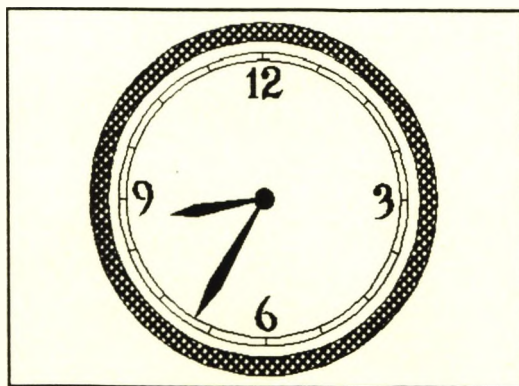


File 770 #107





*File 770:107* is edited by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. As old as my tongue and a little bit older than my teeth. *File 770* is available for news, artwork, arranged trades (primarily with other newzines and clubzines), 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. Compu-Serve 72557,1334. GENIE M.GLYER



## Editor's Notes by Mike Glycer

**Oops, I Forgot To Split Into Three:** One of my favorite work assignments is to be part of a team teaching basic Federal tax law to new IRS employees. It's an outlet for my love of public speaking, sharpens my own skills, and lets me "pay forward" those who trained me when I got started.

The class was at the Laguna Niguel Federal Building, a huge ziggurat-shaped complex 60 miles from home. I stayed in a nearby hotel during the week for two months, and crammed all my personal life into the weekends.

One thing I forgot is that preparation for tax classes is all-consuming. And I soon learned that planning for a wedding is all-consuming. The next time somebody asks you to teach revenue agents and plan your wedding at the same time, I recommend you just concentrate on getting married. Console yourself by realizing that the tax law will have completely

changed by next year and they'll still need you to teach everyone.

Chairing the Worldcon, hosting Smofcon and editing a would-be monthly newzine are also good things not to be doing at the same time as these other two full-time jobs!

Smofcon went by in a blur. I remember two things very well: a reassuring conversation with Spike Parsons about the emotional roller-coaster of planning a wedding and the night I was lured into a surprise wedding party and feted with an ice cream cake and a suitably embarrassing present by Janice Gelb, Priscilla and Mark Olson and others. (They credited Patty Wells for staging the party, but she wound up spending that evening caring for Ben Yalow, who was quite sick.)

Diana and I were married at St. James Episcopal Church in Springfield, MO at 2 p.m. on New Year's Day. Fans Elst Weinstein (best man), Lynn Maudlin (best woman) and Janice Gelb joined the wedding party. About 70 people were there: my family came from California and New Mexico, Diana's mother drove from Cincinnati. Several of Diana's past and present students worked hard to help with the arrangements. I sang a solo during the ceremony (no, I didn't know I could do that, either!) It was a very joyous time.

Most of the honeymoon was spent on the island of Hawaii prowling over lava fields and admiring black sand beaches, waterfalls, rain forests and the incredible night sky.

### ART CREDITS

Linda Hardy - Cover  
Tara - 3  
Bill Rotsler - 27, 28  
Ray Capella - 11  
Ulrike O'Brien - 12, 13  
Brad Foster - 16, 21, 24, 25  
Jim McLeod - 15  
Delphyne - 18  
Alexis Gilliland - 19  
Steve Fox - Back Cover

### News Supplement for the Ansible Impaired

When I read Tom Sadler's comment in *The Reluctant Famulus* 36 that *Ansible* is "The British version of *File 770* only short and to the point and funnier (on the whole)" I knew that I needed to show Tom a whole new way of looking at *File 770*. This counterfeit version of my esteemed rival's fanzine borrows Dave

Langford's style wherever possible but is not a parody -- the contents are genuine news items. And since I wasn't really sure what to do with all the leftovers I stapled them to the back of the issue. Otherwise, Tom, please let me know how you like it now that *File 770* is *Ansible*.



**Anfile 107**

**January 1995**

From Mike Glyford, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, USA. Fax 01234 5678. ISSN 770-1995. E-mail m.glyfer@geis.genie.com. Logo: John Braziman. Cartoon: Taral Wayne. Available for SASE or arcane whim.

**SHOCK, HORROR, PROBE!** Vince Docherty, co-chairman of *The Scottish Convention* promptly squelched vile rumours that any instruments besides bagpipes will play at Opening Ceremonies. Vince told his committee via e-mail, "Did you know that we would be having a Star Trek Orchestra at the opening ceremony? Well, we are not! An advert has been appearing in *Starburst* magazine in the U.K. and on a page of the *TV Teletext* service asking for musicians to join a Star Trek Orchestra which 'will debut at the opening ceremony of the Scottish World Con!'" Vince demanded that the woman who placed the ads withdraw them. Some fans expressed annoyance that Docherty ungratefully deprived the con of the means to clear the SECC in record time with a chorus of Lt. Cmdr. Scott sound-alikes. • Membership currently stands at about 4700. • Long negotiations with the Glasgow Tourist Board made it clear that they just weren't set up to handle anything as complex as *The Scottish Convention*. Their business is really selling the city and handling bookings for individual tourists or 'normal' business conventions. Instead, an independent professional conference organiser will handle the administration of the bookings: Concorde Services. It is based in the SECC itself. The form and notes will go out with PR5 so fans should be able to make bookings during February. The committee is currently holding 4829 beds in Glasgow spread over hotel and university accommodations. University costs will be from GBP 20-25 per person. Hotels vary greatly. •

## Estate of Denial

Philip K. Dick's long-standing complaint of having too little editorial control over his work has finally been heeded, now that he's dead. Ricky Pierce, browsing the books on tape at a local store, noticed some are labeled, "This abridgement approved by the author." Audio versions of the works of John Grisham, Michael Crichton, William Shatner all had it. Even the 1993 abridgement of *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* by Philip K. Dick is labeled approved by the author. Pierce wonders, "Is Time-Warner able to pick up RF Albemuth in the 120-meter band?"

Jerry Pournelle was listed by a Georgia publication as part of House Speaker Newt Gingrich's brain trust. Jerry scoffs, "All I have is the same phone number of a Georgia congressman that I've had for the last fifteen years." Yet aerospace hacks are falling over themselves to take Pournelle to dinner: "Suddenly, people who couldn't stand me before have become my best friend."

Bernadette Bosky was savaged in *Esquire Magazine's* book review section in the November. Will Blythe ridiculed her short story "None of the Above" from *The Best American Erotica 1994* as "the worst kind of pillow talk - windy, sententious blather about sexual freedom." The reviewer wails, "No one should expect smut to be well-written, but nor should you have to ask the question: Is this erotica or the rainbow curriculum?" [MMW]

Gail Selinger is promoting her second novel *For a Pirate's Kiss* in a private mailing as "an erotic Playgirl romance." Just a suggestion, Gail: leave *Esquire* off the list...

Patrick Nielsen Hayden opened the transom for manuscript submissions to *Starlight*, his original sf anthology series. He promises heretics and mutants will find a home here along with Tories and Republicans: "*Starlight* will be a broad church; my notion of 'sf' encompasses hard sf, humanistic sf, cutting-edge

daring and traditionalism with heart. It also encompasses those mutants that defy easy categorization but which we know belong under the 'sf' tent anyway. I believe in characterization and style and all the other conventional literary vitamins; I also believe that sf is a genre in which sometimes the ideas are of paramount importance. Ultimately, what I want are the best stories, which as we know sometimes come from the center of the genre, and sometimes sprout from its wild edges." Patrick's new original sf anthology series for Tor will appear in hardcover and trade paperback editions. *Starlight* will pay seven and a half cents a word for all lengths. The first volume is open as of right now, and will remain open until Memorial Day, 1995. Submissions should go to *Starlight* c/o Patrick Nielsen Hayden, 23 Winter Avenue, Staten Island NY 10301. Include an SASE.

**First Came the Flood.** Torrential rain drove George Alec Effinger and Debbie Hodgkinson their French Quarter home before Worldcon weekend. Effinger said the storm "flooded streets, etc. Everything I own, all books, papers, computers, clothes, thoroughly soaked. Movers managed about two-thirds of our stuff. We had to go back all evening and night with a friend's pickup, still in the rain, to get the rest of the unpacked stuff." To Effinger, this storm's silver lining was: "I now live only a block and a half from the best barbecue restaurant in Orleans Parish! And a bookstore that actually had an Effinger title!"

**The Fire Next Time.** Dick and Nicki Lynch were burned out of their home on January 3. The blaze began in a neighbour's townhouse. Alerted to the fire by the smell of smoke, Dick and Nicki just had time to save their cats. Household appliances and mementos were destroyed, but firefighters saved the own town house from complete loss despite substantial fire damage. Dick Lynch posted on Internet that firemen also "saved *Mimosa's* three Hugos (now soiled and need of cleaning, but otherwise looking ok), all the back issues of *Mimosa* (they were on shelving in the basement, on the side of the room away from where the fire was), most of the clothes (they all need cleaning and dry cleaning), and the computer (at least, I hope so - the firemen moved it to the interior bathroom - from some quirk of fate, only the bathrooms came through it all undamaged)."

George Alec Effinger, now dried off, reveals he and Barbara Hambly are collaborating on two stories. "The first is a baseball story in which I'm writing sections in the styles of several well-known authors - that's taking a little time; Barbara's already finished her part." Shades of Bret Harte. George advises, "The second story is still in the rough draft-planning stage. And we've been discussing the possibility of doing a book together that might have elements of both science fiction and fantasy in the same story without cheating on either."

## Condamine and Typhoid

**Lower Interest.** Landing in fannish mailboxes just behind the envelope from Ed McMahon is an offer from that other Ed, Kramer. Chairman of DragonCon: "You are among a very select number of Dragon Con members who qualify to receive this special invitation to carry a PREAPPROVED Dragon Con Credit Card." I've always sensed I was part of an elite group, and since Dan Steffan explained that it wasn't fanzine fandom I've been wondering which one it is. Now Ed's letter makes everything clear. "Every time you use your

DragonCon Credit Card, you'll feel tremendous pride in showing your affiliation with the outstanding programs for which DragonCon is so well known and respected." I know there will be a quiet thrill of admiration at DUFF headquarters when Dick and Leah receive a Convenient Premium Access Check for my two dollar donation. For the card is no mere status symbol, it's a powerful instrument of philanthropy: "You'll be pleased to know that with every purchase you make, the card's issuing bank... will make a contribution to DragonCon." Most fans already feel guilty that they haven't been doing enough to help DragonCon make a profit; I think everyone will want this card.

**A George for a Dragon.** Scott Dennis led a two-minute hate for the Atlanta in '98 Worldcon bid at Smofcon that did the impossible (as Deep Throat once told Woodward and Bernstein they'd done for a Nixon aide) - make me feel sorry for Ed Kramer. The sentiment only lasted until I got my credit card application. Dennis and others devoted an entire panel to frenzied speculation that Kramer will steal the 1998 Worldcon by appealing to 15,000 DragonCon/NASFiC attendees to pay \$55 so they can buy supporting memberships in The Scottish Convention and '98 site selection to for Atlanta.

## Infinitely Improbable

**Random Fandom.** *Harry Warner Jr.*, from the September, 1994 *DASFAX*: "Television coverage of the comet's collision with Jupiter was disappointing. Not only were the crashes inaudible but we didn't even hear the whoosh noise traditionally associated with those things." o *Kurt Siegel* spent two harrowing weeks in December laid up in the hospital with the dubious pleasure of a ruptured appendix followed by a secondary infection. Kurt had his Slan genetic background confirmed by surgeons who discovered "some anatomical anomalies such as, the appendix is supposed to be in the lower right quadrant of the abdomen, while mine was in the upper right quadrant." Kurt is worried "about 6-8 weeks of not being allowed to work, due to the nature of being a firefighter. If the muscles don't heal right, I'm looking at far longer periods of unemployment. And, during my disability with the Fire Department, I'm not allowed to undertake any outside employment, so the Computer Store is right out, as well." o Fans around the country support literacy activists, but everything MidSouthCon could give to the Literary Alliance Memphis/Shelby County, Inc. still wasn't enough to keep it from closing its doors in August. The agency needs \$50,000 a year: about 100 times what the con planned to contribute, reports *Memphen 199*. The agency provided an umbrella to 96 member groups and individuals providing reading and basic skills training to functionally illiterate people in the Memphis area. They've helped an estimated 148,000 people. Over the years MidSouthCon has raised thousands of dollars for the SFWA Emergency Medical Fund and, for the past two years, the Literary Alliance. The con plans to shift its donations to another literacy program, *Each One Teach One*. o

**Blue-Riband Fans:** Barbara Hambly left her sickbed to visit the L.A. County Fair in September and reported, "A lot of walking on cement surfaces. Also, I think that having just gotten over 10 days of the kick-your-butt flu, I got far tireder than I thought. I kept having to stop and sit down. But it was much cooler than last year, and being the first weekend of the fair, far less crowded. Marv Wolfman's wife, Noel, won first-place blue-ribbon in her division of the table-setting contest, a really lovely black-and-white arrangement for an after-the-movies formal dinner. It was one of two menus that were actually witty and full of puns, the other one being Fuzzy Niven's, which took fourth in her division (Afternoon Tea division - Noel's was Black-and-White division). It was Noel's first try at the table-arrangement contest, too. Reading comments on the other entries was instructive: knives too far from edge of table. Tablecloth must extend four inches below edge of table. Handles of cups not turned parallel with

spoons.... I suspect that as science fiction writers we are ALL lacking in imagination: who could come up with a species that invents bungee-jumping and table-arranging competitions?

"The County Fair is an astounding place. They did not, alas, have pig-races this year, but ten or twelve of us wandered through all those buildings where they demonstrate and sell weird little gadgets; it's like being trapped in late-night network television, or crystallized onto the Shopping Channel. I bought a handy-dandy veggie-chopper for myself and a one-of-a-kind Swiss slicer-and-dicer for my parents for Christmas - thinking back, there was an awful lot of inventions based upon the human disinclination to actually chop up the vegetables they feel called upon to eat. There were people bungee-jumping in chairs. Not ever. Not ever ever."

## Ansible Transmissions

**Patrick Nielsen Hayden** denounced rumours that the comics line edited by Teresa includes Gold Key or Harvey titles such as *Little Lulu* and *Casper the Friendly Ghost*. Patrick excused Taral for passing on the question as "the recipient of information that has been damaged in transit. Teresa is working for Valiant, which publishes - under license from Western Publishing, owner of the old Dell/Gold Key comic titles - such books as *Magnus*, *Robot Fighter*, *Solar*, *Man of the Atom*, and *Turok, Son of Stone*. Teresa is, in fact, now the editor of the first two of those three. Turok is in someone else's domain. And perhaps it should be clarified that aside from this licensing deal, Valiant has no relationship to Gold Key, Dell, or Western Publishing; by and large, Valiant's titles are stuff developed in house."

**Danise Deckert's Fall Vacation:** Dan Deckert followed the normal family routine on September 3, delivering his daughter, Alana, to her ice skating lessons. His wife, Danise, and son were already there. "We were a bit late this morning, and getting Alana into the rink was even harder than usual. She insisted on staring at the fire engine that had just showed up and was disgorging a load of paramedics. We followed them in the door, and, being curious, strained our eyes to see what was wrong. Unfortunately, the figure lying out there on the ice was Danise." A young girl skating backwards slammed into Danise whose tibia made a loud snapping sound as she went down. Danise spent the autumn in various stages of recovery and is now back on her feet.

**Giving All For Art.** Last Spring *George Alec Effinger* shared the traumatic sacrifice of his fortune-telling 8-ball in the name of writing research. A later research project (a.k.a. black hole for real writing time) went like this: "I bought a computer game a few years ago called the Universal Military Simulator. It provides a blank grid battlefield on the screen, and a very big selection of military units you can use to duplicate or invent any army. Very useful for setting up what-if situations; I used it a little while I was working on my still-unfinished SF Civil War book (the novelette version appeared in a Benford "What Might Have Been" anthology). You can replay a battle and see how alterations in terrain affect things. The game comes with a few major historical battle scenarios built in, so you can let the computer play itself and just watch, or take one side against the computer, or tailor either or both armies and then play. One of the programmed battles was Gettysburg. I tried lots of different things to try to get the South to win the battle, but the thing that worked best was to create a special "wild card" unit with gigantic movement ability and tremendous strength. Eventually I proved to my own satisfaction that the South would have been almost invincible if they had had Godzilla on their side."

