



FILE 770

Editorial Notes

by Mike Glycer

Leonard Duh Vinci: One thing I really like about fandom is the way it allows me to rub shoulders with geniuses.

I subscribed to the Aussiecon Three listserve hoping to find an energetic conversation full of plans for this year's Worldcon. Instead, one of the first posts I saw was a complaint from someone about number of messages the list was generating.

What were you expecting? It's a listserve open to the membership of a Worldcon!

But that's not my favorite complaint. It was even funnier to read a fan demanding -- stop setting your e-mail to "high-importance" because it activates my beeper. Excu-u-use me!

Random Harvest: Diana loves gardening, and in the 10 months we've lived in our new home she's reclaimed most of the formerly desert-brown backyard for flowerbeds. She's spaded countless sacks of potting soil into the adobe-hardpan, and in the process removed enough stones to fence a New England field. With the help of friends, we dug out a titanic yucca stump and rolled it out to the trash.

This spring we battled the weeds. One afternoon Diana uprooted some oxalis and decided to use it to start filling a hole under some tree roots at the corner of the property. She came back the next afternoon and found the weeds had been



pushed out of the hole -- from the inside.

Strange. What could be living in there? I discovered the answer a few nights later when I drove home from a LASFS meeting and my headlights lit up *three skunks* parading down the driveway.

I don't know how you did it, NESFA.

The Flash: Nothing in the universe moves more rapidly than e-mail on its way to an erring faneditor. Some copies of *File 770:130* had yet to hit the mailbox when Jerry Kaufman wrote to tell me about two mistakes in its list of Hugo nominees:

That British fanzine isn't Plotka, it's

Plokta. And the person listed as a nominee for best fanartist is almost certainly Freddie Baer, not Freddie Bauer. (If you're not familiar with her work, she's a collage artist who's done a fair number of fanzine and little magazine covers and a large number of teeshirt designs for such cons as Potlatch, Wiscon, Alt.Polycon -- and for the James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award.)

Joseph Nicholas immediately followed with his own explanation:

It's not PLOTKA, with the "t" preceding the "k", but PLOKTA, an acronym from computerspeak meaning "Press Lots Of Keys To Abort"

I'm not dyslexic, yet I have always read it "Plotka." I was convinced I had corrected a misspelling in the e-mail I got from the committee!

Plokta, Plokta, Plokta.... The wrong name is even saved to my spellchecker. Too bad no one ever pointed out the mistake when I made it in other issues. Perhaps no one thought it worth mentioning until it happened in the course of bitching about someone else's accuracy. And then, fans being fans, they ran to their keyboards to make the ironic observation.

After Jerry opened my eyes, I looked at a 1998 issue and discovered I'd once spelled the title *both ways* in the same paragraph. I'd evidently taken as the basis for the item an e-mail from a fan who'd spelled it the right way, and added my own introduction with the title misspelled. Gack.

File 770 131

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News of Fandom

Lichtman Accident

Robert Lichtman was involved in an automobile accident June 2, suffering a cracked pelvis and three fractured ribs. He was driving to work when a woman came over the center line and knocked his car into a ditch. Lichtman's car was totaled and it took emergency personnel 45 minutes to get him out of the wreck. The woman walked away; her car had airbags.

Within a few days of the accident, Lichtman was using a walker in the hospital. Lichtman came home from the hospital on June 12. Carol Carr and Lichtman's ex-wife, Lani, helped set up systems so that he could live independently and safely. Not feeling up to the usual load of computer correspondence, he has temporarily designated Bill Bowers as his e-mail filter: "I don't feel ready just yet to face the full weight of electronic fandom directly while I'm healing."

(Bill, did you learn to do this watching Patrick Swayze in *Ghost*?)

[[Sources: Bill Bowers, Art Widner, Carol Carr]]

A Fall in Falls Church

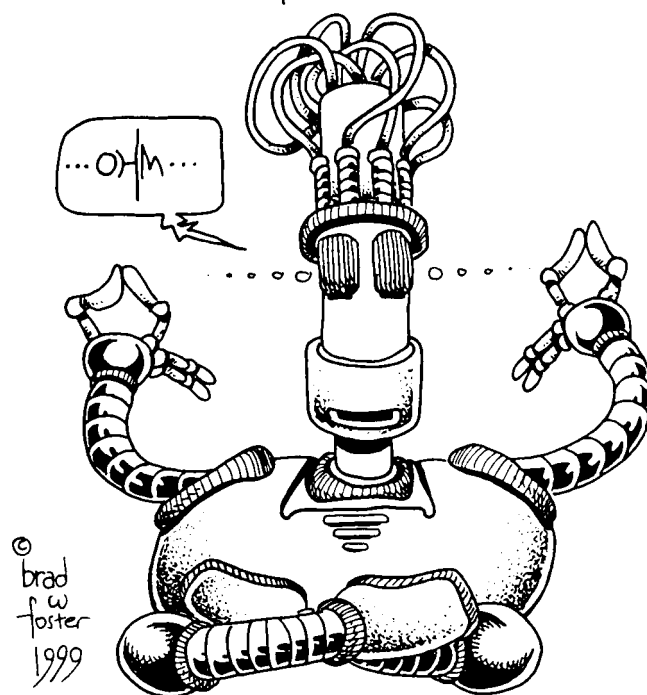
by Ted White

I fell shortly before 6:00 p.m., Saturday, June 12. Several neighbors heard or saw it (it happened on the front of my property and I fell across the sidewalk into the street, striking my right hip on the curb). I tried to get to my feet and couldn't, and found my neighbors rushing up to help me. They called 911, and Falls Church Fire & Rescue was on the scene in minutes. Everyone was great -- right down the line. My neighbors across the drive called Lynda, who was at the hospital as they brought me into ER.

I hoped I'd only dislocated or sprained my hip, but x-rays disabused me of that notion. I'd broken the ball off my right thighbone. I had surgery Sunday morning; three six-inch screws were inserted through my thighbone to reattach the ball, successfully (we hope, in terms of knitting and healing). I had a two-inch incision in my thigh, held shut with eight staples. ("So much for the Staple Wars," rich brown quipped later. "Placement is still crucial," I riposted weakly.)

Wednesday the 16th, after three physical therapy sessions (and another check-up x-ray) at the hospital, I was moved to a rehab facility, Manor Care. There I had morning and afternoon physical therapy sessions, along with morning "occupational therapy" sessions to work out my upper body. Fortunately, I'm a "young" 61, with good bones and in reasonably good health/shape, and I've done pretty well. I got pretty tired of institutional food, but rich brown brought me carryout Mexican food (chile relleno dinners) on three occasions, bless him! Rich also visited nearly every evening to play cards, which cheered me enormously, starting at the hospital. And one evening at the rehab center we were joined by a fellow who was curious about

PLUGGED INTO THE UNIVERSE



the game (double-deck Pinhole), to whom we taught it. (He's a diabetic who'd lost his left leg below the knee. There but for the grace of Ghod....) He and I spent much of our days thereafter in the lounge, in our wheelchairs, happily playing cards.

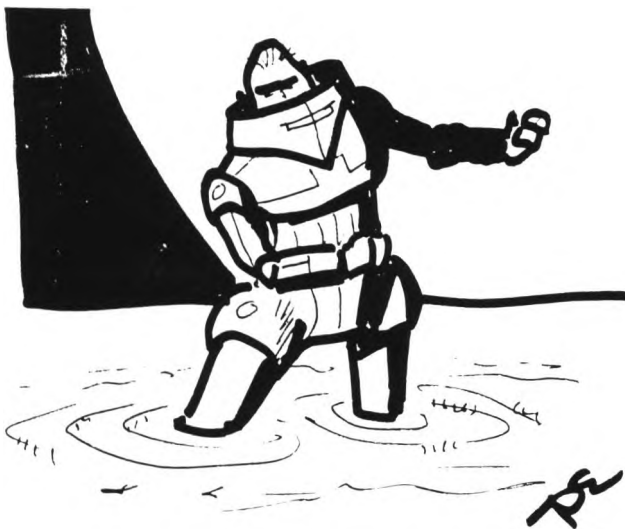
I saw, both in the hospital and in the rehab center, so many people who were worse off than I, most of them also significantly older and with a much harder struggle to undergo to get back to self-sufficiency, that I had no time for self-pity or depression. I read a number of books (and recommend both Donald Westlake's *Humans* and Elmore Leonard's *Cuba Libre* highly), and mostly avoided the TV except for a few newscasts. All of the staff with whom I dealt, in both places, were great. The roommates were more problematic, ranging from one who snored louder than rich brown (something I'd hitherto regarded as impossible) to one who liked to keep his TV running (loud) all night (*he* could sleep through it, but I couldn't) to one who had the first clinical case of logorrhea I've ever encountered (talked incessantly, voicing all his thoughts aloud).

I checked out of the rehab facility Thursday the 24th, arriving home twenty-four hours before the delivery of my walker (which was supposed to be there before me), to my considerable annoyance. Lynda, who had also visited me nearly every day, brought me home.

I'm "toe-touch only" on the right foot. I saw my surgeon

Monday the 28th) to have my staples removed and have a followup x-ray which showed me doing fine thus far. I get around on wheeled office chairs and my walker. Friday the 25th I prevailed upon Dan Steffan to drive me to a Wheaton, Maryland club where I saw the Hungarian progressive rock band, Solaris (named after the Lem book; their first album was called *Martian Chronicles*) and met the owner of their (Hungarian) record label, who knew of me from my Dr. Progresso website. A number of old and new friends from the radio/music biz were also there, competing to buy me drinks and treating me like royalty. There's something to be said for a (temporary) disability, I guess.

My 11-year-old son, Aaron, stays with me during the days, and is a great help, acting as my hands and feet. My 29-year-old daughter, Kit, was here most of yesterday, taking me to my doctor, shopping for me, and -- at Aaron's request -- teaching him how to play cards (Hearts) with us. This is the first time I've played cards with both my kids, and we all enjoyed it a lot. If it hadn't thunderstormed, Kit would have mowed my lawn for me - which it badly needs. Tomorrow, perhaps....



Sitting for extended periods of time (as, in front of my computer) is hard on me, but I hope to ease my way back into my work schedule as soon as possible. (I'm the Manager of the Comics and Music MicroChannels at Collectingchannel.com. The Music channel was on a weekly basis before my fall, but Comics was daily. My Comics Assistant Manager, Steve Stiles, freshly hired, has been doing a fine job of filling in for me, thank Ghod. Circumstances pitched him right into the Deep End almost before we knew he could swim.)

All my friends have been greatly supportive -- they brought our Sunday poker game to my house and "allowed" me to win big! -- and I thank them collectively. Times like these reveal the depths of friendship and I've had no disappointments in that area

at all.

My doctor says I will have to continue keeping the weight off my right foot for another "six to eight weeks," so I'm stuck with a walker and not driving for at least that long. I suspect it will get Old for me, but I'll cope.

Eire Straits

Tommy Ferguson couldn't get to Corflu Sunsplash: "I've just got a new job, which has meant a move from Belfast to Nottingham, in England. With it comes a three month moratorium on holidays which, apart from all the hassle of the move etc., encompassed Corflu. My name was on the list because I was desperate to attend."

What about his idea to hold Corflu in the land of ghoddmint-on? Ferguson answers, "The Irish bid...is still going strong. We have a location, talking about the weekend before or after St. Patrick's day (timing or what?) and considerable moral, and organizational support, from some very experienced UK fans. It will happen!"

ASFS Meeting No Dud

The Albuquerque SF Society's April gathering was interrupted when police found a bomb in a parking lot near the UNM campus building where they meet.

Club member Joe Lane claims he saw it on his way in. "I almost tripped over it. I remember accidentally kicking it as I went into the building. When I drove up to park my car, the ominous-looking black box was there and it didn't go off." Kicked it! You're very smart, Joe!

Police told members to evacuate and go to another parking lot, where they stood in the cold night air and were mercilessly forced to buy auction items from Bob Vardeman.

Proving once again that fans are Slans, when time passed without either an explosion or further contact from security guards, the members sneaked back into the building to finish the auction. A stressed-out campus cop discovered them while rechecking the building after the Albuquerque Police Department bomb squad arrived. They were chased out again.

Twenty minutes those still nearby heard a loud explosion as the APD detonated the box.

While never officially confirmed, there were reports the box had been an OSHA device used to test air circulation through building air vents. [[Source: ASFACTS, 5/99]]

Curried Jam

Al Curry, known to fanzine fans as a contributor to *Outworlds* and other zines, has long been "a damn fine Bar Musician" confirms Bill Bowers. He displayed these skills at Corflu IV during the "Live *Outworlds*" in a three-song set (illustrated by slides from Joan Hanke Woods).

Now you can get a 12-cut CD by "Al Curry & the crapshoot jam band" called *Push Comes to Shove*. It's available in the U.S., for \$12.00 including postage, from: P.A. Curry, 3440 Telford St. #19, Cincinnati OH 45220. E-mail: keltol@cinternet.net

Spiral Bound

Tornados spun through Kansas and Oklahoma once again on May 3. Storm alerts sent fans packing to their safe rooms and basements.

