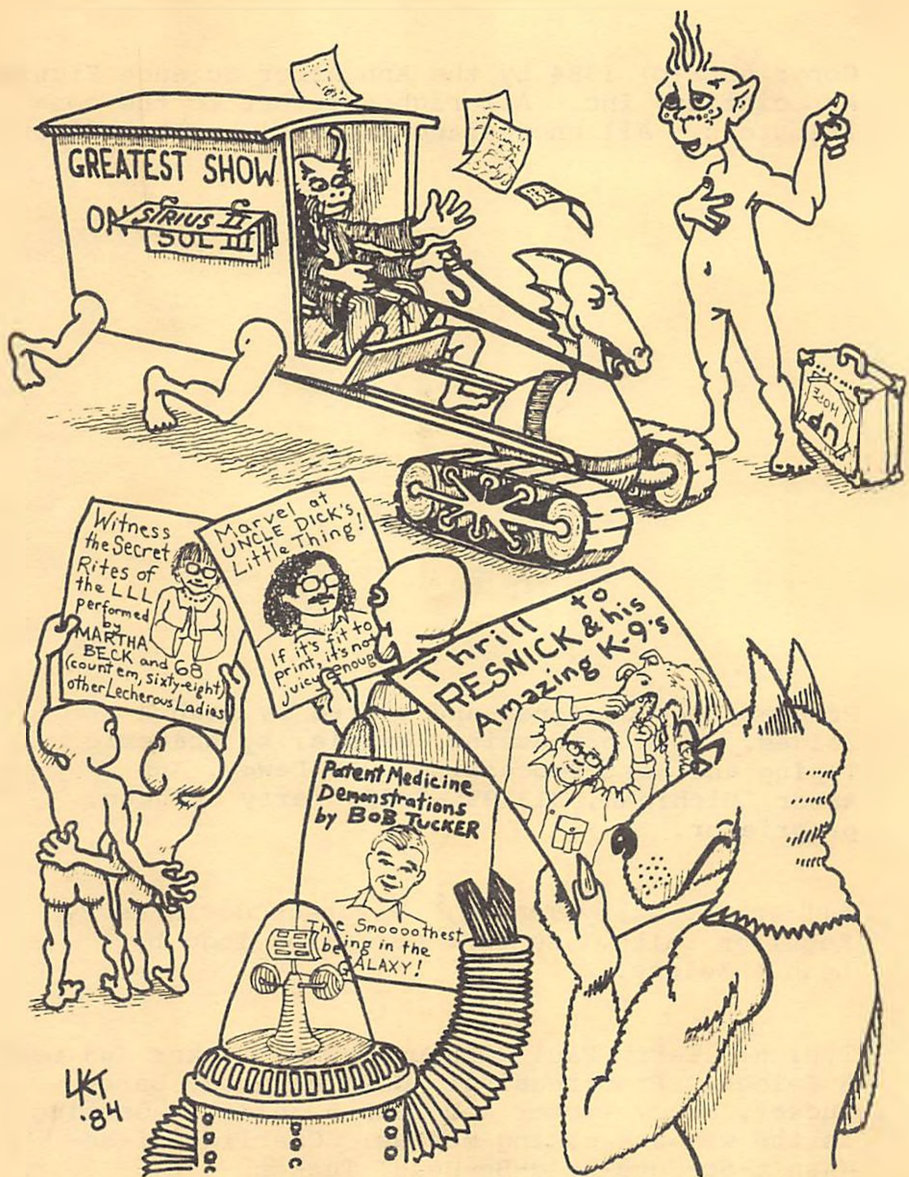


GENUINE CONFUSION



'ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES'

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GENUINE CONFUSION

Featuring the Second Science Fiction
Oral History Conference

January 27-29, 1984
Plymouth, Michigan

Pro Guest of Honor:

The Authorized
MIKE RESNICK



Fan Guest of Honor:

The Intrinsic
MARTHA BECK



Toastmaster:

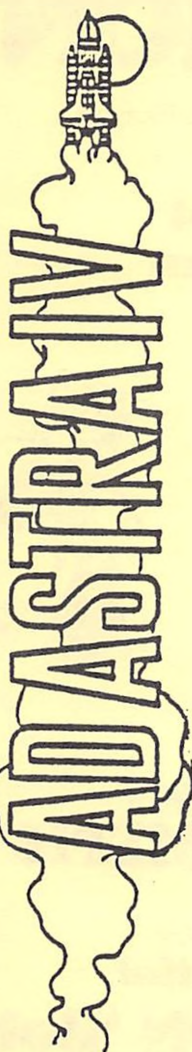
The Absolute
DICK SMITH

Friday Night Speaker:

The Essential
WILSON 'Bob'
TUCKER

SFOHA Guest of Honor:

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM



Yes, we're at it again. The Toronto crowd invites you to another SF weekend in the Nice City.

SEPTEMBER 28-30, 1984

DEAN ING

BOB PASSOVOY

AD ASTRA is the convention for fans of hard core literary science fiction. Previous guests have been Ben Bova, James P. Hogan and Jerry Pournelle. This year we have *Dean Ing*, writer, aerospace engineer, survivalist and pilot -- and *Bob "Doc" Passovoy*, a Chicago fan who has been active in fandom for ~~centuries~~ a long time.

Art show will again be run by Elizabeth Pearse. If you wish specific artist information, please write her at; 218 All Saints Cres., Oakville, Ontario L6J 5M9.

Dealers tables have always been popular; 6' x 3' in size, they cost \$15 until Labor day and \$20 at the door. Tables *do not* include membership.

Membership is \$10 to April 1st, \$12 until Labour Day and \$15 at the door.

For more information, write to:
AD ASTRA, P.O. Box 7276, Stn. 'A',
Toronto, Ontario CANADA M5W 1X9

GENUINE CONFUSION

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 Green Room Assistant: Laurie Ochsner
 Masquerade: Roger Reynolds
Art Show: Anne Brett
Computer Room: Steve Andre
Fanzine Room: Roger Reynolds
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 CCTV Bulletin Board: Marcus Watts
 Masquerade Music: Rick Lieder
 Movies: Monique Tiffany
 Audio Procurement: Mike Gould
 Video Procurement: Roger Reynolds
Publications/Publicity: Leah A Zeldes
 Publications Assistant: Terry Paul Calhoun
SFOHA Liaison: Suzi Stefl
Continuity: Ro Lutz-Nagey

*Hail, blest Confusion! here are met
All tongues, and times, and faces.*

---WILLIAM MacWORTH PRAED

Staff

Paul Adams, Glenda Andre, Randy Asplund, Tom Barber, Garth Barbour, Paul Bennett, Jackie Causgrove, Mark Coleman, Wendy Council, John Davis, Tom Dowds, Luann Farmer, John Finley, Matt Fulton, Mike Gardiner, Anthony Gensterblum, Cathy Grzywacz, Tanya Huff, Peg Huffaker, Elizabeth Huffman, Erik Kauppi, Warren Klofkorn, Linda Leach, Sue Maxwell, Mike McClary, Amy Owsley, Paul Pearson, Kathy Rea, Sean William Read, David Reineri, Lisa Reynolds, Debbie Rigdon, David Rozian, Dana Siegel, Marian Skupski, Adam Smith, Michelle Smith-Moore, Erin Stewart, Lowry Taylor, Sharon Taylor, Alex Tons, Mike Tucker, Melody Wade, Pam Whitlark, Ken Wright, Carol Yoder, Dave Yoder, Jenny Zuck, Ben Zuhl and, undoubtedly, many others who pitched in at the last minute or whose names weren't available at press time.

Thanks

The Ann Arbor Science Fiction Association, Inc. and the Committee of ConFusion extend our most sincere thanks to the following people and organizations: Charles Oliver; Mark Aronson; Phyllis Eisenstein; Dr. Marshall Tymn; Lloyd Biggle, Jr.; the Science Fiction Oral History Association; Bill and the Ann Arbor Shirt Gallery; Kathy Graham; Love Limousines; Charlie and Dulcie; Neil and Insty-prints of Ann Arbor; Jackie Causgrove; Academic Typing and Word Processing of Ann Arbor; Future Focus; Big George Home Appliance Mart; Margaret Stull; The Video Store; Rotating Records; Illuminatus Laser Light Show; the Science Fiction Writers of America; Michigan Media; Kathleen Smith, Tim Smith, Tom Cherry, Janet Schnell, Lynn Ferguson, Professor Norman Delventhal and the rest of winter 1983 Graphic Communications at EMU; Jim Peckrul, Walter Rickens and the rest of the wonderful staff at the Plymouth Hilton Inn, all our special guests and program participants and everyone else without whose aid none of this would have been necessary. Oh, yes -- and George Orwell, of course.

Program Book

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Back on planet Earth they've shattered the illusion.
The world's going 'round in a state of confusion.

---RAY DAVIES



. . . A DECADE OF

*Alien they seemed to be
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of
their later history.*

---THOMAS HARDY

In 1973, the World Science Fiction Convention was held in Toronto. As is typical at these events, all sorts of people were thrust together in a variety of ways, including some that only happen at science fiction conventions. One of these thrusters was a young fan named (in those days) Ro Nagey.

Amongst the people Ro met at Torcon were a number of folks from Ann Arbor, where he happened to be going to school at the time. "Hey," they all decided, "let's get together and form a club." And Ro said, "Let there be club." And there was club. Thus the Stilyagi Air Corps was born.

Now there are two things anyone does after forming a new fan club (just ask Roger Reynolds): 1] start a fanzine, and 2] start a convention. The clubzine was called, of course, *Cap'n Ro's Whiz-Bang*. The convention was *A² Relax Icon*.

Held in February 1974, it was a smashing success. Eighty-seven people attended, and one room in the Michigan Union served for programming (only Ro Nagey would program a relaxacon), hucksters' room and art show. It was there Ro performed his famous rope trick for the first time; it was there fandom was treated to a rare view of the real Secret Masters of Fandom — four hairy, towel-wrapped bodies with paper bags over their heads; it was there Ro got his first taste of power...

And so there was *A² Relax Icon 2*. Except sometime before then Ro decided *A² Relax Icon* was too hard to type and changed the name. At first the convention was to be called *ConDom*, but that only lasted until Ro wrote his first con business letter. Somehow, "Ro Nagey, *ConDom* Chairman" just didn't have the right ring to it. He arbitrarily decided to call it *ConFusion 13* (a name which has caused much confusion to fannish historians)...

(From "A Brief History of ConFusion" by Leah A Zeldes, reprinted from the *ConFusion 6 and/or 7* program book, 1980.)

