



Colophon

File 770:106 is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. File 770 is available for news, artwork, arranged trades (primarily with other new-zines and club-zines), or by subscription. Subscriptions cost \$8.00 for 5 issues, \$15.00 for 10 issues, mailed first class in North America or surface mail rates overseas. Air printed matter service is available for \$2.50 per issue. Telephone: (818) 787-5061

CompuServe:
72557,1334

GEnie:
M.GLYER

ART CREDITS

Tara
Cover

Brad Foster
3, 12

Bill Rotsler
5, 9, 13, 16,
21, 22

Alexis Gilliland
7, 11

Ulrika
8, 19

Diana Harlan Stein
10

[*][*][*][*][*][*][*][*][*]

Editor's Notes by Mike Glyer

[*][*][*][*][*][*][*][*][*]

Where's the Rest of Me? There's over 8,000 words of Worldcon coverage in this issue, and more to come. In *File 770:107* I'll complete the saga with Masquerade coverage, lists of non-Hugo awards announced at ConAdian, Hugo voting statistics, a close look at the WSFS Business Meeting by Kevin Standlee and supplementary convention reports by John Hertz and Dale Speirs.

In Times Roman To Come: Readers quickly agreed with Chaz Baden's critique that too many different fonts were used in issue 104. Even the letters joking about an editor's omnipotent right to design his fanzine as he pleases hinted that right was my only excuse for showing off fonts like a grade-schooler does a 64-color collection of crayons.

I will keep Chaz' advice in mind from now on. I will also stay with the body type used in recent issues because some of the same people strongly prefer it to text fonts I experimented with in last year's issues.

The *File 770* Renaissance continues: held for next issue are Kathleen Toth's review of the Roddenberry bio by David Alexander, Janice Gelb's DeepSouthCon report. I've lined up two more articles on specialty fandoms that I expect to receive before the end of the year.

Robert Bloch: Author and friend of fandom Bob Bloch passed away on September 23 after a battle with cancer. While I hope that *Locus* will publish a tribute to him as it did for other major figures in sf upon their death, I would like to collect people's memories about Bloch's relationship with fandom and his personal impact on them.

I already have pieces from Don Franson and Pat Cadigan; Bill Warren agreed to write one; and I hope many more of you will send them

two weeks of reading this. (Yes, don't forget we've got a much faster set of wheels on *File 770* now! You can tell from the preview above that I've already got most of the material for issue 107.)

Baltimore in '98 Changes Proposed Worldcon Date

The Baltimore in '98 Worldcon bid committee lost its prospective facility for Labor Day Weekend when the Baltimore Convention Center was booked by the National Guard Bureau for Labor Day Weekend in 1998. The Convention Center honored the bid's first option on the facility but the bid can't commit to the date before winning the right to hold the Worldcon.

Covert Beach, President, Baltimore Worldcon in '98, Inc., announced, "The Baltimore Convention Center has been working with us to find a solution, and, after arranging with another group to shift their date, has offered the bid first option on the weekend of Saturday the 8th of August. We also explored the option of moving our bid to DC to preserve the traditional weekend, however the group holding the first option on the DC Convention Center has exercised it.

"There is of course strong feeling in fandom for keeping the Worldcon on Labor Day... Opinions were polled from the community both by phone and over the net. Response is overwhelmingly in favor of continuing the bid. (On the order of 83 - 4 in favor.) ...October 1st, at the quarterly meeting of the bid, we voted unanimously to continue with the new date."

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Harry A. Hopkins, 7761 Asterella Court,
Springfield, VA 22152-3133
Glen GoodKnight, 245 S. Atlantic Bl.,
Monterey Park, CA 91754

1994 HUGO AWARD WINNERS

Best Novel

Green Mars, by Kim Stanley Robinson
(HarperCollins; Bantam Spectra)

Best Novella

"Down in the Bottomlands", by Harry
Turtledove (*Analog*, January 1993)

Best Novelette

"Georgia on My Mind", by Charles
Sheffield (*Analog*, January 1993)

Best Short Story

"Death on the Nile", by Connie Willis
(*Asimov's*, March 1993)

Best Non-Fiction Book

The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction,
edited by John Clute and Peter Nich-
olls (St. Martin's)

Best Dramatic Presentation

Jurassic Park (Universal)

Best Professional Editor

Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Best Professional Artist

Bob Eggleton

Best Original Artwork

*Space Fantasy Commemorative Stamp
Booklet*, by Stephen Hickman (U.S.
Postal Service)

Best Semiprozine

Science Fiction Chronicle, edited by
Andrew I. Porter

Best Fanzine

Mimosa, ed. by Dick and Nicki Lynch

Best Fan Writer

Dave Langford

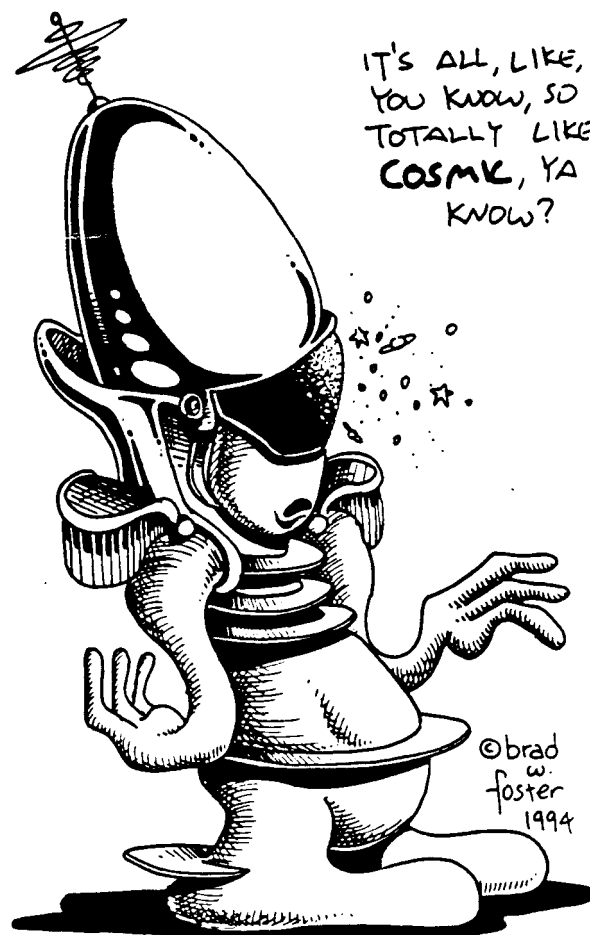
Best Fan Artist

Brad W. Foster

John W. Campbell Award

Amy Thomson

ConAdian: The 1994 World Science Fiction Convention by Mike Glycer



ConAdian ran as smoothly as any Worldcon in memory. Having only 3600 attendees (including one-days) helped, taking the strain off registration and other services. In fact, ConAdian was the smallest North American Worldcon since it last met in Canada, at TorCon II in 1973.

Knowing that attendance would be sparse in comparison to Worldcons held in cities many times larger than Winnipeg forced a degree of commercial ingenuity on the organizers that may be common among trade shows but has never been equalled by any other Worldcon. Chairman John Mansfield courted dozens sponsors and advertisers to gain new sources of revenue at the same time he unsentimentally cut expenses. In the end, Bruce Farr, ConAdian's budget

director (as well as head of Programme Division) could say that the con finished "enough past break-even that we hope to be able to reimburse memberships to Programme Participants and volunteers." Even those modest hopes meant that Winnipeg ended in healthier financial condition than Worldcons held in Holland, Britain and Australia -- to which it is properly compared due to its small attendance and remote location from fannish population centers.

Canadian fans worked incredible hours to make the con happen. They also had a tremendous amount of help: Operations Division head Robbie Cantor said there were 543 staff and volunteers. Winnipeg's handful of experienced Worldcon-running fans melded young local volunteers and veteran fans from Britain, Holland and the U.S. with remarkably little confusion or frustration. I observed two of the 9 a.m. executive committee meetings and believe every con committee would like to exhibit the same "grace under pressure" as the ConAdian division heads.

Con programming was well attended. The headline events all started within 10 minutes of the scheduled time except the Masquerade, whose 25-minutes-late-start went unnoticed by fans because they'd been seated an hour before starting time rather than being forced to wait in line while the crew finished its preparations.

Registration opened Tuesday morning in order to avoid some of the problems of last year's Worldcon in San Francisco. It still turned into a chokepoint for a large number of fans on Wednesday night and some fans claimed to have waited 40 minutes to be processed. This complaint must be weighed against the fact that the con didn't start until Thursday afternoon and a lot of Wednesday arrivals apparently felt they had nothing better to do than wait and be registered.

Opening Ceremonies: Worldcons and tv adventure series have in common the trait of beginning at full speed to hook the audience before the opening credits. Fourteen hundred fans registered, a whole night of room parties expired and the dealers' and artists' spaces were unveiled before ConAdian's convention-opening ceremonies on Thursday afternoon.

The ceremonies began as V.I.P.'s crossed the stage to their seats when Toastmaster Barry B. Longyear introduced them: Gary Lindberg of the Canadian space agency; Susan Thompson, the Mayor of Winnipeg; ConAdian's guests of honor Anne McCaffrey, George Barr and Robert Runte.

Then the hall lights dimmed. The Canadian national anthem filled the rafters while the big video screen showed majestic nature scenes, lovable multiethnic children, and swooshing jet fighters. A spotlight picked out the Canadian

and American flags hanging above the entrance. Draped alongside them at an angle that made it look like a proof-reader's correction was Scotland's flag, white cross on blue field.

ConAdian's longing for a distinct nationalistic character was obvious from beginning to end in everything from its name to its imagery and staging. I don't recall another Worldcon beginning with a national anthem, nor did Dutch fan Kees Van Toorn, chairman of the 1990 Worldcon.