Jack Doremus posted, "Either these things are getting closer or I'm getting more paranoid, but I spent half an hour in the basement watching water pour down a (covered) daylight window and wondering what was happening up there, then went out to retrieve the porch furniture from the neighbor's yard." Afterwards, Jack found his yard covered with roofing, insulation and other debris torn from neighboring homes.

David and Marisa Means of Tulsa watched television reports of storm movement, including pictures from a camera tower:

"Suddenly, in addition to the lightning, there was a series of ground level explosions of light, which were the transformers in west Tulsa being destroyed by the funnel.... At this point the entire station crew, with the exception of the head meteorologist, evacuated and went to the basement (probably in that order), because the funnel was heading directly for them. Marisa and I realized that, if we extrapolated the path of the tornado through the city of Tulsa, it would travel very close if not directly through the campus of the University of Tulsa, and we live just six blocks east of there. We hurriedly put on shoes, stuck our wallets in our pockets, grabbed our car keys, eyeglasses, and flashlights, got our pillows and some blankets ready, closed all the doors and windows, and got ready to grab the animals and jump into our hidey-hole." Fortunately, the funnel soon dissipated.

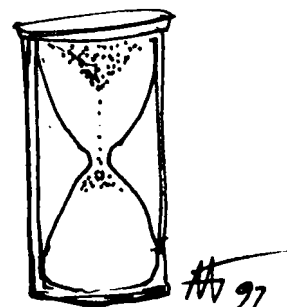
Ken Chalker felt for a moment that the storm was headed straight towards his house, and it got to within 3/4 of a mile away before turning north. He reported that everyone involved with Soonercon was fine, and the only people he knew with any damage were Tim and Kimber Chessmore. The storm blew windows out of their home, left holes in the roof, and obliterated a fence. Some fans who learned the Chessmores' insurance will only cover a small portion of this expense started a collection to help out.

From Russia, With Smof

Roger Wells went to Russia in March as part of a small group connected with The Lydia Whitney Foundation, Inc. They visited composer Guennady Vavilov in Petrozavodsk, capital of the Republic of Karelia, in the extreme northwestern part of Russia. Their itinerary also included St. Petersburg, but having arrived there just after the war in Kosovo heated up and the U.S. stealth fighter was shot down, they curtailed their activity as a precaution. With good reason, Roger notes, since they later learned the U.S. embassy in Moscow was fired on.



THE SANDS OF
TIME ARE NO
RESPECTERS OF
GRAVITY.



Medical Updates

Bob Tucker stayed home from Midwestcon because he came down with 24-hour stomach flu before leaving for the airport.

Robin Bailey is completing chemotherapy and trying to recover strength and weight.

When his wife drove him home from the hospital, they experienced an embarrassing moment. The trunk of the car was filled with gifts and things that had been in his hospital room, including a Furby given to him by Laura Mixon.

They needed to stop and get the sick pan out of the trunk on the way, and the motion of the car started the Furby talking. A man getting into his car next to them kept watching suspiciously, doubtless looking for the "kid" he supposed was locked in their trunk. What an interesting *COPS* episode that might have made if he'd tried to turn them in!

Sharon Green was Andy Offutt's replacement as Parthecon's toastmaster, but just before the convention she suffered a cat bite which became infected and required a hospital stay. She recovered fully and later attended LibertyCon. Trivia buffs will want to know, it was Uncle Timmy Bolgeo who ultimately served as toastmaster. And escaped the curse. *[[Source: Kronos 6/99]]*

andy offutt is making a good recovery from his heart bypass operation, according to Jodie Offutt. "He's doing fine. He's mending normally from the surgery. His heart sounds good to the cardiologist, who has turned him back over to our family doctor. Andy's walking every day, not smoking, and getting stronger each day. He looks good and feels good." *[[Source: Kronos, 6/99]]*

In May, LA fan **Matthew B. Tepper** was hit with a rare and unusual, and fortunately temporary, disfigurement. Tepper explained: "I suddenly found that I couldn't close my right eye. Then I discovered that the muscles on the right side of my face

were paralyzed. I was afraid I was having a stroke, which was very disconcerting."

Tepper's internist diagnosed him with Bell's Palsy, a fairly low-grade syndrome which in most cases just goes away after a few weeks. Tepper found himself in company with "Other people who have had this... consumer activist Ralph Nader, actor Pierce Brosnan, and counter clerk Junior over at Record Surplus. They all got over it completely, and with my Herbangelist faith and the encouragement of Junior, I know I will too." In fact, he did.

Tepper promised that this minor illness would not affect his plans to gafiate from fandom completely and permanently before the end of 1999. And it didn't. He hasn't returned to LASFS since he got well.

Unreal Estate Sale

David Dyer-Bennet's domain name, *ddb.com*, is well-known to conrunning fans because he has generously hosted a couple of fannish and fan-related web sites on his server. For example, *mnstf.org* and the Minicon web pages are run through *ddb.com*, and so is mothballed *lacon3.worldcon.org*.

David's domain name may change in the near future. He's been approached by another company, DDB Needham, that wants to get on the net with a short little domain name. David explains:

"I'm uncertain of the legal position should I decide I simply want to keep the domain. It's relatively new and thus dangerous and expensive legal territory. This probably won't be a major factor, though; it looks like they'll probably be willing to pay enough that I become a willing seller. Though I'll regret the loss of the easiest possible e-mail address for anybody who knows me to remember."

Should a sale be made, David will give widespread notice about when it takes effect, and what names are changing to.

Chaz Boston-Baden notes, "Incidentally this is the second time this year that this has come up in connection with a fannish site host. George Mitchell was approached by someone who wanted to buy his domain name, *mvp.com*, which George had operated for five years. Therefore George renamed his server to *m5p.com*."

Gegenschein Pixilates

Eric Lindsay announces, "*Gegenschein 84*, yet another late fanzine, is now available on a new and different (no frames) web site."

http://members.tripod.com/~eric_lindsay/sf/geg84.htm

He adds, "It has actually been on the older site for some time, while I dithered about adding photos. I didn't get around to it, so I declare it ready for reading. Contents are a trip up the coast to Airlie Beach, bunch of little raves, the usual sf book reviews, and lots of locs."

If you are planning a trip to Australia for Aussiecon, and want to know what Eric Lindsay's area is like, see:

http://members.xoom.com/eric_lindsay/airlie/index.htm

And Eric's web page is still at:

<http://www.geocities.com/SiliconValley/Network/6778>

Mythopoeic Awards

The Mythopoeic Society has announced the nominees for the 1998 Mythopoeic Awards.

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award: Adult Literature

de Lint, Charles. *Someplace to be Flying* (Tor hc & pb)
Gaiman, Neil, and Charles Vess. *Stardust* (DC/Vertigo hc; Avon hc without Vess's artwork)
Klein, R.E. *The History of Our World Beyond the Wave* (Harcourt Brace hc)
McKillip, Patricia A. *Song for the Basilisk* (Ace hc)
Stoddard, James. *The High House* (Warner pb)

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award: Children's Literature

Dalkey, Kara. *Heavenward Path* (Harcourt Brace hc)
Jones, Diana Wynne. *Dark Lord of Derkholm* (Greenwillow hc)
Levine, Gail Carson. *Ella Enchanted* (HarperCollins hc & pb)
Morris, Gerald. *The Squire's Tale* (Houghton Mifflin hc)
Rowling, J.K. *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* (U.S. title *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*) (Scholastic hc)

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Inklings Studies

Adey, Lionel. *C.S. Lewis: Writer, Dreamer & Mentor* (Eerdmans, 1998)
Hein, Rolland. *Christian Mythmakers* (Cornerstone, 1998)
Hooper, Walter. *C.S. Lewis: A Companion & Guide* (Harper, 1996)
Tolkien, J.R.R. (ed. Wayne G. Hammond & Christina Scull). *Roverandom* (Houghton Mifflin, 1998)

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Myth and Fantasy Studies

Cooper, Susan. *Dreams and Wishes: Essays on Writing for Children* (McElderry, 1996)
Riley, Michael. *Oz and Beyond: The Fantasy World of L. Frank Baum* (University Press of Kansas, 1997)
Warner, Marina. *No Go the Bogeyman: Scaring, Lulling, and Making Mock* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, c1998)
White, Donna R. *A Century of Welsh Myth in Children's Literature* (Greenwood, 1998)

The Mythopoeic Awards are small statuettes of a seated lion (intended to evoke, but not officially named after, Aslan from C.S. Lewis's Narnian books) inscribed with a plaque on the base.

The nominees and winners are chosen by committees formed of members of the Society. The winners are announced at the banquet of the annual Mythopoeic Conference (Mythcon). This year the conference will be held in conjunction with BreeMoot 4 at the Archbishop Cousins Center in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, July 30-August 2nd.

The Mythopoeic Society is a nonprofit educational organization of readers, scholars, and fans of the works of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Charles Williams (The Inklings), and the related genres of myth and fantasy studies. It publishes three magazines as well as sponsoring local discussion groups and the annual



Mythcons. For further general information on the Society, write the address above. For details on the awards, contact the Awards Administrator, David Bratman in care of The Mythopoeic Society, P.O. Box 6707, Altadena CA 91003

New Inductees to Hall of Fame

Robert Silverberg, Ray Bradbury, A. Merritt, and Jules Verne were named new members of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame in a ceremony held at ConQuesT 30 on May 29. Merritt and Verne received the honor posthumously.

The Hall of Fame was founded in 1996 by the Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society and the J. Wayne and Elsie M. Gunn Center for the Study of Science Fiction at the University of Kansas. The members of the Hall of Fame are selected by the Board of Directors: Robin Wayne Bailey, James Gunn, Joe Haldeman, Larry Hopkins, Ted Poovey, Keith W. Stokes and William Tienken.

Sidewise Awards

The judges for the Sidewise Awards for Alternate History are pleased to announce the finalists for the 1998 Sidewise Awards. The awards will be presented at Aussiecon 3.

Long Form (60,000 words or longer or complete series)

Dinosaur Summer, Greg Bear, Warner 1998; *Voyager* 1998
Making History, Stephen Fry; Hutchinson 1996; Random House 1998

Climb the Wind, Pamela Sargent; HarperPrism 1998

Short Form (shorter than 60,000 words)

"The Wire Continuum," Stephen Baxter and Arthur C. Clarke; *Playboy* 1/98

"The Summer Isles," Ian R. MacLeod; *Asimov's* 10-11/98

"Waiting for the End," Robert Silverberg; *Asimov's* 10-11/98

"US," Howard Waldrop; *Event Horizon* 10/14/98

The judges are Moshe Feder, Evelyn Leeper, Jim Rittenhouse, Robert Schmunk, Stuart Shiffman and Steven Silver.

Endeavour Award Finalists Announced

The finalists for the 1999 Endeavour Award are *Dinosaur Summer* by Greg Bear; *Golden Globe* by John Varley; *The Good*

Children by Kate Wilhelm; *Iron Shadows* by Steve Barnes; and *Ship of Magic* by Robin Hobb. The Endeavour Award is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc., [OSF-CI], the organization that sponsors OryCon and other conventions. It is named for the Endeavour, the ship in which Capt. James Cook explored the Pacific.

The Endeavour Award honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection, created by a writer from the Pacific Northwest. The Award will be given for the first time this year, and announced in November at OryCon, a science fiction convention held annually in Portland, Oregon. The Award is accompanied by a grant to the author that now stands at \$500.

A group of preliminary readers selected the five finalists from 24 nominated works. The finalists will be read by judges John Barnes, Edward Bryant, and Esther M. Friesner, who will select the winner.

Writers, editors, agents and persons who attended the previous year's OryCon may nominate works for the award. Nominations must be accompanied by four copies of the book for use in judging. Deadline to enter books published during 1999 is February 15, 2000. Nomination forms may be printed from the Endeavour Award's home page:

<http://www.osfci.org/endeavour/index.html>

Forms are also available for SASE from: The Endeavour Award, c/o OSFCI, P.O. Box 5703, Portland, OR 97228.

Story Contest Winners

The National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) holds an annual contest for amateur writers. Winners of the 1998 N3F Amateur Story Contest are:

First Prize: "Forever Ships", David L. Nemzoff

Second Prize: "River Witch", David L. Day

Third Prize: "Zar in the City of Illusion", Richard A. Dengrove.

Honorable Mention: "Roswell Revisited", Jeff Berkwitz.

The first three winners get \$50, \$30 and \$20, respectively. There were 22 entries, with the winners selected by Jefferson Swycaffer, who said, "It was a joy, not to judge them, for no one can do perfect justice in a contest of this sort, but to be allowed the privilege of *reading* them. The stories were all 'winners' in that they made at least one reader happy to have known them."

Entry blanks for the 1999 contest can be obtained by sending SASE to Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606-2308.

Fanimals

Keith Stokes shares the sad news that Charles William Stokes, AKA Charlie the dog, passed away on April 5, 1999. "Charlie attended over 80 science fiction conventions from 1985 until 1999 and was scheduled to be Fan Guest Of Honor at Conestoga '99 in Tulsa, OK."

Charlie's bio was occasionally included in program books and three times con-committees negotiated to allow him to stay at hotels with no pet policies.



One year, ConQuesT surveyed fans at registration for answers to use in the "Fannish Feud" to be played during the masquerade intermission. The *number one* answer to "Name a science fiction fan" was Charlie the Dog.