DECADENCE, INDEED

- 1974 - A² Relax Icon
- 1975 - ConFusion 13
- 1976 - ConFusion 12
- 1977 - ConFusion 14
- 1978 - ConFusion π
- 1979 - E/c² ConFusion
- 1980 - ConFusion 6 and/or 7
- 1981 - 9×10^9 Names of ConFusion
- 1982 - ConFusion 11
- 1983 - ConFusion 101
- 1984 - GENUINE CONFUSION

Leah Zeldes wrote "A Brief History of ConFusion" for the ConFusion 6 and/or 7 program book back in 1980. For this, the 10th ConFusion, and the 10th anniversary of Ann Arbor's first con, she has asked me to supply an update. What she particularly wanted me to convey was some sense of why ConFusion has been such a special event for so many of us who have been involved with it over the years. The first thought that occurred to me was, "What had she left out of her 1980 version?"

There was no mention of ConFusion's special traditions, many of which have been innovative or unique to ConFusion. For instance there's the Fan GoH panel, by which we have condemned all of our previous Fan Guests of Honor to introducing one another throughout eternity. No, that makes us look too sadistic.

I could say something about the Spare Chaynge video exhibition and hands-on video workshop we had in '76, and how fan-produced video has been an integral part of ConFusion's programming ever since. Unfortunately, that's an innovation that really hasn't caught on yet at other conventions. By the same token, Photon Drive's seminar on recreational uses of lasers was another idea that was probably also a little ahead of its time.

There's ConFusion's decade-long policy of giving complimentary memberships to all professional science fiction and fantasy writers, editors, publishers, artists and their

spouses or "significant others," as well as all programming participants. On the other hand, everybody seems to be doing that now, so perhaps that's not unique enough.

The ConFusion Trivia and Shortest Story Contests probably aren't unique enough either, since Mike Glycer was talking about borrowing those ideas for the LASFS cons as early as '76. Of course, I don't think he's copied our Snow Creature Contest, but perhaps that's because we didn't stumble upon that idea until Mass ConFrozen in '79. (I wonder how much snow they get in Los Angeles?)

The Seventh Annual ConFusion Masquerade Ball is pretty special. The trouble is (not considering the added twist of the Illuminatus Laser Light Show), we didn't invent it. It was just an idea we re-introduced to fandom, after at least a decade of cons just having masquerade contests instead of costume parties/dances.

ConFusion introduced the Eastern Michigan University Madrigal Singers at the banquet in '76. A few years later, though, we decided to replace them with the legendary, silver throated Lou Tabakow. (Granted, this was a decision many considered to be of dubious merit. I don't know, I thought Lou was entertaining.) The Madrigal Singers went on to become traditional banquet fare at somebody else's convention.

Bill Bowers' annual Iguanacon practice and non-practice speeches probably deserve some mention here, as well as the legendary Bowers Hoax Trial. Okay, consider them mentioned, but the first Bowers non-practice speech, for which Leah deserves at least partial credit (blame?) was at Marcon, not ConFusion. As for the trial, Bill has told me recently that he's still trying to think of a way to get even.

*And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by Confusion stand.*

---JOHN MILTON

Did ConFusion introduce Cosmos & Chaos to fandom? Better check with Ro on that. I'm pretty sure his rope trick was a first, but do we really want to be known for that?

Let's see, that still leaves us with the first Fondlecon (an unofficial forerunner of today's touchie-feelie fandom), the infamous police riot of '75, the ConFusion Cuddle Squad, fandom's first guest of honor dance (as opposed to a speech), the founding of the Science Fiction Oral History Association, Uncle Albert, Dimbo the Flying Squirrel, the Ro Nagey (a drink consisting of equal parts of diet Vernor's and cheap tequila -- the only beverages Ro seemed to have around the house when company came to call), the Drunken Spaceman (151 rum over dry ice), the-night-they-broke-the-bed-in-the-con-suite, Nebulous Citations, the Rubber Ducky Award, the Fannish Thespian League (FTL), Apple A Day Productions, a chocolate mousse scum ringing the Jacuzzi and Roger Reynolds' introduction to fandom (just as I was wondering to myself, "What could possibly top the rope tricks?").

Granted, all of these things have contributed to the essence of ConFusion, but how does one go about describing the totality of the ConFusion experience? Certainly, the backbone of ConFusion's programming has always been the literature of science fiction. Since the first ConFusion, though, we've also had a strong emphasis on techie topics like fusion, cosmology, space exploration, a nuclear fission debate and computer technology. Then there are the many panels we've had on the history of science fiction, from Gernsback through Tremaine, Campbell and Pohl -- to White, Schmidt and Scithers. We've covered fanac from First Fandom to mad-dogs-have-kneed-us-in-the-groin Sixth, from Buck Rogers to Star Wars, Rocky Horror and Dr. Who.

Then there are the parties. Oh, Ghod, we've had some parties. We've toasted Stan Long's health with writers and fen from the 1920s to the neos of today. We've "swilled 'til the carpet's all wet" with neo-pros, apahacks, artists, dungeon masters and publishers, "where Analog writers greet high-as-a-kiters."

We've had filksings, round-the-clock film programs, statistics seminars, computer and role playing games, dramatic presentations, writing workshops, tax seminars, worldcon and NASFiC debates, musical performances and light shows. Yet even after mentioning all of these things, I can't shake the feeling that the picture I'm trying to paint is still inadequate.

Desperate for inspiration, I decided to re-read Leah's 1980 essay. I noticed a glaring omission. She had neglected to mention who the Guests of Honor had been at our previous conventions. Obviously, an update of ConFusion's history should include such pertinent information. Therefore, I have decided to conclude with the following lists, in hopes that they may help you to keep ConFusion's Guests of Honor straight (and if you've ever bent your guest of honor...).

ConFusion's Pro Guests of Honor have been Lloyd Biggle, Fred Pohl, Lloyd Biggle (again), Poul Anderson, Kate Wilhelm, Spider and Jeanne Robinson, Stan Schmidt, Barry Longyear, Phyllis Eisenstein, C. J. Cherryh and, now, Mike Resnick.

Our Fan Guests of Honor have been Howard DeVore, Mike Glicksohn, Bill Bowers, Ro Lutz-Nagy, Jackie Causgrove, Scott Imes, Elliot Shorter, Dave Innes, Neil Rest, Bill Cavin and Martha Beck.

Toastmasters were Jim Martin (four times), Ro Lutz-Nagey, Rusty Hevelin, Gay Haldeman, Larry Tucker, Ted Reynolds and Dick Smith.

Our Friday night speakers have included Kip Siegel (founder of KMS Fusion which, incidentally, supplied the inspiration for our con's name), Ted White, Fred Pohl, Jack Williamson, Joe Haldeman and Bob Tucker (twice).

Past chairmen have been Ro Nagey (three times), Lary Ward, Zita Kutkus, Larry Tucker (three times), Dave Innes (twice), Nancy Tucker (now serving her third term, but hoping to get sprung Real Soon Now) and Tara Edwards.

(Continued on page 47.)

*I don't know whether I'm coming or going.
Can't cover up 'cause it's obviously showing.
It's a state -- state of confusion.*

---RAY DAVIES

and it takes a while to learn your way around. But we can give you a few hints on how better to enjoy this convention.

Talk to people. Fans are friendly people and most are willing to talk to anyone, so long as he or she isn't obnoxious. People may seem a bit cliquish at first, but that's because they all know each other and you don't. Be friendly and persistent and you'll get to know people too. Persistent doesn't mean pushy, though; it merely means don't hide under a tub and don't give up at your first rebuff. The Con Suite is a good place to meet people.

It may seem that the people around you are speaking a strange language. They are. Fandom, like any other specialized group, has its own jargon, which you can learn if you work at it. A few useful terms: Neofan, or simply neo, which we've already covered; mundane, fandom's equivalent of gentile, a non-fan -- you, before you came here; fanzine, an amateur magazine put out by fans, but not necessarily about science fiction; prozine, a professional SF magazine, like Analog; huckster, one of the people behind the tables in the Hucksters' Room, usually fans trying to meet their convention expenses by selling books or other paraphernalia; Con Suite, the convention hospitality suite; con is, of course, short for convention; filksing, a fannish community sing; the songs, naturally, are filksongs; TAFF and DUFF, funds which send fans to SF conventions in other countries; fen, the plural of fan, of course.

Don't be surprised if you don't hear people talking about science fiction much. After a short time in fandom people get to know each other as friends, and science fiction becomes of secondary importance. The late Susan Wood, a brilliant and respected fan writer, once described this phenomenon:

We come together because we value SF. We stay because we value each other. We celebrate fandom because it is the bond that holds us together.

Reputations last a long time in fandom; it's best to start out with a good one. Fandom can be very like a small town. For instance, despite all of the partying and drinking you'll see this weekend, you will be considered a fugghead (which means just what it sounds like) if you become drunk or disruptive. Remember, you are new here. If a veteran has one too many his friends will drag him off and put him to bed; you will most likely be left to lie in the hallway, and people will talk about "that disgusting drunk" for the rest of the weekend (not to mention what the hotel security will do).

Fans are justly proud of the fine reputation SF conventions have with hotels, and look unkindly on anyone who tries to mess it up. Hassling the security guards, jousting in halls, or any kind of theft or vandalism, will all have to be paid for by this convention -- and probably others -- in one way or another, and is likely to mean higher deposits and room rates next year, making things more expensive for everyone. If you see someone engaging in this sort of unfannishness, please tell a committee member.

Confusion is a word we have invented for an order which is not understood.

---HENRY MILLER

Ripping off other fans is also considered a most unfannish activity. The people putting on this convention are fans who get no recompense other than the egoboo, or satisfaction, of seeing everyone else have a good time. Any profits the convention makes are put toward next year's con or donated to an SF-related cause. The hucksters and artists are also fans, who are merely trying to help pay their way to attend the con. A single bad check can put you behind the eight-ball for years.

You are likely to see a lot of hugging and kissing and things of that nature during the convention -- most of these people are old friends who haven't seen each other in months (or even weeks). Just because a young lady is cuddling with six different men (or vice versa) doesn't mean you can join in -- she knows the six men -- she doesn't know you. Fans are friendly...but not that friendly. Similarly, the woman dressed in almost nothing is wearing a costume, not advertising her availability.

If you're friendly and use your common sense this weekend, you can meet some new people, have a good time and be well on your way to trufandom.

---Leah A Zeldes

If you are new to fandom we emphatically suggest you attend *How to Enjoy Your First Convention*, a panel with Rusty Hevelin and Denise Leigh, Saturday at 10 a.m. in Plymouth 1. You may find the Spare Chaynge Video Production, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Fandom* of interest as well; it will be shown Saturday at 2:40 p.m. in Plymouth 5. And stop into the Fanzine Room for some free samples.

For if confusion have a part
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart
I'll never love thee more.

