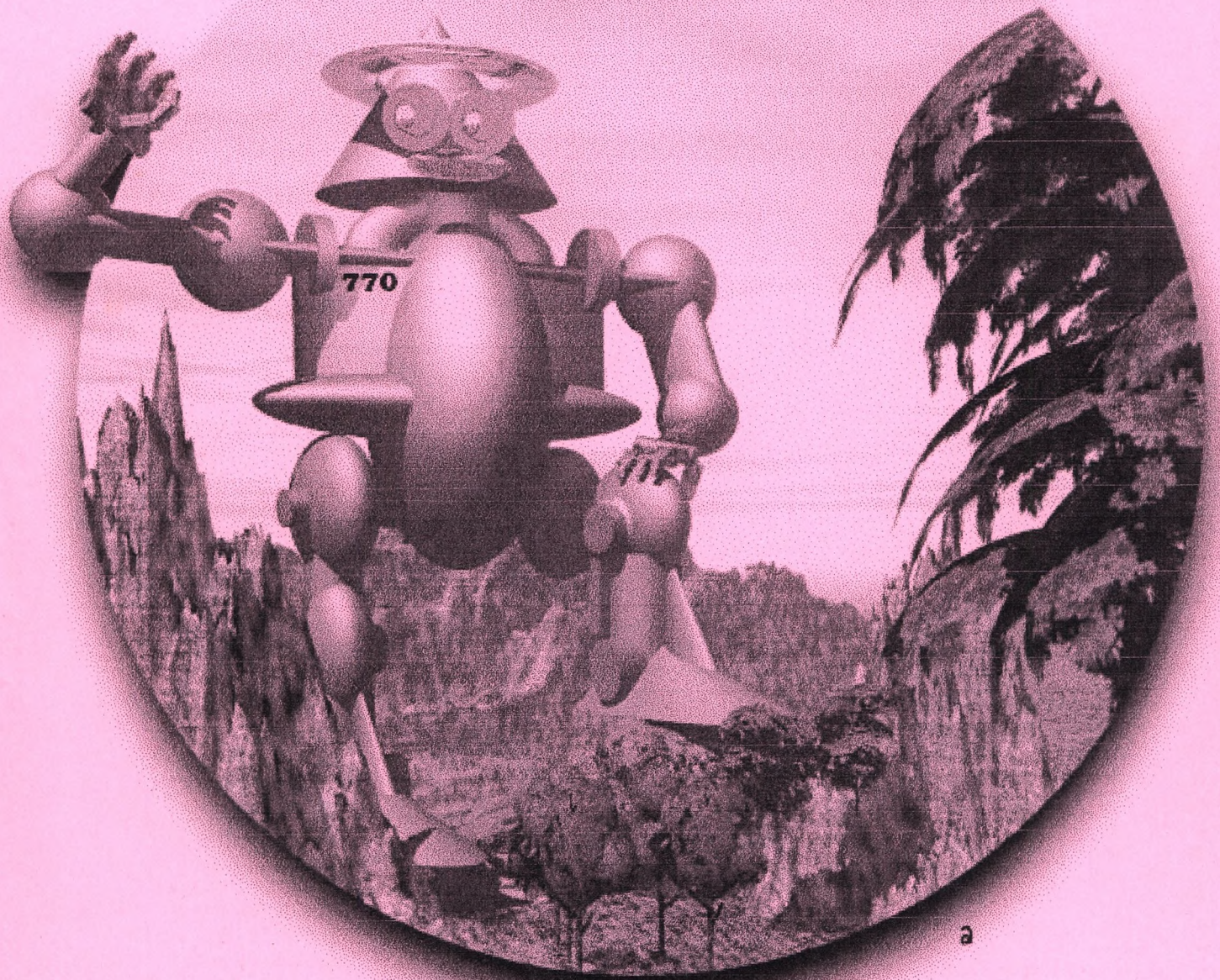


File 770



Frohvet Discovers File 770, and File 770 Discovers the Real Frohvet

Editorial Notes By Mike Glycer

Nice to know that my fanzine is a 'disgrace.'

E.B. Frohvet, in *The Knarley Knews* #82

My first response, if they have a lot of suggestions, is never profound relief that I have someone in my life who will be honest with me and help me do the very best work of which I am capable.

Anne Lamott, *Bird by Bird*

Someday we are going to find out who E.B. Frohvet is. The answer might even be that he is E.B. Frohvet.

When Frohvet first appeared, the grapevine promised he was a hoax being carried on by several fans. The hoax part never bothered me at all, only the ineptitude of immediately revealing the deception to the world, like those teenaged virus-writers who must tell someone how clever they are. No credit is deserved for running a faannish hoax everyone knows about.

I was willing to believe that Frohvet was a hoax. It's very suspicious when an unknown arrives on the scene who's totally familiar with fanzines and seamlessly joins the discussions in their letter columns, all without ever having met another fan. So I not only believed, I promptly came up with a list of five or six fans who might be collaborating on the hoax, based on the deliciously paranoid evidence that Frohvet, a ubiquitous letterhack, never tried to get a copy of *File 770*, or sent his fanzine *Twink* in trade. However, if the only qualification for becoming a suspect was to have no interest in *File 770*, I would soon have to expand my investigation to the hundreds who've failed to renew their subscriptions.

Anyway, when Frohvet started writing locs to *Fosfax* I had to throw my whole theory out the window. What great faannish hoax ever sent locs to a zine full of book reviews? Fanwriting, even hoax fanwriting, is work. Authors of faannish hoaxes send their material where the intended audience – faannish fans – will see it. They simply don't have the time to raise a smoke screen by writing to sercon fanzines. Besides, "sercon hoax" would be an oxymoron, like "three-volume fantasy trilogy."

I was sorry to give up the notion that Frohvet was a hoax. His unreality held out a promise that we, too, might choose to start over in fandom without any baggage. Just pick a fresh name and overnight become that charismatic newcomer writing penetrating insights about the fannish scene, approved by the powerful and cool.

Yet I've experienced that operating undercover is not as easy as it sounds. When I tried

this back in the 70s I never had any trouble getting a hoax accepted. Fans are very bad at guessing the perpetrators of hoaxes, partly because they're convinced they're so good at it. They think the postmarks on envelopes are a giveaway, and that other clues really mean something. Avoiding detection is easy. My problem wasn't getting caught. My problem was that my darned hoaxes had the same opinions I did. And were just as sensitive. (Frohvet is, too, judging by how he bristled about a comment about his zine in *Knarley Knews*.) My hoaxes soon wound up in the same bad odor I was trying to escape. I learned from this experience that starting over doesn't mean anything if you're only going to say the same things. Ah well.

Frohvet's reality was available for anyone to witness at Chicon 2000. Joseph T. Mayhew said he saw Frohvet at the Big Bar, the "Focal Point Fanzine" panel and at the *Fosfax* dinner, "So I guess he exists." Mayhew describes Frohvet as, "Tall, thin, late-middle aged, graying hair and short beard, wears round wire-rimmed glasses." Tom Feller reported in SFPA, "E.B. explained to us that 15-20 years ago he was very active in convention fandom under his real name and was on the committee for the 1983 worldcon in Baltimore. Then he burned out. He used to write articles for *Lan's Lantern* under his real name as well." Guy Lillian III not only met Frohvet at Chicon, "I have a photo of him -- or at least, the top half of his face." Look for it in *Challenger*.

I thought it was about time to introduce myself to Frohvet and mailed him an issue of *File 770*. He rewarded me with a letter of comment – and a big clue to his real identity.

E. B. Frohvet: "Thank you for *File 770:136*. This being my first exposure to your famous fanzine, I may say it is highly informative and well presented, and justifies the extensive praise it has received. Congratulations on your recent Hugo Award for 'Best Fanzine,' and also on being chosen as Fan GoH for the 2003 Toronto Worldcon.

"That being said: Lest I should be accused of saying 'behind your back' what I would not say openly, I may add that the obvious merit of *File 770* does not in any way alter my opinion that the perennial nominees such as yourself should exercise their option to decline nominations for a few years and let someone else have a chance to appear on the ballot. If it seems presumptuous of someone as inconsequential as myself to offer such a suggestion to a fan of your stature, I can only say that it's my honest and considered opinion."

His opinion sounded awfully familiar. I

remembered the very first person who ever said this to me. Not 20 minutes after Robert Bloch handed me my first Hugos in 1984, we were at dinner and my friend was already asking me to permanently withdraw from eligibility. Could it be? Yes! Knowing that hoaxes always yield to the temptation to echo the opinions of their creators, I have logically deduced the real identity of E. B. Frohvet. Admit it, Moshe – it's really you, isn't it!



File 770

137

File 770:137 is edited by Mike Glycer at 705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia CA 91016. No animals were harmed in the making of this fanzine.

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Joe Mayhew: 16, 17, 22, 23, 28, 32

Bill Rotsler: 10, 31

Teddy Harvia: 14, 33

Julia Morgan-Scott: 12

Grant Canfield: Back cover

Keith Stokes: 4 (photo)

Geri Sullivan: 5 (photo)

Alan White: 7 (photo)

Gay Haldeman: 18, 19, 22, (photos)

Rusty Hevelin: 25 (photo)

News of Fandom

The Blasted Heath

Hutchinson, Kansas is rarely at the center of any news, but on January 17 it was ground zero – *underground* zero. Over 500 feet beneath the surface are salt formations where energy companies have dug 160 caverns to store 3.2 billion cubic feet of natural gas. A leak from one caused a series of fiery explosions around town.

Local resident Charley McCue – who just a year ago invited fans of *The Dawn Patrol* to visit the restored Liberty 7 capsule on display in Hutchinson – wrote online that he felt the January 17 explosion around 10:45 a.m. Going outside he saw, “A block away were flames and smoke. All that appeared remaining of a one-story building was its back wall with flames mushrooming above the four story building beside it.”

That afternoon, geysers of muddy water and natural gas erupted in a field. Gas leaks developed in several other parts of town, and 24 hours later, the site of the original explosion continued to jet gas flames 40 feet high.

The day after, a trailer home exploded. According to McCue, “My daughter’s best friend lives about two trailers away from the explosion. A place where she slept last Friday. This scares me more than the explosion.”

More than 150 families were evacuated and schools were dismissed because gas was detected in one of them near the site of the first explosion site.

On January 21, officials sealed the leaking cavern with four massive well plugs, each 17 feet long and weighing 2,800 lbs. Crews in town drilled four wells to vent the escaped gas still trapped in the ground.

[[Source: *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*; AP News]]

Tennessee Home Break-In

Chattanooga fanartist Julia Morgan-Scott and her family, Ken and Alex, were victims of a “home invasion” robbery late on Saturday, December 2. Two armed hoods held Ken and Alex at gunpoint and took money and valuables. Julia was able to run into the woods behind her house.

She e-mailed Richard Lynch later, “It was very frightening, but we are OK. Our front door is ruined, and must be made by hand, since the house is so old and everything is odd-sized. We are getting security doors and windows and possibly a big dog.

And moving.”

Lynch passed along this news with Julia’s permission. He adds, “The police have caught one of the thugs; apparently it’s some kind of gang working the area, because there have been several other break-ins.”

Ed Kramer Back Under House Arrest

Ed Kramer has been in and out of jail twice since his arrest last August 25. A judge initially denied bond to the Dragon*Con founder because, she said, there was reason to believe he could be a threat to the community and might try to intimidate witnesses. He remained in jail until November, when he was indicted by a Gwinnett County (Georgia) grand jury on child molestation charges involving two brothers, age 13 and 15.

Then the judge allowed Kramer to be released on a \$75,000 bond, placed under house arrest and required to wear an electronic monitoring device. The judge ordered him not to have contact with minors.

Kramer was out for only a few days when police were notified that a 15-year-old boy and the boy’s father had been to see Kramer at his Duluth, GA home. He was returned to jail for violating his bond and remained there until January 24 when a local judge ruled that because of his special medical needs he could return home to Duluth – still under house arrest and under the eye of other adults in the home.

[[Source: *Atlanta Journal Constitution*]]

Turnip Files Bankruptcy

Will Forry Ackerman ever see a dime of the judgment he won last May against Ray Ferry, publisher of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*? Everyone knew it would be like getting blood from a turnip – and now, make that a bankrupt turnip.

Ferry vowed never to pay Ackerman, and since losing the suite he has pursued legal and illegal means to gain that end. In October, Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Stephen Peterson made a finding that there was a *prima facie* case of fraudulent transfer of assets by Raymond Ferry, dba Dynacomm, to Gothix Marketing Inc. The court also denied Ferry’s motion to allow positing of statutory bond in lieu of enforcement while they pursued an appeal to reduce or eliminate the judgment. And Ferry was due back in court in November to face criminal contempt of court proceedings because he had not complied with an order to return certain things to Ackerman and obliterate “Dr. Acula” from the non-Ackerman-edited issues of *Famous Monsters* before selling them to the public.

Ferry succeeded in putting all of these proceedings on hold by filing Federal bank-

My momma always said,
“Fandom is like a box
of Chocolates. You never know
where the nuts are.”



ruptcy on October 26. He filed Chapter 7, a liquidating bankruptcy. For the time being, his property and even his right to appeal the judgment belong to the bankruptcy estate. *[[Source: Bill Warren]]*

Anderson Death Rumors Scotched

Poul Anderson's inability to give his scheduled talk at Philcon spawned rumors that he had passed away.

His wife, Karen, scoffed, "It isn't true. (You know Poul would never be so inconsiderate as to make *Locus* run his obit in the same issue as de Camp's!)"

A couple of painful cracked ribs kept Poul away from Philcon. Karen attended and read his speech to the fans. Poul told *Locus*:

"Rumors of my death have begun going about. They are wrong, however well-meant. At present I am rather disabled by some rib fractures. Diagnostic tests are in progress, and we'll see what treatment is indicated. I'd appreciate anything you can do to help inform people of the truth."

[[Sources: Lee Gold, Keith Stokes, Kirsten Gong-Wong of Locus]]



Bob Tucker, Ditto 14 committee member. Photo by Keith Stokes.

Mountain Comes to Tucker

Bob Tucker has trimmed the list of conventions he travels to, but the ditto 14 and Fan-HistoriCon 11 committees will cleverly avoid his restriction by holding both cons in Tucker's home town — Bloomington, IL — next fall over the weekend of October 12-14.

Dick & Leah Smith, Bob & Fern Tucker, and Henry & Letha Welch invite anyone interested in fanzines and fanhistory to check out their web page for more details:

<http://www.enteract.com/~rhes/ditto14.html>

Jumer's Chateau is the convention hotel (1601 Jumer Drive, Bloomington, IL 61702-0902.) Rooms are \$79 if reserved by September 20. Contact: <http://www.jumers.com>

com, or (309) 662-2020.

Attending members as of December were: Bill Bowers, Carolyn Doyle, George Flynn, Teddy Harvia, Valli Hoski, Cris Kaden, Neil Kaden, Mary Kay Kare, Hope Leibowitz, Mark Olson, Priscilla Olson, Dave Rowe, Diana Thayer, Pat Virzi. Attending memberships cost \$40 through May 31, 2001. A half-price rate applies to fans who can document fanac in 1951 or earlier. Supporting memberships are \$20, and include convention publications.

Make checks payable to Richard Smith and send them to ditto 14, c/o Richard Smith, P.O. Box 266, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0266.

Corflu

If the changing colors in New England last fall amazed you, come to Massachusetts this spring and meet a bunch of people who think color changes (at least, on a mimeo) are the simplest thing in the world. Corflu 18 will take place March 30-April 1, 2001 at the MidTown Hotel, 220 Huntington Ave., Boston, MA 02115. Rooms are \$129/sgl., \$139/dbl. Hotel phone: (617) 262-1000; 800-343-1177.

Memberships are \$55 until February 28. Make checks or money orders payable to Bob Webber and send to: Corflu 18, P.O. Box 724, Mountain View, CA 94042. Electronic payments can be made via PayPal. For more details, see the Corflu 18 web page:

<http://world.std.com/~webber/corflu18>

Fandom Inc.'s Marketing Genius

The MBA's at Fandom Inc. have been working overtime to find new ways to make fans hate them. First they established Fandom.com. Now they have bought Creation Entertainment, the company that puts on celebrity Trek shows. They've also started harassing the owner of another website with the word "fandom" in its domain name.

Fandom Inc.'s press release about the acquisition of Creation Entertainment, a Glendale, CA-based company, claims it is "the nation's leading producer of live events for fans of fantasy, science fiction and horror, and invented the concept of touring fan conventions almost 30 years ago." Invented the concept? They were hardly the first sf conrunners to put the money in their own pockets — but they may have been doing so the longest. "With the acquisition of Creation Entertainment, we will bring our audience an exciting new dimension to the Fandom experience," said Mark Young, CEO of Fandom Inc.

Gary Berman of Creation Entertainment

agrees, "Fandom and Creation are a perfect match because our products and services appeal to the same passionate demographic, which has the power to make and extend the life of hit properties."

Extending the life of hit properties also requires ending the life of competing marketers, if possible. Fandom Inc.'s attorneys, Troop, Steuber, Pasich, Reddick and Tobey, sent a letter to the owner of the Fandom.tv site demanding the "unconditional surrender and transfer of the Infringing Domain Name." They also accused her of violating the Anti-Cybersquatting Act, punishable by fines up to \$100,000 per domain name. But just to show there are no hard feelings they threw her a bone by offering to pay \$250 if she agreed to abandon the domain name immediately.

In a rare transaction that didn't annoy trufans, Fandom Inc. also acquired the company that publishes *Cinescape* and owns Cinescape.com.

TAFF

The TAFF race between Victor Gonzalez and Tom Springer will be decided by the time you read this. The voting deadline is January 31.

CUFF

With Malice Aforethought: Fans have won the Canadian Unity Fan Fund in a lot of ways, and Murray Moore might add another one to the list. He made an international e-mail announcement on December 5 that he is a candidate for CUFF in 2001. Moore sent copies of his message to Garth Spencer, CUFF administrator, to Canadian smofs and newzine-editing riff-raff on both sides of the Atlantic.

Moore's nominators are (Western Canada) R. Graeme Cameron, Chester Cuthbert, Andrew Murdoch, Dale Speirs, (Eastern Canada) Mike Glicksohn, Peter Halasz, Rodney Leighton, Lloyd Penney, and Taral Wayne.

Moore discovered fanzines in 1968. Since then he has published many zines of his own (including apazines for Candapa, FAPA and SAPS). His first Worldcon was Torcon 2 in 1973, and three decades later he is helping put on Torcon 3 board as its Hotel and Facilities committee chair.

Boxing Day Gift Hint: Lloyd and Yvonne Penney have released their 1998 CUFF trip report, *Penneys Up the River and Other CUFF Tales*. The volume also includes an essay about the fund by Linda Ross-Mansfield, a list of CUFF winners, the Penneys' financial statement, and a memorial to fanartist Joe Mayhew. Teddy Harvia



Atom: Photo by Geri Sullivan.

ATom Wins Rotsler Award 2000

The late British fanartist ATom was named the winner of the Rotsler Award for 2000 at Loscon 27 over Thanksgiving weekend. ATom was the faanish nickname of Arthur Thomson, a British fanartist who was the dominant cartoonist of fandom in the late 50's and early 60's. He

passed away in 1990, but enjoyed a renaissance thanks to four collections of his cartoons published by Ken Cheslin. (Regrettably, Cheslin also did not live to see the honor bestowed, having died last year.)

The Rotsler Award: The award commemorates the late Bill Rotsler, the prolific LA fanartist whose cartoons appeared in fanzines worldwide. The winner receives a plaque, a \$300 honorarium, and is honored with an exhibit in the Loscon art show. The award is given by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests. SCIFI plans to donate the honorarium to a fannish charity. The winner for 2000 was selected by a panel of judges: Mike Glyer, Dick Lynch and Geri Sullivan. Past winners are Steve Stiles (1998) and Grant Canfield (1999).

