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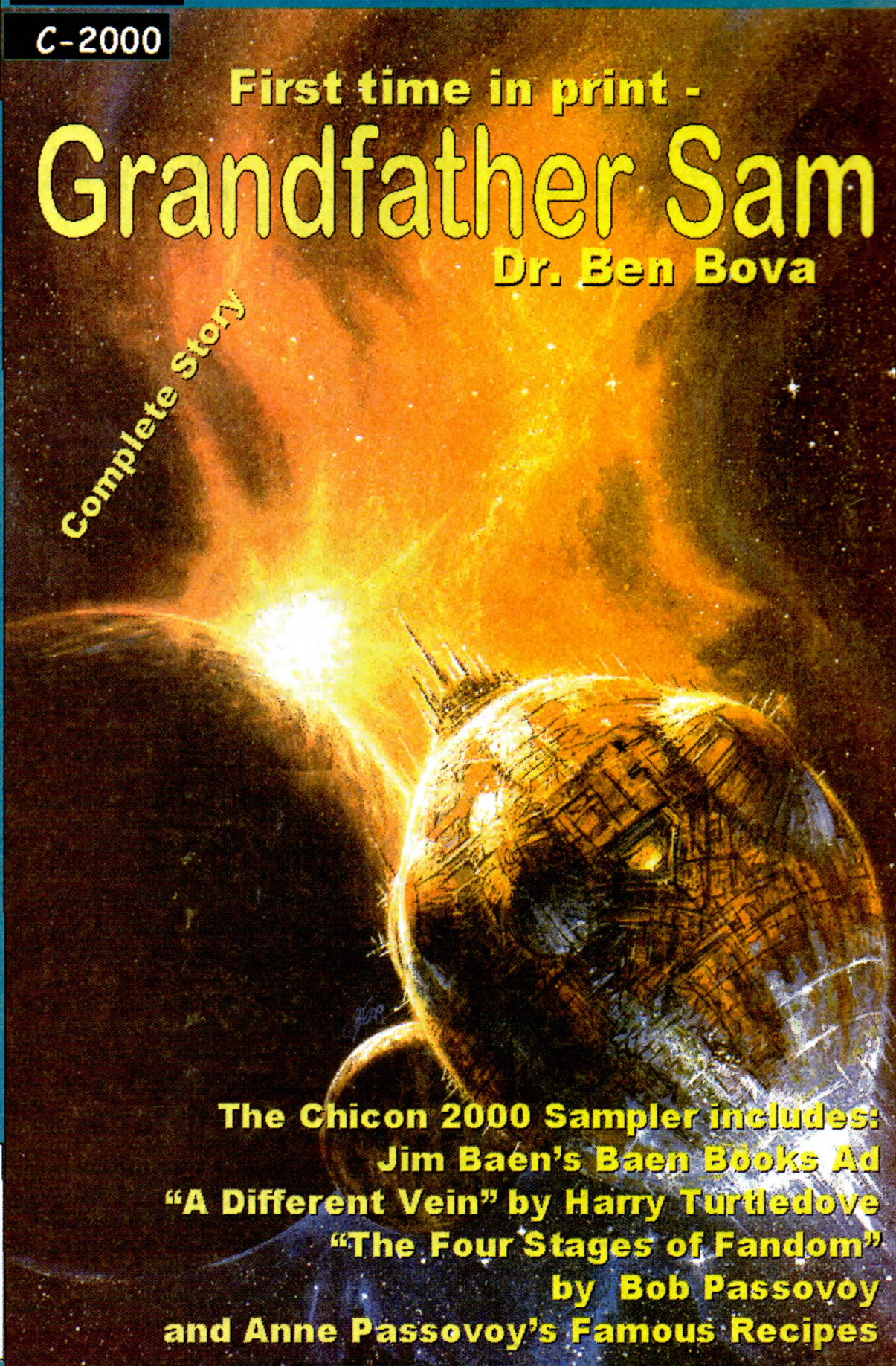
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First time in print -

# Grandfather Sam

Dr. Ben Bova

*Complete Story*



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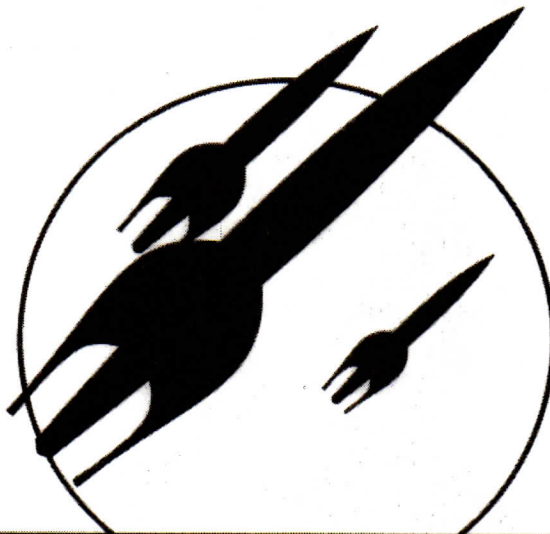
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# CHICON

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58<sup>th</sup> World Science Fiction Convention  
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# ACHICON

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# Grandfather Sam

A Sam Gunn Story  
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by  
Dr. Ben Bova



It looked extremely rocky for the New Chicago Cubs that day. Okay, so I stole the line from “Casey at the Bat.” But it really was the bottom of the ninth, and the New White Sox were ahead of us, 14-13, there were two out, and little Sam Gunn was coming up to bat.

To everybody else except Hornsby and me, it was just a pick-up game being played on the last unzoned open space in New Chicago. Nobody was playing for

anything except fun. Except him and me. And Sam, although I didn't know it then.

We had acquired quite a crowd, considering this was just a sandlot game. Not even sandlot. There wasn't a real infield, nothing but grass and a few odd pieces to mark the bases. Sam's expensive suede jacket was second base, for instance. My old cap was home plate. You don't need a cap to play baseball in New Chicago, or sunglasses, either.



# Grandfather Sam

A Sam Gunn Story  
by Dr. Ben Bova

Sunlight comes into the habitat through long windows; it's not a big glaring ball in the sky, except once in a while when a window happens to be facing directly sunward.

New Chicago was — is — an O'Neill-type space habitat. You know, a big cylinder built along the Moon's orbit at the L5 point, just hanging there like an oversized length of pipe. About the length of Manhattan Island and a couple of kilometers in diameter, New Chicago spins along its central axis a lazy once per minute; that's enough to produce an artificial gravity inside that's almost exactly the same as Earth's.

Newcomers get a little disconcerted the first time they come out into the open and look up. Instead of sky, there's more of New Chicago up there. The landscaped ground just curves up along the inside of the cylinder, all the way around. With binoculars you can see people standing upside-down up there, staring at you through their binoculars because you look upside-down to them.

New Chicago is really a lovely place, or it was until the real-estate tycoons got their hooks into it. It was nowhere as big as sprawling Old Chicago had been before the greenhouse floods, of course. It was beautifully landscaped on the inside with hills and woods and small, livable villages scattered here and there with plenty of open green space in between.

It was that green space that had attracted Sam and me and the other applicant — Elrod Hornsby, a lawyer representing a big construction firm from Selene City — to this morning's meeting of the Zoning Board. To developers like Sam and Hornsby, open green space was an open invitation to making money. Convert the green space into something profitable, like an extra condo complex or an amusement center. Why not? New Chicago was originally spec'ed to hold fifty thousand families, with plenty of living space for everybody.

But the builders, developers, lawyers, politicians, they all saw that the habitat could actually hold a lot more people. Millions, if they had the same average living space that people once had in Old Chicago. Tens of millions, if they were packed in the way they were in Delhi or Mexico City or Port Nairobi.

Go on, pack 'em in! That's what the developers wanted. They made their money by overbuilding in the space habitats and then moving back Earthside, to some quiet little gated community on a mountaintop where nobody but megamillionaires were allowed in, while the communities they wrecked sank into slums rife with crime and disease.

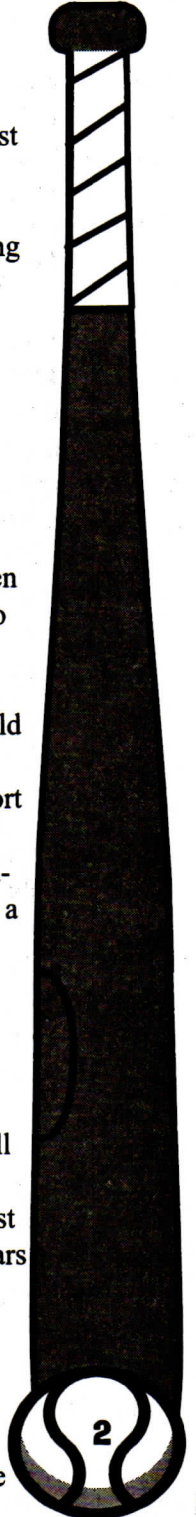
What do they care?

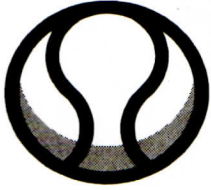
Like I said, Sam and Hornsby both had their eyes on this open green field. I did too, but for a very different reason.

So there I was, standing on first base, puffing hard from running out a dribbler of a ground ball to shortstop. A real ballplayer would have pegged me out by twenty feet, but the teenager playing short for the White Sox had a scattergun for an arm; when he threw the ball, the crowd behind first base hit the ground. I think maybe even the people watching from overhead through their binoculars might have ducked. That's how I got to first.

Now, Sam wasn't much of a hitter. So far, he'd produced a couple of pop flies to the infield, struck out once (but got to first when he dropped his bat on the catcher's foot and the poor kid, howling and hopping in pain, dropped the ball) and had a pair of bunt singles. Hadn't hit the ball farther than forty feet, except for the pop-ups, which went pretty high, but not very far.

Oh yeah, and Sam had walked a couple of times. After all, he was a small target up there at the plate.





Board member Pete Nostrum was grinning like a clown from the pitcher's mound. It wasn't a mound, really, just a scuffed-up

part of the grass field. See, Hornsby and the whole Zoning Board were on the White Sox side of the game, while Sam and I were on the Cubs. Both sides filled in their teams with some of the kids who'd been playing when the Zoning Board meeting adjourned to this open field.

So there was Nostrum on the mound, Bonnie McDougal creeping in toward the plate from her position at third base, anticipating another bunt, and the rest of the Zoning Board scattered through the field.

This was all Sam's idea. The morning had started in the Zoning Board's regular meeting chamber, with Sam, me, and Hornsby all petitioning the Board for a zoning change for this chunk of open ground. Hornsby wanted to build a fancy high-rise condo complex, with towers that went up a hundred flights, almost up to the habitat's centerline, where the spin-grav dwindled down to almost nothing.

Sam wanted permission to build what he called an amusement center. And he'd had the gall to start his presentation by referring to Old Chicago.

"I was born and raised in Old Chicago, y'know," Sam said to the assembled savants of Zoning Board. "That's why I want to settle here and add something to the community."

The assembled savants, up there behind their long table, said nothing, although grumpy old Fred Arrant, at the end of the table, looked as if he wanted to puke.

I myself thought the "born in Chicago" line was probably a bit much. Sam Gunn must have been born somewhere, but I was pretty sure it wasn't in Old Chicago.

Sam Gunn was a legend and he knew it. He just sat there between me and Hornsby, the third applicant, with a choir boy's angelic smile on his round hobgoblin's face. He was wearing a faun-tan collarless suede jacket and neatly-pressed slacks, with an open-necked shirt of pale lemon. It made my faithful old olive drab coveralls look positively crummy, by comparison. Hornsby, overweight and completely

bald, wore an awful micromesh suit of coral pink; it made him look like a giant newborn rat.

Being a legend carries a great deal of freight with it. Sam was known throughout the settled parts of the solar system as a pioneer, an entrepreneur, a guy with a vision as wide as the skies and a heart to match. He had made who-knows how many fortunes and lost every last one of them, usually because he was such a soft touch that he couldn't refuse a friend in need. But he was also known as a loudmouthed, womanizing, scheming wheeler-dealer who wouldn't think twice about bending the law to the snapping point if he thought he could get away with. He'd left a trail of broken hearts and fuming, furious tycoons, lawyers, corporate big-wigs and government officials all the way out to Saturn and back again.

