

# The Roadkill Gazette

## Yellow journalism at its greasiest

### Evil Galactic Plot More Widespread than Suspected

Your intrepid advocates here at the RKG had hoped that within the first twenty-four hours of the convention, we would be able to enlighten you, Gentle Readers as to why our beloved Worldcon has been plagued by such inexplicable bad luck. Alas, we are no nearer the truth than before. Everywhere we turn our unflinching eye we are assaulted with new, often contradictory evidence of a multi-dimensional, trans-time, finely crafted plan to bring science fiction fandom to its knees.

The most obvious ploy we seen used in this all-out attack on our venerable institution has been the dastardly plan to deprive future Worldcons of the company of our professional writers and artists. Admittedly, this is often a decidedly mixed blessing. Still, we would just like to know who in the "American Families for Safer Imagination" ("Amalgamated Societies for Safety") paid off the Hilton hotel to locate the ASFA and SFFWA on a locked floor. The added incentives of no alcohol, no smoking, and a room limit of 15 people per room was a nice touch.

But really, did they need to ban all food except generic potato chips, dip that contains no real dairy products, and off-brand chocolate-flavored Christmas candy? That strikes me as cruel and unusual punishment, which if memory serves is still a violation of the Constitution. I mean, what is a science fiction pro if he/she/it/them can't swarm, swill mediocre booze, and eat raw meat?.

Even a jaded, "I've seen everything in the universe" hedonist like an SF writer needs some sort of refuge from hordes of panting fans and

nubile young things assailing them. Dear reader, perhaps if we act quickly, we can spearhead a collection drive to fund a new and more humane sanctuary for our few captive Professionals in attendance, before they die off from maltreatment. (Hmm. Perhaps we could get an emergency grant from the ASPCA...)

On a slightly more promising note, one hearty Hugo nominee did gamely suggest that the promised Jacuzzi might lure some weary wordsmiths to trek over to the suite. When we dispatched our crack investigative team to track down this rumor our hopes were quickly dashed. We learned that mixed bathing was not allowed, and suits must be worn at all times. This last regulation puzzles the RKG staff. Since we live in a free country any hearty soul who wants to brave a hot tub full of naked writers should be allowed to. They should merely prove that they have had their shots, and sign a "hold harmless" waiver. While even any mild attempt at organization at this con should be applauded, perhaps ASFA and SFFWA were not the best place to start. We learned that each member of these august organizations were be given a chit for 15 minutes of bathing time for the whole convention. The lucky professional could then pre-register for an assigned tub time, using 1 of his three 5 minute installments. If they managed to find the convention representative that had the proper sign-up sheet for that day.

Sadly this glorious perk is being underutilized. Even the lure of the larger than life mural of Isaac Asimov rendered as Botticelli's Venus rising from the sea, or the continuous readings of Robert Jordan's latest work have not tempted these seasoned pros.

## Unlikely Astrology

Megan F

**Aries:** Beware of making big promises you can't keep. You may end up looking like a sheep in wolf's clothing.

**Taurus:** Oh mighty bull, today you may resemble a stallion instead of an ox.

**Gemini:** An unexpected smile can halve your troubles and double your fun.

**Cancer:** Even if the crab *is* your sign, you needn't resemble one. Missing that late afternoon panel for a nap will minimize your resemblance.

**Leo:** Lion, see to your mane. A touch of conditioner will leave them purring.

**Virgo:** Your star sign may proclaim your purity, but we know better. That's only part of why they love you

**Libra:** Perhaps you should try a bit more balance. That *does not* mean juggling three dates in one night! Shame, shame.

**Scorpio:** Watch your tail tonight Scorpio. You may end up being the one who gets stung.

**Sagittarius:** Sharpen your arrows, archer. Your prey has a thick skin but a soft inside.

**Capricorn:** Old goat, today is your day. Relax your rules about age, and you will be surprised. *They* will be amazed (but not too much.)