Remembering ATom: In 1954 Thomson ended his first letter to legendary Irish fan Walt Willis with a cartoon footnote. Willis's encouragement inspired ATom to produce an avalanche of cartoons. Over the next 7 years ATom's fanzine illos came to personify the faanish spirit of the age. Willis called him "fandom's Art Editor."

The way ATom worked is a revelation to the rest of us now used to receiving photocopied art or files over the Internet. John Berry wrote: "I would send Arthur batches of wax stencils and attendant brief story lines and within a couple of weeks a parcel of carefully packed fully illustrated stencils were returned. I can still recall the thrill of opening those parcels even though it was over forty years ago." Most of ATom's early fanart was drawn with a steel stylus directly on stencil.

Cartoonists are known by their stock images: in ATom's case, bug-eyed aliens with blunderbuss ray-guns, pear-shaped beanie-wearing fans, "curly monsters", trenchcoated agents of the Goon Defective Agency, wrecked spaceships, and alien militarists in uniforms so elaborate they make Michael Jackson's stage costumes look like civilian mufti.

Atom's rich sense of humor and personal graphic style married perfectly with the sophisticated, ironic tone of Irish Fandom in the early 60's.

and Brad Foster collaborated on the cover, and Harvia did the interior illustrations.

A minimum donation of \$10 will be accepted for the zine, and more is better, of course, since money raised from sales will go to the Fund. If you are interested in purchasing a copy, send an e-mail with a message of your intentions to Lloyd and Yvonne Penney at penneys@netcom.ca, and then send \$10 ASAP to: 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2, Canada. Make checks payable to Lloyd Penney.

Duo Wins DUFF

Call it a delayed honeymoon for Naomi Fisher and Patrick Molloy, the new North American DUFF representatives – they were married in 1999. They'll be attending Swancon in Perth, Australia, over the April 13-16 weekend.

	North America	Australia	Total
Fisher & Molloy	89	3	92
Steven Silver	28	9	37
No Preference	17	3	20
Hold Over Funds	6	1	7
Write-in	3	2	5

Write-ins were Beastie and Teddy Harvia – it appears all the others selecting "Write-in" failed to put down a name.

After hearing the results, Steven Silver wrote: "I would like to congratulate Naomi and Pat on their victory and wish them a wonderful time in Australia. I'm sure they will do much to promote Australian-US fannish ties over the next two years and I intend to do whatever I can to help them raise money for DUFF during their term as administrators."

"I would also like to thank Mike Glyer, Evelyn Leeper, Tom Whitmore, Mark Loney, Rose Mitchell and Stu Shiffman for nominating me and Joyce Scrivner for convincing me to run in the face of my initial skepticism."

Another *File 770* contributor had almost made it a three-way race. Chris Barkley chose not to run this time because he may get a job he wants in Seattle. He promises to run in 2003: "Over the next two years, I hope to make myself an even more creditable candidate (if that's possible) and worthy of your nomination and vote. Thank you very, very much for the support you've

shown me."

Contact DUFF: North American Administrator Emeritus: Janice Gelb, 1070 Mercedes Ave. #2, Los Altos, CA 94022 USA. E-mail: j_gelb@yahoo.com

Australasian Administrator: Cathy Cupitt, P.O. Box 915, Nedlands 6909, WA, Australia. E-mail: ccupitt@geocities.com

Little Known Facts About DUFF

A *File 770* tradition we could all do without is getting the correction wrong, too. The final word on who ran in the first DUFF race comes from Andrew Porter. Thanks for straightening me out!

"Dear Mike: I told you I lost the original DUFF race in 1972 to Lesleigh Luttrell, *not* Rusty Hevelin! Argh! Lesleigh was OE of Apa 45, and they all voted for her.... I think you had a 'senior moment'...."

The SFC Chronicles

By the way, Andrew Porter runs lots of fannish news in *Science Fiction Chronicle* and will run even more if you send it to him.

"I really wish people would forward fan-



Visit The File 770 Web Page
[Http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/mglyer/f770/index.html](http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/mglyer/f770/index.html)

nish or otherwise news items to me, too, for *SFC*. I *will* run them. Wish I'd known before this about Nancy Tucker Shaw, Owen Hannifen, others; and about Lichtman/Carr. All stuff I'll write up for the December *SFC*. Although I sold *SFC*, I'm still doing the news, buying the cover art, and doing other stuff on the mag."

His E-mail address remains:
SF_Chronicle@Compuserve.com

Fan Fund Web Site

Irwin Hirsh has created a web site full of information about DUFF, FFANZ, GUFF, and a few other fan funds that select delegates from Australia. The site lists of winners and candidates, contains partial trip reports by Hirsh and Paul Kincaid, and includes news updates.

He writes, "There is still a lot of material which could go on the site. If you are willing help in any way please drop me a line. Any comments you have on the design of the site would also be appreciated." The URL is:

<http://www.users.bigpond.net.au/hirsh/fanfunds.html>

Don't Cry For Me, Argentina

If anyone's feeling sorry that Steven Silver lost the DUFF race, it's certainly not Steven. His dance card was pretty full anyway.

He's about to join the honorable ranks of paper fanzine publishers. *Argentus* should premiere in June, with a tentative lineup of articles by Mike Resnick, Mark Leeper, Jeff Berkwits, Bob Blackwood, Bob Devney, Rich Horton, Bill Roper, Pat Sayre McCoy and Tom Whitmore.

But wait – before Steven puts his ish, he has some paying work to finish. "I've signed a contract with DAW Books to edit three anthologies with Marty Greenberg and John Helfers: *Magical Beginnings*, *New Horrors*, and *Maiden Voyages*. The anthologies will reprint the first published stories by fantasy,

sf and horror authors. The manuscript is due in May, and the books will be released in late 2001 and throughout 2002."

Then, in his copious spare time, Steve is helping to plan a new convention for Midwestern conrunners, to "serve fandom in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. The

first convention will probably not take place until 2002, but a group of us are trying to figure out what is needed, where the first con should be (it will be travelling) and so forth." They have a list you can join. See their website at:

http://www.sfsite.com/~silverag/Midwest_Comcon.htm

Oh, and by the way, he's becoming a father again. "The week before MilPhil, Elaine and I will be having a baby (working name, Sterling, which will change upon birth). Coincidentally, my sister, who is a mundane, will be also pregnant and her baby is due six days after ours."

The Invisible Fan

Take the cash and let the credit go is Alan White's new motto. He illustrated the third in a series of Bible-oriented construction books for children by Carmen Sorvillo, now available on Amazon.com. But you won't find his name anywhere on the pages inside.

According to Alan, "When I was first approached about the book, heathen that I am, I had grander ideas of illustrations. I later had to redo every cartoon in the book to a form so juvenile, it's just as well my name isn't on it – I'll put the cover in my portfolio, but none of the interior. I was really crushed. Oh well, there's little I wouldn't do for \$2,000."

Be Nice to the WSFA President, Or Else!

The IRS plans to rule on the way tax-exempt, nonprofit organizations use web sites and has asked for public comment. The controversial questions include: Does linking to a lobbying organization equal lobbying? Should money these organizations gain from referral fees be taxed? Is an e-mail receipt sufficient for a tax deduction? Many SF clubs and cons are nonprofit corporations and use web sites to promote themselves. The SMOFS listserve came alive with

speculation how fans might be affected and whether conrunners should get involved. That's when they discovered they already were. On both sides.

The principal author of the IRS' announcement is Judith E. Kindell of Exempt Organizations. The same Judy Kindell who is President of WSFA and was on the Bucconeer committee.

Another WSFA lawyer also has a professional interest in the matter. John Pomeranz of the Nonprofit Advocacy Counsel at the Alliance for Justice will be looking over the announcement for items requiring comment by the Alliance. The Alliance for Justice is a national association of environmental, civil rights, mental health, women's, and consumer advocacy organizations, and its activities include monitoring legislative activity related to nonprofit advocacy, providing information to the charitable community and lobbying to reduce restrictions on nonprofits.

Now, if only we could work the WSFA's other tax attorney, John Sapienza, into the story. He seems to have nothing to do with any of this.

You Asked For It

When the X-33 Shuttle replacement that Lockheed has been working on was in danger of being canned, reporters from MSNBC and several wire services quoted Tim Kyger's comments on the news. David Stever saw the coverage and realized it was "our hero of the Phoenix Worldcon from so very long ago." He wondered what Kyger is up to. Tim answers: "I'm here in Alexandria, VA, a suburb of beautiful Washington, DC, where I am lobbyist scum. (A profession denigrated as lower only by the job of reporter and....er....IRS employee."

Kyger has been in DC for a dozen years. For the first eight he served as a Congressional staffer with expertise in aerospace issues. Then his last boss, Senator Pressler, lost his bid for re-election. "I was on the staff of the Senate Commerce Committee, its Subcommittee on Science, Technology, and Space. Senator McCain became Chairman of Commerce, and, as is pretty standard, fired everyone that had worked for Pressler."

Kyger then went to work for Pete Conrad, who had started several space com-



Alliance for Justice Logo

panies after leaving McDonnell Douglas. "Pete had known me from my time in Congress, where (cough cough) I had kept the DC-X (and then DC-XA) funded and flying. That's who I still work for, despite Pete having gone and killed himself on a stupid motorcycle in July 1999. I still go over to Arlington Cemetery for the company once a month and kick his gravestone for everyone... (joke! please....!)"

Jean & Eric's Little Run To The Store Becomes Shopping Marathon

Eric Lindsay wrote these closing comments for last issue's report about his motorhome trek with Jean Weber, and something about the new adventures they've had in the meantime.

"Considering the size of some of the towns we were visiting (as reported last issue), perhaps I should have listed their latitude and longitude instead! We completed our journey via Georgetown, the Undara Lava Tubes national park, and Charters Tower. We were expecting to get a flat tyre during the trip, but it didn't happen until several weeks later, when the motorhome was safely parked near Airlie Beach. We did discover that we didn't actually know what gadgets we needed to inflate the tyre from the air tank that is part of the braking system. Extra gadgets are now on order (and in the meanwhile, we paid a tyre service to come out and fix the tyre).

"Meanwhile, a minor shopping expedition to a nearby town up the main highway north turned into a three-day, 900 kilometre trip, when we tried to cross the river at Ayr. A goods train had derailed at the only bridge, and the road wasn't expected to be open for ages. We decided the map showed a way across the river a hundred or so kilometres inland, and that this could be reached on secondary roads, starting forty or fifty kilometres back down the main highway. A kilometre or two off the highway and we were on dirt roads. Thirty or forty kilometres or so and we were wishing we had the four wheel drive rather than the regular car. We did finally find an encouraging road sign (the first since the highway), listing the names of some of the cattle stations. However some way further, both forks of the road were blocked (never, you understand, at the fork, always several kilometres further along, on increasingly bad dirt).

"We gave up, and started heading back, only to encounter two other vehicles also seeking a way across the river ... remember the river? This is a tale about crossing the river. Since one was a four wheel drive, we

let them lead and tried again. We went through farm gate after farm gate, opening and closing them. The gates went from elaborate affairs with real hinges, to ones made of old tree limbs and barbed wire, with a branch for a latch. We finally gave up when the road totally disappeared in the middle of a large cow paddock, full of large cows, and even larger fresh cow pats.

"Many hours later, back at the original bridge, small vehicles were being allowed across. Thirty seven of the forty odd train wagons were sprawled onto the bridge and its approaches.

There were broken cases of beer everywhere, as this was the train that takes the drink supply north. Talk about alcohol abuse!

"Still, we had a very successful shopping expedition afterwards, and even got fanzines printed at the Office Works. Caught up with Craig and Julia Hilton, in Townsville from Doomadgee for a doctor's conference, and delivered two boxes of books to them. Once the rainy season starts, they probably won't be able to drive out of Doomadgee, because all the bridges will be under water."

Freff

I believed Freff's boast at L.A.Con (1972) that he'd been awake for a ridiculous number of consecutive hours. Why would Freff, who always had twice as much energy as anyone else in LASFS, waste time sleeping that he could spend playing music, drawing, writing and performing? I lost contact with him a couple of years later, when he was trying to get into Ringling Bros. clown college. But last December Freff sent me an e-mail and I learned that he'd ultimately made a more satisfying career choice: writing about creativity itself.

In 1986 Freff started writing a monthly column called "Creative Options" for *Keyboard*, a magazine devoted to music and music technology. "Of course, my essays weren't actually about either of those things. They were about creativity - what it is, where it comes from, how it works, how to free it from internal and external barriers, and everything else on the topic that I could figure a way to explore. Since creativity is intimately wrapped up with every aspect of human existence, this was definitely a



LEFT: Richard Brandt, guest of honor at the September Vegrants meeting in Las Vegas.



RIGHT: Ross Chamberlain, Las Vegas fanartist and a GoH of the 2002 Westercon. Photos by Alan White.

dream gig."

Freff wrote more than 100 of these essays for *Keyboard*. Now he's moving the column to the Web, at www.freff.com. Each month he'll post a new essay on the site, plus two reprints. The site also features artwork by the series' long-time illustrator Courtney Grammer.

Readers may also want to order a hard-cover collection of "Creative Options" columns called *Brave Confessions*, published by Conlan Press in December. The release price is \$24.95 plus shipping. See ordering information online at www.conlanpress.com, or call Conlan Press directly (925) 932-9500.

Darwin's Radio Wins 2000 Endeavour Award

There were no cries of "Break up Greg Bear!" from fans at OryCon after the Seattle author won another Endeavour Award. There were no daggers-out SMOF meetings to change the rules, although it was Bear's second win in a row. In fact, Greg Bear is the *only* writer who's ever won an Endeavour Award — this was only the second time it's been given. Shouldn't Bear at least get a lecture from E.B. Frohvet about the importance of sharing?

Darwin's Radio (Del Rey Books) imitated the success of 1999's winner, *Dinosaur Summer*. The 2000 award was presented November 17 at OryCon by editor guest of honor Gordon Van Gelder, of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Marilyn J. Holt of the Endeavour Award Committee accepted for Bear and read his apology for his absence: "If the ceremonies

had been on Saturday, I'd be down here partying and blushing and complimenting my fellow authors and doing all the things necessary to insure that I am elected the next President of the United States. I'm delighted to win the Endeavour award two times in a row. Makes me feel like Frank Kelly Freas or Michael Whelan or Charles Brown!"

Other Endeavour finalists were *Calculus of Angels* by J. Gregory Keyes of Seattle, WA, (Del Rey Books); *The Mad Ship* by Robin Hobb of Tacoma, WA, (Bantam Spectra); *A Red Heart of Memories*, by Nina Kikiri Hoffman, of Eugene, OR, (Ace Books); and *The Terrorists of Irustan* by Louise Marley of Redmond, WA, (Ace Science Fiction.) The judges for the 2000 Award were Terry Bisson, Gordon Van Gelder, and Josepha Sherman.

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 and first published in the year preceding the award. Endeavour Award winners receive a photo print of a painting by Portland, Oregon, artist John R. Foster and an honorarium of \$1,000.

Bear reports that *Darwin's Radio* is currently going the rounds in Los Angeles "in the capable hands of screenwriter Paul Schrader and Helen Hunt. Not that this guarantees a film will ever be made—but it's great material for cocktail chatter.

"I hope to begin *Darwin's Children* early next year, and to continue my research into what makes us all tick—a most satisfying endeavour in its own right! Many, many thanks to my friends and colleagues at OryCon, to the Endeavour Committee, and to all who have written to me expressing their own opinions about evolution, biology, and the nature of the next human species."

Award Eligibility and Nominations: To be eligible for the award, a work must be an original novel or single author collection of stories published, as either a hardcover or a paperback, for the first time in the English language during the calendar year preceding the giving of the award. The author(s) must have been living in the Pacific Northwest—Alaska, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, The Yukon, and British Columbia—when the book was accepted by the publisher. If books are first published outside of the United States or Canada and are not entered at that time, they may be entered when first published in the United States or Canada.

The Endeavour Award is named for the H.M. Bark *Endeavour*, the ship in which Capt. James Cook explored the Pacific. It is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc., (OSFCI), a convention-

running organization that also sponsors the Jo Clayton Memorial Medical Fund and the Susan Petrey Clarion Scholarships.

Writers, editors, agents, and persons who attended the previous year's OryCon, may nominate works for the award. The deadline to enter books published during 2000 is February 15, 2001. Nomination forms may be printed from the Endeavour Award's home page: www.osfci.org/endeavour/index.html

James White Award

The first winner of the James White Award is Mark Dunn, for his short story "Think Tank." Patricia Larkin, daughter of James White, presented him with the award at a ceremony in Dublin last October. Dunn received IR£200, and his winning story will be published in *Interzone*.

Over 100 stories were entered in a competition open only to previously unpublished writers. The award winner was selected by a panel of judges composed of Morgan Llewellyn, Michael Scott, David Pringle (editor of *Interzone*), Dave Langford and Michael Carroll.

The 2001 competition has already been launched. For further information, see the web site:

<http://www.jameswhiteaward.com>.

Hour 25 Now Webcast

After decades on a local LA station, *Hour 25* has abandoned radio for the Internet. Host Warren James continues to produce the show on a weekly basis and is loading it onto the www.hour25.org web site in the MP3 format.

The show aired for many years on KPFK, a Pacifica Foundation radio station. It was created by the late Mike Hodel. Harlan Ellison hosted *Hour 25* for a year after Hodel's death in the 1980s, then handed the reins to J. Michael Straczynski. Now Warren James has hosted the show longer than anyone but its creator. The relationship with KPFK ended, said James, because the station tried to force them into signing an agreement that would give them total control and ownership of the program.

The web format has other advantages, besides creative control and never having to run another pledge drive. According to James, "It can be longer with a more flexible approach to the show's duration. Some shows might run 52 minutes while others could run 128 minutes or some might run for three or four hours. The point is we can size the show to match the needs of what we are doing that night, not to meet some artificial limit established by people who don't care to listen to long form interviews."

As time allows, they'll also be putting up older shows for people who live out of town and didn't get to hear them the first time around.

If there's a drawback, it's that Warren James and Suzanne Gibson, his co-producer and spouse, are spending their own money to get new audio equipment, computer hardware and software needed to engineer shows for the Web. However, the figure he quoted for doing that is less than it costs to put out *File 770* for two years: *Hour 25* it's a comparatively affordable labor of love.

His Daily Dose of Iron

Jenny Overkamp's 18-year-old son Ben aims to compete in the Athens Olympics in 2004. A weightlifter, he took 5th place in his class at the American Open. Ben competed against adults, including two Olympians. He is ranked eighth in the U.S. which will qualify him for a spot on the national team if he keeps going strong. The Jr. World competition will be in Athens in July 2001, and national team members get their travel expenses paid by the Olympic committee. Jenny hopes she'll be able to afford to go see him compete.

She adds that if Ben continues to do well he may be invited to be a full time resident of the Olympic Training camp and train for the 2004 Olympics. Olympians can even attend the University of Colorado at the expense of the committee. *[[Source: Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol]]*

Medical Updates

Tulsa fan **Tim Frayser** was involved in a motor vehicle accident on January 3. He made the trip to the hospital strapped to a spineboard. Roger Tener wrote in *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*, "This type of immobilization is standard for falls and accidents where there is a possibility of neck or spine injury." Tim was expected to return to work on January 8.

Bill Bowers attended and enjoyed Ditto, then flew home and spent a couple of days feeling progressively weaker before entering a hospital on September 27. He was treated for pulmonary edema before being moved to a rehab center for a lengthy period of physical therapy. He did not get home again until November 27.

