

**Remember when all you needed
to be your own George Pal
was a plastic model kit,
some firecrackers and a movie camera?**

File 770: 126

We've Moved!

**Mike and Diana Glycer
705 Valley View Ave.
Monrovia, CA 91016**

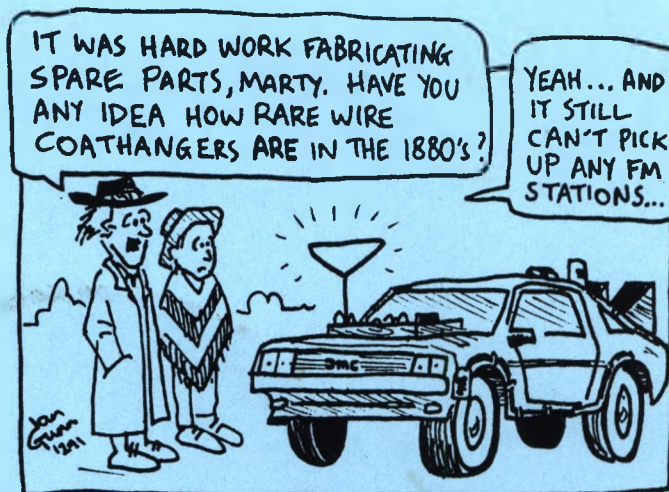
Diana and I have moved to a house in Monrovia, about four miles east of where we used to live in Sierra Madre. As it happens, we're two blocks north of the Trimble's new home on Foothill Boulevard -- if one more fan moves here, we can start calling it the New Fan Square Mile. Don't you want to live in a zip code that's the same right-side-up and upside-down?

We've been house-hunting for a couple of years. The one we bought is a two bedroom ranch, with a majestic oak in front, and a lovely, tree-shaded patio in the back. There's also a garage which can be converted into a library with lots of room for books. It's a fixer-upper, but we've already painted and carpeted the place, which rid the place of the smell of cigarette smoke.

Shortly after closing on the house we flew to the Worldcon, then afterwards toured historic Virginia with Diana's father. Our move-in was delayed until August 20 -- in the middle of a local heat wave where temperatures topped 110 degrees several days in a row.

That suited the desert look favored by the former owners, who planted yucca in the back and let the lawn go brown in front. But since we like greenery, Diana and I have been watering the place daily. The lawn has come back and I'm out there on weekends with the mower: maybe there'll be a dividend in fanzine material, ala Ted White.

In Times to Come: Not surprisingly, moving took a lot of time away from fanac. With September almost over, I've decided to run my Worldcon report and John Hertz's Westercon report now. It makes sense to avoid delaying the most time-sensitive material. So the clubs article now will appear in October.



The Tangled Web

Clavius in 2001 Bid Webpage: Steve Silver comments, "While it is, of course, a great honor to know that Bob Tucker is pointing out my Clavius in 2001 website to people, I removed the website shortly after my bid lost to Philadelphia (which, of course, I attribute to blatant favoritism, corruption and an unscrupulous adherence to the rules).... If you hear from people looking for the site, let me know and perhaps I'll put it back on line."

Worldcon Webpage Leaves Old Haunt: Chaz Boston Baden announces that L.A.con III's web server, <http://lacon3.worldcon.org/> is migrating to a new server, courtesy of David Dyer-Bennett. For some time lacon3.worldcon.org lived in a an old Ultrix box at someone's workplace. As long as nobody noticed it was plugged into the network, and the lights blinked occasionally, the arrangement sort of flew beneath the employer's radar. This donation of web server and service was the largest donation L.A.con III received from an outfit that didn't know it was doing it.... Now the L.A.con III server must move because the business is getting rid of its old, obsolete hardware, and according to the books it hasn't used that particular machine for anything in at least four years.

File 770 126

File 770:126 is edited for the 20th year in a row by Mike Glycer at 705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia, CA 91016. News believed before breakfast. **New Telephone Number:** (626) 305-1004. **Same Old E-Mail:** MGlycer@compuserve.com

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Ian Gunn: 2, 4
Teddy Harvia: 3
Brad Foster: 6
Bill Rotsler: 7, 8, 9, 20
Sheryl Birkhead: 10

News of Fandom

On the Whole, I'd Rather Be In Baltimore

Curt Phillips, OE of Myriad when I was a member, is a volunteer firefighter/EMT with Washington County Virginia Volunteer Fire/Rescue. About 10:15 p.m. on August 6, while answering a call to a house fire, the fire truck he was riding flipped over and wrecked a few hundred yards from the fire scene. The driver suffered moderate injuries, but Curt was nearly thrown through the rear window. Curt remained trapped in the wreck, his head pinned between the broken window frame and a large steel plate mounted on the pump panel of the truck.

Curt wrote online, "The truck had overturned, and so I quite literally had a fire truck sitting on my forehead. Fortunately the best crash/rescue people in this part of the state were just a few hundred yards up the road and after [I was] pinned in for about 45 minutes they cut me out of the wreckage. I was airlifted to the trauma center in Bristol, TN. Over 50 emergency personnel helped rescue me."

Curt, though in great pain, is basically all right. No surgery was required. He thinks, overall, he would rather have spent the weekend at Bucconeer. (Didn't Marty Gear say the same thing?)

[[Source: Bruce Gillespie]]

Ill Wind Blows in Oklahoma

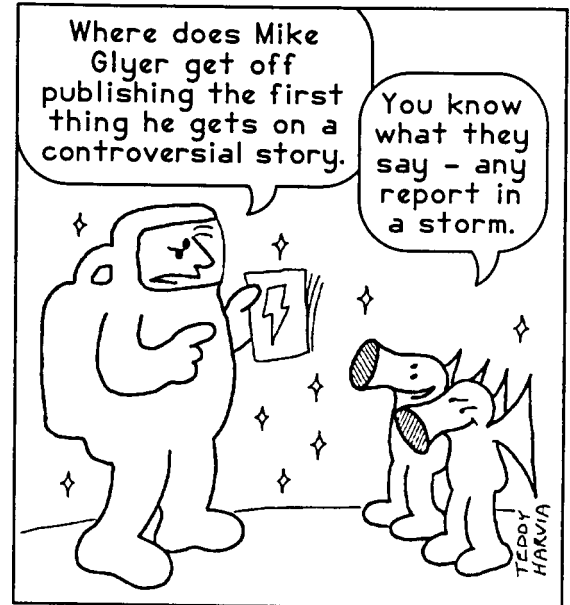
Oklahoma fan and N3F President Susan Van Schuyver now knows the truth: "I did not hear it roar. I have always heard that a tornado roars as it passes overhead, and one passed by my house Saturday night [June 13], but what I heard were the thunks and crashes of objects hitting my roof and the side of my house. I was scared and alone. The cats and I huddled in the hallway, listening to the weather forecaster on the radio and wondering if our time had come." [[Source: *Tightbeam* 212]]

Bjo Drops Costumecon Bid

"You can just say that due to Real Life catching up with us, Lora and I have dropped the CCXX bid," writes Bjo Trimble. They're unable to bear the 2002 CostumeCon bid's expenses alone, having just moved into "a lovely little 1913 Craftsman house that soaks up money as fast as we can deliver it to Home Depot."

They contacted over 250 Guilds, groups and costumers: "Less than a dozen replies, most wishing luck but saying they couldn't or wouldn't help for personal or political reasons. We've been consistently asked, 'Why do you hate poor Australia?' Our bid was not a personal attack on Oz costumers; we love their country but we felt -- and still do -- that the 20th anniversary celebration should be held here, not there."

Lacking anticipated financial and political support, Bjo's campaign folded.



Fan Fund Updates

DUFF: The DUFF race is heating up. Lise Eisenberg, Janice Gelb and Andy Hooper appear to be firm candidates. Administrator Janice Murray reportedly has yet to hear from Guy Lillian III, who wrote in *Challenger* he would be in the race. Nominations are open until Sept 30.

TAFF: Velma "Vijay" Bowen and Sarah S. Prince are standing for TAFF. The winner will go to England for Reconvene, the 50th Annual British National Science Fiction Convention, in Liverpool, April 2-5, 1999. The candidates' platforms follow:

Velma "Vijay" Bowen: "Seventeen years in fandom: apahacking, con-running, fanzines, late night conversations, friendships around the world. You could usually find me working in the consuite in the mornings, or listening to tales of Fandom's Golden Years. In two years of semi-gafiation, I gathered interesting material for fan articles by modeling, acting in bad movies, being set on fire.... Now I'm diving headfirst back into the heart of fandom. I'm gullible enough to be talked into almost anything for curiosity or the sake of a good story, and I'd like to redeem my family honor by writing and publishing a complete TAFF report."

Sarah Prince: "I have been a fan since January 1st, 1976. The bulk of my fanac took place in the next few years. Once upon a time I thought it would be 'interesting' to run for TAFF, so I ought to pub my ish (getting out of the apazine ghetto) to get to know people Over There. But with that goal accomplished, one wouldn't need TAFF to have people to visit. Now I have cause and effect even more confused, in standing for TAFF in

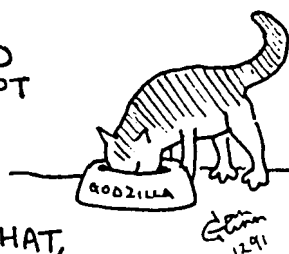
order to resuscitate my fanac. Would winning magically make me sociable, or shall I hide behind a camera forever?"

The voting deadline Saturday December 5, 1998. Ballots must be accompanied by a donation to TAFF of not less than \$3 or 2 pounds. Ballots can be obtained from Ulrika O'Brien, 123 Melody Lane, #C, Costa Mesa, CA 92627 USA, and Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent CT19 5AZ, England.

OUR CATS REFUSE TO
EAT ANYTHING EXCEPT
FISH.

THIS WORRIES ME.

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT,
IN THE WILD, DEEP SEA
TUNA IS A CAT'S NATURAL PREY?



Clipping Service

Major News Release: Get to your mailbox on the bounce! Joseph T. Major is at work on an in-depth analysis of *Starship Troopers* for publication in *Fosfax*. He writes that it is "turning out to be a big job as I have to refute most of what everyone else has said about it. Sometimes, as with Delany's nonexistent mirror scene it is easy, but discussing *Bill the Galactic Hero* for example is a harder task."

Malapropism: John Clute rented his sf awards to a film production company to use for props and never got them back. Among them was his L.A.con III Hugo for Best Nonfiction Book, *Science Fiction: The Illustrated Encyclopedia*. Crusading journalist Dave Langford not only reported the story, he convinced the L.A.con III committee to replace the Hugo base. Now Clute can buy a copy of the rocket and once again become the proud landlord of a Hugo Award.

Threats and Promises: NESFA is still trying to collect Teddy Harvia's punfines. Deb Geisler says, "This may well cost him the Alamo." [[Source: *Instant Message* 630]]

Medical Updates

Nancy Tucker Shaw: Nancy Tucker Shaw, widow of Bob Shaw suffered a massive stroke on September 20, reports Misti Anslin Tucker, Nancy's daughter-in-law.

At that time, Nancy was in an Ann Arbor, Michigan hospital's intensive care unit. Misti wrote online, "She is completely paralyzed on the left side of her body and is suffering 'dissociation.' She's also very confused and disoriented."

Ian Gunn: Just before Worldcon, word went out that Ian Gunn's fight with cancer had taken a serious turn for the worse. The news was woven into Joe Mayhew's memorable and emotion-filled acceptance of the Best Fan Artist Hugo.