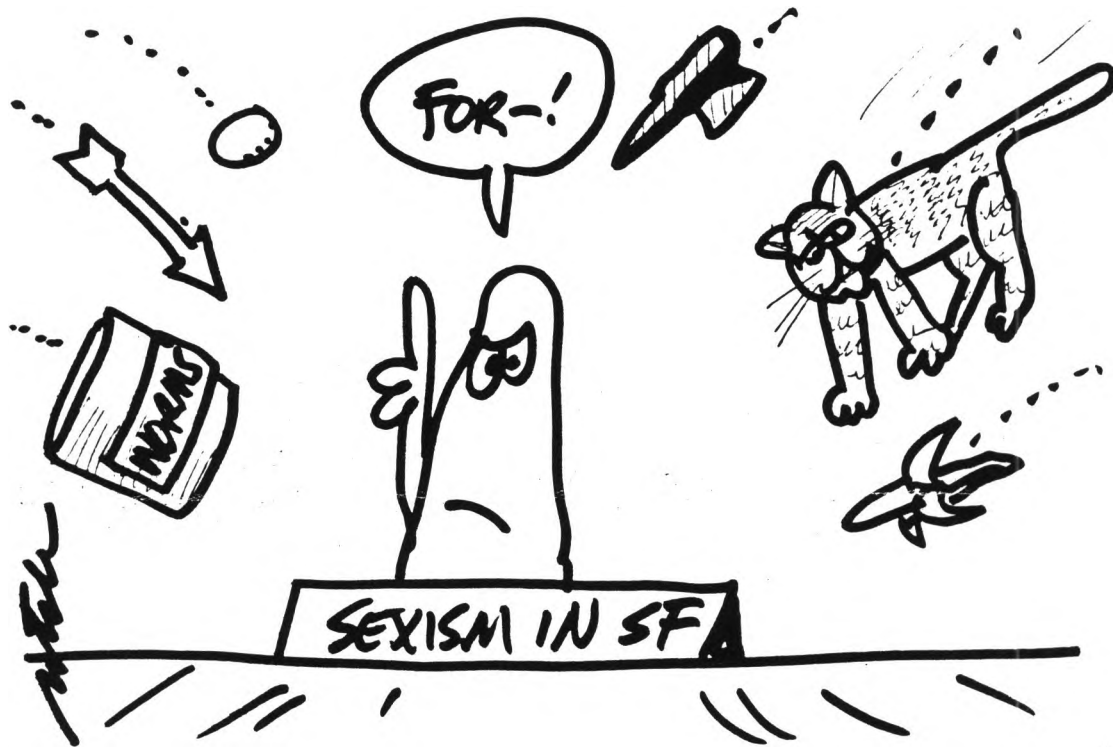
The house lights remained dimmed for fans to see a video scrapbook of Worldcon history summing up science fiction since Gernsback and telling how the twig of Canadian fandom was grafted to these roots. The production and script were excellent, particularly the use of footage from City of the Future exhibit at the 1939 World's Fair to illustrate "the way the future was" when Worldcons began. The video also personalized the committee by showing their years of bidding and studying to run a Worldcon. Several Worldcons have presented retrospectives at opening ceremonies or at the Hugos but none of them ever conveyed such a sense that the process was the realization of a cherished dream.

Performers highlighted two prominent ethnic cultures from the Winnipeg community. Native American George Bear danced in fringed, purple-sequined garb, arraying himself with an ever-increasing number of small hoops that the imaginative eye could identify as various animals. Bear has placed second in world competition in his artform.

Then came the Vitraz Ukrainian Dancers, about 16 men and women in ethnic costume who did a variety of energetic dances, including athletic tumbling and rhythmic kicking in a deep knee-bend.

Official greetings followed the performances. Gary Lindberg, vice-president of research for the Canadian Space Agency, welcomed us on behalf of the federal government. Lindberg called GoH Anne McCaffrey one of his favorite authors. He teased that due to Canada's owning the north magnetic pole and having the magnificent and mysterious aurora borealis as inspiration its contributions to the space program aren't negligible. He also gave a serious recitation of Canada's contributions to satellite development and participation in the shuttle program, notably by astronaut Marc Garneau who later spoke at the con.

Susan Thompson, the Mayor of Winnipeg, greeted us in several languages, adding "Buenos dias" to remind us Winnipeg will host the Pan-American Games in 1999 which made her pulse race significantly faster than hosting our coffee klatsch. Suspecting that flat note in the mayor's greeting was a put-on, Peggy Rae Pavlat studied the video



screen and asked me if I didn't think it was Linda Ross-Mansfield in a wig.

The mayor hoped we wouldn't confine our local visit to the convention area but would turn aside and visit recreation areas like The Forks. She said, "Let me tempt you to sneak off for a moment...." At the back of the hall someone shouted, "Bye!"

The Mayor said one thing to impress most fans: ConAdian is the largest conference gathering in Winnipeg in 1994. The audience buzzed with interest when they heard that.

The ceremonies ended with a bit of business symbolizing ConAdian's continuity with past worldcons. ConFrancisco chairman David Clark handed over the "gavel" to Winnipeg chairman John Mansfield -- a 3-foot loaf of sourdough bread. John thanked all the volunteers, then shrugged himself into a dignified pose and with the length of hard bread tucked under one arm marched from the stage.

Almost everyone stayed afterwards to see Dr. Arlan Andrews present the tape of the fifth launch of the Delta Clipper. The DC-X successfully took off and landed despite an explosion that tore off bits and pieces of the fuselage. Someone in the audience shouted, "So that's what happened to my luggage!"

Concourse: After Opening Ceremonies ended in Hall A many fans strolled over to Hall B to see the Dealers' Room

and Art Show.

They entered the hall through a virtual park. At one end of the park short, green benches formed triangles around potted evergreens. Loudspeakers chirped recorded bird-songs. Origami birds in clear balloons circled the park, suspended on string from the rafters.

Several manned exhibits hemmed the concourse including the Canadian Space Agency and Wizards of the Coast. Later in the weekend, the hoax daily newzine *Voyeur* claimed "The Wizards of the Coast people were seen looking for a recording of a hawk to play in the concourse to drive away those recordings of birds that were driving them nuts."

The other end of the Concourse was filled with "touch but don't take" exhibits of past Worldcon paraphernalia, photo collages of international fandom, and Christine Valada's photo gallery of science fiction pros.

Dozens of banners and the striped canopy of a tent hung in the rafters adding to Hall B's festive appearance. Fans may have assumed they were part of the Convention Centre's generic decoration but they were actually property of the Oktoberfest that opened the day after ConAdian vacated the hall. John Mansfield negotiated extra breakdown time by allowing the Oktoberfest people to hang their decorations early -- and got a little free ambiance in the process.

Bruce Pelz organized the fan exhibits. When I visited the concourse I found him sitting on a park bench with Mark Olson, studying Mark's graph of Worldcon memberships sold as a function of time. Alone on a line high above the trend of other Worldcons was Glasgow, the 1995 Worldcon.

But Olson said that unless Glasgow sold about 500 memberships by the end of the weekend -- the one-year-to-go point on the graph -- that line would nosedive. He knew the trend had to level off eventually because it currently projected a Glasgow worldcon the size of L.A.con II.

Glasgow co-chairman Vince Docherty told me they sold 125 new memberships through Saturday night. Vince was depending on the trend to level off, too, noting that Glasgow's exhibition center is rated to hold 10,000 people "but our hotels aren't."

Dealers' Room: I enjoyed the variety of hucksters in the ConAdian dealers' room, even if it felt the same size as Westercon's. There's always speculation that an international border -- meaning tariffs, inspections and paperwork -- deters U.S. artists and hucksters. ConAdian's smaller predicted size also discouraged them.

But Scott and Jane Dennis were not only undeterred, they were positively feisty, announcing their \$1.365 exchange rate with a flourish: "Banco Di Dennis, insured by the WSFSLIC. We're stronger than the Government: our net worth is zero!"

One of the dealers made up t-shirts on the spot. After the awards, Amy Thomson added "Campbell Award Winner" to her ConAdian souvenir t-shirt.

Mike Glicksohn said the most expensive thing he saw for sale was a two-volume boxed set of 1840 Poe books at \$9,500 (US).

A lot cheaper than the Poe books and selling briskly at \$10 a copy was *Alternate Worldcons*, a 127-page paperback anthology edited by Mike Resnick, full of stories about Worldcons that never happened. Dealers sold every copy brought to the convention, approximately 180 copies. The stories were by Tony Lewis, Mark Aronson, Dick Spelman, Terry McGarry, Gene DeWeese and Robert Coulson, Frank M. Robinson, Jack C. Haldeman II, Brian M. Thomsen, Richard Gilliam, Louise Rowder, Mike Glycer, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, Rick Katze, Mike Resnick, Leah Zeldes and Lawrence Schimel. Some fans spent the weekend searching for the authors to autograph their stories, and for past chairs of real Worldcons to autograph the historical list in the front of the book.

Art Show: The ConAdian art show exhibited 1383 pieces by

92 artists, and almost 40% of the work on display was sold.

Despite the quantity of art the average quality was down from other years. A committee can provide good facilities but in the end they cannot make artists participate. Although Mike Whelan entered paintings, including one with an \$8,000 minimum bid, not even all the Hugo-nominated artists responded to art show director Elayne Pelz' offer of free space to show their work. Bob Eggleton, who ultimately won the Best Pro Artist Hugo, did not even reply to the offer.

But there was enough good art in the show to generate \$34,235 of sales, with \$1,000 the top price paid for a single piece. A total of 441 registered bidders purchased 512 pieces.

The hoax daily newzine *Voyeur* scored a half-truth point with the rumor, "The original artwork for Steve Hickman's Space Fantasy stamp, owned by the U.S. Postal Service, cannot be returned via U.S. mail. The Postal Service insists that it be sent by UPS instead." Actually, that restriction was given by the artist, Hickman, not the Postal Service.

1997 Site Selection: For the fans from St. Louis and San Antonio the most important event at ConAdian was the 1997 Site Selection vote, culminating years of campaigning.

Two hundred fans attended a session on Thursday and fired questions at representatives of the bids. I moderated the forum. For this kind of program the attendance was phenomenal: perhaps being at ConAdian reminded people how exciting the Winnipeg-vs.-Louisville race had been and they expected the 1997 race to be just as good. I thought the audience's questions were exceptionally good and admired the degree of preparation evident in the bidders' replies.

St. Louis bid co-chair Michelle Zellich emphasized that their facility could hold the entire con under one roof. She wooed voters by pricing transportation from the airport to the convention center: "a \$30 cab, a \$12 airport shuttle or a \$1 Metrolink ride."