The time away only fueled his desire to finish a list of publishing projects. That includes *Fanthology95*, which he understandably doesn't expect to finish in time for Corflu.

Bill would also dearly love to be able to accept the Silver Anniversary "make-up"

TAFF trip offered by the fund administrators. Has he officially bailed? As Bill wrote himself, "Who knows? I fear Vijay and Sue are going to have the thrill of their young lives in dealing with one as decisive as I!"

Last September, **Ed Meskys** was unloading the car at the town dump when he tripped over a 6-inch retaining wall, fell into a shallow hole and broke his left foot and ankle in several places each. He was in casts for seven weeks and a brace for six weeks more. The brace was due off December 26.

Using a walker, Ed kept up all of his activities, however his wife, Sandy, inherited countless other chores he used to do because he did not have the balance to bend down to get things from the floor or to use the stepstool to get high items.

For the first eight weeks Ed was also unable to use his guide dog. Ed and Sandy wrote in their holiday letter, "Now that he can walk Judge is in ecstasy! For eight weeks he was not used once as a guide and worried why he had been fired."

The injuries did not prevent Ed from chairing annual convention of the National Federation of the Blind of New Hampshire, the eighth convention he has organized. It drew almost 100 people, and at the business meeting he was returned as president for another two year term.

Marty Helgesen suffered a heart attack on September 18, but at first he didn't know it. "I knew I felt rotten, but I assumed it was an intestinal problem. I had some pain in my

chest, but I also had gas in my upper abdomen and the pain was not the severe pain that media accounts had led me to associate with a heart attack."

Helgesen couldn't get an appointment with his doctor for earlier than the following afternoon, so he went to work as usual. Things speeded up once he saw the doctor. "After he examined me he told me I had had a heart attack and called an ambulance to take me to a hospital. (While waiting for it, I called my sister to tell her what had happened and that she would have to pick up my car. I then called the library where I work and said I wouldn't be in for awhile.)"

The ambulance attendant who rode in back with Marty made the puzzling remark, "It's a good way to go."

"As he continued talking it became immediately obvious that he was referring to the fact that my doctor had made arrangements for me to go directly to the cardiac unit although most people with heart attacks have to spend a lot of time in the emergency room before getting to the cardiac unit."

Helgesen underwent an angiogram and balloon angioplasty. He remained in the hospital for about a week before being allowed to return home and resume working. "I'm doing fine. [The doctor] said I can do normal work but shouldn't lift anything heavy for awhile. I said I was using the elevator to go from the second to the fifth floors, instead of taking the stairs two at a time as had been my wont."

In October, **Leigh Edmonds** was attacked

and robbed by a couple of youths. According to David Grigg, in *Australian SF Bullshead* 155, "He was mugged for the small amount of money he was carrying (\$15). Apparently they hit him in the face with a solid piece of wood, and broke both his nose and his jaw. His jaw has been operated on in the St John of God Hospital in Ballarat but he is home now. He won't be able to eat solid food for at least a month." Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown are past DUFF delegates.

SF Charity Benefit, Write Aid

In the tradition of *Live Aid* and *Comic Relief*, a group of science fiction writers has produced the first in a series of anthologies intended to benefit AIDS and cancer charities. Steven-Elliot Altman created a "Write Aid" literary work called "The Deprivers Project" and sent his editorial guidelines to potential collaborators in the form of a fake medical brochure. Janet Asimov, Maggie Estep (MTV poetess), Katherine Dunn (*Geek Love*), William F. Nolan (*Logan's Run*), Harry Turtledove, Sean Stewart, Tananarive Due, Kit Reed, and the late Edward Gorey, responded and their stories appear in *The Touch*, released under Byron Preiss's new imprint *ibooks*, and distributed by Simon & Schuster this past October.

The proceeds of their work would be donated to two charities: HEAL (Health Education AIDS Liaison) and F.A.C.T (Foundation for Advancement in Cancer Therapies).

The stories involve a fictitious epidemic

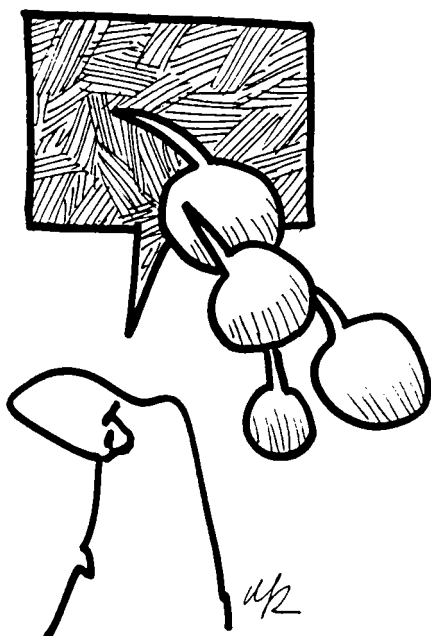
Don't come
to **MYCON**.



I'm GoH,
toastmaster,
moderating all
the panels, and
star filker. I'm
the entire
membership,
and we're
booked up.

called SDS or "Sensory Deprivation Syndrome," a disease passed by skin-to-skin contact that can cause blindness, deafness, paralysis and loss of memory. Individuals afflicted with SDS face isolation when they become infected and are restricted by law from making contact with non-infected individuals. The anthology boasts runaways, shut-ins, assassins, numerous frustrated love interests and of course, those ever elusive pockets of hope.

There is also a promotional website: www.deprivers.com



SLIP OF THE TONGUE

Short Waves

Geri Sullivan, Jeff Schalles and Terry Hughes plan to co-edit *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly #11*, scheduled for publication in November 2001. "Lee Hoffman is in charge of contacting Arthur C. Clarke. I'm hoping to get down to Port Charlotte for an in-person editorial meeting with her. Well, actually to see her model trains and such, but an editorial meeting sounds so purposeful." [Source: *Australian SF Bullshead* #153]

Pomeranz/Overton Vows: John Pomeranz promised a surprise if the Washington SF Association celebrated New Year's Eve at the Fabulous Bungalow. He delivered. Michael Walsh wrote on SMOFS, "Midnight rolled around, the ball dropped in Times Square, Dick Clark was hauled off to his deep-freeze unit, and John announced that he and Kathi Overton were getting married. There. Right now. One of the folks at

the party was the prearranged JP and the partners were the witnesses."

Were rumors of **Mr. Skunk's** demise greatly exaggerated? In December 13's *Instant Message*, Claire Anderson is quoted apologizing "for skunk smell on the last batch of *IM's*. On Wednesday, November 29, arrivals at the clubhouse were greeted by a horrendous skunk odor which was not present the previous evening...."

Jim Shull, a brilliant fanartist who gaffed over 20 years ago, is experiencing his own kind of revival in the pages of *Time-bound*, edited for KaCSFFS by David Sooby. A Shull illo has been reprinted in each of the last two issues, taken from Ken Keller's files of artwork originally done for MidAmeriCon progress reports. More, more!

According to the SFWA News Site, **Philip José Farmer** has been named as the next Grand Master.

Julee Johnson Tate has been promoted to regional trainer for the Department of Safety in Indiana. [Source: *Kronos*, 9/00]

Michael Bracken has posted two articles at his web site about his long-ago fanzine, *Knights* (aka *KPSS*, aka *Knights of the Paper Space Ship*). You can find them at

www.dpicolor.com/Bracken/knights.htm

www.dpicolor.com/Bracken/footnote.htm

Norman Hollyn admits, "I was just trolling around, wasting some of Universal's valuable internet time, when I stumbled on *File 770* and the rush of memories came wafting over me, not unlike the aroma of the Big Macs at the first Hugu Awards, lo those mmmph mmmph years ago." Yes, nineteen-seventy-mumble-two.... A respected member of the Hollywood community, Hollyn's last edited film was *Just Looking*.

He's now working on a web site for Universal Music, and teaches at USC Graduate Film School one night a week. "The course I teach is Intermediate Film Editing (CTPR535), a graduate school course for the poor souls who have somehow gotten into their second year or more of grad school without a clue on how to look at a film from a story point of view. And that's most of them. It staggers me how little they know. Cut a music video, and they can do it. Try to bring out character and story and they're like ten year olds."

Marie Rengstorff leapt into the ranks of pro writers with the appearance of her short story "A Singular Clone" in the January 2001 *Analog*. It's under her pen name, Marie Ming.

Marie adds, "They had paid me back in July. Friends told me that publication usually takes a year from acceptance. I was patiently waiting for a message about the publication date. They might have sent email

while we were in the middle of a storm. We still have a major bridge out. The area near the bridge received 36" of rain in 24 hours. I live near the bridge. You can't get there from here, for the next year. Except for the fact that you can drive around the island to get to the other side of the bridge.

"This is the first time that I was both paid and was published by a professional SF magazine. This feels better than the day I received my Ph.D. I knew I would get a Ph.D. I have a talent for science and math. That came easy. Fiction writing did not. I never had a class in creative writing. I had to learn around a full time job. I assume I will get better. I no longer have a full time job.

"I have several friends who are staying at their jobs so they can retire on more money. I am talking about scientific, Ph.D. types. I suggest, give it up. If you will make a good living on your retirement, stop. In truth, what keeps us in science is the next question and the next answer. I retired because the level of my college students dropped until the questions and answers from 1950 were beyond their comprehension. The next question and the next answer is only fun if it can be shared or used. Writing SF makes that possible."

Changes of Address

David Bratman: E-mail:

dbratman@stanford.edu

Brian Burley, E-mail: ursafelix@home.com.

Cheryl Morgan, E-mail: cheryl@emcit.com

Drew Sanders, 175 S. Rio Vista St., Apt. 74, Anaheim, CA 92806

Joe Siclari & Edie Stern, 661 Hanover St., Yorktown Heights, NY 10598-5901;

Phone: (914) 962-9624

Victoria A. Smith, 1416 S. 20th St., Arlington, VA 22202

Roger Wells, 1701 Broadway #104, Vancouver, WA 98663.

Elliot "Elst" & Carole Weinstein, 7143 Breno Place, Alta Loma, CA 91701.

Telephone: (909) 941-7737

David Bratman reports the owners of *Genie* finally are getting entirely out of the e-mail business. Please use his work e-mail address, shown above.

Roger Wells has taken a new job as Configuration Manager at New Edge Networks in Vancouver, a DSL provider.



Obituaries

Peggy Kennedy

December 16, 1929 - December 13, 2000

Peggy Kennedy died December 13 after battling cancer for the past year. Both Peggy and her husband Pat (who died in 1995) were well known costumers on the East Coast for many years before moving to Portland, OR in 1992. They wrote the definitive book on running masquerade competitions, known as the *Kennedy Compendium*. Peggy received the International Costumers Guild Lifetime Achievement Award. She was Masquerade Director for three Worldcons and many other conventions.

Peggy contributed to *File 770* occasionally over the years, when her passion for a well-run convention masquerade boiled over into words. She wrote extensively about the difficulties of directing the Masquerade at LoneStarCon2. Even under the best of circumstances, "Running the Masquerade, the most labor-intensive area at WorldCon, amounts to putting on a stage show with almost no rehearsal on a stage which is being used for other events while working with people who may never have met."

The daughter of mathematician Norbert Wiener, Peggy grew up in the Boston area. She earned a master's degree in biochemistry at Boston University, where Isaac Asimov was a reader on her Master's thesis. During her career, Peggy carried out basic research on steroid hormones, supported by grants from National Institute of Health and the Atomic Energy Commission. She obtained a Ph.D. in Toxicology from Albany Medical College and worked as a forensic toxicologist in the New York State Police Crime Laboratory for seven years until she retired. There she analyzed tissue specimens for drugs and poisons, and testified in court as an expert witness.

As a writer, Peggy had completed two fantasy novels and was working on the third in the trilogy. Her first novel, *Dragon's Clutch*, will be published in early 2001 by Panisphere Books & Audio of Eugene, Oregon. Their website is: www.panisphere.com. Her book will be available on-order through the Ingram Books distribution system. People wishing to order the book will be able to do so through any bookstore. Peggy wanted to help other writers and set up all proceeds from her book to go to the Clayton Medical Fund, an emergency medical fund for Pacific Northwest writers. More information is available at the website: www.osfci.org/clayton/index. It is suggested that all remembrances go to this fund.

[[Sources: Page Fuller, File 770:122]]

Bill Donaho

Bay Area fan and former Worldcon chair Bill Donaho passed away November 23 at the age of 74, several months after surgery for a brain tumor.

After discovering fandom in New York City in the 50s, Donaho moved to the Bay Area in 1960. He soon began publishing a well-

Gordon R. Dickson (1923 - 2001)

Gordon R. Dickson, author of more than 80 books, died on January 31. His short fiction won three Hugo awards ("Soldier, Ask Not," 1965; "Last Dorsai," novella, 1981; "The Cloak and the Staff," novelette, 1981), and one Nebula ("Call Him Lord," novelette, 1966). He was Guest of Honor at L.A.con II in 1984. He served as President of SFWA from 1969 to 1971.

Dickson's passing inspired Richard Foss to pen the following tribute:

Gordy Dickson

By Richard Foss

Another titan falls, and across the world there are moments of sadness, empty eyes gazing at tattered paperbacks on bookshelves, remembering when they were new and we were young and rocketships streaked across our bedroom ceilings.

We're running out of titans, the primordial Elder Gods. Now the One True Dorsai is on the trip from which there are no travelogues, there (wherever there is) to join The Good Doctor, and Lazarus Long, and the shade of H.G. Wells.

(And what that pacifist Englishman will make of the Midwestern saga writer, who knows.)

The titans of old begat the Olympians of lasting fame, who bound their immortal parents in caves of rock with chains of bronze.

We put our titans between the covers of books, and in doing so honor them, and reinforce their immortality. The titans of old were chained and mute, but ours will speak to generations yet unborn, and they will beget dreams.

regarded fanzine, *Habakkuk*. With Al haLevy he co-chaired the 1964 Worldcon and he was part of the trio - Donaho, Rogers and Stark - who co-chaired the 1968 Worldcon.

Donaho disclosed a bit of secret Hugo history in *File 770:129* when he explained how Farmer and McCaffrey tied for the 1968 Best Novelette Hugo with a little help from the chairs: "Now the Novelette race was a close and long drawn out one. First Anne McCaffrey would be ahead and then Philips Jose Farmer. They finished three votes apart. And Ben [Stark], Alva [Rogers] and I hadn't voted. So we decided to make it a tie. I don't remember for sure which one was ahead before we voted, but I think it was Anne."

Robert Lichtman adds that Donaho was "Famous for great parties, good gossip, and his unsurpassed paella."

L. Sprague de Camp

L. Sprague de Camp passed away November 6, 2000. He was preceded in death by Catherine Crook de Camp, his wife of 60 years, in April of this year.

De Camp wrote over 120 sf and fantasy books, several hundred short stories, and many non-fiction works - including my all-time favorite, *The Ancient Engineers*. He was Guest of Honor at the 1966 Worldcon in Cleveland. He received the sf field's highest awards, among them the Nebula Awards, The First Fandom Pilgrim Award, the Grand Master Award for Lifetime Achievement in Fantasy, and Science Fiction Writers of America Grand Master Nebula Award.

An online report also listed the Hugo Award, however, I don't believe he ever won it. The writer may have been thinking of the

Gandalf Award voted to him as a Grand Master of fantasy by members of the 1976 Worldcon.

Rick Shelley (1947-2001)

Author Rick Shelley died January 27 of liver and kidney complications following a massive heart attack suffered at Chattanooga, two weeks earlier. After bypass surgery at a local hospital he was moved to Vanderbilt University Hospital in Nashville, where he was waiting for an opportunity for a heart transplant.

Shelley's first piece of short fiction appeared in the January 1985 issue of *Analog*, and his first novel, *Son of the Hero*, was published by ROC Books in the summer of 1990. He published 17 science fiction and fantasy novels.

In Passing

George Jumper, long-time LASFS member and past president, died of a heart attack on January 8 at his home in Seattle, WA. He is survived by a sister, Barbara, and his twin children, Jonathan and Jennifer.

Jennifer Jay, of Peoria, AZ, was killed in an auto accident on October 21. The 17-year-old occasionally attended Albuquerque club meetings and cons. She won an "Instant Costume" Award in the Bubonicon 31 Costume Contest, and she was active in the creative arts at her high school, especially theater. While at home, she volunteered her time at the Sun City Animal Shelter, and had dreams of becoming a veterinarian.

[[Source: *Sithfacts*, December 2000]]



COVER STORY: ALAN WHITE

Does this issue's cover look a little bit familiar? It's not *déjà vu* – you probably saw it in *Ethel the Aardvark*.

Alan White's art is so popular everybody wants to get their hands on it. And he's made it very easy. "I got an e-mail from the *Ethel the Aardvark* people who've been to my personal site and loved the so-far unprinted cover I did for you of the waving robot. I told them it was taken and I wouldn't remove the 'File 770' masthead from the art. I would however, do another robot piece just for them. Today I received my copy of the finished *Aardvark* and was surprised to see they actually snatched the robot piece off the website and used it for filler – with the 'File 770' masthead still attached. I guess that's a free plug for your zine."

Check out his "Art-O-Rama" site. You can download fannish cartoons and SF illos. Every piece is saved as either a jpg or gif.

Alan thinks, "This might turn out to be a real fun idea – a place where any faned can augment their zine with free art." Unlike Alan's "Art Gallery" page, all the work on "Art-O-Rama" is free for all. The web site address is: <http://members.aol.com/fansite1/artorama.html>

He's also unveiled a web site called "Your Ultimate Resource for PDF Publications." The address is:

<http://www.iPDFinc.com>

Alan concedes, "[The title is] a misnomer at this point, as there is little material there, but soon I hope to remedy that. Since PDF publication is getting hot right now, I thought there needed to be a newsstand approach to such things. Decidedly not a 'fannish' site, although my only two submissions are both *Smokin' Rockets*. All publications are available for download to be read with Acrobat."



Chicon 2000 Worldcon Report

by Mike Glycer

58th World Science Fiction Convention

August 31-September 4, Hyatt Regency Hotel, Chicago, IL

Passing through the doors of the Hyatt Regency I arrived at my third Chicago Worldcon in eighteen years. No other building has hosted the Worldcon more often and fans have good reason to keep coming back: it's an excellent convention facility in the heart of "a real city" – something that holds those of us from LA spellbound, coming as we do from our collapsible movie set of a town.

I walked surrounded by the memories of Worldcon regulars who should have been there. Ross Pavlac. Robert Sacks. Joni Stopa, who ran the masquerade at Chicon IV (1982) and was a guest of honor at Chicon V (1991). But that is not to say I viewed the place through layers of Victorian black crepe. Simply, it was fitting to remember them while meeting all the other old friends who did make it to Chicon 2000.

Room With A View: When a couple has been going steady as long as the Hyatt and the Worldcon, there's a risk that they'll start taking each other for granted. Then the relationship starts to fray.

There was nothing wrong with my view of the entrance to the Chicago River from Lake Michigan, visible from a window at the end of the corridor outside my 28th floor room. On the other hand, the inside of my room looked like a crime scene: the waste paper basket was full of trash, an uneaten chocolate-dipped strawberry sat on its plate in the middle of the desk, and the door of the electronic safe was hanging open. Investigating the bathroom, I found definite evidence of Grand Theft, Towel. No detectives were needed, fortunately. A call to Housekeeping fixed everything.

Not everyone managed to "get away clean" from the Hyatt. Fans who stayed there were chiseled for everything from \$5-\$25 for packages delivered to them in care of the hotel, to a \$2 daily mini-bar "replacement charge" if they so much as broke the seal on the in-room refrigerator to



see what was inside. I suppose it is ironic that fans, supremely sensitive to any hint that they are receiving less for their money than mundane customers, found themselves complaining precisely *because* they were being gouged like the Hyatt's business clientele.