Two weeks later, Ian e-mailed his support network that, "The news wasn't quite as bad as our rioting imaginations had led us to believe. Yes, it looks like I may be incurable (no jokes, please, I've heard I always was incurable!) but it seems like I'm treatable."

The treatment will be a six-month course of chemo administered through a little pump that he'll be carrying all the time. Every three weeks he'll have to go in overnight for slightly stronger chemo. The pump is worn over the shoulder or clipped to the belt and is connected to a "Hickman," which is a tube into his chest.

Ian ends: "C'Mell the cat is fascinated by the five foot tube that dangles to the floor when I'm in bed 'No!' Smack! 'NOT a toy!'"

Teddy Harvia: Two days after Teddy Harvia came home from Bucconeer, he had surgery to open up a blockage in his nose caused when it was broken two years ago, and to remove a lump in his neck.

Teddy writes, "I ran a slight fever for a couple of days and the incision on my neck is particularly ugly. After the anesthetic wore off, I noticed a partial numbness around the cut extending to the back of the ear. It's a small price to pay since the lump was growing larger. The initial diagnosis is that the lump was not cancerous."

Lan Laskowski: Lan's battle with pancreatic cancer continues. He writes about his treatment: "The side effects of that first cycle of chemotherapy were severe, leaving me drowsy with fatigue, suffering from diarrhea and lots of mouth sores. My appetite was poor (mostly because it was painful to chew) but after a week I felt much better and became active again. The second cycle of chemotherapy was far better than I had expected. I was on the pump for only 5 days, with a reduced medication, and had a different second drug. The side-effects were almost nil -- just some fatigue, a little diarrhea, and only a couple of mouth sores. If the third cycle is like this, I will have no trouble going back to work teaching this fall. I pray that it will be so."

Vincent Clarke: Rob Hansen wrote online after a mid-August visit to Vincent Clarke, "The whole physical infirmity thing is frustrating him, particularly how even the simplest tasks are taking much, much longer than they did before his illness. Also, thanks to fat and muscle wastage, all the sitting down he is now forced to do was making his presently unpadded tail-bone very sore. On the plus side, he's now figured out how to use his VCR again, is slowly regaining his confidence with his computer, and has been reading books he will be reviewing for various fanzines. So, still painfully slow going but, occasional setbacks aside, Vince continues to improve."

Bucconeer was so much fun that when it ended on Sunday I didn't want to go home -- but I had to because they didn't schedule a sixth day. I expected to have a good time there, and what fans expect from a Worldcon tends to be what they get. Yet how could I have expected to have a good time? Didn't Bucconeer have terrible hotel problems -- people complaining on the net that they were staying home because they couldn't book rooms for dates prior to the start of the con? Didn't Bucconeer have fewer than 4000 attending members in June -- how were they going to afford to do anything? Didn't one of the main guests cancel the day before the con started?

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Don't you see that's *why* I knew it would be a good con -- every time fate trumped in with one of these problems, the Bucconeer committee did some hard work and got it solved. And they kept open lines of communication with fandom explaining what they had done. Chair Peggy Rae Pavlat even came to Westercon on a mission to deal with hotel reservation complaints (and weed out duplicate reservations that were contributing to the room shortage.) She also fully answered fans' questions about her budget, publications, staffing, anything.

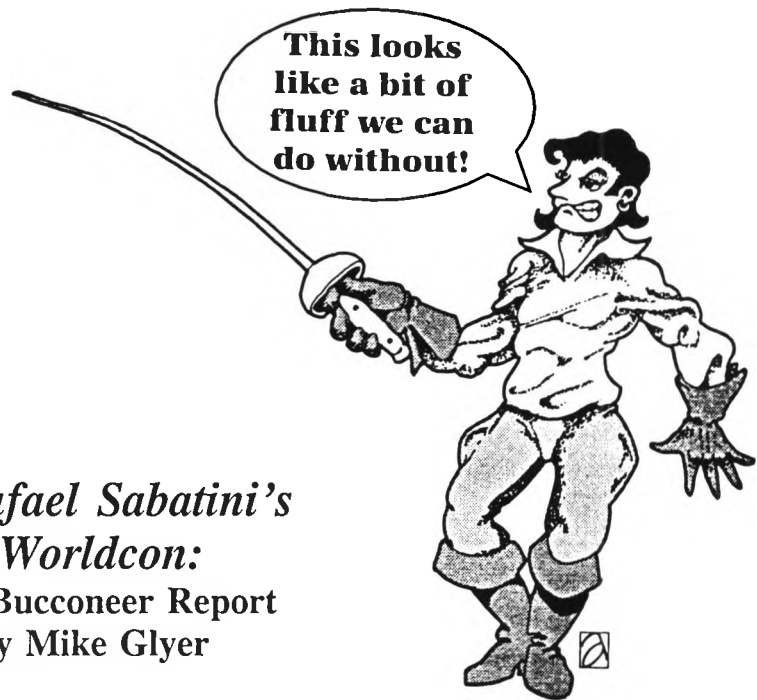
The Bucconeer committee was handling the toughest possible problems with such virtuosity I was convinced the parts of the con they'd been able to plan in advance would be excellent.

Skull and Crossroads: The Worldcon was back in the Baltimore Convention Center for the first time in 15 years. It's an excellent facility, well-lighted, with infinite sightlines, properly equipped to move a lot of people by escalator at peak traffic times.

This time we were in the wing farther from the restaurants and boutiques of Harborplace that are one of the city's prime attractions. (And once the biologists' convention ended in the near wing, interior access to the Skyway to Harborplace was closed for the weekend. Such is life.)

Wednesday morning, the first day of Bucconeer, Diana and I joined the fans

Rafael Sabatini's Worldcon: A Bucconeer Report by Mike Glycer



streaming through the main entrance, funneled by stairs and escalators up into the huge atrium where much of the life of the con was centered.

Registration occupied a wide swath at the top of the stairs, near the angle of an L-shaped space (called the Pratt Street Lobby) that was several football fields long in both directions. The Reg staff was working so efficiently that I had zero wait to pick up my pre-registered membership. When did that ever happen before?

Spread along the arm of that "L" parallel to Pratt Street were the Internet Lounge, the Information Desk, the Volunteers Desk and Lounge. At the angle of the "L" was Site Selection, and diagonally across from it was Scott and Jane Dennis's boutique-style convention sales area. Beside the sales area was a cul-de-sac with the tables assigned to 2001-2002 Worldcon bidders. Down the other arm of the "L" were numerous tables assigned to seated Worldcons, the NASFiC, clubs and cons.

Interior to the "L" were the breakout rooms for programming and the Green Room. I went there to pick up my program participants packet, and investigate the snacks (solely for journalistic purposes,

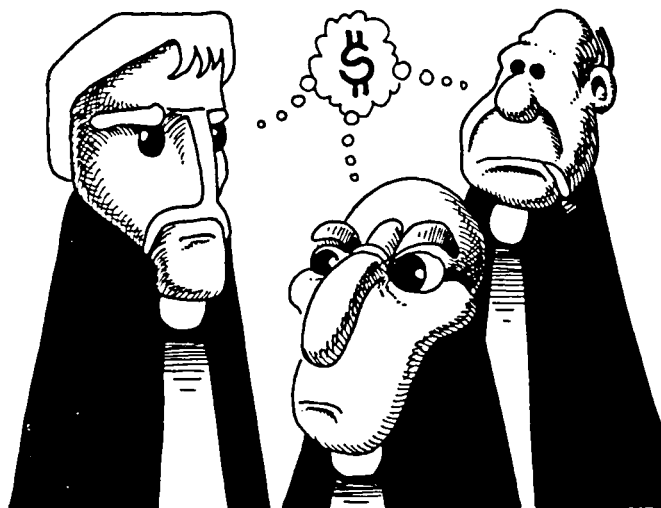
of course.) I poured myself a cup of coffee under the watchful eye of a pink flamingo that an Orlando bidder had set up next to the serving table. A flyer advertising a Magicon 2 party was taped to the bird. I enjoyed the guerilla audacity of their publicity.

I was determined to *attend* Bucconeer with Diana. Some of you have a romantic notion that LSC2 was a kind of vacation for me after chairing L.A.con III, but I spent two days of that con organizing our Thank You party. Afterwards, I had a recurring dream that I was at the Worldcon on some fannish errand when I suddenly realized it was Saturday and I hadn't been to a single program yet. That was a prediction I was determined to avert, so the first thing I wanted to do was go through the Pocket Program.

Bucconeer adopted the spiral-bound pocket program design successfully used by other recent Worldcons. Covert Beach produced this highly useful schedule in a very short time, with the benefit that there were relatively few program changes.

Looking around for someplace to sit, I noticed that in all this expanse of space there wasn't much seating -- and given what decorators charge Worldcons for

SENIOR PARTNERS IN THE LAW FIRM OF TELLUM, LITTLE, & BLUFFEM



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comfy seating (only a little less than it would cost you to buy), there never will be much. Diana and I wound up appropriating the unoccupied space beside the Chicon 2000 table where we could sit and talk with K.T. Fitzsimmons, Kathleen Meyer, Dina Krause and Maria Pavlac.

During the conversation, Kathleen Meyer told about her first visit to a Worldcon, Discon II in 1974. She learned about it in *Analog*. Her most vivid memory was seeing a pregnant woman in chain mail, so shocking that she spent her bus ride home thinking about the strange people she had seen. Finally she asked herself, "So they all read the same literature that I do -- then what does that say about *me*?"

Ye Know Too Much -- Ye've Seen the Cursed Treasure: As much as I enjoyed Buccaneer, there's still a lot in my notes that consists of "praising with faint damns." Opening Ceremonies is an exam-

ple of that.

Buccaneer eased into Opening Ceremonies with soft music and a slide montage of fans in pirate dress at past bid parties. Then the stage came alive with a much gaudier and louder crew, the Pyrates Royale, who performed musical favorites like, "What Do You Do With A Drunken Sailor?" Terry Frost, DUFF delegate, furiously scribbled down all the verses for his trip report. They included "Send him to a 12-step program." The Pyrates warned us, "The more you drink the better we sound" but Terry would have been unconscious if that was the reason for his enthusiasm.

The Pyrates also boasted they had enough material to "stay until your ears actually start to bleed."

Shirley Avery, the Pirate Queen, came onstage with her entourage and Chaz the Armadillo, a stuffed toy on wheels who had been inexplicably missing since LoneStarCon and now reappeared with a smirk -- and if checked closely enough, probably sporting a rude tattoo.

Shirley read the Mayor's proclamation and the Governor's proclamation, whereas by the hogshhead. (National leaders are only allowed to read 19 words to open the Olympics, an idea we might think about borrowing.) Shirley's unintentional but helpful habit of whacking the microphone as she closed each folder woke the sleepers who didn't make it to the end of the reading.

LoneStarCon 2 chair Karen Meschke came out to pass the salsa and the gavel to Peggy Rae Pavlat. Peggy Rae's introduction dwelt on the con's nautical and

piratical themes, using them as metaphors for real crises the committee navigated before the con began, for example: "We had storms and Biospherics to pass through to get to this weekend." (Biospherics was the contractor processing hotel reservations for the Baltimore Area Convention and Visitors Authority.)

She turned over the microphone to toastmaster Charles Sheffield who shared some private advice with listeners: "Peggy Rae said this is not the place for long, drawn-out speeches. That's at the Hugo Awards." He also worked the pirate theme for several laughs, though he kept dredging for a punchline in the historical fact that two former Maryland governors had been convicted of crimes.