His friends — who were few but loyal — said that Sam's one big weakness was that he couldn't stand by and let the big guys in business or government push the little guys around. His enemies — who were legion and powerful — howled that Sam was a king-sized pain in the butt.

I had to laugh about the "king-sized." Sam was tiny, an elf, a chunky, fast-talking little guy with bristling red hair and a sprinkling of Huck Finn freckles across his nub of a nose. His eyes were sort of hazel, sometimes they looked blue, sometimes green, sometimes something in-between. Shifty eyes, the kind a gambler or cat burglar might have.

"So naturally," he was saying to the Zoning Board, "I thought that New Chicago would be the ideal place for me to build my amusement center."

The members of the Zoning Board glanced back and forth among themselves.

"Amusement center, Mr. Gunn?" asked the chairperson, Bonnie McDougal. She was an elegant blonde, tall, cool, very much in possession of herself. No doubt Sam wanted to possess her, too. There was hardly a woman he'd ever met that he didn't try to bed — according to his legend.

"Aren't you the guy who built that orbital warehouse a few years back?" growled Arrant, who was known as the Zoning Board's bulldog. His first reaction to any request was always a loud, "No!" Then he'd get really negative.

"It was a zero-gravity honeymoon hotel," Sam replied politely. "Perfectly legitimate, sir. Our motto



was, 'If you like waterbeds, you'll love zero gee.'"

"Zero gee?" McDougal asked, a cool smile on her lips. "Like we have along the centerline here in New Chicago?"

Sam smiled back at her; it looked more like a leer. "Exactly the same. Precisely. You can float around weightlessly up there."

Their eyes met. She turned away first.

"You see," Sam went on in his oh-so-reasonable manner, "I really want to give this community something it needs, something that will be useful."

"Like a gambling casino," Rick Cole said. Cole had a reputation for being the smartest member of the five-person board. He was about my own age — pushing eighty, calendar-wise, but physically as youthful as a thirty-year-old, thanks to rejuvenation therapy. A former lawyer who had renounced the legal profession when he came up to New Chicago and took up a new career in public service. In other words, he'd made his money, and now he wanted respect.

"What's wrong with a gambling casino?" asked Pete Nostrum, sitting next to Cole. "We don't have one yet, do we?"

Cole gave him a look that would shrivel Mount Everest, but it just bounced off Nostrum's silly face.

Nostrum couldn't get respect if he paid for it. God knows he'd tried that route. Nostrum was a mental lightweight who'd won a seat on the Zoning Board by spending enough money to buy a majority of the community council that appointed the Board. He wanted any public office he could find, so he could have a platform to push his one, singleminded passion: holiday bonfires. No matter how many times the safety people nixed the idea, no matter how many times the New Chicago council of directors pushed his nose into the habitat's book of regulations, Nostrum still pushed for bonfires in the big central park to celebrate every holiday from Christmas to Bastille Day to the return of Halley's Comet.

"Surely this board won't permit a gambling casino to be erected in New Chicago!" Hornsby protested in a high, almost girlish voice, raising a chubby hand over his head as he spoke. He was badly overweight, a fact that his coral pink micromesh suit emphasized; he had piggy little eyes set deep in a puffy-cheeked pink face and tight little ears plastered flat against the sides of his head.

"It's not a gambling casino," Sam corrected.

"Mr. Hornsby, you are out of order," said Chairperson McDougal, but so sweetly that Hornsby just sort of grinned foolishly and muttered an apology.

Turning to Sam, she said,

"Your application is very vague as to just what this 'amusement center' is to be, Mr. Gunn."

Sam got his feet, all five-four or thereabouts of him, and announced grandly, "Because, oh most gracious of chairpersons, I want to leave it to the good citizens of New Chicago to decide for themselves what kind of entertainments they would like to have."

John Morris, the crafty-eyed board member at the end of the table, steepled his fingers in front of his face as he asked, "And just what do you mean by that, Mr. Gunn?"

Morris had recently been accused of accepting bribes in return for his vote. He'd denied the charge, claiming that the sudden spurts in his bank account had been all pure luck at the stock market.

"I mean, sir," Sam replied, "that I intend to furnish a fifty-story building in which each floor consists of an open area in which all four walls are covered with hologrammic smart screens. The floors and ceilings, too. The citizens of New Chicago will be able to program their amusement center for whatever kinds of recreation they seek..."

Sam strode out from behind the applicants' table as he talked, his voice rising in fervor as he extolled the wonders of his idea: "Think of it! The finest symphony orchestras of Earth can perform here. The greatest sports teams! Pop singers! Ballet! Great dramas, dance, athletic competitions, virtually anything at all! In the amusement complex."

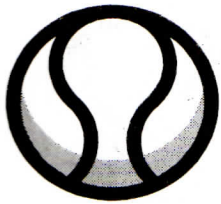
"We can get all that in our own homes," Arrant grouched, "through virtual reality."

"Without having to buy a ticket from you, or anyone else," Cole added.

"Yes, that's true," Sam replied, sweetly reasonable. "But home entertainment doesn't provide the thrill of the crowd, the amplified excitement of being together with thousands of other people, the sheer exhilaration of interacting with other people."

Sam spread his stubby arms as wide as they would go. "Study after study has shown that home entertain-





ment doesn't compare in emotional impact with theater performances. Let me show..."

And on he talked, on and on and on. He gave a one-man performance that I've never seen equaled in its sheer bravado, vigor, and elan. The board members sat mesmerized by Sam's leather-lunged presentation. He didn't use slides or videos or VR simulations. He just talked. And talked. Even grouchy old Arrant had stars in his eyes before long. Hell, Sam pretty nearly had me convinced.

Bonnie McDougal brought us all down to earth. "So the essence of your proposal, Mr. Gunn, is to establish a hologrammic facility with full VR capability?"

Sam teetered for a moment like a man who'd just stopped himself from falling over a cliff. "Yes, Madam Chairperson," he said at last. "That's putting it very succinctly."

McDougal smiled brightly at him. "Thank you for your presentation, Mr. Gunn. And it's Miss Chairperson."

Sam's face lit up.

"Now then," McDougal said, glancing at the display screen built into the tabletop before her, "it's your turn, Mr. Hornsby."

Hornsby had slides and videos aplenty. The developers he represented, Woodruff and Dorril, wanted to build a three-hundred-unit condo complex on the ground in question, complete with three swimming pools, tennis courts, and a running track for joggers. There were no structures higher than four stories in the entire New Chicago habitat, but Hornsby extolled the high-rise approach as being environmentally friendly.

"If you put three hundred condo units into four-story buildings, it would cover the entire parcel and even spill over into the adjacent properties."

Pete Nostrum found this amusing. Looking down the table to fellow board member Morris, Nostrum said loudly, "Hey, you own property abutting this parcel, don't you Johnny? What's this gonna do to your property's value?"

Morris curled his lip at the laughing Nostrum.

McDougal said softly, "Mr. Hornsby, the issue here is not how we house three hundred additional families.

New Chicago is not actively seeking more population."

"But you should, Madam Chairperson," Hornsby said earnestly, sweat trickling down his fat cheeks. "You must! A community must grow or wither! There's no third choice."

McDougal sighed. Cole snapped, "That's flatland thinking, Mr. Hornsby. We're quite content with a stable population here."

"Maybe you are," said Morris, "but I tend to agree with Mr. Hornsby. A little growth would be beneficial."

"A little growth? Three hundred new families?"

"A drop in the bucket."

Arrant spoke up, "A foot in the door, you mean. If we let this outfit build new housing, how can we deny the same opportunity to other builders?"

"I don't see it as a precedent," said Morris.

"Of course you don't..."

"Gentlemen," said McDougal, "Mr. Christopher is waiting to make his proposal."

"Why don't we break for lunch first?" Arrant suggested.

"Let's hear out Mr. Christopher before lunch," McDougal said, pleasant but firm.

I got to my feet, feeling nervous. "Uh...this won't take long. What I'd like to do with the parcel is...well, leave it alone. In perpetuity."

"Leave it alone?" Morris was shocked.

"Undeveloped?" Arrant asked.

"Forever?" Barney Wilhelm, sitting at the other end of the table, stared at me in disbelief.

"Yessir...uh, sirs. And lady. Leave it alone forever. Zone it as a public playground in perpetuity."

"We have plenty of public parks in New Chicago."

"Lots of green space."

"That's true," I admitted, "but there's no open place where kids can play —"

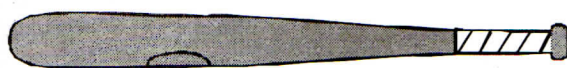
"What do you mean?" Cole snapped. "There's the Little League baseball field, the Hallas football field —"

"Olympic Stadium," Nostrum jumped in, "the soccer field, tennis courts, four golf courses. And not one of them permits bonfires!"

"I know all that," I said. "But all those fields are for organized sports. You have to be a member of a team. They all have strict rules about who can play on them, and at what time."

"So what do you want?" Wilhelm asked.

"Just a playground. No regulations. Open all the time to any kids who want to have a catch, or play a pickup game, or just run around and have fun."



"No regulations?"

"No set hours of operation?"

"Just anybody could come in and play, whenever they feel like it?"

I nodded. "That's exactly what I'm asking for."

I could tell from their faces that they thought I was crazy. As I sat down, Hornsby smirked at me, looking superior. But Sam looked thoughtful.

He leaned toward me and whispered, "They'd never pick me for a team when I was a kid. I always had to be the batboy."

Bonnie McDougal looked up and down the table at her fellow Zoning Board members and said, "Shall we vote on the three proposals now, gentlemen? That would finish today's agenda and we could take the rest of the day off."

They voted, using the keyboards built into the table before each seat. The tally came up on McDougal's screen, flush with the tabletop.

I knew my proposal didn't have a chance. It was between Sam and Hornsby, and with Sam's reputation, I figured Hornsby's high-rise condo complex was a shoo-in.

I was wrong.

McDougal blinked several times at her screen, then looked up at us and announced, "We have a tie. Two votes for each applicant. We'll have to re-convene after lunch and work this out."

We got up and left the meeting room. I was surprised, but not very hopeful. After all, I only got two votes out of six. I had nothing to offer that would sway the other four. They'd ditch me after lunch, when they got down to the serious wheeling and dealing.

Sam was at my elbow as we walked out into the sunlight. "Sonofabitch," he muttered. "I expected better."

"Did you?" I said, heading for the sandwich joint on the corner of the courthouse square.

Sam kept stride with me, despite my longer legs. "Yeah. I bought Arrant and Cole. I know Hornsby's bought Morris and Wilhelm."

"Bought?" I was aghast. "You mean bribed?"

Sam grinned up at me, a freckled and crafty Huck Finn. "Don't look so shocked, Straight Arrow. Happens all the time."

"But...bribery? In New Chicago?"

With a laugh, Sam told me, "You're missing the point. McDougal and Nostrum voted for you. Why? What're they after?"

"Maybe they're honest," I said.

"McDougal, maybe," Sam replied.

"Now, if I could figure out a way to turn Nostrum around..." Sam snapped his fingers. "Virtual bonfires! That'd get him!"

I strode away from him and had my lunch alone.

It only took five minutes to gobble down a sandwich. The Zoning Board wasn't set to re-convene for another hour and a half. Inevitably, I drifted over to the open lot that we were debating over. A gaggle of teenagers were playing baseball on the threadbare grass. Younger kids were flying kites over in what passed for center field. They were laughing, running, calling back and forth to one another. Having a good time. Relaxed, with no regimentation, no pressure to win or set a new record.

"They sure seem to be having fun, don't they?"

It was Sam. He had come up behind me.

I sighed. "They won't, once your amusement center gets built. Or Hornsby's condo complex."

Sam squinted up at the kites. Beyond them I could see the curve of the habitat: the long solar window running the length of the structure, the landscaped hills and winding bicycle paths. What had originally been neat little villages was already growing into sprawling towns. There was still a good deal of green space, but it was dwindling. And you had to belong to an official team to use any of it; you had to show up at a specific time and compete in organized leagues where parents screamed in vicarious belligerence, teaching their kids that winning is more important than playing, outdoing the other guy more important than having fun.

