW* #5 – away with the false Simo issue! – although to retain an air of mystery we're not going to tell you how many pages it has or what colour paper it's printed on. It is being produced for inclusion in what is generally believed to be the thirty-sixth collation of WOOF at Renovation, the sixty-ninth Worldcon. And $5 + 36 + 69 = 110$ and you don't need us to tell you what *that* means...

WOOF has been widely acclaimed to be the worst idea that Bruce Pelz ever had. This year, it is being officially edited by Randy Byers, the best idea that Andy Hooper ever had, and so we reckon that constitutes cosmic balance.

This is #5, by the way. We said it before and we'll probably say it again, just to make up for not numbering any of the previous issues.

Your lucky radish is the radish. (#5) > [MP]



Just to be clear, this is a fanzine.

It's a fanzine produced in 2011, primarily for WOOF, and it exists only on paper because that's how WOOF works and that's what we do anyway.

But this is a fanzine, not a manifesto.

What you do with fanzines – whether or how you read them, respond to them, publish and distribute them – is up to you. If you don't do anything with them and can't see the point, that's up to you too – although if so I'd prefer you to just carry on enjoying the rest of your fanzine-free life rather than feeling a need to tell me, or everyone out there who doesn't know about fanzines, what a very bad idea they are. If you're now feeling some confusion or trepidation, having picked this up because you weren't sure you knew what a fanzine was and are now wondering what you're being drawn into: well, *hello*.

Assuming that you're still with me after being looked straight in the eye and smiled at disturbingly, I emphasise that this is *a* fanzine; there are many other sorts, and although you'll find others in the WOOF collation you can also find them in lots of other places, perhaps including the fan lounge at the Worldcon and definitely at www.efanzines.com.

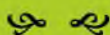
This is a science fiction fanzine, because we're SF fans and produce fanzines within SF fandom; because our writing consequently reflects the way in which we see the world, and because we do sometimes write about, as well as reading and watching, science fiction. Although probably not much this time.

This is also a Croydon fanzine, which apparently impenetrable statement simply means that we live and publish in Croydon; for the avoidance of international confusion, this is the Croydon which is the southernmost borough of London in the UK. We'd be inclined to characterise this as an average quality fanzine, since it amuses us to continue to wilfully misunderstand a comment intended as a compliment which Bruce Gillespie made around the same time as we last published under this title – but given that this is WOOF, we're stepping carefully around any premature indications of quality.

Specifically this is a *BW*, or Little Fanzine as we used to call it to distinguish it from *Banana Wings* (Big Fanzine) when we had the time and energy to do both. It exists because... well, because Randy Byers is in charge of WOOF this year. Because WOOF appears on paper and so we didn't have to make complicated decisions about that. Because life conspired to make a little fanzine seem more fun than the big fanzine we'd planned for about now. And because so many people said it was a bad idea that it became a whimsical challenge to ignore them all and do it anyway.

The potential problem with WOOF was summarised recently by a respected and knowledgeable fanzine commentator as being ‘...Very Low Quality, often from some of fandom’s worst writers and producers of fanzines. No one puts any ambition into a WOOF zine (they are all collected together and stapled into one volume of not that many pages), and many are one-pagers done *just* to have a presence in the collection. Bland and uninteresting place-holders at best. Sheer garbage ... at worst. WOOF’s low quality would not entice anyone into fanzines...’

If you feel enticed despite all this, or simply want to respond, we’ve told you where to send emails or letters or artwork or other fanzines. Please avoid anything that will go badly squishy in the packet or otherwise cause panic and alarm in the Post Office. Hang in there; we’ll see you on the other side. > [CB]



‘I regret to announce that it has not proved possible to collate WOOF this Worldcon.’ So wrote Robert Sacks in *Plot #3* (Friday evening), the Conspiracy ’87 newsletter. However, all was not lost since “Filthy Pierre” ... will attempt to arrange for a collation next week at Cactuscon in Phoenix. We’ll try again next year in New Orleans.’ Tenacity, that’s what we like to see.

This must have been my first encounter with WOOF and I can confidently claim that my reaction was almost certainly ‘Wha...?’. In 1987, when I was 23 and attending my first Worldcon. I remember being perplexed by the meaning of ‘APA’ but the term ‘WOOF collation’ would have been no more meaningful than ‘the FOPP declension’ or ‘the SKOOB elision’. It’s only with the advent of a twenty-first century viewpoint that I realise it could well be the title of an episode of *The Big Bang Theory*.

The Sacks announcement was one of several then-incomprehensibilities that littered the pages of *Plot*’s seven issues. Looking back on it now, of course, it all makes perfect sense, but in 1987 it was merely one of the many provinces of the ancient Trufs, ‘proper’ fans with beards and peculiar elitist ways who were all really old, like, maybe even 30. Not that we called them Trufs at the time as the term hadn’t then been coined, James Bacon still being only 13 years old and in short trousers (no, wait...).

I was thus untroubled by the absence of WOOF from Conspiracy ’87. It might next have come to my attention when I read *Confacts & Confictions #4* (Saturday morning) at the 1990 Worldcon but I fear my mind must have been on higher things, probably involving how to get a drink in a sensible-sized glass with less than fifty percent of the volume given over to froth. And after that there was *The Voice of the Mysterons #2* (Thursday night) in 1995, but by this point I had become skilled at editing WOOF out of my Worldcon worldview.

Come 1999, then, and WOOF was made real when Alan Stewart handed me a copy of the twenty-fourth collation. A pencilled annotation on the cover suggests it had originally been destined for ‘Benford/GOH’ – presumably as distinct from any other randomly wandering Benford – and I never learned whether he

declined this particular offering or whether Alan shouldn’t have given it to me, or indeed whether he thought I was Greg Benford. If Mr Benford has for the last twelve years been mourning the fact that his collection lacks WOOF#24 then I am truly sorry.

Looking at that collation now, and thanks to Roger Hill’s *Report from Hoople #74.615*, I learn – very nearly twenty-four years after the event – that the hoped-for Cactuscon collation mentioned in *Plot #3* seemingly never happened, resulting in a composite WOOF#12/13 in 1988. I now have the answer to a cliff-hanger that has been bugging me since 1987 (this is not entirely true).

That first direct encounter with WOOF made manifest in physical form seems not to have inspired me to participation, sad to say. I paid WOOF no mind at my next three Worldcons (2003-5), although somewhere along the line I acquired a copy of the fourth collation – or rather fourth ‘timecapsule’ as it then styled itself – produced for the 1979 Worldcon in Brighton, replete with such eminent fannish names as Bruce Pelz, Fred Patten, Guy Lillian, Dave Langford, Marjii Ellers, Mike Glicksohn, John Foster, Skel, and Mike and Pat Meara. Giants walked the earth in those times, and hardly ever fell over (this is not entirely true).

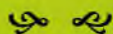
Last year at Aussiecon 4 Alan Stewart once again handed me a copy of WOOF. #35 is a slender concoction, with a mere three contributions bulked out by the fiendish trick of including an under-the-circumstances largely unnecessary (and not entirely accurate) table of contents and two copies of *Report from Hoople #109.171*. Dean Gahlon (*Tales from the Frozen North*) admits that he’d forgotten about WOOF until he arrived at Aussiecon 4. He says he hasn’t done much in the APazine world since the previous collation, and ‘Of course, there’s the question of whether much of anybody has done much in the APazine world either.’

I can sympathise with this view, my own APA participation being limited to the Australian and New Zealand (and American and Canadian and Danish and British) ANZAPA where these days I contribute by lying on the sofa watching old war movies while Claire sits at the computer banging out lengthy fanzines under our joint names. Well, no, to be fair sometimes I do the ironing too.

How prevalent are APAs these days? Obviously not as much as they once were, but I suspect most exist under the radar of everybody outside their membership. Personally, I have no idea which of the British APAs of, say, twenty years ago are still extant. I believe *The Women’s Periodical* is still out there – indeed in an act of cross-platforming they’re on Facebook too – but *Pieces of Eight*, *The Organisation*, *PAPA*? I thought I could try a little googling on the subject and initially thought I’d struck gold with an ‘APA organisation chart’ until I noticed that it was residing on the HM Treasury website. Much as I like the idea of the British government tracking APA fanac – something which I am sure would not be sinister at all – the truth is that I had wandered into a world where APA means the Asset Protection Agency.

ANZAPA’s roster is not full – does any APA have a waitlist these days? – but it is still healthy, with a good

mix of long-term members and turnover. But yes, the truth is that for me these days the letters APA are as likely to indicate American Pale Ale as anything else. Typical British fan – always thinking about drink. ➤ [MP]



In our Big Fanzine about a year ago I allowed enthusiasm, whimsy and the disappointment on the sensitive fannish face of International Beer Master Anders Holmström to triumph over experience and judgement, and I wrote about drinking beer* at which, in fannish terms, I am a total novice. Having since continued to drink beer, I also retained the habit of making notes about what I was drinking, since the practice of fan writing has long taught us that this is an improvement over relying on memory – a risky business anyway when both beer and middle-aged memories are involved – and of course allows for some direct improvement over memory or experience at several points in the process of turning such notes into actual fan writing.

Having exposed myself once – no, not literally; I take any such impulses as a signal that it's time to stop drinking beer *right now* before it's too late – I feel I have nothing to lose by doing it again. Even as I type that intemperate statement, I am wondering when I lost all my sense and discretion. Judging from my handwriting and the nature of the commentary I'm proposing to reproduce, it seems to be a fairly safe bet that it was during the Old Ale Festival last November at the White Horse pub in Parsons Green. But, well, I still feel an urge to share these observations, partly because I would like to celebrate some exceptionally find beer and partly because I have brought it on myself and deserve to be mocked.

So there we were, in the White Horse again, contemplating the beer guide and also the rather delicious food available. The beer guide is a 16-page A4 booklet, not entirely dissimilar to this fanzine although with more pages and fewer words. On the back of the beer guide there is a flavour wheel, of the sort I had only previously seen applied to wine but which the beer guide tells me is a concept subsequently stolen from beer tasters by both the wine and whisky industries. The fiends. I bet they'd been drinking.

There is also a bar map, and many stains of a dark brown variety which I think it likely were not there when I acquired the beer guide. (If you have picked up this fanzine from a table at the Worldcon you may find some further similarities between the two documents.) Inside the front cover I have written 'Randy Jim's Perfidious Ale'; this is a meta-fictional beer I hope to be able to drink in the future when two of my friends have realised their destiny by going into brewing. In the rest of the beer guide there are descriptions of 74 beers, presenting an agony of choice and indecision. And there are my notes.

I present both the official descriptions from the beer guide and my own, for all that this continues to reinforce the whole impression of the Punt and Dennis 'World of Wine' comedy sketches which at least one of my notes directly references.

OK, let's do this thing. I have only myself to blame. And the beer, obviously.

Friday 26 November 2010

- Beer 1 – Sarah Hughes Dark Ruby Mild (6%); Dudley, West Midlands, England (a favourite with Croydon fandom)

Beer guide: 'A now legendary beer, this ruby-coloured drop is full of chocolate and dried cherry flavours, and a strong, satisfyingly astringent finish.'

My notes: 'Nice but not as awesome as I remembered. Will need to consult Meike as a barometer. Or something. Gauge. That might be it.'

- Beer 2 – Elland 1872 Porter (6.5%); Halifax, West Yorkshire, England

Beer guide: 'International award winning porter based around an original 1872 recipe (hence the name). Very dark and rich with a complex bittersweet palate and luscious malt flavours, with warming rich port notes that combine into the subtle hoppy finish.'

My notes: 'Oh, that's nice... All eloquence vanished already on beer 2.'

- Beer 3 – Howard Town Dark Peak (6.4%); Derbyshire, England

Beer guide: 'Beautiful dark ruby chestnut ale packed with flavour: rich, dark berries, chewy raisins and a hint of toffee and burnt sugar. Sweet but not too sweet.'

My notes: 'Allegedly I had this third but although what I had was fine I didn't think it was what Kay had before which was lovely. It sounds good too.'

- Beer 4 – BrewDog Riptide (8%); Fraserburgh, Scotland

My notes: 'Uncomplicated. I like it. I know what it is. It's not on the list. I have no idea how strong it is and that may contribute to complications later.'

- Beer 5 – Harviestoun Ola Dubh 18 year old (8%); Alva, Scotland

Beer guide: 'The deepest darkest brew, this beer is named Black Oil for a reason! Aged in 18 year old casks from the Highland Park distillery, this beer brings you everything from chocolate to spirit notes.'

My notes: 'I like this one. I like this one. And I like you. I'm going to come round and suck your turbot.'

- Beer 5a – Harveys Imperial Russian Stout (9%); Lewes, Sussex, England (added back into my list on Saturday, while reflecting on what I might drink today)

Beer guide: 'Regarded as one of the world's most unusual and prestigious beers. The roast, alcoholic and spicy notes combine in this unusually sweet and sour beer.'

My notes: 'Oops. I forgot this. Very nice. With cheeeese.'

* 'Sacrifice of the Yeti', *Banana Wings* #44 (August 2010).

- Beer 6 which is thus really 7 – Great Divide Yeti Imperial Stout (9.5%); Denver, Colorado, USA
Beer guide: 'Yeti is an onslaught of the senses. It starts with big, roasty malt flavour that gives way to rich caramel and toffee notes. This stout gets its bold hop character from an enormous quantity of American hops.'

My notes: 'No sacrifice involved this time. By coincidence, Mark is currently drinking Bigfoot which is stronger but tastes like beer.'

Saturday 27 November 2010

- Beer 1 – Sierra Nevada Porter (5.8%); Chico, California, USA
Beer guide: 'This porter is a delicious, dark, medium-bodied ale made with roasted malted barley. Very rich, yet with a smooth malty flavour.'
My notes: 'Nice. Quaffable. Too easily quaffable.'
- Beer 2 – Redemption Bourbon Dusk (8%); London, England
Beer guide: 'An extremely limited edition version of the Urban Dusk. Brewed to a higher ABV and flavoured with Bourbon oak cask chips.'
My notes: 'Still very nice, having tried Jim's last night. It's got spirits in it. But not whisky. Smoooooth.'
- Beer 3 – Left Hand Black Jack Porter (6.8%); Denver, Colorado, USA
Beer guide: 'This beer's initial sweetness is followed by dark roasted flavours of espresso and chocolate that then yields to a surprisingly clean and thirst-quenching finish.'
My notes: 'Chilled, which was surprising. But thus very crisp. And dark. And quite chocolatey without being sticky.'
- Beer 4 – Flying Dog Gonzo Imperial Porter (7.8%); Frederick, Maryland, USA
Beer guide: 'Deep and complex, this turbo-charged version of the Road Dog Porter is mysteriously dark with a rich malty body, intense roasted flavours, and a surprisingly unique hop kick.'
My notes: 'I've lost the ability to really distinguish between nice strong dark beers. In fact this isn't even particularly strong. But it tastes strong. And dark. And nice. Mmm. I want a flying dog. And a swimming tiger. And a pony. Beer. Good.'
- Beer 5 – Goose Island Bourbon County Stout (13%); Chicago, Illinois, USA
Beer guide: 'A must-try – smooth, rich, sweet, dry and balance with pronounced vanillins – just glorious.'
My notes: 'Maybe I should stop drinking now. Maybe I will never find another beer as good as this. It's like wine and chocolate. It's like the hot chocolate in Brunetti's, for beer. Just hold it in your mouth and gradually let it trickle. It smells of fruit and bourbon. It tastes of chocolate and wine and coffee, and it is without a doubt the best beer ever. Better than Tokyo*. Better than Paradox. Better even than Mephistopheles. Possibly Tactical Nuclear Penguin would edge it... but that's not really beer.'

