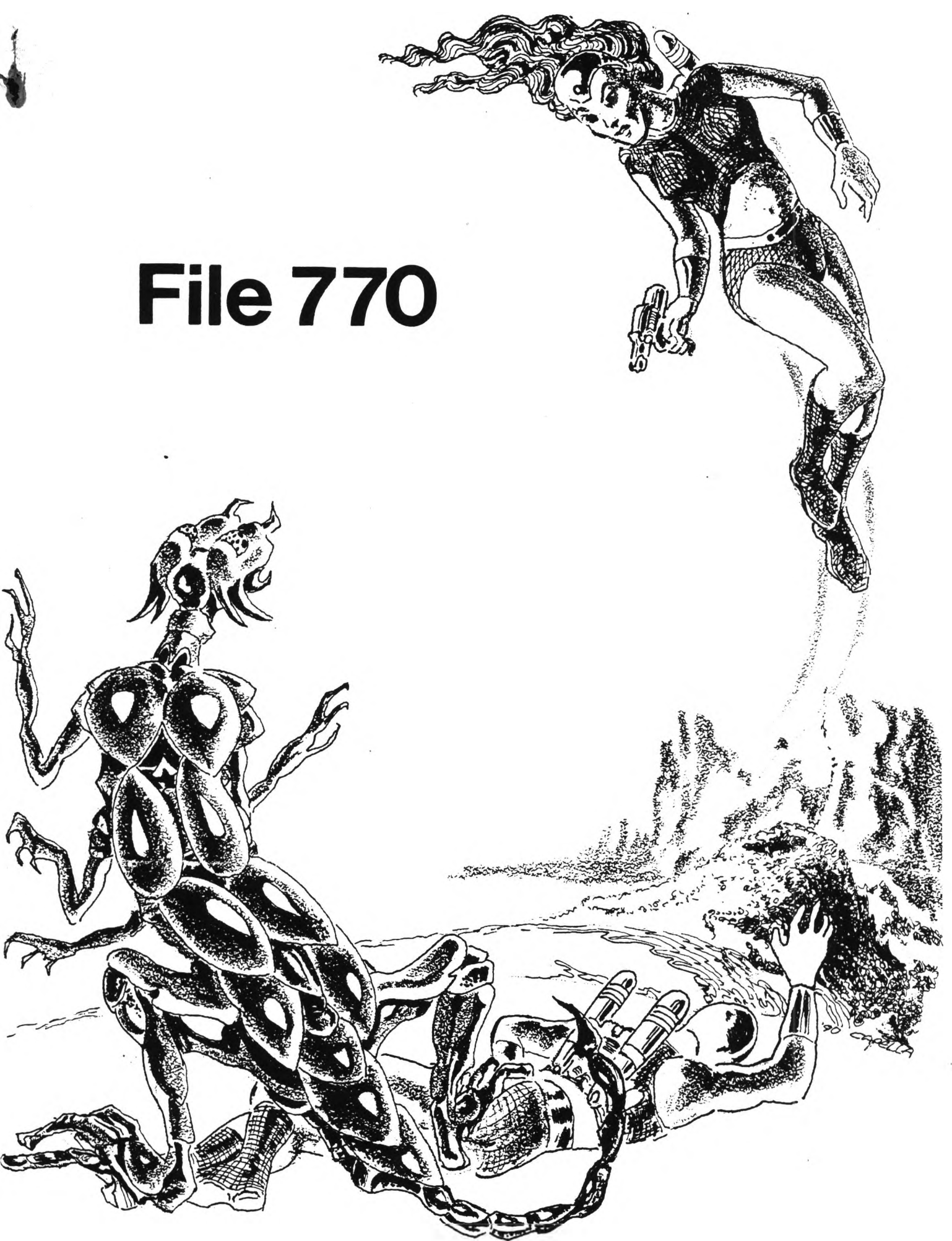


File 770



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Bill Rotsler - 12.

BucConeer: 1998 Worldcon

Baltimore won the right to host the 1998 Worldcon (see page 8). The con's nickname will be BucConeer. Its guests of honor are: C.J. Cherryh, Milton A. Rothman, Stanley Schmidt, Michael Whelan. The Toastmaster will be Charles Sheffield. The 56th worldcon will be held Wednesday, August 5 through Sunday, August 9, 1998.

Membership rates: Supporting \$30; Attending \$80; Child \$40 (ages 4-12). Children who will be less than 4 years old on August 5, 1998 will be given free admission. Children who will be 13 years or older on August 5, 1998 must buy a regular attending membership. All children must be in child care, children's programming (ages 4 and above), or be accompanied by a parent or other responsible adult at all times while attending BucConeer.

The con's mailing address is: BucConeer, P.O. Box 314, Annapolis Junction, MD 20701. The con's e-mail address is: baltimore98@access.digex.net. Its web page address is: <http://www.access.digex.net/~balt98>

Editor's Notes by Mike Glyer

September Song: The days dwindle down to a precious few, says the song. And it's quite late, when a newzine hasn't published since September.... *File 770* stayed on a bimonthly schedule the first eight months of this year. I found the jobs of worldcon chair and newzine editor surprisingly compatible until I hit the wall at Intersection.

I have worked on this issue between two and six hours every week since Intersection. But it takes me eighty hours of work to produce an issue and there's a brutal truth in dividing eighty by six. A cold equation. So here's a great metropolitan newzine publishing its Intersection report two days before New Year's.

The first six weeks after I returned from Intersection was devoted to organizing L.A.con III's first general committee meeting. For any other size of convention, having meetings of the full committee is the rule. Contemporary worldcons divide the work among divisions that are larger than most regional concons, and include fans from a very wide geographic area. One side effect of this is to make it more difficult for everyone to feel the same sense of community that comes from working on smaller conventions. Even a meeting of one of the working groups like the worldcon Program Division requires some people to fly cross-country. The call on people's time and money to attend a general worldcon committee meeting is great, but the benefits also can be great.

On October 14, over 100 fans converged on the LASFS Clubhouse (some traveling from the Bay Area, Boston and New York) to meet and get to know each other better, and hear about our facilities and plans. Fans shed their old sense of being disconnected names on a chart or, at best, an e-mail address. Now we have faces. Joyce Sperling and her crew fired up the barbecue after the meeting and the smoffing (and cardplaying, and Magic) went on past midnight. Then in the morn-

ing about twenty of us went to Anaheim and toured the Convention Center, Hilton and Marriott. The projects haven't stopped since then: the newest is Progress Report 4.

The demands of L.A.con III on my time are obviously only going to increase over the next nine months. It might be neater to put the zine on hiatus than to promise it will keep appearing at unpredictable intervals. But publishing this fanzine is my most enjoyable fannish outlet. The scales would really tilt out of balance if I fell out of contact with the people who enjoy *File 770*. Expect to keep seeing it.

Hugo Nominations: Speaking of Progress Report 4, it will contain the Hugo nominating ballot. I've asked a lot of people for advice, and quite uncharacteristically of fans, most of the people I asked had no opinion whether I should remain eligible for a Hugo while chairing the con.

At least since 1973 that I know of, when the Glicksohns were on the worldcon committee, fandom has recognized that the awards can be administered by an autonomous subcommittee, leaving the rest of the committee eligible for Hugos without any taint on the integrity of the process.

L.A.con III also has an autonomous Hugo administering subcommittee. By not naming myself to it I could have remained eligible for the award. In reality, I would not feel comfortable winning an award at a convention I chaired. That's not to say I assume that I would win anything, but it's the logical thing for a nominee to *hope* to happen! So I am withdrawing from consideration for the 1996 awards.



Intersection - The 1995 Worldcon by Mike Glycer

Over the Sea to Skye: Glasgow isn't all that big, but if a fan doesn't know the way around he may do what I did: ask a cab to take me to a print shop that I contacted through the yellow pages, and eight left-hand turns later discover the place was only three blocks from my hotel.

Being in an unfamiliar country can be inconvenient, even daunting. If someone besides the committee had been reading Intersection committee e-mail from "She who must be obeyed" and the division head who ended every post "Warning: you have entered a tact-free zone" they might have found that daunting, too. But in reality, Martin Easterbrook and Vince Docherty's committee made extensive preparations to welcome the world's sf fans: shuttle buses from the main hotels to the

convention center, a well-staffed registration area to move fans along, and many hospitable touches including a wine reception after Opening Ceremonies.

The weekend's only calamity was beyond any fan's power to prevent.

The Death of John Brunner: A stroke hospitalized John Brunner on Friday morning and he passed away around 5 p.m., with his wife, LiYi, and two friends by his side.

Everyone was shocked, for everyone had seen Brunner on the first day of the convention, talked to him, made plans to be with him later in the weekend. I sat near him at Opening

1995 Worldcon Attendance

The Intersection committee gave the following attendance figure after the con. In the right-hand column, these figures are compared to attendance at the last U.K. Worldcon in 1987 (Conspiracy).

	<u>Intersection</u>	<u>Conspiracy</u>
A. Members of all types (B+C+D+E)	7012	5452
B. Registered Attending (incl no-shows)	4985	4631
C. Registered Supporting	1259	542
D. Day Admissions	688	238
E. Other types (children etc)	80	41
F. No-Shows (Reg. Att. who didn't come)	1139	839
(Press or corporate visitors are not included the membership totals above.)		
Warm bodies at-con (B-F+D+E+Freebies)	4800	4200

Ceremonies. Matthew Tepper enlisted him as guest of honor for a Hogu Ranquet (an annual awards parody). Jane Jewell passed by an opportunity to take his photo on Thursday night - the last chance, as it turned out. After Brunner's death, Mary Turzillo found the "very nice note" he left for her in the convention message center saying he would try to make it to the poetry readings.