Ansifile 107 (c) Mike Glyford, 1995. Thanks to Martin Morse Wooster, Harry Warner, Jr., Ed Kramer, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Taral Wayne, Rob Hansen, Kurt Siegel, Vince Docherty, Barbara Hambly, George Alec Effinger, Gail Selinger, Dick and Nicki Lynch. 22 Jan 95

## MARRIAGE EPIDEMIC HITS CHICAGO!

### Single Fans Fleeing in Terror!

by Ross Pavlac

It appears that in preparation for the Chicago in 2000 bid launch at Winnipeg, Chicago SF fans are getting their personal lives in order. In addition to Terry Fowler and Ross Pavlac/Maria Gavelis, two other fan couples are tying the knot in order to generate juju against the dreaded marital problems that often accompany Worldcon bids.

Jim Rittenhouse married Susan Johnson in a religious ceremony in Oak Park, Illinois on August 6, 1994. Approximately 100 people (mostly local SF fans) were in attendance. Best man was fan artist Kurt Erichsen. Jim is currently the OE of Apa 69. The honeymoon will be in the North Woods of Canada, with a stopover at the Worldcon in Winnipeg.

Bill Roper married Gretchen Van Dorn in a religious ceremony at his home in Evanston on August 27, 1994. Bill is a longtime filker and owner of Dodeka Records, the Midwest's largest filk label. The best man was well-known filker Cliff Flynt. Appropriately, the wedding ceremony was be followed by a filksing. The morning after the ceremony they left for Winnipeg, to spend part of their honeymoon at the Worldcon.

## OBITUARIES

### Judy Voros

by Ross Pavlac

Judy Voros, well-known Milwaukee fan, died on Sunday, September 25 at 6:30 am. She had been fighting ovarian cancer for a year. Known to friend and foe alike as "da GhodHobbit," Judy was one of the focal points of Milwaukee fandom. As its social director without portfolio, no special occasion or birthday went unnoticed. Her parties were famous. She had been active in various Milwaukee conventions, and was a long-time member of Milwapa.

Because of the ability of the doctors in notifying her that the end was near, most of local Milwaukee fandom was able to visit the night before she died. At one point, 46 fans were in her hospital room. Last-minute gifts were given to her. She was the first person to receive what will be her last issue of Milwapa. Mercedes Lackey provided some CD's for her, and sent an unpublished manuscript -- between discussions with friends, various visitors took turns reading to her from the unpublished manuscript.

She is survived by her husband, Todd Voros (perpetrator of Boating World, for those familiar with those legendary forays up Wisconsin tributaries).

### Clint Bigglestone

by Sarah Goodman

As I believe you have heard via the fannish grapevine, Clint Bigglestone, my beloved Spousal Unit, died on October 13. Clint used to say "Friday the 13th falls on a Thursday (or whatever) this month" and boy was he right about October!

Clint had stayed home from work (for reasons utterly unrelated to what came to pass) and when I called him from work at lunchtime we discussed plans for our upcoming trip to World Fantasy Con. I came home in the evening, eager to share tidbits of news and found him lying on the floor, not breathing. I called 911 (remembering not to sound like one of the ninnies Clint always commented on when we watched *Rescue 911*) but it was much too late (and, from what our doctor says, it sounds like nothing would have helped, even if I'd been there when it happened, so I'm glad he was spared the indignity of major attempts to revive him.)

Although (as you know) Clint was subject to many pains and ills, his death was totally unexpected. The official Cause of Death was hypertensive vascular disease; Clint had high blood pressure, but lots of the "good cholesterol" and we thought his arteries were in pretty good shape. As far as I can tell, death came suddenly and there was no sign of pain or fear. It was, in fact, the death he always said he wanted; the only problem was that it came 40 years too soon!

As you can imagine, this was a devastating loss for me, the kids and all our families. I only made it through the first few days because of the support and caring I received from family and friends. I'm finding that it is a proud, but not a lonely, thing to be a fan; the good wishes and fond memories flooding in from around the globe have been a bright spot in a dark hour. I'm over my initial shock and desolation now, and beginning the long process of learning to live without my lover, friend, partner, companion, costume model, researcher, proof-reader and other half.

I won't be going to WFC; it would be good to be with the many of our friends who are there, but I was looking forward to introducing Clint to the French Quarter so much that I can't face it without him. However, I should be back in the fannish swing pretty soon. If anyone feels like sending memories of Clint (even the puns) I'd really appreciate it. *Sarah Goodman, 1384 Skyline Drive, Daly City, CA 94015*.

## Tributes to Robert Bloch from File 770 Readers

*Beloved writer and fan Robert Bloch died September 23, 1994 of cancer of the esophagus and kidneys. Bloch learned the doctor's diagnosis in June and shortly thereafter wrote a piece for Omni about death and dying and his fear of it. The article appeared in the magazine's October issue, and was on the newsstands when he passed away.*

**Earl Cooley:** [Reprinted from the F.A.C.T. Sheet] Perhaps the last thing he wrote (as a way to say goodbye to us all) was an essay titled "The Other Side of the Bloch" for the October '94 issue of *Omni* magazine (still on newsstands). About Death, he said, "He won't go alone, but he won't take all of me with him, either. A part will still remain behind, until paper crumbles, film dissolves, and memories fade." It is *our* job to ensure that the memories do *not* fade.

**Don Franson:** This is one of the few times I found out from the newspapers instead of a fanzine about an SF fan or author passing away. The others were Heinlein, Asimov, and I believe Emsh.

Anyway, I always thought Bloch's great gift to SF fandom was his attitude toward it, as a "pro-turned-fan." Mainly, the fanzine review column in *Imagination*, called "Fandora's Box" which he took over from Mari Wolf in the mid-50s, and continued until the magazine folded in late 1958. In it he made positive statements about fanzines, which were not common in the prozines, bringing in a lot of fans like me (in 1958) who were long turned off by the negative comments in other prozine columns.

After this, he participated in discussion in many fanzines, usually with a postcard, and made himself known in fandom more widely at conventions. I remember the statement "Bloch is Superb" as being so popular someone wanted to make a rubber stamp of it.

It would be too bad if Bloch's fame were limited to writing the story of *Psycho*, which is not even science fiction, which he *did* write a lot of. Bloch was superb.

## Tribute to Bob Bloch by Bill Warren

The first thing by Robert Bloch that I recall reading was, as it happens, *Psycho*. I was very curious about Alfred Hitchcock's new movie, having flipped over *North by Northwest*, and when I saw a paperback with Janet Leigh's screaming face on the cover, I bought it immediately.

What really struck me about the novel was the dark sense of humor that popped up every now and then, including in the shower murder that Hitchcock filmed so brilliantly. In Bob's book, it was far more terse, just two lines, about how the knife cut off her scream. "And her head," the chapter concluded. Yow! I was about 16 when I read that, and didn't know you were "allowed" to make sardonic wisecracks about death and dismemberment. The novel was a real education.

Years later, I told Bob truthfully that I had figured out the ending of the novel while reading it, but was very uncomfortable about it, since the description of Norman Bates in the novel certainly didn't match Anthony Perkins -- but it did match me. Bob told me that he had based Bates on two people, Ed Gein, "The Wisconsin Ghoul," and -- well, he asked me never to reveal publicly who the other person was, but though that man is now gone too, I'll honor Bob's request.

Because I honor Bob.

When I moved to Los Angeles in 1966, I was intensely shy, but also deeply curious, and when Forrest J Ackerman invited my wife and me to a screening of *The WereWolf of London* in the screening room at the home of Magic Castle founder Milt Larsen, I was very excited about going -- not only for the movie, but because actor Christopher Lee was going to be there. I was impressed when Robert Bloch turned up at the screening, too, impressed and dazzled. And surprised.

By that time, having adored *Psycho*, I had been reading everything by Bloch I could find. Even though the same thread of humor wove through much of his writing, I still assumed the man himself would look like one of the lurkers in the darkness in a Charles Addams cartoon. Instead, I met a tall, funny man with a big grin and a cigarette in a long, long holder, friendly and highly knowledgeable about horror movies. It seemed entirely appropriate that Lee, who was also very witty, had come to the screening with Bloch.

I don't know the point at which he changed from "Mr. Bloch" to "Bob" for me, but it wasn't long thereafter. At



one of the huge parties he used to have, Forry Ackerman thrilled me by asking me to get Bob to inscribe a copy of *The Opener of the Way* -- and then giving me the book, as a gift. (In front of Bob, so Bloch could autograph it for me.)

It was at those parties that Bob Bloch often sought me out, talking to me about things I was interested in, drawing me out and seeking my opinions. He was so gracious about this, but also so casual and relaxed, without any sense of being patronizing, that it didn't occur to me for years that he was doing this because he recognized in my the shyness I'm sure he once felt at such gatherings.

When he was a young man, even a boy, his favorite writer, H.P. Lovecraft, had taken him under his wing (via letters; to Bob's regret, they never met in person), helped him with his fiction, treated him with respect, generosity and sympathy -- and that's how Bloch himself treated budding writers from then on. And not just writers, either.

Science fiction fandom had been deeply important to Bob in his adolescence, and he realized its value to others all his life. As he grew in fame, he realized that his name meant something to the publishers of fanzines; I know that he made a point of writing a letter of comment to the editor of every fanzine he was sent. He also contributed to fanzines so often that two books of his fannish writings have been published.

He continued this effort of drawing people into the spotlight all along, in many venues. If he gave a speech at a convention, he would mention by name many people in the audience, because it gave them a thrill, and because it pleased Bob to be able to provide that thrill. He wanted people to feel good about themselves, and he liked being in a position to bring that about. While my wife Beverly and I were having lunch with him at a *Dark Shadows* convention, he suddenly remarked on how he had known her for years, but she had never seemed to age. Since that very morning, she had been dismayed to discover her hair had a lot of gray in it, his comment couldn't have come at a better time, and she rushed over to embrace a surprised, pleased Bob. And I was very proud to find myself mentioned in his autobiography.

As a writer, Bloch was a giant in his fields, but I always felt there was something holding him back, something he learned in writing for the pulps that he could not quite rid himself of. He's a very good mystery and suspense writer, and an even better writer of horror -- but I always had the impression that an even better writer lurked there, that if he had felt wealthy enough to give up that kind of money-making writing for a year, he could have

**Pat Cadigan:** Robert Bloch was the GOH at my first convention ever, ByobCon in KC in 1975. I had just joined the MidAmeriCon committee, just found out about this strange subculture called fandom, and I was a last-minute addition to both the ByobCon program and the committee. Sometimes it was fun; sometimes it was too much like work; sometimes it was too much like menial work. Robert Bloch made himself visible and accessible for the whole weekend, attending panels, doing interviews, bantering with Wilson Tucker, telling stories, being his wonderful gallant self. On Saturday night, I wandered into a room party, tired and half-discouraged from listening to someone's complaints. I sat down near Robert Bloch and smiled at him. He smiled back and said, "Hello, dear." Such a simple thing, but it was a small act of kindness at the right moment.

In 1980, I found him on the roster for the Florida Suncoast Writers' Conference in St. Petersburg, Florida. Hallmark was sending me to attend. I wrote Mr. Bloch, mentioned where I had met him, told him I would be attending, and asked if I could have the privilege of taking him out to dinner after all of his conference-related obligations were finished. To my surprise, he wrote back thanking \*me\* for remembering him -- and accepted. That night in January, 1980 is one of my treasures -- the kind you can't lose in a burglary. We had a delightful dinner and afterwards we sat up until close to four a.m. trading anecdotes, stories, and biographies. Robert Bloch told me about the moment he knew he was a writer: his father had taken him to a baseball game, and brought a glove so young Robert might catch a fly ball. And sure enough, a fly ball did come their way, and its arc took it directly toward Robert. His father was hollering, "Catch it! Catch it!" as were many people around him. And as he watched, he told me, the ball went right between his two hands-- he missed it. "And at that moment," Robert Bloch told me, "I knew I was a writer." This makes perfect sense to me.

I never had a chance to spend quite so much time with him again, but he always remembered me whenever we met, and talked about the long evening we'd had together. I did have other opportunities to observe how Robert Bloch interacted with people -- he was the last of the

classic gentlemen, patient, unfailingly polite, never self-important or pompous or nasty. He answered questions from fans and conferees that he must have heard a million times before with the same attention and consideration as I know he had had the first time he'd been asked.

Among the many things he told me that have stayed with me is this observation on our field: fandom is what keeps our field alive. The Pulitzer Prize-winning novel for 1963 is something very few people can name -- sf fans have probably all read the Hugo winner from that year. With only a few extraordinary exceptions (by comparison), most mainstream writers of the past five decades are obscure and/or forgotten, no matter how wonderful their work might have been; our field keeps the memory of our greats alive past their lifetimes, because fans pass on the old books to new fans, and we acquire new readers.

The field has changed somewhat since 1980, and that may not be as true in 1994 as it was then. But I understand how he felt, I know what he meant. I think he must have never forgotten that thrill of being in correspondence with his idol H. P. Lovecraft, and how much it meant to get encouragement from him to write. And so he was very careful with the feelings of the people who came up to him at conventions and conferences. And he was always mindful of himself as a fan -- a young fan who missed catching a baseball and then knew he was a writer.

He really did have the heart of a small boy. I'll miss him like anything.

**Robin Bailey:** I also attended BYOB-con 5. Bloch was GOH. Tucker was toastmaster. And Jim Gunn was also a guest. In addition, Richard Delap and one or two others had gotten together and sprung for expenses for Harlan Ellison, so he was named a "special guest." It was kind of a prelude to putting on Mac. I wasn't living in KC at the time, being away at college, but came back for the con.

I remember most vividly Bloch sitting in a very relaxed, almost liquid position, in a chair, smoking and gesticulating with that long cigarette holder he almost always used. I'd never actually seen anyone use a cigarette holder before, and

turned out an authentic masterpiece -- not of genre fiction, but of American fiction in general. His screenplays are much the same way: clever, witty thrillers for William Castle (Bob's best film overall is probably *Strait-Jacket*), amusing anthology films for Amicus a few years later. But they all play just a little like Bob had even more to offer. I've seen very few of his teleplays; I'm intensely curious about them.

As a person, Bob Bloch was honest, direct and kind; he had a temper -- I occasionally saw him angry at duplicity and vulgarity -- and there were people he strongly disliked. But there weren't many of them, and there were hundreds who loved him. I know that I was always not just pleased, but delighted to see him. And he always seemed pleased to encounter Beverly and me; he seemed to enjoy chatting with me about old movies, about which he had an engraved-in-steel memory, particularly for the character actors of long ago. Once, I overheard him and comic book artist Don Rico talk about vaudeville, and discovered that Bob was an expert on that subject, too. Every time I talked to him, every time I heard him give a speech or appear on a panel at a convention, I learned something. He was a great teacher -- and had he been an actual teacher at actual schools, he would have been one of the best.

He was always so accessible to everyone, even when he'd rather not have been. At a banquet years ago, a well-known Los Angeles character -- and I use the term advisedly -- had Bob backed into a corner, going on and on about this and that. Bob was too good-hearted to simply walk away, but when Beverly realized what was going on, and ran up, crying "Mr. Bloch! Mr. Bloch! Can I have your autograph?" he went off with her gratefully. He even put up with being introduced as (and I swear this happened), "Robert Pssitcho Bloch." He didn't revel in his fame, but he enjoyed it in an offhand, unstressed manner.

I have never heard anyone say an unkind word about Robert Bloch, and I've been around people who had nothing kind to say about anyone. But he wasn't adored or beloved, either; he was far too much one of us to be placed on that kind of pedestal. He was a friend, not an idol. He was as good a man as I have ever known.

### Letter from Bob Tucker

To my knowledge there are four editors assembling a Bloch tribute. Charles Brown is doing one for *Locus*, that issue has probably gone to press by this time. Meanwhile, Ted White expects to publish one in *Blat!* Ricia Mainhardt (Bloch's agent) is assembling a book, and you make the fourth.



I was totally unable to write something for *Locus*, despite three calls from Brown. My mind and my fingers just wouldn't work for me; I couldn't force myself to write a memorial. And now I'm having the same difficulty with the pieces for Ted White, Ricia and you. You too, sorry to say.

Bloch and I met by bumping into each other, literally, at the 1946 Worldcon in Los Angeles. We had both deserted the programming one day to go across the street to MacArthur Park, where small electric boats could be rented by the hour. We were both zooming about the lake at breakneck speed (joke) when our boats bumped into each other. I suppose we each recognized the other as a worldcon refugee by the badges we were wearing, and I believe we stayed on the lake all afternoon. The boats were more fun than the programming.