- Beer 6 – Meantime Imperial Russian Stout (13.4%); Greenwich, London, England
Beer guide: 'Matured in a rum cask for 8 months. Rich and full bodied and fabulously warming.'
My notes: 'Dessert beer. Very nice. I am beyond hyperbole now. It smells of pears and tastes of rum. And beer. All in a good way.'

NB: There is a minority report, which happens to be mine, that this is what my beer notes say. I know that's what they say; I can decipher my own handwriting – although that is the necessary verb by this stage of the beer consumption – and having done so I remember forming those phrases. Popular opinion among my so-called friends, however, contends that what I have actually written is more likely to be '...I am sexy and hyperactive now. I smell of peas and taste of Vim...'

And then we all put our tongues down, as they say. But I remain committed to the Bourbon County Stout. ➤ [CB]



But yes, *BW* (#5, remember) is back, a time traveller of sorts, embedded in the ice floe for more than a decade and now emerging into the light, wondering what all these young people are on about with their tweets and their Kindles and their Friendface thingies. So why resurrect it? Why not leave it in contented frozen stasis? Why not do something new?

Perhaps it's because about eighteen months ago we had living legends in the living room.

I could see them there, drinking our coffee and tea. They looked relatively normal, I thought; you probably wouldn't guess they were living legends at all to look at them. There was a certain symmetry to their presence, living legends in the living room; having living legends in the bathroom wouldn't be quite the same. And there are definitely worse things to have in your living room. Mice, for instance. Mice make nests behind the lower rows of books in the book cases and they crap everywhere so you have to wash down the work surfaces in the kitchen. Living legends, however, don't do either of these things – or if they do then they do it very discreetly. No, the worst thing you get with living legends is biscuit crumbs down the back of the sofa. Come to think of it, if you had lots of living legends all eating biscuits for long enough then presumably the accumulated crumbs would start to attract mice and then you could do a direct comparison, living legends versus mice, just in case I'm somehow doing a disservice to the mice in instinctively rating them as less desirable visitors than living legends. If you have an infinite number of living legends and an infinite number of biscuits eventually you'll have an infinite number of mice. And if you have an infinite number of living legends and an infinite number of laptops one of them is bound to write a Nova Award-winning fanzine.

This particular group of living legends, biscuit munching in our living room in February 2010, were the committee of Corflu Cobalt plus a couple of accompanying partners. Braces of Charnocks, Mearas and Nielsen Halls; plus a Jackson and a Maule.

Sandra Bond was there too, only Sandra's not a living legend, not really. I mean, she can't be. We're near contemporaries, fannishly speaking. Sandra's time for living legendhood will no doubt come, but not yet. So there they all were, living legends plus Sandra, all assembled, predictably enough, for a Corflu committee meeting. Well, obviously – 'cos it'd be too much of a coincidence if they'd all just popped round at the same time to watch *Strictly*... or something like that. Yep, this bunch were about to run a convention. And we were involved too, because we were sort-of Corflu Cobalt committee members as well. That and the fact that it was our house, although somehow it still felt a little odd.

Because for all the linguistic symmetry you really don't expect to have living legends in the living room, whether they're watching *Strictly*..., planning a Corflu or doing anything really, even something involving biscuits. We don't really expect living legends to Walk Among Us (and sometimes fall over) like ordinary mortals. They are quasi-mythical; they exist in anecdote and in the fading pages of *Wrinkled Shrew*, *Knockers from Neptune* and *Nabu* and the unfaded pages of *Maya* because Rob Jackson had ideas above his station and went for posh litho even then. They are more formally documented in Rob Hansen's *Then*... They are studied in Peter Weston's *Relapse*. But now they are also back.

Imagine that it is the closing stages of the Leeds Corflu in 1998, the year in which coincidentally the last issue of *BW* appeared. A wizened fan announces that he has essayed a little fannish bibliomancy with a copy of *The Enchanted Duplicator*. He has sacrificed a goat – or perhaps one of the more readily expendable members of the *Plokta* cabal – and, lo, the augers have foretold that while this UK excursion for Corflu has been a great success the convention must now wander in the wilderness, or America as it's more commonly known, and will not return to these shores until many years have passed. But when British fannish fandom is in great peril, a band of heroes led by Dr Robert Jackson HD* (ret'd) will emerge from the ice floe in which they have been embedded since the Days of Yore (the 1970s) – and they will step forth with their Shields of Umore and a six-foot broom-handle that has been carefully sanded because it is now the Twenty-First Century and, well, health and safety; and they will go out into the world, or at least the back garden, and they will find the rusting Duplicator of Roneo and opinions will be divided as to its efficacy and relevance to modern culture, but amidst much protesting they will bear it down to Winchester where King Arthur will crawl groaning out from under his Round Table, and say, 'Hey, keep the noise down, can't a bloke get some sleep around here and... good grief, if that really John Nielsen Hall?' And when all this happens, Corflu will come again to the people of the British Isles, the words 'fanzine' and 'renaissance' will be once more brought into optimistic juxtaposition, and the rusty Roneo will... continue to divide opinion.

Now tell me, if somebody had said that back in 1998, would you have believed it?

I think that back in 1998 we probably did assume that there would be another British Corflu one day. The *Plokta* people would probably run it, or maybe some assemblage of enthusiastic young fanzine editors yet unknown. Maybe we thought Greg Pickersgill would do it (this is not entirely true). But 1970s revenants, quasi-myths from deep time living only in memory and worshipped as cargo-cult demi-gods in certain parts of Seattle?

And yet here they all were, fannishly reactivated over the course of the previous decade, enticed back into fandom by elists abetted in a few cases by retirement and time on their hands. They wrote fanzines, showed up at conventions, especially if they were Corflus. Sometimes they fell over.

Fandom often seems to be inappropriately backward looking. Brought up on the fiction of the future, we obsess about our own past. I often wonder what people talked about at the first SF convention, because it's a pretty safe bet that at the second one they all talked about what they'd done the time before.

As always I think it's about a balance. At the London First Thursday pub meeting a few days ago the management had rearranged the furniture again. They've been doing it for a couple of months now, trying different configurations. This time tables had been doubled up, giving part of the room the air of a refectory, and there was an empty space over by the door. Tony Keen arrived and I could see him appraising the room. Things are different. They have changed. This is not the way it used to be. Things should be put back to the way they used to be. None of this newfangled nonsense. This is bad and wrong. It occurred to me that his view of the room was pretty much the same as some people's entire fannish worldview. And at the same time he was of course right – because innovation is not necessarily positive and in this case the new layout really was substantially inferior to the old. Things were better in the old days (May).

New is not always better. Sometimes it's better to do things the way they used to be done; sometimes you can thaw out the frozen revenants. Sometimes we all fall over. > [MP]



Back at the end of 1998 when we may have mentioned that we last published one of these fanzines, I was a member of an APA but still not sure what the point was meant to be. Mailing comments, for instance; apparently people in an APA wanted to communicate with one another, had no other means of doing so, but didn't want anyone else to know what they were saying. There seemed no other plausible explanation for the way that so many mailing comments were of the oblique 'Thingy: Have you ever considered using a wet fish instead?' sort, for a start. But comments were further obscured by being offset in time – not merely by the APA's distribution schedule or by members' own infrequent approach to contributing, but by a tendency to fall behind with mailing comments combined with a determination to catch up eventually and thus slog through from wherever they'd left off. As a method of passing coded messages, I deduced as an

* Head Doctor (not Finger Doctor).

occasional recipient that it must be imperfect when even the person to whom the comment was addressed can't remember what, specifically, they said about the topic originally or even what the topic was.

This was, of course, before I received proper exposure to the wonders of modern communication, where on newsgroups and blogs comments can be exchanged much more quickly and links publicised around the world to enable any number of additional people to get into the conversation before being aware of the background. The scope for misunderstanding, taking offence, bitter feuds and deeply held grudges, peace negotiations, resolution, and moving onto the next topic are almost instantaneous, and thus mighty civilisations can rise and fall before lunchtime. Nonetheless a few people will only be reading a digest or just catching up after being away and will thus end up commenting several topics or epochs behind, often on early posts before having read any subsequent responses. The APA is strong in those ones.

This is partly a rationale for not including here any mailing comments to previous collations of WOOF. It is also an advance acknowledgement that what you are about to receive may be similarly obscure.

The road home from SF conventions is paved with the good intentions of writing a con report, and thus the drawers of my desk are crammed with scraps of paper and half-used notebooks containing the raw materials for many of those which never saw the light of day. Some had already emerged, blinking and yawning, as part of *Parakeet*, the Even Smaller Fanzine which we produced on occasion between 1999 and 2002 to prove that we weren't yet frozen in ice. Those that accumulated after that now present simply a series of snapshots about the past few years which possibly won't help anyone trying to explain to civilians how SF conventions are completely normal and respectable.

Think of it, as ever, as a very slow time machine.

Concourse (Eastercon), 2004

'The Future of SF Publishing is now in the Spanish Bar' – sign in reception

Tobes Valois and Dave Ulicsak sell fan fund raffle tickets at £1 for five tickets, and raise over £112 for an Easter egg. Apparently takings went up swiftly after Dave stopped Tobes from offering '£1 for a strip'.

plokta.con v.3, 2004

Family Fortunes quiz:

'Name a fanzine,' said Alison Scott, awaiting the answer 'Plokta'.

'Banana Wings,' said Flick.

'Chunga,' said Tony Keen.

'Zoo Nation,' said Del Cotter.

Alison focused on her co-editors to do the right thing: 'Mike!'

'Zorn,' said Mike.

In despair Alison turned to her own flesh and blood: 'Marianne, name a fanzine!'

'I don't like them,' said Marianne firmly.

Interaction (Worldcon), 2005

'I think we have to accept we have a flaccid moose' – the *Plokta* Cabal, running the fan lounge, realise they must be getting old.

John Waggott starts to inflate a weather balloon in the YAFA programme room. An hour later the programme has turned around him and he's in the front row of the *Donnie Darko* panel, still inflating it. Half way through the item he finally finishes and walks out. Nobody says anything.

Meanwhile there was a panel in the fan programme on fan funds and voting with your gonads. Perhaps Wag had been meaning to take his along.

Greg Pickersgill finds that, as Fan Guest of Honour, he's been scheduled for a kaffeeklatch. He had been uncertain what to expect.

'Things take a turn for the worse. Xena, warrior princess, arrives, introduces herself, and sits down...'

Attendees at the kaffeeklatch prove to have been a Czech fanzine fan, a writer from the US at her first convention who works for the postal service in Ohio, Philippa from Glastonbury who is dressed as Xena, Algis Budrys who in fact is Ron Gemmell, and Dave Langford who was actually meant to be on an item in the same room at a different time. Greg is still not sure what to expect.

The 'content provider' panel in the fan programme, on the other hand, was pretty much as expected:

'He dived at me. And for a big lad he's quite agile.' – Tobes on James Bacon, or rather the other way round.

'Next time there's a British Worldcon I will volunteer to be green room staff because they're doing a great job but they just can't get you a beer.' – Tobes again. (We will be coming for you in three years' time, young Toby, and don't even contemplate leaving the country... oh.)

Audience question: 'Did you provide any content at this convention yourself?'

'I broke my bathroom. Although to be fair I broke the bathroom considerably less than Sue Mason broke hers.' – Flick

'I don't know; I was probably drunk and then asleep. Oh, I did nearly have a fist fight with Peter Weston – or at least tell him and some other old farts that they were old farts.' – Tobes

'I helped Randy Byers look more like a pirate. And made out with his girlfriend. He made me do it, because I was dressed as him.' – Anders Holmström

Corflu Quire, 2007

'It wasn't a payphone; it was a defibrillator station' – Peter Weston experiences some confusion at Houston airport, although could so easily have experienced more than that

By Sunday morning Mark was in turn so confused by the size of the room he had lost the wardrobe.

Novacon, 2007

From stud to SMOF in easy moves: James Bacon was going round the dealers' room introducing Hayley to people. Three years before we'd all have expected him just to try to seduce her. Now he's engaged and he wants her to meet lots of other fans because they're chairing competing bids for the 2009 Eastercon.

Max explained at breakfast on Sunday that she and James had been lying in bed reading what I'd written in our new fanzine about James complaining about us reading old fanzines in bed.

In a fit of responsibility James rushed to explain that they were in fact in twin beds.

Orbital (Eastercon), 2008: Peter Weston and the Fear of Femininity

The waxing and waning roar of jet engines just overhead sounds oddly reminiscent of the TARDIS; odd particularly because, as Tobes remarks, the Radisson Edwardian Hotel at Heathrow has something of a reverse TARDIS quality – all its spaces seem smaller on the inside. This is just one of many odd features of the hotel known since its first Eastercon endeavour twelve years previously as the Radisson Non-Euclidean. Other features added since many of us last saw it in 1996 include an indoor non-botanical garden with pools and bridges and virtual fish; Catherine Pickersgill and I felt this was surely designed to have a Zeppelin moored above it.

And then there are the fans. I have to be careful here, partly because I am a fan and one of the short fat variety to boot, but also because recent feedback (mostly concerned rather than approving) is that our fanzines are getting grumpy and gloomy again. But there's something peculiar about the appearance of many fans. It's not just dress sense – although the (presumably individual) uniformity of some looks is startling in a way only equalled by its unflattering effects – but rather about the way we move: a lack of grace and co-ordination only slightly attributable to our various sizes and shapes. We all just look a bit odd. But some are more odd than others.

Twenty koalas in Chris Garcia's beard.
Twenty koalas in Chris Garcia's beard.
And if one koala should feel a little weird
There'd be nineteen koalas in Chris Garcia's beard...