San Antonio bidder Karen Meschke focused on tourism, especially their city center which had been revitalized at the time of the World's Fair. She loosed chaos in the room by boldly declaring, "The Henry B. Gonzalez Convention Center has 225 square feet..." (That's 225,000....)

As I moderated the session I was quite distracted by someone in the front row -- besides Robert Sacks, that is. Angela Philley had donned an armadillo suit made of gray foam rubber, and completed the effect by slathering her face with gunmetal gray makeup. I kept thinking of the groom's cake in *Steel Magnolias*...

Robert Sacks was reporting the session for the daily newzine, *Voyageur*, a task he does very well even if he does ask some strange questions. When Sacks asked, "How will you make your con different from a plain vanilla Worldcon?" I wondered "Which one did you think was most vanilla?"

Future bidders in the audience took note of what fans wanted to know, since they were invited to a comparable panel on Sunday. Someone asked, did each bid have a theme for its worldcon? Fans also asked about the distances between facilities, handicapped access, public transportation, parking costs, masquerade seating (flat, or on risers?), corkage for private parties and whether the pocket program would fit in a pocket.

Spider's Place: Spider Robinson hosted a cabaret on Thursday night called "Spider's Place." Becky Thomson said, "The idea itself was brilliant, and I enjoyed it immensely in spite of problems. It wasn't a huge problem that the Norwood [Hotel, location of "Spider's Place"] was over two miles from the Convention Centre. Since it would only hold 250 people, this helped control demand. The place had many rowdy regulars in attendance, all angry that the regular programming had been preempted. It was incredibly hot and crowded, and the acoustics were terrible."

Alexandra Honigsberg, one of the performers, felt differently. ConAdian had arranged with the Norwood that "anyone with a badge would get in for free whilst the locals

had to pay a cover. But the whole idea was for this to be a packed house, so they didn't shut it down to the regular crowd. And actually, I got a lot of compliments from locals on the sets, so I don't think they were all angry. If you've ever played a lot of gigs, you know there're jerks everywhere. That was a decent crowd, especially for a relatively small town (population 650,000 for the entire Greater Winnipeg area.) Space and smoke were the biggest problems for me."

Becky Thomson enjoyed much more the impromptu sing-along led by Spider, Tam Gordy, Randy Reichardt, Steve Fahnestalk and others on the second floor of the Convention Centre after the Hugos on Saturday night. Becky said, "It worked better in many respects than the planned event on Thursday."

Parties: There were 33 parties announced on Friday's Open Party list.

Lloyd Penney bragged that his "Slightly Higher In Eastern Canada" party had a better beer list than the Elephant & Castle pub. Nevertheless fans drank the party dry by 1:30 a.m. and others who arrived later seemed seriously angry that they'd run out of beer.

Mike Glicksohn said the most imaginative party was put together by half a dozen locals swept up in the spirit of the occasion, promoting a mock bid for "Antarctica in 1999" that allowed fans to "build your own marshmallow snowman" and dine on iceberg lettuce and ice beer while watching a TV screen set for a snowy pattern that was touted as a live telecast from the convention site.

The party with the best "word-of-mouth" was the nightly Dead Dragon Inn, a hospitality suite run as a medieval tavern with live bands.

Miscellaneous: It's not ordinarily news when Jay Kay Klein and Dick Spelman attend a worldcon, as many as they've been to. This year it was. Spelman, the noted huckster, had quintuple bypass surgery July 26 in Cincinnati. The doctor gave Dick a 50-50 chance of attending Conadian: fortunately, Dick came out on the right side of fifty percent and appeared to be recovering rapidly. Jay Kay Klein had a heart attack in May followed by double bypass surgery. He wrote soon after, "I am still alive and -- so everyone tells me -- looking very natural." Everyone was glad both men recovered so quickly that they didn't have to miss the con.

Jay Kay made sure to give me plenty of quotes so his name would be liberally sprinkled throughout



my con report. He said, "I was lying in my hospital bed at what might be my last moment, trying to make sense of my life. And I couldn't make any sense of it. ...If it was dramatized they have to make it as a 'soup opera'."



Anticipation: Toastmaster Barry B. Longyear and Jean Longyear came through Site Selection to buy their future worldcon memberships. Several Texas fans who remembered Barry's appearance at Windycon a few years ago complimented his hilarious speech there, and asked what he had planned for the Hugo Awards. Barry promised it would be "something I've been cherishing ever since they asked me to do this. I even took out the extra \$5 insurance on the tux." A Texan asked, "Why, for tomato stains?" Jean reminded, "No, he's not Bobcat Goldthwait." Barry agreed, "Yeah, I wasn't planning anything flammable..."

Cheese Smugglers of the Purple Sage: The next morning Dennis Virzi and other San Antonio bidders made a party supply run and amazed the women working in a produce market at The Forks, he says, "when we piled the fresh fruit and veggies high and deep. It took three people to figure out what to charge for a flat of strawberries." They amazed a cheese monger, too, buying half a wheel of brie. Then at the Safeway Dennis hefted nine kilos of Velveeta onto the checkout counter. The cashier knew about Texas from personal experience and said she and her husband always took Velveeta with them to Texas. According to Dennis, "She wondered if I was taking Velveeta back with me. (I am NOT making this up.)"

Business Meeting: The Worldcon Business Meeting is where fans decide on the rules for giving out Hugo Awards, selecting future Worldcons, etc. Fans propose rule changes every year and the ideas almost everyone agrees are worthless get dismissed at Thursday's Preliminary Business Meeting. Leigh Strother-Vien of Los Angeles told me how much she enjoyed sitting down front with Robert Sacks, Matthew Tepper and Michael Mason taking turns moving, "Object to consideration!" She made it sound like a skeet shoot, with every new motion announced by a shout of, "Pull!"

Saturday's meeting had the most drama, involving several proposals to change the Hugo rules. The first proposal responded to several pros' outrage over the Hugo Awards administrators' decision to redefine two longer stories to be eligible for Best Short Story (permitted under the existing rules.) There was lively but not acrimonious discussion whether to change these rules. Mike Resnick attended the Saturday session but did not speak.

Richard Russell supplied a moment of comic relief in the middle of an argument whether a 10% variance would fix the problem with his mock threat, "If this one is defeated I will propose one that is 10 in metric countries and 12 or 16 in other countries."

The other controversial idea to change the Hugos came from filksingers who want a Best Music Hugo to honor accomplishments in their specialty. The motion's authors encountered so much resistance to the idea that they rounded up about 70 filksingers to pack the Business Meeting, but this was not quite enough to make a majority in their favor. The meeting compromised on a plan to develop the award experimentally before deciding permanently add to the Hugos.

The annual election to fill expiring terms on the Mark Registration and Protection Committee selected Kent Bloom, among others. Kent has long advocated eliminating the NASFiC provisions from the Worldcon rules (the contingency for holding a substitute convention in North America when the Worldcon is overseas). Although his opinion is in the minor Kent said optimistically, "This year I couldn't get them to give the NASFiC [service] mark away. Next year I'll try getting them to sell it." He hoped someone like Dragon*Con chair Ed Kramer would be interested since his group will be running the 1995 NASFiC.

Program: Bruce Farr's Programme Division put over 350 program participants on nearly 350 events. Farr commented afterwards, "The best received panels and presentations seem to have been the space and science events. We received copious help from the University of Winnipeg, which allowed us to emphasize this area.... Realizing that

it's impossible to please all of the fans all of the time (and also skipping the favorable comments we received in these areas...hey, one person's 'lots of science programming' is another person's 'too much science programming'), we were quite pleased how things went."

The weekend's most popular program item, achieving the status of urban legend as its fame spread throughout the con, was the "Liar's Panel on How to Get Published" with Gene Wolfe, Joe Haldeman, David G. Hartwell, John M. Landsberg, Wil McCarthy and Roger E. Moore.

Thanks to Dave Doering for jotting down the juiciest quotes. Panelists introduced themselves with a few autobiographical comments. Joe Haldeman said, "In 1970 I won the Massachusetts state lottery -- \$2.5 million. So I hired a guy named Heinlein to write my first four novels. Then I hired lesser hacks to write the later ones. In fact, I haven't read my last 12 novels." John Landsberg said, "I just write under the name David Brin. I've done pretty well."

Gene Wolfe posed a series of questions to the panel, beginning, "Which is better -- folding money or SASE?" Joe Haldeman said, "I never send a SASE. I send \$100 to get attention. Folding money works better." John Landsberg said, "I offer sex to the editor -- at least to someone who *wants* to have sex." Gene Wolfe added, "Should pros offer sex to editors at cons? I guess that depends on the editor." Haldeman agreed, "You could literally screw up your writing career if done wrong. Most men overestimate their abilities." Wolfe finished, "Some do good by offering

[sex]. Some do better [offering sex] as a threat. My greatest dream is to have the editor offer me sex. I can then refuse."