Several people on the committee were incapacitated with grief, some to their own surprise. Brunner had a reputation for being one of the 20% of the guests who make 80% of the work for program organizers, though never in an angry way and he showed his appreciation -- for example, he shared pate and crackers with the program staff one morning at the 1990 Worldcon. Some fans who tried to keep on working in the con's short-handed Green Room simply broke down and were cared for by co-workers.

The Intersection committee struggled with how to acknowledge this emotional earthquake. I think they were wise to turn aside from the idea of a memorial service. Instead, they accepted Bob Silverberg's offer to eulogize Brunner, and positioned his talk at the start of the Hugo Awards ceremony, held Sunday night. He spoke emotionally and sincerely about Brunner's professional achievements and disappointments, his personal peaks and valleys. Then he called on the audience to give Brunner a standing ovation in preference to the traditional moment of silence.

Silverberg did a brilliant job of giving Intersection a much-needed catharsis. Co-chair Martin Easterbook said, "Robert Silverberg's masterful oration managed to be an appropriate

memorial to John Brunner without leaving a cloud over the Hugo ceremony." Samuel Delany also started his GoH speech on Saturday with heartfelt remarks about the loss of Brunner.

Brunner's funeral took place September 6 at the Dean Crematorium, in Taunton, UK. His widow encouraged "fannish and professional tributes [in] the tangible form of financial contributions to Friends of Foundation towards a John Brunner Memorial."

An Epistle About an Abyssal: Samuel Delany began his guest of honor speech on Saturday afternoon with the subject on everyone's mind, the death of John Brunner. "I have lost a very good friend this weekend," said Delany, who had his own memories of John's last day: after making a few remarks at opening ceremonies, Delany returned to his front row seat and Brunner had reached over, tapped him on the shoulder and told him, "Well done."

Delany said he was 24 when he first met Brunner. Delany came to England after a trip to Greece and went straight to knock on Brunner's door. He answered John's question, "What can I do for you?" by asking, "Can I get a bath?" Brunner said come in, and so began their long friendship.

Delany said, "I heard some found Brunner a 'difficult man', but what SF writer cannot you say that of?" Delany ended his remembrance of Brunner, "Neither John nor I had much truck with organized religion... but, 'In the midst of life we are in death,' a phrase that comes to mind now." He called for a moment of silence on behalf of John Brunner, and his wife Li Yi.

Then Delany turned to his own remarks, which he promised would address a number of subjects. That turned out to be true, although he conducted his discourse at such a high level I thought it wise to check with a few people to make sure I didn't simply miss the unified field theory that knit the parts together.

He told his audience there is an abyssal split between literature and paraliterature, a term for genres that are considered to be only for entertainment. But he wryly compared the split to the definition of homosexuality, existing to delimit homosexuality. A false definition. From there he launched into several examples of the emotion-charged social function of paraliterature.

Theodore Sturgeon wrote an autobiographical essay about his family's emphasis on fine literature and his own surreptitious reading of science fiction. He came home one day and found his stepfather had dealt with his discovery of a trove of magazines by reducing every page to neat shreds and leaving them on the floor for Sturgeon to clean up.

Delany recalled telling a bookstore clerk that she should stock some copies of a literary novel with strong science fictional themes upstairs in the sf section, not just in the mainstream fiction section. The clerk recoiled, insisting, "But it's a good book." Delany said he liked the book and pressed his advice, but the clerk became upset and finally burst into tears.

Paraliterature is also the thousands of times he's been introduced as a science fiction writer only to be told, "Oh, I don't like science fiction." Delany's voice dripped irony: "As though, one, I had asked, two, I cared, and, three, I was pleased with their honesty." He contrasted that experience with other times he's been introduced as a poet, and how people who also don't like poetry behave differently because the matter is literature.

For before everything else, paraliterature is a material practice of social division. A practice that many people are deeply emotionally committed to that he and many of his listeners have forgotten about.

Delany said he would be teaching a 10-week seminar on writing genre literature at the University of Minnesota after the Worldcon --having turned down a request to do the same thing at his own school. He revealed this year his income from teaching people to write will be ten times his income from actually writing. If he had to live only on his writing income, he would be just below "what my government generously calls the poverty level." He said that creative writing is a field where many keep themselves alive by academic work.

What does one learn in a workshop? Delany asked rhetorically. He replied by telling us about a 17-year-old workshop

participant. His student wrote about a fellow walking with his girlfriend at the shore. The protagonist got rid of a pair of leather-jacketed motorcyclists who harassed them. The young writer challenged Delany's opinion of the story's defects on the basis that it was a true story taken from the young writer's own life. Yet as Delany questioned him more closely, it turned out there had been no violent confrontation. There hadn't been bikers, but a couple other students on bicycles. There hadn't been a confrontation, he just saw them talking to his girlfriend. And actually, she wasn't his girlfriend, he barely even knew her. He wished she were his girlfriend, so he was sad she was paying attention to someone else.

Delany counseled, "The language is more fruitful than we are, and will tell more about us than we know" -- like, whether we are lying.

After discussing paraliterature, and what a person learns in a workshop, for the balance of his speech Delany dealt with the nature of clichés and purpose of space opera. I wish the language of my notes had been as fruitful as that of his speech, so beautifully were his thoughts expressed.

Delany said that the ethic of avoiding political clichés is one with the aesthetic of creating new and interesting art. He pondered whether the effect of some political clichés is cumulative, that below a minimum level they have no effect, or titrating, that over a certain level of saturation that cannot do any more harm.

Something Delany said about space opera is that it restores consideration of men and women to the center of the universe after the Copernican revolution dislodged them. He commended science fiction as a field in which all that is human is up for evaluation.

Delany had been scheduled for one hour in Hall 1, and shortly after the top of the next hour someone from the committee started lurking at the foot of the stage. I hoped they weren't going to actually commit the incredible gaffe of cutting off the GoH. They didn't: Delany soon finished, as if his original speech fit one hour precisely and had only run over by the number of minutes spent reminiscing about John Brunner.

The Scottish Exhibition Convention Centre: Viewed from the outside, the convention center appears to be just another steel and glass box. Viewed from the inside, it looks like Peter Max's idea of Victoria Station, loads of Age of Steam ironwork mixed in with huge blue ventilation tubes, and orange doors with porthole windows.

SECC's Hall 4 was the focal point of convention socializing, housing the Dealers Room, Art Show, Site Selection, food services, child care, bid tables, fan tables, and exhibits. After Opening Ceremonies, a pipe-and-drum band led fans into Hall

4 where the city of Glasgow treated them all to a glass of wine.

A lounge-and-exhibits area called the Fan Faire occupied the front half of Hall 4. Martin Easterbrook aptly described its mission as "trying to bring the atmosphere of a British pub into something resembling a zeppelin hanger." The hall's railway station acoustics were only problematic when a film distributor about 10 yards from our table played sound tracks of blood-curdling moments from horror movies... about 60 times a day.

People funneled into the hall between two familiar landmarks. On the left was the Microsoft Network studio, rows of folding chairs set before a bank of tables where pros were interviewed online and the answers they pecked on the keyboard of a laptop computer were projected onto a large screen. On the right was another bank of tables for Site Selection, dwarfed by Boston in '98's huge, yellow "bouncy castle", an inflatable trampoline kept erect by a compressor. (There was a second "bouncy castle" further back in the hall that looked like a giant, orange tiger.)

Current bidders and seated worldcons manned two avenues of tables that led away from the entrance. The next two worldcons, L.A. and San Antonio, were side-by-side. Karen Meschke, chair of the 1997 San Antonio Worldcon, set up a fully decorated table, including theme candy: Texas-shaped chocolate.

L.A.con III sold 132 memberships, which is about 90% more than I expected so far from home. Japanese fans accounted for some of the sales, but I was surprised how many Californians bought their L.A.con III memberships at Glasgow.

Echo Park: Despite its many virtues, the SECC was not designed to accommodate the myriad small panel programs that are the staple of a Worldcon, the kind where half-a-dozen pros talk to an audience of less than 100.

In order to get enough small and medium function rooms for programming, Intersection partitioned Hall 3. The partitions didn't extend to the ceiling and weren't soundproof, so panelists were forced to yell over the amplified voices of speakers on other programs in the same hall.

As Mike Kennedy wrote in *The NASFA Shuttle*, "It was very difficult to hear what was said because of severe crosstalk between the four ongoing panels. The partitions were nine or so feet high, but the ceiling of the hall towered over them so the partitions formed no effective block for sound. The tech crew 'solution' to this was to turn down the gain on everybody's PA system. It didn't help."

Program: I didn't get to many panels, being tethered to the

L.A.con III sales table. I attended the end of "Special Effects Maketh The Film" with Jittlov, Marques and Pearson. One of the latter two gentlemen dominated the end of the panel with such penetrating insights as, the \$500,000 spent on the opening shot of Judge Dredd would be enough to make a whole movie in the UK. Or, lamenting that the Hollywood formula requires there be one big star: whatever happened to getting a bunch of good actors and making a quality film? -- a question was first posed to Louis Daguerre in 1845, I think....

Anne McCaffrey was at Intersection, a pleasant surprise for all who had heard last year's GoH tell a Winnipeg audience that was her last Worldcon.

One of the convention's unsolved mysteries was its schedule of daily gripe sessions. No one from the committee attended the first two daily sessions.

Green Room: I visited Janice Gelb in Programme Ops to hear how she was coping with the usual strain of helping run a big convention program, intensified by some differences between British and American organizing traditions and the Brunner crisis. She said experience had finally convinced a couple of her co-workers that procedures she'd advocated in e-mail before the con were needed by any large Worldcon, not merely an American Worldcon. Fortunately, even though it's true that other arrangements would have put the staff under less stress, by their extraordinary efforts Programme Ops made most things work.