There's something of a theme emerging in the unattributable comments:

'We could pretend we're con guests of honour. I'll be Karen Traviss if you're Neil Gaiman' – an (apparently) unsuccessful chat-up line

'Let's enter the masquerade next year. You can be Greg and I'll be Peter' – from the young person's fanzine panel

'Mark has just blown my brain about fan fiction. I've just visualised D M Sherwood/Greg Pickersgill slash' – from the SF fan fiction panel

'That is perfectly traditional. It's like from about 50 years ago, when everyone was photocopying things.' –

Abi Brown, on the fanzine panel, before Flick explained stencils

Corflu Silver, 2008 – probably

'It's only a few years ago that I took the last Gestetner out of the bedroom' – Lise Eisenberg, who may not have been there

The most fun Pat Virzi had had was freeing James Taylor from being locked in the bathroom.

People who live in deserts still talk about the weather all the time. Unlike British people they say, 'But it's a dry heat,' rather than 'But it's meant to clear up soon.'

Corflu Cobalt, 2010: My Gusset's Been Laminated

Dave Langford experiences problems getting online in the hotel lobby; Mark, who had the same problems in the same chair earlier, deduces that Steve Green is blocking the internet. Steve – while denying that he is made of lead – proposes travelling round Afghanistan helping the war effort in some way we never quite establish.

Alison Freebairn follows Rob Hansen into the lobby. Bloody hell, I say, is that really Alison Freebairn? Either that, Dave Hicks murmurs, living dangerously in earshot of so many fan writers, or Avedon's had a lot of work done...

Sir Peter Weston comes up giggling hysterically and brandishing Dave Hicks's fanzine. We agree that one of the cartoons is very funny; Dave suggests that the gag on the next page is better. Peter looks, concedes it is very clever, but the one he really likes is... He turns the page. He giggles again. We suggest he is damaging his reputation for being serious and eminent, but Peter doesn't care. 'This man has found a way of directly connecting my eyes and my funny bone.' We back away, trying hard not to think about Doctors Frankenstein or Moreau.

'Pete Weston!' cries Roy Kettle passionately as two dinner parties cross in the lobby. He shakes Peter by the hand. 'You're still alive!'

Things that [British academic who might prefer her identity to remain at least partly open to conjecture obscured from censure] says she has let into her bed as an act of charity:

- L— P—
- K— Mc—
- P— W—'s *Relapse*

Illustrious (Eastercon), 2011

The FGoH item 'Where in the World is Vince Docherty' will be forever subtitled, at least in this fanzine and in his subsequent GoH interview, 'A rat ate my sporran'. > [CB]



Come in dressed as Yoda and get 2% off our prune muffins.



Whisper it, but we are not always up to date with TV drama. We didn't start watching *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* until everyone else in the UK was at least four seasons in. We came late to the new *Battlestar Galactica* – I had extreme reservations after the 1980s version – and we didn't see *The Wire* until last year. We've only recently started on *Dexter*, we've never seen *Six Feet Under*, and we haven't started watching *The Killing* yet either.

Although this can have the advantage that when we do like something, we have several seasons or even the whole thing available to us immediately, some suspense may be lost through inadvertent spoiler exposure by friends or people in general. Thus, on seeing the first episode of *Buffy*, we identified all the characters who'd been cropping up over the years in conversations down the pub: Buffy herself, Willow, Xander, Cordelia, Jesse... Jesse? Hmm. Things didn't look too good for Jesse.

Obviously actors take a risk of typecasting or just too strong an association with one character if they appear in something that runs for a long time. But the risk for viewers comes from catching up and thus encountering actors earlier in their careers, when they wouldn't themselves have known they'd have the weight of recognition baggage from later success.

And so we recently watched *Ultraviolet*, a BBC TV series from 1998 – a date to which we seem to keep harking back one way or another. Despite the inevitable limitation of seeming far too short to properly develop the story – and yes, we can all see the parallels to be made there – I think that it holds up pretty well in the wake of subsequent, higher profile, modern explorations of the vampire mythos. It was no one's fault but our own that we had to fight a bit against the associations that the vampire banker grew up to be Bill Compton in *True Blood*, and that the vampire hunters were a crack team comprising Steve from *Coupling* (or, if you prefer, Lloyd Simcoe from *FlashForward*), Stringer Bell from *The Wire*, and Jane Bennet from *Pride and Prejudice*.

I am assured that there's almost certainly fan fiction where that's exactly what happens. > [CB]



A Postcard to TAFFboy : Dear John: You're familiar, I assume, with the film *The Englishman Who Went Up A Hill But Came Down A Mountain*? Well, earlier this year this particular Englishman came down a mountain, although it was already a mountain when I went up it so that was a bit more of a challenge. And it made me think of you.

We were in the Yosemite National Park with Tom Becker and Spike, and Tom had proposed a healthful stroll along the Upper Falls Trail which I see now from the website is described as 'strenuous' and indeed the word 'upper' in there should have offered a clue. So we switchbacked our way up the mountain, an

Englishman, an Englishwoman and a Californian, Spike having sensibly opted to deal with email back at The Lodge which was doubtless strenuous in its own way. There was still snow on the ground on the valley floor, but it was shirtsleeves weather as we progressed slowly up the (only partially structured) path through fairly heavy tree cover. The path looped back and forth I don't know how many times, but eventually we emerged onto an unforested ledge, and could look out across the valley, at the high granite peaks of Half Dome and El Capitan, at the water cascading from the Upper Falls, and the Merced River several thousand feet below us. And the marmots playing cricket (this is not entirely true).

And as we were coming down again, I thought of you. Well, actually I thought of Lawrence Ferlinghetti who wrote in his 1958 collection *A Coney Island of the Mind*: '... I am awaiting / perpetually and forever / a renaissance of wonder'. But then I thought of you, and I thought that perhaps amongst all the frantic fannish socialising on your TAFF trip you should see if you can fit in a side-trip to Yosemite. The Upper Falls Trail should pose no great physical challenge to you, you being all fit and youthful and everything (iYoungest TAFF Winner Evah!) but I would like to see its effects on your linguistic abilities. I know you have a Garciaesque fondness for the word 'awesome', bestowing it liberally to describe, I don't know, a hamburger, a mildly amusing Tweet, and C-Gar himself. And so I would like to see what words you choose to describe the sight of Half Dome...

Your pal, Mark > [MP]



I have not been having a great deal of luck recently with Australian animals.

The last time we published a *BW* we hadn't ever visited Australia; since then we've been six times and will be returning next year. It's because of the fans, of course, although it must be said that the wine and the amusing animals have some attractions too.

In 2007 we went to Canberra Zoo with Kim Huett and took a tour which gave us the opportunity to hand-feed many furry creatures which might bite us instead if we weren't quick enough; we also spent 15 minutes getting even more up close and personal with two cheetahs, and ever since then zoos and other wildlife experiences have had a lot to live up to.

Two years later we went to Taronga Zoo in Sydney for the first time and although it rained on us we saw a spectacular bird show. Many of the animals, however, were more elusive, to the extent that it eventually seemed easier to keep a list of the exhibits whose presence was alleged but who weren't having any of it – the phenomenon we categorise, after our visit to Beaver World near Croydon in 1996, as the 'If you cannot see the beavers they may be sleeping' experience which may lead the cynical amongst us to doubt the existence of the animals in question at all. Thus The Animals Fans Don't See consisted of the platypus, bettong, bat, quokka, bongo, zebra (Mark claimed to have spotted one of these but I will spare you the obvious joke), dhole, wombat ('If you cannot

see a wombat, look in the platypus house'), platypus and wombat together (the platypus house was shut), binturong, Malayan tapir (we saw a Brazilian one which, contrary to associative expectations, had more hair), or fishing cat.

In 2010 we went to Melbourne Zoo with Ian Stockdale, Ruth Leibig and James Bacon, and the first thing we encountered was a sign on the locked gate to the kangaroo-and-emu walk: 'Our emus need some time to themselves. This walk-through will be closed today.' Although we did subsequently see numerous animals, many of which were cute and many of which also looked tasty – which James, in an unexpected outbreak of squeamishness, kept imploring me not to say – we were perhaps most impressed by the butterfly house, and not just because it was warm; we could walk through the butterflies, and unlike the emus it was charming when they landed on us.

I am very British sometimes; we'd been to the zoo on previous trips but the layout only really attained any degree of familiarity as I approached the toilets. Melbourne Zoo also has a beach exhibit, including a pillar with lots of shoes stapled to it. A teacher was explaining to her class that they do things differently in Forn Parts: 'Overseas they call them flip-flops and all sorts of funny names.' Because there's nothing at all funny about calling them thongs.

Two weeks later, it was raining at Taronga again and the zoo there was also undergoing some sort of refurbishment which increased my chances of spotting signs which explained where the animals weren't. My favourites were 'Path ends at ostrich' and 'Koalas closed for renovation mid-May'.

None of this, however, quite compared to our other Australian animal experience last year, during which we did not see penguins.

We had been warned about this by Eve Harvey, who first tried to see penguins on her GUFF trip in 1985. On that occasion, apparently, she saw a solitary penguin and was told that they were all in their burrows because it was moulting season. Next time she visited she tried again, saw about half a dozen moping about a bit and was told they were all in their burrows because it was mating season. On subsequent occasions, it was alleged, they were all inside because it was raining. This time, since it might be the Harveys' last trip, Eve had taken steps to ensure there would be plenty of opportunities to observe penguins.

Maybe we should have gone with them. Although I wouldn't have wanted to miss out on our trip to the Fleurieu Peninsula with Australian, USian and Irish friends, where we went to find penguins of our own. In the early evening of the first day we bumped two overladen cars slowly up a very unfriendly goat track and then contemplated taking them down again to see penguins and coming back up in the dark. And quite possibly in the rain. We also contemplated the large quantities of food and drink we'd brought with us for one evening, and elected to stay in our burrows. It did rain quite dramatically later, so we felt this was probably the right decision.

So the next day we repacked the cars – which was slightly easier in some respects, given the quantities of food and drink we had succeeded in consuming – and

all set out for Granite Island. We crossed the causeway on foot, reserving the option of the horse-drawn tram for the journey back if walking round the island looking for penguins made us yearn for a little sit-down, and as is usual in these circumstances (or really any circumstances) I started to make a list.

Here, therefore, are all the things we saw on Granite Island that were Not A Penguin: a seagull; a cormorant on a rock; a penguin statue; probably another cormorant; GUFF delegate James Shields; another seagull; a hovering bird – maybe some sort of raptor, maybe the Bat Signal; another probably-a-raptor; more bloody seagulls; little flying birds which were probably swallows; two bigger birds chasing one another; a stalking bird (possibly an Australian marsupial wading bird); many more swallows; other flying birds which thus also ruled themselves out of contention; more seagulls; a seal (good spot by Mark, who saw it in the water as we were trailing back towards the causeway, deciding not to wait another hour for the opening of the penguin interpretation centre – which some of us hoped would mean interpretative dance); and what may have been the original cormorant, in which case I suspect it of being glued to the rock.

It turns out that the penguins go out to sea during the day, but we often make this sort of mistake: just because we're on holiday, we forget that other people have to go to work as normal. Penguins were finally sighted in the gift shop but it was generally agreed that this didn't count.

We were watching for whales, too, which is somewhat less entertaining than I imagine actually watching whales would be. I looked around the coast and the headlands and beaches opposite Granite Island. 'It's like Wales, only bigger.' Confusion ensued. 'No, not *whales*...'

Juliette Woods explained that in fact when you're watching for whales and you see something that's too big to be a whale, that's what you eventually realise you're seeing. I saw something that was too big to be a whale. We watched it carefully. It was an island.

James formally photographed a Not A Penguin for GUFF reporting purposes as we left, and we went to look at more beaches, which some of us elected to do from inside the car as it seemed a little bracing out. James had a Hitchcock moment with some seagulls who seemed confused about whether he had, or was, food. He vanished in the direction of the beach, trailing seagulls and taking photographs. Then we saw him on the sand, taking photographs of the surf. I had a vision of news reports that an Irishman had been swept out to sea, faintly heard calling 'Look at me swimming' as he headed for Antarctica in his determination to see penguins after all. I had a further vision that I wouldn't be allowed to go anywhere with GUFF winners again if I lost one. James eventually returned, with camera and summer clothing intact, admitting that he had only barely resisted the temptation to paddle. The rest of huddled further into our coats inside the car. In many respects it was just like a British seaside holiday. > [CB]

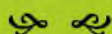




If we were to run a letter-column we'd probably have to reprint the entirety of the previous issue for context, given that it appeared something

over twelve years ago. But we did receive some letters – in fact, and despite the implication of our graphic, mostly emails – largely devoted to explaining why Golden Grahams are so called. And so belated thanks to **Margaret Austin, Ned Brooks, Molly Brown, Tony Cullen, Nic Farey, Flick, Steve Jeffery, Sue Jones, Lloyd Penney, the late Derek Pickles, David Redd, Yvonne Rowse, Andy Sawyer, Steve Sneyd and Alan Sullivan.**

'Dear BW...' graphic by **Sue Mason.**



Looking through the twentieth issue of *Glitter*, the news update from next year's Corflu from Arnie Katz, I see that Andy Hooper has been revamping the FAAn Award categories. He's introducing a split between genzine and perzine (although just how many perzines are there these days?) plus an award for anthology or single issue. Best of all, though, is the news that thanks to Arnie's typing and/or proof-reading the best letterhack has become the 'Garry Warner Jr. Memorial Award'.

But maybe this isn't a typing error. Maybe Arnie and Andy have decided that Harry Warner Jr. has had his day in the awards sun. The FAAn Award for best letterhack was renamed in Harry's honour in 2003. Nine years is a good run and so it's about time somebody else got a go.

As best I can tell, Garry Warner Jr. is a DJ and aspiring PR person from Clayton, New Jersey. His Twitter account is protected to confirmed followers and his Facebook wall has no comments since June, so I can't tell how he feels about having an award named after him. Perhaps he is still processing the information.

Rumour has it, though, that Barry Warner Jr. is not pleased that he's been overlooked again. > [MP]



Overheard in a restaurant, briefly interrupting a perfectly erudite discussion of the novels on the Hugo short-list:

'Mmm. Aha ha aaah. Mmmm.'

'Chocolate orgasm?'

'From what I remember, this is better.' > [CB]



I've been reading the Hugo-nominated short fiction including 'Plus or Minus' by James Patrick Kelly which everybody seems to compare with Tom Godwin's 'The Cold Equations'. I've never read 'The Cold Equations', but I'm always slightly surprised whenever I'm reminded that the Godwin story is set on a spaceship because in my mind it's irrevocably

linked with badgers. I'm assuming this is because I simply have it confused with some other work, one of those talking-vermin books with some badgers on the cover and the word 'cold' in the title – or perhaps it was 'equations' although that seems more unlikely, badgers not being known for their mathematical ability (geography, however...). A quick google search suggests that the book that's causing the confusion is *The Cold Moons* by Aeron Clement. Marvellous what you can find on the web, armed only with the words 'cold' and 'badgers' allied with the fact that you're looking for a book. > [MP]



We're not in 1998 any more, but who could tell? Mark and I now live together, but still in Croydon. We still write about amusing animals and about some of the slightly mythical fannish characters we call friends and about being in the pub. I still do so at a length you'd probably prefer me not to. Some further discussion of science fiction seems long overdue, but instead we'll have to fall back on an anecdote about fan history re-enactment occurring at a literary event.