We visited each other's homes when the timing was right, and spent more weekends together at various cons than I can remember or count right now. He was the annual toastmaster at Midwestcon until he moved the California, and I inherited that job. At the 1969 Worldcon in St. Louis we wore each other's name badges, and happily signed each other's books. I'm mildly surprised that collectors didn't lynch us when the deception was discovered.

*[[Tucker also enclosed a clipping from the October 10, 1994 issue of the Springfield Journal-Register with a timely story about the destruction of the very old Bates Motel, which was located on US 36 about halfway between Springfield and Jacksonville, IL. Tucker originally received the clipping from Sam Long.]]*

## Spirit of deolished Bates Motel seems like it can't be extinguished

*[by Tanya Bonner]* It has all the makings of a great Halloween story. An old, abandoned motel is demolished, but mysteriously catches fire. The fire is put out, but it reignites -- again and again and again. And what's even better, it's the Bates Motel, west of Springfield on Old U.S. 36. ...Could it be the restless spirit of some poor soul brutally murdered -- as were the victims of the late Anthony Perkins at the motel of the same name in the classic 1969 movie *Psycho*? No, authorities say, "It's just the way the rubble was piled up," *[said Fire Chief Tom Wilson]*.

Lack of upkeep by its owners and construction of new U.S. 36 killed the Bates Motel, she said. ...Local residents say they could tell if the motel was open, because when it wasn't, a picnic table was used to barricade the front door.

he kind of mesmerized people with it.

Some years later, at an Oklahoma con, I believe, we met again. I had begun collecting pulps by that time, and had brought along a January, 1949 issue of *Weird Tales*, which contained his story, "Waxworks." He kindly autographed it, then we sat around in a corner for a bit discussing the pulps and his early pulp work, for which he seemed to have a far greater fondness than his later work. That particular issue of *Weird Tales* is sealed and hangs on my library wall now. At one point, he thanked me for bringing "Waxworks" and for being conversant about the early pulp days. "All anyone talks to me about is *Psycho*," he said. "This brings back so many memories."

**Ted White:** We're doing a tribute/memorial to Bloch in the next *BLAT!*, for which I've pretty much written myself out. But, for *File 770*: As long as I've known Robert Bloch he was a friend to fandom, and a friend of mine (a claim which many others can also make). I hadn't seen him face-to-face since a convention in St. Louis in 1980, but his pactsarcs of comment responded to nearly every issue of every fanzine I've published since then. I will miss him.

**David Bratman:** My only personal memory of Robert Bloch is the delightful one of telephoning him last spring to let him know that *Once Around the Bloch* had been nominated for a Hugo for Best Non-Fiction Book. He absorbed this news and cracked in reply, "How do you know it's non-fiction?" I thought quickly and answered, "Well, sir, we don't, but that's what the voters nominated it as." That seemed to be acceptable to him, so I congratulated him again on his welcome return to the Hugo ballot after too long an absence, and rang off. Of all the good-news calls I've made in two years as Hugo Administrator, that little exchange with Bloch is just about my favorite, up there with listening to Bob Eggleton's answering machine.

I also have fond memories of a lazy day I spent as a poll officer in student union elections in college, a day made much more enjoyable by the company of the Del Rey edition of *The Best of Robert Bloch*, which had just come out. I read the stories during slow periods, and the time passed most agreeably.

## Aurora Awards

**English** -- Novel: *Nobody's Son* by Sean Stewart (Maxwell MacMillan); Short Story: "Just Like Old Times" by Robert J. Sawyer (*Dinosaur Fantastic / On Spec* Summer 1993); Other: *Prisoners of Gravity*, TVOntario

**French** -- Novel: *Chronoreg* by Daniel Sernine (Quebec/Amerique); Short Story: "La merverilleuse machine de Johann Havel," by Yves Meynard (*Solaris* 107); Other: *Les 42,210 Univers de la science-fiction* by Guy Bouchard (Le Passeur)

**Artistic Achievement:** Robert Pasternak; (illustration and covers for *On Spec*, *Aboriginal*, *Amazing*, etc.); **Fanzine:** *Under the Ozone Hole*, Karl Johanson and John Press Herbert; **Fan Organizational:** Lloyd Penney, Ad Astra; **Fan Other:** Jean-Louis Trudel, promotion of Canadian SF

## CHESLEY AWARDS

**Best Cover Illustration, Magazine**

Wojtek Studmak for *Asimov's*, Dec 1993

**Best Three-dimensional Art**

Jennifer Weyland: *And I Am the Shining Star*

**Best Interior Illustration**

Alan M. Clark for "The Toad of Heaven"  
*Asimov's* June 1993 p. 70-71

**Best monochrome work, unpublished**

Carl Lundgren for *Imprudence*

**Best color work unpublished**

James Gurney for *Garden of Hope*

**Best Art Director**

Jamie Warren Youll for Bantam Books

**Best Award for Contribution to ASFA (tie)**

David Lee Pancake for printing and mailing all ASFA publications; Teresa Patterson and The Pegasus Management Crew for running the ASFA Print Shop at Confrancisco

**Award for Artistic Achievement**

Frank Kelly Freas for *Body of Work* (40+ year career)

**Best Cover Illustration, Hardback Book**

Tom Kidd for *The Far Kingdoms*, by Chris Bunch and Allen Cole, Del Rey

**Best Cover Illustration, Softcover Book**

Bob Eggleton for *Dragons*, edited by Jack Dann and Gardner Dozois, Ace

## ConAdian: The 1994 World Science Fiction Convention

**Additional coverage by Dale Speirs,  
John Hertz, Don Fitch and Kevin  
Standlee**

## Winnipeg in '94 by Dale Speirs

ConAdian, the 52nd WorldCon in Winnipeg, Manitoba, turned out to be an excellent con. This was my first worldcon, so I can't compare other than from published conreports of previous cons, but oldtimers who have attended previous worldcons told me that Winnipeg will rank high on the list of good cons. From the point of view of an ordinary member, everything seemed to go well, with only a few visible minor problems that every con will have.

I registered at the peak of the crowd, but even so only spent a half hour in line. Had I come later in the evening, it would have been a five minute wait. The con hotels were mostly within a two-block radius of the Winnipeg Convention Centre, and for the truly lazy there was a fleet of rickshaws.

**Ceremonies:** The Opening, Closing, Hugo and Masquerade ceremonies were all in a hall with arena-style seating. Everyone had a good view, and there was a large-screen video to help out. You could tell the experienced worldcon goers because they started lining up an hour or more ahead of time, thinking they would have to rush for decent seats. I walked into the ceremonies about 30 minutes before and had no lineup and no problem finding a good seat centre to the stage.

The Hugos were on Saturday, which was a good idea, as it ensured slightly more respectable press coverage in the Sunday papers. The Masquerade on Sunday outdrew the Hugos, food for thought for BOFs and SMOFs. It would be a nice idea for future worldcons to segregate the minor awards into a separate ceremony, such as First Fandom, Big Heart, Japanese 'Hugo', etc., which visibly bored the crowd.

There was also an overflow room, which really wasn't needed but was popular because it had bar and food service. It was a huge ballroom with closed-circuit TVs scattered around the room; one could sit at a table and ingest while watching the events.

**Fanzine Room:** This turned out to be quite successful. It was



on the ground floor of the Convention Centre near the entrance. It was at the head of a hallway leading to panel rooms and washrooms, so there was heavy pedestrian traffic past it. Inside, it consisted of a freebie table at one end, a sales table at the other, and a bar in the middle. The fanzine room was a good place to meet people: sit around long enough and your zine friends would show up sooner or later, if only looking for a beer. The room was ably run by Lloyd and Yvonne Penney.

**Parties:** Most were in one of three hotels within two blocks of each other. The usual elevator tie-ups because of 300 people wanting to go up at once. Kansas City in 2000 had the best food, with sandwiches of thick sliced roast turkey or beef. The Dead Dragon Inn had the best party atmosphere. This was a hospitality suite converted into a medieval inn, with live bands performing. At the Australia in 1999 party, people found out why vegemite should be spread thin, not thick, if you are not used to it.

**News Coverage:** This was, at first, the same as for any SF con anywhere, with photos of Klingons eating at a hot dog stand and interviews with a UFO-naut. The Hugos provided better coverage in the Sunday papers. ConAdian was the

largest convention in Manitoba, and got lots of coverage. What surprised me was the other type of coverage, as many news outlets had detailed analysis of the economic impact of free-spending outlanders. The millions dropped in Winnipeg by congoers was noticed.

### ***A Few Bits You Didn't Mention (and might not have known about) by Don Fitch***

*[[Don's response to last issue's Worldcon report was so extensive and interesting that it deserves to be published as a sidebar story in its own right:]]*

The origami birds you described *[[in the convention center]]* and the huge dragons suspended high above were made under the tutelage of Robert Frayer, the (non-fan, I think) owner of an excellent small used-book store on Donald Street (next to the almost-instant printing place where I had the Canadian edition of my fanzine duplicated). He's also the head (I think) of The Great Herd of Bisons of the Fruitful Plain, which name comes from that dreadful segment ("The Country of the Saints") in *Study in Scarlet* that all but the most Totally



Dedicated of Sherlockians skip when they reread *The Canon*.

It was Geri Sullivan who posted the colour photo of Vincent Clarke -- she came bouncing in, all chipper and lively (as people with no heavy immediately pre-Con organizational responsibilities can be) as Lloyd and Yvonne were setting up the Fanzine Lounge, with a box of decorations (including that photo, so Vinc could be sure to be there in spirit) to give the place a Minicon-like Party Atmosphere. When Lloyd informed Geri that there wouldn't be any Bar because the ConCom (prudently and quite properly, considering the rather few memberships sold up to then) had decided they couldn't guarantee the minimum sales the Convention Centre people required, she put the box down, announced that there was a bag of balloons in it somewhere, in case anyone had a passionate desire to blow up balloons, and added "I'll be back in a little while." As I piece it together, she went to the Convention Centre Office, charmed the people there into reducing the required minimum by 50%, and said, "Here's my credit card, to guarantee it." The Bar was in operation the next morning.

There wasn't time to arrange for Exotic Imported Beers (Budweiser, Olympia, Coors, Schlitz) but we managed to make do with the ordinary Canadian brews. As I understand it, the sales were a bit short of the guarantee, the first day, but then Mike Glicksohn and Garth Danielson showed up and all was well for the rest of the Con.

Geri also brought along a copy of a single-sheet fanzine Garth had published back about 1985 (give or take a few years)

initiating a Decadent Winnipeg Fandom bid for another Canadian WorldCon.

The WorldCon History sign-up scroll (stretching along one wall of the Bar section of the Fanzine Lounge) didn't get as much attention as it should have, though I believe 4E and several others who attended the first and/or very early WorldCons signed it in the appropriate places (4E's signature was, if memory serves, over an arrow pointing to the right; I guess he's attended all of them.) Because the chart included the names and locations, as well as the years, I was finally able to figure out how many I've attended...and by now have forgotten (\*sigh\*) whether ConAdian was the tenth or the twelfth. When she started making it up, Geri was going to squeeze the early years into smaller spaces, but then decided to give

each year an equal area in order to emphasize the concepts of Continuity and Growth -- and, indeed, the spaces for the last few years were quite crowded with signatures by Monday evening.

I don't think Atom was rooking Pelz re "The Elephant and Castle: pub name being derived from *"L'Enfanta de Castile"* (Catherine of Aragon) -- that seems to be the commonly-accepted version -- but I was under the impression that it was a fairly common name for pubs in Tudor times, and is thought to have been spread by a song popular in that era. Where's Chuch Harris now that we need him?

Your mention of the press of fans at the Information Table to sign up for the Kaffeeklatsches, reminds me that there were at least two people who were behind that table every time I went by, early or late, every day of the convention: as Robbie Cantor and others have said, Volunteers put in an enormous amount of work at ConAdian, which is undoubtedly a major reason it went so smoothly.

I agree with Mansfield that 21 years is too long between Canadian WorldCons (though perhaps having one the year before or after an "overseas" one isn't a great idea considering the effect of Customs hassles on Art Show and Huxters' Room).... Maybe Toronto again, with Lloyd and Yvonne Penney as Chairs. It'll be interesting to see what SMOFcon makes of all this.



## The Worldcon I Saw by John Hertz

One of my projects for ConAdian was to push ahead *Fancyclopedia III*. During the summer I finally determined that the last draft topics list Glyer and I mailed a few years ago was lost in electronic form. I couldn't find it, Glyer couldn't find it. I retyped the blessed thing from hard copy, incorporating our three (or was it four?) letters of comment, printed it and brought it. This was, of course, the night before my plane, but what adventure doesn't begin with not getting enough sleep? Currently I labor over who is to be included and why, and dream of some reasonable criterion. After the Best Fanwriter and Fan Artist Hugo winners, and maybe the editors of Best Fanzines; TAFF and DUFF winners, Worldcon chairs and Fan Guests of Honor -- about then it ceases to be obvious. What about Moshe Feder or Bjo Trimble, Lee Hoffman or Roelof Goudriaan? Can't we do better than "Whoever is important"? At Winnipeg I handed out copies and buttonholed people. Yvonne and Lloyd Penney's Fanzine Lounge was comfy and well placed. You could grab a snack, you could talk to fanzine fans. They had posted the color photo of Vinç Clark from MagiCon. I turned in Roger Hill's WOOFzine. On a timeline of past Worldcons, people signed under the ones they'd attended, an interesting cross-section of who was at ConAdian. I keep saying we're not in an Information Age, we're in an Information Retrieval Age.

My particular corner of a con is the Regency dance. Sometimes the simplest things can be very difficult. I've grown used to Friday afternoons roaming the forest of concom offices trying to make sure that what I arranged months in advance will actually be done. At Winnipeg for a few hours I could locate nobody who could say whether I had sound equipment, or how to find out. The Pocket Program ("Passport to the Universe", forty bloated 8 1/2 x 11" pages) said we were in two different

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Nothing is silly.

Barbara Hambly

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rooms. Eventually all was settled and I went to put on my funny suit. About 130 came to dance, fewer than the 200 at ConFrancisco but a big crowd where there's no local Regency fandom; a few regulars but as usual mostly new faces. John Mansfield dropped in. This silly activity (not Mr. Mansfield) seems to amuse fans, including me. Sometimes I say it's like being inside a Swiss clock. Also, unlike the aristocracy we play at, we don't have to take it seriously; and we have Georg-

ette Heyer stories, in which nobody interesting takes anything very seriously. It occurs to me that elegance in Regency dancing is the same as elegance in mathematics, the quest to achieve a desired result in the least quantity of work. This is a naturally fanlike principle.

At the Business Meeting on Saturday there was a new attempt to introduce a Music Hugo, worth considering as an idea, but unfortunately ill-worded and complicated, and flawed for me by what seemed bitterness and self-serving in its filker promoters. I agree filking is underappreciated in fandom, but if a new Hugo is to be added, it ought to have a broader foundation than the Spanish proverb "Every man pushes his own sardine a little closer to the fire." What is s-f music? Can music have contents, an ancient controversy? Do we then mean a Hugo for best vocal music whose words speak of s-f? What music will that be? Classical music has motets, choral fantasies (down, Ludwig!), even operas, but not much is now made in these forms. Rock'n'roll waves its hat at us now and then. Jazz, the best new music being created, ignores us. Shall we have an award that reaches wide in theory, while we realize how little will actually be nominated for it -- like Dramatic Presentation, which in fact goes to films and televjsion? What of the eligibility date? Few of us can read music; should we be more fair to speak of the date when a performance recording was published -- or less? Shall we distinguish between amateurs and professionals? All this ran through my mind, not for the first time. The motion failed. Afterwards I collected two of its advocates, Spencer Love and Kathy Mar, and luckily also Mark Olson. A trial balloon could



still be sent up at Glasgow, but the proposal would have to be more practical, and any improvement must be soon to meet Intersection's schedule for mailing the first Hugo forms. I was troubled by the view of the Business Meeting that Love and Mar seemed to take away, and I hoped they and their friends would instead lay their hands onto the levers of politics if they wished to accomplish anything. Olson naturally suggested a discussion by E-mail. Kevin Standlee, passing by, agreed to help with wordsmithry. The sandwich now had bread and beef if anyone would cut the mustard.

Kelly Freas was up for two Chesleys, and had asked me to accept for him if he won. I raced to the Fort Garry, a pleasant stroll when one wasn't late, wondering how quickly I could dress for Hugo Night. This hotel was a fine old building from Winnipeg's colorful past, as could be seen through a clutter of refurbishment. Do such buildings, which I admit as florid and lacking conveniences, only seem to have more artistic integrity than modern structures through the glamour of old fashion, or have we indeed grown cheap now that we are free? Brahms said "If we cannot write as beautifully as Mozart and Haydn, let us at least write as purely," and we today are farther down his hill.