---JAMES GRAHAM

The Ballad of ConFusion

Through the midwinter snows of the midwest they come,
An inn near Ann Arbor they fill.
In the ballroom it's sercon and speeches,
In the Con Suite it's swallow and swill.
And they talk for three days without stopping, it seems.
They drink for three nights, till they're done.
It's a party for fandom,
With jokes made at random,
And movies and filksongs and fun. So...

(CHORUS) Come to ConFusion, with fans and pros boozin'
Ain't no time for snoozin',
just gettin' unloosened.
With lasers and video
Near Ann Arbor City, oh,
There's nothing quite like it
this side of the sky.

In the Hucksters' Room tables are filled with the stuff
Of which dreams are made, young minds are bent.
There are posters and fanzines and hard cover books,
Some neo just spent his last cent.
In the Art Show are sculptures in plastic and wood,
There are drawings in pencil and pen
Of spaceships, and dragons,
Icons of Frodo Baggins,
All perpetrated by fen. So...

(CHORUS)

The techies all come to ConFusion to play
With ray guns and lasers and lights.
Some demonstrate robots that carry their bheer,
Some with computers they fight.
Yet we all drink together with fantasy fen.
In vino we're all met as one,
Where Oral Historians
Meet sore old Hyperboreans,
Where Analog writers
Greet high as a kilters,
With space city spinners
Eat Stilyagi dinners,
And discuss why the future is fun. So...

(CHORUS)

---Mike Gould, 1977

Misfit Press

Three Dollars

Unauthorized
Autobiographies
AND OTHER CURIOSITIES
Mike Resnick



Illustrated by
Randy Bathurst
Linda Leach
Joan Hanke Woods

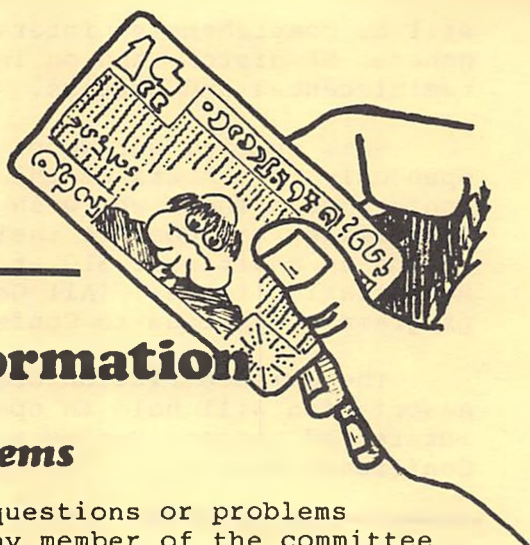
A SPECIAL OFFER TO MEMBERS OF GENUINE CONFUSION

A special, limited edition chapbook by our pro guest of honor, Mike Resnick. *Unauthorized Autobiographies and Other Curiosities* has been designed and produced for Confusion by Misfit Press and contains seven Resnick stories, including two written especially for this collection, plus color illustrations by Randy Bathurst, Linda Leach and Joan Hanke Woods. The edition is limited to 500 copies, and by agreement with the author, the collection will never be reprinted. Each book is numbered and signed by Resnick.

Only \$1.50 at the Genuine Confusion Huckster Table.

Confusion unconfused.

---EDWARD YOUNG



For Your Information

Questions & Problems

If you have any questions or problems during the weekend, any member of the committee will be happy to help you. Committee members have blue nametags. A staff member should be stationed in ConFusion Operations, Conference Room B, nearly all of the time.

Operations also serves as late registration and as a depository for lost and found items. In addition, staff on duty in Operations should be able to locate all members of the committee. This is the first place to go should any emergency arise. The phone number is 652.

*Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined.*

---JOHN MILTON

The Second Science Fiction Oral History Conference

The Science Fiction Oral History Association will be having its second conference during Genuine ConFusion. Many of the events are open to members of Genuine ConFusion. These events are designated in the program schedule as "SFOHA."

This special programming will explore the science fiction of the 1930s and '40s featuring fans and writers who were actually there. There

will be comprehensive interviews and panels on general SF history and on individual writers' reminiscences and careers.

Some special workshops and seminars will be open only to members of the Oral History Conference. Those who wish to attend this programming may convert their memberships by paying an additional \$10 at the SFOHA Registration table. (All Genuine Confusion programming is open to Conference members.)

The Science Fiction Oral History Association will hold an open meeting for all interested persons Sunday at 11 a.m. in Conference Room A.

Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion.

---EDMUND BURKE

Hotel & Pool

Check out time is 1 p.m. Please pay all charges in full before departing. If you incur late charges, such as restaurant and phone bills, please make sure to pay them before you leave. Room rental must be paid in advance. The hotel accepts checks with the following provisos: imprinted name on check, plus ID consisting of driver's license and a major credit card. Be sure the hotel knows you are with the convention for special con rates. Limit: four persons to a room.

To charge meals to your room you must show your room key.

The pool will be open all weekend -- or until the first complaint. (Ro Lutz-Nagey: this means you!) Children must be accompanied by an adult. No glass is allowed in the pool area. No ~~noise~~ ~~noise~~ pollution in the Jacuzzi, please. It gets turned off for cleaning and the water stays cold for a long time.

Dope, Booze, Etc: Important Laws

The Plymouth Hilton is located in Plymouth Township, which is serviced by both the Wayne County Sheriff and the Michigan State Police (whose headquarters are located conveniently nearby). State laws apply in all cases.

You must be 21 to drink alcohol in Michigan. This includes wine and beer. For those 21 and older liquor in bottled form may be purchased until 11 p.m. (2 a.m. for wine and beer) and not until after noon on Sunday. The age limit will be enforced in the Con Suite and at the cash bars at the banquet and masquerade.

State of Michigan law makes possession of marijuana a 90-day misdemeanor with arrest and booking.

Gambling -- except for the State Lottery and on-track betting -- is illegal in Michigan. This includes penny ante poker in the privacy of one's own ~~hotel room~~ home.

However, you can turn right on red.

While it is not the intention of the con committee to tell anyone else how to behave, we'd rather not see any trouble -- with the police, the hotel, or anybody else. It's been several years since anybody called the police at Confusion -- we'd like to maintain the tradition. ~~It's not our intention to tell anyone else how to behave, we'd rather not see any trouble -- with the police, the hotel, or anybody else. It's been several years since anybody called the police at Confusion -- we'd like to maintain the tradition.~~

Weapons Policy

All weapons of any kind, real, toy, fake, including those which are part of costumes, must remain sheathed, holstered or otherwise secured at all times. In other words, YOU MAY NOT CARRY A WEAPON IN YOUR HANDS. You will be asked to leave the convention area if you are brandishing a weapon.

Hotel security is likely to ask more forcibly than this, so please follow these rules carefully. The weapons policy will be in force during the Masquerade.

Please Wear Your Nametag

In order to be admitted to many of the activities, the Art Show, the Hucksters' Room, the Masquerade, and to be served in the Con Suite you **MUST** have a Genuine ConFusion nametag. If you don't wish to wear your nametag, please at least have it with you; if you forget your nametag, please go back and get it. Don't hassle the staff people checking for badges at doors -- they are not allowed to let anyone in without a nametag.

If you lose your nametag you may get a replacement at Registration by presenting sufficient ID. If Registration is not open, go to Operations, Conference Room B.

Name tag codes:

Silver: Special guests

Blue: Committee

Yellow: Oral History Conference members

White: Everybody else

Children

Children who are participating in the convention in their own right must be full members of Genuine ConFusion and have a nametag. Children under 12 who are not participating in the convention need not be members but will be admitted to function areas only when accompanied by a parent who is a member.

Parents are expected to keep track of their children at all times and will be held responsible for any damages, etc. caused by their offspring. Children may not be left unattended in the Con Suite.

No Crashing

No one will be permitted to sleep in any function areas or in the Con Suite. If you attempt to do so you will be rudely awakened. A board is available near Registration for "Roommate wanted" listings.

No Smoking

Areas in the program rooms and the Con Suite have been designated No Smoking. Please smoke only in the Smoking sections. Smoking is not allowed in the Film Room, Computer Room or Art Show.

ConFusion TV: Channel 3

Tune to Channel 3 on your hotel room TV set for the latest programming updates, party announcements and other important convention information.

If you would like to announce a party, gaming event or other special interest meeting please fill out a card in Operations. The system will be updated every few hours, so try to get your announcement in as far ahead of your event as possible. The last update will be at 10 p.m. each night.

ConFusion Contests

Once again, ConFusion brings you our ever-popular contests: the ConFusion Shortest Short Story Contest, the ConFusion Trivia Contest and the ConFusion Snow Creature Contest.

Entry forms for the Shortest Short Story Contest and the Trivia Contest are enclosed with your program book. Turn in the completed forms to the ConFusion Huckster Table by 4 p.m. Saturday. (You can get extra forms at the ConFusion Huckster Table.)

The Snow Creature Contest will take place on the median strip in front of the hotel. Please build all Snow Creatures outdoors in the designated area. X-rated sculptures will be forcibly eliminated. Judging will take place at 4 p.m. Saturday. Please be outside to identify your sculpture. All bets are off if there's no snow.

Prizes will be awarded Saturday evening after the banquet. Members of the Con Committee and guests of the convention are not eligible to

win contest prizes. (That doesn't mean you can't enter for the fun of it -- you just can't win a prize. Perhaps an honorable mention. On your honor -- mark your entry "not eligible").

Video

Events at Genuine ConFusion will be videotaped courtesy of Tucker Video and Spare Chaynge Video Productions.

Banquet

This year's scrumptious sit-down feast includes:

Fresh Mixed Garden Greens
with house dressing
Italian Ice Intermezzo
Roast Duckling a l'Orange
Vegetable du Jour
Baked Idaho Potato
with sour cream
Rolls and Butter
Coffee, Tea, or Milk
German Chocolate Pie

Each table will be hosted by one of our previous Guests of Honor or another of our guest authors. Be sure to come early to sit with your favorite and to enjoy the pre-banquet entertainment, "Genuine Musical ConFusion" by the Martian German Band -- Stanley Schmidt, trumpet; Lloyd Biggle, Jr. and Suzi Stefl, clarinets; Andy Neilson, trombone; Jeff Manley, tuba; and special guest conductors, Frederik Pohl, Al Trestrail and Stephen Leigh.

The pre-banquet entertainment and cocktail hour begins at 5:30 p.m. Saturday in Plymouth 5. Dinner will be served promptly at 6:30 p.m. Tickets are \$14, available at Registration.

*We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion...*

---WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Masquerade Ball

The Seventh Annual ConFusion Masquerade Ball will once again be a total fantasy environment featuring visual magic by Photon Drive's Illuminatus laser light show and Tucker Video. Remember, this is a party, not a parade past a panel of judges. Costumes may be as simple or elaborate as you choose, but we suggest you wear something you'll feel comfortable partying in. Our only restriction is that participants who have weapons (real or otherwise) as part of their costumes keep those weapons sheathed, holstered, or otherwise secured at all times. (See Weapons Policy.)