There we were, in the pub on a Sunday night again, and someone who may have been me suggested that the rather nice gingery biscuits Dop had made could possibly be dunked into some of the beer which also seemed appropriately spicy, and this put Jim in mind of an incident at the recent festivities for the 30th anniversary of *The Antipope*. (Oh yes it is. We *are* all that old.)

The Order of the Golden Sprout, as Robert Rankin's current fan club is known, had organised what Jim described as a tea-duelling event. Mark and I exchanged glances; we'd read about the tea-drinking contest that was unaccountably a programme highlight of the 1957 London Worldcon. Here in the twenty-first century, though, it wasn't just about endurance and capacity: no, this had been a test of strategy and skill, with the endurance and capacity being supplied on this occasion by the biscuits which, having been dunked, needed to be kept whole for the maximum time but still consumed before they disintegrated. Sadly competitiveness can sometimes go too far; Jim suspected biscuit-tampering, with his having been strategically weakened in advance.

And thus we realised that fan history will forever echo down the ages in a series of dying falls, since the question of the moment can clearly be none other than 'Who sawed Jim's biscuit?' > [CB]



Long works are too often like long sermons which end in fatigue.

'The making of books', Francis Grierson (1911)



BW #5 is a Croydon Fanzine
Straight Up

YTTERBIUM

DIOXIDE

August 2011

WOOF Collation #36 (Renovation)

Prepared by Alan Stewart,
PO Box 7111, Richmond, Victoria, 3121 AUSTRALIA.
Phone : (03) 9429 8354
fiawol@netspace.net.au

Brownian Noise

As some of you will know my ANZAPA zine is called *Ytterbium*, and I'm putting together this one-off for WOOF, but trying to give some of the flavour of that zine. There probably won't be the regular features of that zine (Metcards and Kitkats), this will be about Worldcons. So it's sort of a development or outgrowth of *Ytterbium*, *Ytterbium Oxide*. (last year's WOOF) and now this issue.

Past Worldcons and me

The Worldcon photos this time are from 1994. I finally arranged to scan in the photos I took on my 1994 DUFF trip to Winnepeg. Parts of my Trip Report (*The 1994 DUFF Fun and Activity Book*) will be published in various zines soon, courtesy of kind faneds, and then collected in one final volume.

These images are from scans of the photo album, which were then 'hypersnapped' and placed in a word file. Though they are in colour, they'll probably be grey scale for printing, unless I get a cheap rate in the US as I plan to print this in San Francisco before the con.

There's probably about 9 or 10 pages of photos if I run them all, so I plan to pick out a few 'name droppers', ones that just look nice and ones I took because it was a Canadian Worldcon. This was also sheeted home in facts like the one where I didn't get to present a Hugo award (most DUFF winners who travel to North America do get to do this) as ConAdian has decided that all their presenters would be Canadian. There was no TAFF winner that year to commiserate with.

These will probably appear with more text in the future, but I'll at least get them out to a select audience at this time. To me it seems appropriate to include them in a publication seeing its debut at a Worldcon. (I'll probably include a copy in the next ANZAPA Mailing as well, and see if Marc Ortlieb comments on the name.) I hope no-one objects to them appearing here, but I reckon if you let a DUFF winner take your photograph while they are on their Trip there's a fair chance you know it may be published sometime. This just happens to be a bit later than most instances.



31 August: Driving to Winnipeg:
John Stanley, Jeanne Mealy, Steve Glennon
Apparently driving turned out to be an
inspired choice as I didn't know about the
shortage of flights to Winnipeg when I
arranged my itinerary.



Panel: Mark Anthony, Joel Champetier, Marji
Ellers, Anne McCaffrey, me!
Possibly the biggest 'names' I've ever been on
a panel with.



ConAdian, Winnipeg: A' in '99 bid suite:
Christine Dziadosz
The Australia in '99 bid took over a lot of my
Trip time, there was even an advertisement in
the ConAdian Souvenir Book, and I ended up
as Chair of the bid.



Pre-Hugo reception: Nicki and Dick Lynch
Hugo nominees.



ConAdian, Winnipeg: A' in '99 bid suite
The top left ribbon I am wearing is a DUFF
one. My ribbons were a tasteful 3-rows of
blue, then white, then red. Exposure to
daylight has now rendered the top 2 a purple
colour! (A better view of my badge and
ribbons is planned to be a 'jigsaw activity' in
my report.)



Pre-Hugo reception: 1994 Hugo design



Pre-Hugo reception: Thanks to Dick and Leah Smith for taking me as their guest.



Pre-Hugo reception: Mike Glickson, Maia Cowan, Lan Lankowski



Pre-Hugo reception: Anne McCaffrey



Rosemary and Gene Wolfe, Bridget McKenna



Pre-Hugo reception: Mike Glycer



A' in '99: Robin Johnson, Mark Linneman



Pre-Hugo reception: Dave Kyle



Concourse: costume display



Concourse: costume display



Concourse: Entrance to dealers' room



Concourse: costume display



Lloyd and Yvonne Penney (Canadians)



Concourse: costume display



Concourse: Overhead display



Concourse: Overhead display



Jane and Scott Dennis



Dale Speirs (Canadian)

Dale was one of the Canadians I traded zines with at the time, and I endeavoured to photograph as many faneds and letter writers that I knew from Canada as I could.



Tom Whitmore, Chester Cuthbert, Marci Malinowycz

Chester wasn't actually at the convention. He lived in Winnipeg and Tom and Marci kindly invited me along to meet him. (Tom and Marci had other 'entertaining' adventures courtesy of me during my trip – for now let's just say it involved border crossing inspectors and the question 'did you pack those bags ...'.)



Hope Leibowitz, Kennitas Lane Weston, Danny Lieberman (possibly Canadian)



Tim Illingworth, Martin Hoare



Benoit Girard (Canadian)

Past WOOFs with me

The last part goes into what little I know about WOOF. Here's a list of the copies I have in my filing cabinets. I don't even know if collations occurred in the years between. I should check efanazines sometime I guess to see if any have been uploaded. Anyway, here's the extant of WOOF as far as I know of it. Fan historians anywhere feel free to chip in and update the table. If anyone wants a copy of this file let me know.

WOOF	Year	Worldcon	Collater	Contributions	Total pages
1	1976	MidAmericon	Bruce Pelz	23	42
2	1977	Suncon	Bruce Pelz	25	43
3	1978	Iguanacon	Bruce Pelz	29	70
4	1979	Brighton	Bruce Pelz	22	46
7	1982	Chicon IV	Dick Smith	32	73
8	1983	Constellation	Dick Smith	31	53
9	1984	LACon II	Dick Smith	24	44
10	1985	Aussiecon 2	Jack R Herman	11	14
11	1986	ConFederation	Robert Sacks	16	25
19	1994	ConAdian	Victoria A Smith	14	28
20	1995	Intersection	Victoria A Smith	10	18
21	1996	LACon III	Victoria A Smith	8	17
24	1999	Aussiecon 3	Alan Stewart	10	27
28	2003	Torcon 3	Victoria A Smith	5	13
34	2009	Anticipation	Lloyd Penney	8	24
35	2010	Aussiecon 4	Alan Stewart	5	6

The Man With Two Fezzes

John Coxon, TAFF delegate

So, this year has marked many personal milestones for me. It's marked, most notably, the end of my degree in Physics with Astrophysics, which has been a major part of the last four years of my life and through which my activity in fandom could charitably be said to have waned when compared to how active I was whilst I was at school. However, another huge milestone this year has been my Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) win, which was genuinely a huge surprise to me (and, in actuality, several other fans!).

This contribution to WOOF was originally just going to be a contribution consisting of some of my report so far, and whilst I have included the journal entry I wrote in Seattle earlier this week, I thought I might take the opportunity to do some musing on TAFF's 20% rule, too (for obvious reasons it's something I've had to think about in the time since my win). This all snowballed from there, which is interesting, especially in light of the fact I am writing this on a tiny little Asus Eee PC!

I must immediately acknowledge some fine fans, without whom my trip would have fallen flat on its face from the first hurdle. First, I shall mention Mr Randy Byers, without whom I would not have had nearly as much fun in Seattle and also would not be writing this now. Secondly, my other TAFF guides, in the form of Hal & Ulrika O'Brien, Janice Murray, Catherine Crockett and Colin Hinz, who made sure that my time in their cities was as fantastic as it could possibly be. Fourthly, Chris Garcia, who is making sure I get to and from Reno okay. Fifthly, all my other nominators (James Bacon, Dave Langford, Claire Brialey and Steve Stiles), who made this trip possible for me. Sixthly, Dave Haddock, for saving my bacon and providing me with a netbook on short notice when I broke my poor MacBook. Seventhly (this is getting ridiculous) Denys, for giving me the idea for the name of this WOOF contribution; as well as Randy and Dave Cake for providing the fez-friendly atmosphere. And finally, the people who voted in this year's TAFF race, even those fans who didn't vote for me!

Henceforth I shall be known as "Two-Fez Coxon".



Twenty Percent: Winning in Third Place

As will be abundantly clear by now, I am travelling around North America (including attending my first ever Worldcon) due to winning the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, or TAFF. Although I did win TAFF, and am therefore the delegate, I did so despite only receiving the third largest share of the votes, due to a quirk of how TAFF works called the 20% rule. In short, the rule is this: in order to qualify to be a TAFF delegate, one has to receive at least 20% of the vote on both sides of the Atlantic. Liam Proven, who won the largest share of the vote, came short on North American votes. Graham Charnock, who won the second largest share, came short on European votes. I, coming in third, was the only person who ran for TAFF who was not disqualified by this rule, and so I won the fund and I am now having a great time.

But does this rule make sense in a world where TAFF races are being contested by four people? In a race between two people, then yes, a twenty percent rule makes perfect sense, and even with three people it might. But four is tricky, since an evenly split vote would only be 5% higher than the 20% requirement. If more than four fans ever ran for TAFF, the possibility would be very real that nobody would win, requiring the funds to be held over until the next year. Does this make sense?

Initially, my answer was 'no'. I felt that a much better system would be one that scaled with the number of people, so in a two-person race, quarter of the vote would be needed, and in a three-person race, a fifth, and so on (increasing the denominator by one each time, to get fractional about this). This, to me, would make perfect sense and would have allowed, in this case, the person with the largest share of the vote to come to North America.

However, since arriving on this fine continent, I have put this to a number of fans who disagree. One of the arguments I heard was the issue of TAFF getting easier to win with more people running. Should the number of votes on either side be permitted to be lower just because it's a many person race, or should candidates be held to the same standards as the candidates in a two-person race would be? Another fan opined that the rule, in this case, had worked, since two fans who are less known on different sides of the Atlantic have been disqualified because of that.

In short, what I thought was a clever and elegant way of fixing what I perceived to be a problem has been received by most of the people I've talked to thus far on my trip as a fix to a feature of TAFF that doesn't need fixing. So, perhaps I shouldn't be pushing this after all? If you have an opinion (and especially if you are a previous TAFF or fan fund delegate), please let me know. I'm interested in having a dialogue about this so that next time something similar happens, it isn't quite such a surprise.

TAFF Trippin'

So, what of my trip so far? Well, I arrived in Toronto, Canada on Tuesday 2nd August and left for Seattle exactly a week later, both of which are brilliant cities and both of which contained far too much for me to ever have enough time to see or do. However, I have been trying my best to squeeze as much in as humanly possible, which has meant that my time has been very much occupied with Doing Stuff and not as occupied with little things like, oh, making sure I'm writing about my trip. Despite that, I have managed to write up most of the trip so far as journal entries. Whether the eventual report is just a printing of the journal entries I wrote, or whether it's something a little different in tone and composition, remains to be seen, but for now, please enjoy the journal entry covering my last day in Toronto and my first days in Seattle.

Journal Entry, 12th August: Seattle, Washington

I flew from Toronto to Dallas, and then from Dallas to Seattle, on Tuesday. Catherine, Colin and I all grabbed breakfast at a place that they know near where they live called Grapefruit Moon. I instantly loved it; there were board games evident for the patrons to play, and also a variety of exciting-sounding microbrewed beers (although, given that it was breakfast time and I had to fly, I avoided those). We ate sandwiches and whatnot whilst watching a variety of people deliver beer throughout the course of our meal, and then we finished and headed home.

On the way back, we stopped by Honest Ed's. This was An Experience, since I truly believe the shop sells everything one could possibly wish for, and it was slightly bemusing to realise just how big this place was.

It's four buildings, I think, merged into one, and in some cases you have to cross bridges above alleyways to make your way from one area of the shop to another, which is just crazy! We also stopped by Sonic Boom, which was one of the locations in that neighbourhood that was featured in Scott Pilgrim. I bought some DVDs, since I like supporting independent shops, and also picked up a free newspaper that had an interview with Colin's band in it (I will read that at some point, honest...).

Eventually, the time to leave for the airport rolled around, and I gathered my



stuff and went down to the subway with my guides one last time. Getting to the airport involves taking the subway westwards as far as you can go, and then catching a bus to the airport from the station at which one finds oneself. It was bittersweet in many ways, since I was excited to get on with the next stage of my TAFF trip but also disappointed that my time in Toronto had flown by so quickly. I suspect the feeling that I want to spend more time in places will be a common theme on my trip!

The airport was a kind of scary experience, I had to get my boarding pass and stuff from a self-service machine, which was one of the least intuitive things I have ever had the misfortune to use, but fortunately the only cost I incurred was the fee for a checked bag, rather than the upgrade to first class or anything similar. I checked my bag in before going into Toronto Preclearance, run by the lovely folks at US Customs and Border Protection. It's always somewhat nervewracking, but this time was doubly so, since the guy behind the desk clearly thought my passport photograph was a little bit too old and took a while to stamp my passport and ticket and wave me through. Note to self: obtain a new passport!

Upon entering the terminal I grabbed some food at the branch of TGI Friday's next to my gate. Rather peculiarly, I found that the food on offer wasn't as good as the food from the same company's British branches. Given that it's North American fare, this seemed quite strange to me. However, the wait for the flight wasn't long, and I was soon boarding my flight to Dallas. Rather luckily, I wasn't sitting next to anyone, which was nice, and I managed to watch several episodes of Stargate Universe as well as finishing off *The Dervish House*, one of the Hugo nominees this year. Dallas involved an hour long wait for the next flight, so I grabbed a Mountain Dew. It had caffeine in it, and was very gratefully received!