"I used to play a pretty good third base."

We both turned, and there was Bonnie McDougal. She was nearly my height; much taller than Sam. But he grinned up at her, his eyes alight with what I thought was obvious lust.

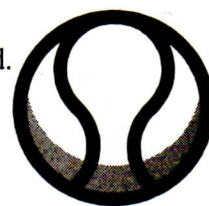
"Instead of re-convening the meeting," Sam said, "why don't we settle this business with a baseball game!"

McDougal and I both said, "A baseball game?"

"Sure, why not? Isn't it better out here in the sunshine than in that dusty old meeting room?"

"It's not a dusty old room," McDougal protested.

"Sam," I pointed out, "how can we settle a three-way tie with a ball game?"







He looked at me as though I had missed the point entirely. "Because, oh noble sportsman, I've decided to withdraw my application. It's you against Hornsby now."

"Withdraw...?" I turned to McDougal. "Can he do that?"

She nodded at me and smiled at Sam, all at the same time. "He certainly can. But it will call for a new vote of the board."

"Vote, schmote," Sam said, "let's play ball!"

\*

So that's how we got to the bottom of the ninth, the White Sox ahead of us, 14-13, two out, and Sam coming up to bat.

I was standing on first, trying to get my breathing back to normal after running out my infield hit. Funny how quickly the body falls out of condition. I'd been an athlete all my life, and now I was puffing after digging hard for ninety lousy feet.

All my life. I'd been one of those kids: Little League, high school football, basketball and baseball in college, all the while my father hounding me, pushing me, trying to make me into the star he'd never been. I'd almost made it, too, had a try-out with the real Chicago White Sox, back in Old Chicago, before Lake Michigan drowned ancient old Comiskey Park in the greenhouse floods.

My dad was dead by then, killed in an auto wreck, driving to see me play against Notre Dame. Still I pursued his dream. And I'd almost been good enough to make it. Almost. Instead, after half a lifetime batting around the minor leagues, I finally came up to New Chicago to take up a career counseling kids who were having trouble adjusting to living off-Earth.

Well, anyway, there I was at first base, with Sam coming up to bat. Bonnie McDougal was creeping in from third, expecting another bunt, wearing a tattered old glove she'd borrowed from one of the kids. Nostrum was grinning hugely; he was enjoying himself so much I thought maybe he'd forget about bonfires. The rest of the Zoning Board was waiting for Sam to step up to the plate.

"What're you waiting for?" yelled grouchy old Arrant; he was playing first base for the Sox; didn't have to move much, and the throws he missed were our best offensive weapon, so far.



"Just what are you doing?" Hornsby demanded. He was the catcher for the Sox, looking even more ridiculous than before in a borrowed chest protector that barely covered his big belly and a mask that scrunched his face into a mass of wrinkles.

Sam was standing off to the side of home plate (my old cap), the game's one and only carbon-fiber bat leaning against his hip, tapping away at his pocket computer, oblivious to their complaints.

"Play ball!" McDougal yelled in from third.

"Play ball!" the other White Sox began to holler. Even the crowd started chanting, "Play ball! Play ball!"

I was wondering what the devil Sam was doing with that computer of his. Checking the stock market? Making reservations for his flight back to Selene City? What?

At last he tucked the tiny machine back into his pants pocket and stepped up to the plate, gripping the bat right down at the end, ready to swing for the fences. Except that we didn't have any fences, just a few kids 'way out in center field flying kites and playing tag.

Nostrum looked down at Hornsby, behind the plate. They didn't have any signals. Nostrum couldn't throw anything except a medium-fast straight pitch. No curve, no change-up. I'd walloped two of them for home runs; he'd been lucky to get me to chop a grounder to short here in the bottom of the ninth.

Nostrum kicked his foot high and threw. I lit out for second base. Sam swung mightily and missed by a foot. I didn't even have to slide into second, there was no way Hornsby could get a throw down there ahead of me.

"Hey, that's not fair!" Nostrum yelled. "Stealing bases isn't fair."

"It's part of the game," I said, standing on second, puffing.

"Not this game," Nostrum hollered, stamping around, red in the face.

If Sam was right, Nostrum had been one of my two votes. I didn't want to antagonize him. Still, this game was supposed to decide whether I won the zoning decision or Hornsby did. So I stood on second base (Sam's expensive coat) and folded my arms across my chest.

"We're playing baseball," I said. "Nobody said stealing bases was a no-no."

"Nobody stole a base until now!" Nostrum

shouted.

I could see he was getting really sore. Bonnie McDougal trotted over from third base to him. Hornsby came up from home. Even crabby old Arrant creaked over toward the mound from first base.

"Why don't we make a rule that stealing bases is prohibited from now on," McDougal said gently, "but since Mr. Christopher stole second before the rule went into effect, he can stay on second base."

Arrant shrugged. Hornsby nodded. Nostrum glared at me for a moment, but then broke into a sheepish grin.

"Aw, all right," he said.

"Is that all right with you, Mr. Christopher?" McDougal asked me.

I saw Sam, back near home plate, nodding so hard I thought his eyeballs would fall out.

"Okay," I said, still standing on Sam's coat.

Hornsby squeezed his face back into the catcher's mask, but not before saying, "Okay, now can we get this game over with?"

But Sam was playing with his pocket computer again. The crowd began to chant "Play ball!" again, and Sam put the thing away and stepped up to the plate with a sly smile on his face.

Nostrum threw. I stayed on second. Sam swung mightily and missed again.

"Strike two!" Hornsby crowed. One more strike and we were dead.

Sam seemed unconcerned. I realized that both his swings had been terrible uppercuts, as if he was trying to blast the ball out of sight.

"Never mind the home run, Sam!" I yelled to him. "Just make contact with the ball!"

Nostrum cackled at that. He cranked up and threw his hardest. Sam swung, another big uppercut.

And popped the ball up into a monumental infield fly. I took off from second: with two outs, you run like hell no matter where the ball's hit. But while I was heading for third I craned my neck to see where the ball was going.

Up and up, higher and higher. It seemed to hang up there, floating like a little round cloud. As I raced around third I saw Hornsby throw off his mask and stagger toward Nostrum. McDougal was coming in from third base, also staring up into the cloud-free sky. Even Arrant and the wild-armed kid shortstop were converging toward the pitcher.

"Mine!" McDougal called out.

"I got it!"

"All mine!"

I was around third by now. Sam was trotting around first, heading for second base. Suddenly Hornsby and all the others seemed to freeze in their tracks. McDougal threw her arms over her head.

Arrant stumbled and fell to his knees. Nostrum yelped so loud I thought someone had put a match to his backside.

The Sun, the blazing, dazzling, glorious Sun was shining through the habitat window like a zillion-megawatt spotlight. The whole White Sox infield was blinded by the glare. Sam's pop-up was coming down now, just short of second base. The kid in center field made a belated dash in for it, but the ball hit the grass after I had crossed the plate with the tying run.

And Sam was racing madly for third, his little arms pumping, stumpy legs churning, his mouth wide open sucking air, his eyes even wider.

The whole Sox infield was still staggering around, seeing sunspots in their eyes. The center fielder had the ball in his hands, but nobody to throw it to. His face flashed surprise, then consternation. Then he did the only thing he could — he started running toward

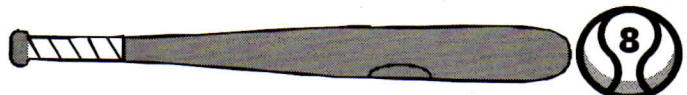


Detail of sketch by Bob Eggleton

home.

It was a foot race. The youngster was faster than Sam, but Sam was already around third and roaring home. The kid cut across the infield and dived at Sam just as Sam launched himself into a hook slide while the Sox infield stood around blinking and groping.

It was close, but Sam's left foot neatly hooked my cap and carried it along for several feet while the teenager flopped on his belly so hard that the ball



bounced out of his outstretched hand.

We won, 15-14. The crowd went, as they say, wild. There weren't that many of them, but they whooped and yelled and danced little jigs and jags all across the field. I rushed over and picked Sam up off the grass. The leg of his slacks was ripped from the knee down and green with grass stain, but he was grinning like a gap-toothed jack-o-lantern.

"We won! We won!" Sam danced up and down.

I went over to the kid center fielder and helped him to his feet. "Great play, kid," I told him. "Terrific hustle."

He grinned, too, a little weakly.

\*

Hours later, Sam and I were having a drink at the patio of Pete's Tavern, just off the courthouse square. We had both cleaned up after the game and the perfunctory Zoning Board meeting — held right there at the open lot — that approved my proposal.

"You must be the luckiest guy in the solar system," I said to him, between sips on my cranberry juice.

Sam was sipping something more potent. He gave me a sly look. "Chance favors the prepared mind, Chris, old pal."

"Sure," I said.

"What do you think I was doing with my faithful pocket whizbang just before I came up to bat?" he asked.

I had forgotten about that. Before I could think of an answer, Sam told me, "I was calculating the precise time when the Sun would shine through the habitat window, old Straight Arrow. That's why I was trying to hit a pop-up."

"You deliberately — " I couldn't believe it.

"I had to get you home with the tying run, didn't I? I'm no slugger, I have to use my smarts." Sam tapped his temple.

I didn't believe it. "Sam, nobody can deliberately hit a pop-up. Not deliberately."

He screwed up his face a little. "Yeah, maybe you're right. I figure you've got only one chance in three to get it right."

"One chance in three," I echoed. He had swung and missed twice, I remembered.

"So," Sam finished his drink and put it down on the table in front of him, "you've got your playground, in perpetuity."



"Thanks to you, Sam."

He shrugged. "I guess we're kind of partners, huh?"

"I guess so."

He stuck his hand out across the little table. I took it and we shook hands. But even as we were doing that, Sam was looking past my shoulder. He broke into a big grin and scrambled to his feet.

I turned in my chair. Bonnie McDougal was coming along the walk, looking coolly elegant in a white sheath dress decorated with gold thread.

"You know," she said as she came up to our table, "my fellow Zoning Board members might take our having dinner together as an inappropriate act."

Holding a chair for her, Sam said innocently, "But I have dinner every evening."

"Inappropriate for me, Sam," she said as she sat down.

I was wondering when he'd had the chance to invite her to dinner.

"But the vote's over and done with," Sam said, returning to his chair. "This isn't a payoff. We won the ball game, fair and square."

"You won," Bonnie said, smiling.

Sam grinned hugely and tapped me on the shoulder. "The gold dust twins, Chris and me. Partners."

I grinned back at him. "Partners."

"And the amusement center won't interfere with the playground at all," Sam said.

"Amusement center?" Bonnie and I both asked.

"It'll be 'way up above the playground," Sam said genially. "It'll start roughly one hundred fifty-two point four meters above the grass and go up to the habitat's centerline. You'll hardly notice the support piers."

"Sup...support piers?" I sputtered.

"Roughly one hundred fifty two point four meters?" Bonnie asked, with a sardonic smile.

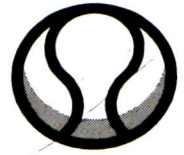
"That'll give me almost eighteen hundred and forty-eight meters to build in," Sam said, pulling out his pocket computer.

"Build? Build what?"

"Our entertainment center, partner." His fingers tapping furiously on the computer's tiny keypad, Sam muttered, "Figuring four meters per floor, we can put in — wow! That's enormous!"

"But, Sam, you can't build over the park!"

"Why not? It won't hurt anything. And it'll protect the kids from getting the Sun in their eyes." He laughed heartily.



I sank back in my chair.

"You'll get half the earnings, partner. Ought to be able to help a lot of kids with that kind of income."

Bonnie's smile vanished. "Sam, you can't build over the playground. It's —"

"Sure I can," he countered. "There's nothing in your zoning regulations that forbids it."

"There will be tomorrow!" she snapped.

"Yes, but I've already registered my plan with your computer. You can't apply a new regulation to a pre-existing plan. I'm grandfathered in."

"Sam, you...that's...of all..." She ran out of words.

I looked him in his shifty eyes. "It won't affect the playground?"