**Aquarius:** Tonight's your night to "*share water*". This friendship may last but not the way you think.

**Pisces:** Oh fish, be careful what you nibble. Plump, pink, and wriggly is often the packaging for a hook.

## The Night Lights

Judge S

Wednesday nights parties were little more than a dry, and we do mean dry, run for Thursday and the rest of the week. The "drink the color of your choice bar" at [SF in 2002](#) was an excellent way to handle the hotel corkage and liquor rules. This earns it Best Bar for the night

Best costume goes to the elevator party with a mixture of hats, cloaks, and bodices prepped for your enjoyment. The permanent floating costume crowd were lightly represented but at least one hall costume winner visited the elevator during our time there. Down on the ground floor of the Holiday Inn we had a much more striking time with the dueling – well at most fueding – competition between Ben Franklin and the Flamingo.

[Boston in Orlando in 2001](#) earns Most Tacky but with pink flamingos as your mascot we're lucky there were not handing out Smell-o-vision strips too. Fine light dining (well, ice cream and candy and stuff) was available, and a clever solution to the "Cant Hang Things on Walls" rule in the form of a framework room just within the room from which all the wonderful tackiness was hung. Boston/Orlando as befits in reason for moving had the most empty space and thus airconditioning. Hopefully they will manage to make the Worldcon just as comfortable without the depopulation that has plagued the most recent two instances of it here in the US.

[Philly in 2001](#) was hot, crowded and managing to provide hoagies/Grinders/Subs/food between bread as well as chocolate, their famous cheesecake – edible as well as the always delectable Cathy O. – and a back door to make your escape. We rate Philly as Best in Cheesecake and a marginal winner – excluding the Holiday Inn lobby.

The parties started in earnest Thursday night and we were pleased to see that old favorites had returned, despite much less striking accommodations than last year. The Holiday Inn alone boasted 11 and a number of others popped up in the Hilton.

Boston/Orlando and Philadelphia returned in the same force, Colonial mascots and the greatest man of our early history versus the Totem of Tackiness.

Philadelphia offered the same fine mix of products and we enjoyed them greatly again. The reading room was a nice touch but the books were downstream of the comfy chairs and they definitely needed the A/C turned up to match Orlando's nicely chilled lightly filled comfortable space.

Upstairs things heated up with the big winner from last year, Z'ha'dum in 2260 once more asking, and "What do you want?" This time the unearthly music of a true classic science fictional instrument mixed with the usual crowd of security, psicops and the Centauri without whom no party is quite complete.

Kudos to Seattle for their role in bringing back our favorite party, though we miss the Vorlon and Morden who greeted us last time and most of all the universal food -- Swedish meatballs. Salmon soup just is not the same.

Moonbase Alpha in 1999 was hosted by Icon and managed to attract a larger population than our Moonbase will by then. Scored 3 of 5 on the amused kids scale and just missed Most Text on Sticker, edged out by Z'ha'dum. Be warned! The books are after your time!

### Health Advisory

The RKG staff would like to remind you to eat regular meals and drink more than normal. Water is great and it helps prepare your body for the abuse to which you are about to subject it.

### Auntie Annie says...

You don't want to be cited by the fashion police (or sighted by the RKG staff) at Worldcon above all other places. Here's what you should remember as you prowls the party circuit.

- Remember it's a hall costume, and halls are narrow.
- You need to be brave to dress like a Centauri, all that velvet in August in a small room with 60 other people.
- If you dress like a woman, do it right no matter what your gender
- Remember -- easy on is easy off.
- If people keep complimenting your hall costume and you are not wearing one, you may want to rethink your wardrobe.
- Is it a costume or a fetish? Who cares?
- Remember that spandex is a privilege not a right.
- If keeping a condom in your pocket would ruin the line of your clothes, take one anyway. It might come in handy.
- If your mother would blush at what you're wearing, think twice. Don't change, just think twice.