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The reticent learn not; the hot-tempered teach not.

Hillel

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Back to the Convention Center; even with a taxi I arrived only in time for a drink after the Chesley awards. Kelly had won Artistic Achievement. I phoned him. ASFA is ahead of us; he's won two or three Chesleys since he started working hard again, and we haven't even nominated him for a Hugo. Our shame, ASFA's glory; he's better than ever.

Barry B. Longyear was in fine form as Master of the Hugo Ceremonies. Except for the Auroras, which had been given earlier in the day but shared some of this, our greatest moment, nothing was said in French. In the air, in the airports, that had not been the case. If putting at least the highlights in both English and French was not Government policy, I thought it at least a courtesy to our hosts, at this *Worldcon*. Benoit Girard, having discovered with me how many kinds of single-malt Scotch could be had at a pub up the street, assured me Francophones should not take offense. Amy Thomson won the Campbell. She said, "I asked my sweetheart [not at the con] would he still love me if I didn't win. He said Yes Dear. So I said Then It Didn't Matter. I lied." This year's Hugo trophy base, a pentagon of Canada hardwood with a laser-cut maple leaf, was again too big and redeemingly handsome. Martin Hoare said he had accepted Best Fanwriter for Dave Langford so often that some people thought he *was* Langford. There's an easy cure for that. Andy Porter won Best Semiprozine a second time for *Science Fiction Chronicle*. The audience didn't explode like last year -- because he had just dropped the fanzine reviews? -- but in a way it was more

gratifying. Not a fluke. The most touching moment was near the start. Forry Ackerman gave the Big Heart Award to Jack Williamson, one of our few gestures that goes indifferently to fans and pros. Ackerman reminded us that Bob Bloch was deathly ill, and indeed might not be alive at that moment. He spoke of Bloch's big heart, and contributions both as a pro and a fan. He asked for a demonstration. Bloch had written movingly and at once when the Moffatts and Ed Cox and I published the Rick Sneary tribute *Button-Tack* in 1992. Earl Kemp and Wilson Tucker edited *The Eighth Stage of Fandom* from twenty-five years of Bloch's fanwriting in 1962. How many in that audience knew or cared for such things? How many had seen a pencil saying *Robert Bloch is Superb*? They leapt to their feet in applause.

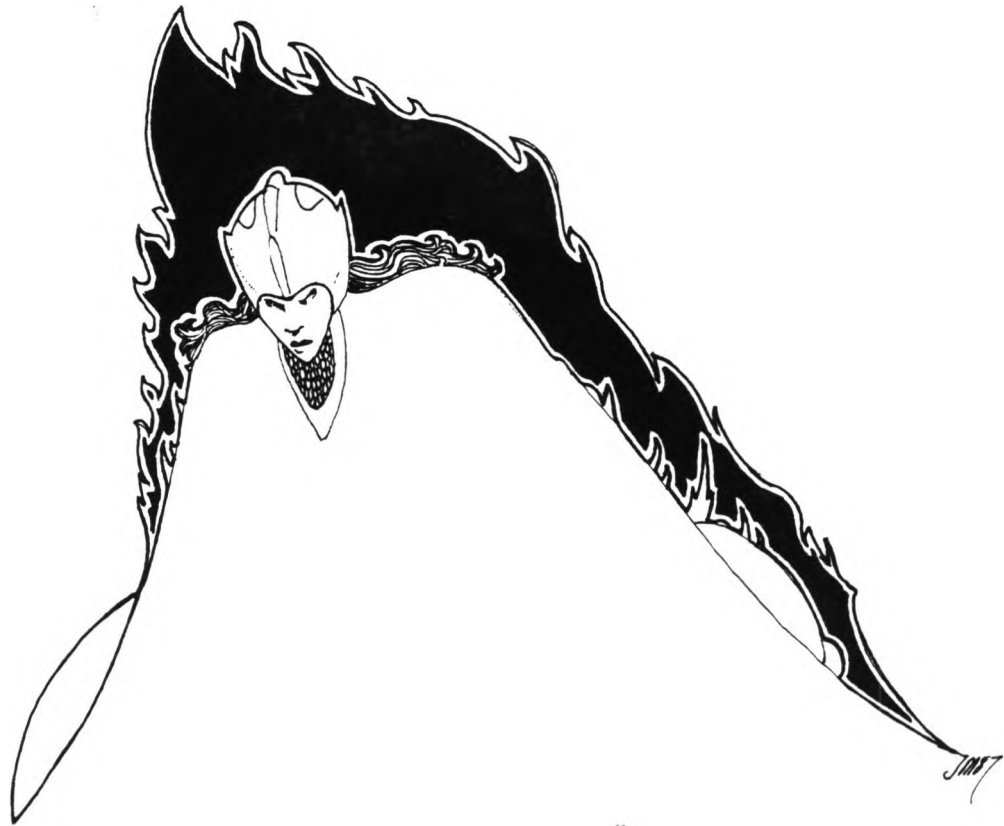
I went down to the floor to greet the winners. In white tie I was the only man not outshone by Thomson, gorgeous in a black gown splashed with silver, and she gave me her arm. I took her to the Japanese Fandom party, where with her knowledge of Japan and Japanese, and the imminent release of a translated *Virtual Girl*, she was the center of attention. I talked to Dave Kyle about his history of First Fandom and about *Fancy III*. Refreshed by green tea, dried fish, and bean jellies, I felt again how the contact between America and Japan was as wonderful as any stefnal meeting. Of course we all knelt to have our brows bound with *hachimaki* (cloth headbands). Outside it was pouring rain. In a taxi Thomson and I went to crash the Hugo-Naughts party (she hadn't lost anything); then to the SFFWA suite, where, among the storytellers of our community, the conversation was, I am sorry to say, fully up to reputation.

Panel programming was elaborate and weak. Duly in advance I received topics by the page, asking that I rank my top *nineteen* preferences, in a forest of Tweedledums and Tweedledees. Genny Dazzo was put on panels she hadn't requested, felt no competence for, and indeed wanted no part of. The panelist biographies called me "a knowledgeable costumer", and said "no bio information available" for Betty and Ian Ballantine, David Brin, Gardner Dozois, Peggy Rae Pavlat, and Frederik Pohl; the bios were almost uselessly short, having been crammed into the Pocket Program. The Program Book ("Souvenir Book") was worse. We are not, as Dugg Quinby

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Some people would rather die than be inconvenienced.

Sue Haseltine

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would say, looking at these things straight. Let the Pocket Program be an index: a list by time and title, a grid showing what's simultaneous, a cross-index by participants' names, a map of meeting rooms. It then will fit in a pocket, and for L.A.con II in 1984, to make sure it would, I by Ghu measured people's pockets. Let the Program Book be an orientation device. Too bad if some won't read it, the ones who will are whom we want anyhow. We also want to be able to say "It's



in the Program Book.” Here are the bios of panelists and descriptions of panels, the guide to restaurants and bookstores, the guide to what’s going on: what is an Art Show, a queue for autographs, a bid party, what can I find at them, how do they work? Let concons vie at descriptions reliable to the ignorant and admirable to the knowing. Even a glossary. Let panel topics not merely drop the received wisdom for the received iconoclasm, and titles not be so clever that they are incomprehensible, like books and journal articles whose real title is whatever comes after the colon. Let panelist-arranging be an artform. And panels too are an orientation device. One comes to the con knowing nobody. One goes to a panel that looks interesting (good panelist bios helping this prediction). One hears and perhaps takes part in the crosstalk from the audience. One has thus begun to make acquaintances -- the others who attended that panel, with whom one evidently shares an interest. We are the farmers of these crops; we cannot make them come up, but we can tend them.

I should have known “The Future of Education” would draw a crowd of teachers, like most of their vintage grown from the soil of Eduspeak. Chance, Kathleen Ann Goonan, Brad Lyau, Lindalee Stuckey and I struggled, but no one could get at education in the swamp. We all mired in the issues of *schools* -- financing, control of curricula, relations with parents and school boards; and then there was the endless snake-oil. Richard Mitchell in *Less Than Words Can Say* pinpoints university education departments as plusgood duckspeakers second only to psychologists. What do people do when they study? Who should pay for schooling, and what does it mean

that schools’ products can’t? Shall we ever wean ourselves from believing that education consists in implanting data into people’s recalls? Nobody helped the future with these questions. On “Creating an Internally Consistent Religion”, our tagline was “Every culture must have some sort of religion to hold it together”, the kind of question-begging that has left s-f treatment of religion so flimsy. To an atheist, a culture needs religion as a fish needs a bicycle; to a theist, saying that religion holds a culture together is like saying you make swords from steel because it glitters so in the sun. Seated next to Harry Turtledove, who had just won a Hugo, I asked “Doesn’t the writer have to imagine how things look to people who are devoted to things he finds incredible -- like the Confederates in *Guns of the South*?” S-f’s stock in trade is

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The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true.

James Branch Cabell

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implacable foemen, strong, cunning, and beyond the reach of reason. They can be bug-eyed monsters or bug-eyed fanatics.

The Hugos were on Saturday, the Masquerade on Sunday, backwards. The more some people explain why they do this, the more I don’t understand it. It violates the natural rhythm of the con, and it ruins the climax -- always a bad idea. But Barb Schofield and her sister Connie Lyon, co-directors of the Masquerade at ConAdian, weren’t to blame, and their show was grand. Twelve awards were given among forty entries, a good proportion. Master of Ceremonies Kat Connery failed to

announce entries as Original or Re-Creation, but I made out twelve re-creations, which I also think a sound balance. We begin to see work from books again. *CostumApa* sponsors an Originality Award; maybe someone will sponsor Best Entry from a Book.

St. Louis sent a blaze of fine work, including the opener, "Imperial Ground Assault Forces", a *Star Wars* AT-AT that must have been five feet high; Scott Corwin and John Mitchell made it walk. Another St. Louis success, also a Re-Creation and also a Novice, was "The Borg", two adults and a teenager. When I later saw them up close they looked crude, but from the auditorium they were so good that when the stage lights went up we all went Ooh. Now that's understanding your medium. "The Eagle and the Hawk", two Kachina-like figures with Hopi dance steps, unfortunately in using fantasy fabrics left areas of shiny flat color that clashed with the exquisite texture of their feathers. Jacqueline Ward's "Ondine" was a real advance over her "Octopus' Garden" at Chicon V. The Octopus was Best of Show there, but I could scarcely discern it from the back of the hall. At Winnipeg it was in the costume display; while I was studying it, finally able to take in its endless invention, Chance walked by and said "You know, it's a Carnival costume". It would have been perfect for parading in the streets. The Ondine began as a stone fountain or well, then a rain shower capped by clouds, and as the rain parted, the water nymph, dancing lithely and at last opening gauzy wings. Appliqué, beads, and fabric texturing were marshalled to read all the way back.

Sandy and Pierre Pettinger produced "Sangius Aeternae Vitae", vampire priests. To Enigma's "Sademass", liturgical chant over rock music, a company in red, purple, gold, and black led on a white-gowned girl. An acolyte draped a cloth over her shoulder. A priest solemnly bit her neck, caught her blood in a cup, raised it, and drank, as his deaconess in a bat-wing coif exulted. Kathy Sanders' "19th Century League of Futurists" drew on Jules Verne's *Michael Strogoff*, *Robur the Conqueror*, and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. A voice like a public lecturer introduced a man dressed as Strogoff and another as Robur, entering from behind a curtain to stand by their emblems at right and left, the Tsar's double-headed eagle, Robur's "flag ... dotted with stars ... [that] bore a golden sun". Between them was Captain Nemo's "N" and motto *mobilis in mobile*. To the announcement that the League's next production would be M. Verne's latest book, the two men drew the curtain, showing the *Nautilus* above

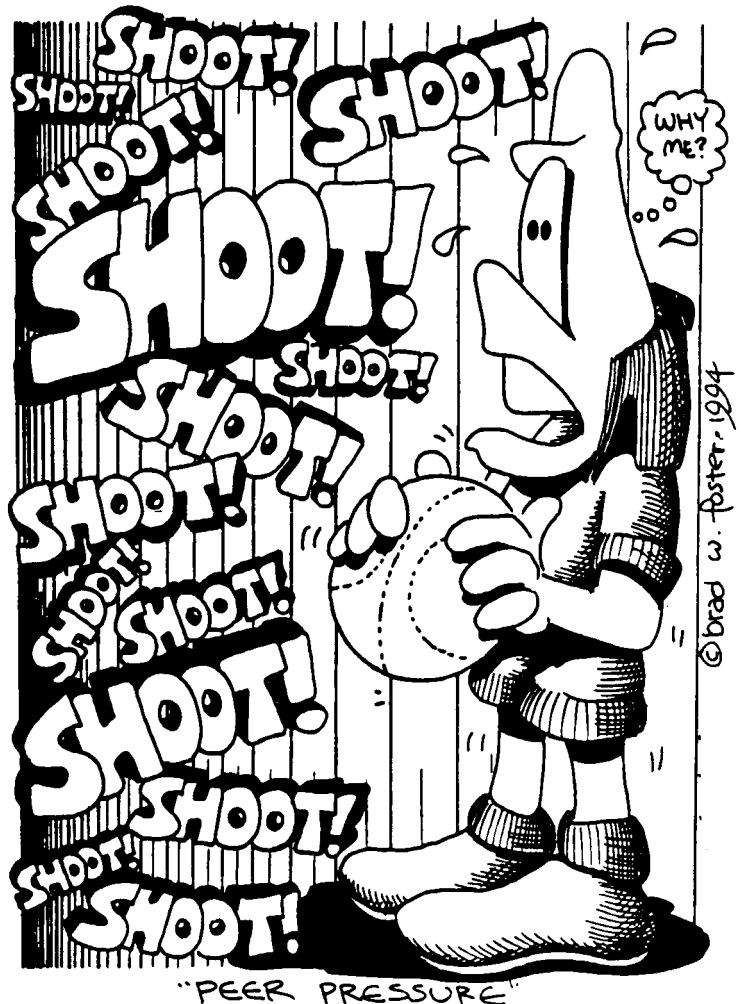
They don't know how to write trifles with dignity.

Samuel Johnson

waves lapping to and fro. A giant squid with writhing tentacles menaced Nemo, fighting for his life with first an axe, then a harpoon. Thus in a few seconds Sanders set the 19th Century tone, established in our minds the theater program of

these fictional eo-fans, illustrated three s-f classics, and put on a soft-sculpture drama -- and effaced herself; she was one of three people working the squid. In "Carrousel Armor" a horse and a lion armed like Romans, in painted and appliqué fiberglass, came forth to defend their kind. In a dance they made a spear into the carrousel centerpole. They were gorgeous. Suddenly they doffed their headmasks, evidently their finale but puncturing the balloon. Kevin Duelle's "Forbidden Fruit" was a scarecrow who fed water of life to huge red spheres that became Killer Tomatoes, bounding about the stage with evil grins. Deborah K. Jones, another genius, closed the show as "Our Lady of Shadows and Dreams", a butterfly-winged fairy in a painted-silk hoopskirt, who put her finger to her lips, let the lights go almost out, and opened a book that glowed. Before the awards, the International Costumers Guild turned the tables on Ackerman, calling him from the audience for a plaque honoring him as the father of s-f costuming. A photograph of why this was could be seen in the fanhistory display in the Concourse.

And so to Keith Kato's for chili, and to the costumers' suite with Marjii Ellers. By the time I reached the Minneapolis in '73 party in my hotel it was 4 a.m. They had closed. My flight home was in three hours. I packed.





## ConAdian Masquerade Data by John Hertz

ConAdian — 52nd Worldcon — Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. Masquerade held on Sunday, September 4, 1994 in the Winnipeg Convention Center. Masquerade Directors: Barb Schofield ("sch" pronounced like "school"), Connie Lyon. Master of Ceremonies: Kat Connery.

The printed program showed 45 entries, of which No. 20 scratched, No. 30 was not in competition, and Nos. 4, 24, 35, and 42 were a 4-part series; total 40.

Workmanship Judge: Susan Toker. The workmanship judge sits backstage. Entrants may bring all or any part of their costumes or props; this judging is optional.

Masquerade Judges: Marjii Ellers, Jan Howard Finder, Caroline Julian, Dana MacDermott, Tom Whitmore. The main panel of judges sits in the front of the house and views each entry as a whole. Masquerade directors usually seek a mixture of accomplished costumers and persons who have simply proved to be good critics. MacDermott also judged for the Originality Award from the costumer fanzine *CostumApa*. (It was not given.)