George R.R. Martin was in the Green Room when I came in. Janice and I admired the little koala clipped to his name badge, wearing its own tiny vest of chili pepper print cloth.

David Gerrold joined Martin. He gave us the news flash that Harlan Ellison was writing something about *Star Trek*. "For a few weeks Harlan has been calling me five times a day to ask -- what episode was it where so-and-so happened." Gerrold would look it up in a book. Michael Fortner asked, "Why didn't you just loan him the book?" Gerrold said, "And stop getting the calls?" Besides, he was getting writing help from Ellison. Like, when he needed a word, he'd tell Ellison, "Give me a word." Ellison asked, "What's the sentence?" Gerrold laughed, "That's your problem!"

Parties: Perennial Minneapolis-in-'73 party organizer, Doug Friauf, has figured out a way to get facilities where that mythical worldcon could actually be held in 2073. He's noticed a disturbing trend that Minneapolis hotels get razed after hosting the annual Minicon. Friauf would borrow a page from the movie *Millennium* and use its time-travel/teleportation technology to snatch hotels from downtown Minneapolis a split-second before demolition. Then he'd deposit them in downtown Minneapolis in time for the 2073 Worldcon. ...With the dynamite removed, hopefully.

Friauf, who navigates in a wheelchair, summed up his outrage about Glasgow's poor accessibility by saying he barely resisted running over the mayor of Glasgow with his wheelchair after Opening Ceremonies. Even the accessible sidewalks had one-inch high curbs he had to ride over in reverse. The accessible buses had been taken out of service a month before the con. And although the cabs are big enough to take a wheelchair, he still needed three people to him up the ramp. Unless the cabbie claimed to have "forgotten" his ramp altogether.

Ross Pavlac's two claims to fame at Intersection were his newly-tailored kilts (Clan Mackenzie) and his success in recruiting pros to be featured on the trading cards issued by the Chicago-in-2000 worldcon bid.

Robert Silverberg told Pavlac that on the same day he agreed to the trading card he received a contract from Miramax for Oliver Stone to make a film from one of his novels. It's about a road trip gone sour. The contract included a provision he had never seen before, about the rights to make a theme park ride based on his story. Silverberg said his wife's idea for the ride starts with four people in a car -- two of them become immortal if they can throw the other two out of the car before the end of the ride.

Winning Ribbons: Ribbons are more than an eye-catching way to identify dealers, artists and program participants. They're a creative outlet for the committee to show it's not taking itself too seriously. Here are some of the unique ribbons made for the Intersection committee (and who wore them, if I know):

Lady from Hell; She Who Must Be Obeyed (Margaret Austin); It's All My Fault (co-chair Vince Docherty); The Buck Stops Here (Treasurer Malcolm Reid); He Who Does Everything Else; V2 Carrying License; That's "Yes, Ma'am" (T.R. Smith); Toast Mr. (Peter Norwood); Toast Mrs. (Diane Duane); Mad Wife.

The operations staff ribbon warned, "Tact Free Zone." Security staff was identified in black lettering on a black ribbon!

Co-chair Vince Docherty also wore a button saying: "This isn't the chair you're looking for. You may go on your way."

High Finance: Fans know that language, customs and history differ greatly between countries, but equally dizzying is the contrast in business practices.

American conrunners were surprised at every turn to discover that Intersection (like any British conference) had to pay for function space and party suites without any offset in consideration of the hotel rooms booked by con members.

Pros inherited some of these surprises. A committee official reported that SFFWA's Ann Crispin spent a lot of time trying to convince Intersection to pay for the SFFWA Suite in the Forte Crest, or in a later and stranger proposal, say it was paying for the SFFWA Suite while accepting a cash donation equal to the expense. Rick Foss, host of the suite, said SFFWA found publishers willing to sponsor the Forte Crest room rent for two nights of the con.

The committee provided a SFFWA suite in the SECC next to the Green Room but it's easy to understand why the con couldn't afford to underwrite a typical hotel hospitality suite for them once you know that the Scottish Exhibition Convention Centre (SECC) charged Intersection the equivalent of \$320,000 for using its space. Compare that to the \$89,000 paid by ConFrancisco for using the Moscone Centre. Kevin Standlee computed the cost of using the Moscone at \$11.13 per member of ConFrancisco, versus the SECC's cost of \$64.00 per member of Intersection.

Intersection balanced its budget with government grants and sponsorship money. Also, ConAdian sent C\$13,500 of Pass-Along Funds to Intersection a month before the convention. The practical-minded Winnipeg committee wanted Intersection to have the money in time to be able to do something with it.

Site Selection: It seemed as though no expense had been spared by 1998 campaigners to impress the voters at Intersection, from Boston's bouncy castle to Baltimore's incredible parties. Then there were the "inadvertent promotions" pointed out by Maia Cowan, like cab window placards advertising British Airways' Glasgow-to-Boston airfare and the Captain Morgan Rum ads blazoned on the sides of Strathclyde buses.

In the end, Baltimore won the right to host the 1998 Worldcon in a landslide over Atlanta, Boston and Niagara Falls.

Saturday at 6 p.m. a few fans stopped to watch Kevin Standlee's countdown to the closing of the polls with a little hint of Times Square on New Years Eve. Then his crew counted the ballots in near-record time. Standlee said, "With so many people to count ballots, an unexpected first-ballot victory, and a nifty summary sheet developed by Covert Beach to save the time usually spent trying to balance the totals, it took us only 70 minutes to actually count the ballots. In fact, we'd finished before my dinner arrived."

About that time the first masquerade runthrough ended. Once the judges returned and the audience filed back in, Kevin announced Baltimore's victory.

Kevin reported to the next day's Business Meeting that only 13 site selection ballots had been mailed to the U.K. address, and of them, only 6 had the voter fee attached. He also made public that, after DragonCon, some people inquired whether they could change their mail ballot vote (presumably cast for

1998 Site Selection Results

<u>BID</u>	<u>Mail</u>	<u>Thu</u>	<u>Fri</u>	<u>Sat</u>	<u>Total</u>
Baltimore	296	117	199	200	812
Boston	103	38	78	105	324
Atlanta	91	34	28	41	194
Niagara Falls	63	17	39	70	189
None of the Above	5	1	2	1	9
Write Ins:					
Arkham	1	0	3	0	4
Hold Over Funds	0	3	0	0	3
Minneapolis in '73	0	1	0	0	1
Cuba				1	1
TOTAL WITH PREFERENCE	559	211	349	418	1537
Needed to Win (Majority)					769
No Preference	11	2	2	2	17
Total Valid Ballots	570	213	351	420	1554
No Voting Fee	7				

Mike Donahue was hacked off that parts of the Tower of London had been closed while he was touring it. He found out the reason when he turned a corner and crossed paths with the Queen of England. Tepper wondered if Mike blurted out something like, "Hi, Queen! My girlfriend's named Liz, too!" When Donahue told me the story later, all that happened was the Queen was in a chapel at the Tower in observance of the 50th Anniversary of V-J Day. He came out of the Tower to where about 1000 people were restrained by traffic barricades just in time to see the Queen exit the Tower, sign the register and say "Hi" to

Atlanta). Standlee, chairman of the business meeting, had ruled that a ballot is not cast until it is processed, which occurs at the Worldcon, and before then it is only held, therefore a voter could submit a replacement ballot. Future bid presentations were also made at the Sunday business meeting. Someone asked Australia in '99 bidder Stephen Boucher if visas are needed to enter Australia: they are. Martin Hoare asked, "Do British citizens require a criminal record?" Boucher answered, "Not anymore. We have enough of our own now."

Fractured Conversations From The L.A.con III Table: David Gerrold instructed, "Add this to your list of questions not to ask in Scotland: 'Can I get a decent glass of whiskey in this country?'"

Dick Lynch's outline of 1960s fanhistory is up to 150+ pages. Amy Thomson brought 54 copies of her book and said she was talking to dealers about buying the copies left after her signing. Teddy Harvia was accumulating a mailing list to aid his 1999 DUFF campaign. I tried to bribe him to become one of his nominators.

Fred Patten said he spent the afternoon at the Mitchell Library looking through 1930's vintage *Books In Print* on behalf of some impenetrable research project. Parris was overheard in conversation about the death of Roger Zelazny anticipating having to defend herself from blame that "the best short-story writer of your generation died in poverty."

Some tell a story better than others. Matthew Tepper said

the Archbishop of Canterbury.

James Young still works with the Department of State and said he knew the Bob Fraser who was one of three diplomats killed in a car crash in Bosnia. Young had a chance to practice his Russian on a Ukrainian fan who rewarded him with a glass of wine. Greg Benford said next year's Nebulas are within "artillery distance" of where he lives.

De Press, Boss! "IT'S SCIENCE FRICTION" screamed the headline on page 19 of the *Sunday Mail*. "'Weirdos' show is branded a rip-off," warned the subhead, pointing to a photo of Texas furry fan Russ Allit cross-dressed as a female fox alongside a two-headed Will Tingle costumed as Zaphod Beeblebrox.

The media presented wildly divergent views of Intersection merely by running true to form with the ways they report any topic. The *Sunday Mail's* angle on Intersection obviously upset everyone, but the *Sunday Mail* is one of many U.K. tabloids appealing to readers with its habitually prurient and cynical viewpoint.

On this Sunday, it meant the *Mail* convicted sf fandom on the basis of two guys in costume and "one mum" who said, "There's hardly anything to do once you get in. It's just a load of stalls and weirdos walking around looking as if they are on drugs. The children were bored within minutes. It was a waste of money." (That she was given a refund went unreported.)