Prizes will be awarded for the best costumes. The judges will be secretly appointed and their identities will not be revealed until after the judging (if ever). Judging will be based on ingenuity, ability to remain in character and other highly subjective criteria.

The Masquerade begins at 10:30 p.m. Saturday in Plymouth 1 and 2. Awards will be presented at midnight. The party continues until 1:30 a.m.

Con Suite

The Genuine ConFusion Hospitality Suite is open to all members of ConFusion. However, due to problems we have had with crashers in the past, we must ask you to prove you are a member. You **MUST** have a Genuine ConFusion nametag or you will not be served. There will be no exceptions. Also, no one who is intoxicated will be served. Be prepared to prove you are of legal age (21 or older). Please don't hassle the bartenders on these things -- they are only doing what they've been told.

Please don't bring refreshments from the Con Suite down into the function area; you are likely to be stopped by the security guards.

In a previous year we had to pay a hefty bill for damages to the Con Suite. Accidents do happen, we realize, but please do be careful. Such damage not only costs us money, it injures

our reputation and the reputation of science fiction conventions in general. Hotels talk to one another and word about hotel-wrecking conventions gets around. And that means higher rates and reluctant hotels. SF cons have a good reputation so far; let's keep it that way.

The Con Suite is located in Room 517.

Art Show & Auction

There will be the usual prohibition against smoking, food or drink in the Art Show Room. No photos of the art work can be taken without permission of the artist. We will also check large bags -- the size of grocery bags -- at the door. During show hours you will be able to enter written bids on the art work displayed for sale. Some pieces also have immediate sale prices if you wish to make your purchase when you see the work. Any art work with two or more written bids will go to the voice auction, then as many other pieces as possible to a maximum of 100 pieces. There will be a list posted, by 6:30 p.m., of the pieces to be voice auctioned, including the last bidder's name.

The auction will be Saturday at about 9 p.m. in Plymouth 5. Art Show hours are: Friday, 6 to 11 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The Art Show is located in Plymouth 4.

Hucksters' Room

As always, the Hucksters' Room will be full of books and other nifty things.

The ConFusion Huckster Table is where you can buy copies of Mike Resnick's *Unauthorized Autobiographies and Other Curiosities* and ConFusion t-shirts (or pick them up if you ordered them by mail) and pick up and turn in contest entry forms.

Hucksters' Room hours are: Friday, 4 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

The Hucksters' Room is in Plymouth 3.

Fanzine Room

Conference Room D has been set aside as a gathering place for people interested in fanzines. Several fans have donated zines to be given away here. Others are bringing interesting and/or valuable old zines to be used to raise money for fannish charities. A fannish auction will be held Sunday at 2 p.m. in Plymouth 2. Any other special activities will be announced.

Fanzine Room hours are: Friday, 6 to 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. to midnight; Saturday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (evening hours by appointment); and Sunday, noon to 2 p.m.

Filksinging Room

The Terrace Room will be available for filkers from 10:30 p.m. Friday to 9 a.m. Saturday and from 9 p.m. Saturday to 9 a.m. Sunday.

Computer Room

A variety of small computers and computer games will be available for members' use in Conference Room C. For special activities check the postings outside the Computer Room and on Channel 3.

No food, drinks or smoking will be permitted in the Computer Room. Since there are probably going to be more people than available machines, please don't monopolize the equipment if other people are waiting.

The Computer Room is open continuously from 4 p.m. Friday until 3 p.m. Sunday.

NSFWE Hospitality Suite

The National Science Fiction Writers Exchange will be hosting a hospitality suite for aspiring writers in Room 525. NSFWE members will be reading from their own manuscripts, listening to guest readings, as well as going over market reports and sharing experiences. Stop by for some stimulating conversation with would-be and professional writers and find out how helpful and encouraging the NSFWE can be.



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Carol and Mike Resnick

MIKE RESNICK

Pro Guest of Honor

Mike Resnick often says he taught me everything I know about writing. This is, of course, a lie. But among the many things that he did teach me -- including how to be a pillow for a large and insistent collie -- was that if I really wanted to, I could turn out words. Let me tell you what that means:

Years ago, Mike lived in Libertyville, one of the more remote northern suburbs of Chicago. He and Carol had a rather secluded manse in those days, virtually impossible to find without radar and guarded by 27 ravening purebred collies. Mike supported this overwhelmingly expensive establishment (you wouldn't believe how much food 27 collies can eat, not to mention

a wife and a growing daughter) by editing a multitude of sleazy tabloids and churning out books of a character not mentionable in polite society. For a financial backup, in case the bottom ever fell out of this lucrative writing and editing, he had one of the world's largest collections of silver trays, bowls and loving cups, acquired as awards for a number of the dogs, said dogs being not only hungry and noisy but the possessors of all the attributes most admired by the breeders of such creatures (i.e., long narrow heads, lots of luxuriant fur and no brains at all). In a pinch, Mike planned to melt down all these dust-catchers and make a killing in the silver market. Fortunately, this has not yet become necessary.

But I digress.

My husband and I used to drive up to the Resnick manse now and then to consume their food and to entertain them with snappy repartee. One evening Mike, in an effort to demonstrate how easy writing was if one really wanted to get down to it, proposed a little party game -- we two would brainstorm a pair of novel ideas and then each of us would take one of them and write the first 50 pages that very night. To him, of course, this seemed simple enough; he was known to have written an entire book in a single weekend, though the nature of the book, as I said above, is not a suitable topic for discussion with your grandmother, unless you have a very unusual grandmother. I, on the other hand, felt I was doing well to turn out four pages a day. Nonsense, said Mike -- you can do it if you put your mind to it, and the experience will open your eyes to all the wonderful possibilities of a writing career. I thought possibly it might do something else less pleasant to me, but I was wishy-washy in those days, and Mike could talk me into almost anything, including helping him feed the dogs. So he and I brainstormed for a while, with considerable help from our respective spouses, and then we sat down on opposite sides of the dining room table, each of us armed with a typewriter and a stack of blank paper, leaving Alex and Carol to eat, chat, read books and brush the dogs while the Great Writers entered into a kind of mad marathon.

I will never forget the first 10 minutes of this ordeal. I picked at the keys feverishly, ripping paper out of the typewriter and tossing it away as I made one false start after another. And every time I looked up, there was Mike, his hands still, his first sheet of paper still pristine in the typewriter, his eyes staring unfocused into the middle distance. Ah -- how many times had he told me that the very first line of a story was the most important line of all? And there I was, trying to force my fingers to come up with that line while he calmly allowed his brain to do it for him. At the end of 10 minutes he began to type, and he did not stop, except to change pages or to light a cigarette, for more hours than I care to remember.

Well, I couldn't let him make me look like a failure, could I? I began to type, too, throwing away any concern for the quality of my prose, not to mention consistency of detail, merely intent on turning out those 50 full sheets of paper. And the Gods of Writing held back the dawn and even kept the dogs from barking until we both finished, at which point I was an exhausted wreck and Mike was his usual blithe and scintillating self. But I was proud of having kept up with him. And possibly he was proud of me. Or possibly not. What he was, mostly, was smug. He had proved his point.

On the other hand, neither of us ever sold, or even finished, the novels we started that night.

So much for what Mike Resnick has taught me.

On the third hand, he doesn't do things like that any more. He writes slowly these days, thoughtfully, carefully. He actually agonizes. Or at least he says he does. For all I know, he still writes these things in three days and just says they take longer. How else could he have a prayer of actually producing the 14 unwritten novels he sold at the Worldcon?

Unless, of course, he doesn't write them at all and, except for that one night at the dining room table, has never written a single word. That's been my theory for some time. I mean,

who would keep 27 collies just to get a few silver trophies? That doesn't make sense. And think of the brushing, the cleaning, the feeding. Why, those collies ate like kings! No, my theory is that the collies did all Mike's writing for him, with the possible exception of THE SOUL EATER, which was obviously written by the cat. The dog shows and the trophies were just a cover. They probably edited the tabloids too. Remember, the one item that I actually watched Mike write NEVER SOLD!

To this theory, Mike will undoubtedly say, "nonsense." After all, the collies have died off over the last few years, and only a couple are left now and Mike is still writing. And the books are quite different, and far better, than they used to be, though you still can't tell your grandmother about them, unless she reads more science fiction than my grandmother did. So it must be Mike, right?

Ah, but he runs a boarding kennel now. A huge rotating staff of ~~dog~~ ghost writers! And not just brainless collies any more, no sir! The kennel is open to the most sophisticated of canines. Do their owners know that they are actually paying for the continuation of the Resnick career? And will scholars of the future be able to tell which books were written by cocker spaniels, which by poodles and which, last but not least, by the cat? These are important questions, and I hope you will all consider them while you read and enjoy Tales of the Galactic Midway, Tales of the Velvet Comet and The Branch. (This plug brought to you by the Resnick Appreciation Trust, Phyllis Eisenstein, Trustee.)

---Phyllis Eisenstein

Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion.

---JONATHAN SWIFT



Martha Beck

MARTHA BECK

Fan Guest of Honor

In today's fandom there are a variety of ways to achieve a "Name." Reputations can be established by "pubbing your ish" -- or contributing to another's fanzine by writing articles, letters of comment, reviews of books, films, records and/or other zines; by drawing spot illustrations or full-page cover art; or by providing grist for the mills of others to write and comment about by being a productive and/or controversial figure in club politics, the collecting field, the professional side of science fiction or even in the operation of conventions.

This year ConFusion salutes as Fan Guest of Honor someone who follows none of those paths. Martha Beck is an anomaly; a person who is recognized not for what she does so much as what she is -- a warm and lovable, yet totally weird woman. Earth Mother, friend to the immediate universe, perpetrator of "Martha Logic" (the sort of reasoning that asserts airplanes fly

because of passengers' faith rather than aeronautical formulae). Our Fan GOH reflects a facet of our microcosm that is sensed emotionally rather than indicated by tangible artifacts.

Martha has been a reader of SF and fantasy since her girlhood -- back in the days when doing so was considered an aberration by most people. . The shame of her affliction was such that she concealed her collection of lurid-covered pulps from her husband, Henry, for several months after their marriage...until the day that he revealed his secret cache of sci-fi... As a couple they pooled resources and have built one of the better, though lesser-known, collections of magazines, books and artwork in fandom.