At ConAdian, as usual, entrants competed in three classes, Novice, Journeyman, and Master, and two divisions, Original and Re-Creation. Entrants may choose the class corresponding to their experience, or if they wish may "challenge" any higher class and be judged by its standards. Re-Creations are judged for faithfulness to some published image, e.g. a television or film character, not originality, and are asked to supply the judges with documentation rather than assume the judges know the source.

Judges have wide latitude. Best in Show need not be given, nor is it limited to

the Master class. None of the customary awards, such as Best in Class, Most Humorous, Most Beautiful, Most Dramatic, is required, nor any number or proportion, nor need the awards in each class correspond. Judges may invent for the occasion whimsical titles such as this year's "Too Cute to Live", "Nostalgia Award with Tentacle Clusters", or "Bram Stoker Memorial".

### Masquerade Awards

#### Novice

*Honorable Mention for the Chronologically Gifted:*

"Captain Harlock", David Doering

*Honorable Mention for Presentation:*

"Series W.T.3", Walter Thompson III

*Best Death*

"The Only Good Romulan", Krikor Ajemian

*Too Cute to Live:*

"Radioactive Hamsters From a Planet Near Mars", Ed Charpentier, Colleen Hillerup, Cindy Huckle, Louise Hypher, Cathy Leeson

*Most Beautiful:*

My Midwinter Night's Dream, Keri Lynn Doering

*Best Re-Creation:*

"Imperial Ground Assault Forces", Scott Corwin, John Mitchell

*Best in Class:*

"Festival of Change", Eileen Capes, Katherine & Kevin Jepson

#### Journeyman

*Honorable Mention:*

"Eos, Goddess of the Dawn", Janet Paderewski

*Honorable Mention:*

"Rainstick (Ionian Duet) Blues and Kazoo (Mixolydian Trio) Blues, Titan-iades", Zoann Allen, Susan Eisenhour

*Award in Four Acts:*

"A Neo at Winnipeg", "A Glasgow Gopher", "Working With a Rat", "Committed", Peggy Chernoff, Jill & Donald Eastlake, Allan Kent, Johnna Klukas, Zanne Labonville, Skip Morris, Ross Pavlac, Rich Stoddart, Pat Vandenberg, John Willis

*Best in Class:*

"Xanadu", Nora & Bruce Mai

#### Master

*Honorable Mention:*

"The Eagle and the Hawk", Eric Cannon, Laurel Cunningham-Hill, Carol Salemi

*Nostalgia Award with*

*Tentacle Clusters:*

"The 19th Century League of Futurists", Robbie Cantor, Gavin Claypool, Kathy & Drew Sanders, Laurraine Tutihasi, Twilight, Len Wein

*Bram Stoker Memorial Award:*

"Sanguis Aeternae Vitae", Karen Heim, Bruce MacDermott, Sandy & Pierre Pettinger

*Best Execution of Concept:*

"Carrousel Armor", Jennifer Menken, Gordon Smuder

*Most Evocative:*

"Ondine", Jacqueline Ward

*Judges' Choice:*

"The Bitch is Back", Jeff Bergeron, Stephanie Richardson

*Best in Class:*

"Afternoon Matinee", Toni Narita, Cathy Peters, Steve Swope

#### Best in Show

"Our Lady of Shadows and Dreams", Deborah K. Jones

### Workmanship Awards

#### Novice

*High-Tech Engineering and Construction:*

"Imperial Ground Assault Forces"

*Make-up and Headpiece Construction:*

"Klingon Fashion Show", Maija Meirenova, Steve Ritter

*Use of Recyclable Material:*

"A Case of Knight Vision", Cindy Coloni

*Overall Construction, Appliqué, Decorative & Light Effects:*

"My Midwinter Night's Dream"

*Fit and Finish:*

"The Queen and Pirates of Fenzance", Quinn

*Fuzzy Creature Construction:*

"Radioactive Hamsters from a Planet Near Mars"

*Quilted Fabric:*

"The Only Good Romulan"

*Best in Class:*

"Festival of Change"

**Journeyman***Construction and Painting:*

"The Bitch is Back"

*Steel Understructure:*

"A Glasgow Gopher"

*Fabric Painting, Beading, and Overall Finish:*

"Eos, Goddess of the Dawn"

*Rat Head and Light Effect of Eyes:*

"Working with a Rat"

*Best in Class:*

"Xanadu"

**Master***Fit and Finish:*

"The Choice", Owen Edson, Anna Belle Gilbert, Zeldia Gilbert

*Featherwork:*

"The Eagle and the Hawk"

*Appliqué, Fabric Texturing, and Beadwork:*

"Ondine"

*Facemask:*

"Afternoon Matinee"

*Overall Construction:*

"Sanguis Aeternae Vitae"

*Overall Workmanship:*

"Carrousel Armour"

*Best in Class:*

"Our Lady of Shadows and Dreams"

## 1994 WSFS Business Meeting

### Report by Kevin Standlee

One of the few things a Worldcon **must** do is hold the annual Business Meeting of the World Science Fiction Society (WSFS), where amendments to the WSFS Constitution for more (which includes the Hugo Awards and Worldcon Site Selection rules) are debated. Every member of the Worldcon is eligible to attend the meeting, but few members actually do so. However, attendance at the ConAdian WSFS Business Meetings was surprisingly high, estimated as more than 200 people. So many people attended that runners had to be appointed to carry microphones into the audience, because the room was large enough that not everyone could be heard. Reasons cited for the large turnout was the noon starting time (past Worldcon Business Meetings have generally started at 10 a.m.) and the convenient location (located in the main block of function rooms, rather than in a secondary hotel as happened at ConFrancisco); more likely was the appearance of two

"single-issue" groups: supporters of a reduction in the "grey zone" between the written fiction Hugo categories and supporters of a Hugo Award for Music.

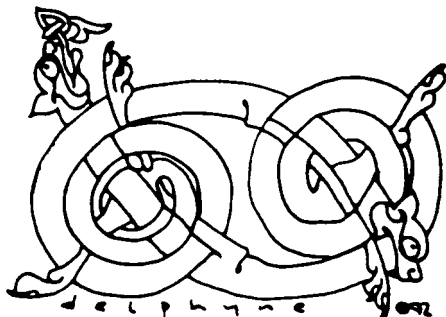
This year's podium staff consisted of Presiding Officer Donald Eastlake III, Secretary George Flynn, Parliamentarian Kevin Standlee, and Timekeeper Rick Katze. Katze was a last-minute fill-in for Jeff Canfield, who was obliged to cancel out at the last moment.

For a Worldcon with a relatively small turnout, the agenda for the Business Meeting was remarkably long: 24 items of business, including the business from last year and some standard business like committee reports, were on the agenda for the Preliminary Meeting, and several more items were submitted after the deadline but allowed on the agenda anyway. The usual load of WSFS Business can be handled in two main meetings, usually held on Saturday and Sunday; occasionally, a Monday morning session is required as well, such as in 1992 where such a session was required to receive the results of the NASFiC election. However, this year, with so many people having to leave on Sunday night or Monday morning, a Monday morning session was seen as undesirable. However, the podium staff threatened attendees with an 8 a.m. Sunday session should the meeting appear to have more business left after Saturday than could be dealt with in only two hours. As it happens, so much of the submitted business was dismissed early that the early-morning session was not required.

ConAdian (at the behest of this writer) scheduled a panel on Thursday afternoon to discuss American-style parliamentary procedure, as codified in Robert's Rules of Order Newly Revised, and the special rules which WSFS has adopted on top of that. The Thursday panel, held in a small room, was well-attended, and not just by the "usual suspects."

**Ratification of Previously Passed Amendments:** Amendments to the WSFS Constitution must be ratified at two consecutive Worldcons before taking effect. In theory, this keeps people from "packing" a meeting in order to force something into the Constitution, because they would have to do so at two locations distant from each other. Three amendments which received first passage last year, "Retro-Hugos," "Modify NASFiC Provisions," and "Modification of Campbell Award," all passed without significant controversy, although the Campbell change was reduced slightly.

"Retro-Hugos" will allow Worldcons 50, 75, or 100 years after a Worldcon at



which no Hugo Awards were presented to hold Hugo Awards for that year. L.A.con III has announced that they intend to hold the 1946 Hugo Awards (for work published in 1945) under the provisions of this new rule.

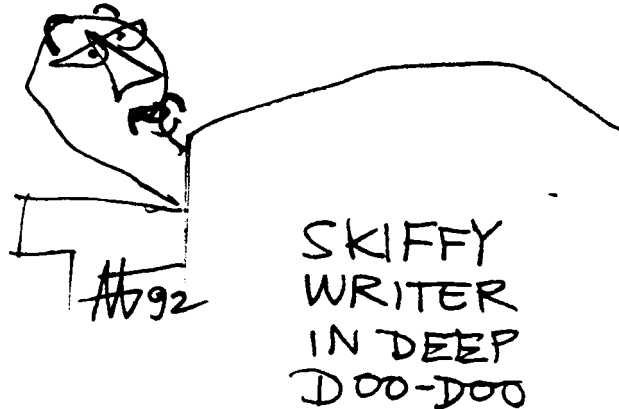
"Modify NASFiC Provisions" provides that in years when a NASFiC is required, if nobody files a bid or if "None of the Above" wins the election, then instead of sending the selection to the Business Meeting (as is the case with the Worldcon site selection), no NASFiC will be held at all.

"Modification of the Campbell Award" originally changed the name of the award as it appears in the WSFS Constitution from "John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best New Writer" to "John W. Campbell Award for Best New Science Fiction Writer." WSFS doesn't really "own" the Campbell Award, which is sponsored by Dell (Analog's publisher), but the award is administered as if it were a Hugo and appears in a reference within the Constitution. Stan Schmidt contacted last year's Hugo Administrators, David Bratman and Seth Goldberg (who did the job this year as well) and asked for the change adding "Science Fiction" to the name of the award, which David submitted, and which received first passage at ConFrancisco. (This kicked off a storm of controversy for a while on Genie last year, but apparently the people who were annoyed about it didn't attend this year's meeting.

After this year's Campbell nominations came out, Schmidt discussed the change with David Bratman, who explained how difficult it would be to disqualify someone because their work wasn't science-fictional enough. Schmidt then withdrew his request to change the name of the award; reflecting his wishes, the Business Meeting ratified only the change removing the word "Memorial" from the name of the Award. This was considered a technical change only, inasmuch as the current JWC award given at Worldcon never actually had "Memorial" in the title -- the JWC Memorial Award is a different award.

**New Business:** Most of the Preliminary Business Meeting was spent working through the long preliminary agenda. While the WSFS Rules provide that constitutional amendments cannot be voted on at the preliminary meeting, they can be discussed and amended freely. Also, after a motion has been introduced, but before it has been debated, it can be killed without debate by the use of the motion to "object to consideration," which

NO! NO! I WANTED  
TO 'CHANGE GENRE'!



requires a two-thirds vote in favor of killing the motion. This motion usually is freely used at the Preliminary meeting to kill most new business without debate. While many people (usually those whose motions have just been zapped by an OTC) complain about the widespread use of the motion, advocates of its use point out that if a motion that hasn't even been debated can't hold the attention of at least one-third of the people attending the meeting, it is unlikely to pass anyway. The WSFS Business Meeting has only a few hours to debate a year's worth of business, and therefore must sometimes take drastic measures to keep its agenda clear.

More than half of the items submitted as new business were killed by objections to consideration. Among the items killed were: (1) A proposal which would have made a person or publication ineligible for a Hugo Award for five years if he/she/it won five consecutive Hugos in that category; (2) Two different proposals which would have changed the minimum number of nominations necessary to be nominated for a Hugo Award; (3) Another attempt to remove the NASFiC from the WSFS Constitution; (4) Three different proposals which would have limited the number of Hugo Awards to eight, ten, or thirteen; (5) A standing rule to require the current Worldcon to schedule a panel for a longer debate of controversial Business Meeting submissions; (6) "No-Zone" Rotation, which would have eliminated the current three-zone Worldcon rotation in favor of a system where any place more than x miles/kilometers from the administering site would be eligible. This proposal has been a hot item lately, and while it has a significant number of smoffish types interested, it was not

enough to avoid elimination at the Business Meeting.

Among the items which passed at the Preliminary Meeting:

Kevin Standlee was appointed to set up a working group to revise the WSFS Standing Rules and report back any suggestions to next year's Business Meeting. (Contact Kevin Standlee, PO Box 95, Sutter CA 95982-0095 USA; k.standlee@genie.geis.com; most of the working group's business will probably be done by electronic mail.)

The Worldcon Runner's Guide Committee reported, submitted the current version of the report (available from Ross Pavlac), and was continued for another year.

A standing rule requiring changes to the Standing Rules and Constitution to be clearly reported in Worldcon publications.

After the weeding-out process of the Preliminary Meeting, only six major items remained for consideration at the Main Meeting, and several of those were not controversial. A proposal to require Worldcons to release substantially the same information on Hugo Nominations as they have been doing for several years passed easily, as did a clarification of what it actually takes to file a Worldcon bid and when the actual deadlines are.

**Hugo Category Wordcount Limits:** Two competing motions were offered to reduce the amount of grey area between the written fiction Hugo categories. Under the existing rules, administrators may relocate stories that are within 5,000 words of the category limit. ConAdian's Hugo Administrators made free use of this rule, much to the dismay of some people -- notably Geoffrey Landis and Mike Resnick, who, along with Anthony Lewis, Astrid Julian, and J.R. Dunn, submitted the motion which eventually passed. The newly-passed amendment reduces the amount of "fudge" down to 10% of the category limit, which would be as little as 750 words in the case of the boundary between Short Story and Novelette. The debate on this went on for some time, with people opposing it on the grounds that making the fudge factor this small could lead to arguments over the definition of words and other absurdities, while the backers complained about the actions of this year's administrators in moving stories. The 10% rule passed and will be sent to Intersection for ratification.

An ongoing dispute between Ben Yalow and Kevin Standlee came to a head in the debate over a motion called "Don't Count Ineligibles" which as originally submitted would have required the elimination of any votes for ineligible candidates (such as write-in votes for hoax sites) as they ballots are counted. Yalow proposed this change to prevent a hoax write-in vote from causing a deadlocked election or other absurd result, pointing out that the intent of the WSFS Constitution could be legally overridden in such cases. Standlee argued that when people spend voting fee money, we have an obligation

to count their votes as cast. In the end, Kevin's alternate proposal (which Ben seconded) passed, which would allow ineligible candidates to be counted, but eliminate them if they ever won the election or caused a first-place tie. [Forgive me for the odd style of this paragraph--it's difficult for me to report objectively on issues in which I was a primary participant.]

**Music Hugo:** There appears to be some internal debate within the Filk Fandom community over this award, with the result that, at least initially, several different version of the award were submitted. Through a complex series of maneuvers, only the version submitted by J. Spencer Love, Dave Clement, and Kathleen Sloan actually made it to the floor of the Business Meeting. However, this proposed Music Hugo Award ran afoul of two problems which new Hugo categories must surmount. First, the proposal was quite complex, including provisions for "amateur" and "professional" distribution with different eligibility rules for each. Second, there is a strong sentiment against adding any further Hugo categories, even though attempts to codify such sentiment (The Hugo Limitation amendments submitted earlier in the meeting) were shot down. The music/filk fans were there in force to support their proposal.

After a substantial debate on the Music Hugo, Mark Olson then moved to change the constitutional amendment into a non-binding resolution calling on future Worldcon committees to try out proposed Hugo Categories using their existing power to create a Special Hugo. (Several people drew an analogy between the Special Hugo and the "Demonstration Sports" held at recent Olympics.) Olson's change passed, and the modified proposal was quickly adopted. Supporters of the Music Hugo may not have realized that they'd had the rug pulled out from under them--their proposed constitutional amendment didn't pass, and the only effect was to ask future committees to consider giving the idea a try-out. However, Intersection is taking this proposal seriously, and a group of interested people, including filkers and smoffish types, are currently discussing the Music Hugo with an eye toward coming up with usable language which Intersection may place on the Hugo Nominating Ballot. If the proposed Music Hugo gets sufficient support, people expect it will get serious consideration for inclusion as a permanent category.

The remainder of the meeting was mostly discussion of technical changes submitted by Richard Russell. Such minutiae, while important, is generally of interest to only a select subset of WSFS Business Meeting Fandom. As it had with nearly every other related item, the meeting referred these items to the Standing Rules Working Group.

The WSFS Mark Protection Committee elections were held during the WSFS Business meetings. Scott Dennis, Donald Eastlake, Ben Yalow, and Kent Bloom were elected/re-elected to seats on this committee.