Arriving at Seattle was painless; no customs or immigration to go through, and Ulrika O'Brien, my host for the night, was able to wait for me by the baggage claim due to the rather strange way the airport is laid out. We chatted, and I eventually found my suitcase, allowing us to retreat to her and Hal's place in order for me to sleep. I met quite the menagerie whilst I was there; two cats and two dogs. My presence was very much annoying to Kaylee, one of the dogs, but the others were all pretty happy with me so I made a fuss of them in the morning time. Ulrika made awesome breakfast, and we chatted before I rode to the University of Washington with her.

I got the bus into town from the U District and immediately did something very cultural and worthwhile, in that I went to Starbucks. The advantage of being in Starbucks is that it has free Wi-Fi whilst not being McDonald's, so I was able to go online and work out what might be in my immediate surroundings and therefore plan to go to a few shops and sort various things out. Whilst in Starbucks I also managed to call my parents, via the wonders of Skype (fast, free Wi-Fi + VOIP calls to landlines = happy parents!). It really is brilliant to be living in the future.

My day included me wandering around several shops; discovering the tourism centre and then discovering that they didn't have the bus timetable I wanted; discovering the Internet could give me the bus timetable I wanted; discovering that US book stores are also record stores; discovering a branch of AT&T and buying an American SIM card; discovering that Gap jeans are just as expensive as the UK if you're on the

high street; discovering that I really suck at finding shoes; discovering the wonders of Chipotle Mexican Grill, and discovering that Starbucks would give me another coffee if I went back after 2pm. All in all it was rather exhausting.

I caught a bus back to the U District and explored the University of Washington campus a little bit. There are some cool buildings and statues and whatnot around, so that was fun! I saw totem poles (I am unsure whether they were there since the native Americans...) and a crazy metal sculpture thing. Ulrika and I intersected and then we met up with Randy Byers, my primary host during my time in Seattle, in a second-hand book store before we headed back to his. On the way back, we intersected with Archie McPhee, which is a really mad store that sells all kinds of weird things, including a bacon car air freshener and zombie mints (good entries to the fanfund auction, I felt!).

I met Denys Howard (Randy's housemate) and Luke McGuff at his place and got chatting about old fannish controversies before going to see Rise of the Planet of the Apes. The movie theatre we visited still had proper cinema tickets instead of tickets that look like receipts, so I was happy with that! Afterwards we attempted to go for a drink, but the first place we went was Big Time. For the first time ever, I got carded in the USA, and my driving licence came out. The bartender looked at it, screwed his nose up and said, "this isn't American". As I didn't think to bring my passport, we wound up going to the Hi-Life instead. This was, as it turned out, an excellent Plan C, since they had a happy hour going and beers were \$3 a pint. I also got some suicide sliders for \$4, which was pretty awesome, and the venue is set in this delightful old fire station, so I'd recommend it to anyone drinking in the area.

The next day, I gave Janice Murray a call, since Randy had furnished me with her phone number. She picked up Stuart Shiffman on the way to get me, and we headed over to the Museum of Flight. The reason that Seattle has a Museum of Flight is because one of the (many) companies based out of Seattle is Boeing, and they operate a museum as part of their operations in the city. It was very interesting, with multiple exhibitions of space-related stuff as well as a really interesting history of Boeing, which is contained in the red barn in which the company was started. We eventually became peckish and ate in the museum cafeteria, which was surprisingly good, before looking at some actual planes.



The variety of aircraft is truly staggering and the stories and flavour text that go along with them was really good stuff (not hurt by Janice and Stuart providing brilliant ancillary knowledge at various points). One of the many highlights for me was the airfield across the road, which had a Concorde and an old Air Force One, both of which had been opened to the public and could be explored, which was pretty nifty. Alongside those was the first Boeing 737, which was used by the company as a test plane and then bought and used for experimental flight by NASA when Boeing had finished with it. That was really cool to see!

After the Museum of Flight Janice very kindly dropped me off at the Fremont Troll, which is something every visitor to Seattle should see, since it's epic and bizarre. Randy and I went out for a drink or two at the Elysian, which is a brewpub in Capitol Hill. Whilst we were there I met Dave and Maryse O'Neill, John Berry and a friend of Dave's whose name I didn't quite catch. Maryse and I went to grab ice cream from Bluebird, which is just a few doors down from the Elysian and actually sell an ice cream based on Elysian's stout, which had unfortunately sold out when we went. On the plus side, we did get free ice cream for rating Bluebird on Google Places, so that was more than okay!



After talking about several things including international travel and mobile convention apps, the six of us disbanded before I headed back to Big Time with Randy, this time with my passport! We drank beers and talked about a number of things, including the Hugos (we are proper SF fans, us), US politics and team sports (yes, really). It was an incredibly awesome evening and I thoroughly enjoyed myself! Seattle's pubs and alehouses are really impressing me so far.

I'm writing this today as I wait for Ulrika and her husband Hal to come pick me up and take me on adventures. I'm not sure what is going to be happening today, but later we're intersecting with Dave Cake, the DUFF winner, and going for some more beers at some different places, which sounds like it could be very good fun!

The photograph above is Dave Cake and I at a subsequent fan fund party at Randy's place.

Smartphone Programming

The first conversations I had about the place of the smartphone in the science fiction convention were at the most recent Eastercon, Illustrious, in Birmingham, England. I talked with Dave Haddock about an iOS app he had seen in the App Store called pSchedule, which appeared to be an app designed to allow convention committees to easily publish information through a smartphone. This piqued my interest, but unfortunately the app is, in my opinion, horribly designed and hard to use.

However, two people on my trip have got me thinking about smartphones' role in the science fiction convention more recently, and both of them are also called Dave. First up, we have Dave O'Neill, a Seattle fan who I met just this week (as you will undoubtedly have read earlier in my small slice of WOOF!). He and his startup are involved with iOS development and have released a free app for iOS and Android on behalf of Renovation which includes a variety of information about the participants (including short biographies) and lists of what panels they are on, as well as the ability to follow them on Twitter or friend them on Facebook from the app.

There are a couple of holes in the Renovation app, however. The list of participants can take a long time to load and the app can feel sluggish when the user moves from page to page, and if you click through to a panel that looks interesting from the program section, you can see a list of participants, but doing the same from a participant's page doesn't give you that list. You can add panels to the My Program section, but there's no easy way to tell the app who you are in order to allow it to add the panels you're on in one go. However, these minor issues aside, it's a functional app that shows a lot of promise.

I mentioned this app to DUFF delegate Dave Cake, and he responded by telling me that his friend Brendan Ragan has also written an app for convention programs called LiveCon, which is also available for iOS or Android devices. I downloaded this app to have a look at it, but I couldn't download any convention data from the app. I presume this is because no forthcoming conventions are using the service, but I do know AussieCon 4 was using it, so it may well be something of which many Worldcon-goers are already aware.

It's a really nifty idea, having a list of cons that are using the app and letting the user download the appropriate data depending on what convention one is attending, and conventions are apparently able to put their data on the app at a cost of two memberships to the convention. Unfortunately, due to being unable to download convention data, I can't effectively test it, but I hope to develop an opinion on it at some stage in the future.

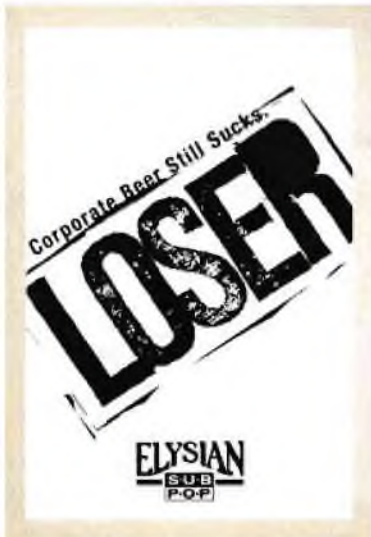
Now that smartphones are becoming prevalent, I think fandom is going to have to start adopting them in order to keep up. Given the apps that are coming out, this is clearly something which is already becoming clear, but Reno will be the first convention where I've been able to use a smartphone in order to enhance my con-going experience (thanks to Dave O'Neill). This is something I hope to see more cons (including Eastercons!) adopt in the future; preferably involving someone called Dave.

Alehouses in Seattle

When I was first emailing Randy and Ulrika about what I might want to get up to in Seattle, one of the things I tentatively suggested it might be good for me to try was beer. I've always been a huge fan of the real ale in the UK, and I love trying new styles when I'm abroad, especially from the North American craft brewers that are beginning to really get rolling. This is an attempt to quantify the many places I have been where I have had beer, so that future visitors may know where is good in the city.

The Hi-Life

The Hi-Life is a pub in Ballard that I went to on my first night in Seattle. It occupies an old Firehouse (Firehouse 18, to be exact) and so the atmosphere is very awesome. As we went after a movie, it was happy hour (10pm-close) so a beer was \$3 and a small pizza was \$4. The selection of beers was limited to maybe half a dozen different brews, but that is still better than a lot of places even in the UK, and the prices were closer to what I'm used to paying for ale back home. Recommended.



Elysian Brewing

One of three brewpubs operated by Elysian, this one is located in Capitol Hill and is their oldest venue. The interior is lovely, with large windows letting a lot of light in; the service matches! I enjoyed some cask conditioned ale here, which is something I always treasure upon finding it in the US, since a lot of craft brews are keg-based. The steak I ate was lovely, and although they forgot about Randy's order they also didn't charge for it, so it's definitely somewhere that looks after its customers.

Big Time

Big Time is in the University District, so if you look young enough to be a student you're going to need ID (and, if you're foreign enough not to have a US driving licence, you probably need your passport). It's got real character and the fact they usually cater to students makes it inexpensive compared to some of the other places I've been to on this trip. Definitely closer to the stereotypical American bar than the previous two venues I've described, and this is another location with cask-conditioned ale!

Airways

Airways is located in Kent, which is a little way out of Seattle. A friendly place, it's hidden away in the middle of a collection of industrial units, so you need to know where it is before setting out, or in our case,

cheat by having local guides take you there. Due to the small venue, the staff are extremely friendly and get to know you as you're drinking, but if you want the cask-conditioned stuff you need to make it on Thursday night since Friday will see it all gone. Also worth noting the opening hours are slender, so make sure it's open before you visit, too!

Dog & Pony

Another venue that's more bar than pub, I'd say, but this particular place has more beer than any of the others I've visited in Seattle. The blackboard on which the beers are listed is nearly as long as I am tall! I recommend this place purely for the variety, but the owners clearly have a sense of humour and character which also pervades the bar itself.

Pike Brewing Company

Pike Brewing Company is probably the easiest out of all of these to get to if you're downtown, since it's located in Pike Place Market. The bar has real character, including a museum bar which has displays and artefacts regarding anything alcohol-related, including Prohibition. I had a burger here and it was lovely, and the menu is pretty comprehensive, including beer recommendations for all of the food on offer. Definitely somewhere good to visit!



Skagit River

Located a way north of Seattle, in Mount Vernon, Skagit River is a brewing company that sell good beer. They also sell huge portions of rather nice-looking food, including the smores, which defeated four of us combined (although, admittedly, we did have breakfast at Roxy's). Although this place is awesome, it might be best visited if you're planning to leave Seattle anyway, although the scenery around Washington is amazing enough that the drive could well be worth it.

Malt & Vine

Although this is really a bottle shop instead of an alehouse, it's still worth a mention since it does serve beer for consumption on the premises, and it's sort of on the way from Skagit River back to Seattle, so you can make it a combined trip (which is what we did!). The selection of bottled beers was rather overwhelming, so I only bought two (this is my natural reaction to lots of choice). The High Five Hefe, which combined ginger and honey and wheat, was extremely nice, and I haven't gotten to grips with the Fat Woody yet.

REBOOT

RENEWAL

REBIRTH

REVIVAL

Re:

WESTERCON

Maybe you've heard.

A write-in bid for an Italian deli in the middle of the Sacramento Valley olive groves and rice paddies beat the eligible Portland bid for Westercon 66 in 2013.

After the vote a bunch of us were having a few glasses of wine and talked about what was going to happen next. If a hoax, even a good hoax, could beat an eligible bid, things were pretty bad.

We talked a lot about what Westercon should be.

We talked about western F&SF. We talked about western convention traditions. We talked about the regional community.

In the end, what Westercon should be boiled down to a simple idea.

WESTERCON SHOULD BE AWESOME.

So we made a commitment. We turned a fun hoax into a real Westercon, Westercon 66 in the Sacramento Valley.

We're going to do what we can to make an awesome convention. We're building a great committee with a commitment to showcasing not just Sacramento but the west as a whole. We're building bridges with regional clubs and conventions. We're reaching out to regional authors, artists and editors.

But Westercon can't be awesome without you.

Westercon can't be awesome without costumers in the halls and the masquerade.

Westercon can't be awesome without fanwriters and faneds making the fanzine lounge a hopping place with engaging conversation.

Westercon can't be awesome without gamers challenging the gamemasters and each other.

Westercon can't be awesome without creative party hosts and cool nightlife.

Westercon can't be awesome without knowledgeable panelists and engaged audiences.

Westercon can't be awesome without friends having a good time together.

Maybe it's time that you and your friends decided it's time again to get together on July 4th weekend to have a good time together. You can start by returning to Westercon 65 in Seattle next year and joining us at Westercon 66 in 2013.

Because Westercon can be so much more awesome with you.

WESTERCON 66 • JULY 2013 • SACRAMENTO

<http://www.westercon66.org> • <http://www.westercon.org> • <http://www.westercon65.org>

Twitter: @westercon66 • Facebook: <http://facebook.com/Westercon66>

A fragmented personal history of fannish drinking

David Cake, DUFF delegate, for WOOF, Renovation Worldcon 2011



Illustration – Dave wakes up after Saturday night of Continuum 2. Or was it Convergence 1? Some Melbourne convention around 2002-2003. By Correyn Tan.

1988 – I am very drunk at a student party somewhere at a farm miles from anywhere, having consumed a lot of cheap Australian beer. I kiss a girl. We kiss some more. Later, we discover we are both fans of the Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy. We will eventually kiss a lot more.

1988, a bit later. My first convention, Swancon 14. I get horribly drunk after the masquerade (I dress as Rorschach, and surprisingly do not win a prize by threatening to break the MC's finger). I spend most of the next day avoiding programming and trying to cope with a terrible hangover.

1989 – My friend Marshall's homemade cider is very dry, very alcoholic, and very very fizzy and needs to be opened with great care. And is very popular at student parties. My drunken friend Paul tries to open some, and is soon looking surprised and holding an empty bottle while cider drips from the ceiling.

1991 – I am living at a student College, across the hall from my best friend, who I met through the University science fiction club. We have decided the word 'ambrosia' means 'bruises you can't remember'. My friend is a frequent sufferer after Saturday night parties.