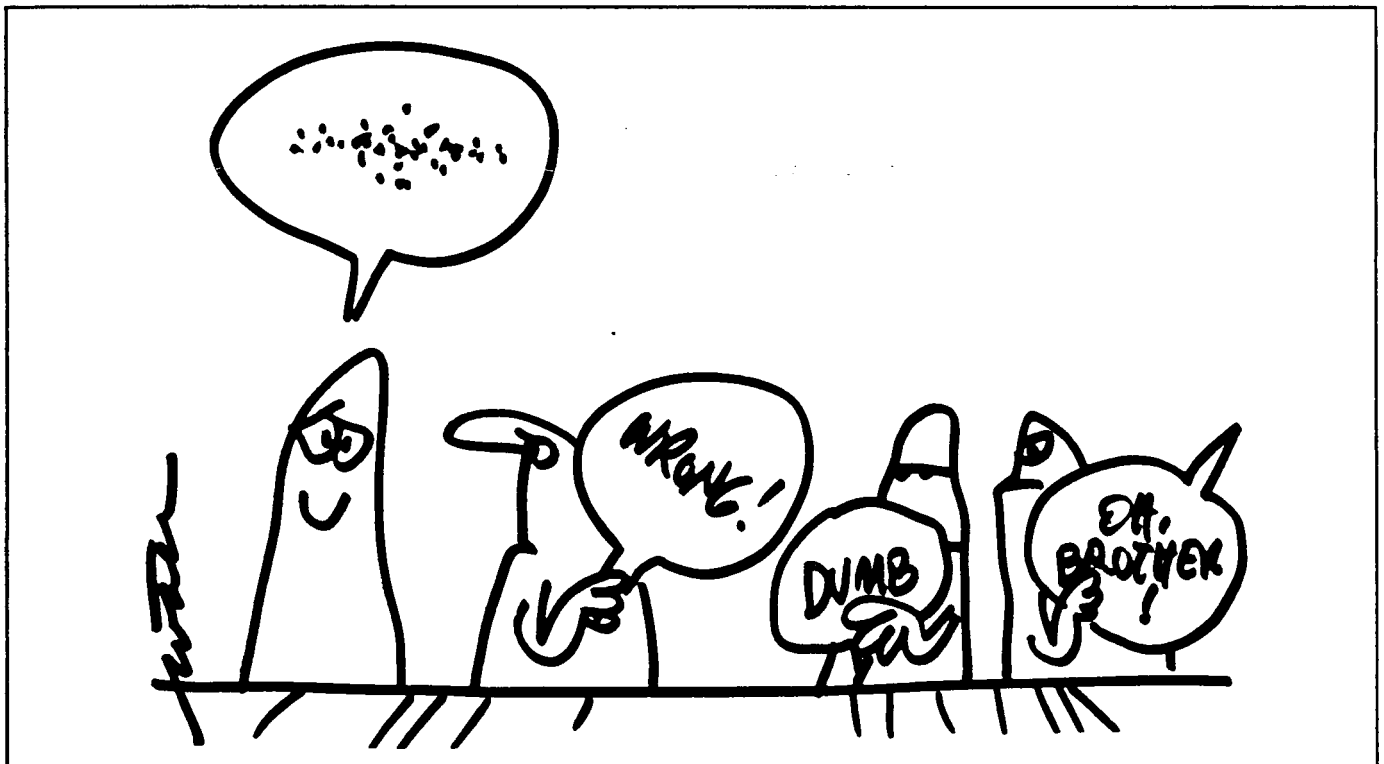
Wolfe bridled at the next question on his list, "This has got to be the dumbest question of the con... the nadir... 'Does it matter who you know?' Who the hell submitted that?!" Haldeman solemnly added, "Every SF book ever published was published on the basis of merit."

The pros were asked, "What was the weirdest job you ever held?" Joe Haldeman admitted, "I was Nixon's archival administrator. I'm the one who told him to keep the tapes."

Wolfe asked the panel, "What is the quickest way to get a response from an editor?" Dave Hartwell said, "Use different fonts in the text." Wil McCarthy agreed, "Use upper and lower case in the middle of a word" but Haldeman demurred, "I just use all caps."

Hartwell advised, "Properly perfume your manuscript so that it is easy to distinguish from the others in the stack." Haldeman added, "Use Old Spice. It has a real American feel." Hartwell also reminded aspiring writers to, "Send your manuscript to the company president. He can then assign it to an editor."

The Egg and I: One glitch in the Worldcon program that was actually welcome was the nonappearance of Dee McLoughlin, whose Living Fiction, Inc., intended to stage its first Live Hatching at the 1994 Worldcon, beginning "an





ongoing process to provide the wonder of Hatchings to Pern-fan Gatherings worldwide!" Pern creator and Worldcon GoH Anne McCaffrey had even pledged \$500 toward the event.

McLoughlin's plan was that on a darkened stage young men and women (who had donated the appropriate amount) would stand around large plastic eggs, then, "...One by one, the dragonets will emerge from their eggs, toddling about the stage, eyes glowing either purple, blue or green until the tape instructions inform the dragon to approach a particular number Candidate. As the dragonet approaches the Candidate, warbling and keening, its satiny wings gleaming in the dim light, the Candidate's tape will tell him or her the name of the dragon, and an appropriate hatching message. With proper dramatics, the Candidates will joyously announce the dragon's name, and guiding his or her new partner, they'll move off the stage or out of the hatching area."

McLoughlin reportedly called just before the con to inform the committee that her truck full of plastic eggs broke down in Oregon and she couldn't make the trip. While the committee desired to cooperate in honoring McCaffrey in every way, and Anne apparently endorsed this event, many people thought it was one of the silliest ideas they'd ever heard.

Program Snippets: Programming was so well-attended that there were traffic tie-ups in the hallways at "class change" times. One fan couldn't get past the crowd waiting to get into a Star Trek parody program to attend another program further down the hall.

Another fan complained how distracting it was for people attempting to hear Barry B. Longyear's reading that it was held next door to the Klingon Dating Game.

Dale Speirs wrote that "One Language For the World?" brought out the Canadians in force. *Analog* editor Stanley Schmidt was basically thrown to the wolves when he suggested every country should have one universal language. Joel Champetier said that there was no need for one language since different cultures such as Quebec don't need them."

The "Archeology of the Future" panel featured Jay Kay Klein's declaration that, "In the future archeology is going to be a thing of the past."

At "The Many Faces of Fandom" panel, Mike Glicksohn said he discovered fandom through Forry Ackerman's brief mention of it in *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, an admission that will (appropriately) make fanzine fans' hair stand on end. The audience was most interested in Brazilian fan Daniel Fresnot's comparisons of his nation's sf community with what he had seen at Winnipeg.

Bruce Farr, head of the Programme Division, held at-con schedule changes to a minimum because he was able to edit the Programme Guide up to 10 days before the con. Farr's staff distributed everyone's tentative schedules 30 days before the con, then made 152 changes based on the feedback before the Guide went to press. (Don Stern put the Guide together).

Phoenix fans assisting with the program included Lea Farr (Bruce's wife, who put in almost 1000 hours over the last two years), Margaret Grady, Matthew Frederick, Amy and Jeanne Hillary-Burroughs, Diane Elliot, Lec Whiteside, Erik Hanson, Eileen Phillips, and Vanessa Anderson.

Hugo Nominees Reception: The Winnipeg Convention Centre hosted a reception for Hugo nominees a half hour before the ceremonies. Many people dressed elegantly and Glasgow worldcon co-chairman Vince Docherty looked as splendid as anyone in his Scots kilt and blazer. He went through the party distributing a clever tourist souvenir, a "Scottish Passport", in keeping with recent years' tradition that the next Worldcon hosts the after-Hugos reception and gives nominees a memento of the occasion.

Our Convention Centre hosts served fruit and cheese for refreshments. I used to like that selection until I noticed I've been gradually conditioned into the Pavlovian response of eating little cheese cubes then going out and losing two Hugos.

I listened to other fanzine fans remind one another how good it is just to be up for an award. Craig Miller won-

dered when somebody would rename the "Hugo Losers Party" as "The Being Nominated Is An Honor By Itself Party."

Kevin Standlee described the design of the Hugo base as being "a maple leaf inscribed in a pentagram," a slip of the tongue which prompted me to remember there had been a self-styled "satanic crimes" specialist who illustrated his lecture to the LAPD with such things as the L.A. con II Program Book cover. It actually depicted a Thought Policeman greeted by Disney characters.

ConAdian's Hugo base displayed the familiar Canadian maple leaf shape in relief on a pentagonal wooden base. Two small sheet-metal maple leaves flanked the stem of the wooden leaf: they were cut from recovered pieces of sounding rockets once launched from Churchill.

Andy Porter looked at the wide base and tall, chrome Hugo and spoke from experience, "Does it come with a box to pack it?" Kevin assured him the Hugo would disassemble easily. Kevin always works these things out to the last detail.



Hugo Awards Ceremony: Toastmaster Barry B. Longyear lived up to his well-deserved reputation as a humorist from the outset of the awards ceremony. Longyear said, "I've been looking forward to this ever since Mike Resnick told me the most fun about being Toastmaster is making the Hugo nominees sweat." He let them sweat by embarking on a monologue that left the audience gasping with laughter but admittedly delayed the announcement of the Hugo winners.

Longyear inaugurated a new award recognizing the artform of the "science fiction editorial rejection letter": appropriately christened The No Award. As the physical award was unveiled on stage he described it as "flanked by the wings of integrity and crowned by the flame of truth." In fact, it looked like an inverted Hugo rocket with NO in large letters on one side.

All of the nominees were well-known sf editors who supposedly rejected the same Barry B. Longyear manuscript with personal notes suggesting he try the story on one of their colleagues. Ellen Datlow of *Omni* thought the story might work at *Playboy*. Alice Turner asked Longyear to submit "something more our speed", prompting him to react, "That's the first time I knew I write too fast for *Playboy*." Gardner Dozois, like most of the others, recommended he try *F&SF*. Longyear finally sent it to *F&SF* editor Kristine Kathryn Rusch: she rejected it and advised that he let Ellen Datlow see it. Having come full circle Longyear revealed that the winner of the 1994 No Award is.... No Award.

The next several awards announced were real, but still not Hugos. The winners of the Golden Duck Awards and selected winners of the Casper/Aurora Canadian sf awards were highlighted. Spider and Jeanne Robinson made one of the presentations: Spider immediately began "--- And the winner is Lan Laskowski!" as if having a nightmare flashback to his gaffe at the 1992 ceremonies.

Japanese fans presented North American winners with the Seiun Awards bestowed by the Japanese national convention, held this year in Okinawa.

Dave Kyle and Roger Sims presented the First Fandom Hall of Fame Awards. Kyle informed us that the award was established in 1963 for the purpose of recognizing those who would never get a Hugo or Nebula for their stories (because their best work antedated both awards). He said the awards were intended to be given to writers who are still alive so they'd have a chance to enjoy it.

Awards went to Everett F. Bleiler and Andre Norton, both accepted by proxies on behalf of the winners. Dave Kyle concluded by thanking the audience for keeping "the memories of First Fandom alive in your memories."

Forry Ackerman presented the Big Heart Award to Jack Williamson. Dave Kyle accepted the award. Williamson got a standing ovation *in absentia*. Ackerman then informed the audience that Bob Bloch is dying and asked them to give him a standing ovation. The audience willingly obliged.

Stanley Schmidt, editor of *Analog*, presented the 1994 John W. Campbell Award to Amy Thomson. Thomson thanked a number of people, including Charlie Brown and all her teachers at the Clarion workshop.