All The Last Wars at Once: It was a bit of a game at the beginning of Chicon to look for hints of what the committee had done to make a better first impression than in 1991. Quite a bit, actually, prompting Alex Pournelle to joke that the committee came "prepared to fight the last war." But I told

him that if they had, at least they were winning those battles.

A minor example was the way they solved the problem of where to post party flyers. They placed signboards in the elevator lobbies on upper floors of the Hyatt – there was no repeat of the problem from 1991 of hotel staff tearing down flyers stuck on the walls.

A major example was Registration. Labor Day weekend Worldcons begin on Thursday, but opening general registration on Wednesday is an essential strategy: even the 1991 Chicon registered almost 50% of its members on Wednesday, but they hadn't opened until late afternoon. They'd also kept program participants lined up at a separate counter that opened an hour after regular registration.

Chicon 2000 opened general registration and emptied the lines long before I arrived on Wednesday afternoon. I walked directly up to the counter and registered, and also transferred my wife's membership to a Philly fan. The staffer even spared time for me to admire each of Bob Eggleton's Souvenir Book covers before selecting a copy.

Sharon Sbarsky organized Chicon's at-con registration. Randy Kaempfen, the Registration Director, handled all the work beforehand and spent almost the entire con in the registration area working with Sharon and her staff. Sharon wrote afterwards that her goal was to move people through as quickly as possible. She observed that, in fact, the occasional slowdowns were caused by people dwelling over a decision whether they wanted a clip or necklace for their badges, and dithering about which version of the Souvenir Book cover to get. Registration was so efficient that a Chicon Board member told Sharon he

was worried when he didn't see any lines, thinking that reflected a tiny number of at-the-door members!

When I finished registering, I saw Sharon sitting in front of a pillar across from the registration counter, keeping an eye on her department. She told me how she hijacked a member of another professional conference to come join Chicon, after noticing the person was using Whelan art as the wallpaper on her laptop computer.

Moshe Feder joined us, sharing the news that he's now working with David Hartwell at Tor, as an associate editor. Sometime next year he'll begin acquiring books, not necessarily science fiction – he may be selecting military books. That would take advantage of his experience over the years with the Military Book Club.

While I was in the area I also met Takumi and Sachiko Shibano, who in turn introduced me to the chair of the Nippon in 2007 bid.

Behind The Scenes: I worked for the daily newzine on-site, run by Chaz Boston Baden. The Daily Newzine office was in one of the function rooms around the corner from the Front Desk. And who should I find already there by Steven Silver, head of Programming, whom I'd worked with before Chicon. Steve said he was looking forward to the spare time he would have after the Worldcon. He wanted to start a fanzine – a paper fanzine. There's a hopeful sign, when a leading Web writer converts to doing paperzines!

Steven was typing in program changes for the daily newzine. He said one of the panels was down to two participants. With a frenetically gleeful edge in his voice, he added that the job of recruiting replacements, along with all the other work of running programming at-con, would be taken over by Tom Whitmore "when the rocket clears the gantry at 10 a.m. tomorrow!"

In contrast, I was just starting my first assignment for the newzine. I finished my contribution to issue one in time to join Chaz's a dinner expedition. He wanted the two dozen people working on the newzine to meet over dinner at an Oriental restaurant called the Big Bowl. Add this tip to your Smof-toppers Scrapbook: Never count on getting any work done at a dinner meeting of two dozen fans in a noisy restaurant. You may have a lot of fun, though.

Thursday: In the morning I

went back to the newzine office. Kevin Standlee was there and he cheerfully asked, "Did you hear about the constitutional crisis?" The version of the World Science Fiction Society constitution printed in the Souvenir Book left out Article III, the rules for the Hugo Awards. I complained, "Drat, they were supposed to leave out the NASFiC!" Kevin was already at work fixing the problem, using the newzine's copier to publish a complete version of the WSFS constitution.

Con Suite: When I said that Chicon may have prepared to fight the last war but at least they were winning those battles, one place where they only fought to a draw was the Con Suite.

They converted Mrs. O'Leary's pub in the Hyatt to a brightly-lit lounge that looked like it comfortably held upwards of 200 people. Fans could sit in booths and at bar tables. Any sense of crowding was minimized further by having several fountain drink dispensers scattered around the pub, along with refreshment stations full of munchies. The drawback is that was all they offered, dry, salty chips, popcorn, pretzels, goldfish crackers, etc. These iron rations have been the fare of every Chicon con suite. A tight budget was blamed, yet other Worldcons, including those forced to purchase from hotels or convention centers, manage to offer more than the sort of stuff that comes out of industrial-sized cardboard cartons. Albeit that's why I could tell the con suite staff was doing a lot better job of keeping the room clean: at previous Chicons, spilled snacks accumulated on the floor as a kind of crunchy carpet; not at Chicon 2000.

Credible witnesses report watermelon was also served, and pizzas were delivered at least two nights. Fans could also get beer at the con suite's bar, a crowd pleaser and

doubtless more important than buying the caffeine-free soda someone clamored for at a gripe session.

Fan Lounge: The design of Chicon's Fan Lounge and related displays was exceptionally good. Particularly credit Dick and Leah Smith, who were in charge of the Concourse/Standing Exhibits.

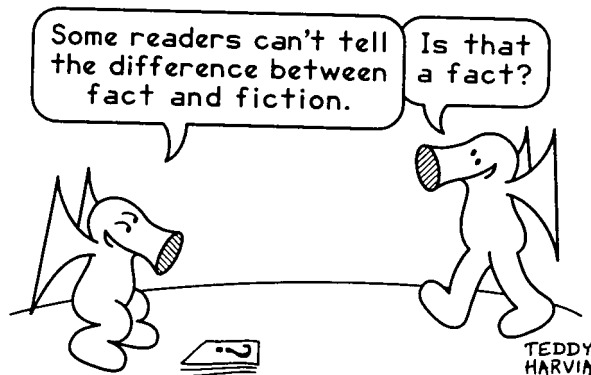
Worldcons since Noreascon 3 (1989) have been filling the empty acres of convention center floor space with a growing array of historical exhibits. The Smiths, not having space to burn, and wanting to place mainstream fandom at the focal point of the convention, made a virtue of necessity by assembling the exhibits and high traffic functions like Site Selection in one large room near Registration.

At the end of the room nearest Registration was the Fan Lounge per se, laid out as the reconstructed living room of a Chicago fan of the '80s. The space was furnished with an ill-assorted bunch of old couches, lamps and end tables. One couch was occupied by two crash-test dummies dressed as Alex and Phyllis Eisenstein – "Alex" in sandals, jeans and a Windycon 7 t-shirt, bearded, with moustache and black hair (suspiciously, all of it), and "Phyllis" dressed all in black, a "goth" ahead of her time. The perimeter of their living room was lined a classic set of poor-fan's bookcases improvised from boards and cinder blocks.

Spread throughout the rest of hall were standing exhibits of artifacts and publications from past Worldcons and bids, Dick and Leah's collection of old repro equipment, plus the Fan Photo Gallery. Site Selection and the tables for conventions bids and other fan groups lined the walls on the far side. It was an excellent showcase of trufannish interests.

Thursday, Seen In Passing: Janice Gelb's Worldcon reports always list the funniest t-shirt she saw at the convention. My pick for Chicon 2000 would be the shirt worn by Maria Pavlac that read, "Your Village Called, Their Idiot Is Missing."

Near the escalator landing by the Front Desk, Mike Resnick was talking to a fan. Resnick wore his name badge on a lavalier which had about 400 Hugo nominee pins stuck into it, so many that he looked like a *bandito* draped in bandoliers of bullets. He asked me, "What do you think about a Calgary Worldcon?" I answered, "Westercon yes, Worldcon no." Resnick introduced the fan he



was speaking with as Cliff Samuels from Calgary, coincidentally chair of Con-Version 17 where Resnick had recently been a guest of honor. Oops. Cliff explained why Calgary would be a wonderful place for a future Worldcon. He might even be right.

Resnick also pointed out Kelly Freas standing nearby, and asked him to model the splendid jacket he had on. Flash Gordon himself would have been proud to wear the two-tone brown jacket, with its padded shoulders and a series of enormous brass buckles down the front. Resnick told Freas, "You could get locked in there and never get out!" Freas replied with supreme elegance, "It's a birthday gift from my wife."

Opening Ceremonies: Waiting for Opening Ceremonies to start, I noticed Kathi Overton and John Pomeranz in the audience carrying on a whole sign-language dialog with Robert McIntosh, eight rows away, composed of gestures for finger-counting, the gag reflex, and an imitation of an enraged gorilla. I wondered – what was the translation? Looking in another direction I saw Dennis Virzi, who waved hello. I resisted the temptation to repeat John's dialog in case Dennis knew what it meant.

Kathryn Daugherty, who sat behind me, described her flight from Seattle on "a brand new plane." She knew that because the pilot got on the PA and thanked the passengers in a sentence including the phrase "never flown before." Half an hour later the pilot thought he needed to explain, "The plane has never flown before, not the crew."

Kathryn also called her shot, predicting the ceremonies wouldn't start on time because they couldn't turn down the house lights. This proved to be the case. They wanted to dim the lights before they started showing a video. Associate chairman Becky Thomson made the right decision to go ahead anyway, and the visibility was good enough.

The video kicking off Chicon 2000's Opening Ceremonies was packed with fannish lore. It began with Dick Smith interviewing Bob Tucker about the way fans selected the first few Worldcons, including Chicon I (1940). To make a segue to the present, they showed a series of drawings of historic Chicago with informative captions, such as the one explaining that in 1834 the Hyatt was still a patch of mud under Lake Michigan. There followed humorous recollections of the Chicon 2000 bid and organizational meetings. These included scenes shot on Wednesday of the Fan Lounge set-up and documentary footage of Chairman Tom Veal mobbed by people demanding solutions to their crises. Several division heads were introduced, like

Program organizer Steven Silver, in a clip from his *Jeopardy!* win last June 13.

Toastmaster Harry Turtledove introduced the guests of honor. He confessed to having met the Fan Guests of Honor – Ann and Bob Passovoy – only an hour before. "We agreed anything I could say would be a lie," Harry joked. "All I can say is they look like very nice people and they have a beautiful daughter." He'd known Editor GoH Jim Baen and Author GoH Ben Bova much longer – they both wrote him rejection slips at the start of his career. Artist GoH Bob Eggleton had never rejected a Turtledove story: perhaps that's why he leaped and waved joyously when Harry introduced him.

Then came the "long-postponed" Chicon bid committee pie toss. Apparently, preopposing members who paid a premium got the right to hit a Chicon bidder in the face with a pie. At any rate, Mike Jencevice, Steven Silver, Kathleen Meyer, Dina Krause, and somebody in a monkey mask wearing Tom Veal's suit, took whipped cream pies in the kisser. Preopposer Seth Breidbart wandered around the stage an unbearably long time before targeting Kathleen Meyer. Bidders who didn't get hit with a pie were standing near enough to get splattered by flying cream: no one went unscathed.

For the ending, future Worldcon chairs Todd Dashoff (2001) and Tom Whitmore (2002) stretched a ribbon between them and Forry Ackerman ceremonially cut it, as the representative of those teenaged Worldcon bidders of days gone by that Tucker talked about in his interview. Observing the way Ackerman dashed onstage, it seems that 75 years after graduating from kindergarten Forry still runs with scissors.

When the audience poured out of the ballroom, many hoped there was a leftover pie and that Seth Breidbart would be wearing it soon.

Thursday Night: Chicon held its Meet the Pros Ice Cream Social on Thursday evening in the Fairmont Hotel, down the block from the Hyatt. Hundreds of fans jammed into the Fairmont's Regent and Crystal Rooms in pursuit of free ice cream, cakes and other treats.

Live Painting Demos: Chicon was no vacation for guest of honor Bob Eggleton. He worked his ass off before the con, doing two Souvenir Book covers and assembling a "coloring book" of his sketches. Everyone got copies of these at Registration. Then he came to the con and worked some more. His live painting exhibitions were among the most interesting things I've seen at Worldcons.

Bob did two demos in "the Fishbowl."

Where the escalators coming down from the Hyatt atrium intersected with a wide corridor on the way to the west tower program rooms, Hyatt catering has the use of two glass-walled rooms that it ordinarily fills with sample setups for board meetings and parties. Chicon arranged for the boardroom to be cleared of the usual furniture so Bob could use it as his studio.

Bob's demonstration on Friday afternoon, "Book to Costume to Paint," involved painting a complete portrait of Joy Day in costume in two hours. On Saturday, billed as "Bob Eggleton: The Live Exhibit," he created a painting of a dragon in five hours.

Bob said, "I really wanted the fans to see the inside of creative working. Just how a painting comes together sometimes in front of me."

Standing "in the storefront window," Bob not only let everyone watch him paint, he often carried on conversations with his audience. Bob compared his performance to Harlan Ellison's feat of writing a short story while on display at Iguacon in 1978. Bob surpassed that in one respect – he let fans kibbitz while he worked. Though no painter myself, I know how hard it would be for me to go on writing if I had to break my concentration to talk to people all the time. His ability to juggle all these elements and still have a good time was very impressive.

Fans couldn't seem to get enough of Bob. He also made a fortune in the Art Show. Bob said he sent 11 boxes of art to the con, and only brought back 4. Fans wanted Eggleton artwork of every kind: a sketch he guessed they would buy for \$40 sold for \$400.

And if you're someone who can't get enough of Bob, check out his website – www.bobeggleton.com – which displays a series of photos from Chicon, including both days in the Fishbowl.

Parties: I wasn't there, but legends circulated about the Chernobyl party on Thursday night. Fans feasted on Oreos and Twinkies, and drank the place dry by midnight. At 4 a.m., hours after the booze had run out, there was still a room full of fans making do with three bottles of tonic water and the remains of the Oreos. Clearly these people were crazy, which may be why the host decided that was the right time to close the party and kick them out.

Broken Blocks: The room blocking scheme for party, quiet and staff floors in the Hyatt broke down, the hotel having failed to follow the committee's instructions. Major bid parties were supposed to be blocked between floors 20-30 in the east tower, but their room assignments were scattered to other floors. The committee coped by

changing the floors they wound up on to "party floors." However, Mark Olson observed that proper blocking seldom happens by itself. Generally, it only occurs if someone from the committee stays in regular contact with the hotel prior to the con, inspects the reservation printouts for members' names and makes the hotel individually correct each oversight. This is also a lot of work.

Erik V. Olson said the worst example of blocking he knew about involved the division head for Member Services, who asked the Hyatt for two connecting, nonsmoking rooms in the committee block on a low floor of the east tower, and got adjacent, non-connected smoking rooms on an upper floor of the west tower, across from famous filksinger (and smoker) Leslie Fish.

The Hyatt was innocent of one complaint, that they supposedly had removed the house phones by the elevators on each floor. What actually happened is that vandals opened many of these phones and stole some of the electronics – microphones, speakers and ringers. The hotel removed the broken phones and replaced most of them the next day.

Friday Business Meeting: I had two main reasons for attending the Preliminary Business Meeting on Friday. The first was to support Chris Barkley's amendment to change the Best Dramatic Presentation (BDP) Hugo. If you blinked, you missed it. A majority in the room voted to object to consideration of all three motions to change the BDP Hugo. Chris and the others will marshal their forces and try again in 2001.

My second reason for going was to commiserate with everyone else about the loss of Robert Sacks. Sacks had passed away two weeks earlier and was sorely missed. An infamous gadfly and a master of the WSFS constitution, Robert would have been part of the podium staff for the first time had he made it to Chicon. Fans debated the best way to put his imprint on things; Donald Eastlake III adjourned one of the meetings in his honor. (Another was adjourned in memory of Ross Pavlac.)

I had wondered if business meeting regulars would avoid sitting in Sacks' usual place in the front row. They didn't: Johnny Carruthers and Louis Epstein seemed quite comfortable there. No reason they shouldn't. Besides, if you're a baseball fan you'll know what it means when I say – a lot of people wore Duke Snider's number 4 after he retired, but not even Dodger fans remember it belonging to anyone else.

Friday Program: Reviewing SF Books: When I arrived at "Reviewing SF Books," Lisa DuMond and Rob Gates were handling



their differences by pummeling each other. They inflicted no injuries, and I accept the word of another panelist, Cheryl Morgan, that they all enjoyed themselves. Cheryl wrote in *Emerald City*, "All of the panelists, even the two from *Fosfax*, a fanzine which prints a lot of very short reviews, agreed that it was important that a review be entertaining and analytical. It is not enough just to précis the plot as is the case with so many on-line review sites."

Farscape: I left the reviewing panel in time to see a demonstration of *Farscape*'s boundless popularity. A presentation about the show had just finished in the location slated to hold a program I wanted to see. I stood aside for about 10 minutes while the room slowly disgorged a small city's worth of people. They all joined the "fannish clothing frezy" in the hallway outside, taking free *Farscape* hats and t-shirts given away by publicists. Most of these fans immediately raised their arms above their heads and yanked the new shirts down over the clothes they were already wearing, on the whole looking like a rave where everyone was violently dancing to a tune only they could hear.

Is Bigger Always Better? The question, "Is Bigger Always Better?", was aimed at science fiction conventions. I was interested in more than just the subject matter, having helped Steven Silver pick the panelists. Fifteen fans had asked to be on that item, the second-highest response I knew about. I wondered if that would correlate to an equally large audience. It didn't.

In fact, as the 2:45 p.m. starting time passed I began to worry it hadn't even attracted all five people I picked for it. Two missing panelists eventually strayed in muttering dark oaths about the lack of maps

to guide them through the underground warren between the Hyatt and Fairmont. Number five, Ed Kramer, never showed up – although nobody knew it, he had been in a Georgia jail since August 25.

Sharon Sbarsky moderated, joined by Kathleen Meyer, Amy Thomson and Teresa Nielsen Hayden. Absent Ed Kramer of Dragon*Con the dynamic of the argument might have been lost, but Mark Ryan volunteered to joint them as the passionate defender of media and comics conventions. I knew I couldn't have hired a better replacement when I heard Mark declare, "When Dragon*Con is on Labor Day weekend I'm going there, because it's lots more fun [than a Worldcon]."

Two propositions threaded their way through the panel, first, that a convention can outgrow fans ability to maintain a high level of quality, and second, that a convention must be big enough to reap the benefits of size, like having high-profile media guests.

Kathleen Meyer talked about the Windycon committee's deliberate decision to limit its growth by continuing to use the Woodfield Hyatt, where they take all the rooms, and its distance from downtown for discourages commuting.

Mark felt that big conventions benefited from a big economic base that let them invite more famous personalities. Teresa enjoyed breaking the news to Mark that a well-known media figure like Neil Gaiman comes as GoH to smaller cons that merely pay his way. Money isn't everything. "Even comics people have friends," she said.

Panelists stressed the importance of conventions as fannish gatherings, rather than shows. Most seemed to feel that the benefits of a larger con must not be accepted at the cost of chilling social interaction. Sharon said that she sees friends at various regionals throughout the year, and at a larger con like the Worldcon sees more of everyone altogether, but she didn't believe that would work at a significantly larger con. Someone in the audience replied that a large con simply forced her to sift through a lot more people to find her friends. Amy talked about "ways of turning a large con into a smaller con" by going to the Fan Lounge – "Once you find it," she added, and rolled her eyes.

Teresa sees convention programming as an important means of facilitating the desired social interaction. "Program is the convention talking to itself. A program that doesn't set people talking to each other later is a failure."

Avoiding Literary Scams: Brenda Clough applauded the addition of lawyers, editors and agents to the "Avoiding Literary Scams"

panel. "When I say that book doctors are a waste of money, it excites mild interest. When Donald Maas says that in his experience a book-doctored manuscript is merely raised to a higher level of rejectability, this really makes an impact."