Keith will bury the dog's ashes in his family's plot in Mackinaw City, MI. Photos of Charlie may be found at <http://home.unicom.net/~sfreader/charlie.htm>

Barkley Squared

In the last issue, **Chris Barkley** called Harlan Ellison's "'Repent, Harlequin!' Said the Ticktockman" the best short story every written by anyone. Harlan called to sputter his thanks, and wondered if he and Barkley had ever met. I e-mailed the question to Chris, who answered: "Yes, Harlan and I have met several times over the past 25 years. He'd know me if he saw me.... Ask him if he remembers the bookstore reading group in Cincinnati that reviewed *I, Robot* screenplay and him in on a conference call with them back in '95. That was me."

Chris adds, "Just after I posted the EW article to you, a big anthology of the century's best short stories edited by John Updike was published. I skimmed it to see if 'Ticktockman' was in there and was very much surprised to see that it wasn't a selection; it's been one of the most anthologized stories of the century. It's even turned up in a lot of high school and college

literature texts. I read an interview Updike gave a couple of weeks ago and he said that he was sorry to include so many 'sad and depressing stories' but those were the best. My regret is that I couldn't have expressed a little outrage at Updike so being so damned elitist and closed-minded....

A Little List

The Khazad-Dum discussion group of the Mythopoeic Society, not to be outshone by literary quarterlies or critics like John Updike, has issued its own "Best of the Millennium" list of outstanding works published in the past thousand years. The group explains, "We limited our scope to mainly fiction, and understandably show a slight bent toward more speculative literature." The April *Mythprint* listed their selections in chronological order of publication:

The Canterbury Tales by Geoffrey Chaucer
Le Morte d'Arthur by Thomas Malory
The Prince by Machiavelli
Collected Plays by William Shakespeare
Don Quixote by Miguel Cervantes
Poems by John Donne
Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen
Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll
Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain
The Lord of the Rings by J.R.R. Tolkien

What, no Dante's *Inferno*? I'd have expected it to make their list because an English-language translation of the work was done by a favorite mythopoeic writer, Dorothy L. Sayers.

Short Waves

The **Beaker People Libation Front** normally meets 6 p.m., the first Saturday of the month, on the 2nd floor at the Bull Moose (pub), 354 W 44th St, NYC, between 8th & 9th Aves. Come prepared to pay your own way!

Robert Sacks promises there are several varieties of beer available, and the hard cider is excellent. There is a Western bar menu and specials.

An exception to the regular schedule will be the September meeting. It will take place on the normal date in the bar of one of the Worldcon hotels in Melbourne.

Maura Katherine Means, daughter of David and Marisa Means, was born June 24. She weighed in at 8 lb. 8 oz. Mother and daughter are doing fine.

Joy V. Smith, often seen in fanzine lettercolumns, can now be seen in *Once Upon a World* #9. Her novella "Hidebound" shares the issue with Tamela Viglione's novella "In the Real."

The pitch for Joy's story reads: "Curiosity drew Fissa to the armored, golden alien on shipboard. Betrayal threw them together in the crash. Now, stranded on a hostile planet where even the grass is deadly, they must cooperate or die."

Order your copy for \$10 from Emily Alward, editor of *Once Upon A World*, at 646 West Fleming Drive, Nineveh, IN 46164.

Robert Lichtman writes that **FAPA**, fandom's oldest, most distinguished apa, "Still has a number of open membership slots and a lot of back mailings available -- the latter obtainable by sending \$5 to Ken Forman."

Glenn Glazer has graduated from UCLA, cum laude, with a master's degree in Pure Mathematics with a Specialization in Computing. Glenn goes back to UCLA this fall to pursue a Ph.D. in Computer Science.

Mark Olson has taken over from Janice Murray as *Thyme's* North American agent.

Last year's **FFANZ** winners, **Phil Wlodarczyk**, **Frances Papworth** and **Renaldo**, have issued a trip report *Two Loonies and a Soft Toy*. Despite producing a thin publication consisting of photocopies of handwritten notes, scrapbook items and a few illos, the trio failed to create something which SCIFI would not recognize as a trip report: the \$500 bounty has been duly paid. Don't fail to send them even more money: for \$2.50 you can have your own copy. Request it from: P.O. Box 33, Seville, VIC 3139, Australia.

Arthur Hlavaty rejoices, "Good news! Once again, a publishing company has shown the dubious judgment of hiring me. I am now working full-time as a proofreader/copyeditor for Brownstone Publishing in New York City, publishers of legal advice letters for landlords."

It turns out Bruce Pelz owns a copy of the **East German fanhistory** reviewed by Harry Warner in the last issue. If you're hoping to find a copy, here is contact information for the editor: Wolfgang Both, Vorstadtweg 20, D-12683 Berlin, Germany. E-mail: wolfgang.both@senwib.verwalt-berlin.de

Silver Arrow 2000 is a Robin of Sherwood Convention, being held May 27-28, 2000 at the Bristol Hilton in England. For more information, write the con at: 3 Stitchman House, Byfield Rd., Northampton, U.K. NN5 5HG. I wouldn't ordinarily run this listing, but they sent the press release in an envelope which had a cool Dalek postage stamp on it....



The Trill Next Door

by *Francis Hamit*

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It was at the recent Electronic Entertainment Expo in Los Angeles that I became aware on one of Fandom's least attractive aspects: its rudeness to the very people who help make the dreams come alive.

As we all know, this is the final year of *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. Its long story arc, a worthy competitor to Tolstoy's *War and Peace* for character development, complex plotting, and moments of compelling, even gut-wrenching drama, finally ran out its string.

One of the unexpected developments of the final season was the death and resurrection of the Dax character. It was the departure of actress Terry Farrell more than any original intention of the producers which brought about the change. It has been variously reported that Farrell demanded terms and compensation that the producers could not or would not meet or that she was written out because the Dax character as Jadzia Dax had exhausted its dramatic possibilities. I've heard it both ways, so the truth may be somewhere in between.

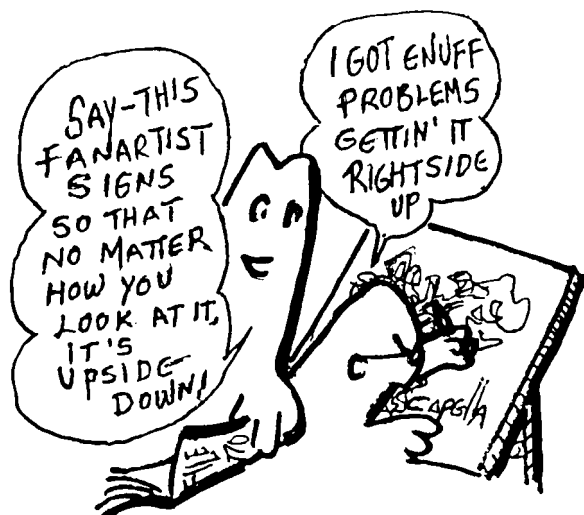
One hour series television is an uncertain enterprise at best, and few shows have their path laid out five years in advance as was done for *Babylon 5*. For

most, it's pretty much a make-it-up-as-you-go-along kind of thing.

Last year, I was lucky enough to get into the seminar that David Milch held at the Fox lot on how to write for *NYPD Blue*. This was held for ten mornings in Screening Room Z and was Milch's laudable attempt to share some of the principles of writing one-hour drama series. People flew in from Paris and London to be in that seminar, so I was lucky simply to be there.

Among the principles that Milch laid out were that every such series is about a family comprised of the principal characters. These people may be deeply flawed and engage in dangerous and unpleasant work, but it is their characters and the way they do that work that engages the audience. The success of the series, like any other business enterprise, depends upon repeat customers.

Changes to this mix are hazardous in the extreme for the producers because they change the family set-up and may upset the audience. In the end, it's all about ratings, because ratings determine the price of the time sold for those annoying commercials we all pretend to ignore. Yet changes do happen frequently.



An actor who has a minor role and other opportunities will, for the sake of their own career, move on. With *NYPD Blue*, Gail O'Grady had offers to do movies of the week and her character, Donna Abandonado, was written out on very short notice. Milch resorted to a *deus ex machina* solution of her being offered a job in California. With Sharon Lawrence, who played Sylvia Costas, it was the lack of material as well as other opportunities. She had been very public about her displeasure, so Sylvia got shot.

Whether or not Ms. Farrell saw her new opportunity in *Becker* on the horizon, she, too, had been rather public about her doubts about continuing on as Jadzia Dax. In the Industry, Dick Wolfe, the creator of *Law and Order*, is famous for lack of sympathy for bumptious actors; demands for excessive salary increases and unwelcome media attention for political activism have received short shrift from Wolfe, as they usually do from producers everywhere. Characters on his shows change very often.

So with *DS9*, Farrell left and a new Dax character, Ezri, the ninth incarnation of the symbiote, was brought abroad by Nicole DeBoer, a Canadian actress unfamiliar to American audiences, but one, despite her youth, with considerable credits dating back to age nine, and including five television series in her native land.

On her first appearance, deBoer demonstrated an endearing fresh-faced inge-

nue quality perhaps best described as "the Trill Next Door." In that disjointed introductory scene she greets old friends who look at her rather oddly because, of course, they've never seen her before, and have no idea who in hell she is. The crowning touch is her reaction to Worf, Jadzia's fierce Klingon husband and her worried, teeth sucking line, "We've got to talk!"

Now I've been a fan of the series from the first episode and I found this perfectly charming. Not so others, as I found out at the Electronic Entertainment Expo. There, Paramount

and its parent company Viacom were promoting a new *DS9* computer game, and it was announced on a sign that deBoer would be signing autographs between 11 and 12:30.

This display was set up in the lobby of the West Hall of the Los Angeles Convention Center, which has another *Star Trek* connection; it was where the scenes of the underground city in the *Star Trek: Voyager* pilot episode were shot. (Actually I believe it was the hallways that join the South and West halls that were most of it.)

Trade shows are like baseball games; all pretty much alike but each a little different from all the others. This was a novelty and I decided to join the queue, since I had nothing else scheduled.

Despite the "For the Trade Only" nature of the expo, there was a fairly long line. This is computer gaming, a subset of the entertainment industry that now outgrosses feature films, and there were fans aplenty. A very tall actor dressed as a Klingon performed crowd control, herding the line to comply with fire regulations. "Humans, Humans," he said in a deep resonant voice, "Stay in your places." He had the weary patience of someone chaperoning kindergartners at an art museum.

At Paramount, *Star Trek* is called "The Franchise" and has produced something over a billion dollars in profits, so while *DS9* may be over, the follow-on potential of motion pictures and computer

games and merchandising must be nurtured. DeBoer, as the new girl in town, was obviously doing her part to promote the show, which will run for decades to come someplace in the world.

In fact, this seems to have been only her third such appearance, with one in the United Kingdom and one at VulKon in Florida. Some of the people in line were not very nice to her. It seems that they saw her as an usurper of Jadzia's role. (Well, Worf also felt that way, but he was written that way.)

Even as they were standing in line to get her autograph on her official Ezri Dax Paramount publicity photo, they were expressing their anger at Jadzia's demise, and displeasure with the Ezri character.

Well, how fannish is this, I thought. DeBoer, attended by a Paramount PR department minder and possibly an off-duty cop or two working as bodyguards, could hear all of this negative commentary, even as the same people filed past to acquire her autograph (currently worth about \$45.00 on e-bay because she has made so few appearances).

Not surprisingly, she was a bit upset. She was not in make-up, so she didn't look much like Ezri and she is rather petite. Even though I've spent a lot of time around fans, I was appalled at the low-rent behavior they displayed here. DeBoer is a professional actress and probably counted herself lucky to be cast in this follow-on role. She's not the first Canadian to become world famous because of *Star Trek*, after all. At that moment, however, she must have been wondering just what she had stepped into. She probably went home and reread Leonard Nimoy's earlier book *I Am Not Spock*.

In any event, she did not feel encouraged to hang around and as soon as the photos were gone, so was she. DeBoer had no part in the decision to replace Terry Farrell, so blaming her for what was actually a pretty good story arc is less than useless.

I mean -- Geez! No wonder William Shatner once shouted at a bunch of rabid fans to get a life! People in the Industry find us passing strange to begin with. One actress friend of mine who attended a couple of cons promoting *Babylon 5* was

outraged by the way some of the more rabid fans of that show would correct convention guests who had worked on various episodes as directors about what they had done in those episodes. "Who the hell do they think they are!" she fumed.

A fair question. While every one-hour series attempts to involve the viewers in a "contract", and draw them into feeling a vicarious part of that family of characters, very few outside of the science fiction genre create the insane and total devotion shown by some fans. They've even made a movie, *Trekkies* about it. We are indeed a strange people; one often lacking in the social graces.

Any entertainment product, be it a play, motion picture, television series or computer game, is the result of a collaborative effort among artists and technicians who have made satisfying the audience their life's work. Without an audience, the circle is incomplete; the work cannot exist in a vacuum. However, I think when fans abuse the relationship that something is lost. This is especially true with actors, who can be rather fragile.

When it came my turn to have a word with Nicole deBoer, I made a point of saying, "By the way, I am enjoying your performance." It startled her. "You are?" she said, not sure if I was getting ready to deliver another "bite the hand that feeds me" slam or not. "Yes, I am," I smiled. I meant it then and I mean it now.