Entering the Hugo Awards phase of the evening, Kevin Standlee described the physical award for the audience and credited the laser-cutting of the maple-leaf-shaped bases to Janet Moe. Barry Longyear added that David Bratman and Seth Goldberg tabulated the votes. Longyear alluded to the controversy about moving nominees between story-length

DISTURBING FACT # 86:



categories, "They are expected to make a full recovery -- eventually."

Canada's own Hugo-winning fanzine editor, Mike Glicksohn, gave Dick and Nicki Lynch's *Mimosa* its third consecutive Best Fanzine Hugo. Fan guest of honor Robert Runte served up the Best Fanwriter Hugo to Dave Langford. Martin Hoare accepted as usual, smiling, "Unaccustomed as I am to this great honor..." Hoare claimed on past occasions to have jarred Dave from his sleep with the news, but with a hint of sadism Hoare promised not to disturb Dave this year ..just in case he was waiting for a phone call to put him out of his misery. John Lorentz of Portland, OR, wrote after the con, "Surprisingly enough (to me, anyway), it turns that I was the first to inform Dave of this year's win. I read about it on Genie Saturday night and turned around and sent him a message via CompuServe, which he read first thing Sunday morning. It sounds like Martin let him sleep in this year."

Runte also presented the Best Fanartist Hugo, to Brad Foster. Canadian astronaut Marc Garneau gave *Science Fiction Chronicle* its second Best Semiprozine Hugo. Editor Andrew Porter thanked his family. *Jurassic Park* won the Best Dramatic Presentation and despite speculation in the local newspapers it was not producer Stephen Spielberg who accepted, but Los Angeles pro Len Wien who read a letter signed by two of the film's executives.

Artist guest of honor George Barr told about reading in the Souvenir Book what a nice guy he is and disclaimed it, saying the nominees for the two art Hugos were a list of the people whose hands he'd most like to break. Space postage stamp artist Stephen Hickman won the Hugo for Best Original Artwork. Rick Meyers read a sarcastic acceptance letter from Hickman that said in part, "And if Harlan doesn't like the stamps, I can enter the plea that I was being self-indulgent, and that he can't fault me on. ...My thanks to Michael Whelan for being too busy to do the stamps himself."

Tearing open the envelope for the Best Pro Artist Hugo, Barr said, "Like I'm really supposed to care which one of them won." Just for the record -- Bob Eggleton won, but he wasn't at ConAdian...yet.

Robert Silverberg sardonically commented that if it is more blessed to give than to receive, then presenting the Best Professional Editor Hugo, "Marks another step in my spiritual growth." Silverberg pretended to complain, "In a moment of carelessness I neglected to write anything last year, and you -- neglected to nominate me!"

What followed inspired Bakana Masters to write these few lines in the style of Klondike-goldrush-era poet Robert W. Service:

Now the northern Lights have seen strange sights,
but the strangest sight they ever did see
Was Mike Resnick at the Hugo Ceremony.

Silverberg announced that Kristine Kathryn Rusch won the Hugo and was visibly shaken to see not the petite redhead but another nominated editor, Mike Resnick, larger-than-life in a black tux, bearing down on him to snatch the Hugo. In fact, Resnick was her designated acceptor so it was all quite innocent. Resnick promised that Kristine could come visit her Hugo at his house anytime.

Silverberg also presented the Best Nonfiction Book Hugo to *The Encyclopedia of SF* edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls. Peter Nicholls acknowledged the stress of working on that vast project by thanking his children, saying, "I've

been nasty and bad-tempered for two years... and still not very nice today!"

Guy Gavriel Kay unsealed the envelope and awarded Connie Willis the Best Short Story Hugo for "Death on the Nile." Willis told the audience, "Thank you: you guys have got to stop doing this." Gardner Dozois shouted from the front row, "No you don't!" Willis kidded that "There is a movement afoot to relieve me of all my Hugos because of claims I was on steroids at the time."

In another allusion to the category-change controversy, Guy Gavriel Kay introduced the Best Novelette Hugo with the gibe, "In the Constitution, the Novelette is defined with razor-sharp precision as a work bigger than a short story and shorter than a novella... except in years ending in 4 when the Worldcon is held in Canada..."

Charles Sheffield won the Hugo for "Georgia On My Mind." He was greatly relieved after believing that he spoiled his chances three years ago by referring to the Nebula as "the gold medal in the Special Olympics of Literature." Why he thought Hugo voters would take offense at an insult to SFWA is beyond me.

Anne McCaffrey recalled the ceremonies at the 1968 Worldcon in Berkeley where she shared a banquet table with David Gerrold, Gene Roddenberry and Majel Barrett.



That year presenter Harlan Ellison talked about all the people competing to get a phallic symbol, prompting McCaffrey to think as she walked up the aisle to receive her Hugo for "Weyr Search", "What does a lady do with a phallic symbol?" Gesturing toward the 1994 Hugo, McCaffrey said, "At least in this case we have a maple leaf!" Then she gave it to Harry Turtledove for his novella "Down in the Bottomland."

McCaffrey closed out the evening with the Best Novel Hugo. "This is the biggie -- have we taken any book on this one?" she asked. The winner was *Green Mars* by Kim Stanley Robinson. The ceremony clocked out at 10:03 p.m.

During the ceremony the tech crew lost sound for a moment. They had been providing a live feed for the various television and radio crews who were covering the ceremony. The CBC Radio reporter decided that he'd heard enough and wanted to leave, so he came over and unplugged the master sound board. According to Kevin Standlee, "The tech crew, putting business before pleasure, scrambled to get the sound running again before killing the CBC guy, and by the time they'd fixed it, the guy was gone. They were sort of hoping he'd come back for the Masquerade on Sunday so that they could hang him from the rafters, but he didn't."

There was the same sarcastic gloating as last year from some people about *Locus* losing to *SF Chronicle*, and from others that some kind of justice had been served by Eggleton's defeat of Whelan for Best Pro Artist. Such grumbling against the nominees only denies that the voters themselves are responsible for creating serial winners. The Hugos will become a poor award indeed if we allow them to ultimately function to *blame* anybody for consistently being the best in the field. *Locus* has been the best nonfiction sf publication for most of the last 20 years. Almost as long, Michael Whelan has been unsurpassed at painting superbly in the fashion most pleasing to sf fans. As much as I like to see a Maitz, Shiffman or *Science Fiction Chronicle* break through, I really hate this idea that Michael Whelan is a bad guy or that *Locus* should be named in a tone of voice ordinarily reserved for Saddam Hussein because their genuine dominance has been accurately reflected by an award system that exists for the very purpose of drawing attention to people who do such good work.

Dave Langford has seen fandom turn on these serial Hugo winners. In *Ansible's* October issue he humorously anticipated a backlash against his ninth Hugo win by declaring, "Some chauvinism may enter into it: until *Interzone* breaks Andy Porter's long, savage grip on the semi-prozine category, I should keep doing my bit for Britain, right?"

The Midnight Ride of Bob Eggleton: Bob Eggleton was at

home in Rhode Island when he won the Hugo for being Best Pro Artist, having rhetorically asked his travel agent why he should go to Winnipeg to watch Michael Whelan win another Hugo. Oops.

Annette Lotz, a friend of the artist, called Eggleton after the ceremony and told him the news. She said he hyperventilated for a bit, then talked about flying up on the spur of the moment. When Lotz called him in the morning to see what he'd decided, Eggleton's answering machine announced, "I've gone to Canada. I'll be back Tuesday."

Bob Eggleton's impulsive trip to collect his Hugo delighted fans. He was publicly presented with his award at the start of the Masquerade by Barry Longyear and George Barr. Reenacting what he'd done the night before, Barr opened the envelope of nominees and read the name on the card, "What a surprise! -- Bob Eggleton!"

In a black jacket and with his long, black hair flowing, Eggleton walked from the wings to take his award and told the audience, "Last night, my life changed at 10:30. I was watching something imbecilic, thinking maybe I should have gone [to the con]." At first he didn't believe the caller who told him he won. "I'm thinking, 'What Hugo...maybe they selected me for 'Best Hair' or something.'"

He couldn't get to sleep that night. At 2:30 a.m. he decided, "I want to get this award. I said, 'VISA card!' I called

Northwest Disorient Airlines...." He flew up only to have to deal "with Immigration who love people with long hair and one small bag."

Eggleton started doing pro art and illustration just ten years ago. He won a major award in the ConFrancisco Art Show last year for a piece now being published as a poster, yet his rise to preeminence in the field is so recent that when Michael Whelan took himself out of contention a few years ago it was Don Maitz, not Eggleton, who won the category. Eggleton said, "I don't think there is such a thing as 'the best'. I think there can be many people in the field who are very good."

Site Selection Results: The air conditioning in the Holiday Inn broke down Saturday evening. Many ConAdian staffers working in its function rooms suffered a hardship. Kevin Standlee noted, "The newsletter [staff] protested the heat by turning out issue 666 (since they obviously were publishing the newsletter from the depths of Hell). The Treasury office, which for obvious security reasons couldn't leave their doors open in the hope of a breeze, had to relocate entirely. First Aid nearly had to treat themselves."

Site selection officials met in a Holiday Inn meeting room after the Hugos to count ballots, sweating in the rising heat (even though it was raining outside.) It only took 75 minutes to declare San Antonio the winner.

Joey Grillo helped count, and cracked me up by telling how in 1969 he had the choice between attending the Woodstock Festival or being a polls commissioner in the New Orleans mayoral election -- and that he stayed in New Orleans because, "I thought it was a big deal!"

Downtown Saturday Night: The Hugo losers party, renamed by this year's hosts (the Glasgow committee) The Hugo-Naughts party, was held in the same suite that San Antonio bidders had used on two previous nights. When the Site Selection results were announced, they lit up all the chili lights that had been left in the room. Intending to join the party, I walked out of the steamy confines of the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza into a light rain.