## Other Con Reports

### Deep South Con by Janice Gelb

[Birmingham, AL - August 26-28, 1994] One of the reasons I was able to attend Deep South Con this year is because I managed to get a cheap ticket on USAir on the condition that I fly through their renovated hub in, you guessed it, Pittsburgh. You can imagine my reaction to the recent accident, less than two weeks after I flew the same carrier to the same airport.

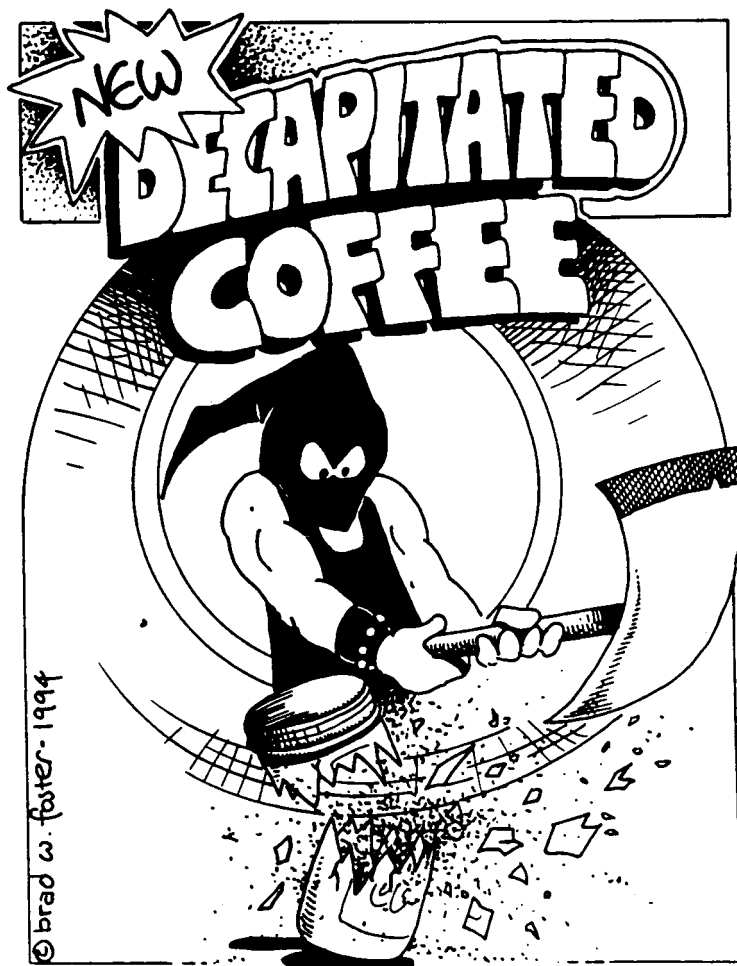
My flights, however, were fine, although my 7:25 am flight ended up leaving at 8:30 due to a maintenance problem. I arrived in Birmingham around 5, only to bump into SFPAn George Wells and his wife Jill while getting out of the hotel van. Having spent most of the day flying, I declined their offer of dinner companionship and decided to check in to my room and rest for a while. I also let the front desk know that Florida fan, college buddy, and new SFPAn waitlister (I hope) Eve Ackerman, was going to be arriving the next day and should be given a key.

Even though I don't think I could have gotten much to eat at the Wells' ultimate destination, Johnny Rockets, besides French fries, that might have been better than what I ended up eating: a Caesar salad in the hotel restaurant that consisted of cut regular lettuce, tomato wedges, sliced canned olives, and bottled dressing! I then vegged out watching television until I could by California time logically go to bed.

**Friday, August 26:** Not knowing who was around, I went down to breakfast solo and ended up being seated across from Atlanta fan Donald Cook and then spotted a table full of SFPAns George Wells, JoAnn Montalbano, her roommate Dina, Toni Weisskopf, and Ruth Judkowitz. After a breakfast of truly awful eggs, I headed out to the lobby and caught JoAnn and Dina up on the latest, and vice versa, with George hanging around and reminding us of rude things we'd said to each other in past mailings. I bumped into several other old buds while hanging around near the registration table, including Wade Gilbreath whom I hadn't seen in forever, and SFPAns Ned Brooks, the Lynchis, and the Robes.

After registering and checking the schedule, I noticed a panel on the Internet that featured not one person's name I recognized from the net, so I thought I'd better put myself on it, which I did. (Nothing like a little ego, eh?) Charlotte Proctor and Bob Shaw dragged everyone off for a late lunch but I decided to hang around and wait for Eve. After a couple of hours, part of which I whiled away keeping Toni's sister-in-law company while helping lug party stuff in from the hall, I decided to go for a walk and got back only to hear from Don Cook that Eve had arrived and had checked in. When I went up to the room, though, nothing was there but my own stuff. A guess that Eve might be in the con suite paid off, but it turned out they'd checked her into a different room! Since it was on the party floor, we decided to retain hers and give mine up, so I quickly threw stuff into suitcases and we dealt with the front desk.

We spent the rest of the afternoon making preliminary plans for our "Oh, Ghod, we're 40" trip to Scotland next year around worldcon, and then went down to try to gather a dinner group for a nearby fish restaurant. The party ended up being Guy, Ned, Ned's brother, Eve, and I, and when we walked into a place with plain formica tables, pull-up chairs, and a



line to stand in to order our food. I started profusely apologizing but I needn't have bothered: the food was great!

Back to the hotel, we went to Opening Ceremonies and heard a \*very long\* but entertaining speech from Bob Shaw, an unnecessarily harsh crack about Guy from Toastmaster Mike Resnick in a rather lackluster Toastmaster performance, an unprepared speech by GoH Lois McMaster Bujold, and mercifully brief "thank you" speeches from the Artist GoHs. Then came a big scheduling conflict: Hearts tournament or panel on bad fiction featuring Ned and George W.? Pat Gibbs, the "organizer" of the Hearts tournament, was being unusually officious while at the same time badly organized, and half the people who signed up left in disgust while he insisted that only people who were physically present in the room could play and started (4 hours after tournament sign-up closed) to assign tables. A semi-familiar face loomed out of the chaos: former SFPAn George Inzer, sans beard! We managed to get ourselves assigned to the same table with two unknown females, and fled the frozen Hearts room for a central table in the anteroom. I caught up on George's sad saga of unemployment and then were joined by Joe Moudry, a SFPAn I'd never met before.

During one of the hands, I glanced up to see Charles waving, and at the end of the hand rushed off to say hi. I'd been a little nervous about seeing him for the first time since we'd broken up, but everything turned out fine, especially when I discovered later in the con that he'd brought a new ladyfriend with him. Joe cleverly managed to distract George by hinting at a job possibility for me and one of the women to advance to the next round. Then it was off to Toni's Baen party -- the usual class act, including a very accessible Lois McMaster Bujold and free copies of the classily named *Tomorrow Sucks*.

**Saturday, August 27:** My fate seems to be to room with females who like to exercise early in the morning: my friend Kate from Ashton-Tate, who was always my roommate on company-wide business trips, liked early-morning exercise and so does Eve. She got up around 6 to use the hotel's exercise equipment but returned a half-hour or so later in disgust. Since I couldn't get back to sleep, I borrowed a T-shirt and virtuously decided to go with her, and we went for a walk around a small shopping area near the hotel. After jumping in the shower, we headed off to the con suite where we bumped into Charles again, and we traded presents we'd brought: a copy of *Shards of Honor* he'd bought for me a while ago but never mailed, and from me a poster from the Palo Alto Centennial that he'd seen on his visit out here but we'd never found a copy of while he was here.

I went down to the registration area and had a long chat with newcomer Alan Hutchinson, who gave me the bad news that OE Gary Brown wasn't going to attend the con. (We'll figure out how to deal with him later) and other SFPAns. They headed off for breakfast in the hotel restaurant, and invited me

along for coffee. The service was as bad as I remembered it from the day before, and although I managed to warn the original party about the substandard eggs, late-comers Ruth, Dina, and Barbara Mott weren't so lucky and ended up complaining to the manager. Then it was time for my Internet panel. Turned out to be a good thing I was up there, I think, since the panelists consisted of an authoritative Pat Gibbs, who had been on Delphi, an Internet connection service, a whole four months, and a local BBS owner (whose BBS was originally called America Online and a then-startup national online service liked the name so much they bought it from him!) All of us should have stepped off the panel in favor of a guy in the back, though: he helped answer one of the questions from the audience and it turned out he teaches about the Internet as a contractor for NASA!

Back to the room for a home-cooked Sabbath lunch courtesy of Eve and her cooler, and then off to the second round of the Hearts tournament, which I mercifully did not pass (although neither did fellow SFPAn Hank Davis, who was at the same table). I figure if I don't enter the tournament at all, people will say I'm scared of losing to Guy again in the final round, but if I do enter, I'm always afraid I'll be back in the finals opposite him. Maybe after this year I can retire gracefully!

The SFPA party that afternoon was another tribute to Toni's organizing skills. A good time was had by all, from dramatic readings of the *Weekly World News* by Alan to the dead-red toenail polish party on the patio. Eve left for a panel and a little while later I left too, deciding to get some rest before a 5 o'clock panel. Both of us ended up wimping out in the room and taking a wee nap to rest up for the evening's activities. I'd discovered at the party that the evening's dinner expedition was to Dreamland Barbecue, which even Dennis had to admit wouldn't feature very much for us to eat! We decided to head off to an Italian restaurant we'd spotted on our morning walk, which turned out to be ok and less expensive than we expected.

Back at the con, we headed to the masquerade, which was very small and not very well-judged. (Two little kids were entered, for example, and only one of them got an Honorable Mention!) Bob Shaw was the "halftime" entertainment, and this time his very long speech wasn't his fault, since they neglected to tell him when the judges returned! The award ceremonies turned out to be one SFPAns bonanza: Toni won both the Phoenix and the Rubble (with Bob Shaw winning the Rebel). At the Louisville party, Eve and I found out the cousin of a mutual friend of ours was at the con, and later bumped into him near the elevators. We hit a couple of other parties but returned to the Louisville party for good, at which I enjoyed a great conversation with George Inzer and with Binker until the smoke got to be too much and I had to head off. I helped close the Georgia DSC bid party with Toni while we bemoaned the sad state of manuscripts nowadays. Amazingly, I sneaked back in the room without waking Eve.

**Sunday, August 28:** In order to avoid the hotel restaurant egg situation, I'd told people at the Louisville party the night before that we'd be headed off to an Original Pancake House I'd spotted at 10 am sharp. Eve and I figured very few people would be ambulatory and conscious at that hour, so she volunteered to go down to the restaurant to hold a place in line, and we decided to claim a party of 8. As I waited in the lobby, more and more people showed up until we reached a grand total of 14! It was a festive meal, with great conversation while we waited and real cream for the coffee.

People gradually took off after breakfast, but the Robes, Alan, and I had a different destination in mind: the local minor league ballpark, where Michael Jordan was playing! The Robes generously volunteered to drive their van, and take Alan directly to the airport from the game. Some of you may recall that last year at ConFrancisco I arranged for British fan Tim Illingworth to use one of Rich's season tickets at Candlestick Park, since he's a big baseball fan, and he and ladyfriend Marsha also came along this year. The weather was incredibly hot, giving Tim and me a good excuse to buy Birmingham Barons hats and making me (and the rest of the party) grateful I always carry sunblock in my travel kit. Alan chivalrously

bought me a second lemonade when I managed to tip mine over, and we also got a shot at local fame when we let a local tv crew know that Tim was actually from England!

Alan made his flight, but I missed our appearance on tv, since I chose to jump in the shower, assuming the news was on at 6 when it turned out to be at 5. A majority dinner excursion to Mongolian BBQ left me on my own for dinner, but I ended up bumping into the Wells and they took me to a handmade ice cream parlour. No dead-dog parties in sight so I got an early evening to prepare for the long flight the next day.

**Monday, August 29:** I spent the time before the flight hanging in the lobby where George Wells, Charlotte, and I were treated to an explanation by Bob Shaw of Einstein's Relativity Theory in relation to a neighborhood pub. The trip back was without incident and my manager had actually remembered to take my papers in for me.

It was great to see the number of SFPAn's who showed for Deep South. (Bad Gary, Bad) and even better to spend some "quality" time with Eve.

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*[[Rival biographies about Gene Roddenberry by Joel Engels and David Alexander reached bookstores in 1994. Engels' unauthorized biography appeared first, and has already been reviewed in File 770. Alexander's authorized biography appeared later. Kathleen Toth is an attorney from Ohio who writes frequently about sf television topics for a British publication. She agreed to share her excellent analysis of the Alexander bio with File 770's readers.]]*

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## THE GENE THING

Review by  
Kathleen Toth

### **STAR TREK CREATOR: THE AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF GENE RODDENBERRY**

*By David Alexander, A Roc Book (Penguin), 599pp., \$23.95*

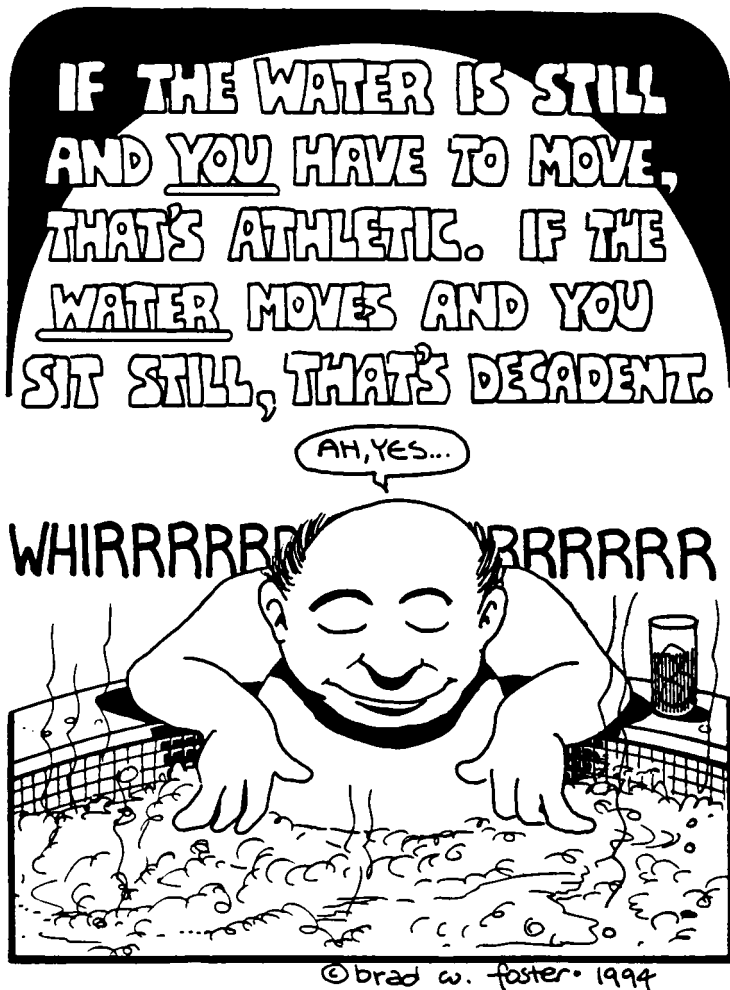
One of Aristotle's little admonitions translates as something like "call no man happy until he has died." The point being that life has an unnerving capacity to reshape the emotional texture of one's existence in unexpected ways. Gene Roddenberry is boldly going into a prolonged life-after-death that may delay that final judgement indefinitely as rival representations concerning his talents, truthfulness and sobriety are hitting the bookshelves, with more to come as a veritable stampede to the printing presses is underway among those employed in front of and behind the cameras on the original *Star Trek*.

In a sense it may be fitting that biographies published about

someone whose name is so associated with a future full of perfected technology should have begat an extended "flame war" in cyberspace as David Alexander got into a heated exchange of messages with David Gerrold and Joe Straczynski on CompuServe's Science Fiction Forum that has undoubtedly been disseminated all over the Internet as a tasty bit of Information Superhighway roadkill.

Moreover, as the flames raged on it became painfully clear how treacherous the highway is in these situations. What you get is a curiously disembodied brawl that has no natural termination point. Bereft of all interpersonal human accoutrements save for the meager vocabulary of emoticons, the tonality is never quite clear and the opponents never really wear down because they can sleep for hours, consult with their attorneys and post a reply at any time of the day or night, to a cheering or jeering chorus of emboldened interlopers who never came within a hundred miles of any of the major players in this drama.