1997 – Apparently the concom are paying the fan guest a per diem? Didn't plan on it, don't really need it — but it will allow me to shout a lot of rounds at the bar.

1998 – I get very drunk at a function at the Apple Computer campus. Nerdvana is achieved.

1999 – This time, the after effects of the late night convention party have proved harder to throw off, and I have ended up a convention chair. Not realising my Natcon bid will be unopposed anyway, I take my concom to Aussiecon 3, equip them with matching t-shirts, and throw a Natcon bid party, plying guests with West Australian wine to encourage them to vote for our bid, and visit our fine state.

The party is enough fun that a few days later we throw a dead dog party in the same apartment, during which Nick Stathopoulous attempts to scrape out my navel with a corn chip.

2000 – ‘Making beer’ becomes a euphemism for ‘use your joint home brewing projects as an excuse to invite your girlfriend around for drunken sex’. But a pretty good Imperial Stout results.

2000-2001 – New Years - apparently, drinking too much absinthe may lead to wandering the campsite naked at three in the morning.

2001 – We pour three glasses of champagne, as the bridal party prepares for the wedding. We have been together for 13 years now, and have practically run out of excuses not to get married. But we still have plenty of excuses to drink champagne.

2002 – I tell a roomful of fans that that this nasty creamy yellow drink is past its prime, and has become evil, and is now the Devils advocaat. I am not forgiven.

2004 – The hotel told the convention that the bar would stay open as long as we kept drinking. At 1am they realise their folly, at 3am they demand we leave.

2005 – I will always remember the Finnish Fandom party at the Glasgow Worldcon. The real danger is not the crates of Finlandia vodka that the Finns have acquired in sponsorship. Or even the Finns somewhat lackadaisical approach to responsible service of alcohol practices. The danger is that after five vodkas, you might accept one of the other drinks the Finns have on offer. Coal tar schnapps? With a cheery “Like the roads, yes?”, the fine Finnish fan confirms that he is indeed offering me a bitumen flavoured beverage, but offers no reason why such a thing might exist. It tastes just as you might expect.

2007 – I am a room party, accompanied by a large, barely opened, bottle of Talisker single malt. Editor and writer Keith Stevenson wanders into the room, takes the bottle cap off, flings it into the corner of the room with contempt, and in his thick Scottish accent proclaims ‘we won’t be needing that’.

2009 – A bus tour wine tasting in the Barossa the day before the 2009 Natcon, Conjecture, with visiting fans from as far afield as Scotland. Several cases of wine are bought. Croydon fandom arranges to keep some wine stored for them in Adelaide for convenience. For the rest of the convention, we are bolstered by excellent South Australian reds.

2010 – my respect for the powers of James Bacon grows. For while other parties are finding themselves unable to serve alcohol, the London in 2014 bid parties have a selection of single malts.

2011 – My best friend is a respected academic, but still suffers from regular alcohol related ambrosia. Still married to the same girl. I am the DUFF delegate, in Seattle. Everyone in Seattle fandom seems to be an expert on quality craft beer, and wants to drink it with me. This is exactly as it should be.

Tales From The Frozen North

Being a W.O.O.F. zine written by one Dean C. Gahlon, begun on this 14th day of August in the year A.D.2011. The author resides at 4323 France Ave. S., in the city of Minneapolis, Minnesota, where the zip code is 55410. His home phone number is (612)-929-2150, and his work number is something he doesn't remember. (He has a phone at work, but never remembers the number.) This zine has a Rastaquouere Publications number, but it's unclear at this time what it is.

I'm actually starting this zine longer before the collation than I started last year's; last year, I produced my zine entirely on my netbook, and then walked it over to a copy place, and then walked over there again the next morning to pick it up. This time, I'm actually starting this at home, and plan to print it on my home printer and bring it to the convention.

Now that I think about it, this year has been less interesting than I might have expected it to be.

Work has been more or less the same -- I'm still working at Medtronic, producing software for mobile devices to support the field sales people. Which platform we're targeting has changed over the years, though: from PalmOS to Windows Mobile to iOS and Android.

In local fannish stuff, I'm still on the Minnstf Board of Directors, which I've been on for approximately 15 years now. This last year hasn't been too exciting, compared to some years, which is a good thing. In other fannish stuff, I've also found, after having been marked as moderator of two panels at Minicon this year, that I'm really no good at being a moderator.

I've got a schedule app available in the iOS App Store: pSchedule. It lets you see all of the information about the schedule for a con, and mark the items you want to go to in a variety of ways. (6 colors, plus bold/italic/both). It also lets you search the schedule for particular words (either in the title, description, panelists, notes, or location), and either look at, mark, or hide any program items that match those. This year, I've ended up marking anything in the Peppermill with its own color, so that I can know that those program items are further away. I had it at last year's worldcon as well, but I found out too late that it had some annoying bugs (which have since been fixed!).

I'm sure I've said something on this topic before, but WOOF is kind of a strange APA for me. A yearly collation cycle is really too long to do mailing comments, even if I could find the previous year's collation. (This is something I fail at more often than not; I should try doing comments shortly after Worldcon, and leaving them in a file on my computer, since that is likely to be a more searchable space. I've been thinking of doing that for several years now; I wonder if I'll manage it this year?)

The other thing is that, probably like almost everybody else, I'm out of practice at writing mailing comments anyhow. Except for WOOF, I haven't been active in an APA since the start of 2003, when I decided to end Minneapa due to perpetually tiny membership numbers. Mailing comments

really are like comments in online fora, but different. There seems to be something of a natural length for postings in social media: it progresses from short (one sentence) in Twitter to medium-length (several sentences) in Facebook to long (several paragraphs) in LiveJournal/Dreamwidth/others in that family. Mailing comments, if they were to be compared on that scale, seem to fall towards the longer end, or even longer (several pages).

Hmmm. Since it's almost 1:30, and I've got to get up around 4:30 to catch my plane to Reno, I should probably end this and print it.

A TUESDAY IN JULY

A fanzine for the 2011 distribution of the Worldcon Order Of Faneditors, composed by Andy Hooper, member fwa, resident at 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125. E-mail: fanmailaph@aol.com. Begun on 8/12/2011. I have not attended a World Science Fiction Convention since 1996, and from some perspectives, have settled into a comfortable gafia. But fandom remains a fascination to me, and I find it compelling to consider its place among the many other cultural and historical phenomena that have also caught my attention. At some point, no doubt inspired by several historical and documentary works, the idea of looking “deeply” at some single day of the 20th Century occurred to me, and it seemed completely natural to choose a date of significance to fandom. I’d love to expand this idea into a “whole book,” but fanzines and apas have always provided me with a laboratory in which to develop ideas, and so it seems only fitting to take up my consideration of July 4th, 1939 for an audience attending the 69th Worldcon. I’m sure fandom will be very generous in correcting the errors I am about to make here, and may provide direction for further research. Drill ye tarriers, drill.

Above the Fruited Plain

by Andy Hooper

In 1939, July 4th fell on a Tuesday.

That’s the first thing that surprised me when I began doing research on a date that has become a personal fascination. Many, if not most, active science fiction fans are aware of the date’s association with the first World Science Fiction Convention, later dubbed “Nycon I” by Forry Ackerman. And many fans of the American game of baseball also know that July 4th, 1939 was “Lou Gehrig Appreciation Day,” at New York’s Yankee Stadium, when the terminally ill Hall-of-Fame first baseman made his dignified farewell to baseball, and by implication, life. And given that the day would be the final American Independence holiday before the outbreak of another European war, it has a certain degree of pathos attached to it which no one vaguely familiar with the 20th Century can fail to appreciate. But before attaching too great a sense of moment, it is useful to reflect that all these events took place on an objectively unremarkable Tuesday, and that the immediate effect of any great event which took place that day was to make Wednesday feel like Monday, and leave the working world with one of those truncated, sleep-walking post-holiday weeks.

Life is anticlimax: After the outpouring of emotion that flowed back and forth between Lou Gehrig, his team mates, and his adoring fans, the Yankees had to go out and play the second half of a double-header against the Washington Senators. The fans were already in a dark mood after the Yankees dropped the first game 3-2. Senators pitcher Dutch Leonard scattered six hits and went the distance for the victory; he also notched two hits himself and drove in his first run of the season.

In newsreel film of the event, you can see that the red, white and blue buntings are out for Independence Day. There would have been a big crowd even without the celebration of Lou Gehrig’s career. Gehrig’s last game was a painful 0-4 performance against the same Washington club on April 30th. He was diagnosed with the degenerative condition that bears his name and announced his retirement from baseball less than ten days later. On the 4th, a parade of well-wishers, officials and former players hand Gehrig a series of handsome trophies, plaques and souvenirs. Lou carefully places each on the grass beside him. He no longer has the arm strength to hold them up for long.

[Continued on Page 2]

Let the three unprofessional fans leave, and we can talk shop.

You should have stood up and yelled at the top of your lungs.

Above the Fruited Plain

[Continued from Page 1]

Very few of the people in the stadium had any real understanding of how sick Gehrig was. It would have shocked many of them to know that the remarkable endurance he had shown as a ballplayer was probably responsible for his impending death. Gehrig had never missed a game in 17 seasons; he played 2,130 consecutive games, a record broken by only one player, Baltimore Orioles star Cal Ripken Jr. But on at least six occasions during his career, Gehrig lost consciousness after being hit in the head by pitched balls. On two occasions, he was actually taken to a hospital for treatment. But in all six cases, Lou was in the lineup the next game the Yankees played. Over time, his first nickname, "Columbia Lou," chosen to reflect his status as a college graduate, changed to "The Iron Horse," because of that remarkable endurance.

Recent research on Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis, now commonly known as "Lou Gehrig's Disease," shows a very close correlation with head injuries of the kind Gehrig suffered. In some cases, concussions cause the release of toxic proteins in the brain. These do not appear to be especially dangerous if they remain *in situ*, but in some individuals, the proteins are released into the cerebrospinal fluid and dispersed to the rest of the nervous system. And these people appear to be very likely to suffer from ALS or other degenerative conditions later in life. But even more disturbing, research shows that concussion victims who rest until they no longer feel the symptoms of the injury are far less likely to spread the toxins they cause through the rest of their bodies, than those who immediately return to work or activity before the symptoms have passed. So Lou Gehrig, who never let more than 24 hours pass before he was back at his position, would appear to be the very prototype of a likely victim of ALS. The fact that he suffered at least 6 concussions might partially explain why the disease struck him so young – he was still just 36 years old on July 4th, 1939.

The speakers lauding his play ran the gamut from his manager and team mates to Yankee Stadium groundskeepers and the U.S. Post Master General. Baseball's ceremonial persona was still in its adolescence, and tributes to retiring or "old-time" players were relatively rare. The Yankees, who have now retired enough uniform numbers to make several license plates, retired their first, 4, in Gehrig's honor that day. Celebrating Henry Louis Gehrig, native New Yorker, was just as much a commemoration of the amazing string of World Series teams of which he was a part. Babe Ruth, Gehrig's only arguable equal or superior as a Yankee Hero, was sold to the Boston Braves at the end of his career, and no "Day" in his honor would be held until 1947. Retired only three seasons at that moment, the Babe was on the field for Lou Gehrig Day, and every flash bulb in the stadium popped when the two of them shook hands. In those pictures Gehrig's smile is knowing, satisfied; putting the two of them in the same batting order made them exponentially more dangerous, and doomed a generation of pitchers to self-destruction. When Hollywood reset the scene for Gary Cooper in *Pride of the Yankees*, Ruth played himself, but his countenance is far more solemn, fully aware that Gehrig would be dead in less than two years.

After the procession of speakers had reached its end, Gehrig's remarks were as brief as Lincoln at Gettysburg, and nearly as powerful. Newsreels shortened them further, leaving only the preamble and the conclusion, the famous "Luckiest Man" sound bite. In between those brave lines, Gehrig praised 4 baseball men – Jacob Ruppert, Ed Barrow, Miller Huggins and Joe McCarthy – all of whom now have plaques beside him in the Yankees Monument Park. He spoke of his closest family members – his mother and father, his wife and her mother – and only in those moments did he come close to breaking down as would any contemporary sporting figure saying goodbye to the game. Gehrig was saying goodbye in a much more final way, and there is no question that the event shook observers who were aware of what they were really seeing. How many hundreds of fathers and mothers had to decide that afternoon how they would explain what was happening to Lou to their kids? The crowd, sometimes reported as 61,000, was actually measured at 41,000 and change; relatively few of them stayed to see the end of the double-header. The Yankees responded to the moment by scoring 11 runs to win the second game; they would go on to beat the Red Sox for the American League Pennant by 17 games, and sweep the Cincinnati Reds in the World Series.

Lou Gehrig would die on June 3rd, 1941, at his home in the Riverdale section of the Bronx. Despite the terminal nature of his illness, he remained hopeful and continued working as a member of the New York City Parole Commission until the last month of his life.

In the course of superhuman events

Anecdotal evidence suggests that at least one science fiction fan and member of the First World Science Fiction Convention, was in the stands at Yankee Stadium on the afternoon of July 4th, 1939. I dimly recall it having been Jack Speer who took in one or both games, but so many of fandom's Old Boys simply *live* to correct an error like that that I won't take the time to confirm it right now. Anyway, at least one fan felt that two days of science fictional oratory was enough, and made his way to the Bronx. Not being a particular Yankee fan, the event probably had less effect than the drama which had played out between members of New York Fandom over the previous 48 hours. The programmed portion of convention had officially ended on Monday evening, July 3rd. Besides the baseball game, the holiday also offered New York attractions like Coney Island and the New York World's Fair, which had inspired the addition of the word "World" to the name of the convention. Despite all these distractions, a significant number of fans gathered on the afternoon of the 4th to Determine The Future Course of Fandom, or at the least, plan for another convention in Chicago in 1940. .

This was the fallout from the Exclusion Act, by which convention organizers Sam Moskowitz, Will Sykora and James Taurasi had barred six rival fans from coming to the event. The alleged provocation for this was the discovery of an insurgent pamphlet secreted behind a radiator in the convention hall. Dave Kyle was its anonymous publisher, but escaped the dragnet, and was an attending member. Taurasi physically stood at the door and told off Jack Gillespie Cyril Kornbluth, Doc Lowndes, John Michel, Fred Pohl and Don Wollheim when they tried to enter the convention, saying they were "on the blacklist," and he was powerless to help them. During the convention, Will Sykora addressed the topic of "New Fandom," essentially a title which the triumvirate had invented for their committee. New Fandom's members did not heckle or pass literature around – rather, they were devoted to getting things done! With this gauntlet thrown down, and with the cold rejection of Julius Pohl's plea to allow the excluded fans to enter near the end of the first day, there can have been little doubt that New Fandom managed to seriously inflame the debate it had sought to truncate.