Green Room: The program participants' Green Room, run by Pat Sayre McCoy, was well worth finding. It was one of the best ever, receiving praise from all quarters. (Even better than the one at the 1989 Westercon, he said humbly...) The spread of cold cuts and different breads was incredible. For no logical reason, it made me feel ungrateful to have complained about the con suite!

Reach Out And Touch Someone: Before finding the Green Room, I passed the Massage Room. This Chicon went to the trouble to arrange massage for the masses, in contrast with 1991 when a massage from "Sven in the Den" was a staff perk for extraordinary performance.

To make it easier to deal with the masses, those running the Massage Room had posted a set of rules by the door. Rule Number One was: "Please have bathed within 12 hours of your sign-up."

Internet Lounge: The first Internet Lounge was at L.A.con III (thanks, Chaz!) Chicon 2000 expanded on the concept in revolutionary new ways. They used first-rate equipment, including a couple of dozen iMac computers. The iMacs multicolored transparent plastic cases made the place look like one big Christmas tree.

The Lounge equipment was perfectly complemented by the convention's own On-Site domain, continuously updated with new text and features from the con, and host to online chats with an impressive number of pros.

Chicon 2000 had the greatest net presence to date of any Worldcon. Chaz Boston Baden was the webmaster and ran www.chicon.org, Erik V. Olson handled the

onsite website, and Janice Murphy, who ran online chats during the con, generated a tremendous web interest in the con. For the two-week period ending just after the con, the logs showed there were 168,527 files transferred, amounting to more than 994 megabytes, sent to 4,369 unique hosts.

Dealers Room: Mike Walsh of Old Earth Books said he liked the Dealers Room's 11 a.m. opening time, an hour later than at a typical Worldcon. His yardstick for success was his belief that fans bought just as many books from him in seven hours as they would have in eight.

He's certainly right about fans' appetite for buying books: the solitary complaint about the Dealers Room made at the daily Gripe Sessions was that there were not enough book dealers. Chairman Tom Veal assured that person, "Book dealers had priority. We didn't turn any away."

Fred Patten missed the ex-Soviet Bloc fans who used to come to Worldcons and sell Soviet space program pins, KGB identity cards and other nonsense. He said Kevin Duane's table of Furry porn was being ignored by customers, so Kevin started filling his idle time using an LED kit to make blinking-light conventions badges. These, on the other hand, were wildly popular – the ones I saw looked very cool.

Guest of Honor Speeches: Apropos to introducing the fan guests of honor, Toastmaster Harry Turtledove kept breaking himself up over obscure fannish references, "...Remember Condigeo?" The Passovoy's were practically the only guests he needed to introduce where he couldn't fall back on their having written him an rejection slip early in his career.

Anne Passovoy said she works so close to the Hyatt she could leave work on Wednesday, walk over to the con, take off her beeper, take off the badge that gets her in and out of all the buildings at work, then – pick up a beeper and put on her badge... "And here we are in the year 2000 having more fun than anybody who ever started with 'See Dick run.'"

She was happy to say, "I brought up three

Fan
GoH?
Passé!



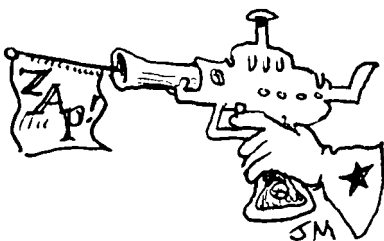
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kids in fandom and I think it's made them even more delightful than of course they would already have been. Can you imagine what a neat thing it is to have three teenagers come up to you and say, 'Mom, there's going to be a midnight party on Friday night – for the new Harry Potter book?' And what I really love about fandom is not one of those kids think there's anything funny or romantic about getting drunk on your ass because they saw it all when they were eight."

Bob Passovoy told about his fannish roots. At the age of four he relieved boredom on the farm in Indiana by watching *Captain Video* and nitpicking the scripts, saying, "That's not right!" Bob proved at a young age that he had what it takes to be a fan.

Though Bob is a medical doctor, he picked up what he knows about space science by hanging around fandom where "You learn physics by osmosis." After years as a fan, he had no trouble following what Stephen Hawking had to say about black holes. "I know about gravity. I own three cats, and that's cats what cats generate when they sleep. And I know about anti-gravity, because that's what kittens generate and you find them on the top of the door. And I know that when we explore black holes in the far distant guts of time we'll go to the core of a black hole and realize that the reason they suck in suns is to concentrate the beam of sunlight because the very old and comfortable cat sleeping and purring at the core with his gravity meter set on 40,000 cat needs that sunbeam to sleep in."

Bob challenged his listeners to a higher level of commitment, saying fans need to be willing to argue obscure points of physics 'til three in the morning and sing weird



songs even later than that. And be ready to take over a department at a convention because the department head has been kidnapped by aliens. He asked, "Do you have what it takes to be a fan?" Having trouble getting enough volunteers, Bob chose the better part of valor and ran offstage with Anne.

Harry Turtledove's introduction of Ben Bova included the memory of finding a Bova novel on sale in the bookstore in Dublin, Ireland where he'd mainly been buying obscure Penguin Classics unavailable in the States, and the suspicious look a clerk gave him when he bought that book. Once Bova became an editor Harry kept trying to sell him stories. And missing. Harry said his early relationship with Bova consisted of accumulating rejection slips from *Analog* and *Omni*, and an especially rare one from *Nova* – the magazine title they discarded in favor of *Omni*.

Ben Bova reminded listeners about his South Philadelphia origins, saying his high school was so tough the school paper had an obituary column. He got hooked on science during a field trip to the planetarium – it turned out that big bug light in the middle of the room could project stars on the ceiling, and that was impressive.

After finishing high school he sat in his parents' basement and typed "the great American science fiction novel." It got rejected by every publisher in New York. When he tried a local Philadelphia company, the editor called him into his office and told him the novel wasn't all that bad but it had a crazy plot – that Russians got into space first, and the Americans launched a crash program to get to the Moon before they could. Right about then Senator Joe McCarthy was a powerful figure, and the editor advised Bova to stay away from such political ideas.

The story didn't seem so radical a few years later, and by 1956 Bova was working as a junior technical writer at a company involved in the rocket program. He got a phone call from Dave Kyle asking him to bring two engineers to the Worldcon in New York. Once they got to the hotel Bova had to drag the engineers out of the elevator to the program, because the first thing they saw when the doors opened was Forrest J Ackerman standing next to a picture of a monster. Bova got the engineers calmed down, introducing them to

Arthur C. Clarke, Willy Ley, and other people whose names they had known. A couple of drinks at the bar also helped. That was Bova's first convention.

As his writing career took off, one day Isaac Asimov told him to expect a call from Cele Goldsmith of *Amazing Stories*. She'd asked Asimov to write a series about life on other worlds, but he didn't have time and told her "my pal Ben Bova knows more about it than I do." Isaac calmed Bova down, reasoning, "I'll tell you everything I know. You must know something I don't. Therefore you'll know more than I do."

Bova told many more funny stories about his experiences with the genre's most famous writers. Then he ended with a fervent pitch for us to get started exploring space: one would expect nothing less.

Turtledove also talked about his rejection slips from Jim Baen, who then came onstage and claimed his deal with the committee was that he didn't have to give a speech. Maybe the rest of Baen's talk was an especially good fanzine article?

Jim Baen said we've all laughed at Star Trek's idea that it takes nothing more to make an alien than to give a human being a funny forehead or a strange birthmark. As soon as we laughed, Baen turned the tables on us and defended the notion of humanoid aliens. He explained why any planet with trees would evolve a dominant bipedal tree-dwelling species, and why that species, in order to prevail over its environment, would need to develop family and behavioral traits much like our own.

Artist GoH Bob Eggleton picked up the thread from Baen, saying, "By the way, Jim, I'm an alien – I have birthmarks." But he mainly spoke seriously, remarking that he

was coming up on his 40th birthday and had spent half his life around science fiction fandom. He considered himself lucky to have the level of interaction with people about what they like and don't like, saying most other people have a one-way job without feedback. "The world outside needs a strong dose of imagination." He strongly encouraged everyone to discover what fires his or her imagination and "live there."

Saturday Hugo Rehearsal: One of my first stops on Saturday was in the Fairmont where Team Hugo had requested the nominees and presenters come by for a rehearsal. Had I only been a nominee I would have skipped it, assuming that if I won I could dazedly stagger onto the stage as well as the next fan. But I'd been asked to present the Best Semiprozine Hugo and felt I owed it to them to learn what they wanted me to do.

Entering the hall I saw a low stage on risers, holding two big video screens. They were festooned with black gauze printed with a galaxy of gold stars. The screens were showing, soundlessly, random clips from the Academy Awards that helped psych everyone up for the big night. Dave Stein of Team Hugo only needed five minutes to explain how simple my job would be. I found out that the awards wouldn't be given in the usual fan-first order. This mattered to me only because I wouldn't have the luxury of knowing the outcome of my two nominations before I had to go on stage, which would make it easier to focus on what I needed to say and do.

Dave showed me the camera set-up, adding that since they'd had to hire a union cameraman they were letting him get creative. He pointed out the table full of tech gear where the Canadian version of the Sci-Fi Channel planned to record the video for use in a documentary. The Sci-Fi Channel itself would be at the next table providing Internet coverage of the awards.

The group of Japanese fans who'd be presenting the Seiun Awards arrived while Dave finished his explanation. He was giving them a backstage tour when I left.

Caves of Paper: Saturday was the first day of the actual weekend, and that helped make it the Worldcon's peak attendance day. Additional people meant increased the gridlock in the corridors around the Hyatt's Grand Ballroom.



Best Fanzine nominees at Hugo Reception: Dick & Nicki Lynch, Mike Scott, Stephen Davies, Guy H. Lillian III and Mike Glyer. Photo by Gay Haldeman.

Chicon (again) had lined these corridors with message boards, newsletter pick-up stations and flyer distribution boards. There was room for four fans to walk abreast — but since there were always fans stopped in front of the flyer boards that reduced everyone to walking single file in both directions.

Jack Chalker passed me in the hall riding an electric cart. Jack said he mangled his leg falling from a ferryboat back in Maryland. Eva Whitley Chalker told me that when Jack was in the emergency room another doctor came in and asked he was the Jack Chalker who “wrote all those books.” It was Michael Kerr, who has ties to Northwestern fandom but now works at the Carroll County General emergency room.

Classic Science Fiction Art Show:

Unless you’ve been around fandom as long as, say, Alex and Phyllis Eisenstein, you probably missed all those auctions and art shows where fans got to buy the classic covers and drawings that illustrated some of the genre’s most famous stories. The couple gave Chicon 2000 a historic opportunity to borrow and exhibit some of these irreplaceable artworks.

Reviewing a list of the artists, authors and stories associated with the various pieces in the display is like boarding a time machine back to the Golden Age of SF. There were over 200 covers from prozines and paperbacks and interior illustrations by Ed Emshwiller, Frank Kelly Freas, Edd Cartier, John Schoenherr, Ed Valigursky, Richard M. Powers, Mel Hunter, Wallace Wood, H. R. van Dongen, and others of note. The display included one of my all-time favorites, Kelly Freas’ 1954 *Astounding* cover for *That Sweet Little Old Lady*.

Alex and Phyllis labored for 17 hours to put up the exhibit and 5 hours to take it down. The show was covered under a special \$1 million insurance policy obtained by Chicon.

Although most of the art came from the Eisenstein’s own phenomenal collection, some was brought by others. Fred Patten wrestled a large box of paintings along with the rest of his luggage in order to deliver several pieces he owns: Kelly Freas’ original covers from *Astounding* for “Omnilingual” by H. Beam Piper and from *If* for “Pipe Dream” by Fritz Leiber, Ed Emshwiller’s cover for *The Incomplete Enchanter* by DeCamp and Pratt, and Jack Gaughan’s *Galaxy* cover for *The Dragon Masters* by Jack Vance. Also in Fred’s box was a piece loaned by Bruce Pelz, Freas’ *Astounding* cover for “Profession” by Isaac Asimov.

Saturday Program: Ross Pavlac



Best Fanwriter nominees arranged by size, height, male and female. Mike Glyer, Steven Silver, Evelyn Leeper. Photo by Gay Haldeman.

Memorial: Steven Silver added this item to the program shortly before the con and asked me to be the moderator. He said the committee wanted to do it because “Ross was a driving force on the committee until he died and without him, this year’s convention very well may have been held elsewhere.” Other members of the sf community who had passed away since last year were commemorated at the “Remembering Our Losses” panel.

The late addition meant the item wasn’t in the Pocket Program, leaving me free to speculate how many people would come. I underestimated that Steve really meant it when he said “the committee wanted to do it.” The Chicon leadership interrupted everything they were doing to attend. I counted over 30 people there. I was glad Maria Pavlac decided she could handle being there. She joined in, adding the missing details of stories people wanted to tell about Ross.

Hugo Nominees Reception: If there was a Geiger counter equipped to measure calories and someone held it up to the dessert table at the Hugo Nominees Reception it would have emitted a squeal of sound louder than a scalded pig — quite appropriately so. A groaning trestle of cheesecake, fresh-baked chocolate chip cookies and fruit tarts was sacrificed to the nominees and their guests. Some veggies and dip might have been in there, too, though don’t know how anyone found them.

People walking over to the Fairmont from other hotels were finding out anew why they call it the Windy City. Andrew Porter

had his membership badge blown off and watched it flutter into a construction site below, landing gently on a backhoe. He flagged down a cab and had it let him off in front of the site. He looked through the chain-link fence until he heard a voice shout, “Whaddaya want?!” It was a stereotype fat security guard sitting in his car, which was parked inside the fence. Porter said, “I’ll give you \$20 if you get my badge.” To reach it, the guard had to crawl back through a lot of construction iron and pipes, so Porter upped the reward to \$40 and photographed the guard holding the badge triumphantly.

Meantime, I was looking for New York and other fans who might know how to pronounce the last name of Semiprozine nominee Ariel Hameon. Porter, Jay Kay Klein, and Charles Mohapel had three different theories. When Dave Hartwell came in I got an authoritative answer.

I sat down with Glen Boettcher and Nancy Mildebrandt. Glen was buoyant because Jeff Walker had designated him to accept the Hugo if *The Matrix*, *Iron Giant* or *Sixth Sense* won. Ten seconds after he explained that to me word passed through the room that the script writer and producer of *Galaxy Quest* had arrived in person, and Glen started to worry that pair would beat his three aces.

Hugo Ceremonies: Before Forry Ackerman announced the winner of the Big Heart Award, he explained that he’s handed over its administration to Dave Kyle. Then Forry read the quote on engraved on the first Big Heart plaque being given tonight: “I know I’ll never get one of these.” It was an overheard remark from this year’s first winner and Forry teased him: “As a science fiction writer he’s a lousy predictor.” The winner was Robert Silverberg.

The audience showed its approval by applauding vigorously. Silverberg was moved, though managed to display some of his trademark irony by commenting, “These are given to good people who have never said a word of sarcasm. Gentle, good-natured people with hearts full of compassion.”

Dave Kyle said “The Big Heart is an award for the best within our own community of fans.” The second one went to the absent Jack Williamson. Silverberg accepted it for him, adding “If there really was a nice man, or a lovable man, it’s Jack Williamson.” Everyone was impressed to hear that Williamson would have a story in the next *Analog*.

To the accompaniment of Liszt's *Les Preludes* and images of Flash Gordon's rocket on the big video screens, Toastmaster Harry Turtledove was escorted to the stage by someone in a furry costume.

Janice Gelb sat alongside me in the audience. She ran the Hugo Ceremony at L.A. con III and firmly believes in having tuxedoed "studmuffins" as stage escorts. Chicon 2000 used people in hall costumes. Janice was quite put off to see Harry's escort was a gray-headed alien with a giant gill fringe, wearing an olive-green tablecloth. I reassured her, "He may be very studly on his home planet."

Harry saved his A material for tonight, beginning, "I'll be your waiter – tonight's specials: rocketship and crow." He called himself "The *Readers Digest* condensed version of the Democratic ticket: I have Leiber's Judaism and Al Gore's charisma."

Harry noted the way he's fictionally destroyed various cities and that fans have then made him GoH at conventions in these same cities. "Something dreadful is going to happen to Maui really soon."

Harry's chores included announcing the winners of the student writing contests. A new generation of writers seems to be growing up under his roof: daughter Rachel was a winner in one category, and two more daughters were finalists in others.

The Hugo Award base was beautifully designed by Johnna Klukas under the inspiration of the Arts & Crafts design movement. She has won the Chesley Award for her 3-D work. (Johnna overcame a last-minute problem with attaching the Hugo rockets to her bases – she found the rocket bores aren't uniform, and had quite a challenge threading the bolts and washers that held it all together.)

The second Hugo being given was one I was nominated for. While presenter Teddy Harvia tore open the envelope containing the name of the winner of the Best Fanzine Hugo, I sat with my notebook open and my pen ready to write. But not ready to write the name of my own fanzine. Not even when Teddy reacted to what he read on the little piece of paper by exclaiming his delight. Then he read "File 770" aloud and I headed for the stage in a fog of not-quite-speechless amazement, where someone handed me the rocket on its beautiful wooden base.

I got back to my seat, shared the award with interested people nearby, and thanked the people who were congratulating me. All the adrenaline didn't keep Janice and I from noticing what a mess was being made of the PowerPoint video slide presentation.

It was as painful for professional editors

to read all the typos on the slides as it was for trained musicians to hear the school band at the beginning of *Mr. Holland's Opus*. Patrick Nielsen Hayden, horrified, took notes and ended up with a list of 10 misspelled names and titles.

Team Hugo seemed like nice people, but their production communicated that they didn't care very much about the quality. Two other aspects were even worse than the typos.

They used PowerPoint technology to project title slides on the video screens. I see a lot of PowerPoint stuff at work and the operator just about never gets to the end without accidentally flashing the thumbnail screen containing all his slides in miniature. The same problem happened twice during the Hugos. The thumbnails were quite visible on the big screen and a quick reader could spot the names of upcoming winners.

The souvenir booklet distributed to the audience contained the worst examples of negligence. Shane Tourtellotte's bio as a Campbell Award nominee consisted of, "We lost it. We're very, very sorry. It's not his fault." Several entries consisted of even less, either the bizarre claim that no information was available about the person at press time (ever heard of the World Wide Web?) or in the case of *Locus* nothing at all. It's unfathomable to me why Team Hugo invested only enough effort in a booklet like this to completely embarrass themselves in front of 1500 readers.

Though not an antidote to these problems, one well-executed idea was a video montage of science fiction heroines. Pat Benatar's "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" rocked behind a series of clips showing "women in science fiction," many of them from this year's nominees. It was clever, humorous, and brilliantly edited.

Because of the variation on the usual order of presenting things, the Seiun Award came in the middle. Several Japanese fans came out, some in traditional dress. Takumi Shibano introduced one of the best sf critics in Japan as his "young friend who is most suitable to make this presentation." The presenter's command of English was quite good enough to carry off a bilingual reference, getting a laugh as he explained that Seiun literally translated in English is "Nebula." He also talked about the important and even highly creative work of translation, which led into the announcement of stories translated from English into Japanese that had won these awards.

One of the winners was "Out of the Everywhere" by James Tiptree Jr. Pat Murphy accepted the award. She read a note

from Jeff Smith, executor of Alice Sheldon's estate, who said Sheldon would have been pleased to win because the story received little attention in her lifetime.

Mike Resnick also won a Seiun, and came back a bit later to present the Best Novelette Hugo. He introduced the award by saying a single great novelette can make a writer's reputation, then recited a long list of very famous examples before springing the ironic surprise: not one of them received the Hugo.