DeBoer seemed unsure. I left it at

that. I was being urged to move on by my Klingon friend and, besides, she will do well from this role. Putting up with obnoxious fans is part of the price of fame and success.

As we say in Fandom, she knew the job was dangerous when she took it. Still, if we don't see much of her at conventions, we should not be surprised. For that we have only ourselves to blame. Manners, people, manners!!

Hugos There

Locus editor Charles N. Brown doesn't ordinarily e-mail me about typos, but he did have something to say about *File 770's* report of his magazine's role in the release of the 1999 Hugo nominee list:

Charles N. Brown: "Tsk, tsk -- you failed your own fannish test: can't spell *Plokta*. You also failed the truth in newzine test.

"Although we got it up first, *Locus* didn't have an advance copy of the ballot to check or otherwise.

"The ballots were counted on April 15 and the nominees notified. Roy Ferguson offered to e-mail them to us when they were supposed to go up officially on April 23 (April 22 US). Having dealt with enough committees, we also asked the official checker, Justin Ackroyd (not us) to fax us a copy, since he doesn't have e-mail. Since he had also been given the same release date, he had no problem with that. We spent April 22/23 on the phone with Justin, who assumed the electronic list, which he had released to the committee, would go up momentarily. We actually did argue for a couple of changes in the spellings and citations, and won at least one. I was just as surprised as you when the official electronic ballot never went up."

A3 Chair Perry Middlemiss had given me the information I relied on for last issue's report:

Perry Middlemiss: "Justin [Ackroyd] had to check a couple of titles and asked Charlie Brown about it. Given that Charlie had also listed one of the titles incorrectly in *Locus* a few months

earlier, Justin asked him for a fax confirmation. Charlie, being Charlie, went ahead and added the nominations to his website as soon as he got them, without our authorization."

But Perry was wrong. So was I, not to check with Charlie. I am really embarrassed to find myself in the position of piling on *Locus*, because I ordinarily have nothing but admiration for its consistently excellent use of journalistic tools.

In fact, I want to underline that there was nothing wrong with *Locus* asking for the Hugo nominees list. Anyone who wants the initial distribution has to ask. It's the Worldcon committee that controls how the information will be released.

One of life's unfair ironies is that this whole problem came about because Charlie's approach to getting the list was direct and efficient. Being under deadline, he made phone calls and was turned over to Justin Ackroyd who had the information. Two weeks before these events happened, Aussiecon Three told those asking to receive the list when it came out that the list would go up on the web page first. When the online announcement failed to be made on the date told to Ackroyd by Hugo Administrator Roy Ferguson (who went to be with his sick sister in Perth), Ackroyd's release to *Locus* boomeranged into this controversy.

As a result, not only did the other editors feel unequally treated, they also felt deceived.

The problem is how Aussiecon Three handled the release of this information. Perry recently sent an e-mail to SMOFS saying things worked out as they did because on April 22/23 he had the flu, Ferguson was out of town, and Justin Ackroyd had a broken toe. This might have explained *nobody* getting the list on time, but that's not what happened. And none of the three is the webmaster -- Tim Richards -- whose A3 web site is where the rest of us had been told the information would be first released.

The lesson to be learned is that committees should release the list on the same basis to all newzines that request it. If the plan is changed for one, change it for all. Committees needlessly deprive themselves of fannish goodwill by doing otherwise.



That's My Rant And I'm Sticking To It: By Chris M. Barkley



Star Wars Episode I The Phantom Menace or There's Good News and Bad News

Turmoil has engulfed the Galactic Republic. The taxation of trade routes to outlying star systems is in dispute.

Hoping to resolve the matter with a blockade of deadly battleships, the greedy Trade Federation has stopped all shipping to the small planet of Naboo...

While the Congress of the Republic endlessly debates this alarming chain of events, the Supreme Chancellor has secretly dispatched two Jedi Knights, the guardians of peace and justice in the galaxy, to settle the conflict...

"Hey, it's only a movie..."

George Lucas

Four days after *The Phantom Menace* opened, I was in Washington, D.C., persuading several good friends to brave the rainy weather and heavy traffic of Connecticut Ave. to drive past the Uptown theater, the place where I had first seen *Star Wars* (known nowadays as *Episode IV: A New Hope*) in 1977.

I hadn't been back to this section of the city since Disclave moved from the venerable Sheraton Park (which is now known as the Marriott Wardman Park). As we drove up the street, I could see

that the lush, tree-lined neighborhood, which borders the National Zoo, hadn't changed an iota since my last visit. What truly amazed me was the distance between the hotel and the theater; as a mere child of 21, I remembered it being only a few blocks away, not more than half of a mile.

As the van approached the Uptown, I became more than a little nostalgic as I saw the very same scene that greeted my eyes twenty-two springs ago...a long line of people (some with umbrellas and in costume), snaking south on Connecticut a half a block away to Newark St. and up a small incline that lead towards a series of posh residences.

As we drove back to Falls Church on the beltway, I reminisced about the early morning hours of May 29, 1977. It was clear from the opening shot of the Alderaan cruiser chased by the Star Destroyer across a vast planetscape that this was no ordinary movie.

I had never before in my life been so surprised with the reactions of an audience. I was no longer a detached viewer; I was immersed in a roomful of total strangers all cheering, clapping, laughing and groaning in unison, our jaws swinging freely at the stunning visuals and the unrelenting, driving narrative of the story unfolding. I was feeling, rocking with the total gestalt experience, probably for the first time in my life. When it ended, everyone stood and spontaneously gave a it a standing ovation and cheered the *all* the credits, especially the Dolby Stereo.

Afterwards, as we all literally staggered from the theater I bumped into my good friend Michael Walsh, (a well known Baltimore fan, and later a publisher and WorldCon chairman) coming from the same screening. We embraced, screamed and hooted at each other and made a general spectacle of ourselves at 2:20 am. We were bonded for life. Little did we know what awaited us....

Star Wars of course, changed everything that the general public had perceived about sf. And the amazing thing is that it not "real", hard sf. Space opera? To be sure, *but...*this is tale that could have easily been told as a samurai epic, a

western or struggle between feuding corporate giants.

The mythic struggle depicted is an old one, dressed up with some technological frills. The story itself is the series' strongest point. And we all love a good story.

There was a huge resurgence of interest in everything and anything that was the least bit science fictional after the release of *Star Wars* in 1977, the first widespread cultural sf boom since the 50's. In many ways the boom has never stopped. The *Star Trek* franchise got kickstarted again, *Alien* and *Bladerunner* got made and the quality of sf on television gradually improved (the *New Twilight Zone*, *Outer Limits* and a full run of *Babylon 5*). Readers saw the launch of *Starlog*, *OMNI* and *Isaac Asimov's Sf Magazine*.

The downside: Glen Larson's *Battlestar Galactica* and *Buck Rogers*, *Saturn 3* (and several tons of other schlock) created the perception among the general populace and a majority of media producers that *Star Wars* was the standard for *all* forms of sf.

I fought this perception on my public access radio show *Bad Moon Rising* (1976-83) and whenever I encountered people who wanted to talk about it. (I still do, in fact).

After *Return of the Jedi* (of which I will get back to later) my ardor with *Star Wars* cooled. Through the rest of the 80's to the early 90's, I kept my ear to the ground on anything Lucas might be doing. When Timothy Zahn's first trilogy of related books hit the bestsellers lists in hardcover (1991, I believe), I knew this was a prime indicator of a growing groundswell of support for new movies.

As it so happened, George Lucas was preparing for new films by improving filmmaking, refining production techniques and special effects at Industrial Light and Magic. I was rather pleased with the release of the Special Editions in '97 but I tempered my enthusiasm with the announcement of a new trilogy of films.

(A sidebar: I'm still unsatisfied with the plot of *Return of the Jedi*. Luke's confrontations with his father and the

Emperor and his musings with Yoda and Ben Kenobi were easily worth the price of admission and the three-year wait. But, the rescue of Han Solo from Jabba the Hutt, the Ewoks and Battle of Endor, what a load of crap. One day, I'm gonna rewrite this movie...for my own amusement of course...

But...as May 1999 drew closer, I could feel the familiar feeling of excitement growing in me. I became jittery and annoyed easily. It occurred to me that maybe this just wasn't a movie after all...this had all the makings of a full blown *cultural event*! I had to take drastic steps, of course.

I made up my mind very early on that I was not going to drive myself half insane, sweating and grinding my teeth trying to ferret out details about *The Phantom Menace* as I did when *The Empire Strikes Back* was announced in 1978. (Can you youngsters in the audience imagine trying to find out about movies like this in production, especially secretive projects from LucasFilms, before the advent of the Internet? It was *much* harder then than it is today. We had to depend on studio sources passed along be word-of-mouth, in fanzines or meeting very late at night in dank underground parking garages. *Many* fans, myself included, went a little crazy trying to figure out what was going to happen next.)

I wanted to walk into *The Phantom Menace* feeling as open, pristine and free from any facts or misconceptions as possible. Ironically, in doing so, I still ended up going a little nuts...

So, upon the release of *The Phantom Menace* trailer, I stayed home, while tens of thousands of others flocked into theaters, paid full price for a film they weren't interested in, were enthralled for about two minutes and then left.

As the months passed and the hype began to build, it became harder to avoid little tidbits of information. Characters kept popping up on the covers of *Vanity Fair*, *Entertainment Weekly*, *Cinescape* and others I subscribe to. I deleted e-mail that I thought might contain some news or clue. I watched less tv (and finished a few books). I stayed out of retail bookstores when the Terry Brooks novelization

came out in early May.

Things really got serious after the screening for theater distributors and their families...a news report I inadvertently caught said the movie was geared mostly towards children. I barely had time to contemplate what that meant when the *actual* reviews, (fueled no doubt by speculation by some media outlets that it was so bad, that there was a distinct possibility that it might tank) of *Phantom Menace* started hitting the newsstands, air waves and the net. And somehow I avoided them as well. But my streak came to an abrupt halt a few days before the opening, when in a moment of weakness, I thought I would just take a little, tiny peek at the soundtrack album contents at Amazon.com...and found that one of the major plot revelations staring right back at me! Needless to say, I was more circumspect after that.

I was sufficiently cheered by a newspaper article for a movie beat writer who lamented the fact that the early release of reviews and the overwhelming hype had, in his opinion, spun completely out of control to such an extent that he doubted that he could honestly sit down and enjoy *The Phantom Menace*, knowing so much of the plot and production details in advance. All this had robbed him, he wrote, of the essence of discovery and wonder of seeing it for the first time. He ended the piece by exclaiming that he envied all of us who didn't know as much as he did.

Which is my point...when eager beavers on the internet find out plot points and issue spoilers, all they're doing is robbing people like myself of experiencing those particular feelings of discovery, for the better or for the ill, for the first time. And frankly, I feel sorry for them.

When advanced tickets went on sale a week before the opening, I waited patiently in line with a few hundred other eager fans at a theater situated near where I work, about a five minute drive. I had wanted to see *The Phantom Menace* at a state of the art, stadium seating theater

in the northern suburbs but the word came down from a traffic helicopter early that morning said that the parking lot was full the line was very, very long.

Surprisingly, my wait was mercifully short, only 45 minutes. I got two tickets for the 10 a.m. showing opening day, for myself and a co-worker who expressed some interest.

When we settled into our seats that morning, I could hardly believe that I was about to watch a movie that had been 16 years in the making. I did note that the theater for this particular showing was only about half sold out.

When the trailers for other offerings ended and the lights went down...and the main titles flashed on the screen again as they had three times previously, I readily admit that my breath was taken away for more than a few moments. I started clapping uncontrollably and several in the audience joined me for a few moments. Then we all sat back and watched it all unfold before us....

When I left the theater with my friend two hours and twenty minutes later, I had mixed feelings.

The good news was that I absolutely **adored** *The Phantom Menace*! (I went back a week-and-a-half later, to a completely different theater and time of day, just to confirm my feelings). As a rule I don't give myself completely to anything very easily. I have reviewed films and tv shows for a number of venues over twenty years, I can't be snookered or fooled by cheap melodrama, artsy fartsy direction, editing, method acting and other



cinematic nonsense. (For the record, the last this *almost* happened, the film in question was *Good Will Hunting*, a nice, raw-looking, but unfulfilling piece of trickery.)

When I give myself to a film, as I have in the past with *Nashville*, the Three and *Four Musketeers* (1974-75), *Casablanca* or *Citizen Kane*, I immerse myself totally in the experience, as I would any book that I love.

The ensemble of actors were sturdy and served the story well. Carrie Fisher once criticized Lucas' original script for Episode 4, saying that he could write it well enough, it's just that the actors had a hard time saying and expressing all that clumsy dialog. Well, the dialog may still be a bit hokey (by our fannish standards at least) but Liam Neeson (Jinn), Ewan McGregor (Obi-Wan) and Natalie Portman (Queen Amidala) came across to me as very convincing in their roles as heroic figures.

And Jake Lloyd, as young Anakin Skywalker, was not a stiff as some wags had proclaimed in reviews. I found him to be a very real, spirited, exuberant and charming performer. Just looking at him here makes me wonder how such a nice little boy could become one of the most reviled and evil villains in the history of cinema.