However, it is not for acquisitions of things that Martha (or Hank, for that matter) is known, but rather for acquisitions of friends. Martha is rivaled by few in her (unstated) claim to being the Pearl Mesta of Fandom -- whether acting as official Hostess of the N3F room at countless Worldcons, holding lively room parties at regional conventions throughout the Midwestern con circuit or opening her home to drop-in fans of all sorts, Martha is the epitome of fannish hospitality. Despite the phenomenal growth of fandom during her stay -- from a few hundred to several thousand -- Martha's heart is seemingly elastic enough to include everyone; the veriest of Neos through the hoariest of Old Pros and First Fandomites. Though not as robust as she was, Martha refuses to permit many curtailments to her hostessing activities. It may no longer be possible to find a cup of coffee and conversation in her room at 4 a.m., but while she's awake (and not gadding about elsewhere) the door is open, the pot is plugged in, cups are set out and a welcoming hug is available, too.

Those who fuss and feud have to look elsewhere for support for their Causes; Martha takes no sides in fannish contretemps. She believes time is too precious to waste in argument. If told to choose between sparring friends, Martha will elect to listen to both, hug both and offer both a sympathetic ear --

which is perhaps the best stance to assume. She encourages her friends -- everyone -- to get along and live in mutual toleration despite clashes of opinion.

No, Martha doesn't contribute to fandom by adding to its store of concrete works or its legendary feuds. Instead she gives us love and friendship and warmth. She makes us feel good to be here by merely being here herself. That may not be something you can take home and keep on a shelf, but it is something we can treasure and, perhaps, add to by following her example. There can't be too much love and giving in this world; each extra bit only makes room for more. Thanks, Martha, simply for being who and what you are. Confusion, and your many, many friends, are honored by sharing the same space with you.

And, as a personal aside, I'm tickled pink to finally see another female on the Fan GOH Panel. That the second Token Woman is you only amplifies my pleasure. Welcome aboard.

---Jackie Causgrove

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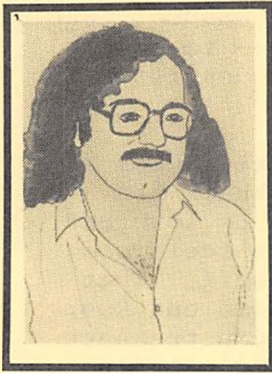
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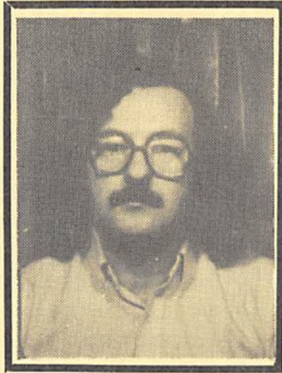
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"Beautiful..." Roger "R2" Reynolds



Dick Smith



Uncle Dick



R.H.E. Smith II

DICK SMITH

Toastmaster

Like all truly dedicated fans, ConFusion's Toastmaster leads a double life. For a few hours each weekday, he is a harried software engineer, working in the supersecret underground laboratories of Bell and Howell (an obvious CIA front), somewhere in Illinois. His cover identity as Richard H. E. Smith II is a flimsy one, obviously manufactured by his employers. Allegedly born sometime between 1940 and 1960, he may or may not have some sort of degree in computer science from the University of Wisconsin at Madison, he may or may not have relatives in West Bend, he may or may not carry a fistful of pens and markers in the pocket of his Air Force blue shirt. Only two things about R. H. E. Smith II are known with any certainty -- (1) that his work is absolutely essential to the continued existence of Civilization As We Know It, and (2) that he never answers his own phone at Bell and Howell.

Beside this shadowy figure that purports to deal with mundane reality, your Toastmaster's other identity as Uncle Dick, gossip-monger extraordinaire, is a monument of fannish substance. Until recently the owner of one of the world's great collections of crudsheets, Uncle Dick stands out among fan publishers as a demon of energy, not only publishing his own zines for far too many apas (including the infamous Cult), but even reproducing other

people's zines dirt cheap on his own personal mimeograph and ditto machine. Nor has his fannish zeal stopped with his apa-zines and/or the notorious scandal sheet and winner of the Hogu Award for the Worst Fanzine Title, "Uncle Dick's Little Thing." No, convinced that his pubbing fever must find greater scope for its exercise, he volunteered to help run the mimeo room at Chicon, an experience which resulted in his missing the entire rest of the convention except for the Hugo Awards, where he escorted excited winners to the podium while trying to hide his ink-stained hands in the sleeves of his tuxedo jacket. Nor did the indelibility of the ink, not to mention the long hours spent in the scintillating company of chugging mimeos and electrostencillers, prevent him from finding his way to the mimeo room at Constellation and assisting in the running off of WOOF, the Worldcon apa. Need I mention that he was not a contributor?

Yet the Elysium of publishing, which would be more than enough for any other individual fannish career, scarcely subsumes more than a fraction of his spare time, which he apparently manufactures in gross lots (possibly in the underground lab at Bell and Howell). He drives to conventions with ridiculous frequency, and it is not unusual to hear that he has traveled 250 miles to attend a party, or even to have dinner with a friend. He is a regular denizen of the Thursday night fan meetings in Chicago, usually to be found smoffing in some corner or, if all other topics are exhausted, talking computers. He is a night person, in spite of the fact that his alter ego goes to work more or less

*Lying awake in a cold, cold sweat --
Am I overdrawn? Am I going in debt?
It gets worse the older that you get!
No escape from the state of confusion I'm in.*

---RAY DAVIES

regularly; he has been known to sit with a group of fans in a certain deli until all the chairs in the place were upside down on the tables, and gatherings at his abode are the most likely of all to run until people are barely awake enough to drive home. This, even though he only serves generic munchies.

Of his methods of consuming time, I will speak but briefly here, for they are only peripherally fannish, though quintessentially Uncle Dick. He plays the piano and several brass instruments including the sousaphone, if he ever puts it back together. He used to sing in a choral group, as the only bass who could read music and/or stay on pitch. He is a gummi bear pusher, so fatally addicted himself that he desperately needs to hook all of his friends. He also likes sushi, ditto.

And he changes his address a lot, which brings me back to fannishness.

Uncle Dick leads a trufannish life. That means he lets himself be talked into doing a lot of other things other people manage to avoid. His yeoman service in mimeography and his other work behind the scenes at conventions have gone largely unappreciated by fandom in general. Few people know how vigorously he worked on the Austin NASFIC bid, though the committee did recognize his labor and financial support by giving him a genuine Texas cowboy hat (too small) and a non-exclusive license to manufacture genuine Texas chili in the Midwest. Fewer people still know how often he has driven a dozen miles or more out of his way to take transportationless people home after various fannish gatherings.

He is, in brief, a patsy.

But he seems to enjoy it. That must be why the plates on his car say FIAWOL.

Say hello to him. He'll enjoy that, too.

---Phyllis Eisenstein



Tucker and friends

WILSON 'Bob' TUCKER

Friday Night Speaker

SMOOTH and DEADLY

I usually let Maggie open the mail in the morning; morning and I don't get along too well. But business hasn't been too good lately, so I've been getting in early (can't sleep anyway) to look for a couple of checks that ought to be coming my way. This early in the morning, the sun shines through the big street window and paints my sign on the opposite wall: "Hack Maul, Discreet Investigations." It takes cash to keep those letters on the window, and lately I've been coming up short.

So there I was, riffling through the morning mail, slouched in the chair behind the old wooden desk that was all my partner left me

(Reprinted with permission of the author from The Tucker Transfer Zine, 1978.)

when he bought the farm on the Baxter case. Bills. No checks. Just like it's been all month.

I took a couple of belts from a bottle I keep in the bottom drawer. It sizzled on the way down and then gave me a couple of belts; good stuff. My cigaret kept dropping out of my mouth, so I pushed a carpet tack through my lower lip and stuck the butt back on it. You've got to be tough to survive in this business.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the doorknob turning slowly. Suddenly I remembered I'd left the outer office door unlocked. Maggie wasn't due for another half an hour; anyone could just wander in. Could mean trouble.

Quieter than an alley cat sneaking through the kitchen door at the Ritz I pulled my .38 Police Special from its shoulder holster, leveled it at the door and unfolded myself from the beat up old leather swivel chair.

The door opened a crack and kept opening. My finger tightened on the trigger. It was a guy. He had one hand on the doorknob, the other on the edge of the door. Unarmed. I relaxed, but kept Old Faithful handy. You can't be too careful in this racket.

Then with a shock like the sound of bouncing garbage cans on the morning after a long night I remembered him! Every strand of salt-and-pepper hair was plastered in place, except for the maverick forelock. How many times has that high-cheekboned mug stared out at me from front pages and TV screens? Sure I recognized him. Who wouldn't?

But there was still one question: What was Bob Tucker doing in a down-at-the-heels dick's office?

I was feeling a little warm, so I spit out what was left of my cig because it was making the tack too hot. The butt landed at Tucker's feet; the tack sailed across the room and crucified a cockroach crawling up the wall. I lit another coffin nail with a match that I scratched to life on my eyeball. Tough.

"Sit down," I told Tucker. He sat. There was no sign of the famous smile or the flashing eyes. He was in trouble. Big trouble.

"I'm in trouble," he said. "Big trouble."

"So's everyone who hits that chair," I said. "What's yours?"

You could see the words weren't going to come easy. He looked around and put his index finger alongside his nose, then let his hand fall back to his lap and looked up.

"It's my Smooth," he said. "It's gone."

Well, you could have knocked me over with an alderman's conscience. I was in shock. That gesture -- the single raised hand swooping down like a pigeon's bomb run, the sigh, that word, drawn out and sweet as a hustler's hustle: "Smoooooth." Gone! How could Tucker be Tucker without it?

"Are you sure it's gone?" I asked.
"Absolutely sure?"

He nodded. "Can hardly even get the word out anymore. My hand won't move -- and the only drink I can think about is buttermilk. It's sad, I tell you, plain sad."

I scooped a pad of yellow paper up from the desk and chewed a new point onto the stub of a pencil lying next to it.

"All right," I said, "begin at the beginning. Don't leave anything out. You never know what's important."

"It was a woman," he began.

I should have known -- you can't trust dames. They'll always cross you.

"Yes, it was a woman. She took advantage of my trusting nature and inexperience -- for, as you know, I am never less than extremely gallant to members of the fairer sex. Anyway, dear old Dad was gone for the evening and she

and I were...having some innocent fun. But nothing that Dad would disapprove of, no sir. And just when I was...most vulnerable, she hopped right off...the furniture and pointed this -- well, I don't know exactly what it was, looked something like a big plastic jewel covered with blinking lights -- this jewel, or whatever it was, straight at me. I tingled all over and knew it was gone, gone forever. No more Smooth. Never again. I must have passed out, because the next thing I knew, she was gone. And you've got to help me find her!"

I was getting all this down while Tucker looked around nervously for a glass of buttermilk. I heard the outer office door swing open. It had to be Maggie. I looked at my watch; she was early.