Sheffield introduced the guests of honor: C.J. Cherryh, Stan Schmidt and Michael Whelan ("Who I remember back to the times when I could afford his paintings.") He added that fan guest of honor Milt Rothman "will arrive tomorrow, so pirate women stand by."

Buccaneer chose to introduce the guests of honor by spotlighting them where they were seated at the foot of the stage, and having them stand and wave. This is a pattern many Worldcons have followed in their Opening Ceremonies, but I personally prefer the event to focus much more time on the GoHs, giving them opportunities to speak or roles to play, making them very identifiable to the attendees. Opening Ceremonies does no real work unless it is devoted to introducing the convention's guests of honor.

The event's most surprising moment came when Peggy Rae Pavlat disclosed that special guest J. Michael Straczynski could not come. She read his e-mail apologizing for being unable to attend due to a bout of walking pneumonia. He said in part: "I just got back from the doctor's, for a follow-up exam. Bottom line: I'm past the worst of it this round, but I'm weak as a kitten, and I'm ripe for a relapse if I put any stress on my system.... I tried arguing every way I could, but he was absolutely adamant about it. Kathryn [his wife] and Harlan [Ellison] have also jumped on me about following the doctor's orders...and I have to do what's right for the show. If I'm incapacitated, the

show falls."

He missed the Worldcon, canceled plans to attend the San Diego ComiCon, and had to skip the production meeting for *Babylon 5's* second episode. An over-size get-well card was left at the Information Desk and had a steady stream of signers.

Straczynski compensated by doing a live phone interview from L.A., in the 9 p.m. Thursday slot originally scheduled for his first presentation. The large program space in Hall E where it took place was about 70% full. Straczynski answered fan questions for over an hour. The technical crew had a busy day rigging the phone link, PA system, two audience microphones, and their work received high praise from those who attended the event.

At Opening Ceremonies, Charles Sheffield expressed his personal disappointment at Straczynski's absence. He claimed to have asked Harlan Ellison for something that would blindside JMS, and he now had no use for the juicy item Harlan had told him.

The ceremonial part of the program ended with the guests of honor each being given a red velvet bag of plastic gold doubloons to be flung into the audience by the fistful. There was more fake treasure raining onto the fans than is in *Pirates of the Caribbean*. C.J. Cherryh bounced a doubloon off my head: since I don't use mousse, there was no chance to catch it that way.

The Pyrates closed out the program a thematically appropriate song, "Pay Me My Money Now."

Wednesday Programs: John Pomeranz headed the Programming Division, assisted by Deputy Program Manager Perianne Lurie. They put together an exceptionally popular, well-attended program. I was on an item Wednesday afternoon, about a topic I've discussed before. The topic usually pulls about 20 listeners -- at Bucconeer it drew 60. Audience levels stayed high all through the con.

Suppose They Declared a Worldcon and Nobody Came: I moderated this year's "Whither the Worldcon" panel on the first day of Bucconeer. I saw so many

familiar faces that I dubbed it the "Wednesday business meeting."

Martin Easterbrook and I started out sharing our concern that the high cost of Worldcon memberships (like Aussiecon Three's starting rate, \$120) makes it too expensive for new fans to attend, and is the indirect cause of "graying of fandom." Fortyish fans in their "prime earning years" don't find the rates burdensome, and may even consider them a bargain compared to professional conferences, but we've priced younger fans out of the picture.

The panel explained that the high memberships are needed pay for the convention centers Worldcons now use. Though for UK Worldcons there is no alternative to using a convention center, in North America many Worldcons have been held in free hotel function space given in return for booking the required room-nights.

Everyone wondered how to remove the obstacles to potential new fans. Some felt that letting students buy Worldcon memberships by installment payments would help. (Of course, that would multiply a treasurer's workload -- not simply the accounting, but keeping after people who haven't full-paid as the con draws closer.)

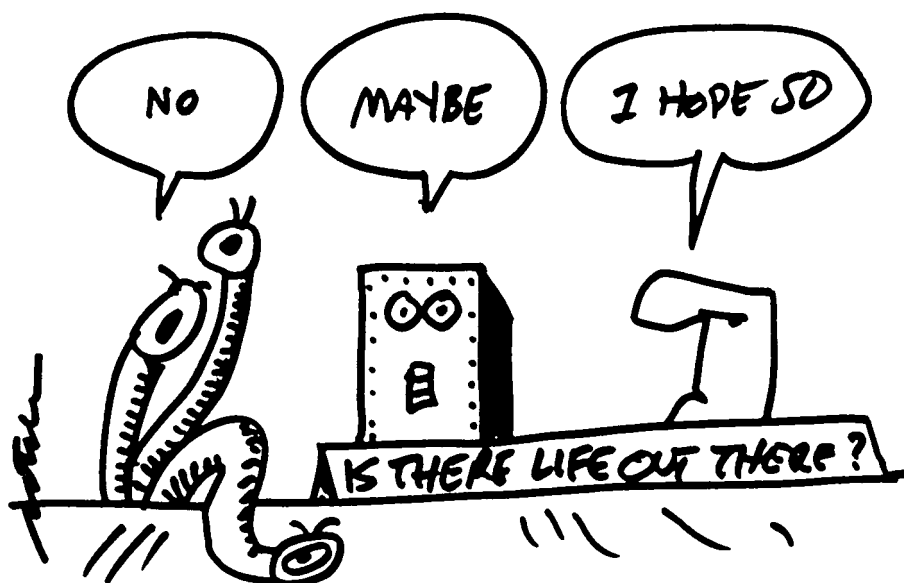
They also discussed other ideas for

making Worldcons attractive to newcomers. Martin asked "Who do we want to attract?" and followed-up, "Would we want to attract *us*?" Martin recalled Inter-Section's formal survey about this -- "A formal survey in the UK means we sat around a pub and asked each other questions."

Throughout the panel, Evelyn Leeper sat in the front row typing away on her notebook computer, thousands of words ahead of me on her Worldcon report. The longer I talked, the farther I fell behind....

How Do Authors Collaborate? A. C. Crispin anchored this panel, advising a roomful of listeners: "Decide who's the tiebreaker because, believe me, there will be times when you disagree!" More than that, she recommended collaborators think about what happens to the project of if one of them dies.

However, another panelist who's worked on *Conan* books, John Maddox Roberts, joked that there are advantages to collaborating with someone who's been dead for over 50 years. This did not mean his work completely escaped criticism, though. When he authored his books Roberts decided not to "write down" to Robert E. Howard's style. "After Catherine De Camp read the manuscript she had one criticism, 'John -- your writing is



very elegant,' -- letting me know that elegance was not what was looked for."

Crispin warned that nothing in the collaborators' agreements should supersede their contract with the publisher. And she smiled about her experience working with a writer who refused a byline: "'What! Put my name on a *Star Wars* novel?' But believe me, when the checks come in--" and Crispin stuck out her hand in the international gesture for "pay me my money now."

Panelists discussed some technical difficulties of collaborating. John Maddox Roberts sent a computer diskette to his scientist collaborator and all the man could bring up was gibberish -- likewise the computer specialist he took it to. And these guys were working for NASA. So Roberts is going back to paper manuscripts.

Introduction to Fanzines: Mike Glicksohn, in one of his rare Worldcon appearances, impressed the audience with his patriarchal beard, now superior to Rusty Hevelin's and nearly as prolific as the late Bill Broxon's. Mike teased listeners by dismissing electronic zines and insisting: "These are fanzines -- actual pages of paper." On cue, Roger Sims immediately handed up a pile of old fanzines destined for a fan fund auction.

The stack of zines included the incredibly rare *Torcon Report* published after the 1948 Worldcon, containing a copy of Bob Tucker's guest of honor speech. Glicksohn said that Tucker doesn't have a copy of his own speech, and urged some good soul go to the auction and buy it for him.

Glicksohn felt the 20 fans in the audience represented what a small proportion of science fiction readers find the idea of writing for fanzines exciting. But he excused the low turnout after he remembered his panel was scheduled against the Queen of Fenzance's Reception where they were serving free food. Mike was lucky he didn't empty the room with that announcement....

Milt Stevens, from the audience, challenged Glicksohn's opinion about the declining numbers of fanzines being produced based on the level numbers tabulated by Robert Lichtman in *Trap-*

door. Glicksohn doubted many of them are by new fans and felt there wasn't much future for zines without newcomers. TAFF delegate Maureen Kincaid Speller kidded about one new fan they're encouraging -- trying to get him to print on the back of the page, too.

Glicksohn derailed another bid discuss electronic fanzines by holding up a copy of *Hyphen*, sniffing the old paper and admiring its rusty staples. This reminded Joyce Scrivner about ultimate fanzine collector, Bruce Pelz, who had even preserved a Cult apazine printed on a piece of baloney by keeping it in his freezer.

The panel's attempt to define a fanzine fan exposed that actually publishing something is not a requirement: Roger Sims proudly reminded us that 47 years separated the two appearances of his fanzine.

Did We Win? SF and its Takeover of Popular Culture: Though only three of five panelists showed, George R.R. Martin, Camille Bacon-Smith and Lawrence Person gave excellent coverage to the topic and justified the standing-room-only crowd.

Lawrence Person, editor of the zine *Nova Express*, joked that sf took over, but then it started intermarrying with the natives. Camille Bacon-Smith corrected that "The question is not has sf taken over, but how can I cash in on the bonanza." She believes that what science fiction does best is commenting on the real world, for example, that way last season on *Babylon 5* they refought the Bosnian war.

Of course, sf often strays from "the best." In the audience, Rick Moen called it *Starship Troopers 90210*. Martin said one of the problems is that they pay 18 different writers to rework a story until they get it "just right" -- that's the number that worked on *The Flintstones* movie.

Martin noted the other two panelists' comments about drecky sf, then recalled how he liked *Captain Video*, and *Rocky Jones and His Space Rangers*, which didn't exactly stand the test of time. Bacon-Smith answered, "But did they bore you to catatonia at the time?" Martin laughed, "Well, I was eight years old."

Hollywood-bashing included stories about companies trademarking commonplace sf words. Martin also told the story about the Australian state of Tasmania's decision to use the Tasmanian devil to promote tourism. The state government received a letter warning them that the Tasmanian Devil is a Warner Brothers trademark and may not be used by the state of Tasmania!

The panelists said they suspect that even the most discriminating sf fans have had their tastes deadened by the continual inundation of lousy sf. The fans cannot recognize the diamonds on the rubbish heap. Martin felt that was the reason that Hugo voters failed to nominate a show like *City of the Lost Children* or what he called the best fantasy movie of the last 10 years, *The Secret of Roan Innish*.

Bid Parties: Philadelphia and Boston-for-Orlando were duking it out in the last round of the 2001 site selection race. They threw nightly parties side-by-side in ground level function rooms at the Holiday Inn. Other room parties were on upper floors of the hotel. The lobby was jammed by people in line for the elevators. Orlando appealed to them by bringing linestanders trays of "smoked flamingo" canapes (actually, smoked salmon.)

Philly took the gourmand approach, moving vast amounts of pretty good food (hoagies, ice cream, and a lot of other stuff) over a big serving counter on one side of the room.

Orlando had good food and excellent thematic decorations. Party mavens like Dana Siegel were in awe of the creativity that had gone into transforming the room. I hadn't seen anything this ambitious since the old Boxboro Fandom parties. An original floor-to-ceiling mural covered the walls, hung on dexion frames built for the occasion. Somebody described the effort by saying, "They got a whole erector set in there and took from Tuesday at 1 p.m. to Wednesday five minutes before the party started to finish the mural." The ceiling was strung with dozens of yards of little white lights. Foil palm trees were suspended from them (with green foil fronds, and a cluster of copper foil strands for the trunk.) There was also a

niche where fans could inspect floor plans of the proposed facilities - with a sign identifying it as "Ye Olde Shrine of Ye Holy Blueprints."