I found George Lucas' first directorial stint in 22 years very sharp, skilled and disciplined, especially when characters are in contemplation and during the action sequences and lightsaber duels. He also took pains to thrill the audience with a

careful balance of production design and digital sfx that will stand up to repeated viewings.

The editing was so well rendered that I could have sworn that only 90 minutes had passed rather than two hours plus. And I can't imagine anyone else than John Williams composing the score, he once again brought a true spirit of adventure and excitement alive within me with every note.

Another thing I loved were the homages to sf and cinema sprinkled throughout *The Phantom Menace*; the pod race and *Ben-Hur*, the city planet of Corsucant and Asimov's Trantor and another not so obvious nod to *Citizen Kane*, which will probably turn out to be very pivotal to the next two episodes....

I have heard and seen reviews from critics and fans who claim there's no plot to *The Phantom Menace*. My question is, what the hell were they doing during the movie, sleeping? It barrels and ricochets from lush planet of Naboo, the (ever-so-familiar) desert world of Tatooine and the giant city-arcology of Coruscant, as an evil plan for galactic conquest is set into motion by a patient and sinister overlord, Darth Sidious. Apparently these complainers weren't paying attention...or are they bringing some different agenda to this film?

When I go see a film, I try to leave and political or personal baggage at the ticket window.

To those critics who have attacked the plot, I offer this analogy: consider the whole story as a giant jigsaw puzzle. We certainly know what's going to happen next, let that represent the outer borders. And what we're left with are several large gaping holes in the middle left to be filled:

-Under what circumstances do Anakin and Amidala meet again?

-How does Darth Sidious turn young Skywalker to the dark side?

-What happened during the Clone Wars?

-How will the fall of the Republic engineered?

-Just exactly what are the Jedi Rules of Engagement?

-Will the Gungans be wearing Ver-sace' or just buying off the rack K-Mart costumes next time around...?

Burning questions, to be sure...and I'm quite sure that Lucas still has some plot tricks left up his sleeves to dazzle us.

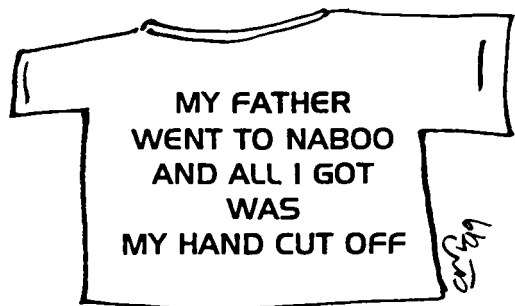
The one thing a good storyteller *never* does, is to tip his hand to the audience too far in advance. Be honest: after seeing Episode Four, who among us was actually expecting Darth Vader to reveal that he was Luke Skywalker's father (much less maim him in the process)? In any three-act drama, you always save some twists and surprises for Act II, which I'm betting in this case will be titled *The Clone Wars*.

This movie, which Lucas has openly acknowledged to be a love story, is the one that will break *all* the box office records (especially if a certain actor named Leo is cast as the older Skywalker).

And no, I did not find the digital character of Gungan Jar Jar Binks annoying at all. He's there for the same reason Andy Devine, Walter Brennan and Ralph Bellamy had such long careers; comic relief. Imagine if you will, *The Phantom Menace* without him or the other Gungans...the result would have been an oppressively grim affair that would have left a very bad taste in everyone's mouth.

The Gungans also provided a necessary counterpoint to the surface-dwelling habitants of Naboo; in order to overcome the invaders they had to put their mutual prejudices and suspicions aside and work together. Respect, tolerance and cooperation...if any child seeing *The Phantom Menace* got that message, fine. It did not detract from my enjoyment of the film in any way. As a matter of fact, I find *any* charge of racial stereotyping by the Rev. Al Sharpton and other race baiters just ludicrous. Anyone who finds those sorts of things in *The Phantom Menace* obviously has too much time on his hands....or is taking all this TOO damn seriously.

But paradoxically, one of the few real complaints about *The Phantom Menace* is



race-based. Samuel L. Jackson's character, Mace Windu, could have easily changed places with Jinn; I really would have enjoyed Jackson gruffly dispensing wisdom to young Obi-Wan or getting absolutely medieval on those battle droids. Not to take away anything from Neeson's performance, but the death of Windu probably would have had a deeper impact on the audience than Jinn's, whose character I felt, was lacking nuance. But then, that's just my opinion.

Then there's the down side to all this...

During the two screenings I attended, I noticed that there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm. For the most part, people just sat back and sucked the movie up, no different than if they were at home watching pay per view on tv. That's a pretty dismal reaction to the most anticipated prequels in movie history, wouldn't you say? I think that one of the main reasons might be that for the most part, people are not discriminating between this and the experience they have at home with their home viewing habits.

Another factor, especially among the young, is video games. The pod race meant nothing to any kid who has a Nintendo 64, a Gameboy or a PlayStation unit. I, on the other hand, who could care less about that sort of thing was totally enthralled by the pods, engines and the wonderful, throbbing, pulsating soundscape Ben Burtt designed. (And more entertaining than this year's Indy 500, too).

All this leads me to believe that *The Phantom Menace* will be good for the movie business but does not necessarily translate into good sales for sf in general. There is no talk about any new sf magazines (in fact, circulation is down across the board, except with media related magazines). People who line up to see it may go to a bookstore and buy a *Star Wars* book, but they couldn't care less about Joe Haldeman's *Forever Peace* or Vonda McIntyre's *The Sun and the Moon*.

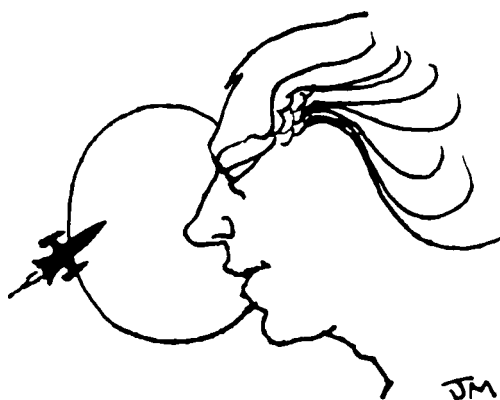
This is not George Lucas's fault. He says he's just making movies, the best movies that he can imagine. The public at large is very fickle and unpredictable.

All of which means that we in the sf

community have to take our own fate into our own hands. We cannot ride on the coattails of *Star Wars* into the next century and survive as a genre or a fandom.

So, we're on our own. We, as a culture, had better develop some good moves, very soon. Our future depends on it.

Dedicated to the memory of Mel Torme, Singer Extrordinaire; DeForest Kelly, Actor Par'Excellent; and Cliff Fadiman, Editor-in-Chief.



Aussiecon Three

A3 Late With Ballots

Aussiecon Three has yet to mail *Progress Report #4* which is due to contain the Final Hugo Ballot and Site Selection Ballot. The committee failed to meet its May schedule for sending out the crucial PR.

However, Aussiecon's webmaster announced the availability of PR#4 from the website on June 27.

<http://www.aussiecon3.worldcon.org/-a3pr.html#PR>

Mark Loney, of A3's Publications Division, told subscribers to the con's listserve that when the PR#4 comes out it will be mailed first class to all attending and supporting members. However, by the last week in June electronic versions of both ballots became available from the website.

The Hugo ballot can be downloaded from the convention website:

<http://www.aussiecon3.worldcon.org/-a3biz.html#hugos>

<http://www.aussiecon3.worldcon.org/-a3biz.html#site>

The Site Selection ballot can be downloaded from:

<http://www.aussiecon3.worldcon.org/-a3biz.html#site>

Loney gave August 13 as the deadline for Hugo ballots to be returned. Completed ballots may be submitted by fax, as well as snail mail, to the addresses shown on the ballot.

Aussiecon Program

A draft copy of the Aussiecon Three program is forthcoming on the website:

<http://www.aussiecon3.worldcon.org>

A rough schedule of major events has already been circulated.

Opening Ceremony: 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, followed by Bruce Gillespie's GoH speech. Banquet: Friday night. Greg Benford's GoH speech: 2:00-4:00 p.m. on Saturday.

The Hugo ceremonies run Saturday night. J. Michael Straczynski's GoH speech is 2:00-4:00 p.m. on Sunday. The masquerade is Sunday night. The Closing Ceremony is 5:00-6:00 p.m. on Monday.

Overseas pros coming to Aussiecon Three will appear on a program each day of the convention: Robert Silverberg, Joe Haldeman, Elizabeth Moon and Terry Pratchett.

WOOF?

Victoria Smith of Woodbridge, VA (who might be the only one you know, but those of us out West know -- *there is another*) sent out a note alerting fans that she won't make it to Aussiecon Three after all. Demands on her personal finances have drained the travel fund. So she won't be the Official Collator of WOOF. Possibly Robert Sacks, who will be at the con, will take up the slack, but that has not been confirmed at this writing.

Westercon 2003

SeaTac, WA is the proposed site of the 2003 Westercon in a bid announced by the Seattle Westercon Operating Committee. The con would take place July 3-6, 2003 at the SeaTac Doubletree.

Bay Area in 2002 Drops San Francisco, Homes in on San Jose

Voters still have two viable choices for the 2002 Worldcon, but now they're San Jose and No Preference.

Just last issue, *File 770* reported the SF in '02 bid had also filed a bid for San Jose. Then, on June 14, the Argent (formerly ANA) Hotel informed the Bay Area bid hotel liaison, Michael Siladi, that they had given the necessary space in the hotel to another group that was able to make a firm commitment now. The Argent had been projected as the headquarters hotel for the San Francisco site. Bid chair Kevin Standlee met with members of the committee and determined that, without the Argent, they would be unable to piece together a workable combination of facilities in San Francisco.

The committee has withdrawn their bid for San Francisco, leaving only the bid for San Jose.

"It was a hard decision for us", said Standlee. "We originally promised fandom a Worldcon in San Francisco, and we very much wanted to deliver on that promise if that was what people wanted, but we had to consider the viability of the site. Without either the Marriott or the Argent, we simply didn't have enough hotel rooms within easy walking distance of the San Francisco Moscone Convention Center. Meanwhile, we had a very promising alternative in San Jose. It is a good site, and the local hotels and convention center are very eager to have our business."

Presupporting memberships in the SF site remain valid for the San Jose site.

The bid will post additional information on their web site,

<http://www.sfsfc.org/worldcon/> as it becomes available. Representatives of the bids plan to be at Westercon, Conucopia, and Aussiecon Three to answer questions. Fans may also send questions to the bid via electronic mail at info@sfsfc.org, or by ordinary mail to PO Box 61363, Sunnyvale CA 94088-1363 USA.

The site selection ballot hadn't been released at this writing, otherwise I could

say whether the Roswell, New Mexico bid actually appeared on it.

Kevin Standlee posted to the Aussiecon Three listserve on June 23, "I think people should know that the two bids have not yet approved the draft ballots we've been sent, because there are both technical and substantive mistakes in the drafts. This will (I hope) be resolved in a few days at most. (I know Bay Area in 2002 wants it resolved quickly, because it's holding up production of our final progress report. We will, naturally, include a site selection ballot in our final PR. We will also include A3 membership forms, because A3 has decided to not include information on joining A3 on the site selection ballot.)"

Charlotte's Web (Site)

Irv Koch and Kelly Lockhart are bidding to host the 2004 Worldcon in Charlotte, NC. A lofty motto -- "From Kitty Hawk to Outer Space" -- headlines the bid's web page, but an earthier theme -- "Barbecue Wars" -- will predominate its parties. (Yum!)

The bid has an option to use the Charlotte Convention Center for the week of August 23-30, 2004 (presumably that does not mean the con would last 8 days, but includes the move-in and move-out days.)

The date is not Labor Day weekend: Charlotte's facilities are already taken that weekend by the North Carolina Manufacturers & Housing Association. But the non-traditional date also avoids a conflict with Dragon*Con, running on Labor Day weekend in Atlanta.

Co-chair Irv Koch, the founder of Chattocon and a past chair of DeepSouth-Con, is also a fan I first met at L.A.Con I, in 1972. Irv has worked on many cons and is currently the secretary/treasurer for GaFilk 2000.

The other co-chair, Kelly Lockhart, has been part of Dragon*Con since its third year: seven years as a director and the past three years as a program participant. He created the *Southern Fandom Resource Guide*, a web based listing of conventions in the southeast. He has worked on LibertyCon. Kelly's statement, "I also understand that there is a lot more



Conventional Reportage

to the South than just Atlanta," is backed up in deeds. In Kelly's mundane life he has done everything from web page design (he runs his own web design company) to being a DJ and working in radio production, to touring on the Renaissance festival circuit.

Deborah Hussey, editor of *Kronos*, learned how Koch and Lockhart decided Charlotte would be the site they bid for a Southern Worldcon. According to Irv Koch, their overall target area was eastern Tennessee, northern Alabama and Georgia, plus North and South Carolina. "Then we sorta drew a line around Atlanta and declared it a radioactive disaster area. Kelly searched the net for cities with at least two 100,000 sq. ft. halls, plus 2000 hotel rooms within a one-mile radius.