Sam raised his right hand solemnly. "I swear it won't. Honest Injun. Hope to die. The support piers will be at the corners of the field. The building will shade the playground, that's all."

Bonnie was still looking daggers at him.

Sam smiled at her. "The top floor of the complex, up near the centerline, will be in microgravity. Not zero-gee, exactly, but so close you'll never tell the difference."

"Never!" she snapped. "You'll never get me up there. Never in a million years."

Sam sighed. "Never?" he asked, in a small, forlorn voice. I swear there was a tear in the corner of his left eye.

"Never in a million years," Bonnie repeated. Less vehemently than a moment before.

"Well," he said softly, "at least we can have this one dinner together."

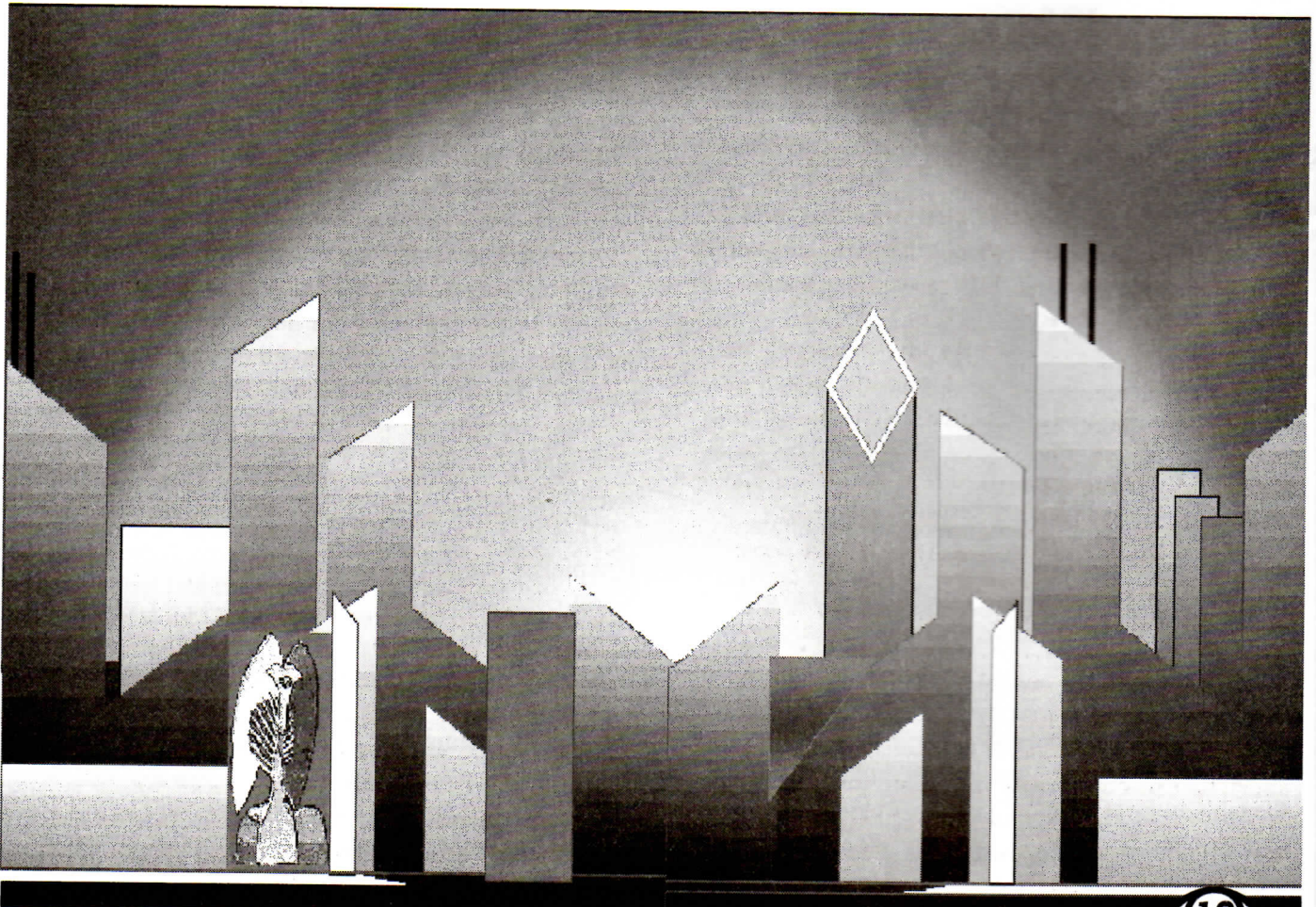
With a sad little smile, Sam got to his feet again and held Bonnie's chair as she stood.

As they walked away I heard Sam ask, "Have you ever slept on a waterbed?"

"Well, yes," Bonnie replied. "As a matter of fact, that's what I have in my home."

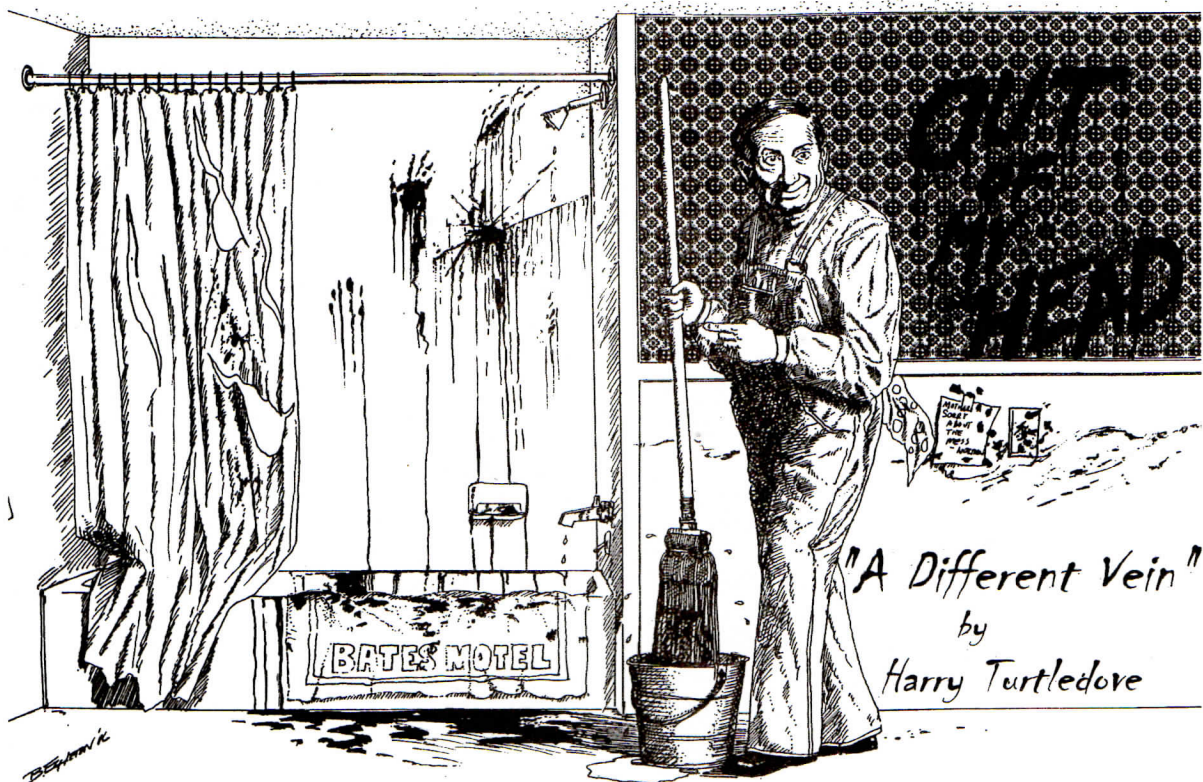
I doubted that it would take Sam a million years.

\* \* \* \*



New Chicago assembled from clipart





*"A Different Vein"*  
by  
*Harry Turtledove*

**A Different Vein**  
by Harry Turtledove

Hal Williams wasn't a comedian to everyone's taste. He'd got as far as an audition for *Late Night*, but they turned him down. He was funny, mind you, but his material was too bizarre for even David Letterman to handle. Still, he did all right on the college circuit. His audiences were full of wargamers and D-and-Ders and other people crazy the same way he was.

He'd done graduate work in ancient history ("For my sins," he'd say), and he usually took his opening jokes from some of the strange things he'd found there. "Did you know," he'd say, spearing somebody with a long index finger, "that the Egyptians used nineteen different kinds of dung in their medicines? 'S true, right down to flyspecks. They had a drink to quiet babies who wouldn't shut up that was mostly flyspecks. Of course," and he'd twist his face sideways and leer, "the rest of it was opium." And over the startled laugh he'd shout, "It was dy-namite!" That one never failed.

Or he'd tell them St. Gregory the Great's story about the nun who was possessed by a demon. Turned out she'd gathered lettuce in the nunnery garden without crossing herself first, and swallowed the demon along with her salad. When a priest exorcised it, it complained, "Why blame me. There I was, sitting on my lettuce leaf, and she came along and ate me!" That leer again. "I

took my girlfriend out to the lettuce patch, but it doesn't work any more."

That was a good one for leading into Hal's stock in trade, beasts legendary and mythical. He'd do them one after another, rapid-fire. Not all of them hit, but enough would to keep the act rolling.

He'd do unicorns. "You know why they don't have 'em any more, don't you. Think about the name, people—'one horn,' right? And you know where that was. Fat lot of good it did 'em there." Some got it and some didn't. It was a throwaway, anyhow.

He'd do werewolves. "With the garbage we carry around in our pockets these days, it's a miracle we're not up to our eyeballs in 'em." And with a fine gesture of disdain he'd toss a handful of debased dimes and quarters into the crowd. The joke wasn't that good, but the audience always livened up.

He'd do hippogriffs, for heaven's sake. "You know what a hippogriff is," he'd say, and then stop, because a lot of people didn't: "part eagle and part lion, stuck on the hind end of a horse. Wonderful critter—put steak in one end, get horseshit out the other. Sounds like the government, don't it?" Once, in a gig at a numismatists' convention, he stole Ambrose Bierce's line about the hippogriff, but most places that one took too much explaining.

And after a while, when things seemed to be slowing down, he'd pause, run his hand along the edge



of his collar, and say, "And now, in a different vein . . ." All the people who'd heard him before would grin and whoop and lean forward, because they knew what was coming. Hal specialized in vampire stories.

He'd tell the one about the masochistic vampire ("a sucker for punishment"), about the vampire who visited the blood bank ("May I help you, sir?" "Yass. I'd like to make a withdrawal."), about the vampire who went through the entire top floor of a Rome hotel, throwing his victims out the window ("Drained wops keep falling on my head," Hal'd carol in an offkey tenor), about the gay vampire ("Blahd?" He'd draw back in horror and disgust. "Who said anything about sucking blahd?"). He'd go on, more and more softly, until at last he'd whisper, "Well, folks, looks like I'm about empty," and collapse limply on the stage. Really a great show, if you liked that kind of thing. A lot of people did.

What the people who went to his shows and bought his records didn't know was that he took such things a lot more seriously than he let on while he was performing. He didn't make a big deal of it, but it was so. In fact, sometimes he thought his act was a reaction to his fear. Whether or not that was true, his rings and chains were always silver, not gold, to protect against werewolves, and one of those chains always sported a large crucifix. Maybe it was like snapping his fingers to keep the elephants away, but he felt better for it. And he'd got closer to middle age than he liked to think about without any troubles except ordinary ones, until the night he had a visitor in his dressing room.

His fans had done similar numbers before, but he had to whistle in admiration at this fellow's thoroughness.

From caped nineteenth-century formal wear to black pompadour with widow's peak, he was the best vampire Hal had ever seen. His features were very pale, with an aristocrat's aquilinity; his hands, long, thin, and elegant; his eyes twin pits of fathomless darkness. He bowed in greeting, and smiled. His colorless lips skinned back from what were truly fangs, of palest ivory.

"That's the most amazing getup I've—" Hal began, and then his eyes happened to flick to the big dressing-room mirror. It showed he was alone. His tongue froze to the roof of his mouth.

"Oh, yes, my friend, I am quite genuine," the vampire said softly. His accent was more musical than the thick Central European one Hal affected.