### We're Terribly Sorry...

The RKG wishes to apologize for having reported in error that an extras casting agent for the making of Jean M. Auel's *The Mammoth Hunters* was seen lurking in the gamers' lounge.

What we should have reported is that there has been a change in the Europa in 2001 condom exchange program. Fresh condoms will still be available in the party suite, but returns will no longer be accepted. Check with the hospitality suite for an alternate return location.



## Out of Context

*Heard in the great halls and other conspicuous locales*

[ED. All comments guaranteed real. Some alterations may have been made for clarity or to provide plausible deniability]

[on the street] "Ronnie, come back here. You stay away from that flamingo."

[to a young women with her feet in two different laps, having both feet rubbed] (sniff) "And I suppose you've been kidnapped by pirates and are being held against your will?"

[outside the elevator, Wednesday night] "This is the Hotel Management speaking. Now, I know our elevators are good, but you two fellows have been riding that elevator up and down for 30 minutes. Come on out – the parties aren't really that bad, are they?"

[outside a party room] ". . . so as of two years ago, the last Baltimore fan was forced off the Con-Com. There are no locals working for the Con above grunt level, and damned few of those."

[on an elevator] ". . . you mean to tell me that the SFWA & ASFA suites are off away from everything else, require a key-bearing escort to get in, have no booze, scarcely any food, and a max of 15 people per room? This is a Sliders script, right?"

[in the hallway] "Did you see the way they have the filk room set up? It's great! It has this big glass wall, so you can see everything that's going on, but you don't have to listen!"

[at an ice machine] "Excuse me – why are you taking all the ice from there? It's supposed to serve the whole floor, you know." "I'm stealin' it! We're the Ice Pirates of Europa."

[outside an unnamed suite] "I think putting the handcuffs on them at the party would be over the top." "No, no. Putting handcuffs on a person in a flamingo suit at the party would be over the top."

[at the end of the keg line] "Just what is the German word for transsexual?"



## Europa in 2001 Treasure Hunt

*Your early Guide*

You should find everything you need to be a winner at the Europa in 2001 party tonight, but if you see this in time, and plan ahead, you could make things considerably easier on yourself. Here is a short list of some things that you might find early. Point values will be announced at the party:

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• copy of 2001</li><li>• copy of any sequel to 2001 (book)</li><li>• copy of another book by Arthur Clarke</li><li>• book that mentions 2001</li><li>• your best friend's book</li><li>• your best friend and their book</li><li>• a person who could vote during the year 2001 was made</li><li>• copy of 2001 (movie)</li><li>• any sequel to 2001 (movie)</li><li>• any Kubrick movie</li></ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• any book made into a Kubrick movie</li><li>• any book about a killer robot or computer</li><li>• a list of killer robots or computers</li><li>• a killer robot or computer</li><li>• a daisy</li><li>• a picture of Europa</li><li>• a picture of a monolith</li><li>• a monolith</li><li>• a picture of an ape</li><li>• a person doing an imitation of an ape</li></ul> |
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# The Roadkill Gazette

## Yellow journalism at its greasiest

### Evil Galactic Plot against Buccaneer Revealed

Our intrepid girl reporter now has the scoop on why our beloved Worldcon has been plagued with such bad luck. Did you think it was poor planning, bad timing or the mere whims of cruel fate that brought about this sad state of affairs? If so, you have been victimized by one of the most skillful deceptions of the past centuries. Could mere ineptitude, infighting, and stagnation cause such a sorry turn of events? Dear reader, of course not. Our sources inside the Circle of Ourboros (we can't name names, but we owe thanks to a certain red haired sharpie) tell us it's the work of the Men in Black Hats. For some reason unbeknownst to us, this Convention has been pegged as a nexus point for the coming millenium. It turns out that in 419 different realities, this event has been stopped cold. In 27 it has been rendered impotent by the revisionists' deft infiltration of the Planning Committee and only in nine fictions has it gotten even this far.