"Huntsville was first checked: the advertised rooms were 10 miles away. Then we thought we could do it in Chattanooga, but their website on the convention center expansion was misleading, to say the least. I made a special trip to Chattanooga to make an appointment with their convention and visitors bureau, with Kelly. They can't get the downtown rooms due to the hotels being full of tourists. They also simply don't have enough rooms downtown and we didn't want to bus people in from East Ridge. Charlotte had the facilities and was open. It also had nothing going against it."

The Charlotte Convention Center has 280,000 sq. ft. of exhibit space, 46 meeting rooms, and a 53,000 sq. ft. ballroom. There are 2,900 hotel rooms within walking distance of the center, of which 1,127 are within one block of the Convention Center. It is located 20 minutes from the airport. The Charlotte/Douglas airport has 500 inbound flights daily.

Other committee members named on the web site are Shelton Drum, Thomas Martin, Star Roberts, Laura Haywood, James Fulbright and Tera Pitts. Associate members are Tom Feller, Robert Gann and David Rogers. Bid Advisors are Tim Bolgeo, Mike Kennedy, Ken Scott, Marcia Illingworth, Tim Illingworth, Phyllis Boros and Klong Newell.

A Basic Presupporting Membership is \$20. Pre-Opposing and "Just Nosing" Memberships are \$21. A Full Pre-Sup-

porting Membership is \$40. A Hornet Class Pre-Supporting Membership is \$100. Send to: Charlotte 2004, c/o Tom Martin, 2053 Ross Road, Lancaster, SC 29720.

Room at the Top in Toronto

The Toronto in 2003 bid committee has secured contracts for the Royal York Hotel and the Skydome Hotel for the 2003 Worldcon, contingent on winning the vote at Chicago in 2000.

Administrivia

Is your club or convention set up as a tax-exempt, IRC 501(c)(3) organization? Then pay attention. In a recent speech to the AICPA, IRS Exempt Organizations Division Director Marcus Owens noted that the new disclosure rules under IRC 6104 require exempt organizations to provide copies of their information returns to those who request them, effective June 8. He said consumer groups may test the availability of Form 990 to determine whether exempts are complying with the rules. The disclosure requirements include the compensation schedule of an organization's officers, directors, and key employees; they do not apply to an IRC 501(c)(3) organization's donor list.

Owens also reported that the Ogden Service Center is in the final stages of putting the information returns of IRC 501(c)(3) organizations and private foundations on CD-ROM. The product should go on sale this summer. Though the price has not been established, Owens said he does not expect the CD-ROMs to be expensive.

Changes of Address

Gary Farber, c/o Ailsa Murphy, 122A Englewood Ave. #5, Brighton MA 02135

Tommy Ferguson, Flat 4, 10 Arundel St., Nottingham, NG7 1NL, U.K.

Elizabeth Osborne, 851 N. Elizabeth St., Lima, OH 45801

Fred Patten, E-mail:

fredpatten@earthlink.net

John Pomeranz & Kathi Overton, 5927 N. 3rd St., Arlington VA 22203

Bjo Trimble, E-mail: bjot@yahoo.com

Roger Wells, PMB102, 4820 Yelm Highway, Ste. B, Lacey WA 98503-4903

Roger Wells says his change of address is technically just to the *form* of the address, but is required by the Postal Service when a "private mail box" is involved.

This is **Fred Patten's** first e-mail address, so that is the "change."

Richard Wright Oceanside Service

On Saturday, July 24th, a group led by Bob and Judy Suryan will scatter Richard Wright's ashes at Long Beach, Washington: "This was a favorite vacation spot for Richard and family and a place he always looked forward to returning every year." All who are interested are invited to attend.

They add that the visit should also be fun. Campsites are available. Also, the 28-mile Long Beach peninsula, with the mouth of the Columbia River at its southern tip, is at the end of the Lewis and Clark trail to the Pacific Ocean. On the grounds is a reconstruction of the fort where the explorers holed up their last winter before returning east.

To get directions to the service, call Bob and Judy Suryan at (206) 789-0599 or by E-mail: RPSuryan@aol.com

In Passing

"He's dead, Jim," would have been Dr. Leonard "Bones" McCoy's diagnosis. **DeForest Kelley**, the actor who played Bones in three seasons of *Star Trek* on television and in six Trek movies, died June 11 at the Motion Picture and Television Fund Hospital in Woodland Hills, California at the age of 79.

Janice Gelb's father died on Monday, May 31. We express our condolences to Janice and her brother, Jerry.

Graphic Examples

by Mike Glycer

This occasional column pays special attention to art and layout in fanzines. I'm not an artist, but take license from the punchline in a children's story I remember: "I may not know much about cooking, but I know what I like."

There's a lot to like about the fluidity, balance, and special imaginative touches in the details of Brad Foster's issue of *Texas SF Inquirer*, or any zine by Dan Steffan. That a skillful artist is at work is evident from the way all their choices (text design, fonts, layout, art) flow together perfectly. No doubt they also benefit from being able to draw for themselves special-purpose illustrations and headings, though that built-in resource is



not the reason their layouts work so well: it's that all the elements on the page are unified by an artist's eye.

Occupying the next ring out from the bull's-eye of perfection are the zines by editors who have inveigled the fanartists they know to specially illustrate the articles. With custom-drawn headings and cartoons, an editor can come up with

some quite wonderful results simply by arranging the pieces in a clean, workman-like layout.

Trapdoor: You cannot find a more visually pleasing zine than Robert Lichtman's *Trapdoor 19*. Almost half of its art comes from the master of graphics, Dan Steffan -- a cover and eight illos -- and nearly all of its art is specially composed to go with the articles. *Trapdoor's* unvarying two-column format becomes the simple and elegant setting for these jewels, to an overall beautiful effect.

Mainstream: Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins repeat the formula in *Mainstream 17*: (1) get really good fanartists to do headers and illustrations for the articles, and (2) do nothing else in the layout to distract the reader from enjoying them.

Teddy Harvia's two covers show all kinds of fish and fowl mounted on a series of poles, being ridden by fairies. (Is this some kind of totem-go-round derived from a mythology inhabiting Teddy's imagination?)

Not all the art is custom-made. I enjoy Jerry's candor when he writes that his editorial is illustrated "with clip art and William Rotsler." In a segment of Jerry's editorial he interprets a dream he's had, admitting, "Yes, at nearly 49 years old, I'm still trying to find out what I'm supposed to be doing. It seems, from the ambiguous ending of the dream, that even my subconscious has no idea."

"Adventures of the Danzig Mien" is the script of a Sherlockian parody by Stu Shiffman. Stu's own art adorns it, of course. The play is very clever and sometimes quite funny. Never mind the mystery or the villain: in a Holmes parody what we care about is not the matter but the manner. Stu has a great time festooning a Conan Doyle-esque plot with numerous ridiculous references and in-jokes. Most of them succeed as humor on some level whether or not you "get it", which is essential to keep things from rapidly degenerating into tedium.

In fact, I was surprised to find dozens of footnotes peppering the article, giving serious explanations of the play's "literary

references." While it's true that without the footnotes I wouldn't have recognized every allusion to characters from the original *Sgt. Bilko* series (at least, the ones not named Bilko), would I have been any worse off? I remember Grant Canfield using parody footnotes in an article for *Energumen*, and I have never seen a faannish writer use them for anything except humor.¹

¹ Til now.

Gary Farber's "These Are the Days" is justly identified by the editors as the "capstone" of this issue, its impact amplified by Steve Stiles' excellent illustrations. The autobiographical piece has two main parts, an account of Gary escaping a fire in his Brooklyn apartment building in 1991, and his hospitalization because of a kidney stone later that same year. Seasoned with self-effacing humor, Gary's dramatic narrative of the fire and the cynical account of the horrible medical care he received deserves to be included in the year's *Fanthology*, when it is done.

If you miss the old Boxboro Fandom parties, Allen Baum's "A Funeral, Some Anniversaries, and a Wedding" makes it sound like you should be fishing for an invitation to his annual solstice party. One year a friend erected a mock Stonehenge on the front lawn (part of it, anyway) made from refrigerator boxes and sand applied over wet paint. Since then, they've become even more elaborate.

Allen's article takes some family history involving Jon Singer and makes it into a grand theory about the inherited tendency to know everyone. He ends with a question: "If Jon [Singer] has the polyquaintance trait, what is it that I have?" Likely the answer is that in a couple more generations Allen will turn out to have been a great-uncle of *Ringworld's* Teela Brown.

Terry Garey's article talks about supposedly mundane homemaking arts that many people in the '90s would rather pay someone else to do. Her article is a classic example of a subject made interesting by a writer's passion and insight about her life. Jeanne Gomoll heading perfectly captures the spirit of "Hand-Wrought Woman."

This is said to be the last issue of

Mainstream, nothing we want to hear from Suzle and Jerry, two of fandom's most gifted genzine editors. Fortunately, there's no law that says faneditors can't change their minds.

Challenger: Guy H. Lillian III is another faned who successfully networks with artists. He shows in *Challenger* how much can be accomplished through hard work and a passion for adding visual features to a fanzine. *Challenger* appeals to the heart with an immediately apparent sense of playfulness and to the eye with a lavish array of photos and cartoons.

Turn the cover of *Challenger 5* and Kelly Freas' caricature of Guy's bald head bulges from the page like a malign sunrise, half of his smile still below the horizon. But dwell on the image for a second and see, no, his smile hasn't really been cropped in half, the view of Guy's cinematic grin is blocked by the silhouette of the three hosts of *Mystery Theatre 3000*! This literally self-effacing image instantly communicates to a reader that Guy has a keen sense of humor, and doesn't take himself too seriously.

Desktop publishing technology has made it easier than ever to incorporate photos into a fanzine. Guy is doing more with photography than most paperzine editors because he is such a good photo-journalist. His photo layouts do more than simply put a face on fandom: matched up with his narratives, they come alive as though we are momentarily at his shoulder walking through an exhibit hall, surveying a gaggle of Hugo winners, or simply smiling at one old friend.

If there are any on his mailing list who are not old friends, I often wonder as I page through an issue what they make of the frequent turns of phrase marking his outrageously obsessed flirtatiousness towards the ladies. Yet this is the authentic what-you-see-is-what-you-get Guy Lillian. So is the passionate public defender revealed in his ongoing memoir of cases he's handled in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana.

In some ways, the ultimate weaving together of these aspects of Guy's personality was evident in his interview with Leslie Van Houten, imprisoned



Charles Manson follower, published in a previous issue. Who would even think to do this? Who would carry it off with Guy's precision and personal transparency?

Now comes *Challenger 9*. At 106 pages, it's a true throwback to the days of doorstep genzines. Fanartists have illustrated six of the articles with specially prepared artwork.

Guy's editorial in *Challenger 9* reveals we have surprising non-sf reading interests in common. He has continued to follow mystery-writer Michael Connelly's "Harry Bosch" series of LAPD police procedurals. I share Guy's high opinion of *The Concrete Blonde*, and thanks to Guy I've discovered there are several more books in the series.

More than that, Guy raved about historian Gary Wills' *Lincoln at Gettysburg*, which I also found profoundly affecting.

Guy's interest in the Civil War threads its way through most issues of *Challenger* -- he wrote an Andersonville trip report not long ago. And it's quite in keeping that Curt Phillips' leadoff article is about his experiences as a Civil War re-enactor.

Amid these praises *Challenger 9*'s visual splendor, I must stop and tease Guy about the first page of the letter column, which has no headline and mysteriously starts with the WAHF section. This is particularly confusing because the preceding page has header and footer

headlines. Also unsuccessful is the placement of Brad Foster's illo smack in the center of the page, with two columns of text flowing around it. Due to the point size of the body text, most lines contain only about four words, which detracts from readability. But the other 105 pages are golden!

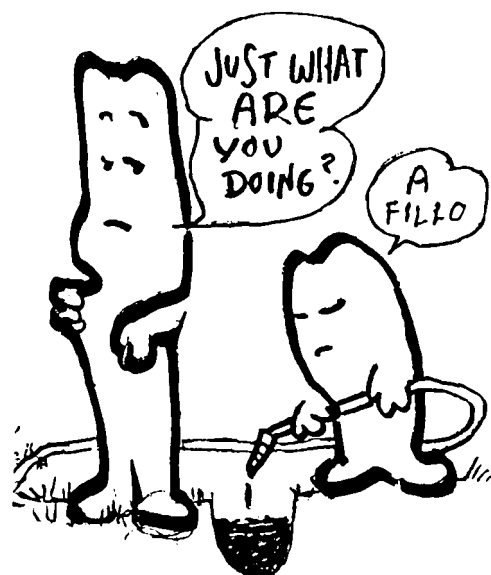
The lettercolumn also boasts the issue's most amusing typo, as Marty Cantor explains the "infamous LASFAPA Chart." Rendered by the hand of Guy, one quote reads: "LASFS was self-described as 'The Friendly Apa.' What the readers impure to the word 'Friendly' in the context of what I have just written is probably correct."

Zines Mentioned

Challenger: Guy H. Lillian III, P.O. Box 53092, New Orleans, LA 70153-30-92

Mainstream 17, Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, 3522 N.E. 123rd St., Seattle, WA 98125. Available for a fanzine in trade or \$5 US. (Jerry and Suzle's policy of trading *Mainstream 16* was so generous they even mailed out their file copy. If you can spare yours, they'd like to have a couple copies back.)