After his first instant of panic, Hal's reactions were commendably quick. He wasted no time doubting his sanity. His hand darted inside his shirt, snatched the crucifix. He held it in front of him like a shield. "In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti!" he cried, thinking the Latin might somehow be more potent than English.

The vampire's smile grew broader. He stepped forward, brushed the crucifix aside, and seized Hal in a grip full of effortless undead strength. Those gleaming fangs buried themselves in the comedian's throat.

Even as his life drained away, Hal clung to the instinct that made him what he was. "Funny," he choked, "you don't look Jewish."

The vampire had the grace to laugh.

END





## The Four (or five) Stages of Fandom

by Bob Passovoy, M.D., D.I.

I may be the last fan on Earth that all this happened to in sequence. Faanishness used to be predictable, moving gracefully from one stage to the next, from juvies to Heinlein and Norton, to Leinster and Asimov, to an APA or SF club, perhaps, then the first convention and onward. MediaFandom now short-circuits a lot of this, and SF clubs in Primary and Secondary Schools (centered more around Film, Anime and Gaming than reading) propel fans into fandom unprepared for the impact of the breadth of experience available in the Community of Faandom.

The SF Convention is still the benchmark by which Fandom is measured. A fan alone is just that. A club or APA helps, but is still a lonely voice in the wilderness, communicating with its members but few others. Online chatrooms are more open, but lack the stimulation and fun of body contact. (Faandom as a Full-Contact Sport? No, that's another article.) It is only at a Con that it all comes together. Cons are the melting pots and mixers; as such they are vital to the survival of the SF genre. Where else is an Author who has begun to believe his own PR to get the

reality check he so royally needs? Where else is the struggling Newbie to get the egoboo? In the interest of right management and preservation of Convention Faandom, this anthropological essay is submitted.

### Stage 1- The Neofan

An endangered species these days. Once it became recognized that you could have kids and still do Fanac, the average age of neofandom plummeted to about 3. There is a whole new generation of faans who have grown up in faandom, never experiencing the hardships of hitch-hiking to the Worldcon, reading Heinlein scrawled on the back of a shovel in front of a flickering and dying fire, or attending any of the programming.

The Neo is just that. His Sensawunda is fully intact and he is ready to suspend his disbelief at a moment's notice. Authors are Gods, panels are fascinating, and the Movie room is a great place to crash if he lost the 18-way crash space draw for either the closet or the bathtub. You are his friend for life if you can get him Dave Weber's autograph. She will like you a lot if you can introduce her to Mercedes Lackey. The Convention runs as if by magic, seamlessly, magically, probably run by elves, or robots, or dwarves...

This happy state lasts about two conventions, maybe three, then...

### Stage 2- The Gofer

This stage usually starts about the time that available funds do not match available Cons; the lure of a free membership and maybe even crash space in exchange for a few hours of labor is too good to pass up, especially since Glen Cook will be at the Con and you need his personal inscription on his latest Adjective-Metal-Noun novel. The discovery that *working* the Con is way more fun than just attending often comes as something of a shock, mitigated by the realization that the panels have become a little redundant, the films repetitious. Besides, the art show needs setup help NOW.

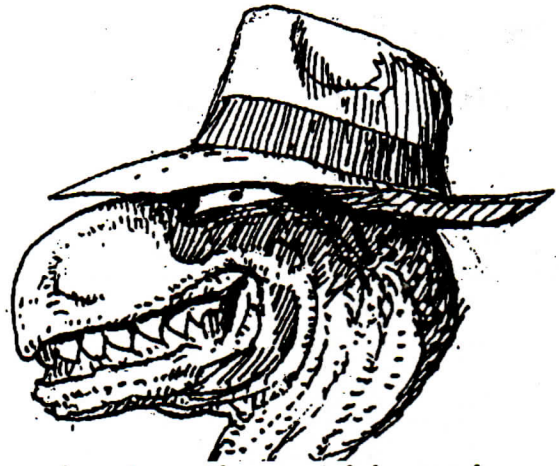
The Gofer is the basic indispensable unit of fandom. Without Gofers, nothing happens, nothing gets done and the Con dissolves into Primal Chaos. The sensawunda is still there, a bit hardened, perhaps (and less easily impressed), and while he is willing to suspend

disbelief, he is not willing to hang it by the neck until dead. Authors are Gods *only* if they show up in the Green Room on time and check their bags at the Art Show without complaint, panels are best if they go off on time, and the movie room is generally showing the film he wanted to see just when he's on duty. Mr. Weber is cool, but he was late for his last panel and he hasn't seen Ms. Lackey *anywhere* for the past four hours. Besides, he is coming to realize that the clown running the Gofer Hole is an incompetent jerk with the management skills of a wolverine and the intelligence of celery...

### Stage 3- The Expert

A convention-type fan gets good at doing what he or she likes best, and eventually ends up as a division or department head of a Regional. By this time the fan is well and truly hooked, and the egoboo attached to a well-run event is addicting. Funds and Cons match better now, and are rarely a consideration, except when the Mundane World impinges on the much more important needs of Fandom. It does not take long before the Stage 3 fan becomes well-known enough in fandom to be asked to help out at other Cons. Ghu help the Stage 3 who has a Worldcon pop up on his or her doorstep. At that point, all else fades to insignificance as the needs of his Division become paramount, and work, family, pets, exercise, sleep and sanity vanish.

The Expert Fan can run a Department or a Division of a Con with his eyes closed and is often asleep as he does it. He is the organizer, the patcher of holes and the spotter of talent among the Gofers. Your average Programming Chief can come up with panels nobody can believe when half of his panelists go missing. Hotel Liaisons can tame hotel security staff with a grin and a word. Good Art Show directors are probably superheroes incognito. It goes on and on. The sensawunda survives (it has to, or the Stage 3 fan would be elsewhere getting paid for this!) but the suspension of disbelief has been put in escrow for the duration of the Con. Dave and Mercedes are responsible adults and will be where they are supposed to be on time and he's assigned teams of Gofers to follow them wherever they go, just in case. The last ConCom meeting was Hell, and the ConChair this year is a blithering fugghead...(uh-oh)



### Stage 4- Con Chair and beyond...

Things get complicated at this point. Having staged the bloodless coup that deposed the previous ConChair, the Stage 4 fan has now organized and run a Convention. This experience always changes the fan in strange and eldritch ways. There are three common outcomes, the least common of which (surprisingly) is an overpowering aversion to the whole experience and immediate GAFIATION. If his experience was at all pleasant and the Con a success the egoboo is intense. A strange transformation ensues and our fan becomes....

#### Stage 4a- SMDF

4As love the experience of running a Con and it becomes as automatic as running their old department. They are comfortable in Department or Division Head roles, but rarely are they seen working any lower on the ladder. These are Worldcon Chairs in the making, often more than once. They are at every Worldcon, managing positions of great responsibility at the highest levels. They delve into the depths of Fan politics. They know who sawed Courteney's boat and what happened afterward. They are WSFS. They enjoy this. It is fun.

#### Stage 4b- Faan

Been there, done that, got the t-shirt and no thanks, two stints as ConChair were quite enough thanks. If you need me, I'll be working bag check in the Art Show. Hot Damn! My sensawunda! It's...it's...BACK! Gotta go see *GalaxyQuest* again and **really** suspend my disbelief! See you at the Filk?

Have a Fantastic, *Amazing (Analog)* Worldcon!

**Bob Passovoy, M.D., D.F.**



# Excerpts from Bob and Anne's Fannish All-Star Cookbook

Edited by Robin Passovoy

Artwork by Joe Mayhew

(Commentary and lies by Bob and Anne)

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## Beef Stoo

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This is the benchmark recipe of the entire book. A really good stew can tame the most rabid Worldcon committee (or at least immobilize it long enough to talk sense into it). Although nobody present at the time will admit it, this stew (or STOO) was directly responsible for the salvation of Chicon 4. Phil Foglio once had "enough".

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Bottle of red wine, good enough to sip, bad enough to cook with.

3 boneless chuck roasts, 1 inch thick  
Tobasco, Worchestershire sauce, 1 onion,  
1 turnip, several red-skinned potatoes,  
enough carrots, thin soy sauce.  
Unbleached flour, sage, rosemary, thyme,  
parsley, black pepper, dried mustard.

Trim the meat and cut it into approximately 1-inch square chunks.

Mix enough flour and the herbs together until it looks right. (Be careful with the mustard and the parsley! They're very strong.)

Dump the meat into a bowl and pour in enough red wine to cover it. Leave for half an hour.

Slice up the onion and fry until translucent in good olive oil.

Roll the meat in seasoned flour and fry in olive oil until brown on all sides. Throw it in the stoo pot with the onions and eat as many of both as you like. (Half-raw beef and fried onions. Yum!)

Pour the wine that the meat was soaking in into the pot with the meat and onion.

Pour more wine in until it looks right and pour in enough water to cover the meat and onion.

Turn on the burner to medium and throw in enough soy, Tobasco, and Worchestershire sauce to make it taste right.

Bring stoo to a simmer. Stir frequently to prevent sticking. Cook until meat is tender. (about 45 minutes.)

While the meat is cooking, chop up the vegetables and throw them in once the meat can take a fork without bending it. Crush in a couple cloves of garlic too, if you wish. Tie sprigs of fresh sage, rosemary, and thyme together and drop it into the stoo. Put a lid on the stoo and let simmer until veg is tender. (about 30 minutes)

Serve and pig out. Fresh baked bread or a good sturdy rye bread and a real garlicky salad, along with more of that wine you soaked the meat in go great with this.



## Huevos Rancheros

Ya gotta start the day with a good breakfast, and this'un will open your eyes, sinuses and pores, all at once. We use this early Christmas mornings when we and the Claytons are awakened by the happy rumble of kidfeet at Two dam' early in the ayem. Seventyteen cuppas later, this breakfast tides us over nicely 'til dinner, about which you will discover more later.

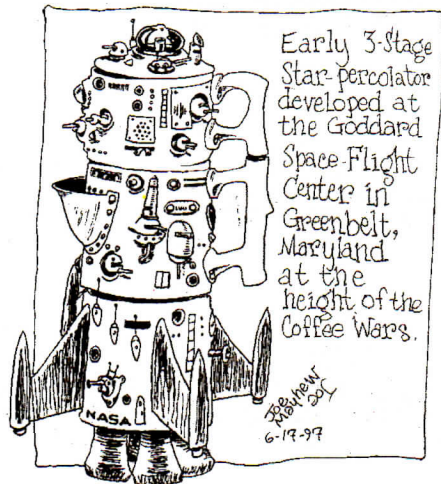
1 T olive oil  
¼ C minced onion  
1 clove garlic  
2 T each green pepper, celery  
2 tomatoes or one 8 oz can whole ditto  
½ tsp chili powder  
2 T diced green chiles  
½ tsp each oregano, sugar  
¼ tsp salt

4 eggs  
salt & pepper to taste  
½ cup shredded cheddar cheese  
1 ripe avocado

In a large skillet, heat the oil and add onion, garlic, bell pepper, celery and (fresh) tomato. Cook on medium heat 'til vegs are tender, then cover and simmer for several minutes 'til they achieve your required degree of doneness. Stir in chili powder, cook 30 seconds, (add canned tomatoes and juice at this point)

Add green chiles, oregano, sugar, salt; simmer 3-5 minutes uncovered to thicken slightly.

Break 1 egg into each quarter of the pan. Cover and cook 'til whites are just set. Season to taste, top with cheese. Cover again 'til cheese melts. Garnish with slices of ripe avocado, serve with fresh bread and lots more coffee.



## Leg of Lamb

Yes, Virginia, this is a fannish recipe, despite the fact that it was stolen in its entirety from the Nero Wolfe Cookbook by Rex Stout. With this recipe, we liberated our friend Bill Paley from the nize girl who happened to be the daughter of his mother's cousin's (hairdresser's?) best friend and a perfect match for a young doctor, thus freeing him to run off with the Beautiful Bridget, the girl of his dreams. The "Off Adric Party" it was served at had **nothing** to do with it. Honest.