I tried to wait out the weather beneath the building overhang,

1997 Site Selection Voting Results

<u>Site</u>	<u>Mail</u>	<u>Thur</u>	<u>Fri</u>	<u>Sat</u>	<u>Total</u>
San Antonio	200	101	292	322	915
St. Louis	78	35	124	229	466
None of the Above	1	0	1	3	5
Write-Ins:					
Hong Kong	1	3	5	0	9
Lisle in '97	0	0	1	1	2
MetzCon (San Jose)	0	0	0	2	2
Minneapolis in '73	0	1	0	0	1
Hawaii	0	0	1	0	1
Total Expressing					
a Preference	280	140	424	557	1401
No Preference	16	2	7	13	38
Majority Needed to Elect					701
Total Valid Ballots	296	142	431	570	1439
Memo: Invalid ballots					
	<u>By Mail</u>		<u>At Con</u>		
Mailed in with no voting fee:	5				
Ineligible voter			3		
Disqualified (e-mail signature)			1		

watching a procession of taxis pick up fares from the Elephant & Castle. Rather than being lonely or boring this place was a main artery of fannish traffic.

Readers will remember how the hero in Robert Sheckley's novel *Mindswap* solves the predicament of searching a planet for someone. After reviewing the math he decides that instead of going and hunting all over he'll just stand in the same place because the odds of a successful search are much better if only one body is moving. What worked in *Mindswap* would have worked in front of the Holiday Inn with fans streaming from the Convention Centre on their way to parties in the Place Louis Real and returning for a last round of filksinging in the Convention Centre.

The throng included Sue and Steve Francis, Pat and Roger Sims and Dick Spelman, all part of the Louisville bid that had been Winnipeg's rival to host the '94 Worldcon.

Steve Francis made it a point to say that he thought John Mansfield put on a good worldcon: if there were any problems, they were out of sight. Their generosity reminded me that occasionally the quality of the people involved on both sides makes you wish all the bids could win.

Fans from all over started expressing how much they liked ConAdian. Polly Peterson wore a "FUN METER" button showing an arc divided in three sections labeled Minimum, Medium and Maximum, and with the indicator needle set on Maximum.

The Fire Next Time: Rain fell all night and at 3:30 a.m. water leaking into an elevator engine on the roof of the Delta Winnipeg produced enough smoke to set off fire alarms. Then at 4:45 a.m. water seeping through the roof of the Place Louis Real did something to set off fire alarms and forced fans to empty out of the hotel into the streets.

Ann Gyoba said, "Trudging down 21 stories at five in the morning didn't exactly do wonders for my sense of humor.

1997 Worldcon

The Second Occasional LoneStarCon Science Fiction Convention and Chili Cook-off

The 1997 World Science Fiction Convention will be held in San Antonio, TX, from August 28 to September 1 at the Henry B. Gonzales Convention Center and two adjacent Marriott hotels. Honored Guests are Algis Budrys and Michael Moorcock. Honored Fan Guest is Roy Tackett. Master of Toasts is Neal Barrett, Jr. Karen Meschke will chair the convention.

Handy-dandy Membership/Conversion Rate Chart for Voters, Pre-supporters & Other Sundry Folk:

Who you are & What you want to do:	Jo(e) Phan	Pre-Sup- port/Oppose
Non-voting - Attending	\$65	\$60
Non-voting - Supporting	\$25	\$25
Voted \$25 - Attending	\$40	\$35
Voted \$25 - Supporting	\$ 0	\$ 0
Voted \$60 - Attending	\$ 0	-\$5

Who you are & What you want to do:	Defender	Spirit
Non-voting - Attending	\$50	\$30
Non-voting - Supporting	\$25	\$25
Voted \$25 - Attending	\$25	\$ 0
Voted \$25 - Supporting	\$ 0	\$ 0
Voted \$60 - Attending	-\$15	-\$35

Make checks payable to LoneStarCon 2. Refunds for pre-supporters must be requested in writing. For information requests, please enclose an SASE. Contact address: LoneStarCon 2, PO Box 27277, Austin, TX 78755-2277.

Seeing the fire trucks outside, and the fire fighters dressed in their boots and hats in the lobby, wandering among the guests dressed in their nighties and pajamas (for modesty, of course) didn't help much, either. The best part was waiting for an hour after the false alarm was confirmed to get back up to my room in the elevator!"

Kevin Standlee, who walked down only nine floors, said, "I stood there smiling and when someone asked why, I said: 'My passport, return airline ticket, and all of the site-selection money is stored in the safe-deposit box. The hotel can burn down for all I care -- the important stuff is safe!'"

Fanzine Lounge: ConAdian's Fanzine Lounge recaptured the British pub spirit of ConSpiracy's memorable Fan Lounge -- as much as possible without actually having Skel, Leroy Kettle, Rob Hansen and Dave Langford there to do the drinking. British fan Vincent Clarke did make it in two

dimensions -- someone had posted a half-lifesize color photo of him on a wall by the end of the bar.

Toronto fans Lloyd and Yvonne Penney organized hospitality in the Convention Centre's beer bar. Another Toronto fan, Mike Glicksohn, was there but he seemed less interested in beer than in coconut marshmallows while I was around. I also saw Alyson Abramowitz, Benoit Girard, Patty Wells, George Flynn and Roger Sims.

Lloyd Penney gave a brief arts-and-crafts demonstration that by a few strokes of a ball-point pen on a Canadian five dollar bill he could change Sir Wilfred Laurier to Lt. Cmdr. Spock. Something about Sir Wilfred's haircut made his ears look pointy, and since the five is printed with blue ink his complexion was more Vulcan than human already.

Lloyd and Yvonne Penney shared the distinction of competing against each other in the 1994 Aurora Awards category "Fan Achievement (Organizational)" -- Lloyd won.

The Lounge doubled as a fanzine sales area and there was a run on back issues of *Mimosa* the day after Dick and Nicki Lynch's fanzine won its third Hugo: Dick came by to enjoy the spectacle.

Many fans got their first look at Patrick Nielsen Hayden's new beard at ConAdian. His favorite response came from Maureen McHugh: "Did you get new glasses?" she asked. "No," Patrick answered, "but the last time you saw me, I

was black."

Mike Glicksohn noticed I was taking notes for my con report and made a comment. Alyson Abramowitz said, "He never quotes me." Glicksohn explained that's because "You have to work on your embarrassing quotes weeks in advance." Alyson figured, "You must miss my embarrassing moments." Mike insisted, "I've only had seven embarrassing moments in fandom -- and Jay Kay Klein was there to photograph every damn one of them! One was at Pgh-Lange: I took off all my clothes and was sitting on the floor naked, talking to people, and Jay Kay was there to photograph it."

Buttons and Bows: A friend of mine devotes part of her con report to highlighting the "best t-shirt" and "best button" she sees at the Worldcon. She didn't make it to Winnipeg so I thought I would uphold her tradition. My favorite t-shirt declared, "Gentiles for Chthulhu."

Mark Merlino wore my favorite button, to the effect of: "When encryption is outlawed fajimodd ur wlibdoenwh."

Retro Rockets: Ben Jason, chair of the 1966 Worldcon, visited Bruce Pelz at the L.A.con III membership table to find out what Roddenberry biographer Joel Engels said about the 1966 Cleveland Worldcon at which *Star Trek* was previewed. They swapped stories, with Ben telling how Harlan Ellison won his first Hugo there for "Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman".



Bruce reminded him there had been a trivial but heated dispute about what the Harlequin's \$100,000 worth of jellybeans would look like that Bruce had dramatized in 1966 by preparing many little bags of black jellybeans for people to wander up and hand to Harlan during the con. They included Roddenberry's model -- who Bruce dubbed "Miss Cross-Straps" -- and Isaac Asimov. When Ellison's story won its Hugo, Asimov held up his bag of black jellybeans and said, "Come and get it, Harlan."

Ben Jason, machinist of the 1955 and later Hugos also exploded the popular legend that the first Hugo was made in 1953 from the hood ornament of an Oldsmobile Rocket 88. Jason said the hood ornament was used in the second attempt to make a miniature Hugo.

Bruce Pelz traded back the story of where the Elephant & Castle chain of pubs got its name. By now everyone had either eaten at or walked past the restaurant, located on the ground floor of the Holiday Inn and apparently a hub of Winnipeg night life judging by the throngs of mundanes filling the sidewalk cafe to gawk at costumed fans. Pelz said "The Elephant and Castle" was a historic pub whose name was a sound-alike for "L'Enfanta de Castile" -- the Spanish Princess, referring to Catherine of Aragon who was the first wife of Henry VIII. ATom, the late British fanartist, told Bruce this story on a visit in 1970.

Author Kaffeeklatsches: ConAdian offered fans the opportunity to meet authors in small groups over coffee. There was a big response. Fans surrounded the Information Table to get on the lists.

Michael Flynn, co-author of *Fallen Angels* with Niven and Pournelle, was a hair late. "Since I'm a civilian, I decide to sign up for a kaffeeklatsch with the other fen. I check the list and see Larry Niven, so I say, what the heck?" But Niven's session filled while Flynn was still in line, so he got out and headed for the Dealers' Room with Arlan Andrews. "When we go inside, there is Larry Niven, talking with David Hartwell. 'I'm hungry,' Larry says. 'Who wants to have lunch?' Larry, David and I wind up at a Chinese restaurant down the mezzanine and I get my kaffeeklatsch anyway."

Flynn also made it to Larry and Fuzzy Niven's 25th wedding anniversary reception in the Sheraton on Sunday. Hundreds attended. Flynn said, "Larry was spiffed up in Regency garb, with swallowtail coat and brocaded vest. And pants with a funny flap in the front. Fuzzy wore a pink gown with a reticule, though the Evian was definitely non-period. Tea sandwiches, crepes suzette, punch and tea. It was held at High Tea, of course. Most of the usual suspects were there."

Closing Ceremonies: When the ceremony started -- on

time, of course -- fans stopped the wild balloon fight that was in progress. The guests of honor filed in again: I thought by now they'd be high-fiving each other since the con was such a success: John Mansfield revealed they had 5100 members of all types (including the ones who stayed home). He asked people to help tear down the convention.

There were two prize drawings. One awarded a free flight to Glasgow and a '95 Worldcon membership to a convention volunteer, Dave Ratti of Florida. The other raffled off a free Northwest Airline ticket among fans who turned in photocopies of Northwest, KLM or Air Canada tickets: the winner was Brian Dowis of Fredrickton, New Brunswick.