Trapdoor: Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442. Available by Editorial Whim in response to *The Usual*, or \$4.00.



The Fanivore

Takumi Shibano

I was very shocked when I found Gary Louie's name in the "Obituaries" page of your magazine. He was more than 30 years younger than I am.

As it was mentioned there, he'd been an indispensable member of Worldcon organizing committees for a long time. I remember the days he was assisting Peggy Rae Pavlat. As he succeeded her, he became one of the people who I always looked for at Worldcons. Without his kind help, I couldn't have staged our Japanese exhibition.

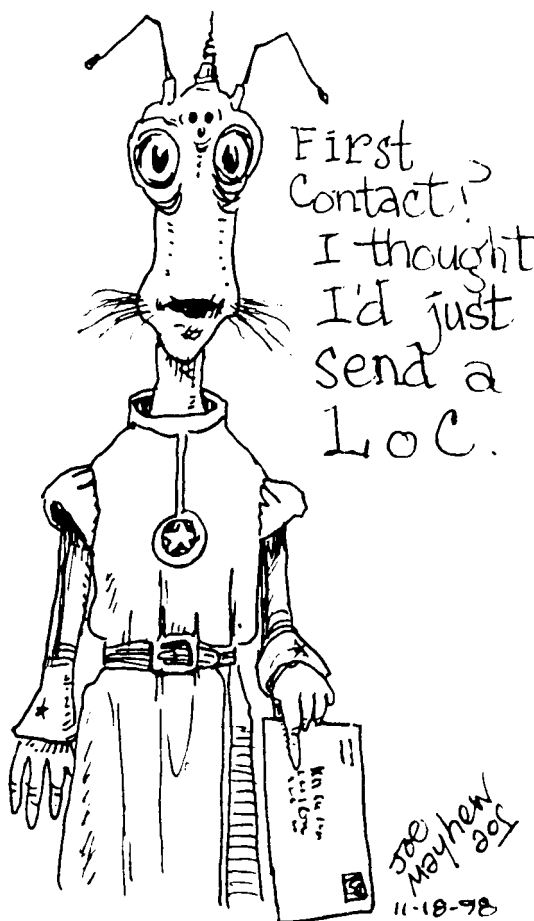
At every Worldcon, he made himself available to me, and even at his busiest, he was generous and helpful. My habit of looking for him the moment I set foot on the con site started many years ago, and I always felt great relief when I found him and his smile. I cannot believe that I won't be able to do that anymore. I'm going to miss him very much, and all Japanese fans who frequent Worldcons feel the same way.

I also send my heartfelt condolences over Buck Coulson's death, too. When I started to correspond with foreign fandom more than 35 years ago, he sent me copies of *Yandro* for several years. It proved very useful in helping me feel the atmosphere of fan activities in the mainstream of SF, just as Roy Tackett's *Dynatron* did.

David Bratman

On the Hugo nominations, you observe that "every year the Worldcon committee sends *Locus* the list of nominees to vet for eligibility" and that "*Locus* has a better record of accuracy than Worldcon committees."

I will take this opportunity to point out, since you did not, that the L.A. con III Hugo committee did its own vetting and fact-checking, not employing *Locus*'s



services, and only made one error: omitting James Patrick Kelly's middle name. This accident (it was my fault) was quickly corrected for the ballot, though it survived in the Souvenir Book listing. The same administrators self-vetted two previous Hugo nominee lists with even higher standards of accuracy. So it can be done without *Locus*'s intervention, though I would like to record grateful acknowledgment to their authoritative publication lists, without which it would be very difficult to verify the biggest headache in this department, Campbell nominee eligibility.

The initial list of this year's nominees also, like one of those legendary Persian carpets, contained one tiny error: misspelling of the name of Fan Artist nominee Freddie Baer. This, too, was quickly

corrected, though it survived in the list you printed. I hope there were no more, though not being under any obligation to vet this year....

Gary Farber

Moke: My apologies for not having done even e-mail locs for a bunch of *F770*'s I'd meant to; lots of life got in the way, despite a bunch of topics I'd meant to address. I'm unsure at this point whether I missed any in the last few months, between moves, but the latest, #130, arrived here yesterday.

I enjoyed it as much as ever, and remain as grateful, and touched -- truly -- as ever, that you keep me on the freebie list (the only way I can manage to keep up for now, still, I'm afraid), and I'm also thankful to you for printing my CoA.

I also remain, of course, grateful to you for continuing to do such a fine zine, and for continuing to do America's premier sf fandom newzine.

As a small small point of correction and note, however, um, while I'm sure you either consciously or unconsciously intended to Do Well by "correcting" Ailsa Murphy's name (as in my CoA, as in "care of") to "Alisa," her name is, really, trulio, "Ailsa," just like I, you know, said. Could you please, for her sake, and the sake of my domestic bliss, republish my CoA in your next ish, with her name spelled correctly? Many thanks in advance. As you might imagine, Mooke, people who spend their life having their name "corrected" by other people become a bit sensitive about it.

Janice Gelb

I don't know what I'd do without *F770*: In the latest issue, I found an address for a fanzine I want to order, got a place to write to find out about stray Westercon checks, found out about the medical status

of several people I know, and saw a birth announcement for other friends. Not to mention the usual convention reports and assorted club gossip.

And locs. Joseph T. Major states that "the Teletubbies were invented by people who thought Barney was too intellectually complex for children." In fact, Teletubbies is intended for babies, not children, which is scary enough without grossly oversimplifying the phenomenon.

David Bratman's point about hostility not being the cause of fringe fandom but an effect was well taken. I'm afraid I don't necessarily agree that the answer is as simple as taking some time to get to know and conform to the other group's shibboleths. If one of the other group's standard beliefs is that only their type of fandom is worthy and all other fandoms must bow to their superiority, even knowing this would probably not result in ease and comfort between groups!

I also wanted to say thanks for reprinting the DUFF results and the message I had posted on the net. Even though I'm busily making plans for the trip, I'm still not sure I quite believe that I actually am going!

Lloyd Penney

Good on Lloyd Daub for a sublime hoax. Looks like Lloyd, Lucinda and Oino were three heads on one body. Kinda reminds me of that old Warner Brothers cartoon, "Porky in Wackyland"... "His mother was scared by a pawnbroker's sign." Best to Lloyd on whatever's next. If Lucinda and Oino were hoaxes, where did Lloyd dig up such names?

Yvonne and I receive notifications on whenever something new comes from the Plokta News Network. When news of the Hugo nominees came through, the first thing Yvonne did was to fire it off to a number of fannish news sources, including you. We never thought, though, that we'd get it before you would. Different perspective from the Australians, perhaps, in informing PNN first. We are very happy with the more international flavor of the ballot, and there are some Canadians on it, too... Rob Sawyer has one nomination, Bob Wilson has two, and Nalo

Hopkinson and Julie Czerneda are both going for the Campbell.

Interesting article from Chris Barkley. The only additions I would make to his list off the top of my head are the newer versions of *The Twilight Zone* and *The Outer Limits*, and moviewise, *Somewhere in Time* for fantasy. It's all so subjective, but at least, most of us can agree that even though *Entertainment Weekly* thinks most SF is schlock, we know that true quality lies in the genre, be it print or film.

Along with fandom's busiest gaffite, Mike Glicksohn, Yvonne and I will be going to Cincinnati and MidwestCon 50 to throw a good party in connection with the Toronto in 2003 Worldcon bid. Roger Sims was mentioning something on the CFG website that it looked like this would be the last MWC, but Mike says it won't be.

Joseph Nicholas

Many thanks for reprinting the GUFF results from *GUFFStuff* 4 in *File* 770 #130, received this morning. But can I draw your attention to an error in the sentence about the current state of the funds? The figure you give of 1122 UKP was the total held prior to the commencement of voting; the total after voting, including fees, donations and auction receipts, was 1616.57 UKP. I've since received -- as trailed in *GUFFStuff* -- further proceeds from the Eastercon auctions, to take the total to 1768.02; and there is doubtless more (although probably not much more) to come.

I was amused to read of Greg Bennett's move to Las Vegas to work on space hotels, and his apparent belief that commercial manned spaceflight is the way to the future. Given the manner in which spaceflight has become bound up with the myths of the frontier which underpin so much U.S. history (and particularly with the myths of independent pioneers seeking lands outside the reach of the government), his enthusiasm for his new job is perhaps not surprising; but does anyone outside the ranks of the pro-space fraternity seriously believe that there is any profit whatever to be made from sending

people into space? Putting people in orbit and keeping them there -- never mind sending them to the Moon or Mars, and keeping them *there* -- is expensive, because people require air, water, food supplies, sources of heat and light, clothing and companionship; machines, by contrast, require nothing more than a low-grade power source and a set of instructions, and will keep going until they either wear out or are told to stop. Ergo, commercial concerns are far more likely to spend their money on machines, which are far more efficient and cost-effective -- and thus more profitable -- than people; and anyone (such as Bennett's employer) who spends money on space hotels is simply squandering their fortune, because no one will ever visit them. Not, of course, that I expect the majority of SF fans to agree with these tactless truisms....

[[The expense of creating and maintaining a space habitat is undeniable, otherwise it would be easy to argue from the example of third-world industries that human labor can readily be found to perform basic manufacturing tasks more cheaply than the machines that would be required to replace them. Even so, I wonder whether space industrial development will play out the same way?]]

Gene Stewart

Corflu Sunsplash sounds to have been fun, and several folks whose locs I know attended.

Fans fooling fans is what's partly wrong with fandom, of course. Or do I mean what's partly wrong with fans? In either case, it's also typical, and often fun, so we'll continue to see fauxfans, ghostlocs, and such. It is odd to see nostalgia replace outrage as the general response to a hoax revealed, though.

Also, there seems to be a will to believe when it comes to signatures. I write several columns, all under my own by-line, but each features a fictional persona through which to filter each column's contents.

One, *Samsara Club*, which I do for LASFAPA, features mythical brother monks, Katabas and Kabatas, who take on opposing views on various topics, always

with regard to the Buddhist state of Sam-sara, hallmarked by Greed, Anger, and Ignorance. It's the state that keeps us from evolving spiritually, and a damned handy peg on which to hang topical columns.

In any case, some folks seemed determined to believe the brothers are real, that I was one of them, and that my brother was the other. This taught me a lesson, but I'm not sure what it is yet.

Wasn't hoaxing or trying to fool anyone, but ended up teetering on the edge of doing just those things inadvertently. So how come it's so easy in fandom?

Are we all so starved for fun?

Also, it kinda makes one wonder about SMOFs, doesn't it? Do they really ever exist?

[[Sorry, I can't tell you. It's a secret, after all.]]

As for the Hugo nominations, glad to see you're named, Mike. Also glad to see there are no new writers named for the Campbell Best New Writer award -- they're all in their second year of eligibility.

Poor Fred Lerner, waiting for feedback. If it ever comes, it's always at the wrong time, for the wrong reasons, or just plain wrong. Any writer who's been around a block of print a few times knows this, yet still we wait, and hope, and rot.

If Greg Bennett's not involved in a Bigelow boondoggle of some sort, then I guess it's good news that someone is taking the commercial exploitation of manned space flight seriously. Has anyone checked RAH's grave to see if it's all heaved up from the spinning?

Medical updates were all ultimately positive, so that's good. Maintain the strain.

If Chris Barkley doesn't learn to chill, he's going to burst something. The old adage, "Consider the source," serves me well when I come across egregious bullshit like *Entertainment Weekly's* list of skiffy mundanity. Really, who gives a particular sqonk what those bozos say about anything?

Knarley Welch has a good idea about a small, potent, and permanent Worldcon

staff, but like all ideals, it falls apart in the concrete details. Who'd serve? Who'd want to? Who'd pay whom, and how much? Etc. Still, were these details ironed out, it'd go a long way toward helping Worldcons achieve stability. Glyer's right, though, it wouldn't cut down fannish carping. Nothing ever does. Even death shall not release you from faanish carping.

Harry Warner, Jr.'s idea that the Archangel Michael, or even the Clearangel Travolta for that matter, is writing to fanzines under the Frohvet nom de loc delights me. So who gets to be Satan? Don't everyone volunteer at once. (Me, me, ooh, pick me...)

[[Gene's loc was e-mailed by "Susan Stewart", perhaps his own way of joining in that Milwaukee fannish fun?]]

Sally A. Syrjala

Marie Rengstorff is right: pens do still write and what better instrument to turn out purple prose than a pen of purple ink. If you spell something incorrectly, you can claim someone simply misread your scrawl. If a word or name is too elusive, simply doodle something and let the reader use the imaginative participatory portion of their brain to fill in the blank. It can be viewed as a literary ink blot test!

Alan White

The old joke goes: "Don't disparage anyone unless you've walked a mile in their shoes. You'll not only be a mile away, but you'll have their shoes."

When publishing *Delineator* back in the '80s, I said some disparaging things about fans and fandom; Mr. Barkley's letter reminds me why. He is upset over an issue of *Entertainment Weekly* because they "Failed to deliver -- miserably."

Let's look at their Top 100 list. Hmmm, *Myst*, *Death Race 2000*, *Outer Limits*, *Dune*, blah, blah blah. Sounds like a slice of readily available popular culture to me. Would I make these same selections? No. Will everyone who reads this article accept it for the puff piece it is?