Maggie breezed through the inner door. She tossed me a quick smile and said, "So that's where the mail went. I..." But the next words, whatever they would have been, stuck in her throat like chicken bones. She saw Tucker and did a take that would have done Mary Astor proud.

And Tucker saw her. "It's you," he whispered. We both stared at the strangely blinking pendant nestled on her well-filled sweater. It only took me a second to make the connection.

With a snarl, she leaped back against the door and pulled a small revolver from her purse. It was just like her -- curved, hard, smooth and deadly. Her eyes flashed in the same mad rhythm as the plastic jewel that held Tucker's previous Smooth. I knew she was set to go off like a champagne cork at a Polish Wedding.

"It's the one thing I've always wanted," she rasped through her clenched teeth. "And it was yours, always yours. But now it's mine, and I'm finishing off the job the way I should have the other night. I should have known you'd never let it go without a fight. But now you'll never get it back. Never. Never!"

She centered Tucker's tie in the sights of her gun but mine spoke first. I got her in the gut. It spun her around while she got off a

shot that thwacked into my desk with the force of a jackhammer on rotten concrete. One more hole; and the movers would have a half-ounce more to carry when I rented my next office.

Maggie slumped to the floor and never worried about anything again.

Tucker steeled himself and knelt at the heap of clothes and meat. He looked at me. I nodded. He slipped the jewel from around her white neck, which would soon get whiter. The room shimmered and Tucker stiffened and murmured something -- sounded like "Rosebud."

He didn't have to say anything; I knew. We both knew. Tucker had his Smooth back.

I smiled and heaved away the butt that never left my mouth. There was still enough in my bottom drawer bottle for a test, so I pulled it out.

"Smooth."

"Smooth."

There was a tear in Tucker's eye. "There's no way," he said, with a catch in his voice like a snag in a double-knit suit, "there's no way I can ever repay you. You're a true and good friend, and I, and I..."

"Forget it," I said. "You'll get a bill -- one day plus expenses. But maybe, in your next book..."

"Yes," he said, "yes, the dedication. But I can't use your name -- no one must ever know about this. Can I depend on you?"

I nodded, and it was enough for Tucker. If anyone's got a better rep in this racket, I haven't met him yet. Tucker shut both doors when he left.

I was alone with what was left of Maggie. I'd have to tell the cops that it was self-defense, that she couldn't take the parade of classy dames who always found their way to the chair that Tucker was just in, that she went crazy with jealousy. They'd buy it.

Maggie's flesh was still warm; her hand still clutched the smoking revolver. Soon her fingers would close so tight on the grip that the cops would have a hell of a time getting it away from her.

Her eyes bulged like toadstools in the park after three days of rain, but her face was still pretty. What a waste. I needed another weed; I struck the match on her nose. Scorched her lashes.

It's a tough business.

---Mark Aronson

Confusion -- the process of fusing together -- is the annihilation of individual properties,... and is indeed a most proper name for vice.

---PHILO

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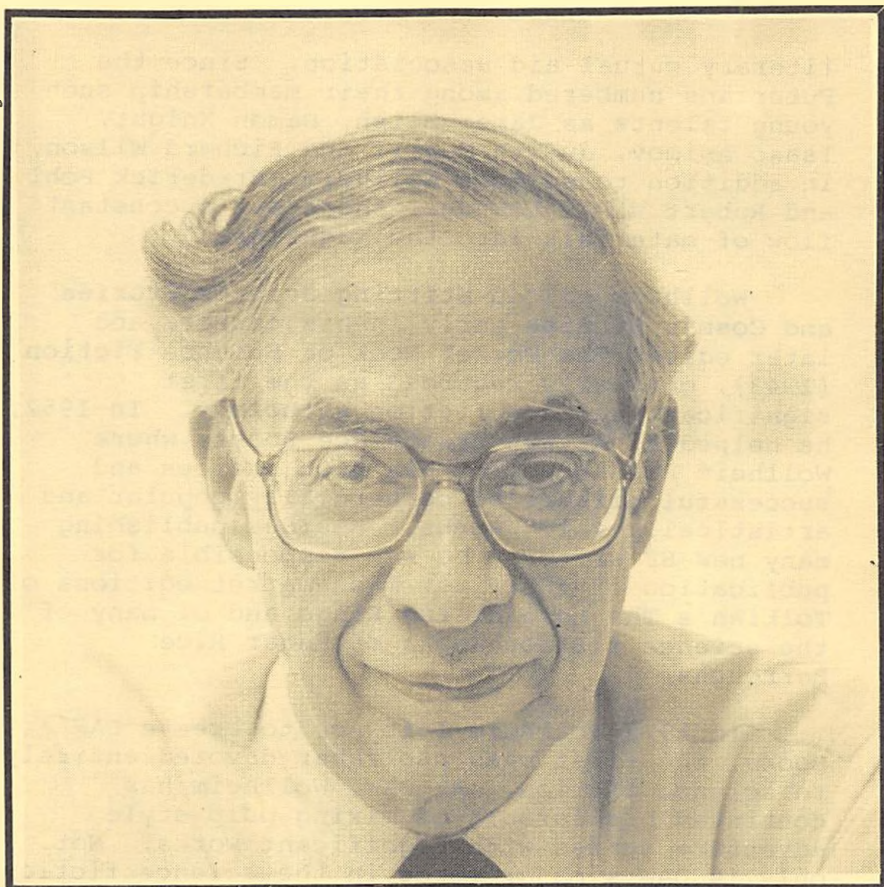
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WAR AND FANTASY GAMING



Donald A. Wollheim

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

SFOHA Guest of Honor

Although Donald A. Wollheim made his first sale while still in his teens, and has written about 20 volumes of science fiction, his greatest impact on science fiction has been in capacities other than that of author.

Wollheim was one of the pioneering fan publishers in the 1930s, founded the influential Fantasy Amateur Press Association (which still exists) and was a founding member of the original Futurian Society, a combination of science fiction club, radical political movement, communal residential society and

literary mutual aid association. Since the Futurians numbered among their membership such young talents as James Blish, Damon Knight, Isaac Asimov, Judith Merril and Richard Wilson, in addition to editors Wollheim, Frederick Pohl and Robert W. A. Lowndes, there was a constant flow of materials into the magazines.

Wollheim edited *Stirring Science Stories* and *Cosmic Stories* early in his career, and later edited *The Pocket Book of Science Fiction* (1943), generally regarded as the first significant science fiction anthology. In 1952, he helped A. A. Wyn create Ace Books, where Wollheim was known for his keen choices and successful mixture of commercially popular and artistically valid works. Besides publishing many new SF writers, he was responsible for publication of the first mass-market editions of Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* and of many of the science fiction works of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

In 1972 Wollheim left Ace to create DAW Books, the first mass publisher devoted entirely to science fiction. At DAW, Wollheim has continued his formula of mixing pulp-style adventure series with significant works. Not only is DAW a major force in the science fiction and fantasy publishing industry, but the company is the sole publisher of several important and influential writers, including C. J. Cherryh. Wollheim's annual anthology series, *The Annual World's Best SF*, *The Year's Best Fantasy Stories* and *The Year's Best Horror Stories*, have become standard in the field.

Notwithstanding the greater importance of Wollheim's work as an editor and publisher, his own production of fiction has been substantial. In the 1950s he wrote three juvenile novels dealing with the exploration of the solar system. In the 1960s he produced eight novels featuring the juvenile hero Mike Mars. Among Wollheim's other novels are *Destiny's Orbit* and its sequel *Destination: Saturn and Edge of Time*, regarded by many as the definitive treatment of the macro/micro-universe theme. A good collection of Wollheim's shorter fiction is *Two*

Dozen Dragon Eggs. His study of the genre, *The Universe Makers: Science Fiction Today* (1971), is an effective appraisal by one whose knowledge of the field is exhaustive.

The Science Fiction Oral History Association does well to salute Donald A. Wollheim as their Guest of Honor.

---Dr. Marshall Tynn

CONFUSION NEEDS YOU

As always, we need volunteers to help with various aspects of the convention: gofers, bartenders, audio-visual helpers and so on. If you would like to help, please let our Operations department know. They're in Conference Room B. Thanks.

(*"A Decade of Decadence, Indeed," continued from page 12.*)

In response to the question that Leah posed when she asked me to update the con's history, "What's so special about ConFusion?" I finally arrived at the following answer.

All of the above.

And then some.

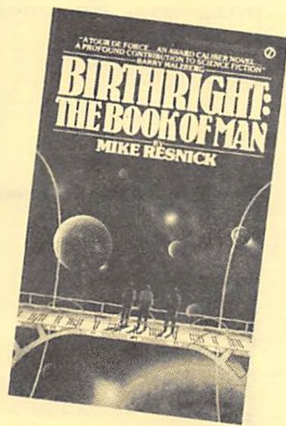
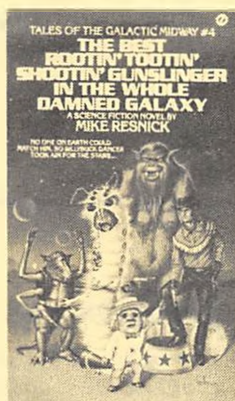
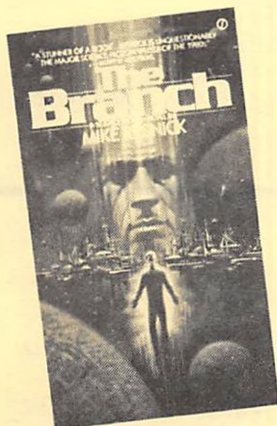
---Larry Tucker

Editor's note: "It's electric."

...It is a privilege to see so much confusion.

---MARIANNE MOORE

There's no ConFusion about the quality
of the science-fiction novels of
MIKE RESNICK
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His newest novel is "A STUNNER OF A BOOK."

—Barry N. Malzberg

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TALES OF THE GALACTIC MIDWAY is "A MUST-READ SERIES."

—Frank Robinson, author of The Power

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SIDESHOW 0-451-11848-0
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TALES OF THE GALACTIC MIDWAY #3:
THE WILD ALIEN TAMER 0-451-12390-5
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TALES OF THE GALACTIC MIDWAY #4:
THE BEST ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN'
GUNSLINGER IN THE WHOLE DAMNED
GALAXY 0-451-12523-1
\$2.50 (\$2.95 in Canada)

BIRTHRIGHT: THE BOOK OF MAN

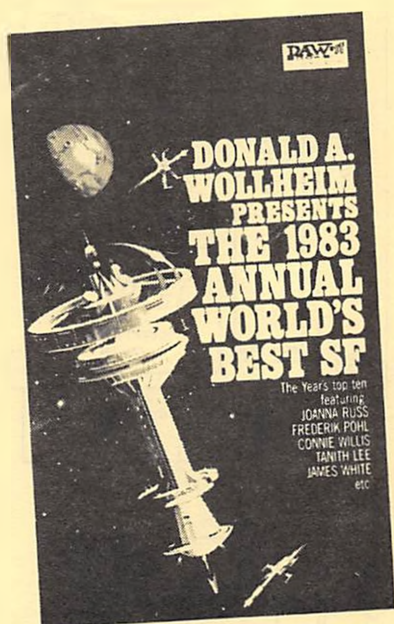
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"BEAUTIFUL ... A BOUNDLESS IMAGINATION."