I noticed for the last time the large banner that had been draped on a side wall throughout the weekend: a tribute to ConAdian's sponsors. The gold sponsors contributed \$5,000 and the silver sponsors contributed \$1,000:

"52nd World Science Fiction Convention/ Wish To Thank Our Gold Sponsors/ KLM Royal Dutch Airlines/ Northwest Airlines/ Travel Manitoba/ Our Silver Sponsors/ Coles Book Stores Ltd., Winnipeg Transit, Monsanto, Winnipeg Convention Centre, Pendragon Games and Hobbies."

Mansfield thanked his guests; each one said a few words of farewell. Barry B. Longyear said it was the best Worldcon he and Jean had ever been to, and they'd already signed up to attend Glasgow. George Barr said, "Thank you for your warm reception. I hope I live long enough to feel like I deserved it." Anne McCaffrey apologized for not being able to sign everyone's books: "I have an infirmity from all the past books I've signed." She ended an era by saying, "Thank you, John, for inviting me to my last Worldcon."

Mansfield hoped the con proved there is a vibrant Canadian fandom and that 21 years is too long between Canadian Worldcons. He singled out the division heads and other staff for thanks. Kevin Standlee and Christine Barnson made a presentation to Mansfield on behalf of all the division heads, a "gizmo" (special badge) that read, "The One Who Made It Happen." Barnson thanked Mansfield for leaving the committee alone to get their jobs done and other comments in the same vein as they often made at executive meetings, but I don't believe the audience understood they were meant affectionately. No one explained what a "gizmo" was, either.

John Mansfield recalled, "When we started, my son was in grade six: now he's at the first year of University." Then he rapped the gavel as a symbolic end to ConAdian.

Co-chairs of the 1996 Worldcon, Vince Docherty and Martin Easterbrook, presented Mansfield "with something we have found to be very useful" -- a bottle of Scotch. They

invited the audience to come to Glasgow next year. Debra Wilgosh sang the Skye boat song. After the last echo of that sentimental ballad faded away a snare tattoo and a cry of bagpipes rent the air. A Scottish band from the Canadian military marched in to a standing ovation. The "Cameron of Canada" band played two numbers before leading out the guests, executive committee, Glasgow chairmen -- and Nessie, the Loch Ness Monster, (with two fans costumed as the fore and hind halves of the green dragon). But there was still one duty before the con was over.

The Gripe Session: Like Magicon's did, ConAdian's "Gripe Session" started out mainly as a praise session, with many positive comments being made about the program and major events.

Several people's minor complaint about the membership badges not listing their hometown became the session's leitmotif as late arrivals asked about it over and over. According to Kevin Standlee, Doug Houseman told the committee he could only fit the hometown on the badge by shrinking the name field from 36 to 30 points, which he was loath to do after hearing fans complain about the small names on ConFrancisco's big badges. Houseman's program left space for two lines of 36-point type on every badge to accommodate long names like "William C.S. Affleck-Ashe-Lowe." A custom algorithm might have been written to print names in the largest possible typeface and preserve the city information as well but there was not time because the badge printing was left until the Sunday before the convention.

There were many constructive comments mainly of interest to future committees (I took extensive notes), and one explosion.

After ConAdian went as far as any Worldcon in an English-speaking country ever has to highlight its citizens' achievement in science fiction the con committee took more flack from its own nationals than any ever did before. Although Canadian pros were appropriately assigned to panels alongside their peers from other countries, several people in the Gripe Session seemed to think that was wrong and there should have been a large, exclusively Canadian track of programming.

Then a man identifying himself as a representative of the Friends of the Merrill Collection foundation angrily complained that his flyer had been excluded from the bag of publications and souvenirs given to members as they registered. He blustered hints of a lawsuit to recover the contributions he supposed would have come in from that publicity. The committee responded that so much giveaway material had been offered they had to limit it since they didn't want to devote unlimited staff time to stuffing the

registration packets. Two other fans with similar complaints who tried to dominate the session and provoke the committee were permitted to state their complaint then asked to give way to the dozens of others waiting to comment.

Otherwise, the comments at the Gripe Session were very constructive and came from obviously knowledgeable fans. Future Worldcon committees took copious notes.

The Magic Goes Away: As the con ended, over 300 volunteer t-shirts were given away to fans who had worked the required number of hours. Double-credit was given for hours spent breaking down the con and Robbie Cantor of the Operations Division said about the fans who helped on Monday and Tuesday with break-down, "It was truly astounding how many people did show up for this part of the con -- usually the worst time to find volunteers. For the actual numbers of attendees, I believe Conadian had the highest percentage of volunteers to members I have ever seen."

Thank You, Northwest: I wondered whether any airline ever stranded as many passengers who accepted their fate so lustily and cheerfully? The tone reminded me of the closing scene of a film set in World War II Britain where a boy reluctantly ends his summer vacation only to arrive at school and discover it's a bombed-out ruin. Far from being upset, he tilts his face skyward and shouts, "Thank you, Adolf!"

Northwest Airlines ignored ConAdian's warnings about the heavy influx of worldcon travelers and overbooked its flights as if expecting the usual rate of no-shows for a business day. Instead, the airline was forced to canvass passengers for volunteers to give up their seats on almost every flight inbound on ConAdian's opening day or outbound on its closing day and give them \$200 or \$300 credit vouchers for future travel.

So thank you, Northwest! Coming home Tuesday, I traded in my seat on a connecting flight to Los Angeles for a \$300 voucher and a bus pass to the Mall of America which I roamed all day with L.A. fans Mike Donahue and Gavin Claypool. Many other fans told comparable stories.

Here's Your Life Back: Eight weeks before ConAdian John Mansfield told me at the Los Angeles Westercon that when he organized his Worldcon committee he asked them to fill out applications. The last question on the form was "What are your interests?" People answered "Science fiction" or "Gaming" or "Regency dancing." After the worldcon -- after it had consumed every free moment for three years -- John planned to return the volunteers' applications and tell them, "This is to remind you what you used to do."

THE ARENA OF WRITING

Ted White: What happened? Did the dam burst? Or is it sublimation, when you can't be with your true love? All of a sudden, more *File 770s* are showing up in the space of a month or two than I got in the previous year or so? #105 is the latest (the previous two arrived in reverse order, one day apart), and I was startled to find my name appearing in two different letters (and contexts) on page 18.

Harry Warner is absolutely right. When I was nominated again for Best Fan Writer the year after I'd won the Hugo, I withdrew my name. At that time the award was very young, having gone to only one previous recipient, and it was obvious to me that there was a lot of catching up to be done, to honor the many fanwriters who preceded me and who deserved a Hugo as much (if not more) than I did.

When the award became "stuck" in the 70s (going mostly to Richard Geis or Charlie Brown -- editors of the largest-circulation fanzines of that era), I half-regretted my action. Obviously the *real* game here was to gobble up as many as possible, and to hell with fairness, honoring older fanwriters (when will *Tucker* get a Hugo?), and all that sort of thing. My noble gesture went for naught.

Still, I applaud Harry's sentiments (he only collected *two* before nobly renouncing them) if I can't agree with his desire to gaffiate.

[[I'm glad you opened this topic for discussion and will come back to it after two brief corrections. Tucker won the Best Fan Writer Hugo in 1970, two years after you did. Then, you probably had in mind the Geis/Brown headlock on the Best Fanzine Hugo: the Fanwriter category was actually won by six people besides Richard Geis in the 1970s.

*[[Returning to your main point: I agree that Hugo contenders who have withdrawn in hopes that other talented fans will receive the recognition have in hindsight done nothing more than make way for another serial winner. I'm sure Phil Foglio didn't permanently withdraw from Best Fanartist to let Victoria Poyser win a series of Hugos -- though Poyser graciously withdrew after winning twice. Charlie Brown asked what was the point of withdrawing *Locus* in 1979 when fans voted the Hugo to *Science Fiction Review*.]]*

George Flynn calls attention to "Ted White's denunciations of Joe Maraglino in *BLAT!* and *Habbakuk*," in the context of the Niagara Falls Worldcon bid. Well, the outcome of that bid will be determined in the next week (as I write this) and you'll know before I do, no doubt, what the outcome will be. People tell me Maraglino's bid is running a distant third in the pre-con polls, and that's all I know about it.



[[The 1998 bids will be voted on at the 1995 Worldcon, aka the Scottish Convention.]]

My "denunciations" (a strong word, that) of Maraglino were not in the context of his Worldcon bid, for the most part, but concerned his philosophy and policies as a fanzine editor. The "denunciation" in *Habakkuk* was simply and only a fanzine review. In *BLAT!* #3 I devoted a minor portion of my editorial to describing a phone conversation I had with Joe. I originally wrote it up for inclusion in the same *Habakkuk* in which my review appeared, but Bill told me I'd just missed his deadline, so I threw it into the next most immediate venue (both fanzines came out within the same month or so.)

Since those pieces have appeared, I've been made privy to

a wide variety of (shocking!) gossip about Joe, none of which I have repeated (nor will I). I was shocked by his revelation of his longstanding friendship with and admiration for Richard Nixon. But the purpose of neither piece was to "denounce" Joe in any sense. I strongly disagreed with the way he edits his fanzine but I don't contest his right to edit it in any damn way he chooses. It exists along with my right to criticize (or, to point and laugh). I have nothing against Maraglino the man, and for that matter nothing against his Worldcon bid (although I suspect I'd like a Niagara Falls Worldcon just about as much as I like *Astromancer Quarterly*, for roughly the same reasons.)

What amazes me is that some people have treated my pieces as (1) a major assault on the Niagara Falls bid, and (2) of considerable importance in that regard. I think my writings were or virtually no importance in deciding the outcome of the bid. I seriously doubt that anyone who voted this year was influenced by anything I wrote -- and most of them I am positive never saw either *Habakkuk* or *BLAT*!

[[Whereas I saw both zines, but haven't seen a single copy of Astromancer Quarterly since they cashed the presupporter check I foolishly sent them.]]

I try when at all possible to stay out of the arena of Worldcon politics. Fanzines are my venue, and the context of most of what I write. I'd like to keep it that way.

FIELD OF BEAM'S

Martha Beck: You really know how to make my day, week, and month... Last Thursday, Art Widner came by on the way to Bubonicon -- and will be back after Labor Day... Then I got a book from Howard Devore that only took him 22 months to send -- then I get *File 770* and find out one of my favorite men is getting married -- I'm so happy for you, and Diana, too.