1 good-looking leg 'o' lamb  
2 cloves garlic, crushed  
more garlic, slivered  
1/2 C dijon mustard  
1 T soy sauce  
1 t crushed thyme leaves  
or 1/2 T dried leaves  
1/4 t powdered ginger  
1 T olive oil  
Rosemary

Trim all fat from the meat.

Cut small slits all over the roast and pack with slivered garlic and rosemary.

Mix marinade ingredients together and smear all over roast.

Bake at 350 for 90 minutes.

Serve with sweet-cream bikkies, holiday sauce, and asparagus or broccoli.

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## Sweet Cream Biscuits

The only possible accompaniment to the lamb. This biscuit recipe is foolproof, yielding hoards of light tender bikkies. We have stalled Chris Clayton with these. Best with butter and honey.

Sift together:  
2C sifted flour  
1/2t salt  
1T baking powder

Stir in 3/4C heavy cream (whipping cream works too) with fork until all flour is moistened. Add water if necessary. Knead on lightly floured surface about 10 times.

Roll 3/4" thick. Cut with small floured cutter. Bake on ungreased sheet in very hot oven.

Bake at 450 for 12 min or until golden.

## Peking Duck

This is our traditional Christmas Dinner, and is included here with its companion dish Mah Tooy Sung, because it was what instigated this project in the first place. We traditionally sit between twelve to fourteen fans down to this Christmas meal each year, and just as traditionally, our furshlugginer oven chooses that exact moment to die about every other year. Nevertheless, we managed to pull it off again, and Thea Glas (of Electric Eggs Cookbook fame) remarked that she had never been as well fed as she had this Holiday. She wanted **all** the recipes.

**The duck:** a five-to-six pounder.

**The dunk:** 6 C water, 4 slices fresh peeled ginger, 1/4 C honey, and 2 scallions in 2" lengths

Boil this up in a large pot. Tie a strong cord around the loose neck skin of the duck and dunk the duck in it until the skin is blanched. Hang the duck in a cool dry place for at least two hours. Allow the skin to dry completely.

**The sauce:** 1/4 C hoi sin, 1 t sesame oil  
1 T water, 2 t sugar

Mix ingredients, bring to boil, simmer uncovered 3 min over lowest heat. Chill.

The brushes: 24 scallions, frayed into double-ended brushes, in cold water.

The pancakes: 2 C flour  
3/4 C boiling water  
sesame oil (Better yet, go buy Moo Shu pancakes at your local oriental grocery.)

**The Baking:** On a rack: 1 hr, breast up, 375 degrees  
1/2 hr, back up, 300  
1/2 hr, breast up, 375

### The Presentation:

Split skin down the breastbone, remove and set aside. Remove all meat from bones and carcass, dividing it up into 1 inch square pieces. Cut skin, which will be crisp and mahogany brown, into 1 inch squares.

Heap the meat into the middle of a heated platter and arrange the skin around it. Serve with steamed pancakes, scallions and sauce. The idea is to brush sauce onto the pancake with the scallion brush, then roll the brush, a piece of meat and a piece of skin into the pancake. The ultimate finger food. Figure on at least 1/2 duck per person.

## Mah Tuy Soong

This is the companion dish to the Peking Duck. Take note, the **fresh** water chestnuts are the key to this recipe. You have to get them at an oriental grocery and peel them yourself. Trust me on this. Todd Hamilton has been seen to swoon with delight after sampling this dish, and could only be resuscitated with liberal applications of pumpkin pie.

A)	B)
2 T oil	1 C chicken broth
1/2 C minced pork	1 T cornstarch in 2 T water
	dash of black pepper
1 C fresh water chestnuts, minced	
1/2 t salt	
1 t thin soy sauce	

Boston lettuce

Heat wok, add oil, and heat.

Add pork, water chestnuts, salt, soy, and pepper.

Stir over high heat for 1 min.

Add broth, cover and cook for 2 min.

Add cornstarch paste slowly, toss until thickened.

Serve with lettuce.

## Pumpkin Pie

\*This is the One True Pumpkin Pie. You could stop an alien invasion with this one. (And we have, too. You never heard about it because they waddled off happy. They particularly liked the whipped cream. Really.)

Preheat the oven to 425

2C pumpkin, steamed until soft, then ground (find a nice, fresh pie pumpkin at a farmer's market (Luxury is best) and fritz it in your microwave for best results. Somehow, canned pumpkin just does not cut it.)

1 1/2 C cream  
1/4 C brown sugar  
1/2 C white sugar  
1/2 t salt  
1 t cinnamon  
1/2 t ginger  
1/4 t allspice  
1/8 t cloves  
2 slightly beaten eggs

Bake 15 min at 425.

Turn down to 350 and bake for 45 minutes.



## Chocolate Cheesecake

Our signature dessert. Robin insists that it is the only confection noble enough to be considered as a "One True" birthday cake. Powerful enough to stop even the most rabid chocoholic, this puppy can clog coronary arteries at fifty paces.

### **Crust:**

1 package of Famous Chocolate Wafers - 8 1/2 oz. size.

Pinch salt + cinnamon

1/3 C melted butter

Crush wafers to consistency of meal. Add salt, cinnamon, butter and mix well.

Press firmly into 9" springform and chill 30 minutes.

### **Filling:**

12 oz. semi-sweet chocolate (Maillard's, Lanvin, Tobler, Blommer's, or Ghirardelli)

1 1/2 lb cream cheese at room temp

1 C sugar

3 eggs

2 T unsalted butter, melted

1 C whipping cream

1 C sour cream

1 t vanilla

Preheat oven to 350

Melt chocolate in open double boiler over low heat - set aside.

Beat cream cheese with sugar till fluffy.

Add eggs one by one, just incorporating each before adding another.

Add melted chocolate, butter, creams, and vanilla. Pour into springform - do not overfill - smooth top.

Bake for 45-60 min till sides are firm, cool, then chill overnight in springform.

*\*Just one slice is both too much and never enough. This makes a world-class birthday cake.*

## Sour Cream Cheesecake Topping

This is kinda fun to slather over the top of the chocolate cheesecake. It's like camouflage. From the top, just another Eli's clone; dig into it and WHAMMO! Chocolate Armageddon!

Cool cheesecake to room temperature and preheat oven to 425.

### **Mix:**

1 1/2 C Thick cultured sour cream

2 T sugar

1/2 t vanilla

1/8 t salt

Mix well and pour over cheesecake. Bake 5 minutes to glaze and then cool, and refrigerate 6-12 hours before serving.

*\*Never tried it myself- but it sounds good!*

## "The First One is ALWAYS Free" Truffles

We could give you this recipe, but then we'd have to kill you.

## Chocolate Cheesecake Brownies

In order to forestall any whining caused by the withholding of the Truffles recipe (honestly, 'Ricia would hamstring me if I let the recipe get out!), I include this gem, developed by Anne, who makes the best scratch brownies in the whole Balkan Arch and Peligo.

### **Filling:**

8 oz cream cheese, softened

1/3 C sugar

1 egg

1 t grated orange rind (or more)

1/2 t vanilla

### **Brownie:**

2 oz baking chocolate

1/2 C butter

1 C sugar

2 eggs

3/4 C flour

1/2 t each- baking powder, salt

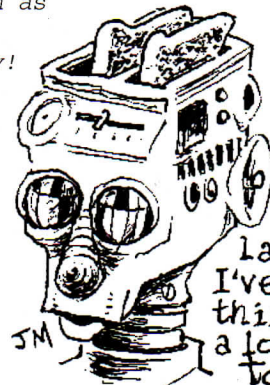
1/2 C semisweet chips over top

Butter a brownie pan. Pour half the Brownie mix in. Gently pour the filling on top, and then pour the rest of the brownie mix on top. Sprinkle chips liberally over the surface.

Bake brownies at 350 for 45 minutes or until the brownies test done in the center.