And unlike a good old fashioned barroom brawl, you never get the satisfaction of throwing beer on anyone and inviting them outside to settle things *mano a mano*.



If Joel Engel's biography came not to praise Roddenberry, but to bury him, David Alexander's bears the burden of being an "authorized" biography. Just the concept raises almost inherent suspicion that the portrait has been sanitized to please the subject, or, as was claimed by David Gerrold in this case, that Alexander was given the task of getting even with certain people as "payback" for Gene after Roddenberry's sudden death. Alexander vehemently denies this, maintaining that Gene repeatedly instructed him in front of witnesses to write about him as he was, warts and all, and that Majel choose not to interfere with that, although there are things in the book that she did not like and would have preferred not to have seen published.

Indeed, in the area of personal habits and conduct, Alexander explicitly grants that Gene Roddenberry was a man of "tremendous appetites" when it came to food, drink and women. And that he paid for this in time both financially and medically. "Throughout his life Gene craved the experience of the new - thoughts, women, books, ideas. He was forever exploring new territory. One of the things he never sought to experience was sexual fidelity."

Alexander also records that there were periods of drug use, primarily "uppers" and marijuana, the former especially when

Roddenberry would work all night rewriting scripts for *Star Trek*. What is denied is that he was incapable of sobriety or that substance abuse dominated his life and sapped whatever creative spark he possessed. As a person, Roddenberry is described as a mercurial character who remained at core a very private individual who covered his shyness by storytelling, including stories about himself used to entertain lecture audiences. Alexander does not regard fabricated anecdotes about how he got his first agent as implicating Roddenberry's truthfulness about the credit for creative endeavors, the focal point of criticisms coming from some writers who worked on the old and new *Trek* series.

If there was a tragic flaw in the Roddenberry character, according to Alexander, it was not that "Gene was never one to let facts stand in the way of a good story." It was "Gene's aversion to confrontation in his personal life, especially confrontation with women...It was an expensive character flaw that would end up costing him untold emotional turmoil and millions of dollars."

So it cannot be said that Alexander simply serves up St. Gene on the half-shell, although this information is imparted in a deliberately prosaic manner which contrasts sharply with Engel's hyperbolic style -- and which will, no doubt, have some readers saying that Alexander produces more documentation but Engel is more entertaining to read. Alexander has been a practicing private investigator and prides himself on his skill in writing investigative reports. A biography written after the manner of Jack Webb does not necessarily make for the liveliest reading and may come as a surprise to people only acquainted with the cyberspace Alexander, who was acerbic and highly combative.

If there is no messianic Gene in Alexander's pages, why the flames? For the simple reason that, although David Alexander catalogs personal foibles, he devotes a considerable amount of energy to, in effect, defending Roddenberry's standing as a prolific and talented writer, and - as the very title serves notice - the one person most responsible for *Star Trek*. In this he was not just responding to the writers' revolt which propels the Engel book, but to tendencies he shows Gene responding to all the way back in April, 1968, when he got a letter from a fan complaining that he hears that some of "Hollywood's best scriptwriters," such as Harlan Ellison, are refusing to write any more episodes of *Star Trek* because of "the treatment their past work has received at your hands," and asks what Roddenberry is trying to prove by "this reworking of intelligent drama into some sort of maudlin freak show."



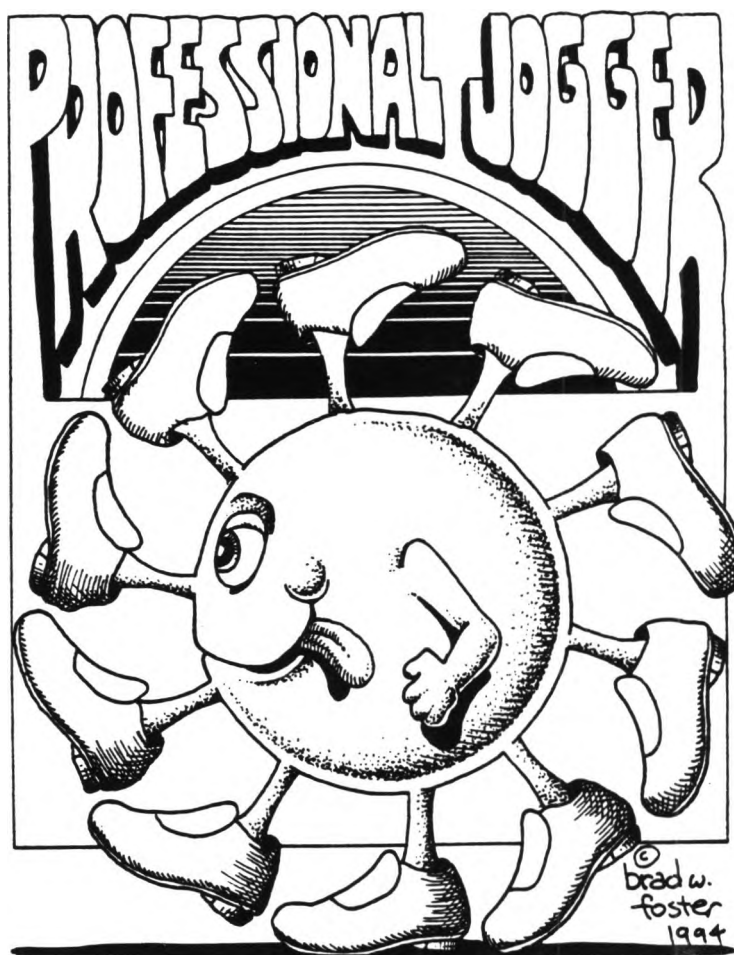
Gene's answer to that fan remained much the same for the rest of his life - that however brilliant these writers may be in other formats, they were not experienced in the requirements and limitations of writing for television in general and for the special requirements of *Star Trek* in particular, and that he had to re-write scripts to bring them within budget and within the *Star Trek* format. He added that he could not promise to turn out little gems each week given television's time and budget restrictions. His conclusion was that if these writers could do it better they should stop talking and start demonstrating that fact, and until they do, fans should stop listening to them.

The virtue of the authorized biography is that Alexander had access to Roddenberry's papers and correspondence, which is extensively utilized in the book. This includes memos and thoughts about both television series and the *Trek* films, as well as letters to a varied assortment of long-time friends such as Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke, and less famous friends acquired through *Trek* fandom. In addition, Alexander performs the more traditional task of delving into his subject's childhood and family, as well as documenting his pre-*Trek* career--all subjects largely brushed aside by Engel.

Fans may be somewhat disappointed that the focus of this biography is not so much the *Star Trek* phenomenon as it is the business of writing for television and the care and handling of the *Star Trek* "product." In fact, Alexander told me that he was not a fan of *Star Trek*, and that he thinks that was one of the reasons why he was chosen. Alexander became friends with Gene Roddenberry through their mutual involvement with The American Humanist Association. What they primarily shared was a belief that social advancement depends upon promoting the use of reason over superstition - that, and a similar sense of humor.

Not being interested purely in the *Star Trek* phase of Roddenberry's career, he is capable of being interested in scripts written for *Have Gun Will Travel* and correspondence with Earle Stanley Gardner - the creator of *Perry Mason* and a writer who regularly kept five secretaries busy transcribing his daily output. When it comes to *Star Trek*, Alexander relies upon archival material, but also readily calls upon the expertise and recollections of people such as Richard Arnold and Robert Justman -- and Gene Roddenberry himself in the form of his stored materials and thoughts shared in the months prior to his death.

Besides the predictable mention of the original series controversy with Ellison, Alexander also touches upon the disputes



with David Gerrold and Dorothy Fontana which arose during the development phase on *The Next Generation* -- troubles which are a highlight of the Engel biography. This is a volume that occasions a good deal of index flipping to hit the high points first for those unable to defer their thirst for controversy or recognizable names.

Among the more interesting glimmers will be a comparison of Roddenberry's memos and letters in regards to William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy -- and the characters they have portrayed for so long. Somewhat surprisingly, at least given Shatner's published opinion that Gene did not like him, there is no great animosity in the reprinted materials. Instead, what one is struck by is how often Roddenberry worried about how to keep Kirk central to the tale and give Shatner more to work with to offset the unexpected popularity of Spock. In effect, he believed that Kirk advanced the narrative of the show and was less expendable than Spock. He did not have to be enthralled with Shatner as a private individual to believe he carried out the role he needed him to play as captain effectively.

Relations with Nimoy seemed more tense almost from the start, perhaps because from a very early date Nimoy seems to

have made known his desire to cross over to Gene's side of the camera. One of the items revealed in the book is that Nimoy expressed an interest in getting into producing and directing before *Star Trek* started filming and immediately grasped his importance to the show to press for a renegotiation of his contract before the first season was many weeks old. Among his demands was not only more money and better studio accommodations, but also that he direct at least two episodes a year. The history of his association with *Trek* from that time forward has been punctuated by a shrewd grasp of how the business operates and bouts of litigation to demand the right to some control on that process where possible, not all of which is discussed by Alexander.

The most interesting bits on these matters encompass a correspondence with Isaac Asimov on Kirk, and memos and letters concerning the progress of the *Trek* films once Nimoy was tapped to direct the third feature. Engels refers to Gene's memos on the films as being rather nasty -- the ones reprinted in the Alexander book instead seem rather civil and concise for a man known to be capable of considerable vulgarity and proprietary zeal. He acknowledges that he opposed the idea of Nimoy directing at first but found that it seems to be working out well on the set. His biggest complaints were reserved for a campaign waged against the script of *Star Trek V*, where he would eventually find plenty of like-minded folks in theater lobbies.

A Gene Roddenberry who made himself into a "one-man story and script-writing factory" respected by William Dozier and Quinn Martin, worth a guaranteed minimum of \$100,000 a year to Screen Gems in 1960 (when he had made \$5,000 annually a few years before as a police sergeant) is the focal point of Alexander's story. His implicit argument is that this man did not touch *Star Trek* and suddenly turn into a no-talent drunk. He also tries to show that Roddenberry had a pre-existing interest in science fiction and was not the novice some have claimed. On the canard about Roddenberry's failure to sell another series until *The Next Generation*, he goes into detail as to the progress and derailing of each project, especially those which had supposedly been sold to a network only to be dropped for various reasons. In so doing he is at times generous in praise for some that are of doubtful merit - most notably *Genesis II* -- but the underlying argument is that very few development projects actually make it to the screen and the odds are against everyone.

Alexander seems immune to thoughts that Gene may have found it painful to be saddled with the *Star Trek* mantle, perhaps because by the time he became his friend Roddenberry had the comfort of the success of *The Next Generation*. But there is a poignant juxtaposition to be made between a letter he wrote to John W. Campbell in 1968 and a letter to Karin Blair in 1983 reflecting on the outcome of his experience with the first film. He told Campbell: "Time, I think, to wash *Star*

*Trek* out of my hair, stop the habit of it playing a part in every thought...I know many who have done in their life one interesting or fairly successful thing and they nourished themselves on that and really do nothing bright or brave or new again. I'm afraid of that and must be wary that I don't get sucked into something of the same trap."

To Blair he wrote: "As I said earlier, an unhappy experience...People now and then ask me why I wrote that particular story or why I had or had not written this or that into the script, oblivious to the fact that the story and the script were written by other people at Paramount's insistence that we use 'experienced screenwriters' rather than a mere television writer for a project of that size....Realizing that I had to get *Star Trek* 'off my back' having been with it a couple of decades, it was difficult not to be fiercely protective and worried about what might happen to it in strange hands representing different attitudes and values. Finally I did manage to adjust to that and my energies are now centered on new things."

It seems quite clear that Gene Roddenberry never did get *Star Trek* off his back, then or now. The new things consisted primarily of an unfinished novel called *Report From Earth* which Alexander says served its purpose as a therapeutic device for settling some issues in his own mind. Unfortunately, Roddenberry tended to only commit thoughts about what is popularly known as his "vision" to paper in the form of letters and memos, not novels. There is a dearth of detail except for the kind of synopsis he offered Harve Bennett in a memo about early work on *Star Trek II*, beginning with the controversial assertion that Starfleet was always very clearly a paramilitary organization with the primary function being exploration, not space battles. He goes on to enumerate key elements of what made *Star Trek* what it is as including avoiding the use of violence in story solutions, maintaining the importance of the Prime Directive, continuing reminders that being different does not mean that something is ugly and to think differently does not mean that someone is necessarily wrong. He concluded that "It seems to me that there is something very decent and very necessary in saying such things to people."

Bennett had different ideas about what had made the original series work, and thereby in wholly unintended ways probably heavily influenced the much debated script restrictions writers chaffed under in the earlier years of *The Next Generation*, as well as feeding Roddenberry's determination to do the series at a time when age and health would have indicated retirement was in order. I am inclined to be happy that he did.

## WINNIPEG WANDERLUST

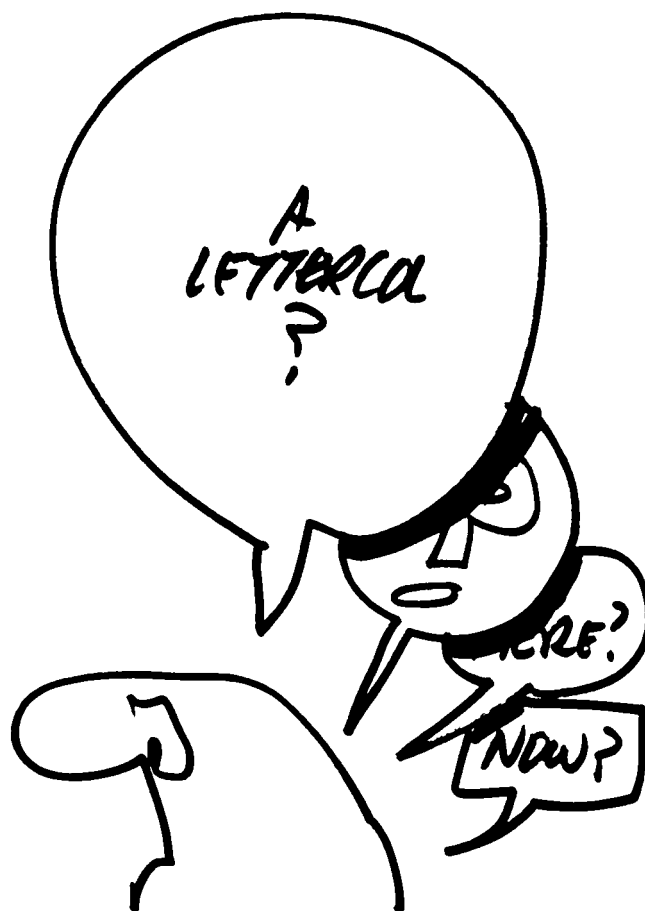
*Don Fitch:* The coverage of ConAdian in *File 770*:106 is outstanding; I seem to be enjoying the con more in this retrospect than at the time. It seemed, then, like only a somewhat-better-than-average Worldcon (which, come to think on't, is more than faint praise), with the most outstanding thing about it being the absence of any of the multitudinous disasters many fans (including myself) had been predicting/fearing.

Ted White's probably right about his comments on *Astromancer Quarterly* and Joe Maraglino having almost no effect on the Niagara Falls WorldCon bid voting -- it's been a long time since fanzine production influenced the con preferences of any significant number of fans, though a careful reader could very well conclude that the most of the very qualities in *AQ* that Ted denounced are those that would facilitate the production of an excellent and successful late-90's WorldCon: slickly-done, careful to offend no one, trying to please everyone by having a little bit of everything... I see nothing wrong with that kind of Big Convention; it's a solid and non-distracting framework within which many groups (including the fanzine fans with whom I hang out most of the time) can and do make their own, smaller and more specialized Conventions.

*Jeff Berry:* Just got my copy of ...your report on the [WorldCon]. I'd like to thank you, on behalf of the Extravaganzas Technical Support crew, for your very kind comments on our "World of Tomorrow" video that we were able to use at Conadian. We had a lot of fun creating it, and it seemed to go over well with the audience. We also ran it as an intermission piece during the Masquerade, by popular request, and are including it on the "Memories of Conadian" videotape.

We are very happy that it finally saw the light of day, as it were. We had originally created it for ConFrancisco's Opening Ceremonies, but the idea pretty much got lost in the "middle management" of the convention -- somewhere between our home in Minneapolis and the Moscone. Earlier this year, we tried it out on Judy Morfitt, who was in charge of Opening Ceremonies for Conadian, and she like the concept. We went back and edited out the Con-Francisco-specific footage (Terry's Dream auction, parties, bid tables, etc.), and edited in the Conadian-specific tape that we had on file from various conventions. We also added in some other bits that Judy requested, and the result was what you saw on screen.