—Wilson Tucker

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—Kliatt



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—Chicago Daily News

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DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

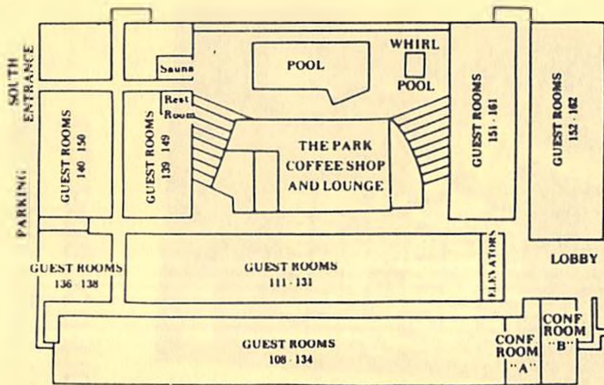
For our complete Catalog listing over
300 DAW books in print, please write:

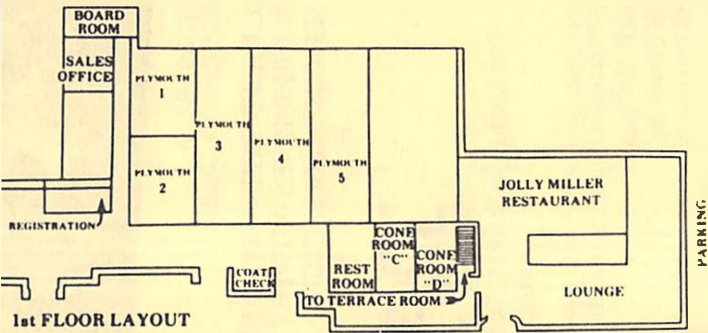
Elsie B. Wollheim
DAW Books, Inc.
1633 Broadway
New York, New York 10019

NAL

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Map of Plymouth Hilton

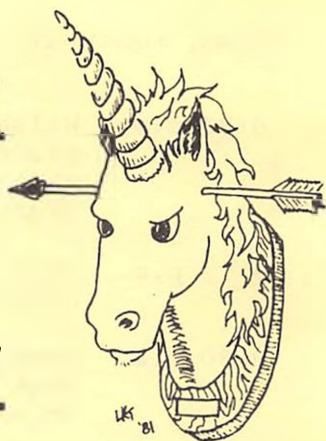




1st FLOOR LAYOUT

*Oh, blank confusion! true epitome
Of what the mighty City is herself,
To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
Living among the same perpetual whirl
Of trival objects, melted and reduced
To one indentity.*

---WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



Program Schedule

Friday, January 27

- 2 p.m. Registration opens.
Moves to Operations, 10 p.m.
[Main Lobby]
- 4 p.m. Hucksters' Room opens.
Closes at 10 p.m. [Plymouth 3]
- Computer Room opens.
Closes Sunday at 3 p.m.
[Conf. Rm. C]
- 6 p.m. Art Show opens.
Closes at 11 p.m. [Plymouth 4]
- Fanzine Room opens.
Closes at 8 p.m. [Conf. Rm. D]
- 8 p.m. Friday Night Live and On Tape
Toastmaster Dick Smith points out
who's who and what's what at the
con, accompanied by Larry Tucker's
video magic. [Plymouth 5]
- Fanzine Room closes.
Reopens at 10 p.m.

*See how today's achievement is only tomorrow's
confusion.*

---WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

(Friday, January 27, continued)

- 8:30 p.m. Wilson 'Bob' Tucker's
Friday Night Speech
The old Smoothie does his Friday
Night Speaker bit. [Plymouth 5]
- 9 p.m. Bill Bowers' Annual 20-Minute Speech
Need we say more? [Plymouth 5]
- 9:30 p.m. Meet the Everybody Party
Meet all your favorite fans and pros
in the Con Suite. [Room 517]
- 10 p.m. Fanzine Room opens.
Closes at midnight. [Conf. Rm. D]
- Registration moves to Operations.
Moves back to Main Lobby Saturday at
10 a.m.
- Hucksters' Room closes.
Reopens Saturday at 10 a.m.
- 10:30 p.m. Movies begin.
End Saturday at 4 p.m. See Movie
Program. [Plymouth 5]
- Filksinging Room opens.
Closes Saturday at 9 a.m.
[Terrace Room]
- 11 p.m. Art Show closes.
Reopens Saturday at 10 a.m.
- 12 mid. Fanzine Room closes.
Reopens Saturday at 10 a.m.
-

*I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term)
if in my old age I left the land flowing with
milk and honey, for the city of confusion and
the house of bondage.*

---JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

Saturday, January 28

- 9 a.m. Filksinging Room closes.
Reopens at 9 p.m.
- 10 a.m. Registration moves back to Main
Lobby. Moves to Operations at 8 p.m.
- Hucksters' Room opens.
Closes at 8 p.m. [Plymouth 3]
- Art Show opens.
Closes at 6 p.m. [Plymouth 4]
- Computer Room remains open until
Sunday at 3 p.m. [Conf. Rm. C]
- Fanzine Room opens.
Closes at 4 p.m. Evening hours by
appointment. [Conf. Rm. D]
- How to Enjoy Your First Convention
Rusty Hevelin and Denise Parsley
Leigh explain what's happening and
how to make the most of it.
[Plymouth 1]
- SFOHA: SF Films
Forrest J Ackerman, Alan Dean
Foster, Frederik Pohl and Larry
Tucker discuss the history of SF
films. [Plymouth 2]
- 11 a.m. How to Get Editors to
Publish What Fans Want to Read
Algis Budrys, Phyllis Eisenstein,
and Stanley Schmidt discuss this
problem. Moderated by Maia Cowan.
[Plymouth 1]
-

*Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.*

---JOSEPH ADDISON

(Saturday, January 28, continued)

- 11:30 a.m. SFOHA: In the Beginning
There Were Fans
Fandom in the '30s, by those who
took part -- Forrest J Ackerman,
Frederik Pohl, Wilson 'Bob' Tucker
and Donald A. Wollheim. Moderated
by Howard DeVore. [Plymouth 2]
- 12 noon Obligatory George Orwell Panel
With Alex Eisenstein, Betty Hull,
Barry B. Longyear and Frank
Robinson. [Plymouth 1]
- Writers' Workshop
Pro Guest of Honor Mike Resnick
tells his secrets. [Terrace Room]
- 1 p.m. ~~Craig Miller's Movie Flick Hour~~
Media Presentation
Con Artist Craig Miller previews
three 1984 movies: Iceman, The Last
Starfighter and Splash. [Plymouth 1]
- SFOHA: Genesis I
The origins of early SF by those who
were there -- Forrest J Ackerman,
Raymond Z. Gallun, Frederik Pohl,
Wilson 'Bob' Tucker and Donald A.
Wollheim. Moderated by Algis
Budrys. [Plymouth 2]
- SFOHA: Women in SF
Lynn Abbey, JoAnn Corry, Lillian
Heldreth, Betty Hull, Mary Lou
Sherred, Verna Smith Trestrail and
Phyllis Eisenstein discuss this
perennial panel favorite -- the
problems they face because they are
women. [Conf. Rm. A]

*With ruin upon ruin, rout upon rout,
Confusion worse confounded.*

---JOHN MILTON

- 2 p.m. Will the Real Fan Guest of Honor...?
Traditional ConFusion Fan Guest
of Honor Panel with Howard
DeVore (A₂ Relax Icon), Mike
Glicksohn (ConFusion 13), Bill
Bowers (ConFusion 12), Ro Lutz-
Nagey (ConFusion 14), Jackie
Causgrove (ConFusion π), Scott
Imes (E/c² ConFusion), Elliot
Shorter (ConFusion 6 and/or 7),
David Innes (9x10⁹ Names of
ConFusion), Neil Rest (ConFusion
11), Bill Cavin (ConFusion 101) and
Martha Beck (Genuine ConFusion)...or
reasonable facsimiles thereof.
[Plymouth 1]
- 2:30 p.m. SFOHA: Genesis II
The origins of early SF as seen by
the next generation of writers --
Alan Dean Foster, Dean McLaughlin,
Frank M. Robinson, Stanley Schmidt
and Gene Wolfe. Moderated by Algis
Budrys. [Plymouth 2]
- 4:00 p.m. Tea Party
Join us for tea and cookies in the
Con Suite. Your hostess, Dana
Siegel. [Room 517]
- Snow Creature Contest judging.
Please be outside to identify your
sculpture. [Outside in front of
hotel]
- Fanzine Room closes.
Evening hours by appointment.
Reopens Sunday at noon.
- Movies end.
Resume at midnight.
- 4:30 p.m. We Interrupt This Convention...
Juggling by Cosmos & Chaos (Stephen
Leigh, Ro Lutz-Nagey, Frank Johnson
and Ben Zuhl). [Plymouth 1 & 2]

(Saturday, January 28, continued)

- 5:30 p.m. **Banquet**
Tables will be hosted by one of our previous guests of honor or another of our guest authors. Be sure to come early to sit with your favorite and to enjoy the special pre-banquet entertainment, "Genuine Musical Confusion" by the Martian German Band, featuring Stanley Schmidt, trumpet; Lloyd Biggle, Jr. and Suzi Stefl, clarinets; Andy Neilson, trombone; Jeff Manley, tuba; and special guest conductors, Frederik Pohl, Al Trestrail and Stephen Leigh. The menu includes Roast Duckling a l'Orange and German Chocolate Pie. Tickets are \$14, available at Registration. [Plymouth 5]
-

*...The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade.*

---OLIVER GOLDSMITH

- 6 p.m. **Art Show closes.**
Reopens Sunday at 10 a.m.
- 7:15 p.m. **Post Banquet Festivities**
(approx.) Awards, prizes, announcements and Guest of Honor Speeches by Donald A. Wollheim and Mike Resnick.
[Plymouth 5]
- 8 p.m. **Registration moves to Operations.**

Hucksters' Room closes.
Reopens Sunday at 10 a.m.
- 9 p.m. **Filksinging Room opens.**
(approx.) Closes Sunday at 9 a.m.
[Terrace Room]
- Art Auction**
Runs until approximately 11 p.m.
[Plymouth 5]