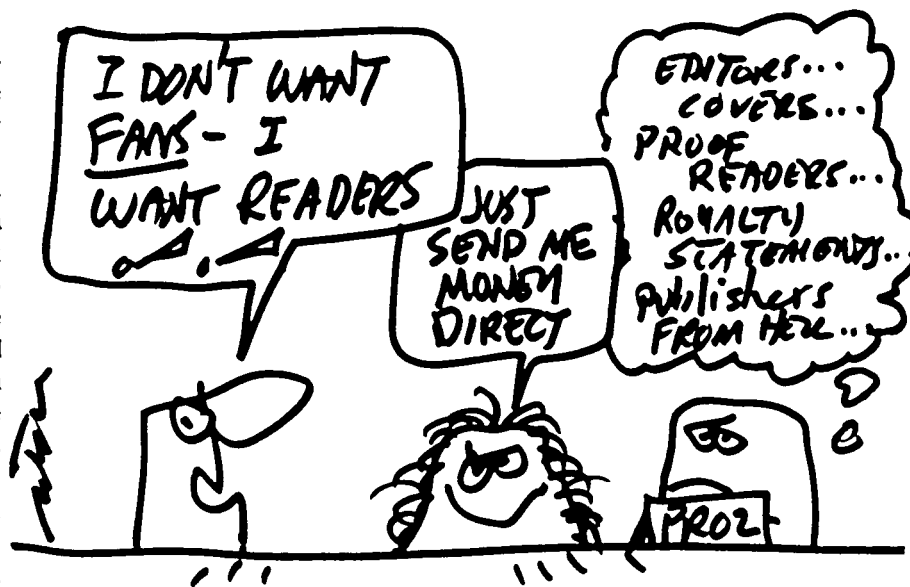
At midnight, a pink flamingo pinata was sacrificed. It took quite awhile, with Chip Hitchcock pulling the strings that controlled the pinata's location and making sure the blindfolded batters mostly hit air.

During the party, Joey Grillot, my favorite New Orleans fan, told me he was helping with the film program.

He bragged that over in the Omni they had a 30-ft. screen and a 3000-watt 35-mm. projector. "The picture's so bright we're afraid the people in the front row need sunblock!"

Thursday Programs: The Liars' Panel: Bucconeer's best panel involved four of science fiction's most accomplished prevaricators, Connie Willis, Robert Silverberg, Pat Cadigan and Joe Haldeman, moderated by Campbell Award nominee Susan Matthews. They didn't even wait for the panel to begin -- the first deception occurred during setup, as Silverberg and Willis each made sure they had the other's name placard in front of them.

Silverberg introduced himself by claiming to have written all the work of the other panelists using their names as pseudonyms. (If the others had been around in the 50s, I think we would have believed him.) Then Bob started to introduce the others: "On my left you will find--" Connie Willis cut in: "Monica Lewinsky. I would like to explain to you why I kept the dress." Joe Haldeman ranted, "I say it's custard and I say to hell with it." The audience laughed themselves hoarse. It will soon be forgotten why Monica Lewinsky was a punchline, but this day at Bucconeer the panelists made about 40 Lewinsky jokes and they all got



big laughs.

Questions from the audience drove the panel. Haldeman answered one by confessing: "I never went to Vietnam -- I read about it. I was a mathematics student. I never even turned on a tv until 1974." Bob Silverberg affirmed: "I was at the convention at which Joe was wounded. It was a gun control panel." Connie Willis said, "I was there, too. I told it to Steven Spielberg. He changed it to World War II." Pat Cadigan admitted, "I wasn't there. I wanted to be someplace quieter, so I went to Vietnam."

Someone who had possibly missed the introductions asked Bob Silverberg, "Who really wrote your books?" Bob explained: "John Updike wrote a number of mine, except the Majipoor series, which was done by Proust."

"What was the reason for you embarking on a literary career?" Connie Willis said, "Well, I couldn't get into the space program, couldn't get into the local Tech college. Then I got pregnant." Silverberg insisted, "It wasn't for the money. I got up, brushed my teeth, and wrote a novel." Pat Cadigan said, "With me, it was a complete accident. In the days before word processors, I was cleaning my typewriter and it went off." Haldeman claimed, "I wanted to be a farmer because I wanted to work with possum pelts."

"Where do you get each other's ideas?" Joe Haldeman scoffed: "That's a stupid question. We've all been editors!"

"Who will play you in the movie?" Connie Willis said, "John Travolta -- the young one, the skinny one." Silverberg echoed: "Connie Willis -- the young one, the skinny one."

"How do your spouses feel about your work?" Joe Haldeman said, "My wife thinks I'm an industrial engineer." Pat Cadigan evaded: "Which hus-

band?" Silverberg said, "I finally told my wife that I was a writer -- yesterday." Connie Willis demurred, "I've never been married, but if I was I'm sure that my spouse would be totally devoted to my career."

At-Con Publications: Despite the small number of program changes, Bucconeer went to the extra trouble of producing daily "pink sheets" (a Noreascon 3 innovation) with the complete, correct program. They could be found in the Green Room and a few other places, though they didn't seem to get universal distribution like the daily newzine. At any rate, they were a good addition.

The daily newzine, *The Fannish Armada*, came out frequently (13 issues by Sunday), delivering the usual eclectic mix of program changes, self-promotional ads, a bit of news and sometimes a little humor. A Saturday issue made this Public Service Announcement: "If you have not bathed since the beginning of the convention, it is now time." Another issue included Quotable Quotes: "Taking over a Worldcon is like taking over the Titanic," said Michael Walsh. "Yeah, but Worldcons can send out for ice," answered Lew Wolkoff.

The Fannish Armada gave the impression of having more space than it

could productively use. Did we really need the full text of nearly everything read at Opening Ceremonies -- the Mayor's proclamation, Straczynski's regrets and Peggy Rae Pavlat's welcome, filling one-half of the issue? And couldn't the Hugo Awards issue distributed to fans as they exited the ceremony -- worthily continuing that tradition -- have included some sidebar stories, not merely the list of winners?

The daily zine did do an excellent job of immediately telling members the Art Show and Masquerade winners. Fans carried off every copy of issue 13 with the Masquerade and Site Selection results on Sunday morning.

Bucconeer's Souvenir Book looked great, with a wraparound Whelan cover, good interior art and first rate photos of the guests. Dick Lynch edited and de-

whether or not the con itself used them, and without necessarily following the usage of cons that did. For example, Lynch followed all of Chicon 2000's GoH labels except for "Author Guest of Honor" Ben Bova, whom he simply labeled "pro." These kinds of arbitrary choices sink to the level of indulging in the historian's vice of imposing a design on the past that it did not actually have.

Communication in the Space Age: Bucconeer revived the Internet lounge concept inaugurated by Chaz Baden at L.A.-con III. A vast island of terminals filled the east end of the registration level. Telnet, Netscape and AOL software ran on various computers, allowing fans to access and send e-mail from the convention.

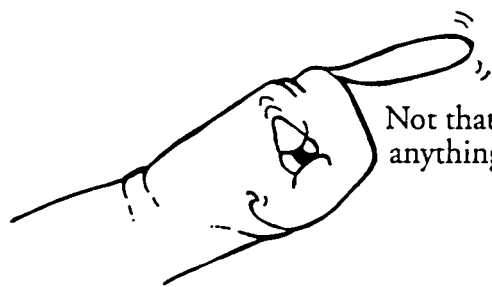
Not all communication was at light-

1983 Baltimore Worldcon.)

Fred Lerner proudly wore "the ribbon Bruce Pelz doesn't have" (Bruce collects Worldcon paraphernalia). It was the ribbon Fred earned for coming in third place at the 1977 Vermont Bicentennial Milking Contest.

Gizmos: Gizmos are the little printed placards inserted by committee members an extra pocket of the membership badge holders. It didn't take long for piratical variants of "Crew" to start showing up.

Patty Wells' status was "Jumped Ship." Patty gave Janice Gelb a gizmo titled, "Mutineer" but Janice said, "after someone pointed out that once you mutinied you had to take over running the ship, I was a lot more hesitant about wearing mine!" (Since Janice worked for three departments and also appeared on programs, it's hard to see how she could have worked any harder.)



Not that I'm pointing a finger or anything, but where were you at Glasgow?

signed the book. He rounded up GoH introductions from some marquee names, and added two interesting Baltimore fanhistory pieces by Jack Chalker and Ted White.

The rest was filled by mandatory features, like historical lists and WSFS business. Strangely, Dick disregarded the Bucconeer's own policy of listing the guests of honor without any modifiers. They were headlined on the inside first page as "Writer," "Fan," "Editor," and "Artist," GoHs. (Peggy Rae reportedly was speechless when she saw it.) Although *Locus* and *Science Fiction Chronicle* were asked to avoid labeling the guests, editor Dick Lynch said he was never informed about Bucconeer's policy.

On the Long List, Dick added comparable titles to other Worldcons' guests,

speed. The con named a special corps of volunteers the "Sea Pony Express" and used them for running messages and delivering packages.

Ribbons: Bucconeer reportedly wanted to avoid other Worldcons' pattern of having infinite badge ribbons, but I think all it really did was avoid admitting how many dozens were generated by not publishing the list. There was a profusion of ribbons for program participants, Hugo nominees, past Hugo nominees, and past Worldcon chairs. Every division of the committee had a ribbon. Tom Veal ran the Quarterdeck Division, saying it was so-called "because that's how many cards I was playing with when I took the job!" Someone also produced a spurious "Constellation II" ribbon (evoking the name of the

Dealers Room: Michael Walsh never got on the ship at all. He chaired the last Baltimore Worldcon in 1983, but spent this con therapeutically seated behind his dealer's table. He may have inspired Pomeranz's Law that "Most of the people experienced enough to do a decent job running a Worldcon are experienced enough not to agree to run a Worldcon."

So Walsh spent his time watching money change hands. "In talking to a number of dealers, even the most dour of dealer was quite happy with sales.... It seems that there was no end to the book lust in the dealer's room. Everything from El Cheapo to High End material was selling. Frankly, I was rather stunned at what flew off my tables."

Editor Gardner Dozois spent some time perched on the *Asimov's* table hawking subscriptions at the top of his lungs.

The early date of this year's Worldcon had a heavy impact on Steve Francis, who ran Rivercon the previous weekend in Louisville, then immediately drove to Baltimore to set up his dealer's table. Steve and Sue Francis have announced the sunset of Rivercon in 2000, and Steve now realizes he can safely sell "lifetime memberships" in Rivercon for \$50. Better yet, it would be a deterrent to another

group coming along and trying to cowbird the Rivercon name.

Table Stakes: Worldcon bids were given tables in a nice area to the right of the escalators that led from the main entrance to the registration level. The only drawback was that every day around 4 p.m. the sun would beat through the windows and create a terrible greenhouse effect, wilting Seattle in 2002's "Pretty Cool, Eh?" pink plastic table covering. Dick O'Shea and Patrick Porter carried on bravely, taking in Seattle presupports and handing out plastic Japanese fans (that was the cool part.)

The SF in '02 table was staffed by Cheryl Morgan and Kevin Standlee when I visited. At the Toronto in 2003 table I found Larry Hancock, Alex Van Thorn and Lloyd and Yvonne Penney.