Again, thanks for the kind words; we're just happy that we could contribute.




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## Letters of Comment

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*Dave Langford:* This issue insinuated itself deviously through my letter-box this morning -- and it's a very good one! Well done. Amazing how many cheery Langford namechecks you managed to insert when reporting a con which, alas, I couldn't attend. Must repay you in kind at Novacon on the coming weekend. "Suddenly a hush fell over the crowded bar as the terrible information sank in that Mike Glyer would not be attending...."

If I failed to issue hearty congratulations on your wedding plans, please consider them issued. Have fun! I can't quite believe it was 18 years ago that Hazel and I took the same dread plunge.

*Henry Welch:* Your access to interesting information is amazing, but I've figured out your trick. I note that in this month's *Ansible* that some of your information is quoted. It is obviously all a conspiracy where all the newszines swap information with each other.

Having worked registration both Wednesday night and Thursday morning at ConAdian (the only really busy times) I find the claim of a 40 minute wait very unusual. Yes, on Wednesday night some of the preregistration lines (depending upon last name) were a bit long, but 40 minutes seems excessive **unless** you count in time waiting prior to the open of registration. I will, though, believe at least a 40 minute wait for a transfer or at-door badge on Thursday morning. The last minute software patch (the original system wouldn't work on the machines provided) which required 14 badges per printed page. This created some extensive delays until some of the staff decided that they didn't just have to print a full page.

*Ted White:* Is my face red?! Here I thought that *this* year's Worldcon would vote on the Niagara Falls/Boston/Baltimore bids -- and it's *next* year's. One more year of having anything I say about Joe or AQ being interpreted as an attack on the Niagara Falls bid... \*sigh\* ...I'll live through it, and I trust Joe will, too.

Not having a list of prior Hugo winners immediately handy just now -- or, for that matter, when I wrote my last letter to you -- I'd forgotten Tucker *did* win a Fanwriter Hugo, and I'm glad to be corrected on that point. But how about Willis? (I know he won a Hugo of some sort in 1958, but it wasn't a Fanwriter Hugo, and I seem to recall it was a "special" Hugo in some way, probably for *Hyphen*. Help me out here.) I mean, one has only to think of the pantheon of fanwriters of the 30's, 40's and 50's to realize how many never got (and will never get) a Fanwriter Hugo. So my basic point stands.

[[The answer to the Hugo history quiz is: in 1958 Walt Willis received a Hugo as "Outstanding Actifan." Given that the 1996 Worldcon has been authorized to hold a vote for retrospective Hugos for 1946, which overlooked Fan Writers who were superstars in 1945 would you like to call to voters' attention?]]

I wasn't thinking of the *fanzine* Hugo when I made that remark about Brown and Geis. My memory (again, please correct me if I'm wrong) tells me that the editors of Hugo-winning fanzines often got Fanwriter nominations and, I thought, the Hugos as well quite often, especially in the 70's. My impression is that Hugo voters rarely saw more than one or two fanzines (the biggest-circulation zines), and voted their favorites across the fan Hugo categories. Surely it's no coincidence that Tim Kirk had a lock on the Fanartist Hugo until Foglio came along with his Chicago Star Trek bloc voters -- Kirk was a prime illustrator for both *Locus* and Geis' title of the moment.

[[Charlie Brown was nominated once or twice for Best Fanwriter, but never won. Richard Geis did win, and why not,



since he was one of the very best fanwriters of that period. The case you make about why certain fans won Hugos in the 1970's renews the debate we've been having since...the 1970's! Unlike the Fan Artist category, where Bill Rotsler complained that serial winners delayed or prevented people like Grant Canfield from winning Hugos, and if you subtracted Tim Kirk or Phil Foglio somebody like Canfield probably would have won, I think that the Fan Writer Hugo would not have been voted to "more faanish" writers if Geis had been subtracted. The times were too sercon. The "largest circulation wins" argument has a lot of followers because it's simply and sounds like it ought to be true yet if there was a genuine cause-effect relationship between being a frequent cover artist for *Science Fiction Review* and winning a Hugo then Stephen Fabian would not, by the early 1980's, have held the record for most Hugo nominations without a win. Fans making the "largest circulation" argument tend to automatically rule out that a fanzine with large circulation could be any good, and to presume their subjective definition of what makes a good fanzine is a standard that all other Hugo voters would embrace if only they saw "the good stuff." The truth is that they just have insufficiently catholic tastes.]]

Elizabeth Osborne: I loved the convention news in issue

106. I remember way back in 1988, when I went to the Worldcon in New Orleans (talk about a bad con) and first heard about ConAdian. What I heard was lots of negative comments like "They have no experience running a Worldcon", "They put on a few annual cons and think that they can run a Worldcon", and "They have managed to alienate everyone in the SF Community." etc. etc. I was always a watcher rather than a doer in this fight. But I continued to hear negative comments about ConAdian right up to the Orlando Worldcon (the last one I have been able to go to). I want to say that the feeling was against the con, not due to an anti-Canadian feeling.

I planned to go to this year's con, and I really would have loved the cooler weather, but was unable to go (the economy, stupid!) I am really glad to hear that the convention was a success and, more importantly, went by without major upset. Any news about a video of the awards or the costume contest?

I have never been to a convention on the West Coast but I was happy to hear about the cons out there. John Hertz' Westercon Report was good. I have to disagree with his [[comment on]] the ConFrancisco costume contest, including the Aladdin (one of two in the show) after comparing recent contests (including the ones I have on tape) with what I have seen in the past. Recently, within the last three years, pattern companies finally started producing professional patterns of many movie and cartoon costumes. Costume patterns now being sold include Disney's *Aladdin*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and even *Little Mermaid*. I notice more and more of these showing up in costume contests. While it makes an easier costime for the new or less talented costumer, it also seems that it is discouraging creativity. ...I showed some video tapes of Worldcon costume contests to a friend of mine and her mother, a professional seamstress. While they were impressed by most of the outfits, they also could rattle off the company and the pattern number (i.e., McCalls #116) of the knockoffs. ...I can't say I'm impressed by all the Disney stuff at costume contests.

*Allan D. Burrows:* Thanks for another fabulous Worldcon report. Unfortunately, I missed a fair bit of it, even though I was there for this one. Having relatives in the city, I couldn't very well forego the opportunity... I must confess to having given the concom a bit of a hard time after they won the bid.... This is why I volunteered to gofer, despite my experience doing so at Chicon IV in '82. (About all I remember of *that* con was one famous incident, Pournelle raiding the gofer hole at... was it 2 a.m.? I was too zonked from lack of sleep to read my watch! I sure remember him screaming at us like a drill sergeant, or singing at us like a dentist's drill, or something like that. Well, it was heard to miss hearing! [These memories] tell you why I was reluctant to gofer at Worldcons; go, yes, gofer, no. But I felt I

owed ConAdian.

I have to say that I was thoroughly impressed with Robbie Cantor and all her people, gofer, staff and otherwise. I served in several positions and was treated like a professional at every turn. Even some of the convention members thanked me! I only hope I have as much as I got. Most of the other gofers seemed to be good, eager workers, with only a handful of Clueless Joes. (The fact that there were t-shirts to be had probably didn't hurt.)

*Erwin S. "Filthy Pierre" Strauss:* In *F770:106* you said that ConAdian, at 3600, was the smallest North American Worldcon since 1973's TorCon 2. I recall Big Mac's 1976 attendance being reported at 2600.

[[You're right: thanks for correcting my oversight.]]

### ENGAGING CONVERSATION

*Fran Skene:* I emerged from my hibernation to read *File 770:106* -- and only just read about your engagement. Often, mail comes and disappears into the clutter (Jim's even messier than I), but this one caught my eye. Congratulations!!

Great worldcon report. Now I wish I'd gone. I had two choices of what to do with the weekend, and finally chose a women's camp that I'd attended the previous two years. Anyway, good for the Winnipeg crew.

*Henry Welch:* Thanks for *File 770:105* and congratulations on the engagement. I'd opt for the informal wedding which cuts back on the planning and the expense. Letha and I had a small, informal wedding and everyone had a good time because the atmosphere was relaxed.

*Teddy Harvia:* Congratulations on overcoming the numerous roadblocks in a long-distance romance.

My high-tech company finally joined the information superhighway and got on the network. But no one knows how to use it.

Diana, my new bride, watched me watch the Cowboys game yesterday. You gotta love her.

Conditions at the office became intolerable and I accepted a voluntary layoff with a generous severance package. I'm now looking for another job. Unfortunately, all the good ones seem to be in north Dallas, through bumper-to-bumper traffic.

I thoroughly enjoyed your Winnipeg con report. Nice to see name badges continue to be an item of complaint.



*Robert Whitaker Sirignano:* Best wishes and good luck with the upcoming marriage. I'm still on my "first" as some wags would have put it, and it seems to have lasted longer than the marriages of the unwell wishers I know (not very many, thankfully). I tried the civil service transfer option in my first year of marriage. I found it impossible, since the Post Office in NYC found fault with my attendance record and held it against me. Things like being involved in an auto accident and losing time to recover from it. An on-the-job injury that took place 14 years previous. Stuff like that.

### BAH, TRUFANDOM, HUMBUG!

*Henry Welch:* Allan D. Burrows makes some strong comments about the cliquishness and oft-times closed-minded attitudes of True Fandom. Although this is a bit harsh there are many who are guilty as charged. This is unfortunate because it makes it hard on the others who aren't.

### FLASHBACK TO ISSUE 104

*Harry Warner, Jr.* The usual thanks and gratitude for the 104th issue of *File 770*. I wish every fan in the world would imitate your typography, except for the colophon. I've noticed a strange tendency for computer-generated fanzines with diverse typeface sizes to use the smallest for the editor's name and address. Madison Avenue would identify this immediately as one factor in discouraging readers from responding with comments.

You waste shamefully your recent proximity to the scene of that slaying which has received some recent attention in the media. Katie Couric would give your slight involvement at least a quarter-hour on *Now*, you'd get a full-page spread in any of the supermarket tabloids, and Fox might make arrangements to finance a full-length tv movie about you. Individuals with slimmer involvement in this case have received such treatment.

John Hertz' Westercon report was splendid. It will probably be the only published source of information to future historians on some of the things that were said at the panel sessions.

I'm not sure I believe Bill Rotsler survived that incident on I-405. I've always understood that the interstates have faster and more crowded and more reckless traffic in Southern California than anywhere else. But his maneuvers to get the fallen box of books would have led to disaster if enacted on either the I-70 or I-81, the two freeways that crisscross on the edge of Hagerstown: certainly a chain reaction foulup involving a dozen or so cars, three or four trucks overturning to miss the pileup, and someone mugging him after he retrieved the books to obtain whatever had induced him to risk his life.

Otherwise, his con diary convinces me that he should write an autobiography. I can't think of anyone in California fandom except Forry Ackerman who has as much material to work from.

Neither Eve Ackerman nor any other fan interested in radio broadcasting is likely to have WFAN as call letters. They belong to an all-sports clear-channel AM station in New York City that used to be the flagship station for one of the major networks in radio's golden age.

If Tom Locke doesn't find a taker for those mimeos in fandom, I hope he doesn't send them to the landfill. Around here, Goodwill Industries and the Rescue Mission sell such things in their thrift stores, and such a donation benefits the handicapped and the homeless. I even saw a huge electrostenciller at Goodwill a year or two ago.

Martin Morse Wooster doesn't have it quite right about Fanhistoricon because visitors to my home from it came in three main waves, not six. However, he is more accurate than the latest issue of *SF Chronicle* which says I attended Fanhistoricon. This could have had consequences for me. Late next summer, shortly after Cal Ripken plays in his 2,131st consecutive game for the Baltimore Orioles, I hope to fail to attend the 2,131st con. When I make a claim to have established an all-time record, someone might challenge my veracity because of the error in Andy Porter's publication.

*[[So you think it doesn't count as attending the con when the con brings itself to your home? Interesting theory. But in any case I am sure you are right about the effect of the report on your record -- everyone knows that the contents of Hugo-winning newzines are so thoroughly researched their contents are as indisputably accurate as Bill Patterson's fanhistory. In the future, please conform your reality to the report in SFC!]]*

Mark Olson's financial analysis of worldcon finances makes me happier than ever that I've never needed to have any official status in planning and running a large con. I do wish he had included one more table with his article, showing specifics about each of the worldcons he describes as having widely differing income during the final months before the events. It might be possible to find some clue about why late, high-priced memberships sell so poorly in some instances and so well in others.

*[[Harry also asked whether cons invest their cash in interest-bearing CD's, to maximize income. The answer is -- they usually do, and generate several thousand dollars of income in the years before the con.]]*

*Bob Tucker:* Elvis sends his warmest regards. He liked your story but is too modest to take pen in hand and say so.

*Roger Wells:* Lately I have been hearing the opinion that program books at science fiction conventions are used mainly after the convention, more as souvenir books. This opinion has, at times, influenced the design of program books. I have to question whether this really is the case. Does it make sense that the majority of those who come to attend the convention would disregard the program book? The pocket program typically contains the most current program schedule, and often the hotel maps and similar information, but it seldom describes the panels in great detail. For this, the biographies of the guests of honor, and for much detail about the convention, the program book is still essential. From my own observations at several recent conventions, I have seen many attendees using their program books.

Members of the convention committee, however, seldom look at the program book until after the convention. They are too busy working the convention to have much time to attend programming; moreover, as committee members they already know most of what is in the program book. This sounds like the start of another urban legend, a generalization that overlooks the majority of attendees who are not closely connected with the running of the convention.

*[[Anytime is the right time to warn convention committees against making the mistake of assuming that their experience of attending their own conventions represents the universal experience of all members. I agree that a con committee is likely to feel "too busy" to look the program book until afterwards, although they don't necessarily know the information -- they may just feel too busy too care that they don't know it. As for the souvenir book versus pocket program debate, I suspect we won't see the two merged back together now that desktop publishing has made it too convenient for program organizers to fiddle with their schedules down to the last minute.]]*

#### FILE 770'S LOOK

*Robert Whitaker Sirignano:* While I have a computer, I don't go searching for information on the Internet. I don't have a hookup for it. I have considered it but I think I already have my hands full with a two-year-old and the farm and a job that demands too much overtime and a lot of books I'd like to read and reread.

Which brings up a question: when your contributors leave an E-mail message and you use it, why not publish the street address, too? Not all of us are computer enabled.

And not all of us see all of the information on Internet. Not everyone has the time to sort out the blather. (But I've liked the past few issues where articles aren't duplicated by showing up in *Locus*.) Have you considered getting some

interested fans to act as Internet gophers for solid news items?

*[[It's fairly common for people to send me news items that way. Fans with "solid news" are unlikely to give it to me exclusively, though, because the news usually involves somebody the whole actifan community knows and it makes little sense to send it only for newzine publication when the net can spread the information immediately. File 770's appeal lies not so much in having exclusive news as it does in analyzing news and placing it in context. Don't forget, before phone lines were used for modem transmissions people used them for long-distance conversations (grin) -- I've always had to compete with the grapevine.]]*

*Dennis Virzi:* Hopefully you will be able to continue the excellent work on *F770* while doing the married and the Worldcon thing. Enjoyed the past few issues. Consider your ego well booted.

*Craig Hilton:* I'm still enjoying the *File 770*'s you send me, especially when Taral does the cover -- I always know to look at his pictures for more than meets the eye.

#### Contributors' Addresses

Henry Welch: 1525 16th Ave., Grafton, WI 53024-2017;  
(welch@warp.msos.edu)  
Jeff Berry: CompuServe 70711,1622  
Fran Skene: fran@aroga.wimsey.com  
Harry Warner Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown,  
MD 21740  
Bob Tucker, 2516/H East Washington St., Bloomington,  
IL 61704  
Roger Wells, 4820 Yelm Highway SE #B102, Lacey,  
WA 98503  
Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722  
Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046  
Dave Langford, ansible@cix.compulink.co.uk  
Robert Whitaker Sirignano, P.O. Box 11246, Wilmington,  
DE 19485  
Elizabeth Osborne, 415 Landings Road, Inverness,  
FL 34450  
Craig Hilton, P.O. Box 430, Collie, WA 6225, Australia  
Allan D. Burrows, 320 Maple Grove Ave., Mississauga,  
ONT L5A 1Y2 Canada  
Erwin S. Strauss, 101 S. Whiting St. #700, Alexandria,  
VA 22304  
Teddy Harvia, 701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX 76054  
David Bratman, 1161 Huntingdon Dr., San Jose CA 95129.



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