But Friday's issue of *The Herald* gave a fair and remarkably

Worldcon Masquerade Award Winners

Novice Awards

- Best Workmanship:** Dina Flockhart and company for "Royal Rumble"
Best Presentation: Blair Ault for "Dorothy of Oz"
Best in Class: Guilia De Cesare for "Hyperbole, Muse of Purple Prose"

Journeyman Awards

- Best Workmanship:** Mike and Maggie Percival for beading and electronic on "Return of the Hunt"
Best Workmanship: Lisa Ashton for "Home Improvement"
Best Presentation: Tom Nanson and company for "Winds Four Quarters"
Best in Class: Lisa Ashton for "Home Improvement"

Master Awards

- Best Workmanship:** Michele Dennis for applique on "Deidre of the Sorrows" (upgraded from Journeyman)
Best Presentation: Not awarded
Best in Class: Not awarded

Best in Show

- Mike and Maggie Percival for "Return of the Hunt"

the convention. I didn't see what they aired, but I got the feeling fans enjoyed it after I read the daily newzine inviting everyone to see the video on Monday with the promise: "Your chance to get Chris O'Shea jokes in stereo, as he heckles [interviewer] Craig Charles live and on screen simultaneously."

Hugo Awards Ceremony: At the pre-awards reception, Mike Moir, a Hugo Administrator, climbed onto a stool and displayed the 1995 Hugo. Designer Sylvia Starshine chose a classically simple base design, though a description of the materials she used showed it was a complex thing to produce. The rocket sat on a synthetic granite base, shaped a bit like a hockey puck, which rested on a circular base of black. A thin steel disk covered the top of the base, incised with name of the category and winner.

A sign of the times, event organizer Gytha North started the Hugo Ceremony by asking people to turn their mobile phones off and their pagers to mute.

Then six pair of amber-colored spots illuminated an empty stage to lend a touch of mourning to Bob Silverberg's appreciation of the late John Brunner. Silverberg noted the many parallels in their lives. They were born just two months apart. Each started writing about 1954. They met for the first time at the 1957 Worldcon in London. Both won Hugos on the same night in 1969. Both had emceed Worldcon banquets: Brunner conducted the Heicon banquet in German. (The Worldcon was in Heidelberg, Germany.) Silverberg concluded, "This, in the darkest possible way, is

a unique convention.... Death at a Worldcon is like a death in the family. Please give a moment of applause, rather than a moment of silence."

The toastmasters, Diane Duane and Peter Morwood, had a hard act to follow in every sense of the word. Their fannish humor led into the various non-Hugo Awards. Masamichi Osaka announced the Western winners of the Japanese national convention's Seiun Awards. Ethel Lindsay and Dave Kyle presented the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award to Harry Warner, Jr., which was picked up by Dick Lynch. Forry Ackerman announced a Big Heart Award for Kenneth F. Slater. Slater said that 10 minutes earlier he was ready to walk out because he is deaf and couldn't hear a word anybody said. "I'm glad I stayed."

Stan Schmidt gave the Campbell Award to Jeff Noon. Schmidt teased us, "Believe it or not, John W. Campbell was only two editors before me."

insightful report that seemed to take its cue from Terry Pratchett who told them, "People keep banging on about sci-fi fans, but these people are on holiday -- and on holiday you slob around in an old T-shirt and jeans. What people just do not appreciate is that on Tuesday these people will be back at work programming computers and teaching your kids."

Andy Porter said the reference in Thursday's article to a bearded American fan with ribbons cascading down the ski slope of his stomach was a reference to -- him.

The Economist magazine also gave substantial notice to the con, and sf generally, in "Loving the Alien." A fan went online and tweaked Gerrold and Resnick, who play Hope-and-Crosby roles on CompuServe, saying, "Of the living persons mentioned, Aldiss, Delany and Gerrold, it mentions that 'Trouble with Tribbles' is still the best known of [Gerrold's] works. Still, Resnick is not mentioned at all!"

Intersection scored a coup by arranging a cross-promotion with television Channel 4's Sci-Fi Weekend. A series of well-known sf movies were linked with reports and interviews from

Leading up to the Hugo Awards, Mike Resnick enjoyed the glory of being the first person ever with four nominations on

1995 Hugo Award Winners

Best Novel: **Mirror Dance** by Lois McMaster Bujold
 Best Novella: "Seven Views of Olduvai Gorge" by Mike Resnick
 Best Novelle: "The Martian Child" by David Gerrold
 Best Short Story: "None So Blind" by Joe Haldeman
 Best Nonfiction Book: **I**, Asimov
 Best Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois
 Best Artist: Jim Burns
 Best Original Artwork: Brian Froud, *Lady Cottington's Pressed Fairy Book*
 Best Dramatic Presentation: **All Good Things**, *Star Trek, The Next Generation*
 Best Semi-Prozine: *Interzone*, edited by David Pringle
 Best Fan Artist: Teddy Harvia
 Best Fan Author: Dave Langford
 Best Fanzine: *Ansible*, edited by Dave Langford
 Campbell Award for Best New Writer: Jeff Noon

The Seiun Awards are the award voted by the Japanese national convention. The winners in the categories for works translated from English to Japanese were presented by Masamichi and Michiko Osako. Dan Simmons won for his novel **Hyperion**. Cordwainer Smith won for short story first published in *Galaxy* in 1961.

First Fandom Hall of Fame Awards were presented by David Kyle to Jack Speer and Harry Warner, Jr.

Forrest Ackerman presented the Big Heart Award to Kenneth F. Slater.

cover paintings, and I've already lost three Hugos, and all that's left is 'Seven Views', and Carol leans over and whispers: 'Did you know Brian Stableford has a novella up against yours?'"

"Seven Views of Olduvai Gorge" won the Hugo and saved Resnick from a shutout. He jibed at fellow Hugo-winner David Gerrold ("The Martian Child") on CompuServe: "The three losses were so Ursula wouldn't feel alone. The win was so you wouldn't feel superior."

Chris Priest's *The Book on the Edge of Forever*, a nominee for Best Nonfiction book, finished four votes behind the winner. *Ansible 98* reported that Norman Spinrad "carried a commission from Harlan Ellison to 'punch Priest out if he wins'" -- which explained a strange conversation I had hours before the Hugo Ceremony. John-Henri Holmberg told me at the L.A.con III table he was thinking of avoiding the Hugo ceremonies because Harlan had asked him to do, ah, certain things, if, ah, certain things happened at the Hugos. Holmberg wouldn't say more, other than that Harlan asked Norman Spinrad to do the same thing. Now I know the "thing" Holmberg had been requested to do.

With so much the tension in the air, it's not the nominees but the presenters who have all the fun. Artist guest of honor Les Edwards, presenting the Hugo for Best Original Artwork, said, "There are some very nervous artists in the audience, and it would give me great pleasure to make them wait."

Connie Willis had a lot of good lines, some of them about Britain's tabloid press. "Exactly how gullible would you have to be to be hypnotized by a dog? And what would he make you do once you were hypnotized?"

Gytha North and the tech crew deserve praise for setting an excellent tone for the event in their choice of music and special effects lighting. The music played throughout the Hugo Ceremonies came from Jeff Wayne's *War of the Worlds*, just recently released in the UK.

Unfortunately, it appeared there were myriad missed lighting cues, like when Janice Gelb came onstage to display the Hugo trophy and had to hunt for a spot to stand under. According to Kevin Standlee, the lighting cues worked poorly at the Hugos because the hall's lighting system didn't allow for joystick control of a follow-spot. All they had was a series of lights which had to be pre-programmed to follow a pattern.

Hugo Nominees Party: A recent tradition is that the next

the final ballot. Now Resnick confronted his nightmare: would he also set a record by losing four Hugos in one night? Bob Silverberg told Resnick about going 0-for-3 at the Worldcon where he was guest of honor, which Resnick privately interpreted to mean, "It's a lousy record, but it's mine!" Connie Willis and Orson Scott Card have also gone 0-for-3 on Hugo night.

Mike Resnick told online readers how much comfort his wife had been at this anxious moment: "So I'm sitting there in the audience, watching *Interzone* knock off *Locus* and *SFC*, and Jim Burns beat Michael Whelan, and *Ansible* wallop *Mimosa* and *Lan's Lantern*, and the British art book beat the American

year's worldcon hosts an after-Hugos reception for the nominees at the current Worldcon and gives them a cheap little gift. So L.A.con III held a party after the Hugos on Sunday night and gave away logo-imprinted flashlights.

We agreed to accommodate the committee by hosting our party in the Moat House, the hotel adjacent to the convention center where the Hugo ceremonies took place. This was an element in their strategy to keep the shuttle buses from being overwhelmed by people leaving the Hugos. They provided the function room without cost to us, but we had to order everything from the hotel.

I anticipated that nominees and other riff-raff (that is to say, our friends) would pass through the party and eventually leave for the party hotel where SFFWA was having its own function. To complement the drinking likely to happen at these other parties I spent our budget on hot snacks and small sandwiches. The hotel set up a cash bar in the party, too. A couple of the nominees really liked this choice; one who didn't, Evelyn Leeper, thought it was incredibly tacky not to have free drinks for the nominees.

I estimate about 200 people passed through the party (because gave away at least that many flashlights.) Linda Deneroff said she couldn't even get into the party, it was so crowded. Fred Duarte declared, "A lot of wannabes there, trying to get within sniffing distance of greatness."

Closing Ceremonies: Of all the brilliant things her division achieved at the con, Gytha North's master stroke was her parody of her own safety announcement. Her crew also produced a wonderful video retrospective of the con. It rang that sought-after emotional note at the end of a Worldcon.

For obvious reasons, most of what I remember from Closing Ceremonies involves my role as chair of L.A.con III.