Thursday, August 6 was "Coincidence Day" at the Worldcon, because it was the birthday of Jul Owings, Eva Chalker Whitley, Samanda Jeude and Judy Bemis. John Pomeranz led dozens of fans hanging around the registration area (near the Internet lounge) in singing "Happy Birthday" to Judy Bemis. Judy told me that she and two of the other birthday girls were going out to the Hard Rock Cafe to let the waiters make a fuss over them.

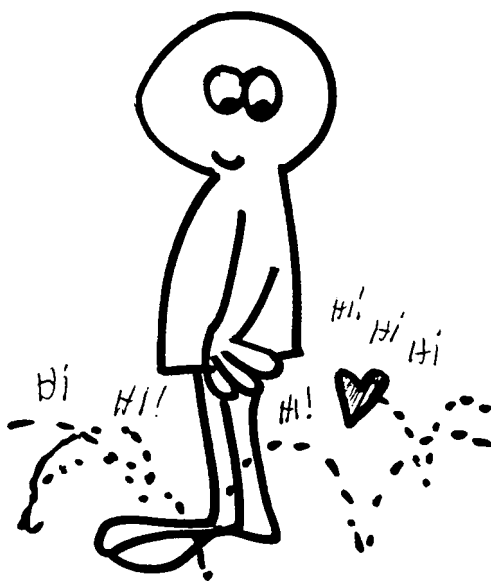
The most unpopular at-con publication was a fake \$50 bill passed at Site Selection. Treasurer Robert MacIntosh showed it around and said he would be contacting the Secret Service. The bill was a strange hybrid with Ulysses Grant on the front and the number 50 in the corners, but also the denomination "FIVE" in big letters, and on the back, the Lincoln Memorial. It felt and looked like real currency to the cashier, because, it was a piece of real currency -- with artful additions.

Friday Programs: Michael Whelan's Guest of Honor Slide Show: They needed a big room for this event, too, not only because of the number of fans who wanted to get in, but so there would be somewhere for our jaws to drop as we watched slide after awesome slide of Whelan's cover art. Whelan commented more about the technical or marketing challenges of

the paintings, and tended to avoid revealing his interior life as an artist apart from some brief insights into his spirituality and concern for humanity's abuse of the earth. However, he laughed about how much he enjoys assignments to do CD album covers for metal bands "because no matter what I do it's not extreme enough."

Whelan also talked about the time he had a broken hand and an engineer made him a radio-controlled airbrush so he could keep working. They discovered it was running on a frequency close to the ones used by truckers because it went out of control whenever a truck went past Whelan's studio.

I only managed to get to two of the GoH presentations, one was Whelan's and the other was Stan Schmidt's.



Fanzine Lounge: An expanse of concrete prairie on the convention center's lower level was designated for the Fanzine Lounge, next to the concession stand and across from the Dealers Room. This was wildly unpopular with the hosts, who immediately transferred two blocks away to a spare room in the Hilton. They left a handwritten note for others to follow.

At the end of the trail I found Linda Bushyager dispensing cold drinks and handling fanzine sales, Len Bailes poised over his laptop computer searching archived rasff messages for many a curious item of forgotten lore, and Gary Farber,

quizzing people who see his name everywhere on the Net but couldn't recognize him in person. Like me, I blush to say. Until Gary said something -- and I immediately recognized the mischief in his eyes, the same expression on his face at Chicon IV when he told me how he'd threaded the Masquerade line up and down the Hyatt and out the door onto Wabash Avenue. It was good to see Gary again.

The improvised Fan Lounge was as overcrowded as a fan's apartment. Amid the sales tables and supplies was a conversation pit formed by a sofa and some other seats, where several listened to Ulrika O'Brien explain how a boring L.A. genzine deterred her from getting into fanzine fandom for years. (Thank goodness I have an alibi for the date of the crime!)

The Center Does Not Hold? Bucconeer's use of its space drew fire from some experienced conrunners. Gary Farber extended his criticism of the Fan Lounge area ("so useless that it was dismantled after the first day") to the whole layout of the convention because it disregarded the good example set by Noreascon 3 and MagiCon. Gary censured Bucconeer for lacking "a ConCourse which had flow, led one past all of the Exhibits, and included comfy sitting areas." Far from approving the space given to bid tables, Cheryl Morgan protested (in *Emerald City 46*) that they "were stuck in an out of the way corner." And Brick Barrientos observed, "It's too bad the con suite wasn't well publicized. This convention was missing a central gathering place like a Discave to hang out."

Bucconeer's lack of provision for the Fan Lounge seems particularly suicidal -- fanwriters are one of the main groups that determine a Worldcon's reputation.

On the other hand, I'd defend Bucconeer's layout as practical and usable, although I agree it lacked any unified design. For example, the L-shaped space on the convention center's upper level contained registration, daytime programming, fan tables, sales to members and the Internet lounge. The long sightlines from the entryway beside the escalators

The 1998 Hugo and Campbell Award Winners

Bucconeer received 769 valid ballots for the awards. They were counted and verified by the Hugo Administrators, John Lorentz and Ruth Sachter, with the assistance of software developed by Jeffrey L. Copeland. More Hugo information is available on the Bucconeer Hugos web page, located at <http://www.spiritone.com/~jlorentz/hugos>

Best Novel

Forever Peace by Joe Haldeman (Ace)

Best Novella

"Where Angels Fear To Tread" by Allen Steele (*Asimov's*, October-November 1997)

Best Novelette

"We Will Drink A Fish Together" by Bill Johnson (*Asimov's* May 1997)

Best Short Story

"The 43 Antarean Dynasties" by Mike Resnick (*Asimov's* December 1997)

Best Related Book

The Encyclopedia of Fantasy, edited by John Clute & John Grant (Orbit, St. Martin's Press)

Best Dramatic Presentation

Contact (Warner Brothers/South Side Amusement)

Best Professional Editor

Gardner Dozois

Best Professional Artist

Bob Eggleton

Best Semiprozine

Locus, edited by Charles N. Brown

Best Fanzine

Mimosa, edited by Nicki & Richard Lynch

Best Fan Writer

Dave Langford

Best Fan Artist

Joe Mayhew

John W. Campbell Award

for Best New Science Fiction Writer of 1996-1997

Mary Doria Russell

allowed fans to see everything that was available to do on that level. If I wanted a con t-shirt, the sales area was on the right. If I wanted a copy of the daily newzine I looked at the opposite side of the hall to see if a new page color was up on the rack. If I wanted memberships in other conventions, their tables were nearby. If I wanted to talk to Worldcon bidders, they were in plain sight -- and if I didn't, well, there was this neat replica of a Viking ship with a big yellow sail in the middle of their area to pique my interest. The space worked well enough for me.

The Con Suite couldn't be placed in the Convention Center, which closed in the evening, but putting it in the Marriott was a tough choice. There was comparatively little reason to go to the Marriott, with evening programming and films in the Omni and bid parties in the Holiday Inn. I only visited the Con Suite for the

Dead Pirate Party on the last night.

I think it's ironic that Bucconeer did not develop a thematic Concourse to unify its miscellaneous functions -- I don't know how they resisted the temptation to arrange everything into a series of pirate coves, name the Dealers Room after Lafitte's "Barataria," and so on, considering how enthusiastic the committee was about the pirate theme. Which is not to say the con needed any more pirate foo-foo than they had....

Hugo Ceremonies: And no one was more foo-foo than Toastmaster Charles Sheffield, who presided over the Hugo Awards wearing full pirate costume: red coat, black curled wig, and a realistic scar. He asked those in the audience who'd been at the 1983 Worldcon to raise their hands, and tutted, "It's amazing, we just don't learn, do we." Then he read a vitriolic quote by H.L. Mencken, the

ultimate Baltimore curmudgeon, and advised, "You can go out and visit his grave, but he'll probably bite your leg off."

The ceremonies began rather oddly, with a string of awards being *not* presented. There was a recitation of the Golden Duck Award winners for children's literature, *sans* trophies. The Seiun Awards could not be announced because this year's Worldcon took place before the Japanese national convention. And the First Fandom Awards ceremony would be held at Dragon*Con, nevertheless First Fandom managed to take the same amount of time to not present them at Bucconeer. Bob Madle did say the arrangement with Dragon*Con was "much to my chagrin." His "inside prediction" was that the winners would be three Philadelphians, Milt Rothman, the late John Baltadonis (who'd died just two weeks earlier) and Jack Agnew.

At last, an award and a winner were united when Forry Ackerman presented the Big Heart Award to disabled fan Jonie Knappensberger. It was a short-lived trend, because the John W. Campbell Award won by Mary Doria Russell was picked up by her proxy recipient, Leslie Turek.

Fan GoH Milt Rothman, whose 1953 Philcon originated the Hugo Awards, was the evening's first presenter, for the Semi-Prozine and Fanzine Hugos. Milt reminded us that Jack McKnight, Peggy Rae Pavlat's father, manufactured the first Hugos. Bucconeer's Hugo Award base was a wallet-sized wood plinth topped with a thin wooden step made of wood from the historic ship U.S.S. Constellation. A metal plaque on the base explained that the Constellation was a sloop-of-war launched in 1854, the last Civil War era warship still afloat. (And it's presently being worked on to make sure it stays that way, the reason there was wood from the vessel available to base designer Michael Rosen.)

Ceremony director Bobbi Armbruster prefers the no-frills approach, so there were none of the historical slideshows or humorous flashbacks to past Hugo nights that have been interspersed between awards in other years. There are a lot of people who like the hand-out-the-hardware-and-go-home approach. I'm not one of them. I've never understood the huffing by nominees who sound like they spent the whole ceremony with one eye on their watches. I gave no extra credit to the otherwise funny and spontaneous Marta Randall for finishing the Chicon Hugos in 100 minutes. This isn't a road race, it's an evening of community-building where we get to share a moment of high emotion with some of our most creative people, and be steeped in the history of the field.

The Bucconeer ceremonies still gave us a lot of those moments -- it's the extra stuff that got dropped, not the awards, after all -- but there could have been more of them.

Pink-jacketed Alexis Gilliland presented the Pro Artist and Pro Editor Hugos. In the audience his wife, Lee, was no less resplendent, wearing a torc she'd

made for the con, studded with copper angel fish, gold scallops, stars, tiny dolphins, and Pisces symbols.

GoH Stan Schmidt presented the Related Work Hugo, pointing out that there was a typo in one of the nominees on his cue card. I don't know why -- he didn't *read* the typo aloud. Maureen Kincaid Speller and Terry Frost, the TAFF and DUFF delegates, presented the Fanartist and Fanwriter Hugos.

Just before Worldcon, word went out that Ian Gunn's fight with cancer had taken a serious turn for the worse. The news was woven into Joe Mayhew's memorable, classy and emotion-filled acceptance of the Best Fan Artist Hugo.

George R.R. Martin presented the Dramatic Presentation Hugo to Jeff Walker on behalf of *Contact*. Jeff was a sure bet to take home the Hugo -- he the proxy recipient for all five nominees. In his acceptance he asked fans to expand the number of Hugo categories honoring sf media.

Befoe Connie Willis handed out the Hugos for Novelette and Novella, she produced a tongue-in-cheek list of things that science fiction had predicted with perfect accuracy since the last time Baltimore hosted the Worldcon. The dozens of things ranged from Viagra to Beanie Babies.

Hal Clement announced the Best Novel Hugo. Winner Joe Haldeman, having won Hugos 23 years apart for *Forever War* and *Forever Peace* threatened in another 23 years his next book would be *Forever Amber*.