The purpose of the meeting, later dubbed the "Futurian Conference," was to initiate a series of rotating, or at least traveling conventions, to begin with an event in Chicago the following year. But it was necessary to debate several tools into existence to accomplish that, so a lot of time was spent discussing the "Future Club," under the direction of which these future conventions would occur. We might say that they were groping for something that would eventually become the WSFS, but at the time, the mere idea of fomenting another convention without the permission, or even the knowledge of New Fandom, was far more the point.

Most of the names in question had been associated with an alphabet soup of competing clubs for at least three years. At the July 4th Conference, a lot of time was also devoted to the future of FAPA and its role in their efforts, as it was an organization of which many of the attending fans were members, with established by-laws and rules of operation. This lead to a general resolution by the FAPA members present to present a "FAPA Day" The only foray into the Futurians supposedly radical politics was a discussion of Michelism, an anarchic pro-science philosophy formulated by John Michel. An effort to rename Michelism was tabled, then returned and passed by majority vote, and a committee appointed to come up with a new name.

To some extent, these proceedings were the continuation of conversations that began at social gatherings after the official program on the 2nd and 3rd. On Sunday evening, the convention had an official auction – presumably to help defray the money which Sykora had sunk into the convention – and this went so long it had to be concluded Monday evening. Just as it would today, this drove a significant number of convention members, both pros and fans, to socialize at diners and bars away from the convention hall. The format of the convention allowed no time for discussion, and relatively little to even ask questions of the professionals in attendance. The vision of the convention seems to have been a dignified gala at which fandom would be introduced to the professional science fiction community, and then hopefully invited to become part of that

Michel is not real, he is a projection. He cannot be drawn properly.

I am astonished. I didn't think you boys were so sincere.

Profession. The attitude at the July 4th conference was different – for all that many of the fans present would soon be working professionals – Pohl, Kornbluth, Wollheim – they were far more focused on their interests, needs and rights as fans. They did not regard fandom as a larval stage of a life as a professional writer, and seem to have understood that it was something that they might remain associated with for the rest of their lives. They instinctively understood the inspirational and predictive capabilities of science fiction in ways that we have largely obscured with decades of debate and deconstruction, and wanted profoundly to be part of that process. They stood up – well, Dave Kyle did, because he was allowed to speak – and said “Science Fiction develops creative imagination. Creative imagination is that thing which stimulates progress.” Such simple certainty and optimism is breathtaking in the sagging second decade of the 21st Century

For all that it was informed by teen-age bluster, the Futurian worldview really was very different from that of New Fandom. In their future, the benefits of progress were not to be restricted to the well-behaved and the well-connected. After the discussion over Michelism, the Conference concluded by endorsing the formation of an “Association for Democracy in Science Fiction Fandom.” Dave Kyle was appointed to organize it.

Give to him your floral bouquets

About an hour before the Futurian Conference, another group of socio-political theorists were about to meet, across the Atlantic Ocean, in Nuremburg, Germany. A crowd was waiting for the *Gauleiter* of Nuremburg, Julius Streicher, to make his first public appearance in two months. Beset by political enemies, he had suffered a late-season skiing accident, and his recuperation had provided a much-needed pause in his struggle with other members of the Nazi party leadership.

Streicher was that rare Nazi whose passionate anti-Semitism predated his association with Adolf Hitler. After winning an Iron Cross and a commission as a lieutenant during the First World War, he joined an independent anti-Semitic paramilitary group in 1919. Educated, literate, a former member of the German Democratic Party, Streicher believed that Jews were “behind” the failed German Bolshevik Revolution of 1918, and made their destruction the center of his political philosophy for the rest of his life. He struggled to create some coherent body from the galaxy of anti-Semitic groups active in the early 1920s until he traveled to Munich in 1921, and heard Adolf Hitler speak. Like many of his generation, Streicher spoke of the event as a catalytic experience: “I saw this man shortly before midnight, after he had spoken for three hours, drenched in perspiration, radiant. My neighbor said he thought he saw a halo around his head, and I experienced something which transcended the commonplace.”

From that evening, his devotion to the National Socialist Party was complete. Streicher was with Hitler in his first attempt to take power in Munich, and stood in the front line that faced the bullets of the Munich police. From that experience on, Hitler had the most complete trust in Streicher and regarded him as an irreplaceable friend. Streicher's political newsmagazine *Der Stürmer* became the absolute voice of the anti-Semitic movement in German society, and Streicher used it to target and destroy many individual political opponents. And there were plenty of those, inside the party and out. Streicher was never reluctant to use violence and intimidation against his fellow party members, and his party political office of Gauleiter gave him enormous authority with almost no legal restraint. To protect himself from any civil action arising from his anti-Semitic editorials, he also arranged to be elected to the Bavarian Landtag, which provided him with “Parliamentary Immunity.” This was not an idle gesture; twice before the Nazis rise to power, Streicher was convicted of criminal libel, and on the second occasion served two months in jail.

He was equally ruthless to rivals within the party, and spread particularly poisonous rumors against the future Reichsmarshal Herman Göring. Poison was a stock in trade: Perhaps Streicher's most famous work was *The Poison Toadstool*, a children's book that compared Jews to an attractive but deadly mushroom. . He ordered the destruction of the Great Synagogue of Nuremberg, and later explained it by saying he had objections to the architectural impression it made on the city. His list of crimes as petty as theft is far too long to recount, and he was fond of striding the streets of Nuremberg in uniform, cracking a bullwhip. He was called “King of

Nuremberg” by those brave enough to say it, and his political district or *Gau* of Franconia suggested another nickname, “*Der Frankenführer*.”

In his comeback speech on the evening of the 4th of July, he touched on a list of familiar themes, praising Hitler and his program, predicting disaster for Britain and France because of the dual influences of the Jews and Soviet Bolshevism. He appealed to the “good, honest men and women” of Nuremberg to support him in his struggle with his political opponents. And he closed on a note of unwavering political and national optimism that was difficult to find in 1939:

“Never again during hard times will it be possible for a few to live well while others suffer. In such times, we will be sure that the same duties, and the same rights, apply to all. I urge you: March with us whom fate has made the political leaders of our wonderful Franconia. Follow the Führer with the same faith as always. Give to him your floral bouquets at the coming Reich Party Rally of Peace. Our greeting to the Führer should rise up to the heavens like a prayer: Our Führer: *Sieg Heil!*”

The effort had little impact on Streicher’s political fate. In the spring of 1940, he was found unfit for party office, and stripped of his titles. Hitler continued to send him money directly, to keep *Der Stürmer* in publication, but he was largely on his own when the war came to an end. He was picked up in Austria, and was one of the most difficult and uncooperative defendants in the Nuremberg War Crimes trials. Although he had never held any significant military rank within the Third Reich, he was found guilty of crimes against humanity for his lifelong career of inciting hatred against Jews. He was hanged, with difficulty, on the morning of October 16th, 1946.

The Trial of the Trylon

German plans for an invasion of Poland were well-developed by the beginning of July, 1939, but for most of the Western world, the most important challenge was the ongoing international economic depression that was staggering into its second decade. Many nations were experiencing the most economic growth seen since 1930, but most industries were still struggling. In America, isolationists were digging their heels in against any involvement in another European war – just in case. What a wonderful time for an enormously expensive and innovative World’s Fair, with a theme designed to tug at the sense of wonder: “The World of Tomorrow.”

Looking at images of the 1939-40 World’s Fair, the impression is certainly not of a world on the edge of a dark abyss that would claim millions. If anything, it is a world bright with optimism and proud of the trials it had already suffered. How could fans have resisted its blandishments? The organizers even arranged a cross-promotion with Street and Smith to use their most popular pulp adventure hero, Doc Savage. The unfinished fair appears in the climax of *The Giggling Ghosts* (1938), and *The World’s Fair Goblin* takes place entirely at the fair. But for every piece of “kid stuff,” there were two real pieces of innovation or imagination that you were not going to see anywhere else before at least 1950. To us, *Futurama* is a science fiction cartoon show about alcoholic robots and heads in jars, created by Matt Groening. But Groening was inspired by the autocentric exhibit of the same name created by General Motors for the 1939 World’s Fair. Why else do that show’s prankish technicians awaken the cryogenically-frozen with dramatic cries of “Welcome to the world of tomorrow?”

By 1939, the mixture of education and entertainment offered by the World’s Fair was a well-known quantity, and visitors knew they could expect to find things to please any height of brow. But 1939 was special in the technical advances that it presented – television, nylon, florescent lighting, color photography, and gadgets by the dozen were everywhere. The heart of the fair was the Trylon and Perisphere, a 700-foot tall three-sided spire, and a 183-foot diameter ball, housing a huge futuristic utopian diorama titled “Democracity.” Visitors viewed this from moving walkways, while slide shows and lighting effects enhanced the impression. After viewing the interior, the visitor exited via the “Helicline,” an 800-foot long spiral ramp to ground level. They were surely some of the most iconic buildings in a tradition which includes the Eiffel Tower and the Seattle Space Needle. They would be torn down in 1942 and scrapped for use in war industries.

Sykora has won the war, we shall win the peace.

I said that I was a member of the U.S. Caviar.

Elektro haunts my dreams

Like most World's fairs, the 1939 fair had a different theme for every day of its operation, honoring every possible group and occasion. I assume that the 4th of July had a patriotic theme to coincide with the celebration of Independence Day, but none of the accounts that I can find make any mention of the theme for that date. Today, of course, any World's Fair juxtaposed with the World Science Fiction Convention would go to some length to attract the members of the convention, but in 1939, even the highest published estimate of the convention membership (200) would not have attracted that much attention.

Other estimates set Nycon I's attendance, even on day one, as no higher than 120, of which no more than 20 were women. Only a handful of those would have been interested in the technical wonders of the suburban kitchen of the future, one of the fair's most enduring presentations. From a marketing perspective, the fair was targeted at what was hoped to be a growing American middle class, whose hard work and desire for consumer comforts would drive the West out of the Great Depression – preferably behind the wheel of a new Chevrolet. The war that was soon to begin would first delay this process, then accelerate it five-fold in the Pax Americana to follow. But by its own projections, the Fair proved to be an all-electric, all-talking and singing financial sinkhole. The innovative promoter and politician Grover Whalen was removed from his position as Director at the end of the 1939 season, and a banker was appointed to replace him. The 1940 season saw far less of the educational wonders of the 1939 edition, and far more emphasis on the more traditional amusements such as the parachute ride, which is still in use at Coney Island today.

By then, the world was understandably less optimistic about tomorrow, and Americans were concerned over their part in the war which began on September 1st, 1939. By the summer of 1940, several nations with exhibits at the fair had been overrun by Nazi Germany – Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Holland, Norway, and shortly France – so their exhibits became particularly poignant symbols of national pride. Germany itself had made no contribution to the fair, citing budget issues. The Soviet Union razed and abandoned its huge exhibit after year one, and it was replaced by a nearly vacant esplanade known as "The American Square." Parts of the fair, like the aforementioned parachute ride, were dismantled and applied to other uses; the Belgian pavilion is still in use today as a sports arena by Virginia Union University.

When the fair closed at the end of the 1940 season, the treasures of occupied nations on exhibit in New York had to be dealt with. One pragmatic response came from the Polish government in exile in Britain, who ordered the many sculptures on display to be sold to the Polish-American museum in Chicago. The only exception was a statue of the Polish-Lithuanian King Jagiello. New York Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia had taken such a shine to the statue that he arranged for it to remain in New York, where it can still be seen in Central Park today. Britain was also forced to let one of its treasures remain in America when the fair ended. The copy of the Magna Carta kept at Lincoln Cathedral had been displayed in New York, and it was decided to keep it in Fort Knox with the original copy of the Declaration of Independence. It was returned to Britain in 1947.

The people associated with the fair were a more complex problem; many of them could not return to their homes when the fair had ended, and others understandably preferred not to, given the danger of intercontinental travel during the war. Their presence was of great cultural benefit to America, as some of Europe's finest designers, composers, musicians, chefs and architects gave their adopted home the benefit of their talents. The Fair has always enriched the nations that undertake to host it; perhaps it is no coincidence that America wallows in the grip of a creative malaise when it has been 27 years since the last American World's fair – in New Orleans, 1984.

I'm still building the scene – trying to incorporate all the elements, from Elektro the talking robot to the exotic dancers of the Lama Temple – "approved by the technical advisor to the motion picture *Lost Horizon*." On that long afternoon of July 4th, 1939 there is time for all these things – even the world of tomorrow.

All lines in this fanzine were quoted by Jack Robins in his 1940 fanzine *The Fifth (World's Fair) Convention*

Over the Hill*

California is a land of myth.

No, I don't mean that California doesn't exist. It's the state I live in, and it's a state with a whole trainload of problems. But alongside the real California sits the mythical California—the stories we tell ourselves about our past and that, in crucial ways, determine who we are.

The drive from Sacramento to Reno passes over the crest of the Sierras. It's a stunning drive, made all the more impressive by the sheer rise. But not only that, the road passes (and parallels) mythical California — the California of the Gold Rush and the transcontinental railroad. A California where dreams go to die in the winter snow. And maybe it's a bit about Nevada, too, the state that has to share a border with a myth.

But the journey starts at the state capital of California, a place now called Sacramento. It sits at the junction of two rivers — the mighty Sacramento (from which the town is named) and the American, flowing off the west slopes of the Sierra. It sits a mere 25 feet (7.6 m) above sea level.

And it was to this confluence that a man from Germany who had been educated in Switzerland. But in Europe, Sutter got into a bit of trouble and, as many men of the time did, fled

to the United States to start over. He ended up in Hawaii for a while and then ended up in the far northern reaches of old Mexico—Alta California.

If you read actual history, you find that Sutter was not a nice guy. He enslaved Indians and didn't treat them well. He was not exactly a nice person.

But reality isn't the point here. The point is myth, and in the myth, Sutter is a guy who is the living embodiment of the California dream and yet, also a cautionary tale about how California can bring you low.

The story, as any California fourth grader can tell you, goes like this: John Sutter came to California and saw that it was good. He founded a city near the confluence that he called New Helvetia, after his beloved Switzerland. There he built a fort and began to be the destination point for pioneers coming to California.

But then the river he named, the American River, after the place that gave him his fresh start, betrayed him with a handful of gold in the traces of a mill he was having built in the foothills. With that handful of gold was sparked the foundational moment of the California myth — the mass influx of people trying to strike it rich and make it big. (This becomes a pattern

Produced by Katrina A. "Kat" Templeton, 3400 Chugwater Ct., Antelope, CA 95843, katster@retstak.org under the auspices of CBJ Press, the publishing arm of ~~the multimedia conglomerate~~ the Citizens for Boysenberry Jam. Produced for WOOF 36, the randomly random APA of Renovation, the 2011 Worldcon. Void where prohibited by law. If your gambling has become a problem, you may wish to seek help. No men were shot in Reno, particularly for the purpose of watching them die, in production of this fanzine.