Surely once this plot has been exposed, the machinations of the bad guys become clear. The National Guard taking our allotted convention space -- that was a long-term plot of the Evil Overlord. It took seven years and three temporal jumps to enable the Committee for Aesthetic Deletions to create the Baltimore Area Convention and Visitor's Association Housing Bureau. A nifty bit of work, that. Imagine the artistry required to make sure that every single convention goer who wanted a room at a reasonable price was reduced to mindless quivering rage! We admire the Bureau's persistence in making sure that no one was forgotten.

But my friends, why did they go to such trouble for one small convention? Were they afraid that the new, improved, mellow Harlan Ellison would begin to draw disciples and spread word of the benefits of healthy living, thereby toppling the domestic chocolate industry? Perhaps they were frightened by the unstoppable growth of the femme-fans of Jacqueline Lichtenberg, whose combined might could prop up the failing psychic phone friends industry for another three years. Maybe it was the possibility that Jerry Pournelle could truly walk on water and that the siren song to follow him would deprive the shallow end of the gene pool of much needed inhabitants. We are not sure of the answer: we only know we will be covering the story when the answers are revealed.



### Dr SF Guides the Clueless

*Dr SF Austin*

Dear Dr. SF,  
What is all this I hear about the Hugo Awards?  
Does this have something to do with the best Star  
Trek episode?

*signed, Curious*

PS. I really *loved* Lost in Space, didn't you?

Dear Curious,  
No, I didn't! Get a clue and read these books,  
then maybe we could talk. (Although I doubt it.)  
*signed Dr. SF*

Forever Peace by Joe Haldeman

Frameshift by Robert J. Sawyer

The Rise of Endymion by Dan Simmons

Jack Faust by Michael Swanwick

City on Fire by Walter Jon Williams

## Unlikely Astrology

Megan F

**Aries:** Be careful if you decide butt heads today, ram. *Your* head may be thick but you'll never win if your opponent sports a pointy one.

**Taurus:** Take your cues from the laid-back cowboy, not the flashy matador unless you want to end up on the business end of the sword.

**Gemini:** Oh how we wish you could be twins in more than spirit. Just remember to share and share alike.

**Cancer:** Tonight is one time when hot water would be good for you, crab. A secret ocean treasure is in your stars. ("Hmmm, tastes like seafood.")

**Leo:** You may enjoy being petted, but try stroking someone else today. Just be careful not to rub them the wrong way.

**Virgo:** Be on your toes pure one. Innocence is a wonderful thing, but it's not wise around science fiction writers.

**Libra:** Remember balance - Some people may like odd numbers but you should make sure all your private parties come out even.

**Scorpio:** Your venom is stronger than you think, use it sparingly. That is, unless you *want* to be mistaken for a literary critic.

**Sagittarius:** Don't confuse yourself with Cupid tonight. Your arrows will simply bounce and pierce an unexpected target.

**Capricorn:** You can usually eat anything, goat. Tonight you are in for a surprise. Just beware of anything that's blood temperature.

**Aquarius:** Take your role of water-bearer seriously, your offer of refreshment to a thirsty writer will pay off big.

**Pisces:** Water may be your element, but stay clear of other clear fluids, or that water may just turn out to be *too* hot



## Another Conspiracy Unmasked

Bill 5

*[Editor's Note: At the RKG, we are not really a bunch of conspiracy nuts, as our competitors would have you believe. We are merely your ordinary, garden-variety nuts. But, it is our job to alert you to the dangers posed by a cruel and calculating world. In light of that...]*

I have come to the conclusion that books are predators and people are their prey.

Oh, they don't want your blood. They don't want to scoop the brains from your skull. They don't even want to rip the marrow from your bones.

They want your *TIME!!!*

Haven't you noticed it? You pick up a book and the next thing you know it's 3-5 hours later! Where did the time go? The book took it.

And patient! Have you ever seen a predator as patient as a book?! They will sit in one place, not moving one iota, even collecting a layer of dust until the right moment to strike! Then they've got you. And your time!

I don't know what they do with the time, maybe they use it to reproduce.