Hugo Losers Party: Hugo nominees who might have been reluctant to trudge through the heat and humidity from the convention center to any of the outlying hotels that housed Bucconeer's lesser functions stepped sprightly to the Hilton after the Hugo Awards looking for a free drink and a cheap gift.

It's a latter-day tradition for the next year's Worldcon committee to host the post-Hugos reception. Aussiecon Three dispensed with the bowdlerized title "Hugo Nominees Reception" and the saccharine motto "it's an honor just to be nominated" by restoring the "Hugo Losers"

title originally given to the event by George R.R. Martin all those years ago.

Hugo losers must have felt like they lost again when they had to join an interminable line for drinks being served by a lone bartender. There was also a line for the snacks at the opposite end of the room, a scene that reminded me of Disneyland on a day when there are 70,000 people in the park and half of them are in line for Space Mountain and the other half for Indiana Jones. Apparently the Hilton wouldn't provide a second bartender, and was really gouging Aussiecon on the price of the drinks -- \$5 apiece, no matter what was ordered. The Aussiecon Three folks were distressed to wind up paying over \$2000 for the party, considering what they got for their money. But if anyone was shocked by the price tag, I would add that's about what L.A.con III paid to host the Hugo Nominees Party in Glasgow.

Around 11 p.m. the party abruptly emptied out. Now we know if there's an emergency at a con the quickest way to evacuate the room is to announce, "This is now a cash bar."

Site Selection: Some Boston fans who'd help count site selection ballots arrived at the Hugo Losers party with a stunned expression and the news that Philadelphia won the 2001 race. The voting had been fairly close until the last day of polling when Philly surged a couple of hundred votes ahead.

Fans have dissected the result, agreeing that Boston's chances were hurt by changing their venue to Orlando, comparing the bid themes (why don't those who think flamingos are mundane have the same complaint about Ben Franklin?), contrasting parties (Orlando's were more creative, Philly's served beer), and recognizing for some fans this seemed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to knock off MCFI (one thing fans cannot forgive is success.)

The decisive wave of votes favoring Philadelphia, say site selection staff and ballot counters, came on the last day from fans living around Baltimore. Were they simply voting for the closer site? Or maybe they know Philcons and really like

2001 Site Selection

	<u>Mail</u>	<u>Wed</u>	<u>Thu</u>	<u>Fri</u>	<u>Total</u>
Orlando	169	149	235	387	940
Philadelphia	181	184	237	543	1,145
KC in Boston	2	5	4	6	17
Others/					
No Preference	<u>15</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>35</u>	<u>66</u>
Total Valid Ballots	367	342	488	971	2,168

The Millenium Philcon will be held August 30-September 3, 2001 in Philadelphia at the Pennsylvania Convention Center and Marriott Hotel.

The guests of honor will be:

Author: Greg Bear

Artist: Stephen Youll

Editor: Gardner Dozois

Fan: George Scithers

Toastmaster: Esther Friesner

Membership rates: Conversion from supporting: \$60; New attending: \$125; Child (born after 9/1/89): \$50. New supporting: \$40. These rates will change after December 31, 1998.

Contact the convention at: 402 Huntingdon Park, Ste. 2001, Rockledge, PA 19046.

E-mail: phil2001@netaxs.com

Web page: <http://www.netaxs.com/~phil2001>

Philadelphia fandom. Whatever the reason, I could not explain why a large number of local fans would vote in a race where there was a chance the con might wind up far away: that's not how voters usually behave. For example, when British fans voted heavily in the 1990 race, they felt encouraged to act on their preference for the Dutch bid (a closer Worldcon site) because the Dutch were already strong favorites over LA. Joe Siclari felt Baltimore-area voters were not deterred by a close race because they still planned on attending the 2001 Worldcon whoever won. They felt that in the "worst case," if Philly lost, they'd simply get another trip to DisneyWorld, someplace they already visit semi-regularly.

Saturday Programs: Stan Schmidt Guest of Honor Speech: Stan Schmidt knows the importance of product placement. When he reminisced about his earliest exposure to sf, he said that happened when somebody gave him three issues of *Astounding*. "Remember *Astounding*? It's what turned into--" and he reached into his sack for the latest issue of *Analog*. Which he has edited for a number of years.

The stories he read in *Astounding* described fascinating alien worlds. "Sci-

ence fiction taught me those worlds might be accessible to us through our own efforts," said Schmidt. "For me, the combination of the fantastic yet possible was irresistible."

He enjoys the monthly soapbox *Analog* gives for his provocative editorials, but says on the down side, "I probably read more lousy science fiction than anybody in the world."

Sunday Programs: Masquerade Post-Mortem: On Saturday night, Buccaneer ran a very successful masquerade under trying conditions. There were 53 entries involving 153 costumers -- an outstanding turnout. One of the reasons I attended Sunday's critique of the masquerade was to see whether emcee Marty Gear was doing well: at the start of the masquerade he'd stumbled against a table of awards and taken a four-foot fall off the stage. Quite the trouper, Marty got right back up and did his job without visible problems. Marty looked in pretty good shape the Sunday morning after the masquerade, and had nothing to say about his mishap except an apology for detracting from the costumers.

(Peggy Rae Pavlat wrote after the con, "We are fortunate that not only is Marty Gear mending nicely (he no longer

has to use a cane) but also only two of the Masquerade Awards were broken. Yes, we're getting them replaced.")

I also wanted to learn more about all the work required to put on such a sophisticated event. I had not realized that unexplained halts and delays during masquerade had occurred because the techs somehow lost the lighting board pre-sets programmed into a computer during rehearsals, forcing them to work manually from handwritten sheets as each presentation came up. Many presentations began with light or sound effects and participants were waiting to see if their cue was going to come up.

I was astonished to observe the critique session was also paralyzed by Big Tech. Five minutes after the panel's starting time, though before the panelists came on stage, a tech crew arrived and set up a video projector on a big tripod in the middle of the fourth row (right in front of where I was sitting, so I moved.) Then the audience was asked for a volunteer to run somewhere and retrieve the masquerade tapes. Even while the panel went on, with Marty and Bobbi Gear fielding comments from the audience, tech lowered the lights and spent a lot of time running the same bit of video back and forth, trying to figure out why the sound

was inaudible. A deafening screech alerted everyone when that problem was solved. Then the empty blue video field glowered idly in the corner for another 45 minutes (that's when I left.) The tech setup that was such an utter distraction had yet to be used.

Marty Gear's responsibilities at Bucconeer extended well beyond the Masquerade. He headed the Facilities Division, an extremely demanding post (he was deeply involved in coping with the pre-con hotel problems.) It surprised me to hear someone with that vantage perpetuating the victimhood of the Masquerade by saying, "To the Worldcon committee the Masquerade is not the most important event.... It's just the best-attended, and has the most people involved, but to the committee it's a secondary event."

That must be code for whatever limitations on tech and decorator expenses the Masquerade had to accept. Certainly nobody in the audience of Bucconeer's other events saw anything like the investment made in the Masquerade. Philosophically, committees tend to see the Hugo Awards at the heart of the Worldcon because they symbolize fandom's close relationship with the creative community. But staging the Masquerade takes the most resources; in my view it also returns the biggest payoff of anything on the Worldcon program. Yet I'm convinced the Masquerade benefits from the budgetary tension between its organizers and the rest of the Worldcon committee, despite any lingering resentment about the limits. What part of a convention can't be made infinitely worse by being allowed to spend whatever it wants?

Film Program: John Pomeranz credited Mike Donahue for putting together "the finest Worldcon film program ever seen" (assisted in advance of the con by Chuck Shimada.) The program included the Hugo nominated films (thanks to Jeff Walker.) There were also rarely seen gems such as *The Lathe of Heaven*, a whole series of films about sf authors, the US premier of *Godzilla vs. Destroyer*, and a track of Hong Kong fantasy/action films (courtesy of Ric Meyers.) Donahue spent most of his con in the film rooms keeping

this system running. He conquered constant shipping problems with equipment and prints, and throughout it all, he maintained an amazing degree of good humor.

The aspect of the film program I enjoyed most was when my wife, Diana, replaced Jerry Pournelle on the "Author's Choice" track as the person to introduce *Shadowlands*. (It seems Pournelle believed he was being asked to do this at the 1999 NASFiC; he never planned to attend Bucconeer.) She was the perfect replacement because she has the expertise: her doctoral dissertation is about the Inklings writers group, of which C.S. Lewis was a part. She's also done scholarship on Joy Davidman (who married Lewis, and is played by Debra Winger in the movie.) And Diana, a professor of English at Azusa Pacific University, is a wonderful public speaker. I'm sure everyone was curious to know what Jerry Pournelle might have said, but they all listened closely to Diana's introduction.

Crow's Nest: The best perch for watching the con go by was across Pratt Street at the Wharf Rat, a microbrewery that served light meals in an outdoor cafe.

Diana and I had lunch there with Jay Kay Klein. On the way, we passed two bagpipers performing on the sidewalk in front of the convention center. They were collecting dollar tips in their instrument cases.

Standing outside the Wharf Rat, I discovered you also got full benefit of four lanes of traffic noise -- the skirling of the bagpipes was the only sound that could penetrate it. So we ate inside.

Had Jay Kay not been with us, we would never have realized we were one table away from the original Martin Greenberg, now in his 70s and attending a Worldcon for the first time in decades. Those who heard the other Martin Greenberg at MagiCon in 1992 telling about the hazards of being confused with the original can imagine why. Jay Kay went over and said hello.

When he came back, he regaled us about a variety of things. Like about meeting Werner Von Braun at the 1947 Worldcon. And his opinion about the difference in quality between his photo

exhibit and Christine Velada's big gallery of author photos -- of the latter he said "the matting is very good."

Students: For a year before Bucconeer, the committee ran a science fiction contest for students in elementary, middle and high school grades. Awards were given for the best short story, artwork and science essay at each level. Semifinalists received one-day members in Bucconeer for Friday, when an awards ceremony was conducted. Certificates were presented by David Brin, Hal Clement and Lynn Perkins.

Press Coverage: Chris Barkley was called in a few weeks before the con to take over as press liaison. Between Chris and the others who helped get things ready, Bucconeer had a good press center. When you lead a horse to water, sometimes he will drink.

Bucconeer got a lot of space in the Style Section of the *Washington Post* the Monday after the con. It was good coverage: don't be deceived just because the lead photo showed two costumers -- after all, one of them was John Hertz in his top hat! Hardly "crazy Buck Rogers" stuff. The accompanying article concentrated on Connie Willis and was obviously written by a skillful reporter.

Not so flattering was the Baltimore Fox tv station's coverage of the con on its Sunday news. Those who saw the story didn't recall that the name of the convention was given, and a lot of emphasis was placed on "The X-Files," including an interview with Kevin Anderson, an author of X-Files novel tie-ins.

The Afterlife: Some Worldcons need a year to close their books and issue reimbursements. For L.A.con III, Elayne Pelz got that done within two months of the end of the con. Bucconeer chair Peggy Rae Pavlat is talking about sending reimbursements for volunteers and program participants at the committee's September 19th meeting. That would be amazing.

Michael Nelson is also said to be at work on *The Parting Shot*, a Memory Book to be published using the convention's surplus.

Some of the comments on the manager's list hint there may have been various problems behind the scenes. I haven't heard what they were, which is a higher degree of coping than many cons attain. (This stuff is usually easy to find out because people like to talk. It might even mean Bucconeer didn't have any *big* backstage problems.)