*\*These are unbelievably good.*

*Not quite as rich as the cheesecake, but just as tasty!*



*Lately,  
I've been  
thinking  
a lot about  
toast...*

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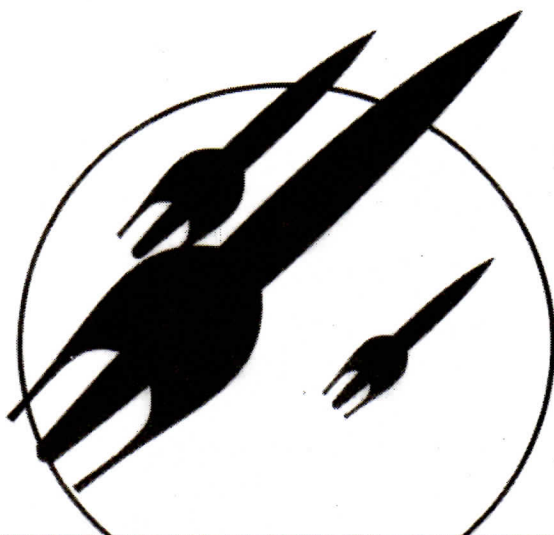
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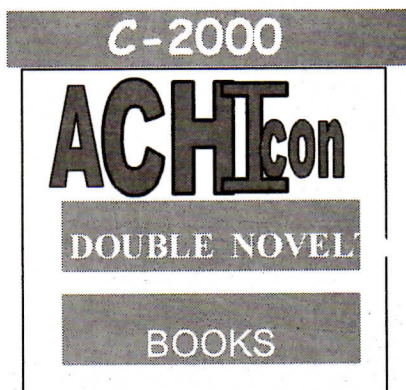
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58<sup>th</sup> World Science Fiction Convention  
August 31, 2000 . September 4, 2000  
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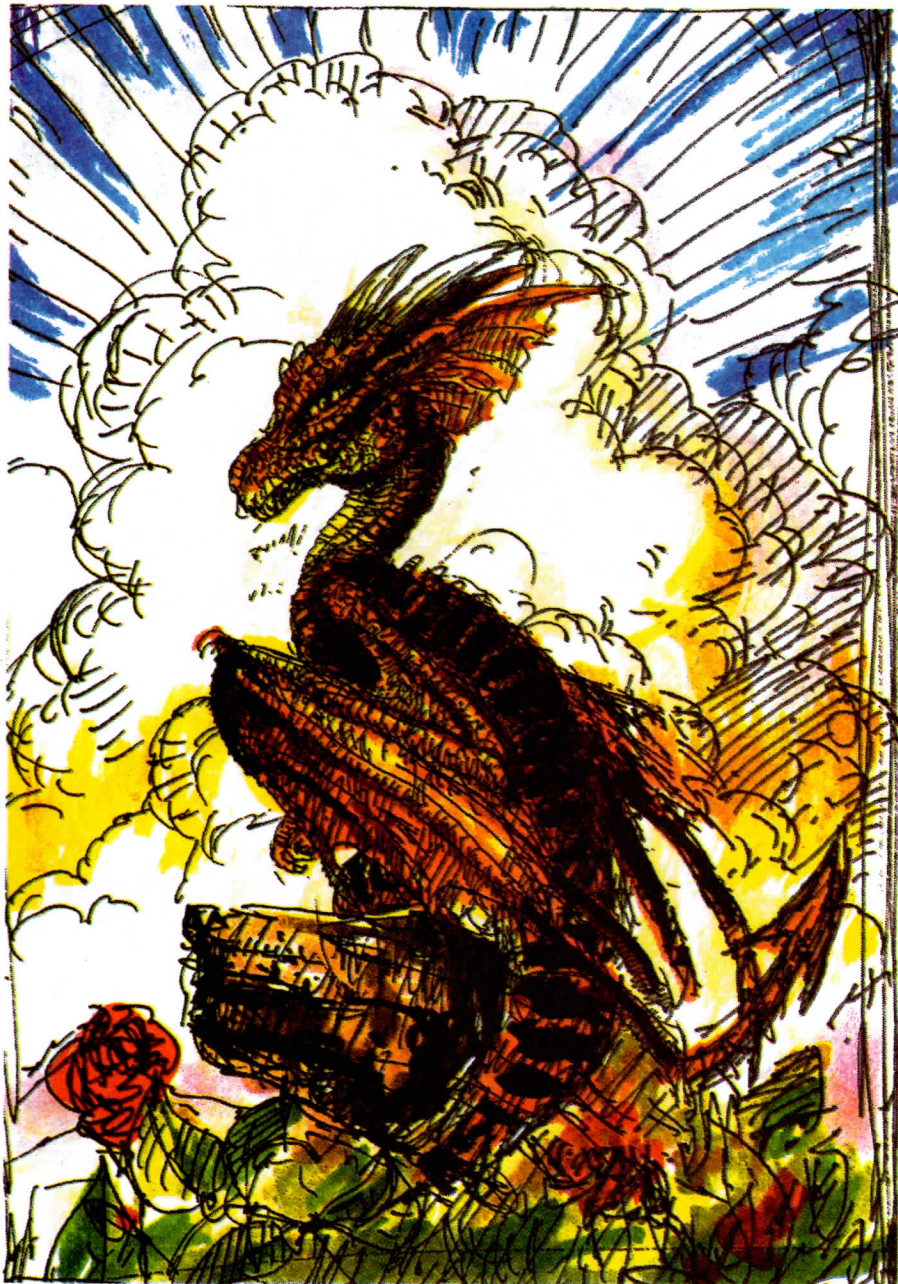
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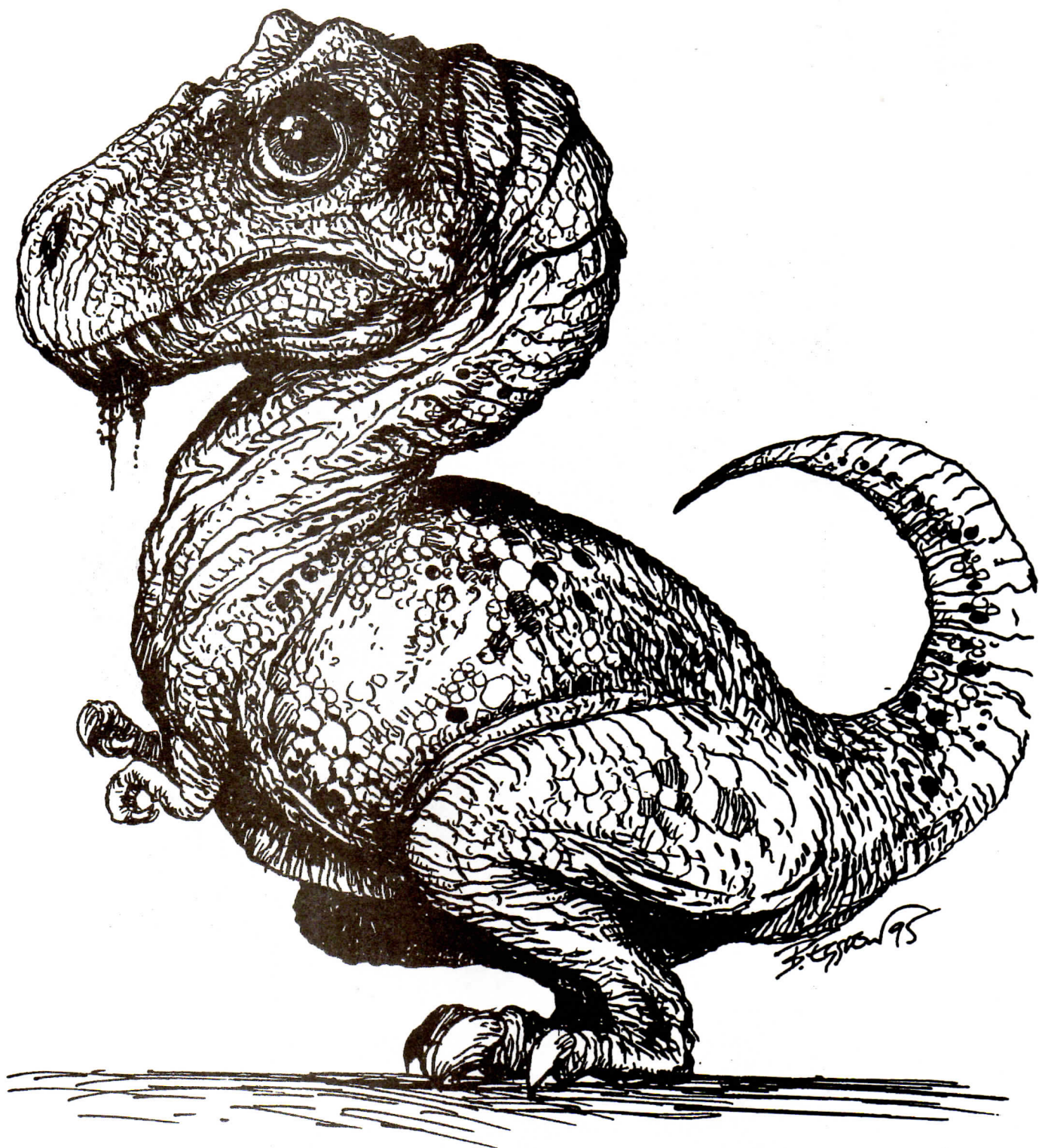
# The Bob Eggleton Sketch Book

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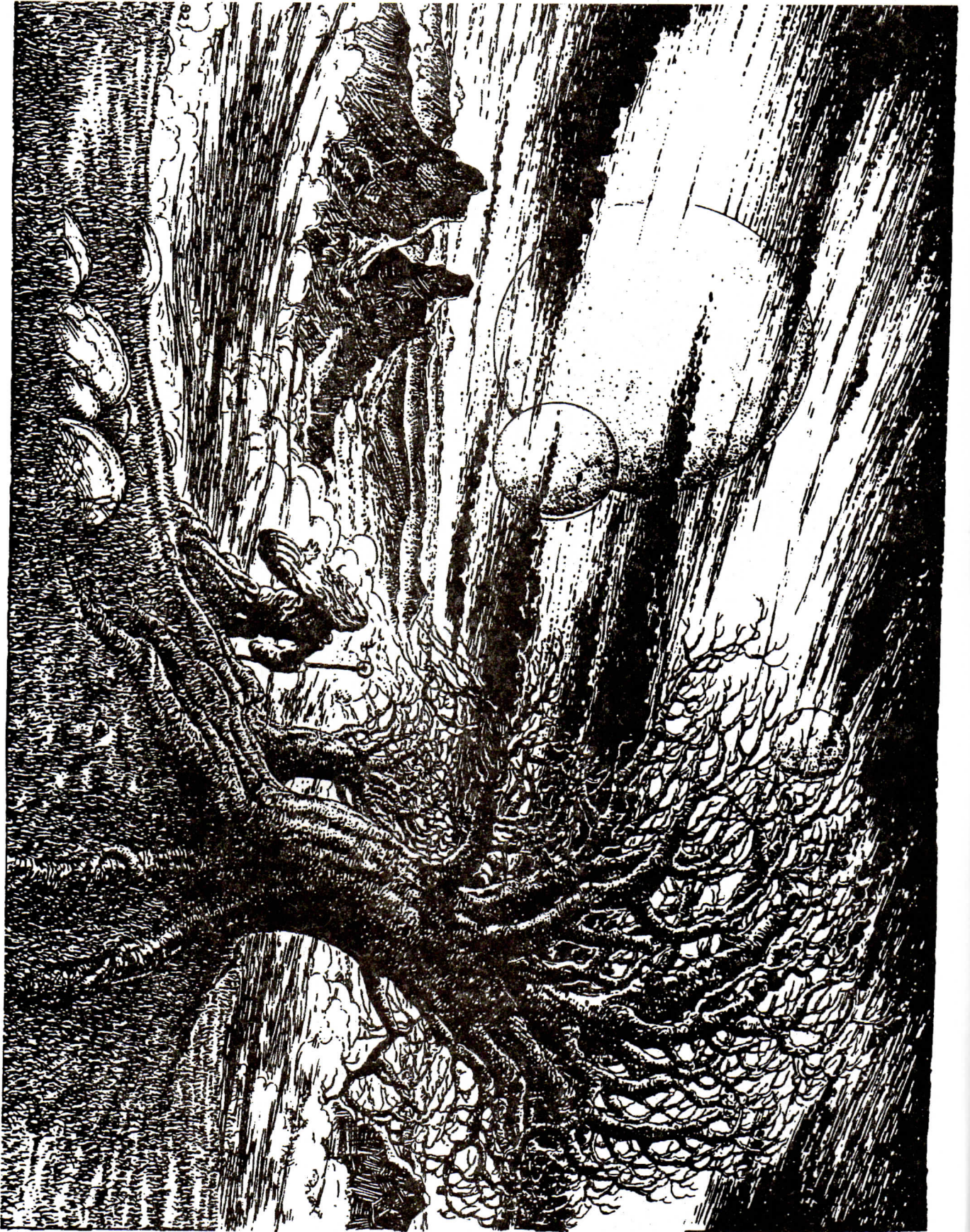
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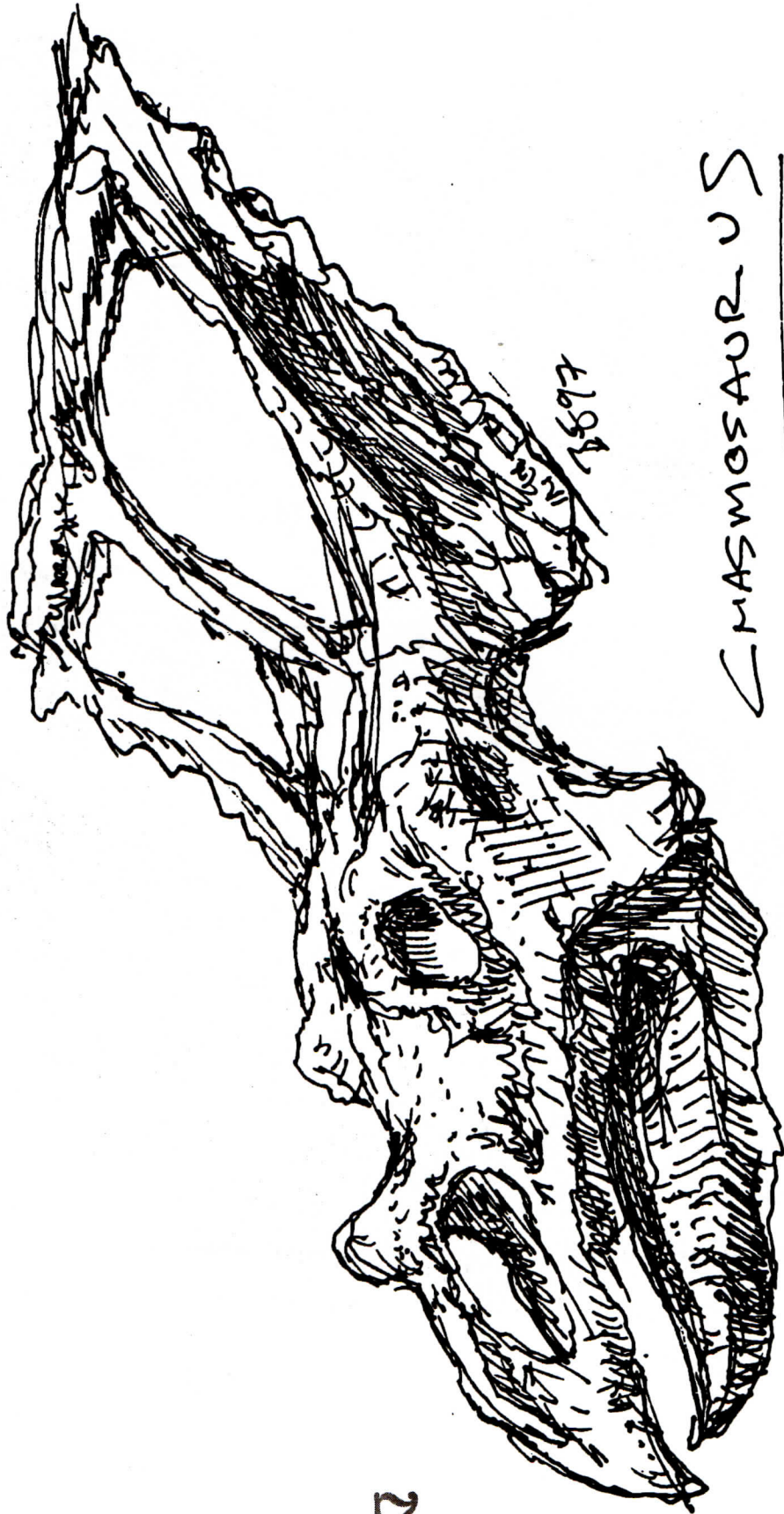
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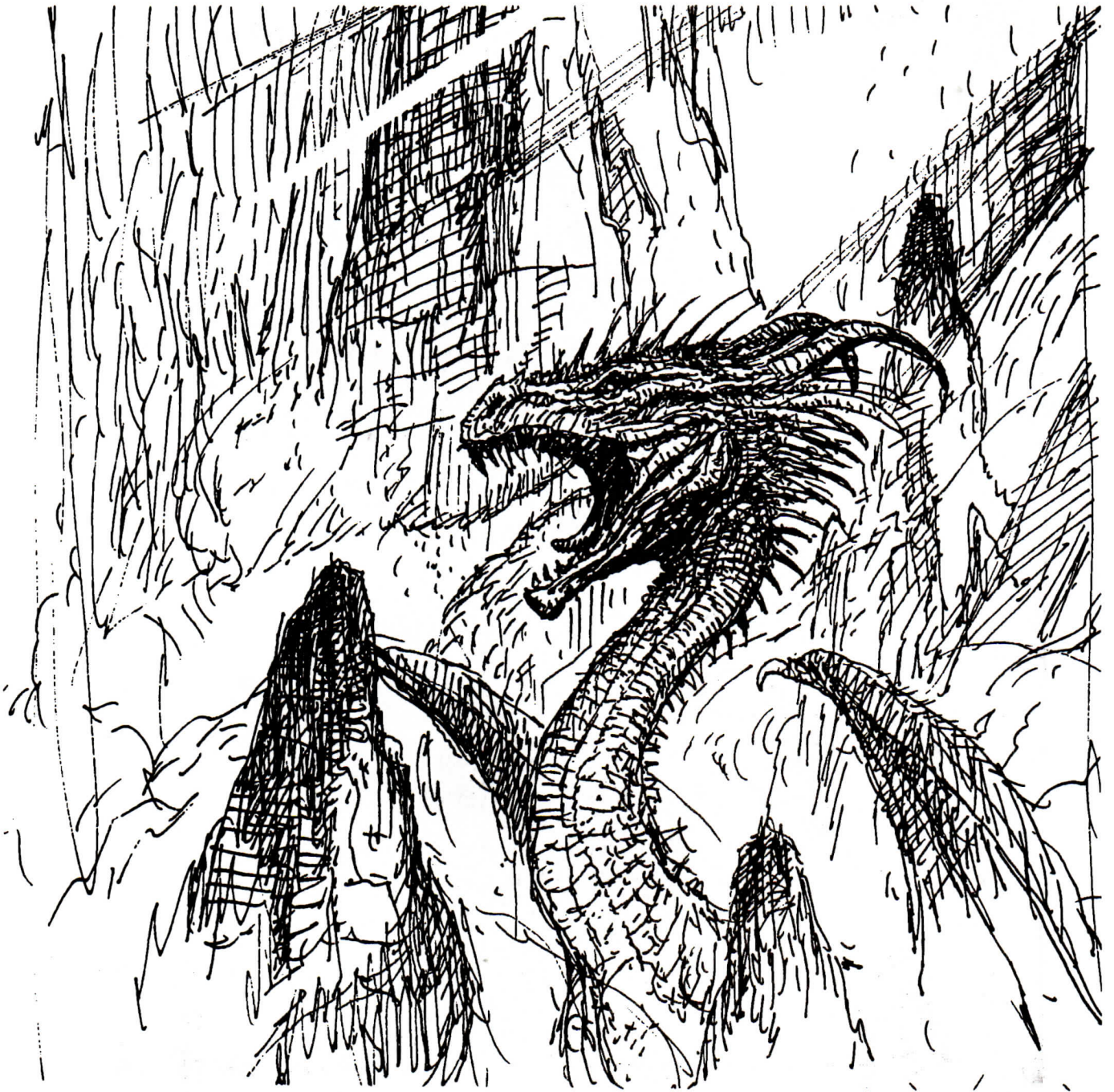
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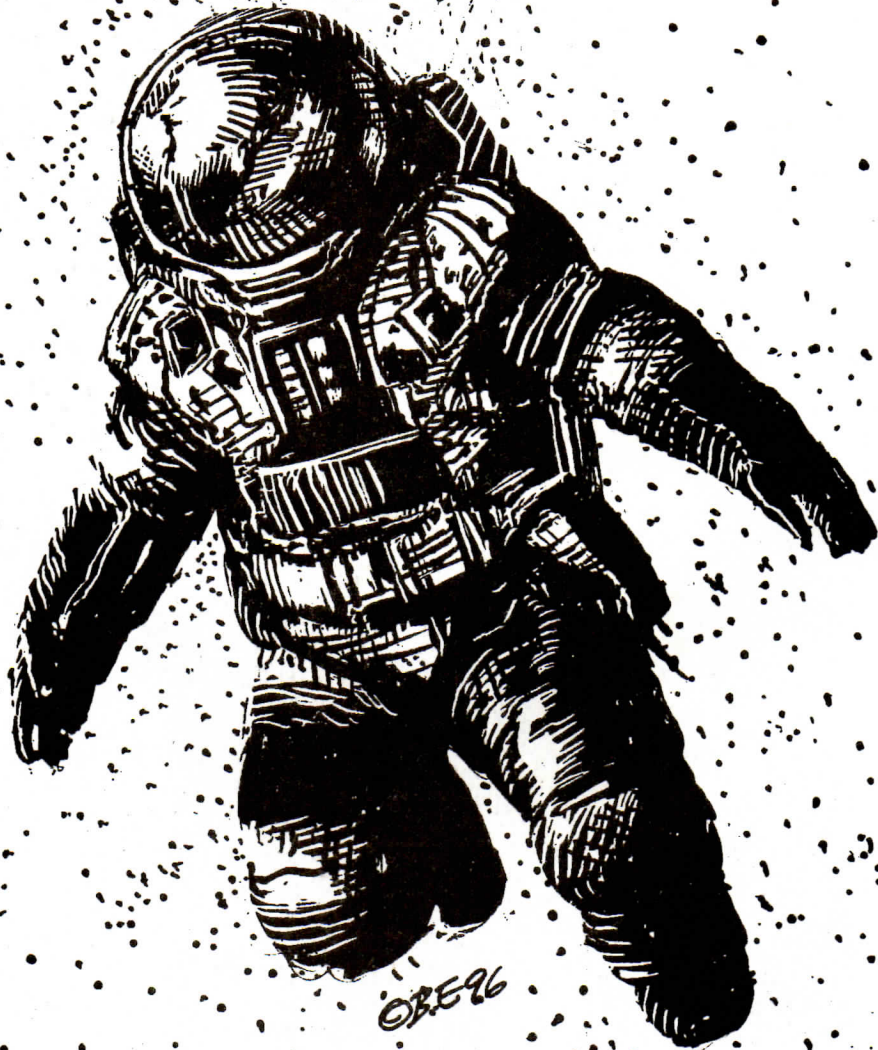