Yes, except for Mr. Barkley who doesn't realize the magazine didn't fail at anything, he just fails to perceive the article for what it was and has started his own internet Jihad. If this stuff is so important, why is it never the fans who write it, but settle for bitching about it later? Instead of doing something positive, he is spending negative time in vitriolic baloney bending.

Mr. Barkley's "first beef" however, is the "dreaded" word "Sci-fi", a neologism ("newly coined word or expression; a meaningless word", Noah) and worthy of the world's disdain. Mr. Barkley then relates that fans, upon hearing it perform all manner of histrionics like mindless drones.

Sounds like "Sci-fi", and social constipation is their problem to me. Besides, isn't fandom a cornucopia of neologisms? Blog, plonk, crifanac, Westercon, corflu, Starspinkle, etc. Created as a catchy phrase 50 years ago, fandom itself thought so much of the word Sci-fi they didn't discard it, they redefined it! As proof of fandom's complete lack of credibility, however, the word has become a valid expression in media the world over; gracing a multitude of publications, websites and even a TV channel. Could it be the only thing fandom has produced of any value to the world at large is the word "Sci-fi"? As Wollheim said in "Mutation or Death" back in '37, regarding fandom: "The world is catching up with you and will pass you by." Don't look now.

Chris is upset "THEY" are telling "US" what is best. Excuse me, but they aren't telling US, anything. He does all this kvetching about quality, and on his list, adds "The Magnetic Monster." You cannot personalize a list such as this or you will fall prey to the same problem you are trying to rectify. If I did a list of what I thought were the world's greatest movies, it would differ greatly from a list of my favorite films. There has to be a hallmark in each category by which all others are judged.

There are still several months left of 1999: Can fandom do something positive that will grace the media and learn to put up or shut up?

Finally, I must disagree that with the release of *Phantom Menace* a new generation of kids will "get excited about sf." At best they will learn the meaning of commercial mediocrity.

[[Alan has published fanzines since 1960, created the first media cons in 1963/64, became Vice President of The Count Dracula Society in '64, co-founded The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films in '72, has won art awards at Westercons and has been a contributing fan artist for almost 30 years.]]

We Also Heard From

Philip Jose Farmer: Thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of *File 770* 129 and its article on 1968 hanky-panky. I see Anne McCaffrey -- a very fine person -- is still writing Weyr novels after 30 years. Such persistence.

Robert Lichtman: Obviously I haven't had a chance to read this issue in depth as yet, but I was disturbed and then relieved to read of Tucker's food poisoning episode, happy to note in Roy Tackett's personal update that he still counts himself as a member of FAPA and has bought a new typer, and pleased to note Fred Lerner's change of address just in time to update his listing on the FAPA roster as the May mailing nears.

But the scoop of the issue is your getting Joe Siclari's report on Corflu Sunsplash in print and in my mailbox just one week after the convention itself! Many thanks to you and Joe for the fast turnaround.

Brad Foster: Scary letter from Lloyd Penney in regards to my hopes to put up a website. Talk about your pressure! I'm really only looking for something to use as an aid to my small press art-n-zine biz, Jabberwocky Graphix, so don't know how really fun it is going to be. However, the hope is that, once I get the business site together, maybe find one of those free sites to just play around with...all sorts of ideas running around the back of my head, laughing insanely!

Michael W. Waite: Fred Lerner's comments in *File 770*:130 -- "Out of the Stacks and Into the Streets" -- are true. I

tried to purchase his book, *The Story of Libraries*, from Borders and Barnes and Noble. Neither store had the book in stock. I have it on "special order" from Borders and am anxiously awaiting its arrival. I probably wouldn't have known about the book if I hadn't read Dale Speirs' glowing recommendation in *Opuntia*.

Elizabeth Garrott: So Steve Silver only wants to be contacted by e-mail for the Chicon 2000 program? Is he blind or bigoted, to ignore those of us that don't have e-mail, and maybe consider the noise-to-life (i.e. SPAM) ratio wastefully high? I understand the latter situation keeps getting worse...and worse...and worse.

[[No doubt Steve would be happy to have your input by snail mail. I happened to receive the information I published via e-mail, so it was easy to include his Net address in the item. Undoubtedly your mail to the Chicon address will be relayed to him.]]

Joy V. Smith: I can always count on *File 770* for fan news, including the Hugos, DUFF, GUFF, cons and furies, including Mr. Skunk. I found the East German fan history review very interesting. And I ordered Ian Gunn's *Space*Time Buccaneers*, though I have to confess I saw it first in *Challenger*. (I gave you both the credit.)

Great article by Chris Barkley on *Entertainment Weekly's* "The Galaxy's Top 100." ("By mundanes, for mundanes." Sigh.) His category idea does work best.

Robert Whitaker Sirignano: Chris M. Barkley's comments on the *Entertainment Weekly's* science fiction issue are good, but...the people who put it together got the information from media geeks who sent them e-mail about their favorite selections of "sci-fi." What kind of list did you expect from a magazine that has to catch the flavor of the week on a weekly basis?



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FUIT

an elaborate doodle

Joe Mayhew 2002

All that went before was noise; all that came afterwards was madness ... but, during that brief and glorious day we made **WHOOPIE.**

The proper study of mankind is therefore man.



In a former life, I was J. Edgar Hoover Director of the F.B.I. Before that...

I was Karl Marx. Next



Next time I want to be Plato
ΠΛΑ
ΦΙΛ
ΚΡΑ



O BOY!
O BOY!



Brama?



NOT AGAIN!



I was Plato once. It wasn't so hot. But I had to be Brahma three time before

I amassed the points to be reincarnated as a Greek Philosopher



on mars we don't believe in reincarnation

Based on frequent flier points!

I guess that's why you have gone extinct.

Final Ballot for the 1999 Hugo Awards & John W. Campbell Award

Eligibility to Vote (must be completed)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Province _____

Zip/Postal Code _____ Country _____

Signature _____

Please check one:

☐ I am a member of Aussiecon Three; my membership number is _____

☐ I wish to purchase a membership in Aussiecon Three.

If you are not a member of Aussiecon Three and wish to cast a Hugo ballot, you must purchase a supporting or an attending membership for Aussiecon Three by completing the following:

Amount: ☐ A\$250 (attending) or ☐ A\$45 (supporting). These rates are only valid till 31st July, 1999.

☐ Bank draft or money order in Australian Currency is enclosed, or

Charge my credit card: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Bankcard (Australia/NZ only)

Name (as it appears on the card) _____

Card Number _____

Amount _____ Expiration date _____

Signature _____

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Go to www.aussiecon3.worldcon.org/a3biz for more information on the nominations and voting, or email hugos@aussiecon3.worldcon.org.

Please Read The Following Instructions Carefully

Eligibility To Vote

Only attending and supporting members of Aussiecon Three are eligible to vote. You MUST include your name, address, membership number (if known), and signature in the appropriate spaces on the ballot. Please print or type.

Deadline

Ballots must be received in Australia (by fax or in the Post Box) by 13th August 1999 to be counted. Please mail as early as possible (we recommend posting no later than 30th July 1999). Overseas (non-Australian) members must send their ballots airmail as surface mail can take months to arrive.

Mail your ballot to: **1999 Hugo Awards, PO Box 12096, A'Beckett St, Melbourne, Victoria 3000, Australia.**

Ballots may also be sent by fax to: **+61 3 9639 1511 (011-61-3-9639-1511 from North America)**. This is strongly recommended after 30th July 1999. Also write your name and membership number (if known) at the bottom of page 2 and make sure both pages are sent.

Do not mail your ballot to the Aussiecon Three main address. Please note: we are unable to accept ballots by email.

How to Vote

This ballot uses optional preferential voting, sometimes known as the Australian Ballot. To vote, clearly mark your choices in each category numerically in order of preference: 1 for your first choice, 2 for your second choice, and so on. You are not required to rank all the nominees in any category but if all your choices are eliminated your ballot has no further influence in that category. We recommend that you not vote in any category in which you are not familiar with a majority of the nominees. Note that No Award is not an abstention, but a vote that none of the nominees should be given the award in question, and is a choice at any time in ranking the nominees.

When the ballots are counted, all the first place choices will be tabulated. If no nominee has received half or more of the votes, the nominee with the fewest first-place votes will be eliminated, and its votes transferred to the nominees marked "2" (2nd place) on those ballots. This process of elimination will continue until one nominee receives half or more of the votes, at which point it becomes the winner (unless the votes are outnumbered by No Award votes under specific conditions described in Section 3.11.3 of the WSFS Constitution).

This ballot must be received in Australia by August 13th, 1999.

Final Ballot for the 1999 Hugo Awards & John W. Campbell Award

Best Novel

Children of God - Mary Doria Russell (Villard)
 Factoring Humanity - Robert J. Sawyer (Tor)
 Distraction - Bruce Sterling (Bantam Spectra)
 To Say Nothing of the Dog - Connie Willis (Bantam Spectra)
 Darvina - Robert Charles Wilson (Tor)
 No Award

Best Novella

"Aurora in Four Voices" - Catherine Asaro (Analog December 1998)
 "Get Me to the Church on Time" - Terry Bisson (Asimov's May 1998)
 "Story of Your Life" - Ted Chiang (Starlight 2)
 "Oceanic" - Greg Egan (Asimov's August 1998)
 "The Summer Isles" - Ian R. MacLeod (Asimov's October-November 1998)
 No Award

Best Related Book

Science-Fiction: The Gernsback Years
 - Everett F. Bleiler (Kent State University Press)
 The Hugo, Nebula and World Fantasy Awards
 - Howard DeVore (Advent:Publishers)
 The Dreams Our Stuff Is Made Of
 - Thomas M. Disch (The Free Press)
 Spectrum 5: The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art - edited by Cathy Fenner & Arnie Fenner (Underwood Books)
 The Work of Jack Williamson: An Annotated Bibliography and Guide
 - Richard A. Hauptmann (NESFA Press)
 No Award

Best Professional Editor *

Gardner Dozois (Asimov's; Year's Best Science Fiction)
 Scott Edelman (SF Age)
 David G. Hartwell (Tor Books; Year's Best SF)
 Patrick Nielsen Hayden (Tor Books; Starlight)
 Stanley Schmidt (Analog)
 Gordon Van Gelder (F&SF, St Martin's Press)
 No Award

Best Novlette *

"The Planck Dive" - Greg Egan (Asimov's February 1998)
 "Time Gypsy" - Ellen Klages (Bending the Landscape: Science Fiction)
 "Steamship Soldier on the Information Front" - Nancy Kress (Future Histories; Asimov's April 1998)
 "Echea" - Kristine Kathryn Rusch (Asimov's July 1998)
 "Zwarte Piet's Tale" - Allen Steele (Analog December 1998)
 "Taklamakan" - Bruce Sterling (Asimov's October-November 1998)
 "Divided By Infinity" - Robert Charles Wilson (Starlight 2)
 No Award

Best Short Story *

"Cosmic Corkscrew" - Michael A. Burstein (Analog June 1998)
 "Whiprail" - Robert Reed (Asimov's October-November 1998)
 "Maneki Neko" - Bruce Sterling (F&SF May 1998)
 "Radiant Doors" - Michael Swanwick (Asimov's September 1998)
 "The Very Pulse of the Machine" - Michael Swanwick (Asimov's February 1998)
 "Wild Minds" - Michael Swanwick (Asimov's May 1998)
 No Award

Best Semiprozine

Interzone edited by David Pringle
 Locus edited by Charles N. Brown
 The New York Review of Science Fiction edited by Kathryn Cramer, Ariel Harnéon, David G. Hartwell & Kevin Maroney
 Science Fiction Chronicle edited by Andrew I. Porter
 Speculations edited by Denise Lee
 No Award

Best Dramatic Presentation

Sleeping In Light - Babylon 5 (Warner Bros)
 Dark City (New Line Cinema)
 Pleasantville (New Line Cinema)
 Star Trek: Insurrection (Paramount)
 The Truman Show (Paramount)
 No Award

Best Professional Artist *

Jim Burns
 Bob Eggleton
 Donato Giancola
 Don Maltz
 Nick Stathopoulos
 Michael Whelan
 No Award

Best Fanzine *

Ansible edited by Dave Langford
 File 770 edited by Mike Glyer
 Mimesa edited by Richard & Nicki Lynch
 Plokta edited by Alison Scott & Steve Davies
 Tangent edited by David Truesdale
 Thyme edited by Alan Stewart
 No Award

Best Fan Writer

Bob Devney
 Mike Glyer
 Dave Langford
 Evelyn C. Leeper
 Maureen Kincaid Speller
 No Award

Best Fan Artist *

Freddie Baer
 Brad Foster
 Ian Gunn
 Teddy Harvia
 Joe Mayhew
 D. West
 No Award

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer of 1997 or 1998

Not a Hugo (sponsored by Dell Magazines)
 Kage Baker (2nd year of eligibility)
 Julie E. Czerneda (2nd year of eligibility)
 Nalo Hopkinson (2nd year of eligibility)
 Susan R. Matthews (2nd year of eligibility)
 James Van Pelt (2nd year of eligibility)
 No Award

* more than five nominees due to ties in the number of nominations

If sending by fax: Name _____

Membership Number _____

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