The most pleased member of the con was GoH Michael Whelan, who wrote, "It was the best convention Audrey and I have ever attended, bar none."

The unconscious assumption is that a good Worldcon is free of problems. But every Worldcon has problems. What defines a good committee, then, is its ability to minimize the impact of those problems on members, and to work for solutions without destructive stress. By any measure, Bucconeer had a terrific committee and they put on a very good Worldcon.

Point and Counterpoint

Two axioms of fannish life clashed this summer. "Never spam a fan," is a proverb of the 90's. "Never get a fanartist mad at you," is advice handed down from the patriarchs.

Earlier this year, fanartist Teddy Harvia started sending cartoons electronically from his workplace. Things went awry when Don Eastlake III dealt with the messages as spam (e-mailed advertising.) Harvia complains, "Donald E. Eastlake III tried to get me fired from my day job." Eastlake denies it. Their comments follow:

Teddy Harvia: I included Donald on my cartoon e-mailing list. Because my company, Ericsson Inc., allows personal e-mailing and my office computer is faster than the one at home, I e-mailed the cartoons out from my office. I listed a personal e-mail address as the "reply-to" address. Donald responded by sending a formal complaint to my employer about "unsolicited bulk mail."

In his complaint, Donald cited his knowledge of my company's policy against commercial e-mailings from indi-

vidual accounts. Ericsson does have such a policy. One employee ran a mail-order business from his account. He was fired. Another employee sent anonymous threatening messages from his account. He was fired.

In his complaint, Donald feigned no knowledge of who I am. He does know me. I pulled his address off a personal e-mail he sent me at my office e-mail address. In it, he talked about fan art and artists, prompting me to assume he might be interested in seeing copies of my cartoons. He ignored the line in my e-mail messages that to have his address removed from my list he need simply e-mail me.

Because my mailings superficially fit the negative profile, the immediate response of the mail server administrator to Donald's complaint was to block my outgoing mail. The computer bureaucracy took a week to convince that my cartoon e-mailings were neither commercial, criminal, nor anonymous and to restore my outgoing mail privileges.

The complaint itself took another week to work its way from the mail server, to HR, to my department head, to my immediate supervisor. My boss called me into her office. I openly admitted sending out the cartoons from the office. Not having any evidence of commercial or criminal activity, she merely warned me to be more careful in the future about whom I sent e-mail to from the office. Still, she remained suspicious of anything that would prompt a complaint from outside the company.

....I've decided a hassle-free home environment more than makes up for a slower machine.

Donald Eastlake 3rd: The statement that I tried to get David Thayer fired from his job is false. That statement that I know or knew anything about Ericsson Inc.'s policies on email, other than what I have now learned from David Thayer's message, is false.

It is the case that I was spammed by him and complained. I don't have the mail right in front of me now, since I haven't sorted everything out from madly tar'ing up my files and exporting them

from CyberCash when I received about three hours notice of my lay off.

As I recall, I had gotten lots of varied spam that day, many of which looked like they had been sent to me as a result of harvesting my email address off of web pages. Then I get this longish piece of mail with binary attachments that starts with very similar wording. I said to myself, this kind of looks like someone harvesting email addresses from SF related web sites and spamming everyone with their art to try to get a Hugo.

I define spam as any unsolicited and unwanted bulk email. And I generally do not complain directly to the source of spam. Why? Because I have been harassed and flamed before by people to whom I complained and people I know have been mail bombed.... Because only if complaints are sent at least one level up is there a disinterested person who can take different actions based on whether they receive one or a hundred complaints.

In any case, as I recall, I sent about a three sentence mail message to the postmaster at the domain from which the mail was actually sent and attached the full original mail. I said it was unsolicited and unwanted bulk email, which it was. I didn't ask for anyone to be fired or their account taken away or their mail blocked. I just asked that I not get spammed from them in the future....

I had expected the most likely result of my complain would be that he would get a phone call or email from some administrator saying they had received a complaint from me and could he try to avoid provoking complaints in the future. I was somewhat suprised when I got a message saying that outgoing mail from him had been blocked....

Perhaps David would have been wiser not to send bulk mail from such a paranoid company's computers. Perhaps I would have been wiser to have been more charitable in this case. And I'm sure Ericsson could have been both wiser and more competent.

But the end result seems to be that David still works there.... And I made no public attempt to criticize David Thayer but he seems to be seeking public criticism of me....

John Hertz's Westercon Notebook

Westercon 51, "Concept", July 2-5, 1998

Mission Valley Marriott Hotel, San Diego, California

Scott Norton, head of Panel Programming, was a hero. All weekend long I heard people saying, "I've gone to more panels today than I usually do at a whole convention." Once I didn't attend panels much, but sometime I realized that since I hang around fans largely to hear what they might come up with, panels can be a good bet. Laying out people and topics is one of the arts of holding a con. And as in dining, one may be quite able to cook one's own food, but ready to delight in a restaurant.

We all expected space would be cramped. San Diego, we understood, had few venues comfortable for a Westercon, more too big or too small. The Town & Country Hotel was unavailable. Mike Glycer in his own remarks [F770:125] already noted this year's attendance was about 1,000; had twice as many come, a proper size for this part of the Westercon region, where could we have put them? When the Noreascon 3 Worldcon invented the central-area Concourse, seven thousand of us traipsed through. Here we had a hallway, seeming roomier than it was because one wall was glass looking onto a courtyard. Alexandria Digital Literature ran a coloring contest at one end. The Green Room was a desk with Norton behind it. The Art Show and Regency Dancing were in outbuildings. The Masquerade was in a rented hall a mile away, with shuttle buses. You may ask about the attendance. My current theory, as generally for the endless

Things could have gone much worse with him if he hadn't been wearing that silly hat.

Spider Robinson

bumbling that plagues Westercons, locals like Loscon, even Worldcons, is that we're complacent. Southern California para-fans who take in a Westercon when it's nearby, worthy folk I'm happy to drink with but not unflagging followers of our every move, asked "Oh, was the Westercon here?" They hadn't known. Maybe when we fans felt persecuted we were more diligent.

If less complacent myself I'd have gone to the con by train, escaping highway traffic instead of missing my first two panels. By poetic justice I was in time to moderate "So You're At Your First Con" before dinner Thursday, with Fan Guest of Honor David Clark, Janice Gelb, Norton, Sharon Sbarsky, and Pearl Stickler. This is a true stock topic, i.e. really deserves repetition. We tried to get everything in. Clark said cons encourage meeting. Sbarsky said we're all volunteers. Gelb said we sell memberships, not tickets; at Intersection she heard a woman demand a refund, "Where are the actors?" Clark explained the Con Suite -- an unhelpful name, I like "Hospitality Suite" better -- the Art

Show and the Print Shop. Gelb explained open parties, in recent years dominated, but not exclusively, by bid parties. It gives you a reason, I said, to walk in on strangers, eat their food, and question them. Gelb tried to explain Minneapolis in '73. No one could explain the size of the names on our badges. In the restaurant I found Adrienne Foster and Jane & Scott Dennis. Marty Massoglia had been worrying about fetching stock to the 2000 Westercon if Honolulu won. Books, I said, are the soul of S-F. Thank you, said Scott; you've just called the Dealers' Room the soul of a con. In the lobby were Seth Breidbart, Aileen & Ken Forman, John Lorentz & Ruth Sachter, Sbarsky, Geri Sullivan, and Tom Veal, some or all of whom had come back from a microbrewery, where shone a rainbow of browns. Ken Forman propounded acknowledging one's fannish father. Sullivan asked, why not *parent*? A father, I said, starts one, a mother nurses one. She propounded that one's fannish father might thus be a woman. This was given authority by her wearing a flamingo. The balcony of the Phoenix in 2000 party had a great view of fireworks over the baseball park. Honolulu served pineapple chunks in rum, salted plums, and roast pork with Chinese cabbage. Bid chairs Kathryn & James Daugherty admitted they were Let's Put a Con Over There, not Come Play at Our House; maybe they could seed the clouds. Sandy Cohen, seeing the wall decor, said "I have that shirt!" Christian McGuire admitted missing the satire of fandom in Niven, Pournelle & Flynn's *Fallen Angels*. There was no Fanzine Lounge.

Friday afternoon on "Alternate Histories We Don't Know" I denied history was written by victors: more by the vanquished, who have an axe to grind; the victors are busy. Catherine Wells said the story of Macbeth was distorted by Hector Boece 450 years after the fact, inventing Banquo and son, making Macduff what we see in Shakespeare (alas, none of us had read Dorothy Dunnett's *King Hereafter*). By the artist's fictional power, I said, we feel the presence of reality, but we aren't necessarily in factual truth. In the restaurant I praised Lee Gold to her face as the sort of person who could have written "My name is Kimball Kinnison, I'm the leader of the band," with its chorus taking off Aristophanes' *Frogs*. No I couldn't, she said, Poul Anderson already did; but I did write an archy the cockroach song. The Pocket Program gave no participant index. Terry Frost the DUFF delegate gave me *Waiting Around for the Spike* 15. He said innovations don't come from a main stream, quoting Ernie Kovacs, who called television a medium in that it was neither

Judging freedom to be happiness, and courage to be freedom.

Pericles

rare nor well done. I said art needn't appeal to everyone. Frost said the Internet increases intelligence. Too polite to protest this whopper, I said a sufficiently ready access to data might be indistinguishable. Patrick Lasswell said a U.S. company got rights to lay fiber optics along rail tracks, so we'll have the Information Railway. Off to moderate "King George Washington" with David Brin, Pro GoH Katherine Kurtz, and Robert Reginald. Brin said, among the tastiest parallel universes are those with one person different; if something had happened to Mustafa Kemal the Atatürk, how would that have affected the end of the Ottoman Empire? Kurtz said, I didn't manage to put it in *Two Crowns for America*, but Britain created no peers from the American colonies, not even a knight. Reginald noted Washington had no children, so crowning him wouldn't help long. I asked, isn't the virtue of monarchy that it ends squabbles? But squabbling works, said Brin, we hold each other answerable; and *The Federalist* agreed with him. Kurtz admitted Bonnie Prince Charlie was too tired for an American king. I asked how our revolution led to more stability than others. Brin praised Ben Franklin, the last man who read all the books, met all the important men, dated all the beautiful women; "If I had a time machine, I'd go back and ask him what to do with it." I duly relayed this compliment to Dr. Franklin later at the Philadelphia in 2001 Worldcon bid party. Kurtz and her husband Scott MacMillan said they'd see me at Regency Dancing, I said I'd see them at the Locus Awards dinner just before, but we were all wrong.

Diligently I woke for "Things Fall Apart, the Center Cannot Hold" at 10 a.m. In Iraq, said Gerald Pearce who lived there till age 19, boundaries were drawn arbitrarily by foreigners. I asked, do we foment more now that overt war is frowned on? A fan in the audience said, when overt military action is unattractive. Barry Bard said there's no overt military action in fandom, and look how Balkanized we are. Maya Kaathryn Bohnhoff said, what of xenophobia? From the audience: we should build bridges, we don't need to be unified *against*. Bohnhoff said there's no actual drive to fragment, it happens by failure. From the audience: what if people want their own identity? I said uniformity is resented, so unity must admit the diverse. From the audience: the U.S. is self-selected, built by people willing to pull up their roots. Bard said it can be hard to find a group to belong to. From the audience: altruism calls for subjugating one's selfishness. I said finding a good in common beats subjugating. Mike Moscoe said, in S-F we proselytize for tomorrow.