When Martin Hoare accepted Dave Langford's Best Fanwriter Hugo he promised that sf blockbuster "The Collected Hugo Acceptance Speeches of Dave Langford" was already in production as a movie. Langford is now a byword in the category: even Hugo Administrator Michael Nelson felt free to phrase the news of my own nomination as being "nominated for Dave's Other Award." (This literally happened – and I thought it was pretty funny, myself.)

Chicon's GoH's handed out some of the last few Hugos. Just before giving the Best Pro Artist Hugo, veteran art auctioneer Bob Passovoy mused, "They don't give a Hugo for bad checks. Bob Eggleton gave the Dramatic Presentation Hugo, revving up the audience with a trademark flip of his hair, just before leading them *en masse* in saying "Cool!" Afterwards Bob wrote: "They were going to get 'the hair' no matter what, and the 'COOOOOOOL.' The best thing I heard was Judith Clute come up to me and say 'Bob that was the first time I ever said "cool"' and she burst out laughing. That made my day."

Galaxy Quest defeated the box office champions to win the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo. Writer Robert Gordon and director Dean Parisot accepted the award. Gordon spoke for what felt like five minutes – saying all the right things – before leaving the floor to Parisot who simply remarked, "This is the oddest but most entertaining event I've ever been to", then walked offstage leaving the Hugo on the podium. I'm convinced that was a deliberate bit of humorous improvisation on his part. Either way, after allowing the audience to roar for a moment he came back and reclaimed his hardware.

Chairman Tom Veal presented the Best Novel Hugo, which he justified humorously by saying he'd produced his own work of fiction, *Pension Plan Termination*, which is available on Amazon.com. The night's final award went to Vernor Vinge for *A Deepness in the Sky*.

Après Hugo: The winners were called onstage for photographs. I pushed upstream

through an audience surging towards the exits.

Bob Eggleton said he wasn't shattered to have lost the Best Pro Artist. "I wasn't counting on it anyhow, as fannish tradition usually means the GoH *never* gets the award because the Gohship itself is considered a higher honor." And anyway, he thought it was almost as fun to give a Hugo as to get one. I agree; I enjoyed my first chance to present a Hugo (for Best Semiprozine.)

After the ceremonies I discovered how lucky I'd been in another way. Upon winning the Best Fanzine Hugo I tried to leave by the stairs on the front end of the stage and barely set one foot on the top riser when an escort corralled me and steered me to the proper exit. This almost certainly spared me a broken leg. The riser had felt a little spongy underfoot, but when you're my weight that's not unusual. However, after the ceremonies Mike Resnick was climbing the same steps and the top one collapsed: he managed to leap the rest of the way on stage. Coming down, I'd have had no chance at all.

Everyone leaving the Fairmont appreciated the fireworks display after the Hugos. (Actually, this was a nightly occurrence, to celebrate the Tall Ships' stay on Lake Michigan.)

Some were headed to the SFWA Suite (Brenda Clough said a documentary camera crew was there carefully panning the camera along the line of liquor bottles on the bar.) I was headed to the Hugo Loser's Party, which the host at the door suggested was

quite a display of hubris on my part until I told her the story about Dave's Other Award. The party was provided by the Millennium Philcon committee. There were great desserts – and even better beer and champagne.

Fanzine Hugo nominees Dick Lynch and Guy Lillian III were at the party, and being incredibly gracious to me. Lynch mentioned the next cover of *Mimosa* will be a piece of art left half-finished by the late Ian Gunn, and completed by Joe Mayhew, now also passed away. What a unique piece of fanhistory that will be. Guy Lillian was making some history of his own with Rose Marie Donovan: right in front of my eyes, they became engaged. She's the daughter of Joe Green, and Guy first met her at the Joe's famous Apollo XI landing party, also attended by Heinlein, Clarke, and others.

Coup de Grace: By Sunday morning everyone knew Toronto had won the 2003 Worldcon. I had breakfast with bid chair Larry Hancock, later joined by fellow Canadian, Kenneth Smookler. For the benefit of the American at the table, Larry greeted Ken with a French accent, "*Mon ami!* Now that we have won this convention we can take off our masks and revert to our native language!" Smookler agreed and cheerfully asked, "Are we going to have any programming in English?"

Sunday Business Meeting: Toronto was officially reported the winning bid for 2003 at the Sunday Business Meeting and the committee handed out Progress Report

Zero. The pro guests of honor will be George R.R. Martin and Kelly Freas, while the fan guest of honor was a surprise to everyone in the room except yours truly, the editor of *File 770*. My sources are everywhere.

After people asked all the questions they wanted of the Toronto bid, bidders for future Worldcons each took a turn in the barrel. Irv Koch, of Charlotte in 2004, told everyone that on Labor Day weekend the weather in Charlotte is basically the same as Washington DC. I wish there had been a tape recording of the audience's gasp of horror.

Auction Action: On Sunday afternoon a three-hour auction was run for the benefit of the charities of the SF community, two fannish (TAFF and DUFF) and two professional (SFWA and ASFA's emergency funds). They took turns putting items up for bid. Tuckerizations commanded huge prices. An appearance in a Lois McMaster Bujold story went for \$1000. The right to be in a future Resnick story sold for \$650, and the right to be in a future Turtledove story brought in \$666.

Mike Resnick announced after the con that Julie Balch, who paid \$650 to be in one of his stories, will appear in "Old MacDonald Had A Farm", a 6500-word short story that will appear in *Asimov's* sometime next spring. Resnick ended his message by throwing down the gauntlet: "Let's see Harry Turtledove match *that!*"

Daily Gripe Sessions: Chairman Tom Veal held Gripe Sessions every day: we'll call it a commitment to customer service rather than an advanced case of masochism. Besides fans' individual comments about problems with their hotels, problems getting or using various kinds of information from the convention, or sometimes even praise for help someone had given them at the con, they also had things to say that were eye-opening.

Without the Gripe Sessions I wouldn't have known the anime program was running "mature" material (so-called for its violence and sexual content) after midnight. The fan making the complaint didn't even think the showing should be censored, but objected to being surprised by graphic violence (multiple rape scenes) and thought some warning should have been posted at the door or in the schedule. I'm sure many conrunners left wondering whether the same sort of junk is being shown at their local conventions without their knowledge.

Press Coverage: The most convincing argument I heard to register with Press Relations before to con came from someone who wasn't a member of the committee.



Former Worldcon Chairs at Chicon 2000: 1st Row: Mark Olson (1989), Tom Whitmore (2002), Roger Sims (1959), Leslie Turek (1980), Bruce Pelz (1972); 2nd Row: Dave Kyle (1956), Tony Lewis (1971), Joe Siclari (1992), Tom Veal (2000), Peggy Rae Sapienza (Pavlat) (1998), Craig Miller (1984), Robin Johnson (1975) 3rd Row: Kathleen Meyer (1991), John Mansfield (1993), Vince Docherty (1995), Mike Glycer (1996), Fred Prophet (1959), Milt Stevens (1984), Mike Walsh (1983), Peter Jarvis (2003).

Andrew Porter wrote me, "If you don't register as a press person, Chicago's finest will make sure you get a personal audience with Mayor Daley. The dead one..." Electronic press registration through the Chicon web page was effortless. Another impressive technological feature of the con.

Rick Foss felt the coverage of the con got was great, with the exception of one Fox TV interview. The reporter found Kelly Freas at a signing, thrust a microphone under his nose and began, "Well, your work seems to be all about tits and weapons..."

The Chicago Tribune ran articles about Chicon on Saturday and Monday, with the usual emphasis on exotic visuals and costumes in their lead paragraphs, but dealing with real substance deeper in the stories. Press liaison Bart Kemper steered the reporters to some well-informed and quotable pros, like Charles N. Brown, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, and Mike Resnick, and the journalists also got some level-headed comments from two Dorsai Irregulars guarding the Art Show, and a tech writer from San Jose.

Monday Morning: Short-timers like me about to leave for the airport hung around the Hyatt atrium looking for last-minute conversations in an effort to squeeze the last juice from the convention.

Amy Thomson told me her baby daughter was walking, talking and snubbing Bob Silverberg. Nevertheless, Bob had thrown himself in front of an escalator to stop the toddler from dashing down it. Bob heard this and said he was sure no snub had been intended, "She probably wouldn't know me from Robert Heinlein." Amy wrinkled her nose, "She'd probably notice the smell."

Connie Willis passed by carrying a recognizable cardboard box – the kind Hugo winners were given free by the committee to pack their awards for the trip home.

Dick Spelman congratulated me on winning a Hugo, and Roger Sims said I owed it all to him because he gave me the title. He's right, it was his party in Room 770 after all. I told him thanks and asked, "Wasn't that a lot of work to do in order to start a newzine 30 years later?" Spelman also demanded to know, "And how do you explain the gaps?"

Box Score: Tom Veal announced two weeks before the convention, as of the cutoff date with its reservation agent One-Stop Chicago, they had 2,472 rooms reserved for the peak night. That did not include a bunch of suites at the Hyatt. It was 800 rooms above the official count for Chicon IV, where Tom was Hotel Liaison. He thought it might be the largest room pickup of any Worldcon in history

Program division head Steven Silver said there were between 825 and 1003 programming items, depending on how you counted. He set a milestone by starting programming at 8:30 a.m., and set an example because those programs drew pretty well. This was made possible because about 150 (25%) of program participants indicated they were willing to be on programming that early.

As of Monday noon, Chicon had sold 1,010 at-the-door memberships, almost exactly reaching their goal of generating \$80,000 of income from such memberships. Steven Silver said the convention's estimated surplus, after all reimbursements for memberships and rooms, appeared to be \$26,000, and might increase to around \$56,000. "The surplus, in keeping with worldcon traditions, will be passed along to future worldcons." Chicon is planning a Memory Book.

Benediction: Tom Veal wrote after Chicon 2000: "In all of the Worldcons with which I have been associated, I have never before seen so many fen work so devotedly and accomplish so much, often under trying circumstances."

The value of all that hard work is well worth remembering. I also agree that some of Chicon's unpopular choices were valid economic decisions – anything from what to serve in the Con Suite to the use of ballrooms in the Fairmont for major functions that could hold only one-third of the membership.

However, a lot of what goes into making a great Worldcon is free – it comes from the space between our ears. Chicon's most talked-about problems, such as the quality of the Hugo Ceremony, the inhospitable area selected for the Chesley Awards, and the highly-criticized Art Show administration, seemed due to lack of imagination or effort.

These problems did not detract from my enjoyment of the convention in general, or prevent me from appreciating some of Chicon's great ideas, like the Smiths' design for the Fan Lounge, and the Eisensteins' Classic SF Art Show. There were also areas that turned in an outstanding effort, like Chaz Boston Baden's daily newzine production and distribution staff, Randy



Frederik Pohl and Robert Silverberg in the Green Room. Photo by Gay Haldeman.

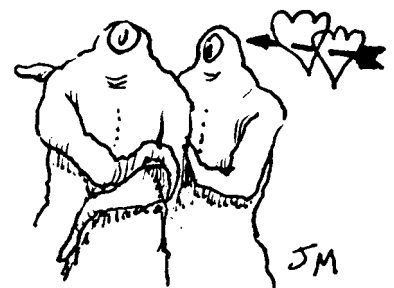
Kaempfen and Sharon Sbarsky's registration department, Steven Silver's program department (including the great Green Room), Donald Eastlake III and the business meeting crew, and more.

Thanks to everyone who worked hard to make the con so enjoyable.

Chicon Postscript

[[An earlier revision of my Chicon report appeared in Locus. Steven Silver offered several corrections, all of which I've used except the following. I think I accurately reported Kathleen Meyer's comment, so I'm publishing Steven's message as a rebuttal:]]

Steven Silver: [In the Locus version of your Worldcon report] on page 43, you attribute a statement to Kathleen Meyer about Windycon. I'm not sure if you paraphrased it incorrectly or if she actually said it (and just between you and me, it sounds like something she could have said), but it does not state the Windycon Board's intentions. The Windycon board will be sending a clarification to Locus in the near future and I'll make sure you're cc'ed. Briefly, yes, we want to limit size. We're at 1500 now and don't want to go much above 2000. The commuting fandom we don't want are kids from the area who drive out specifically for our free beer. I've asked the committee to institute a hotel search for the possibility of a move when our current contract expires in 2002 to a hotel which is more convenient to O'Hare and which can accommodate a con of 2000.



Chicon 2000 Masquerade Awards
Compiled by John Hertz

Sunday, September 3, 2000
Fairmont Hotel, Chicago
77 contestants, 38 entries

Masquerade Director
Nancy Mildebrandt

Master of Ceremonies
Greg Rihn

Masquerade Judges
Roger Christian, Susan De Guardiola, Jan
Howard Finder, John Hertz

Workmanship Judge
Karen Berquist

Tech by the Archon crew, St. Louis

Best in Show
"Ancient Plagues" (Master)
Greg Abba, John Blaker, Greg Sardo, Sandy
& Pierre Pettinger, Julie Zetterberg
designed & made by Abba, Pettinger, Zetter-
berg, with Mickey & Pete Pettinger

Master Class
Best in Class
"Ill Met by Earthlight"
Jacqueline M. Ward
Most Glamorous
"The Galactic Liberace"
Zelda Gilbert
designed & made by Gilbert, with Janet
Wilson Anderson and Robin Pavlosky

Best Choreography
"In Space, No One Can Hear You Tap"
Belle Davis, Kevin Roche
designed & made by Roche, with Bridget
Landry and Kate Morgenstern

Most Beautiful
"Spring Rain"
Joy Day

Honorable Mention
"Poké-Brat"
Lance Ikegawa, David Sheets
designed & made by Ikegawa, with Kathy
Sanders

Journeyman Class

Best in Class
"The Awakening"
Susan Eisenhower, Margaret Blakesley
designed & made by Eisenhower



Best Presentation
"A Klingon Quiet Night Part 3 — Can You
Dig It?"

Alfred Richard, Margot Palmere
designed & made by Richard and Palmere,
with Steve Clelland

Judges' Choice of Gor
"Mother-in-Law of Gor"
Zoanne Allen, Terry Cupples, Michael
Fobbs, Ju Marty
designed & made by Allen, Cupples, Fobbs,
with Jack Cole and Blaine Drayer

Most Original
"A Mother's Love"
Winston Howlett, Juanita Nesbitt
designed & made by Howlett, Nesbitt,
David Blanding, with Danielle Ostach

Honorable Mention
"Samples from Sylvan Dior's Latest Fashion
Collection"
Jeri Byrne, Mike Byrne, Denise Garner, Ian
Honse, Kris Honse
designed & made by K. Honse

Honorable Mention
"Sister Medea of the Purple Prose"
Anne Davenport

Honorable Mention
"Carnaval 2047"
Steve Bartlett, Tina Beychok, Gail Bondi,
John Bondi-Ernoehazy, Bill Ernoehazy
designed & made by Bondi, Ernoehazy

Novice Class

Best in Class
"Galaxy Breast Bra"
Sallie Abba, Mandi Arthur, Dianne Dunlap,
Rachelle Hrubretz, Jeannette Roth
designed & made by Abba, Arthur, Dunlap,
Hrubretz, Roth, with Sheil Harper

Most Cowrageous
"Royal Cownadian Moonted Police"

Jay Meisner

Sauciest
"A Tale of a Space Vixen"
Eugenia Horne, with the Royal Society for
the Advancement of Space Opera

Honorable Mention
"We're Off to See the Wizard, with Toto
Too"
Caitlin, Cathleen, and Mark Christensen
designed & made by Cathleen Christensen

Honorable Mention
"The Thermian Ambassador"
Ted Begley, Sunshine Katz
designed & made by Katz

Junior Class

Best in Class
"The Magic Sea Shell"
Melissa Knappenberger

Most Beautiful
"Fire Lizard Fairy"
Kathleen Fowler

Best Choreography
"Three Ways to Die"
Helen Hebel, Shaina Lyn Waitzman

Special Award — Moost of Show
"Hugh Heifer and Playcow" (Novice) —
Jared Dashoff, Heather Schulz; "Bovita
Peron" (Journeyman) — Joni Dashoff;
"Cowlitic Warrior" (Journeyman) — John
Syms; "Royal Cownadian Moonted Po-
lice" (Novice) — Jay Meisner; "Elsie Bor-
den" (Journeyman) — Laura Syms;
"Cowvalier" (Journeyman) — Sandy Swank;
"Cownan the Barbarian" (Journeyman) —
Andy Trembley; "American Cow-
boy" (Journeyman) — David Rivers;
"Moona Lisa" (Journeyman) — Victoria
Warren

Workmanship Awards

Best in Show
"Ill Met by Earthlight"

Best Master
"Poké-Brat"

Best Journeyman
"Samples from Sylvan Dior's Latest Fashion
Collection"

Best Novice
"Galaxy Breast Bra"

Best Junior
"The Magic Sea Shell"

Win Chris Barkley's Money!

A Rivercon Journal

By Chris M. Barkley

Author's Note

In early July, your esteemed (and Hugo Nominated) editor, asked for a column for the Pre-WorldCon issue of *File 770* and set a deadline of 31 July. I was delighted to do so because I wanted to share my experiences of moving my family and nearly 4000 books to my new abode in Middletown, Ohio, which for the geographically impaired, is thirty miles north of Cincinnati.

In mid-July I discovered that unfortunately, all of the notes I made before and during the move have been misplaced, lost in the miasma of boxes and clutter. So with time running out, I quickly formulated plan B; a journal about preparing for and attending Rivercon XXV, where I was a featured participant. So, without further ado...

Sunday, 23 July 2000

As I rubbed the sleep from my eyes Sunday morning, I was greeted by the following email:

Date: Sun, 23 Jul 2000 01:34:19 -0400

From: Mike Glycer

<MGlycer@compuserve.com

Subject: Re: F770 To: "C.M. Barkley"

<cmzhang56@yahoo.com>

Bruce Pelz asked me for some issues of *File 770* with your columns in them to take to Rivercon for the DUFF auction, and I dropped them off tonight. So I thought, wow! That's egoboo! --Mike

Well at first thought I might have thought so, too...but then again, some people in fandom are genuinely pissed at me, my opinions and attitudes. Ghod forbid they (whoever they might be) would bid on them for the sole purpose of throwing darts at my lovely picture. Well, anything for DUFF, I say.

Monday, 24 July

eBay will be the death of me yet. It's one of the main things, along with the move to Middletown, that have taken up a tremendous amount of my time: buying, analyzing and evaluating books to post, writing descriptions for them, posting them and then

watching anxiously to see if they sell. Hits and misses have been few and far between. I've made up my mind to stop selling books after the Worldcon. I also have to remind myself not to post any that overlap Worldcon, I already have enough distractions.

In the morning before work I have established a daily ritual: check the email, enter contests on iWon.com, Freelotto.com, then onto espn.go.com for their contest in which you are assigned three sports figures at random and you win cash based on their performance that day. So what if someone is compiling a dossier of what sites I visit; if a telemarketer calls I just lie through my teeth and if they e-mail me I delete their message. Just send me some money damnit and I'll buy something...

Tuesday, 25 July

After laying dormant all summer, the allergies I inherited from my mother kick in with a vengeance. I take some antihistamines and pray for a quick death or the end of the day. Bad news in abundance today; a French Concorde crashed, the Mid-East Peace talks fail, the Reds lose 7-4 and the Cardinals win.

Fortified with drugs, I recover enough in the evening to go play the Tuesday premium NTN trivia game Showdown with my wife Naomi at a local BW3. We kick everyone's ass with 39333 points and finish 15th overall among all the bar/restaurant players in North America. The bar crowd we play with locally are very friendly folks and welcome a little competition from us. On several occasions, they've offered to buy us drinks in order to impair our abilities. Since I don't drink alcohol, they're out of luck. I tell them to keep an eye on the leader board this coming Friday because we'll be playing that day's game, Spotlight, in Louisville. They promise they will but I'm betting they'll all be soused by 9 p.m.