- 10:30 p.m. **Seventh Annual**
 (approx.) **ConFusion Masquerade Ball**
 Featuring visuals by Photon Drive's
 Illuminatus laser light show and Tucker
 Video. A total fantasy environment. Cos-
 tumes are not required, but if you do
 wear one, wear something you'll be
 comfortable partying in. This is a
 Ball, not a parade past a panel of
 judges. A cash bar will be open.
 Costume prizes will be awarded at
 midnight. The party continues until
 1:30 a.m. Roger Reynolds, Master of
 Ceremonies. [Plymouth 1 & 2]
- 12 mid. Movies resume.
 (approx.) End Sunday at 3 p.m. See Movie
 Program. [Plymouth 5]

Sunday, January 29

- 9 a.m. Filksinging Room closes.
- 10 a.m. Registration remains open in
 Operations until 3 p.m.
 [Conf. Rm. B]
- Hucksters' Room opens.
 Closes at 3 p.m. [Plymouth 3]
- Art Show opens.
 Closes at 4 p.m. [Plymouth 4]
- Computer Room remains open
 until 3 p.m. [Conf. Rm. C]
- Movies continue until 3 p.m.
 [Plymouth 5]
- 11 a.m. **SFOHA: Open Meeting**
 Find out all about the Science
 Fiction Oral History Association and
 how you can be a part. [Conf. Rm. A]
- 12 noon Fanzine Room opens.
 Closes at 2 p.m. [Conf. Rm. D]
- SF Yesterdays**
 Slide show by Forrest J Ackerman.
 [Plymouth 2]

(Sunday, January 29, continued)

- 1 p.m. 1986 Worldcon Bidders' Debate
The bidders for the 1986 World
Science Fiction Convention tell you
why you should vote for their
committees. Moderated by Willie
Siros. [Plymouth 2]
- 2 p.m. Fannish Auction
Auction of fanzines and other items
donated to raise money for fannish
charities. [Plymouth 2]
- Fanzine Room closes.
- 3 p.m. Gripe Session
Come and tell us what you liked and
didn't like about Genuine
ConFusion. All attendees are
invited to make suggestions about
what to do with extra profits, if
any. (Sorry, no trips to Bermuda --
Uncle Sam's watching.) [Plymouth 2]
- Registration closes.
- Hucksters' Room closes.
- Computer Room closes.
- Movies end.
- 4 p.m. Art Show closes.
- Genuine ConFusion officially ends.
- 5 p.m. Dead Dog Party
We're all Tuckered out
in the Con Suite. [Room 517]
-

*Oh, marvellous illusion!
Oh, terrible surprise!
What is this strange confusion
That veils my aching eyes?*

---W.S. GILBERT

Movie Program

Movie times are approximate. Schedule changes will be posted outside the Movie Room, Plymouth 5, and listed on Channel 3. Please observe the No Smoking rule in the Movie Room.

Friday, January 27

10:20 p.m.

FAANS

Roger Sims, Uncle Albert, Mike Glicksohn, Bob Tucker
| Roger Sims stars as a hotel detective trying to track down the culprit responsible for mysterious goings on during a science fiction convention. Also starring Uncle Albert, Mike Glicksohn, Bob Tucker, and a few dozen other well known sf fans. A Spare Chaynge color video production.

ROGER SIMS

Tucker Video
PRESENTS



UNCLE ALBERT

in



FAANS

A SPARE CHAYNGE COLOR
VIDEOTAPE PRODUCTION

NOW SHOWING IN CONFUSION'S FILM ROOM

FRI. 10:30 PM

SAT. 3:20 PM

Available to other cons and fan groups on a tape exchange basis.
For details, contact Larry Tucker, 2818 Whitewood, Ann Arbor,
Mich. 48104. Ph. (313) 971-3705 or 971-2266 (Tucker Video)

(Friday, January 27, continued)

- 11:05 p.m. **BRAINSTORM**
Christopher Walken, Natalie Wood,
Louise Fletcher
|Scientists create a device
capable of transferring sensory
impressions -- sight, sound,
touch, taste, smell, even emotions
-- from one person to another.
Although the gizmo is intended for
recreational use, the military
seems to have other applications
in mind. Directed by special
effects wizard Douglas Trumbull.
- 1 a.m. **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK**
Harrison Ford
|This one is about archaeologists
and Nazis and snakes and...
- 2:55 a.m. **CAT PEOPLE**
Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell
|A brother and sister are
afflicted with a bizarre family
curse in this recent re-make of
the 1940s film classic of the same
name.
- 5:00 a.m. **Requests**
-

*I'm in a state -- state of confusion:
All the dirty dishes are still in the
kitchen sink.
The tumble dryer's broken.
Now the telly's on the blink.
My girlfriend packed her bags
and moved out to another town.
She couldn't stand the boredom
when the video broke down.
...We're in a state -- state of confusion.*

---RAY DAVIES

*Do ye now dare, O winds, without command of mine,
to mingle earth and sky, and raise confusion thus?*

---VERGIL

Saturday, January 28

Saturday Daytime

- 10 a.m. **AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON**
David Naughton, Jenny Agutter
|Americans travelling abroad have
a fateful encounter on the English
moors. Due to some nudity and
lots of gore, this may not be
appropriate viewing for the rug
rats wandering around the con on
Saturday morning. Directed by
John (Animal House) Landis.
- 11:40 a.m. **DARK CRYSTAL**
|Okay, kids, it's safe to come back
into the film room now.
Live action fantasy adventure
created by master muppeteer Jim
Henson.
- 1:15 p.m. **THE SECRET OF NIMH**
Voices of Dom DeLuise,
John Carradine
|A magical cartoon fantasy about a
timid mouse who becomes a heroine
in spite of herself. Based on an
award winning story by Robert
O'Brien.
- 2:40 p.m. **EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO
KNOW ABOUT FANDOM**
Uncle Albert
|Uncle Albert hosts this
informative (albeit slightly
misleading) look at the strange
world of science fiction fandom.
A Spare Chaynge video production,
produced for MidAmeriCon, the 1976
World Science Fiction Convention.

(Saturday, January 28, continued)

3:20 p.m. **FAANS**
Roger Sims, Uncle Albert, Mike Glicksohn, Bob Tucker
|Roger Sims stars as a hotel detective trying to track down the culprit responsible for mysterious goings on during a science fiction convention. Also starring Uncle Albert, Mike Glicksohn, Bob Tucker, and a few dozen other well known sf fans. A Spare Chaynge color video production.

Saturday Night

12 mid. **THE TWILIGHT ZONE MOVIE**
|Stories inspired by episodes from the venerable Twilight Zone TV series.

2 a.m. **SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES**
Jason Robards
|Ray Bradbury wrote the screenplay for this film adaptation of one of his best known novels. When Mr. Dark and his Pandemonium Carnival come to town, strange things begin to happen. Two adventurous boys stumble onto the carnival's deadly secret, but will they live to tell the tale?

3:35 a.m. **BLADE RUNNER**
Harrison Ford
|Although this skiffy adventure flick bears little resemblance to its source material (the late Philip K. Dick's Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?), it does have much to recommend it cinematically. It did pick up a Hugo for "Best Film."

5:45 a.m. **Requests**

*Let nothing be called natural
In an age of bloody confusion
Ordered disorder, planned caprice,
And dehumanized humanity, lest all things
Be held unalterable!*

---BERTOLT BRECHT

Sunday, January 29

- 10 a.m. **ROBIN AND MARIAN**
Sean Connery, Audrey Hepburn,
Nicol Williamson, Robert Shaw
|Twenty years after the conclusion
of the story we know so well,
Richard the Lionhearted dies while
returning from the crusades.
Robin and Little John are left to
return to England without their
king, where they find themselves
once again pitted against the
forces of mad King John and the
Sheriff of Nottingham. But
perhaps the most difficult task
Robin may have to face will be
living up to his own legend.
- 11:30 a.m. **MONTY PYTHON'S MEANING OF LIFE**
|Offering the usual tasteful
sketches involving favorite bodily
parts and functions, the wonders
of war, the miracle of birth and a
special preview of what's waiting
for us in heaven.
- 1:20 p.m. **MAGIC**
Anthony Hopkins, Ann Margret,
Burgess Meredith
|In this film based on the story
by William Goldman, the least
likable member of a tragic love
triangle happens to be made of
wood.

*If aught possess thee from me; it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.*

---WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Request Movies

DAWN OF THE DEAD

|Zombies take over a shopping mall in George Romero's sequel to his cult classic *Night of the Living Dead*.

DRACULA

Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier
|Our resident Transylvanian expert says this sure ain't Stoker's *Dracula*, but if you ignore the characters' names they use (and misuse) this still stacks up as one of the better generic vampire flicks.

PHANTASM

|This gruesome shocker, featuring a sinister mortician and other assorted enigmatic and creepy characters, tends to drag a bit in some places. If you've got the patience to wait for it, though, some heavy duty shocks are guaranteed.

*It took me forty years on Earth
To reach this sure conclusion:
There is no heaven but clarity,
No Hell except confusion.*

---JAM STRUTHER

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR:

It's 3 a.m. and I'm taking advantage of an extra page and sleeping proofreaders to say a few words of mine. I haven't done anything like this before -- it certainly isn't "traditional" -- but maybe I've earned it.

This is my sixth Confusion program book and, very likely, my last. It's been an experience -- staying up 'round the clock the week before the con every year, waiting for last minute copy, pushing the deadline to the limits, no matter **how** early I start. I think I'm glad to be retiring.

But I want to say thank you to a few people first: To the two chairmen I've served under, Larry Tucker and Nancy Tucker -- it's been a privilege. To Jean Barnard, who put up with my fuzzy record-keeping and ever-increasing budgetary demands. To Terry Calhoun, who pitched in this year at the last minute and saved my life. To Insty-prints, who always manage to get the thing done -- in ever shorter amounts of time (this year will be the shortest yet!).

And, most importantly, to those of you who actually read the thing every year, and, even more, those who manage to find a few nice things to say about it.

When the infamous IMP 2 will ever be produced, I can't say, but I think I've paid my pubbing dues.

Thanks for reading. Thanks for coming to Genuine Confusion and helping celebrate our anniversary. Enjoy the con -- we do it all for you.

---Leah A Zeldes, January 24, 1984

...My inclination indeed carries me no farther
-- all is confusion beyond it.

---EDMUND BURKE



Our Guests

Genuine ConFusion is sponsored by the
Ann Arbor Science Fiction Association, Inc.,
a non-profit corporation.

Nancy Tucker, president
Leah A Zeldes, vice-president
Jean Barnard, treasurer
Larry Tucker, secretary
Steve Andre, Michelle Smith-Moore,
members-at-large

Ann Arbor Science Fiction Association, Inc.
Box 2144, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

*My world is a constant confusion.
My mind is prepared to attack,
My past, a persuasive illusion.
I'm watching the future -- it's black.*

---DON McLEAN