The chairmen of Intersection handed over the gavel to me and the spanner of Tech to Kevin Standlee (standing in for that department). Then I came to the rostrum accompanied by the huge, Chinese dragon-length mascot of Nessie, the Loch Ness Monster. I announced our guests, then pitched a couple of awful puns at Nessie about coming to audition for films in Hollywood. Most of the comedy was supplied by Nessie, who made a couple of passes at biting off my head while I wasn't looking.

Kevin Standlee had the unusual experience of being an official participant in the gavel handoff at both Opening and Closing Ceremonies. He stored the gavel of WSFS after ConAdian and brought it to Glasgow for the handover ceremony. At closing ceremonies, Kevin served as a proxy for L.A.con III technical staff by accepting the Tech Spanner of Fandom: a huge wrench (for 1

Clippings from the Daily Newzine

Issue #3, Friday: "The fire alarm at the Moat House went off twice last night, at 03:35 and 04:45, with the building being evacuated both times. ...The committee were late in evacuating as they were desperately scrabbling through their vast assortment of beepers, radios and portable phones to see what was making the noise. Parris, who brought a Terry Pratchett book to read, was able to get it signed while waiting for the all-clear."

Issue #4, Friday: "Two passports have been found and handed in to Security. If you want to be Wim van der Bosport (Dutch) or Paul Bondesen (Danish) then hurry along to Ops while we still have some left."

Issue #8, Saturday: "A moment's sympathy for the Turkish soldier who managed to get leave for the period of the convention (difficult), an exit visa from Turkey (very difficult), and all the way to Glasgow on very little money (par for the course.) On arrival, he volunteered for an Ops shift, and found himself guarding a doorway for hours at a stretch. He says he found it comfortably nostalgic, but missed his gun."

Sunday, #9: Ian Gunn cartoon. Two detectives poised over a dead man impaled by a flaming giraffe. Says one, "Yes... It looks like the work of our surreal killer, again...."

3/4 inch nuts) which ConAdian's tech crew had given to Intersection. Kevin reports, "I got to haul the spanner home as well as the gavel; I assure you that the spanner shows up quite nicely on the X-ray machine, and I explained as best I could why I was carrying a half-meter-long spanner in my luggage."

The finale for our brief time on stage was the promotional video prepared by Craig Miller and Mike Donahue using a computer graphics simulation of flying over the terrain of LA and Orange County in a way that gives the illusion of 3-D. These graphics were intercut with scenes of interest to tourists, scenes of local fanac or L.A.con II (including shots of Bloch and Zelazny).

E-Mail: With a committee spread over half the world, Intersection relied heavily on e-mail. Co-chair Martin Easterbrook took stock after the con and reported, "I have 23,919 e-mails on my work system filed as relating to Intersection. I'd estimate about another 4,000-5,000 on my home system. This averages about 20 a day over three years. A couple of test searches showed that 1,464 lines contained references to art show; 2,348 lines contained references to 'VAT'."

Easterbrook noted at its peak the 1987 Worldcon (Conspiracy) office was receiving 300 letters per day: Intersection peaked at fewer than 50. "This suggests that something about the way we communicate with the world outside the committee has changed."

The Future of Glasgow: In the afterglow of a successful Worldcon, the other co-chairman, Vince Docherty, tantalized fans with reports that new construction began at the SECC immediately after Intersection. Not only is another large exhibition hall being added. The promenade between the cab rank and entrance will be replaced by a Convention Centre resembling the Sydney opera house, with shells in a line, that locals have nicknamed the "Armadillo."

Docherty reminded his readers that if they wanted another UK worldcon in eight years, they'd have to be prepared to launch a bid for the year 2003 at San Antonio (the 1997 Worldcon) in order to allow a three-year bid campaign before voting at the worldcon in 2000.

Final Thoughts: Intersection drew over 4800 fans but its greatest achievement was probably invisible to most of them. The convention's British directors forged an operating committee from fans throughout the world. They even set up a North American division and asked the British area heads to recruit an American deputy -- to benefit from others' experience, get skilled help and relieve the overtaxed resources of British convention fandom.

How this concept succeeded is far more remarkable than anyone's resistance to it (and there was some). The new attitude produced a convention whose public face welcomed Americans on the same basis as fans from the rest of the world, as the Dutch did in 1990. This stood in sharp contrast to the face shown to LA fans in particular at the last British Worldcon (Conspiracy, in 1987.)

How did the con appear to fans unaware of this metamorphosis? It made an excellent first impression at registration: people moved quickly, for many hands were set to the work - even the chairmen took shifts. Very little happened all weekend to keep the average attendee from feeling Intersection was well-organized, which I view as the fairest measure of a Worldcon committee and something Intersection achieved despite the challenge of tragedy.



News of Fandom

Larry van der Putte Has a Merry Christmas

Popular Dutch fan Larry van der Putte survived serious medical problems this fall and tells fans in his Christmas card, "A fresh new year is dawning. A fresh start is made. Whatever is coming, I am ready for it."

Larry had a tumor removed this spring, and had a course of chemotherapy over the summer. He returned to the hospital for another operation on October 4. He initially appeared on his way to recovery without any complications. However, four days after the operation, Larry developed a high fever and on October 9 he was moved into intensive care. On October 12 he suffered a heart attack. Lynne Ann Morse and Roelof Goudriaan spent most of October sending e-mail updates to a huge list of Larry's friends and acquaintances, telling them his status and how people could support him through a time of trial. They responded with a flood of cards and e-mail.

Fortunately, after weeks of blood work, therapy and rest, Larry was on the way to recovery. Stephen Rice visited Larry shortly before he was discharged from the hospital and wrote, "He is looking remarkably good. He is currently sporting a crew cut, which has pretensions to being a short back and sides, and no moustache. To be honest, he looked like a little bookkeeper as he sat there in bed. The good news is that the biopsy on the removed nodes showed up negative, i.e. no malignant cells. The doctors say that the heart attack has caused only minor stiffening to a portion of the heart muscle and it is unlikely to cause him any problems in the future. At worst he might get some pain after some very strenuous physical exercise. As I pointed out to him, this could be advantage during setups and teardowns. The other amazing thing, he says to his doctors as well, is that he is walking around and is threatening to leave the hospital!"

A Simcha In Brooklyn

Set the Wayback Machine for December 10 and you can still avail yourselves of an invitation to the wedding of Karen and Mordechai Housman, since Mordechai's postscript extended the welcome to all *File 770* readers. Don't blame him for the publishing schedule! The couple planned to be married in Brooklyn. The flyer enclosed with the invitation contained interesting details about the wedding ceremony (*kiddushin*) and reception, and asked guests to observe the Hasidic sensibilities of modesty in dress: "...Clothing that reaches up to the collar bone in the

front and to just below the nape of the neck in back, and extends below the knees. Long sleeves that cover the elbows are also required." The couple wished, "that we can share this *simcha*, this joyous occasion, with you, and that from here we continue to rise upon joy after joy, until the world is improved beyond measure."

Houston, We Have No Problem

L.A.con III Hugo Awards co-administrator David Bratman interrupted a season of intense debate over the eligibility of the movie *Apollo 13* by announcing, "Now that Intersection has passed an amendment that would, had it had time to be ratified, explicitly permit *Apollo 13* to be eligible for the Dramatic Presentation Hugo, it's time to announce that the L.A.con Hugo Administrators intend to follow the spirit of that rule and consider *Apollo 13* to be eligible. If you nominate it, it will be on the ballot."

It was ironic to see debate raging about the eligibility of the *Apollo 13* movie when the *Apollo 11* news coverage won a Hugo in 1970. But as George Flynn points out, in those days the category definition read, "Any production, directly related to science fiction or fantasy, in the fields of radio, television, stage, or screen, which has been" etc. In 1971 this was changed to the current text, "Any production in any medium of dramatized science fiction or fantasy which has been" etc. According to a contemporary account (*Luna Monthly*, 10/71), it "was passed with little discussion." The intent of the motion was unquestionably to enlarge the number of eligible media (two recordings, "Blows Against the Empire" and "Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers", had been nominated that year, and their eligibility was questioned). Flynn does not believe the change from "directly related to SF" to "of dramatized SF" was discussed at all, or that anyone even thought about its implications. George guesses the change was made to put the concept of a "dramatic presentation" somewhere in the rules. He adds, "But you know, *Apollo 13* is a relatively simple case. This year, Comet Shoemaker-Levy came within 7 votes (32 vs. 39) of being nominated for Best Dramatic Presentation. Just think of the fun we could have had arguing about that! ('Accepting the award on behalf of God is...')"

Bay Area Bids Go Bye

San Francisco Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (ConFrancisco's parent corporation) held it's semi-annual Board of Directors meeting on Sunday, 8 October 1995,

according to Kevin Standlee.

The Westercon Organizing Committee was discharged, at their request, inasmuch as they lost the 1997 Westercon bid.

The Future Worldcon Study Committee was not continued, because its chairman (Jeff Canfield) said he could not identify sufficient local support to justify a 2002 Worldcon bid. (But see more comments later.)

SFSFC has about \$7,000 remaining, of which perhaps \$5,000 is "reportable" to WSFS. We discussed the rules for what and how long we have to keep submitting financial reports to WSFS.

Michael Siladi was authorized to organize "ConStruction '96," probably in February 1996, as a Bay Area-focused conrunning convention, and was allocated a budget of \$500.

SFSFC voted to make a grant to APA:WSFS (c/o MCFI), matching any grants made by ConAdian or MagiCon (by 12/31/95) on a 1-for-4 basis, up to a maximum of \$250. (We suggest that ConAdian and MagiCon, both of which have much larger surpluses than ConFrancisco, donate \$500 each.)

A committee was established to study future convention plans. The Convention Organization Study Group was chartered to consider what we do next, but no members were appointed to it, as the Board decided to leave that up to the new Board that takes office on January 1.