Later in the evening, I call Chris and Julee in Evansville, Indiana to ask whether or not I need to make up questions for the game. Julee assures me my dazzling writing talents won't be needed. Well, that's good; I won't have to knock myself out coming up with a ton of material over the next few



days, but on the other hand, what are *they* coming up for me to say or do? I shudder at the thought. I have a friend from work taping the show tonight so I'll see what I'm getting into tomorrow.

Wednesday, 26 July

The Powerball winners from the previous week have come forward; eighteen golf course workers from the Northern Kentucky area. Their average take home pay; less than \$250.00 a week. They're splitting \$63.5 million. Couldn't happen to nicer people...so why doesn't that happen to me?

The Russians put the living module for the International Space Station in orbit today. I hope I can visit there one day. A UN peacekeeper from New Zealand was killed earlier today in East Timor in an ambush near the border with Indonesia. It makes me mad, just thinking about people who can't accept or live with another person's ethnic/racial identity. Now a good soldier's family is mourning his loss. It does make me wonder what sort of planet we're living on sometimes...

Highlight of the day: Won three NTN games at BW3 today including being #5 overall in their SF trivia game, Sci-Files. Naomi and I also won a pair of field level (!) Reds tickets for a game vs. the Marlins on the 5th of August...looking forward to that.

Lowlight of the day #1: Reds lose to the Lastos 4-3, the first sweep they've had of us at home since 1986. Now that's demoralizing. Lowlight #2; I finally saw an episode of Comedy Central's "Win Ben Stein's Money." I had originally had a tape of several shows that Chris and Julee Tate-Johnson had given me at Midwestcon to prepare for their Rivercon version, appropriately titles "Win Chris Barkley's Money." I am being subjected to

this because I had won their version of *SF Jeopardy* for the past three years straight. Instead of me crushing anyone they could have recruited to play against me, they thought this might be more amusing...

But true to form, I lost the tape in the new townhouse shortly afterwards. So I had a friend at work tape an episode from yesterday...but nothing could prepare me for Ben Stein and his weasel of a sidekick Jimmy Kimmel. The questions I could handle but those double entendre categories, oh geez, what have I let myself in for?

Friday, 28 July

We're all packed for Rivercon. I signed up for the U2 Fan Club at lunchtime after reading that members of the club would be eligible for a special CD the boys plan to give out later this year. Cool...

After a few misadventures, I get picked up from work around 6 p.m. Naomi is stressed out from the drive down from Middletown so I drive. I stopped to buy Ohio Lotto tickets before we crossed the river. The pavement on I-71 between Cincinnati and Louisville is worse than ever, but the countryside is as picturesque as ever.

We arrive at the Executive West hotel two hours later, just as the Opening Ceremonies begin. There are all sorts of signs promoting "*Win Chris Barkley's Money*." Almost immediately, fans that I know come up asking for money. I vehemently deny I have any money. Everyone looks disappointed. We run into Joel Zakem, the programming director, who cheerily announces that the box containing volunteers to play was stuffed. Inwardly I groan. Registration is closed so Laura disappears to find her boyfriend Dave Chalker (the elder son of Jack and Eva) and Naomi and I set out to find an NTN bar nearby, Judge Roy Bean's, so we can play Spotlight.

We find Bean's just in time to play...and while my score of 29936 (out of 38500) is a little below my usual average, it's enough to place 17th overall on the national board.

We headed back around 10pm, registered and immediately started running into old friends: Lizzy and Wyn, who were old college friends, Nashville fan Charles Dickens (no kidding, that's his name), Meade and Penny Frierson and Cliff Amos all of whom I haven't seen in years. In the Cincinnati Fantasy Group suite, I was met by Janice Gelb who told me that Bruce would like me sign several sets of *File 770* for the DUFF Auction.

Laura showed up with Dave in tow demanding to be fed. We tossed her a few bucks and told her to get lost. Naomi and I wandered to a few parties, the most memo-

orable of which was the Alien Party on the 4th floor, which we spotted on our way in from the parking lot; the entire room is ablaze with bright green lights reflecting off green crepe paper decorations strung across the ceiling. Outside the party we ran into Jan Howard Finder, an ardent Reading For the Future member and had a long chat about the Harold Bloom controversy, education and a lot of other fannish stuff.

Saturday, 29 July

I eventually got tired and crashed on a CFG bed around 2 a.m. (The party broke up around 4 a.m. but only because the hotel suffered a series of power blackouts.) I slept through it all...I had to because Joel, in his infinite wisdom, scheduled the first round of "*Win Chris Barkley's Money*" for 10 a.m.

I woke up around 8 a.m. I listened to NPR's *Weekend Edition* in the bathroom while I was shaving. I was also scheming; today is Naomi's birthday. We'll ambush her later. She gets up shortly thereafter and we make a beeline for the consuite; juice for me, coffee for her and anything else that might be edible at that hour.

Time runs a bit short on us so breakfast at the hotel restaurant is out of the question. On the way to the game I threaten grievous bodily harm to Joel for scheduling the games this early. So I stride into the West Executive Chapel running on two glasses of cranberry juice, some peanuts and half a doughnut.

Chris and Julee Tate-Johnson and a small crowd of 20 are waiting for me. Among the notables present are Bruce Pelz, Esther Freisner and her husband Howard. A table for the contestants and the contraption they use for signaling is still being set up. The signaling box is a three foot long gray box with signaling buttons positioned beneath a red, yellow and blue light. In theory, when the moderator pushes a triggering button, the first button pushed lights up, locking the other two buttons out. I say in theory because the damned thing either shorts out or just completely fails with no apparent warning.

After a delay of 10 minutes, we begin the show. Julee draws several names from the contestant's box but most of the names drawn are not present. I begin to think that those not present are either still asleep, unaware of the starting time or just plain scared to face me. A few hardy souls in the audience volunteer, among them are Missouri Smith, Jim and Laurie Mann and Howard, who only did so because Esther badgered him to do so.

Today we'll play three rounds to determine who will play me head to head tomorrow.

Being an ex-radio talk show host, I have no problems reading the questions and bantering with the contestants and the audience. I winced when I read some of the categories, like: "Yolen, Yolen, Yolen! Keep those doggies Yolen!" Or how about: "Anne Rice-a-roni" and "He didn't consider himself a pervert, despite his collection of Pournelle." Uh-huh, hilarious and more of the same tomorrow.

The value of the questions ranged from 50¢ to \$3, depending on the difficulty of the question.

In the first round, Pricilla Olson easily blew away Howard and another fan. In the second and third rounds, Laurie and Jim Mann trounced their opponents. Three NESFA heavyweights vs. the Cincinnati Kid. It's Red Sox against Reds all over again!

By the time the games were over with I was exhausted from low blood sugar. Naomi and I eat a hearty lunch and then sack out in the CFG suite for a few hours. I wake up before she does and sneak down to the Huckster's room to plan out the evening's activities; she subsequently woke up a few minutes after I did and came looking for me. She almost catches me in the act of conspiring as I wander the Huckster's Room. She suspects I'm up to something but I deny that anything is going on.

That evening, Laura, Dave and I along with some Evansville fans, Christine and her friend Kim, treat Naomi to dinner at the Old Spaghetti Factory in downtown Louisville. Unfortunately, they've run out of birthday cakes so we settle for a single candle in her spumoni ice cream as we sing "Happy Birthday" to her. This sets off a chain reaction as five other groups burst into song after we do.



Laurie and Jim Mann taking Chris Barkley's money as fast as they can! (Photo used by permission)

Meanwhile, back in Cincy, the Reds win 4-3 in ten innings: good omen!

Back at the convention later, Bruce confirms that Dragon*Con is indeed moving to Labor Day starting next year. I personally think that this is a bad idea, it effectively splits fandom between the comics/media/gamers and a majority of the literary crowd. The apparent demise of Disclave on Memorial Day opened that weekend up so why wasn't that weekend chosen? Or maybe the Fourth of July, even though Westercon usually inhabits that weekend. I've always wanted to go to a Dragon*Con but geez, *should* I have to choose between it and a WorldCon? A Bad, Bad, **BAD** decision, I think at least for me.

I also make the rounds to the Charlotte and Boston bid parties before I poop out around 2 a.m. (again). When I was younger I was more resilient than this I could go until 5-6 a.m. without breaking a sweat. Getting older really sucks.

Sunday, 30 July

I wake up, as usual, at 8am. I read Mike Resnick's Hugo nominated "Hunting the Snark" novella while listening to NPR's *Morning Edition Sunday*. Since everyone is still sleeping I take the radio into the bathroom and do my reading in there. I'm feeling nervous about the game today.

Around 11a.m., we arrived to stand in line at the hotel's restaurant for breakfast. At the head of the line I spotted Jill and Don Eastlake seated with a friend nearby. I feel the need to loosen up a bit so I sneak up behind Don and make rabbit ears with my fingers. Jill laughs hysterically and Don, well let's just say he wasn't that amused. On my way to our table, I make rabbit ears behind her head: I do not turn to check Don's reaction.

Around noon, we all troop into the chapel gain for the final game. Janice Gelb has another two sets of my *File 770* columns for me to sign for future auctions. The Duff Auction is scheduled at the same time as the game so Bruce, lamentably and much to his consternation, will not be attending.

Bad news right off the bat; the signal board is kaput, meaning that the contestants will have to raise their hands to answer questions. This is a bummer, because I do poorly when the board is out.

In the first round we started competing for real money, \$50 in total. It's not mine really, but supplied by Rivercon for this contest. Jim and Laurie dominated the board and Pricilla was eliminated. This was too bad because she's such a nice person, a good sport and I could also beat her like a drum.

In the second round, I finally took a seat

against my oppressors, er, I mean opponents. We were treated to more enlightening categories like: "Blish splash, he was taking a bath," "The ice was all nicked, so they brought out the Zahnboni," "Camptown ladies sing this song, Dozois, Dozois," "It was burnt to an A. C. Crispin," "deCamp girl, won't you come out tonight" and "All the women liked him well enough, but what they really wanted was Moorcock."

After this last category, Esther Friesner made a snippy remark that can't be repeated in a family magazine such as this, so I stopped the game, rose from my seat, took Ms. Friesner by the elbow and started leading her from the area, much to delight of the crowd (and especially her husband Howard, who was laughing hysterically). I stopped well short of the door and let her sit back down. She then punched poor Howard's arm for not helping her.

Meanwhile, Laurie and Jim were making inroads into *my* money taking about \$15. In these rounds, the value of the questions had been raised from \$1-5.00, so matters were getting serious. I noticed early on that despite my best efforts to get my arm up after a question, Jim seemed to be beating me to the question most of the time. I also noticed that he was propping his head in right hand and thrusting it up to answer. I protested vehemently because I was keeping my hands flushed, palms down on the table. Jim got indignant and claimed he wasn't using his right hand and that putting both hands down would "cramp his style."

To which I replied, "Are you just figuring that out, Monkey Boy?" much to the delight of the crowd. When everyone calmed down, I said in a mocking stage whisper, "I've always wanted to say that!" which delighted the audience further. Jim took it in stride, but I think he took comfort in knowing that he was really giving me a run for my money, so to speak.

At the end of the second round, Laurie was eliminated, leaving Jim and me for the final showdown round. Jim elected to go first which suited me fine because I needed to take a potty break. I left the chapel, did my business in the restroom and began to contemplate the possibility of losing. I wandered back to Mary Hall, where the Duff Auction was in full swing. Before I could ask Bruce about how things were going, a huge roar from the chapel was heard and I had to assume that Jim did pretty well. Now I knew how Ernie Els, David Duval and

other PGA golfers felt when Tiger Woods was making a birdie putt on another part of the course.

Seconds later Julee came to the chapel entrance and to summon me. As we entered, the audience began to hum the Imperial March from *The Empire Strikes Back*. Naturally, I turned to leave but Julee caught my arm and led me back to the stage. Jim was grinning like a demon, really pleased with himself. Chris announced to me that Jim had gotten them all right, which startled me for a few seconds: then the audience laughed and I knew I had been had. He then told me that Jim had actually gotten 7 out of 10. I had to get eight or better to win.

As I sat down to begin my round, I saw that someone had left something for me on the table: a green, plastic toy hand grenade with a note sticking through the ring. I held it aloft and asked "What's this?"

Chris, Julee and the audience had no idea who had placed it there. The crudely lettered note, written on the back of a pink Rivercon volunteer time sheet said:

BARKLEY,



THE NEXT TIME THE PIN WON'T BE IN IT!

THROW THE MATCH OR DIE!
SINCERELY,
THE BRAIN

Well that's just great I thought; now even imaginary cartoon characters are gunning for me. Chris broke my train of thought with a recitation of the rules; I had 60 seconds to answer as many questions as possible. If I didn't know an answer I could pass on to the next question. Was I ready? I closed my eyes for a few seconds and then nodded.

1. *The Science Fiction Hall of Fame* honors stories written before the advent of what award?

"The Nebulas," I answer. Correct.

2. What classic *Star Trek* regular has appeared on *Babylon 5*, besides Walter Koe-

nig?

"Majel Barrett-Roddenberry," I answer. Correct

3. Where was the first WorldCon held?

"New York City," I answer. Correct.

4. What was George Lucas's first SF movie?

"THX-1138," I answer. Correct.

5. Who was awarded the first Grand Master Nebula?

"Robert A. Heinlein," I answer. Correct.

6. What Philip K. Dick story served as the basis for *Total Recall*?

"We Can Remember it for You Wholesale," I answer. Correct.

7. What Stephen King book won a Hugo?

"Danse Macabre," I answer. Correct.

8. Who wrote *The Siege of Eternity*?

My synapses freeze: for a good 10-15 seconds I can't answer. Damn, should I know this? Jack McDevitt? Charles Sheffield?

Chris urges me for an answer: I pass.

9. What TV series features a character named Crichton who is launched through a wormhole and ends up on a hijacked prison ship?

"Farscape," I answer. Correct

Time expires as the last question is being read.

10. Who wrote *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*?

"Douglas Adams," I answer anyway. Correct! I win, 8-7! The crowd, especially Naomi and Laura applauded wildly. What I wanted to know was the answer to #8, which was Frederik Pohl. Duh!

Jim ended up winning a little less than half the pot, I took the rest. Which came in handy since I didn't have gas money for the upcoming week. Laurie and Pricilla also got some cash for their efforts, too, so all of the finalists went home happy. Throughout the weekend, I had been announcing that I was starting my own little game show at future conventions I was attending: WHO WANTS TO WIN 1 MILLION TURKISH LIRA! (market value as of this writing, \$4.23) Guess who my first two contestants are going to be?

I was really worn out after the game so I retired to the CFG Suite for some rest. The Closing Ceremonies were taking place but I didn't want to attend: I did not want anyone to see me cry. Jack Chalker came up afterwards and told me that it had been quite a scene and in retrospect, maybe I should have gone. Steve and Sue Francis are two of the best people I know of in fandom and they deserve all the credit for throwing an excellent convention for a quarter of a century. I feel privileged to have attended Rivercon all these years: I publicly thank them for the greatest time I've ever had and wish them

well in their "retirement." You'll be missed!

After my nap, the troops and I headed home. On the way back we listened to the Reds game on the radio, they won, 7-4 and the Cardinals lost so we're 4 games back. Once back, we took time to comfort our cat, Nora, who was quite happy to see us. I was very tired but I checked the e-mail, wrote to Mike, telling him I was beginning to assemble and transcribe my notes for this article. I ended the evening by reading a few more Hugo nominees and watching a stupid woman blow a \$250,000 question on *Who Wants to be a Millionaire*? In bed by 11 p.m. and sound asleep by 11:01:30.

Monday, 31 July

Busy day at work: another day, another \$2.5 billion dollars for Procter and Gamble, as I like to say. I need Stewart Copeland's soundtracks to *Wall Street*, *Talk Radio* and *The Equalizer* to make it through the day. Today is the Hugo voting deadline. Naomi and I plan to vote online, we're among the first fans ever to do so.

Naomi went to bed around 10:30 and gave me her Hugo picks to transmit in. She picks *Being John Malkovich* as her top Best Dramatic Presentation. I'm tempted to change her vote to *The Matrix*, my top pick: but I restrain myself. A copy of her vote is shunted to her e-mail address. If she found out I voted differently, it's my ass!

Speaking of which, I'm glad all of the short fiction nominees were available to read online. In my humble opinion, I think that several authors who did not give permission or didn't bother to have it done over the past few years may have cheated themselves out of Hugo or three. A word to the wise to those authors; this is a very good tradition and every effort should be made to continue it.

It's a few minutes before midnight when I finally finish the last story and transmit out votes. I hope it makes the difference on September 2. We'll see.

++Chris M. Barkley
Middletown, OH
452042

The Next Convention

VCon 26 will also host Convention 21 from May 4-6, 2001 at the Radisson Hotel in Burnaby, B.C. The convention's theme will be "2001: A Space Oddity - Humour in Science Fiction." Guests of honor include Lynne Abbey, author of the popular *Thieves' World*; James Earnest, President of Cheapass Games; and Pat Turner, cover artist for Baen Books.

The Prix Aurora awards for the best sf published in Canada over the previous year will also be announced at VCon 26. The committee plans a Friday Night concert, followed by a midnight showing of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

The Radisson Hotel (4331 Dominion Street, Burnaby, B.C. CANADA V5G 1C7) room rates a C\$89 per night (sgl-quad). Phone 800-333-3333 for reservations, or email reservations@villa.bc.ca

Convention memberships are US\$25 until January 31. The convention website is:

www.v-con.org

Send snail-mail to: VCon 26, c/o 235 Liberty Place, Burnaby, BC, CANADA V5C 1X5

Worldcon Bid Scorecard

The following Worldcon bids reportedly made presentations at Smofcon in December:

2004 Boston
2005 Glasgow
2006 Los Angeles
2007 Nippon
2008 San Antonio
2009 Melbourne



Halloween, Vagrant style. From left to right: Dedee, Ken Forman, Aileen Forman, Alan White.

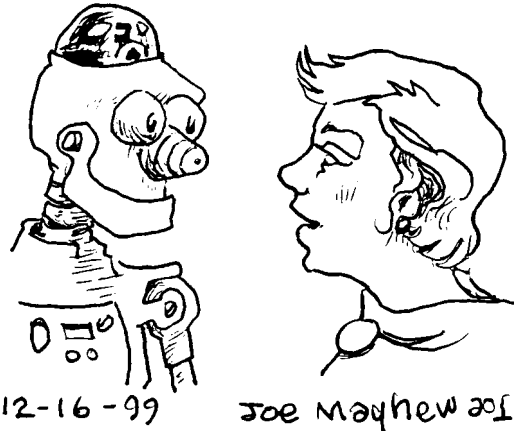
Elspeth Kovar's Chicon 2000

Chicon was -- and I make no excuse for poetic license -- a brilliantly whirling kaleidoscope that I could nonetheless keep up with so easily as to have time to admire the clean mathematics behind the shifting patterns. It was, to borrow from Susan Cooper's description of *metheglyn*, "an unrecognizable taste that was less a taste than a blaze of light, a burst of music, something fierce and wonderful sweeping over his senses all at once." Which description, of course, will have some laughing outright at my naivete and others wanting to know what drugs I'm on and where they can get them. Naive I may be, but the drugs I was on are legal and easily available; I'll tell you what they were in a moment.

The years after the Great Floods of 1997 were bleak. Not only was Disclave dead but the Washington Science Fiction Association, WSFA, was demoralized, and matters in my own life were such that I'd lost all confidence in myself. I was little more than a shell. By the time Chicon rolled around the worst of the wounds of the previous years had healed somewhat but there were still scars that were tender, bones that ached, and a fragility that left me off balance and far too often uncertain.