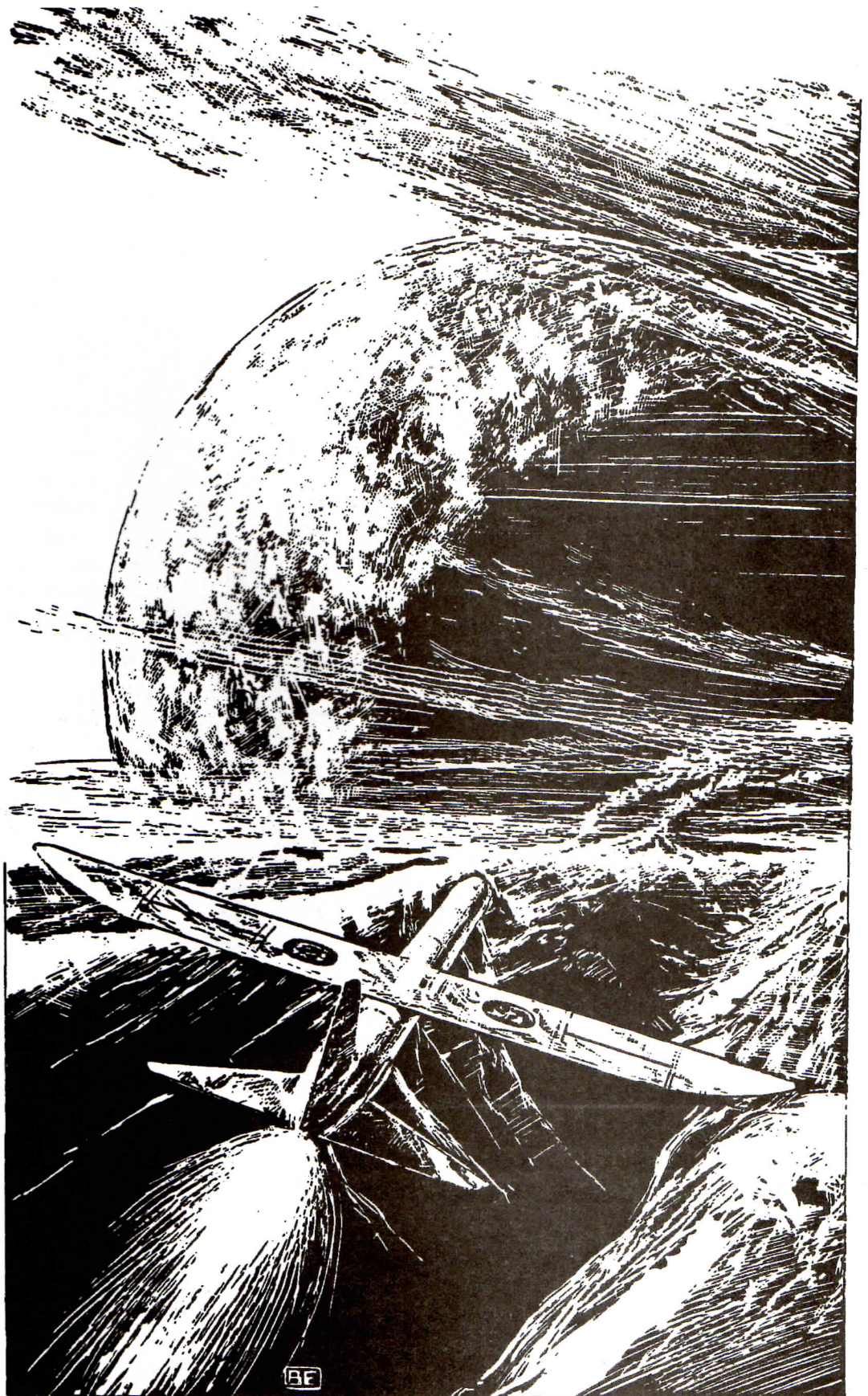














The drawing on the right, of Elliot Nessie, was created by Bob Eggleton for Chicon 2000's Progress Report Zero. For those of you who missed it, we are happy to present it again, with special thanks to Bob Eggleton for making this special Guest of Honor publication even more special and spectacular. His ideas contributed greatly to the final form this publication has taken, and of course, without his artwork there would only be half a book.

Thank you to Ben Bova for the original Sam Gunn story written especially for this publication - both Science Fiction and Chicago!

Thank you to Harry Turtle-dove for the delightful short short story. Until I received Harry's story, I didn't have a clue where to use Bob Eggleton's "Bates Motel" drawing - again, Bob Eggleton, thank you.

Thank you to the Passovoy's for sharing the delightful article and the delicious recipes with fandom. And to Robin Passovoy and Joe Mayhew for their help with that section.

And thank you, Jim Baen for the advertisement idea - the perfect inclusion to "A CHicon Double." And another place for Bob Eggleton to display his varied talents, too.

My special thanks to the Chicon 2000 committee for selecting this Guest of Honor slate. These guests have certainly made producing this tribute to their work fun and gratifying. Thank you all for this opportunity to work with each and every one of you.

*editor, Diane Blackwood*