ConAdian Distributes Pass-On Funds

by Kevin Standlee: ConAdian, the 1994 World Science Fiction Convention, has paid and/or authorized grants totalling C\$52,716.99 (US\$39,087.75) split among their three successors, Intersection, L.A.con III, and LoneStarCon 2, under the terms of the "pass-along funds" agreement.

According to ConAdian's Chairman, John Mansfield, ConAdian paid C\$15,300 earlier this year to Intersection's Canadian agents in an "advance payment" so that Intersection could have their money in time to do something with it before their Worldcon. L.A.con III and LoneStarCon 2 both agreed to wait for their payments while ConAdian awaited a ruling from Revenue Canada on the tax status of Worldcon memberships.

At SMOFcon 13 in Austin TX on December 9, 1995, Linda Ross-Mansfield, President of the Board of Directors of ConAdian A World Science Fiction Convention, Inc.,

presented checks to LAcon III and LoneStarCon 2 for US\$13,029.25 (C\$17,572.33) each, representing their entire pass-along payment. The remainder due to Intersection, C\$2,272.33, was available at SMOFcon, but no authorized representative of Intersection attended SMOFcon 13 to accept it. (Arrangements for transferring Intersection's remaining pass-along funds are pending.)

"Pass-Along Funds" is a voluntary agreement between Worldcon committees. Worldcons that participate agree to divide at least 50% of any surplus among their three successors, but only those successors who also participate in the agreement. In return, participating Worldcons are eligible to receive a share of their predecessors' surpluses under the same formula.

Since the pass-along funds agreement was instituted by Noreascon Three in 1989, four Worldcons have passed along surpluses (Noreascon Three, MagiCon, ConFrancisco, ConAdian), one did not have a surplus to distribute (ConFiction), and one did not participate (Chicon V). All currently seated Worldcons are participants in pass-along funds, and most Worldcon bid committees have announced that they will participate in the agreement.

In a financial statement issued at the WSFS Business Meeting at Intersection, ConAdian announced that they had a surplus of C\$107,942.94 on revenues of C\$569,746.22 (mostly consisting of memberships, C\$412,973.42). Further convention-related expenses incurred after August 1, 1995 brought the net surplus down slightly.

Besides the pass-along funds grants, ConAdian has also issued various other grants totaling C\$6,356.93 as of August 1, 1995: Science Fiction Research Association C\$1,000; Winnipeg Science Fiction Association (SF in Manitoba Promotion) C\$2,000; BanffCon C\$1,000; Winnipeg Public Library C\$1,000; John Brunner (travel to 1995 SFRA Annual Conference) C\$1,356.93.

Westercon 48 Gives Surplus Away

The Executive Committee of Westercon 48 had its final meeting, reports John Lorentz, and decided where to send its surplus of approximately \$15,000. Here's what they decided: 20% (about \$3,000) to the Susan Petrey Clarion Scholarship Fund; 17% (about \$2,500) for the purchase of a (DOS compatible) computer and laser printer for use by OSFCI-sponsored events; 12% (about \$1,800) for post-convention activities, including a gift for committee and staff; 10% (about \$1,500) for OSFCI (the non-profit corporation behind OryCon and Westercon); 10% for local libraries for books and science fiction activities; 7% (about

\$1,000) for the Oregon Humane Society; 7% for Oregon Literacy; 5% (about \$750) for a local nature-preservation group; 4% (about \$600) for gaming equipment for OSFCI events; 3% (about \$450) for the SFFWA Emergency Medical Fund; 3% for the Bob Miller Needy Kids Fund (a charity that purchases eyeglasses and hearing aids for needy kids in the Portland metro area); 1% (about \$150) for Buckman Elementary School library (Portland public school); 1% for Applegate Elementary School library (same).

CONVENTION LISTINGS

Mythcon 27, July 26-29, 1996. At the University of Colorado, Boulder CO. Artist Guest of Honor: Ted Nasmith. Scholar Guest of Honor: Doris T. Myers. The annual Mythopoeic Conference of the Mythopoeic Society. Theme: The Inklings and Nature. Membership: \$49. Room and board prices to be announced later. Write: Mythcon XXVII, PO Box 3849, Littleton CO 80161-3849. Phone (voice mail): 303-741-1146.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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OBITUARIES

Gil Gaier

Appreciation by Rex Winn

In Loving Memory of Gilbert Earl Gaier
9 July 1925 to 14 August 1995
Cremation & Burial at Sea

Gil died from complications of diabetes. His body had been fairly ravaged by the disease.

Most of Gil's teaching career was spent at Hawthorne High School. When he turned fifty-five, the school district gave him the option of an early retirement. He took it. He told me often, "That was my best move ever." The first con he attended was Westercon 29 in 1976. He took trips to England, New Orleans, Denver -- wherever a con led him. He made friends everywhere. His love of science fiction

consumed his life.

In many aspects of his life, he was a teacher. As one of his best friends, I was aware that he was in the teaching mode much of the time -- it was a characteristic of his. In the school system he inspired many of his students to be better students and better people. He especially cared for the youth, and he taught them with all the enthusiasm he had. He cared about people, and even during these past few years when he was unable to get out, he devised ways to try to reach out and expand his horizons.

Finally, due to failing health, he was no longer able to attend any more cons. I think I took him to his last one here in Los Angeles. It was difficult for him to get from his house to the hotel.

When Gil lost most of his eyesight, it cut him off from the world. Everything needed to be read to him, and this cut him off from most everybody he knew. I know it was a difficult period of time for him, and he missed his friends greatly. He was basically a her the last ten years of his life, but, as always, he kept his spirits high. It was when he would say, "That was my best move ever," that I realized how much he desired to get back into his science fiction world. Because he could neither read nor respond, it was extremely difficult for him to stay in touch with his science-fiction world.

Physically, his strength was waning. He went through a long series of operations -- heart, eyes, implanting shunts for dialysis. Dialysis was an every-other day treatment for the past year-and-a-half. His kidneys had shut down. His trips to the hospital and the visits to a number of specialists became a long blur. After his dialysis treatment, he would be tired. At the end he was facing the prospect of losing one of his legs. Through all this, he kept a good attitude.

At his Memorial Service, his brother Allen, among other things, left us with these words:

"When Gilbert was in junior high, at a place called Horace Mann, he took an interest in the school paper called *The Wise Man*. Before long he became managing editor, printing overseer, and star reporter. Soon the paper was so full of news, not only of the school, but of the surrounding area, that people living in the neighborhood would come on campus and buy copies. This not only sparked his interest in the power of the printed word, but also attracted the attention of the American Legion, who awarded him a college scholarship.

"He started with decision, direction and determination. He educated himself, then turned his efforts to the education of others, especially those uninspired ones who might have, without his help, been totally lost in this world of big

business. How did he chose to do this?

"He used the appeal of his beloved science fiction as a tool, getting those slow, or practically non-readers through practice to develop those reading skills that are so badly needed in every walk of life today.

"About a year or so ago he told me, 'Well, my appetite is great, and my teeth are good, but everything else is falling apart.'

"I recall a time when we were small, and both wanted something. I forget what it was now, and our mother said, 'One of you divide it, and the other one gets his choice.' Seemed fair enough to me at the time, but he must have been deeply impressed, for he mentioned it to me some six or so decades later, saying that the incident had imbued in him a long-lasting sense of fairness, for he always tried to see the other fellow's point of view."

Personally, I have known Gil for almost thirty years, and for many of those years he has been my best friend. He was a blessing in my life right to the end.

John Brunner: A Remembrance by Matthew B. Tepper

Copyright 1995 by Matthew B. Tepper

The following remembrance was written on the occasion of the death, on 25 August 1995, of science fiction writer John Brunner, at the World Science Fiction Convention in Glasgow, Scotland:

John Kilian Houston Brunner wasn't just a famous pro writer to me. He was a friend of mine for the past 20-odd years.

I can't say just when I was first aware of his work, but I remember reading *Stand on Zanzibar* upon its publication in 1968.

That was an impressive piece of work, by a writer with a great cynical bent and an understanding of what makes people tick and why things go wrong -- and that was precisely the sort of insight he was best at bringing into science fiction. Our personal association began, I think, in 1972, when I read a short story of his, "Planetfall," which was contained in a collection, *From This Day Forward*.

It was a brief mood piece about a girl in a run-down spaceport town who meets a boy from a spacefaring generation ship that puts down in the port for supplies; they meet and talk for only a night and then separate, never to meet again. I was 19 and a budding composer, and so I thought, "This would make a wonderful short opera!"

Of course I had to have his permission, and I wrote him care of Doubleday & Co.

I don't know what some other writers would have done, but John wrote back in the friendliest terms and said he would like to see me give a try at the project. He didn't know who I was, he'd never heard a note I'd written, and for all I know he may not have known where Santa Monica (where I then lived) was. But the idea that someone wanted to take his story (if not his actual words), and make an opera out of it, was exciting to him. We had a lively conversation in letters for some months, in which we exchanged ideas on music (about which he knew a great deal), on liberal and radical politics (about which he knew even more), about anything and everything. And then finally he happened to visit Los Angeles. He would be staying at the home of Kris and Lil Neville, and some other friends would be popping by, and he insisted that I be there as well.

I showed up, per his ~~order~~ invitation, and could have died and gone to science fiction heaven. There were the Nevilles, of course, and Harlan Ellison, and Fritz Leiber, and just about every one of the giants who could be found in Los Angeles in those days. (There was an elderly lady who was "Mrs. Reggie," and I only found out much later that she was C.L. Moore!) I was just some sniveling teenaged neo who pretended to be a composer, but John insisted I call him John, and he treated me as an equal alongside all these giants. Nowadays I can eat a reuben sandwich at the same table as Larry Niven with perfect equanimity, or rub elbows with Harry Turtledove at a LASFS meeting, and it's as ordinary as everyday life. But imagine what this grand convocation at the Nevilles meant to such a young fan!