Hawaii won 128-108. In the halls, Phoenix responded graciously with signs "Congratulations, Honolulu! Thanks, presupporters! Come watch more fireworks after the ball game!" In the bar with Don Fitch I drank a smoked porter, by the local brewer Stone (not the Baltimore one). In the Dealers' Room I found Alex Goins, a Marine who'd been at Regency Dancing in his dress uniform. Marines, our toughest, have the spiffiest clothes. He didn't know the book of *Starship Troopers*, so I got him one. By the next time I saw him he had read a chunk of it. The man who wrote this, he said, understood the Service. He too thought the Mobile Infantry were really Marines. The Dennises,

assigned to run the Honolulu Dealers' Room, pondered shipping: hiring a container so dealers might send stock by ship. Portland opened a bid for the 2001 Westercon, and for Los Angeles in 2002 a color poster appeared, with Bruce Pelz, in plush surroundings, looking more like Aleck Woolcott than ever. Off to moderate "Cross-Genre Works of S-F & Romance"; I proposed, for a classic S-F & romance blend, C.L. Moore's "No Woman Born." Carolyn Grayson told how she'd handed a manuscript to her husband, saying "I can't understand this fantasy," only he gave it back with "I can't understand this romance." Bohnhoff in the audience said, we assume a woman is the one reading the book. I said romance isn't just emotion, or sex: it's love of the strange. Vera Nazarian said, when they meet and come together. Bohnhoff said, it's overcoming conventions.

The Art Show had 500 pieces, of which 250 sold for \$8,300, and 70 artists. I thought the most impressive work by Artist GoH Sue Dawe was two studies of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, one of Captain Nemo and Professor Aronnax in pressure suits before the ruins of Atlantis, another, plans of the *Nautilus* (the powerful Disney image), with the box for the engineer's name erased and in a furious hand overwritten "Nemo." Kelly Freas pointed out a print of Tom Caney's *White Haven*, late fall, leaves gone from the birches, dark touches in the man's hair and cloak, the swirl

When you know a thing, to recognize that you know it;
when you do not know a thing, to recognize that you
do not know it.

Confucius

of the woman's gown stabilized by the verticals of the trees, and she by him: he'd found her at last; she won't lose this time. May Roscoe send him another Hugo. Carole Parker strolled by, her high gown cut to the waist in back to show off an elaborate silver and turquoise necklace. Cheryl Morgan had *Emerald City* 34. Seeing no rosettes for hall costumes, I asked at the Masquerade table, helplessly; there were no hall-costume judges. The newsletter was called *Reality Check*. On "The Alien as Conqueror," David Gerrold said invading a planet isn't cost-effective; it's better to infest it with your ecology. I said, the opposite of *The War of the Worlds*. Vernor Vinge said, if aliens were more competent than we, they could conquer us culturally. Their culture might be repugnant. Gerrold said, S-F too often makes aliens gods or enslavers. Vinge said, if interbreeding is impossible that makes a big difference. From the audience: maybe the aliens bring in their technology because they're tired of waiting for us. Gerrold said, John Campbell thought that whatever aliens throw at us, we're smart enough to outwit. At the Business Meeting, Frost got enacted that, if Australia annexed the U.S., or the U.S. annexed Australia, a Westercon could be held there. He does things like this. The Hospitality Suite stuck American flags into oranges and nectarines.

I walked a mile for the Masquerade, which opened with

Westercon 51 Masquerade Martin Jaquish, Director

Judges

Sue Dawe, Scott MacMillan, Jefferson Swycaffer
Jean Klassen (Workmanship)

Master of Ceremonies

Katherine Kurtz

Best of Show

"Naked Steel"

Diane Granander, Dianna Hildreth, Beth Holley
Debbie Keais,

Colleen Kelly Burks, Fran Mack, Scott Sanders, Dee
& Don Slieff

Master

Best in Class -- "The Rockettes' Jetson Girls"

Bridget Landry, Qeldas Picket, Jane Wolfberg

Best Presentation -- "Balance of Power"

Mary Ann & David Meyers

"Give Me Men..." Award for Winning by a Landslide
-- "Rockettes' Mountains"

Renée Arnush, Debbie Callahan, Stephanie Steiner

Journeyman

Best in Class -- "Bug Hunters"

Max Cervantes, Mat Clayson, Sharie Justice, Sean

Lujan

Novice

Best in Class -- "Ambassador Delenn"

Lisa Getta

Workmanship

"Jetson Girls," "Balance of Power"

videos of President Kennedy calling for the Moon mission, and goshwow space-ships from various vintages of *Star Trek* kindly provided by Robert Justman. Kurtz was Mistress of Ceremonies, in a fantastic Judith Rauchfuss hat. Had there been an award "Most of Show," it could have been earned by the gang from A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. for no less than six rocky entries. First, three women in Jane Jetson outfits, "Live, from Radio City Music Hall, the Rockettes' salute to science fiction," complete to double cuffs at the wrists, and double skirts which I suppose I may call chronosynclastic infundibula. Later, heralded by the Glory Days

Costumed as a mulberry tree — *a mulberry tree?*
Barbara Hambly

of Radio voice as "the Rockettes' salute to space exploration," came three women dressed as rocket ships, duly showing their legs clad in tights; remember how great cigarettes used to dance?

Much later, by which I mean 3 a.m. Sunday morning at Bucconeer, I found myself wearing one of the rockets, walking Kate Morgenstern and Lise Eisenberg from the Holiday Inn to the Hilton. Next in the series was "The Gneiss Girl," whose metamorphic conglomerate spheroid duly opened to reveal Sandy Deakins' pretty face; then "The Balboas," three men dressed like, yes, Rocky the Boxer; then, for another solo, Rocket J. Squirrel; then three more women as the Rockettes' salute to plate tectonics, who won a special award "Give Me Men to Match My Mountains." Against this inspired foolery little could prevail, but Dianna Hildreth the Con Chair (or, as the Program Book called her, Grand Negus), Dee Slieff the Treasurer, and a host of others, won the audience and the judges with "Naked Steel," a role-reversed *Three Musketeers* whose swordplayers were women, whose trophies were men, and whose author, Dumas père sweating for a deadline, took over Kurtz's lectern to read his scribbles aloud, the players onstage changing as he rewrote, or sometimes changing him.

Bob Ladd and his merrymakers from Team Maroon, our Spokane hosts for the 1999 Westercon, served the best beer, notably a triple mash from Cirque, a brewery in Prosser, Washington. Even Sam Konkin's *Daily Frefanzine* admitted the Christian Fandom party had some of the best conversation. At the Bostando in 2001 Worldcon bid party Ben Yalow wore a flamingo. When I reached the Philly party there seemed no cheesecake left, but Todd Dashoff had hidden one piece for me, an omen for the vote at Bucky, had I known it. At half past three on my way to hear filking I found April Reed, who had just closed down. The hotel, not asked for late air-conditioning, had shut it off, and the room eventually grew intolerable. She and Norton and Selina Phanara and I held a hall party for a while. Phanara said, "I used to think I was too tough to go to Hawaii, but I could enjoy it even though mundanes do." A paper napkin twisted into a rose had been abandoned on a table. I seized it and gave it to her for a Rotsler's Birthday present.

Sunday on "A Few Good Crazy Theories" Landry talked of a project to land in Antarctica, burn 4 kilometers straight down, and release a submarine. David Beaucage asked, why support wacko notions? Landry said, to break out of the box. I said, as insurance against what you haven't thought of. Landry said Pathfinder was cheaper than *Waterworld*. Moderating "Had the Mongols Invaded Europe," I was struck by Nazarian's perspec-

If Christianity was all lies and fairy tales, then the prohibitions of it were ridiculous and I could have any girl who would yield to me.

Frank Harris

tive. To a Russian-Armenian the Mongols were living history. Raul Reyes proved quite knowledgeable, and traded speculations about weapons and other technology. Then there was the journey of Friar William de Rubruquis to Mangu Khan in 1253, carrying

letters from the Emperor Baldwin de Courtenay at Constantinople; how if that had been more eventful -- Christian Mongols in a military alliance with the Empire against the Muslims? Could one have been concluded after the atrocious successes of Uncle Batu at Tiflis, Kiev, and Budapest, ten years before?

This was the first Westercon without Bill Rotsler. The concom, knowing Loscon had celebrated him, didn't want to sit on the coat-tails. Learning that on-site, having planned nothing, I felt some gesture would still be in order. Aileen Forman kindly lent an illo from *Glamour* 8, and I hastily made a poster for the door of the Dead Dog party. Afterwards I mailed it to Paul Turner. The party was in a luxury suite with a stairwell, wall

The artist must be at once his own master and everybody's pupil.

George Bernard Shaw

pictures truly ugly for a Marriott. I found Ladd setting up; the concom, exhausted, had appointed him, and gone to bed. Seeing pounds of chips but little else to eat, I bought a couple of pizzas from Room Service. Nor was there much to drink, but that was solved by a messenger from a Secret Pro Party, who'd been left with dozens of bottles of beer on her wall, and bequeathed them. So everything was mellifluous and grand. Clark said he did pub his ish: the San Francisco fan directory. I asked, how about a photo exhibit? He'd tried a slide show at Costume-Con, but to sad response. No, I said, a standing exhibit. This too was something of an omen for Bucky, which allowed space for Jay Kay Klein's candid photos next to Christine Valada's portraits, alas with less help in presenting them. Rumor said the beer donors had sung "Teen Angel" and "Greasy Grimy Gopher Guts," then gone downhill. Ladd and Kevin Standlee conferred about Art Show hangings, including what to do in Honolulu. Indeed Ladd had been everywhere, attentive and diligent. One may hope.

Changes of Address

Chris Barkley, E-mail: cmbarkley@yahoo.com
 Fred Cleaver, 9 Vulcan St., Gunnison, CO 81230
 Dan Deckert, E-mail: dandekert@uswest.net
 Tom Digby, 1118 Oakmont Dr. #5, San Jose, CA 95117
 Nigel Rowe, 431S. Dearborn #402, Chicago, IL 60605
 Bjo Trimble, E-mail: bjot@usa.net

Short Waves

Citrak Wedding: The right Michael (Citrak) and the right Becky (Simpson) got married almost right on time.

Becky Thomson reports: "Enough people read *File 770* around here that my badge (yes, we had convention badges at a

wedding) read 'Becky (Not the Bride, Nanna) Thomson.'

"The moment I saw Michael (already several minutes past the scheduled 2:00 beginning of the ceremony) I confronted him and announced 'I am NOT marrying you!' To which he replied, somewhat nervously, 'You may have to... Becky isn't here yet!'"

When the right Becky arrived they went on with the ceremony. As part of the vows, Michael took Becky's child (from a previous marriage long ago) as his son. It involved, for example, both father and son agreeing to share their toys. *[[Source: Becky Thomson (once Bennett, but never Citrak or Simpson)]]*

OBITUARIES

Leigh Couch: The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* reported in its September 11 issue that long-time fan Leigh Couch passed away. Leigh was a member of First Fandom. She was science teacher in St. Louis area Catholic schools for 30 years.

She is survived by a daughter, Lesleigh Luttrell, and a son, N. C. Christopher Couch, and her grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her husband, Norbert, and a son, Michael.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations in her name to some of her favorite charities: The Open Door Animal Sanctuary, Forest Park Forever or St. Louis Zoo Friends.

Eleen Tackett: Eleen Tackett, whose pancreatic cancer came out of remission a few short weeks ago, passed away on September 21. Services were held on Friday, September 25. *[[Source: Len and June Moffatt]]*