Then I read further, and find my name -- nothing cheers me up like seeing it in print. We rewatched "Field of Dreams" last night, just because of your story! Did you send Midge and Tucker a copy? Should I call them to tell them you have made them immortal?

Bob Tucker: For the past few years I've heard repeated rumors of Elvis being seen in convention hotels throughout the midsouth: in Chattanooga, Nashville and Memphis. If I was lounging on the first floor the rumor would place him upstairs in the con suite, but when I was in the con suite the rumor would say that he had been seen in the ilk room down on the second floor. Until the arrival of your 105th issue I had dismissed all those rumors as the fantasies of fantasy fans.

Now I realize the truth. He was there in all those places and he was trying to send me the message. Being a skeptic, I dismissed him as only a rumor, and a stale one at that. So the Tucker hotel is now up and soliciting bids from con committees. Would it be unseemly of me to boast that the hotel has given penthouse suites to Dick, Lovecraft, Heinlein and Presley? Is my hotel ready for a worldcon?

Robert Lichtman: In #105 I particularly liked your "Field of Beam's." A nice little piece of faan fiction, and one I'll have to remember when it's time to draw up lists for *Fanthology '94*. I also liked Taral's article about furry fandom, and chuckled at Alan D. Burrows' somewhat Laney-like denunciation of "trufandom".

BRIDE'S FANZINE

David Bratman: Berni and I had originally shared that bridal magazine assumption that it takes a year to plan a wedding, but when circumstances caused the date to be moved up, it turned out that 3-4 months was quite feasible. Of course, circumstances may differ -- we were both in the same place, had only one event to plan, and I was out of work at the time which gave me much more time to work on things. And our tastes in wedding folderol are simpler than many people's. Still, it can be done, and we wish both you and Diana luck in doing it.

Brad Foster: Congrats on your upcoming nuptials. Cindy and I will be noting our third anniversary in mid-September, a fine fannish union if ever there was one! I hope you do something special/different with your announcements. Stay away from those boring script/engraved cards. Do something cool and faanish with art and nifty writing -- hey, maybe a special fanzine announcement? My buddy Jim Valentino did up a mini-comic when he got married. If you do this thing right you'll only do it once, so might as well make it memorable, I say.

I got curious on how long I have been sending art, and looked it up. I've had work in something like 40% of the issues since #45, way back at the start of 1984. Ack, missed our tenth anniversary!

I was sorry to read that Sheryl Birkhead hadn't seen much of my work this year. Not for lack of trying! It seems that, though I've sent out lots of art this past year, not much of it has managed to get into print. Sigh! At least the editors are good enough to keep me on their mailing lists, but I feel guilty getting zines that don't print my stuff.

After we get back from Worldcon we're going into high gear getting things ready for our premiere at the Texas Renaissance Festival in October. I've finished several new color pieces, have a couple of more half done, still working

up designs for signs, banners, display stands for the shop, buying wood and tools, paints. This stuff is **involved**! Cindy has been working on our costumes and figuring out our budget for framing works, layouts, etc. Always fun taking my weird stuff out there to the "real" world, though not sure if a Ren Fest doesn't qualify as its own sort of subfandom.

John Foyster: The regular thud of copies of *File 770* in the letterbox is almost becoming an embarrassment, especially when you are publishing such interesting stuff over and above the basic news items.

I would identify Mark Olson's piece on Worldcon budgets as one of the most useful pieces in this area I've ever seen. Neither Mark nor the loccers in the *File 770:105* note, however, the outstanding feature for a reader like me: non-North American conventions always lose money (at least in the period covered Aussiecon 1 did not lose money). It is probable that this occurs because of the variability in income from what Mark terms 'unpredictable advance members' and the fact that non-North American bidders are likely to overestimate this. 'Base membership' should be stable (or at least predictable), while 'at the door' income is within the control of any competent committee.

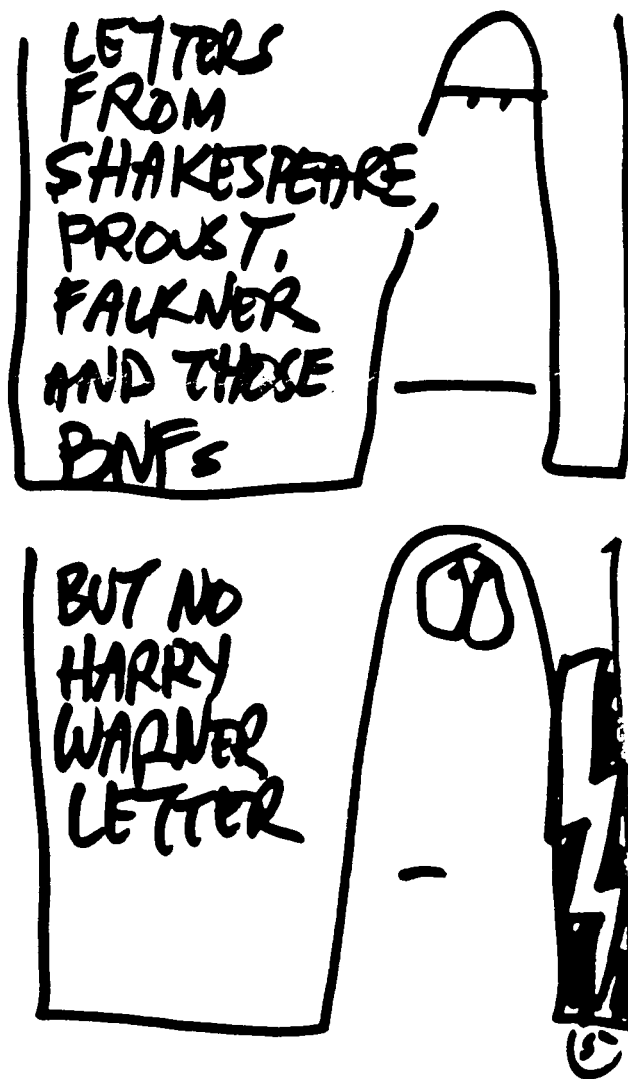
Elsewhere in 105 I guess I found the Editor's Notes the highlight (congratulations) although the Hugo nominations controversy could become interesting; thank heavens I am far removed from that stuff now!

FLASHBACK ON ISSUE 104

Robert Lichtman: In #104 I was quite interested to read about the profits and losses of recent Worldcons. It was especially interesting to compare these figures with the \$850,000 advance Bill Gibson is reported to have received on his latest book. When commenting on *Blat* No. 3 in which Ted write about trying to talk Worldcons into subsidizing fanzine postage, having both Mark's article and the news about Gibson's advance I suggested that perhaps we should be writing Bill instead of, say, Magicon. In this issue I also really enjoyed [John Hertz'] and Rotsler's Westercon coverage, and Bill's speech. In a recent letter Candi Strecker corrected Gary Mattingly's story about her daughter Nicola having already been in three commercials. Actually, she wrote, she's auditioned for three or four and appeared in one -- and that an internal commercial for some corporation, not seen on tv.

Mike Deckinger: Considering the degree of Islamic zeal directed against those whom they disapprove, did you receive any death threats after printing an inflammatory title like "The Men Who Corflued Mohammed"?

[[Not a peep. But then, unlike Bester's original story, my



parody didn't touch a hair on the head of the Prophet. If it had I wouldn't last ten minutes in the Budayeen!]]

JUST MY TYPE

David L. Russell: On the Chaz Baden typeface issue -- limiting yourself to one typeface for all your headlines would be really dull and unfannish. I preferred the visually interesting Heinz 57 varieties in #104.

Robert Lichtman: Congratulations on your impending wedding as well as your new revitalized format. It's nice to see you settling into something easily readable in your new computerized incarnation, and despite Chaz Baden's creebing about your headlines, I think it's quite successful!

(And I think both issues are equally successful, on their own terms, although #105 may be more "normal" in the typographic sense. But, hey, this is fandom and we can freak out with typefaces to our heart's and eyeballs' content, yes?)

Eric Lindsay: Thanks for this issue, despite the blinding color of the cover (where do you get paper that is vivid green on only one side?) Congratulations on your engagement. I guess fandom is a good spot for fans to engage in long distance relationships - at least, it sure happens a lot!

Remind me not to go bidding for unknown items at any auction Marty Cantor is organising.

Chaz Baden's Jello mixtures are getting wilder and wilder. I expect to hear about the schnapps versions soon.

I'd understand George Alec Effinger's piece much better if I'd ever seen (or even previously heard of) a magic-8 ball.

Enjoyed "Field of Beam's", despite not having seen the film that inspired it. But it probably has more to do with Tucker than the film.

Must agree with Chaz Baden about the demerits of using a wide variety of typefaces. Stick to at most three or four, and use them in a consistent manner. Some magazines these days look like they are advertising typefaces, rather than presenting information. There is nothing wrong with a really fancy font, in headlines or article titles, or some consistent place, but not a dozen of them.

CONTRIBUTORS' ADDRESSES

Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046
Martha Beck, 215 E. Pine St., Payson, AZ 85541
Mike Deckinger, 649 16th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118

David Bratman, 1761 Huntingdon, San Jose, CA 95129
Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442
Michael Waite, 105 West Ainsworth, Ypsilanti, MI 48197-5336
Brad Foster, P.O. Box 165246, Irving, TX 75016
David L. Russell, 196 Russell St., Dennington, VIC 3280, Australia
Bob Tucker, 2516/H East Washington St., Bloomington, IL 61704
Eric Lindsay, Internet:eric@zen.maths.uts.edu.au
John Foyster, Internet:johnfoys@bAARNie.tafe.sa.edu.au



In response to your "quick question" (Chaz Baden/Mike Gyer controversy re: headline typefaces), I prefer the headline typefaces in 105 (Playbill - 12 point). *Variety may be the spice of life but not when it comes to typefaces (Brush Script MT -- 16 point).* It's your fanzine, and you can print it in whatever font(s) you want (ProseAntique --12 point). *I will still read Factfact 5, with wild abandon, regardless of how many different font types you use. (Nuptial BT -- 18 point!).* There are so many great fonts "out there" it's mind boggling to have to make a choice (Bard -- 14 point).

Figure 6 Going into the *File 770* scrapbook is Michael Waite's decisive answer to whether I should use a less flamboyant range of headline typefaces....