The opera didn't get completed; my librettist died, I spun my wheels trying to find an appropriate replacement, and eventually I gave up trying to compose in a world where my compositional style would have been perceived as nothing special. But I did complete a small chunk of it, a choral number, and even had it performed at San Francisco State University. I honestly can't say how often I saw John in the years after that, but we kept in touch and always found time to hobnob when we were at the same convention. John was one of a few locals I telephoned on the occasion of my first trip to Britain in 1985. He was always interested in what I had been doing and the latest news from home; because, dammit, your friends matter to you, no matter what the interval between meetings.

I saw John yesterday, 60 years old but (to the eye) as fit and feisty as Sir Thomas Beecham. He asked (as always!) what had ever become with the opera, and this time I actually had some news about it -- the fellow-student who had conducted that university performance was Kent Nagano, now the conductor of the Opera de Lyon and the

music director of the Hall Orchestra of Manchester. John was tickled that someone involved (however peripherally) with a work of his could have come to such a fate. He inquired whether I had a tape, and when I said I had, he urged me to see that I made him a copy. We exchanged addresses and arranged to get together in between some of his commitments on Sunday. But as we all know that was not meant to be.

John, I don't know what other good or bad deeds you did in your life, but this young fan (now nearly 42) remembers a genial, generous and wise man who brightened my life with your friendship. I'll be remembering you tonight, and always.

Jeff Ford

On October 19, Jeff Ford, well-known Milwaukee fan, had a major heart attack. He drove himself to the hospital where emergency angioplasty was done, reports Ross Pavlac. "The blockage was virtually total -- amazing since Jeff is not overweight like most of us SF fans," added Pavlac. Anti-coagulants were administered but they triggered some brain hemorrhaging. Ford went into a coma. He was given an EEG and it flatlined. After further tests, life-sustaining equipment was turned off and Ford passed away. His funeral was October 23.

Charles Mustchin Science fiction collector and fan by Dick Lynch

Some somber news to report. I received a letter from Australian fan Frank Bryning, who provides the following information:

"With deep regret, I have to pass on an item of recent news. Sadly, it is to report the death from cancer of Charles Mustchin on July 14th at the age of 78. For several years, Charles had suffered from an increasingly acute form of arthritis which, in his last 18 months, had paralyzed his arms, legs, and back, rendering him immobile and virtually incommunicado. It also submerged and disguised symptoms of the cancer which quite suddenly ended his life."

Charles Mustchin had in interest in science fiction for virtually his entire life, and was active in Australian fandom in the early 1950s. Harry Warner, Jr.'s history of science fiction fandom in the 1950s, *A Wealth of Fable*, has this to say about him, "The first Brisbane Science Fiction Group grew out of a 1951 telephone call from Charles Mustchin of Coolangatta to Frank Bryning," and "Mustchin was one of Australia's leading collectors of professional science fiction, having started to build his accumulation of books

and magazines in the late 1920s."

By the time of his death, Mustchin's collection of science fiction books and magazines numbered over 10,000. Before he became ill, he made it a point to read at least two hours every day. Although distance and the passing of time make his name perhaps unfamiliar to fans in North America, he was one of the leading fans of his time, so much so that Arthur C. Clarke made a point to visit him on his trip to Australia in 1955 and on subsequent trips there. It is unfortunate that Mustchin's fan activities did not often extend outside the borders of Australia; only a few North American fans ever met him. By all accounts, he very much enjoyed his life in the rural setting along Australia's eastern coast, and did not like to travel great distances. If he had happened to live in the fan-dense communities of North America instead of a small town in Australia, he might have been as prominent a fan as Harry Warner, Jr., Charles Barrett, or Forry Ackerman.

I'm writing this so that people will know about him.

The Fanivore

Galen A. Tripp

I was surprised and more than a little amazed to find *The Book on the Edge of Forever* by Christopher Priest on the final Hugo ballot. Has the presence of the Priest book on the Hugo ballot gone uncommented on (or unnoticed), or did I miss something? I have been known to miss things.

The Book on the Edge of Forever is an anti-Harlan Ellison diatribe. The seemingly sole purpose Christopher Priest had in creating the thing was to make people dislike Harlan Ellison. It simply continues a feud Mr. Priest and others have had with Mr. Ellison. People who already dislike Mr. Ellison may find this reason enough to nominate the book. People who like Mr. Ellison, and people who are neutral or disinterested, will more likely feel that the Hugo ballot is the wrong place to carry on this petty bickering.

I fall solidly in the "like Mr. Ellison" category. So I feel much embarrassment that the Hugo Awards are being used in such a sleazy manner.

That is my opinion. What do others think? (Anyone have the nerve to get Mr. Ellison's opinion on this? Don't look at me!)

Ed Meskys

I am probably the umpteenth person to say so, but "High Hallack" (or however it's spelled) is a writers' retreat in the mountains of North Carolina or Kentucky being established by Andre Norton.

I liked your defenses of the Boston and Baltimore [in '98] bids. I am planning to vote for Baltimore with Boston second. The only bid I have strongly negative feelings about is Atlanta. I think they should have waited out another cycle after losing, the way LA did, and then really jump in with a very strong bid. Perhaps I am being unfair to them, but the story I hear is that they are putting on a comics con Labor Day '98 and have the facilities so they are bidding for the heck of it.

[[The core of the Atlanta in '98 committee also ran Dragon-Con, a science fiction/fantasy/media/comics/popular culture convention held annually in July for over 10,000 people. The group already had been voted the rights to this year's NAS-FiC, which they combined with DragonCon. The Atlanta

group that lost a bid for the 1995 Worldcon did not organize the 1998 bid.]]

Thinking about it, this criticism might be as unfair as the criticism of Boston and Baltimore which you cited. An advantage they have in this cycle that I am unhappy about is all the supporting memberships they have in the '95 con from people who had voted for them. Anyhow, I am voting for them in last place and fervently hope they don't make it. Then I suggest they make a strong, well-planned bid for '04 which I would support.

I enjoyed the discussion of multiple Hugo nominations, and Taral's long letter on furry fandom. I liked very much your articles on furry fandom *[[by Taral]]* and magic fandom *[[by Drew Sanders]]*, and hope that you will continue to cover odd offshoots of fandom.

Berni Phillips

Mike, I really enjoyed this latest *File 770*. (Actually, I enjoy all of them and am just too lazy to write. E-mail is one of my necessities nowadays. I don't know how I did without it before. Besides, it keeps that pesky phone from ringing.)

I particularly liked Diana's description of Butler's receiving a genius award. The way Diana phrased it was both very special and intimate. It was just the right tone for such a special endowment.

I was also touched by your essay of Oklahoma City after the bombing. By now, we know that the target was the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, not the IRS, but that doesn't really matter. What you wrote is what matters: that behind these seemingly faceless agencies are real people with hopes and dreams and fears. The callousness of a person who would do such a deed is beyond comprehension. Government agencies will always survive such an attack; the same cannot be said for all the innocent people murdered that day.

Janice Gelb

Just wanted to let you know that I got *F770:109* and read it as I was watching the end of the Dodgers/SF game, which I imagine you enjoyed a whole lot more than I did. I tried

not to drip on it too much: it's sweltering here and I had to walk to synagogue and back in the 80+ heat, then return to my non-AC apartment.

Nice issue as usual, although I must admit to being a little puzzled as to why my name is in the contributors list. Is this like "Where's Waldo" for *File 770* subscribers: find your contribution? I found your Oklahoma City piece touching; I feel pretty oblivious in not thinking about the fact that the bombing of a federal building would affect you more viscerally than the rest of us.

Jim Young

Michaleen, just recd 109 today. Especially liked your essay on OK City. I'm a fed, too (Social Security) and this sort of thing is always tucked way in the back of the mind. Of course, we probably don't get quite the love that IRS does. The thing that really made me angry about the bombing (after the fact of the bombing itself) was the timing. If it had been well before 9:00 they would have gotten govt workers and their children. Waiting til they did also got members of the public who, I'm sure, never even consider that they were taking a risk. Once again, *very* good writing.

Guy H. Lillian III

[[See obituary of Harry B. Moore at the end of last issue's "News of Fandom" segment.]] All in all, I wish I'd met Moore, but what he left behind was distressing. I'll have to chatter about it in my genzine. I hope that when I do so, I do half as evocative a job as you did describing and mulling over the Oklahoma City bombsite.

Indeed, [visiting] the place where a great or terrible event occurred can elicit understanding of the meaning of the event. That's why I make an effort, like Cliff Amos, to visit as many Civil War battlefields as I can. The vehemence and valor of the struggles there seem to imply a sense of national purpose, which permeates even contemporary American politics. Anyone who would understand American should do as we both did, visit Gettysburg, although we seem to have found greatest significance in different areas of the battlefield: you at the Union cemetery, with its unique concentric headstones, and I at the Angle, where many Confederates still lay beneath the ground where they fell. It's a spooky, moving, and powerful place. And now that razed and empty lot in Oklahoma City has been given the same sort of significance. Well said.

Dave Langford

Alas, you've been caught by Intersection's first hasty Hugo release to the net, which has errors (swiftly corrected in follow-ups). It omits Ursula Le Guin's other novelette nomination "Solitude", has "Ian Burns" for "Jim Burns" under fan artist, and misspells "Feintuch" in the JWC nominees. Also I believe it's Michael F. [not J.] Flynn under novella, though the final ballot apparently has the same initial. (So did *Ansible*!)

I was amused by your hot news item to the effect that I would have been nominated in three Hugo categories in 1993 were it not that I wasn't. This is what investigative journalism is all about....