* for values of hill in excess of 7000 ft.

in California history — California becomes the place to start over and attempt to build your fortune.)

But for that piece of the story, we'll have to head up the hill a bit. At approximately 1000 ft (304 m) sits a town called Auburn, one of many speckled along the foothills of the Sierra that was founded during the rush to find gold. It is in Auburn that we find that somebody had a sense of humor in picking the highway number that runs through the California foothills from gold town to gold town. It is Highway 49, named after the year in which the Gold Rush started—1849.

The other thing Auburn is notorious for is large cement statues that a local eccentric dentist had sculpted. They are made of concrete and they're huge. There's the gold miner in historic downtown Auburn, there's a Chinese railroad worker near the old train depot, and I'm told there's some of a more erotic bent by the dentists of-fice.

The gold miner is in the iconic pose, crouched as if next to a stream bed, swishing his pan around to separate the gold from the mud. This is the traditional form of mining, called placer mining, and it is from this tradition that Placer County, the county of which Auburn is the seat, takes its name. I love John Muir, but if there had been any justice, our state quarter would have had the iconic pose on it.

To the south of Auburn, on Forest Hill Road, stands one of the highest bridges in the US. Spanning a section of the North Fork of the American River, it was originally built to allow

traffic to move between Auburn and Forest Hill over what would have become a lake.

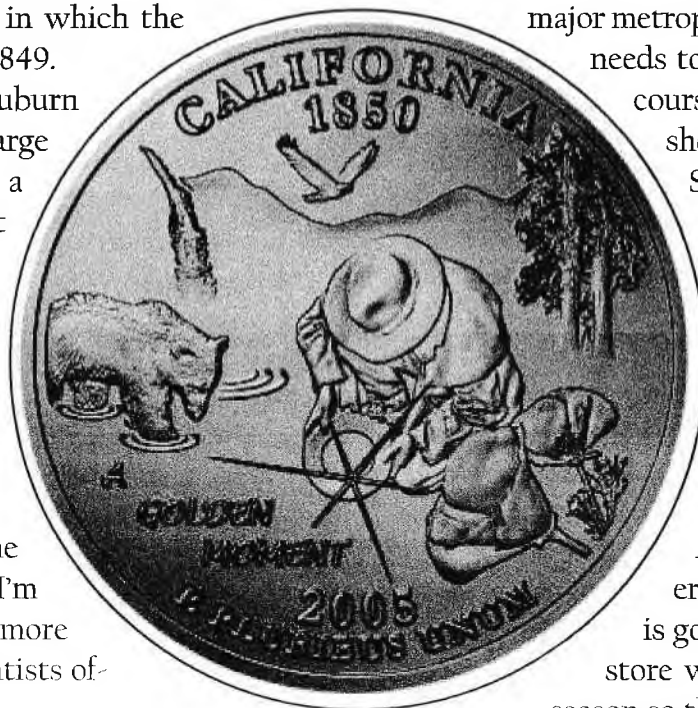
The Auburn Dam project was a fight about what is the current gold in California — water rights. Now, I'm a native Northern Californian, and we look at most things having to do with Los Angeles with a skeptical eye, but building the country's second largest city in the middle of a desert strikes me as one of the dumber things we managed to do. I know, it's a bit of an accident that LA ended up being so large, but I do digress from the story. Los Angeles, being a major metropolitan area in a desert,

needs to import its water. Of course, the largest watershed in California is the Sierras, but all that water drains into the San Francisco Bay and comes nowhere near Los Angeles. What to do?

Solution: build a large aqueduct to carry water to Los Angeles from Northern California. But this is going to require that we store water during the rainy season so that we can keep water flowing in the long hot summer months.

Solution: build dams. And that's how the Auburn project was born.

They started to build it, but a combination of factors — environmentalists, the earthquake hazard discovered by the filling of Oroville Dam, and general cost overruns meant that it stopped. And it stayed that way for many years, despite attempts to bring the zombie project back from the dead. At this point, it appears that the project is dead, but if water becomes ever more precious, that may change again.



But onwards and upwards, I have a con to get to. No trip to Forest Hill today.

At 2000 feet (608 m), give or take a couple hundred feet is the town of Colfax. This is about as far as I've ever gotten up the freeway before. My endearing memory of Colfax is of a kid I was watching standing by the train tracks in shock at how loud the freight train whistle was when you were only about fifteen feet away. The run through Colfax is part of the transcontinental railroad. The rails were the first major transportation link built over Donner Pass. It's pretty impressive to watch the rails as you climb the mountain and to realize how much work went into creating the route.

It's an interesting bit of history. The side of the route building west used Irish as their expendable workers. On the California side, building east, they used the Chinese. Supposedly, the reasoning for this was because Chinese were shorter and lighter and thus could handle boring the tunnels and being dangled over the side of cliffs to set the dynamite charges. At the same time, they were denied any participation in the society of the time. (It was the same for the Native Americans. It's things like this that remind me how much it was a different time in California.)

Yet onwards and upwards, onwards and upwards.

Next up is Blue Canyon. Now there's nothing really special about Blue Canyon except that it's where all the news crews go to gawk at the snow every time a winter storm rolls through. This became entertaining this past winter, when it was an unusually long and heavy snow year. Every winter storm, there they were, reporting on it. It was particularly hilarious when they were reporting from Blue Canyon on June 1st.

But Blue Canyon is a relatively flat space on the road at approximately 5000 ft (1524 m) elevation, which is about where snow levels generally hover for most winter storms, and

winter storms tend to close the pass, so it's understandable why the news tends to congregate there. It's still funny, though.

The other interesting thing about Blue Canyon, at least on this journey, is that they did a split traffic situation. They're working on the eastbound freeway, so they routed half the traffic up into a lane on the westbound freeway. There's a Jersey barrier to keep the traffic apart from one another, but it's still a bit odd to be driving one way when, inches from you, is traffic rolling downhill in the other direction.

Somewhere in the middle of the road construction, we enter Nevada County, one of two named for the mountain range.

My radio signal starts to fade. No more NPR for me. I pull out a CD and cue up "All the Way to Reno" by REM on the CD. It made me happy. That CD (a random potpourri of songs I made when I first bought my car) remained my music all the way to Reno.

Still another couple thousand feet to climb.

Dodged through road construction for another twenty miles. There's not much there, but the climb is something impressive. You can only imagine how hard it must have been to get wagons down the hill as the canyons are steep and the road twists around to stay at freeway standards. It wasn't as difficult as the building of the transcontinental railroad, but it was still an accomplishment all of itself. Building to freeway standards over such inhospitable terrain is an accomplishment.

And at the top of dodging all the road construction is the infamous Donner Pass. The Donner Party is the cautionary tale of California history. Remember what I said about Blue Canyon? The Sierras, in an average winter can have 400-500 inches of snow in a year. This past winter, an unusually long and heavy season, managed to get above 700 inches of snow. One of the ski resorts still had enough snow for skiing on the Fourth of July, which is just about unheard of.

The winter the Donner party tried to cross the Sierra was much the same. Of course, reading up on the story of the Donner party shows that they weren't exactly the most cohesive group to begin with — at one point leaving a 70 year old man to die because he couldn't walk with the rest of the train. (Why were they walking and not riding? Their animals were in bad condition. Why? Because they got lost in the desert.)

But the final fatal mistake was attempting to start up the Sierras too late in the season. Sometimes you get lucky and it doesn't start snowing until January. Sometimes you get unlucky and it starts snowing in October. The Donner party were unlucky. By a cascade of errors, each minor in its own right but inevitably leading to the tragedy in the pass.

To survive, they first ate their surplus livestock. Then, when that began to run low, they resorted to eating their dead comrades. It's that gruesome tale that lead to the name of the pass being named after one of the most epic failures.

It's a bit sad, though, as there was another wagon train that passed a couple years earlier through the same pass and were the first to traverse it. If history rewarded the just, we'd cross Stephens Pass. But instead, the pass was named for a spectacular failure, and all the Stephens got was a street name — slightly misspelled — in the area they settled as their only monument. (If any of the Bay Area crowd is curious, that's how Stevens Creek Blvd was named — for one

of the Stephens that made the successful transit of the pass.)

Nestled near Donner Summit is the town of Truckee. There's not much to say about Truckee, other than that it gets a lot of snow and has a funny name. No, what's more interesting is the river we cross shortly thereafter, flowing eastward alongside the freeway. The Truckee River is the outlet for Lake Tahoe, one of the deepest lakes (by average depth) in the world. Tahoe has been the source of many struggles — starting with the political artifact that fractures it into two.

The man that drew the maps was John C. Frémont — mountain man, adventurer, revolutionary, and failed presidential candidate. But one of the things Frémont did, in his position as cartographer for the US Army, was to draw the borders of the new state of California. He intended to draw the line further east — I



suspect it was intended to line up with what is now the eastern border of Oregon. If Frémont hadn't messed up, we would be sitting in Reno, California right now. But he goofed, and the line went straight through the middle of Lake Tahoe. Ironically, this may have been what saved the lake from going the fate of the Owens Valley, for example, where Los Angeles drained the lake due to their rapacious need for water.

Frémont's error turned out to be a good mistake because Lake Tahoe doesn't drain west. Remember, I started following the Truckee River after I crossed the pass. It flows out of Tahoe from approximately the northwest, makes a

this page is not part of the official WOOF distribution.

loop, and then meanders eastward down the hill down towards and through Reno. But here's the interesting thing. The water eventually drains into Pyramid Lake, northeast of Reno, and there the trail stops cold. The river doesn't go any further. Instead, it evaporates out of Pyramid Lake. This means that the water in Lake Tahoe never drains to the sea. It feels wrong, but it's the way it is. Pretty amazing.

Leaving Truckee behind, I follow the river past the agriculture inspection station. I'm going eastbound, so it's irrelevant to me on this trip, but I'll be required to stop there on the southbound run and establish that I'm carrying no locally grown produce into California. The reason for this is that California's economy depends heavily on agriculture and a pest getting loose in that population could have serious repercussions. They're more concerned about big rigs, but they stop every car entering California and ask the same question.

Just pass the agriculture station, we enter Sierra County, the other half of the set of counties named for the mountain range. Interesting note: the name *Sierra Nevada* roughly translates as "snow-covered mountain range". Yes, this means Nevada's name ("snow-covered") is hilariously funny if you're familiar with Nevada's climate.

The freeway only cuts across the southeast corner of the county, following the path of the Truckee River. It's only seven or eight miles long, almost a blink and you'll miss it. But following that river through the canyon? It's a gorgeous drive, especially when you reach the state line.

Unlike South Lake Tahoe, where the line of demarcation is blindly obvious because of the LARGE CASINOS¹ that sit as close to the state

1 I should note for the record that you should be very happy this is set in text, where I can't use the <blink> tag. This screams for it.

line as possible. Here, if it wasn't for the giant sign reading "WELCOME TO NEVADA" and the subtle font change in the freeway signs — California for some odd reason has its own font for freeway signs that's different from the rest of the country, I would have never guessed that I crossed a state line. At least for the first mile or so, and then the first casino makes itself known.

The history of how Nevada became the United States capital of legal gaming is long, complicated, and involves the mob. But that story is somewhat more connected to Vegas, and I'm talking about Reno. Besides, I just don't get the appeal of casinos.

The more interesting thing was breaking out of that canyon and seeing the land nearly bare of trees. My first thought was "Wow, this place is weird compared to what I was driving through." And then I realized. Reno is in the rain shadow of the Sierras and thus doesn't get enough moisture to grow trees like the other side of the mountain. It has a unique beauty, but one totally alien to those of us who grew up west of the mountains. The drop into Reno isn't quite as impressive as the drop on 50 from South Lake Tahoe to Carson City, but it was still strikingly gorgeous.

And then there I was, having made the crossing and am alive. I get off at South Virginia Street and drive southwards, underneath the "Biggest Little City in the World" arch, through the big downtown casinos, and finally I get to the place I'm staying — the Motel 6. I'm not going to apologize, I'm doing this trip on the cheap as money is extremely tight right now (I really need to find another job.)

And this is where I ran into the fiasco that has shadowed the weekend. I've deliberately been keeping money free on my credit card for the purposes of paying for my motel room. So you can imagine, it was much to my shock to find

this page is not part of the
the card was denied. Okay, says I, let's try a bit lower. Still denied. I climb onto my online banking — I love living in the 21st century where I can pull my phone out of my pocket and use it to query something on the global network of information. Captain Kirk, eat your heart out.

So I go over to the bank with which my credit card is affiliated. There I meet Andrew, who was extremely nice in helping me deal with the credit card division of his multi-tentacled bank. While we were waiting for them to get off hold so we could figure out what was going on, he asked me why I was on vacation in Reno.

I'm going to Worldcon, I said, and then when he looked slightly confused, gave the full name, the World Science Fiction Convention. The moment I said "science fiction", his face lit up. "Who's your favorite author?"

Of course, I have many, but I decided to mention some of my more recent favorites. Those of you with sensitive fannish sensibilities may wish to cover your ears for the next paragraph.

I like John Scalzi, I said, which proceeded to make him excited — he'd just recently finished *Old Man's War* and liked it. So I casually mention that Scalzi was in town for the next couple days, and well, I may have got another person to attend Worldcon, at least for a day. But, diversion.

The credit card people finally come back. I guess my card number was one caught in some kind of mass compromise situation — probably inadequate database security on the part of some merchant or another — and they had cancelled the card number to prevent it from being used for fraud. I just happened to go on vacation at the exact worse time. But they were able to unlock the card long enough for me to pay for my hotel room and they said they would ship me a new card via FedEx. Okay, no worries.

official WOOF distribution.

Thursday night, I get the card and go to activate it. The activation procedure doesn't work and it bounces me to a customer service representative who proceeds to tell me that number is cancelled. No, says I, I just got this card in the mail.

After thirty minutes, three customer service representatives, they find that somehow (and no, they claim to have no idea how this happened) they shipped me (via FedEx at their own expense, mind you) a cancelled card. They have no idea how this happened, and the only way you can mitigate this is to ship me another card, due Saturday. Well, isn't this a pretty pickle. We'll see if they can manage not to screw it up this time. Given their track record, I'm not hopeful.

Worldcon has been fun, although not as fun as Denver. I'm trying to put my finger on why, but haven't really come up with an answer that's satisfactory to me. Folks have suggested I write a con report in order to tease out why, so I might do that.

It might be because I spent six frickin' hours in the business meeting helping to represent fanzine fandom. You're welcome.

And now I am approaching the end of this page, so all I can say is "Hey Ted! Here's my sucky WOOF contribution! I hope you like it!"

(Seriously, it's been fun, blah blah blah Randy's the most awesome guy in the world for putting up with me blah blah blah hope you enjoyed it.)

Bee seeing you...