Yeah, that could be it! After all, book collections do seem to grow larger without effort on their owners' part.

This would also explain authors. They really don't write the books, they breed them. That's why it takes so much time to "write" a book: The books need the time to breed and an author must pour her own time into the books and carefully select for the traits she wants.

As for new authors, everyone know it takes longer for a new author to come out with an acceptable book. But that's because, like any new breeder, they start with lower quality specimens and must line-breed, cross-breed and hope for random mutations before a publicly acceptable book is produced.

This explains the plethora of short stories. After all, we all know that a short story doesn't take nearly the amount of time that a book does.

This means that the breeder can turn out several short stories for the same amount of time it takes to breed one book!

Be warned! The books are after your time!



### **Auntie Annie says...**

Worldcon can be a confusing time for the fashion conscious. Anything goes, but there are a million (or more) ways to go badly wrong. Everyone wears costumes at Worldcon whether we call them that or not, and they're always being judged. If you want to emerge among the winners, here are some principles to keep in mind as you get your precious self ready for the party circuit tonight.

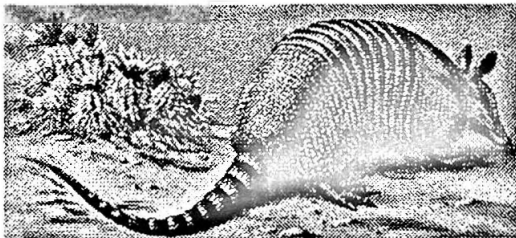
- High heels are great but you may walk miles between parties. Are they worth it?
- No matter what they try to tell you, science fiction writers are seldom fashion icons.
- A little talcum powder makes leather easier to deal with.
- Everyone loves silk, but it *is* an open invitation to be stroked.
- Your mind may be dirty but make sure your clothes are clean.
- Male, female, or undecided, boots look great on any one.

- Don't forget what your mother taught you. Dress in layers; party rooms get hot.
- Chain mail pinches.
- A fur bikini might be cute, but make sure you sweat test it – the smell may be more than you bargained for.
- Break the rules: wear patent leather and no panties.
- The best fashion accessory at Worldcon is a shower.



### **We're Terribly Sorry...**

The RKG wishes to apologize for having reported in error that the *Broadside* editors responsible for snubbing mention of the much-anticipated Europa in 2001 bid party have been summarily executed. What we meant to report was that the finalists for the Best Professional Editor Hugo will arrive at the awards ceremony by skydiving into the Convention Center. All chutes will be packed by the illustrious Gardner Dozois. Best of luck to everyone. *[Editor's Public Service Note: Stanley Schmidt, the convention office needs you to contact them with current next-of-kin information.]*



## Europa in 2001 bid party is no hoax

*Adrian L*

Most of you who know me will attest that remorse is not a sensation that I encounter frequently. I mean what I say, and I say what I mean, and if you don't believe that, go find another 'zine.

But even *I* am capable of making slight errors from time to time. And when I told several of you (privately, of course) that the Europa in 2001 bid party was just some silly hoax, I was clearly mistaken.

To atone for my adventures in speculation, I will be pitching in to help the nice folks who are planning this little get-together. You might want to play with the idea a bit yourself dear reader.

Watch the top of the Holiday Inn on Friday night for the party that is sure to be the talk of the evening. Be prepared to win prizes with your knowledge of Jovian trivia and your willingness to "break the ice." Who knows, I might even be civil for short periods of time.



Day	Party	Location	Time
Wednesday	Aurora Squadron		
	Orlando in 2001		
	Philadelphia in 2001		
	Seattle in 2002		
	San Francisco in 2002		
Thursday	Aurora Squadron		
	Orlando in 2001		
	Philadelphia in 2001		
	Seattle in 2002		
	Dragon*Con		
	Prydonians of Pryncteton		
	KC in Boston in 2K+1 Bid Party		
	Toronto in 2003		
	SFF.net		
	UK in '05		