Ben Schilling

The Oklahoma City bombing was an act of a small group of paranoid crazies, maybe just the two or three they have already caught. That said, I believe that a large part of the IRS' problem is the IRS' attitude. The tax forms are unreadable by humans of reasonable intelligence. This must change. The fact that it is impossible to get a correct answer from the phone-in line is another major problem. Then there is the problem of those bizarre events where the person figures the tax right and the IRS refunds them some amount. Then there is a demand for back taxes, interest and penalties. This is probably the worst thing you do. It makes you look like bullies and thieves, as if the only reason for the refund was to go on a power trip.

[[A shot of bile isn't what I need, Ben. Here's the last thing I heard from Oklahoma City. K.J. Sawyer, District Director, sent a memo: "To give you an update on our folks who were injured, Nancy Ingram is recovering at home; Claudia and Jim Denny's daughter, Rebecca, is at home and doing well but Brandon is still in the hospital and listed in serious condition. He will be transferred to a rehabilitation facility in the near future."]]

I do work for the government (State of Wisconsin, Insurance Commission). On occasion I go to interdepartmental meetings because I'm the "phone guy". Last April I went to one of those meetings. At lunch a lot of people were grumbling about taxes and the IRS. The woman who was most vocal about the obnoxious behavior of the IRS worked for the Wisconsin Department of Revenue (tax collectors for the state). If you cannot convince the people who do similar work at the state level that you are doing a fair job, you probably aren't.

I don't understand the appeal of talk radio, especially now that Limbaugh is out on the far left of that group.

I also don't believe that even LASFS would ram an amendment through WSFS to allow for "retroactive" Hugo Awards.

[[Well, I'm getting the impression that you're not someone who puts a high priority on informing himself before commenting, but you could fill in your Retro-Hugo knowledge gap simply by reading this fanzine's coverage of the last two Worldcon business meetings.]]

Harry Warner Jr.

I'm sorry I'm so late in thanking you for the 109th *File 770*. It happened in part because I took a three-week vacation from writing locs this summer, to study how it will feel if I gafiate completely, partly because of the severe heat and what it has done to the temperature in this non-air-conditioned house. Today Maryland tied the all-time record for most consecutive days with temperatures of 90 degrees or higher and tomorrow is certain to establish a new record. Since returning to the loc wars, I've tried to do mostly fanzines small enough to be covered in one page, so I won't lose more than a quart of my water reserve to perspiration.

There are two possible reasons for the shortage of TAFF reports in recent years that are rarely suggested. One is the simple fact that the cost of publishing and distributing such reports has risen so much since the long-ago time when TAFF reports did appear semi-regularly. The other is the tendency of fanzine fandom to have drifted away from long stuff in published form during the past couple of decades. Very few fanzines today publish anything running to more than two or three pages of type. Short editorials, condensed reviews of books and movies, columns of chatter about this or that, short-short-short fiction, they're all popular in today's fanzines. Again, it's probably the result of publishing costs but I suspect it is also tied in with the shortening attention span of many readers in fandom. It might be relevant that *Fosfax* and *Lan's Lantern* weren't chosen as often as other fanzines at that convention, as mentioned in this issue: both contain many, many words and this might be the deciding factor in what fanzines [get picked up in con fanzine lounges].

Your piece about Oklahoma City should go into any *Fanthology* that may be published for 1995. But I had no specific comments to make on it, other than to note in passing that coverage of the event in Hagerstown may have been unique in the nation. On the day the bomb went off, the local afternoon paper ran the story on page 8.

Pat Gulley's theory about what causes a local fan club to be successful is quite close to something I put in a loc a few days or weeks ago. I speculated that the fan groups which seem to be thriving today have in common something major which needs to be done: maintenance and operation of a clubhouse owned by the group, for instance, or sponsorship of an annual con. Of course, such things might be results rather than causes of a club's condition. But it's becoming increasingly obvious that the local club that just has meetings where members chat for awhile then go elsewhere to do other things may suffer soon from deadly feuding or dwindling attendance.

While I read Evelyn Leeper's report on Boskone, something suddenly occurred to me. So many panels at cons are poorly attended or fail to stick to the announced topic. So why don't fanzine editors occasionally produce theme issues in which material would be devoted to this or that panel subject? Pros probably wouldn't take the time to write for fanzines but there are enough fans who have the ability to stick to a particular topic to create unusual and good fanzine issues in this manner. Long ago, there was a short-lived apa that strove to do this very thing: its official editor announced a topic for each mailing and members were expected to devote their contributions mainly to this subject. The premature death of the apa was probably caused mainly by the fact that participation was approximately equal between the United States and the British isles, causing time lapse problems for publishing and reading.

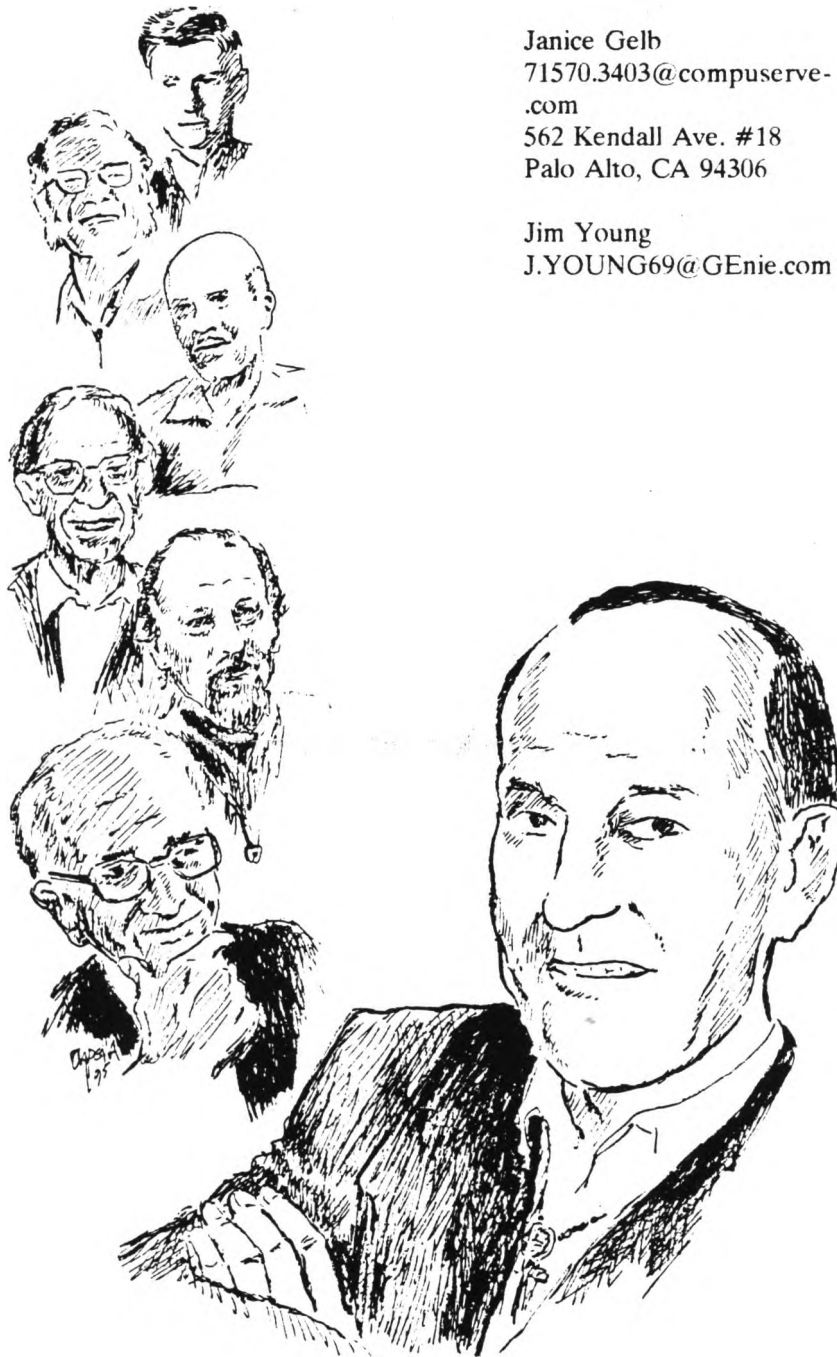
The Portrait Gallery seems like a project that should be preserved in printed form. I think there would be a market for a book in large format with each portrait occupying most of each page, leaving just a few lines at the bottom for identification of the writer and his or her principal works.

Mark L. Blackman

I have some minor corrections to your Lunacon report. *[[Mark chaired the convention.]]* The Hilton lobby is on the second floor: "one" flight up the stairs, two on the elevator takes you to the fourth/seventh floor. As for the GoH photos, I understand that Dennis McCunney had some difficulty getting recent photos of you from you (gee, didn't you take wedding pictures?) and was considering using the caricature of you from LA's "We're No Angels" ad (ca. 1988). Instead, he used the old one from Andy Porter. However, for the record, the photo of Poul Anderson was supplied not by Andy but by Poul himself. Etiquette may have been why that was used rather than a photo I'd taken of Anderson at ConFrancisco. As for the dinner table musical chairs, it's natural for the GoH's to sit at the main table with the Chairman; we also had a couple of unexpected late additions

(Hal Clement, who'd already had dinner, but wanted to join Poul and Karen, and John Hertz) plus some refugees from another table who didn't want to sit near a certain individual there.

In personal news, I've had the cataract surgery (in both eyes) that I'd been putting off partly due to Lunacon, and there has been a noticeable improvement in vision. There will be more when I get my new prescription for glasses. At present, I'm stumbling around without glasses, seeing as well (or as badly) as I did at Lunacon with glasses.



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