I've been attending conventions for over 15 years and have been actively involved for about 10. I was on the Disclave committee for a couple of years, am now on Capclave's, and have helped out at Balticon, but for this and that reason haven't worked on others. I was busy with other matters when folks were putting together Buconeer just up I-95 from where I was living. I couldn't afford to travel much and just never got connected enough to really get involved in places outside of WSFA. On the other hand I've held a couple of offices in WSFA and am mouthy enough that a number of folks, first in the RASSF newsgroup and then on SMOFs have heard of me. I've been a part of fandom and it's been a part of me, but I'd never felt entirely at home. The people that I hang out with run *Worldcons* for Pete's sake! What had I done, really? What did I have to offer?

Joe Mayhew's death didn't help matters. I spent some time with him during the last months when he was in the hospital and my online reports about his progress had resulted in a request to write an appreciation for the Chicon Program Book -- with the deadline a week and two days after his death. Already exhausted, knowing that there are many, many people who knew him better and longer than I, I spent the first days



trying to find someone else to do it and the rest frantically trying to put something together that would, at least, convey the essence of someone that I cared about deeply. But I knew that it was flawed, knew that I wasn't the right person to be writing it, and simply hoped for the best and that, true to form, most people wouldn't even have time to read it until after the convention.

I headed off to Chicon, traveling alone for the first time in more than a decade, apprehensive and anticipating. The membership was a gift from my brother, who knew that fandom had given me support and cheer in the past, as was a room of my own at the Hyatt in case things got to be too much for me and I needed to retreat.

It's almost a cliché to say that in fandom people care about each other, believe in them and support them. But people forget that clichés exist because they have a basis in truth. I came out of Chicon not only glowing from the sheer *fun* of it but much healed and with a feeling of having come home. I'm well aware of the many flaws of the convention and was at the time but I was, as I often am, fortunate. The flaws didn't detract in the least from the Sense of Wonder. It was the capstone on a time of rebirth.

I spent much of Chicon with the Bucky folks, helping to throw parties and keeping myself busy enough that I didn't have time to fret about being welcomed or not. And, of course, it turned out to be a non-issue. There was always someone to grab a meal with, or heading off to the same place, and even if there wasn't there were new and interesting people to meet wherever I went.

Saturday was a busy day. Michael Walsh had been asked to be Joe's designated accep-

tor for the Hugos and when I found out the space constraints of the hall I asked if I might go with him. I was already on a sustained high from the earlier days -- hey, even if the newsletter had panned the performance Bob MacIntosh and I put on raffling things off at the Bucky party I'd had fun -- and spent part of Saturday pitching in around the edges of the last preparations, fetching sandwiches for the staff, tape for the boxes, carts for the Hugos, and trying stay out of the way. This alternated with moments of panic about the evening, especially the pre-Hugo party. My insecurities were in full force. As I said to someone or another, "I don't hang out with these people, I don't work on Worldcons, I haven't even read a lot of this stuff! What am I doing going to this?"

The pace accelerated and I suddenly found myself in the elevator lobby by the suite. The other cart of Hugos was already on its way over to the Fairmont and Sam Pierce, Mike Nelson (looking debonair in his tuxedo and smelling faintly of Scotch) and I were waiting for the next elevator. We were feeling both silly and dramatic, guarding those sealed boxes, when some folks from the Japanese bid down the hall came out. There was some conversation, we told them what we were doing, and the cameras came out; could they take a picture? "No, no, we can't open them!" "Sam," I said gently, "they want to take pictures of them as they are." There was laughter, a bit of preening, and we too were on our way.

I left them backstage, wanting almost to stay where there was some chance that I might feel useful but knowing that, not having any reason to be there, I'd be more out of place there than upstairs. For the first time since I'd gotten on the plane in Baltimore and found four people I knew on the same flight I was feeling somewhat lost. I went up and then escaped again because someone had come looking for Mike Nelson. The Attitude kicked in and swept me past whoever was supposed to be guarding the hall with permission and without slowing my stride. That attitude -- best described as Fake It -- helped and by the time I got back Mike Walsh had shown up and started introducing me to people. Janice Gelb took me under her wing and in turn introduced me to Mike Glyer who commented on my piece about Joe and asked what other writing I'd done. Despite my answer -- other than some messages to newsgroups and mailing lists almost

none -- he asked if I'd consider writing for *File 770*. I goggled and temporarily lost what mental balance I had gained but think that I responded graciously. I.e. not mentioning that, never having had anything to contribute, I'd never even seen a hardcopy of the 'zine.

The feeling was still there, but now faded around the edges. What was it, really, that I'd been worried about?

We went downstairs where I received a laugh, hug and kiss in passing from one of the door guards; he, at least, had enjoyed our antics at the Bucky party and had spent a bit of that evening flamboyantly begging me to beg Bob for his pirate hat. (Which I successfully did but claim it for myself, thank you very much. Not to worry, though; I don't think that it even fits me so Bob -- or at least his hat -- is safe.) In the pause resulting from confusion over the seating I realized the truth: it wasn't just that I felt that I had no reason to be there, it was that Joe should have been. In the middle of everything there was a dark, gaping, and ragged hole. I was only there because Joe is dead. I managed to keep myself distracted from this until Mike's acceptance speech: just ten words, all the more moving for that. The ragged hole grew.

But, as I realized later, the sense of being somewhat alone and uncertain was gone by the end of the ceremony. Yes, Joe should have been there. But if he had been I still would have been someplace where I, too, had a reason to be, up in the suite with friends watching the Hugos on television.

In the milling about afterwards I almost accosted Bob Gordon, entirely enchanted by his reaction to winning a Hugo. Metaphors and similes fail me: I've never seen someone so totally amazed and full of wonder and delight. Mike Walsh, the person who was acceptor for Whelan (was it Don Maitz? Much to Mike's amusement, I didn't recognize him) and I headed back to the main hotel where I put them into the long, long line for the elevators -- for the wrong tower of the hotel. I peeled off for the bar, ostensibly to have a cigarette but mostly because I needed the pause, Joe's absence a pit that I was falling into. When Michael Swanwick and Marianne Porter -- Mike Walsh had introduced me to them at the reception -- came up and casually asked how I was doing I said, without thinking, "Well, I think I'm going to go keep Mike company for a bit and then go back to my room and cry." We talked for a few moments and I again had that feeling of split reactions; this is the way things are and, at the same time, *I'm sitting in a bar after the Hugos and Michael Swanwick and Marianne Porter were comforting me*. What universe had I landed in?

Then off to the party where in the swirl of people the clear point was again Bob Gordon, surrounded and glowing like a supernova giving out joy rather than heat and lighting up those around him. His pleasure at the wonder of finding this place and these people burned off the remains of my feeling of dislocation. Off to the Chichén Itzá party, which had fewer people and more room to talk. But by then the grieving that had been somewhere else since Joe's mind died was catching up with me and I wasn't certain if I was trying to outrun it or dive into it. I'd been unable to mourn before; now, surrounded by people who knew Joe, not only was the loss real but so was my ability to feel it.

(Which, as an aside, lead to a surreal conversation with the irrepressible Martin Hoare. It alternated between over-the-top flirtation -- the man's good at it -- and commiseration about watching loved ones die. The former I would have enjoyed mightily, the latter would have been good, in a very solid way. But the two together had me feeling rather as if I was riding both ends of a teeter totter.)

From there I swept a group of people off to the Minneapolis party, looking for distraction but not finding it. And suddenly knowing that it was time to pay attention. I'd noticed Erik Olson a day or two earlier on an elevator -- not hard to do, given the combination of height and the red fedora -- and introduced myself. Seeing him again at the party I caught him and said, "Get me out of here." Without asking anything he looked around. "There's a back door" and he had me through it and down to the bar.

People like Janice, all three of the Michaels, Marianne, the family and fen who pitched in to make certain that I could attend Chicon in the first place, and Erik are among the legal and easily available drugs I mentioned early on. Not saying a word about the things that he was having to cope with at Chicon -- and I later realized that they were many -- he let a near stranger weep on his shoulder for over an hour about someone he'd never met and then walked her back to her room to make certain that she got there safely.

The next day my mourning was done, the world was back in balance. A new friend and I took an architectural boat tour that proved to me that I have to go back to Chicago. The art retrospective! Some smuffing. Me, at my second Worldcon, at the Old Farts Party and not even thinking it particularly odd after the first moments. Another party in that tower where I, notoriously camera shy, held still for a photo because it involved having the Most Delightful Man in

Fandom, David Kyle, holding an arm around me. (Danny Lieberman gave me a copy of it at SMOFcon and it's one of the few decent photos of me that I've ever seen.) A quartet of us almost tumbling down the hallway to the elevator, giddy and laughing just because the world is such a neat place to be.

I know what universe I landed in: it is already one of my homes and has been for some time. I just didn't recognize it until Chicon. And so, for me, it was "a brilliantly whirling kaleidoscope...."

There's a coda to all of this, somewhat sad but it has me smiling as I write.

As I said, I spent some time with Joe during his last months but not nearly as much as did his close friends. I was with him when he died because I'd stopped in the previous afternoon with food and other supplies for those who were staying. I'd not planned to be there long myself but fen gathered as fen do, talked, told jokes, hung out together, and I'm often the last to leave a party. Suddenly I realized that people were expecting me to stay -- not a burden, just belonging -- and not doing so would leave just one person with Joe for the night or would have someone who needed sleep more than I without it. So I was there the next morning. I wrote the appreciation because, well, someone had to. I didn't really know him that well at all and found, during that time, that I wanted to more than almost anything. In short, I didn't *mean* to do anything, it just happened.

What has me smiling is that Joe would see all of this as a logical progression of events; he always did assume that people could do more than they thought they could and tended to get annoyed when they didn't just get on with it. In part because of him I learned a great deal. I learned, in those last months of his life, that I do have something to give. Later I learned that I can trust that there are people around with whom to mourn, or celebrate, or laugh, or work. That I can write well, even under pressure. That people not only like but also respect me and recognize abilities that I didn't know I had. That they have reason to. That going through a Worldcon with these amazing people can be an absolute blast. In some ways his death opened doors that resulted in rebirths. His loss galvanized me and others in WSFA and we finally once again have a convention: Capclave, next September in Maryland. I have friends, stronger than ever. I got up the courage to go to my first SMOFcon (and see a shuttle launch!) at the beginning of December and had a wonderful time learning things and meeting people. And I've not only found my confidence but whatever confidence springs from.

Conventional Reportage

Glasgow Worldcon Bid Sets Date

The UK in 2005 bid committee has announced that, if they win, the Worldcon will be held August 4-8, 2005. That is the first weekend in August, several weeks earlier than the traditional Labor Day or English Bank Holiday used by North American or European Worldcons. Vincent Docherty, bid co-convenor, wrote online, "As part of our consultation with fans to determine what would work best for them, we found that many people – parents, teachers, students – preferred a date during the school summer holiday period. We discussed the option of moving earlier with as many fans as possible and the great majority either preferred the earlier date or didn't care whether it was early or late in August."

The early date is still practical for fans wanting to visit the Edinburgh festival and the Military tattoo, which usually begin in early August. The date comes during a slack season for Glasgow hotels, a fact the committee hopes to exploit in its negotiations. Docherty adds that their contract will include a clause to insure members get the lowest rate, whether the "official rate" or weekend specials, to avoid a problem fans experienced in 1995.

More information about the bid can be found at: <http://www.uk2005.org.uk>

Crisis Halts Israeli Convention

The specter of violence in Israel has dissuaded most of Armageddon 2001's overseas guests from coming, forcing the committee to cancel the convention.

"We regret to announce that under the circumstances prevailing in this country over the last couple of months, it has become impossible for us to hold the Armageddon 2001 Conference as planned, in terms of both timing and format," Mishkenot Sha'ananim of the Israeli Society for Science Fiction & Fantasy wrote online. "Specifically, most conference guests – though not all of them – have cancelled their participation, and the program has become a nearly empty shell. Consequently, we have

no choice but to cancel it."

They will keep working on preparations to hold it at a later date, when conditions have changed and, hopefully, the guests will again be willing to travel to Israel. In the meantime, membership fees will be refunded.

The Con Formerly Known as Disclave

With the announcement of Capclave 2001, the Washington Science Fiction Association returns from convention limbo. They will hold the convention at the Sheraton College Park over the September 28-30, 2001 weekend, not over the Memorial Day Weekend date once associated with Disclave.

Capclave 2001 members will see Guest of Honor Gardner Dozois and (probably) not see Ghost of Honor Joseph Mayhew. The convention's theme is "Short Stories."

Rooms are \$89 (sgl-quad). Memberships are \$25 until April 1, \$30 thereafter.

The convention's website address is:

<http://www.wsfa.org/capc01/index.htm>

Insult to Injury

Defeated 2003 Worldcon bidder Teddy Harvia says he heard a discouraging word when he got back to his home on the range: "A presupporer of Cancun wrote us after WorldCon blasting us for our lack of effort in bidding. He wanted more parties, more flyers. He contended we should have claimed LoneStarCon2 as direct evidence we could put on a great con in Cancun. I guess we didn't give him his \$7 worth."

The Fannish Inquisition

Any group that puts on an annual convention has to audition a new chair from time to time. Loscon does it every year. Bruce Pelz of LASFS has refined the art of grilling candidates and offers this list of questions you should ask of potential chairs.

1. Why does The Possible Chair (TPC) want to run a Loscon?
2. What are TPC's Goals for Loscon?
3. Does TPC have any new – and still feasible – ideas for Loscon?
4. Does TPC have convention-running skills?
5. Which Loscon Dept. or Depts. has TPC run?
6. Can TPC work with other people?
7. Will TPC delegate tasks, or try to do too much without delegation?
8. Can TPC get and keep competent Dept. Heads?
9. Will TPC solicit the opinions of Dept. Heads and actually consider them if they are offered?

10. Can TPC run a Convention Committee Meeting and actually get something done?

11. Does TPC follow projects through to completion? Can TPC make sure Dept. Heads do so, without annoying the DHs into quitting the committee?

Relieves 9 Out of 10 Serious Fanhistorians

Who held the first science fiction convention? The transatlantic controversy resurfaces every few years, most recently on the Memoryhole listserve. Was it the Americans, namely the group of New York club members who visited their counterparts in Philadelphia in 1936, or was it the British, who months later staged the gathering in Leeds that they'd been publicly planning for over a year?

Robert Hansen wrote in *Then* #1 that most serious fanhistorians considered the Leeds event to be the first sf convention, and someone online threw down the gauntlet demanding the historians' names. Irwin Hirsh sent me a copy of his reply, because Hansen's source was an article from *File770:50* (reprinted in *Then* as an Appendix). Hirsh expressed his wish that my sources, Fred Patten and Lew Wolkoff, had listed the fanzines where they'd located their information. I passed his request on and received this reply:

Fred Patten: "I don't have *File770:50* handy, but I suspect that the reading of Forry's 1930s fanzines that I was referring to was what I did during 1975 and 1976. That was primarily for the history of the Worldcon that I was writing for MidAmeriCon's Progress Reports, but I took the opportunity to note down as much LASFS history as I could find, too. This was also when I found a reference in a 1930 issue of *The Planet*, the club bulletin of The Scienceers in NYC, to their anniversary party for their first meeting on December 11, 1929. I still claim that this is the earliest documented date for a meeting of a local s-f fan club, as distinct from the 'Science Correspondence Clubs' that evolved from *Amazing Stories*' letters column and operated entirely by correspondence, whose members could be anywhere around the country. But my arguments with Aubrey MacDermott over this are another story.

"It is unfortunately true that I did not note specific references (or if I did, I long ago lost them), so any comments that I make today are based on my memories of what I read over twenty years ago in Forry's fanzines." [Fred Patten, E-mail: fredpatten@earthlink.net]

The Fanivore

Samet Nuhui

I was surfing the web and checking my email when an *Emerald City* e-mail reached me through Intersmof. I went to the link not really knowing what I am doing and looked at the pics on this thing (is it a zine?) I remembered: Hey! There are real fanzines. I recall I was given a copy of *File 770* by Krsto Mazuranic (or perhaps you actually posted me a copy dunno) and found it quite interesting. That was in 1986.

Well, if *Emerald City* put a copy of it on the web there must be a *File 770* and *Texas SF Inq* and *Anvil*...OK. Nothing easier than that. Type www.file770.com... searching... searching... 404 error. Site not found! Hmmmm. Tried .org, net, int, gov... nope... none! Searched and searched and searched and there it is: <http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/mglyer/f770/index.html> (hmm) and then I was like: SURPRISED?

Some thoughts somehow infiltrated my brains and I started wondering...gee, wasn't it supposed to be like SF ppl are more PROGRESSIVE? SF fans should (by definition) be the ones to embrace new things (perhaps this is more to be applied to technical stuff)?

I remember I used to visit (hell I even organized some) SF cons because I would meet ppl there that knew things I don't know! Get some points of view at things that were different from my points of view. In one word it was always enriching. Listening to all those ppl at cons telling marvels about things to come and things being done etc.

Well 2001 is here and the last 20 years brought a hell of a lot in technological progress. One of them is certainly the web as a place where you can surf and find almost everything.

What I saw at the HP of *File 770* was er... let's try to put it this at a somehow civilized manner: POOR! Instead of looking at a HP that will satisfy some standards (it costs nothing to make one) I am instead being offered a PAPER issue of *File 770*!!! (The same could be said for *Anisble* and others I did not find.)

What happened? Has some retro virus been injected to the SF community? Have the ppl that told us about all the things to come been jailed? Hell, it seems the only ones that haven't changed the life to the new forms are the ppl that knew the web and all other things will come!

Is SF community a bunch of traditionalists that talk about new things but when it comes to actually use them they gracefully decline? Do some of the SF fans still use candles instead of electricity? Hmmmm maybe the world is flat after all!

P.S. It's embarrassing to put it mildly that Hugo doesn't even include a reward for a webzine. Third Millennium? Yeah, sure!

[[Time, more than philosophy, limits what I do on the Web. All 1999 and 2000 issues are available on the File 770 web site. I have glorious plans to expand its contents, RSN, but there's only so much time in a day. And if you think it's embarrassing that there's no Hugo for a webzine, plan on being embarrassed for the foreseeable future. When SMOFS discussed the issue, there was little support for adding such a category. Too bad, I agree that we ought to be recognizing fannish creativity in this new art-form.]]

Allan Burrows

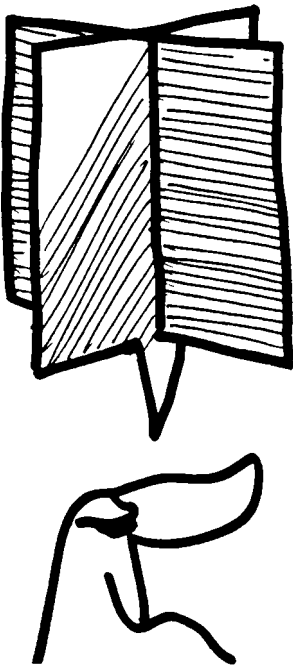
I did want to add a short note to Gene Stewart: Sober, maybe; but serious? Um... occasionally. (And on some of those occasions I seem to LoC *File 770*.) But feel free to have an apoplectic fit if you like. As for Trufandom dying, as Harry Warner Himself once told me... hm, ah... Oh, who am I kidding? I'll never find that letter! It was something like, Trufandom's been dying since the 1950s and it ain't dead yet! Well if it's been dying for longer than I have, clearly something else is going on.

My current theory – tell me if you've heard this one before – is that there's some kind of natural limit on how many Trufen there can be at one time. Any fan who's attracted to Trufandom and zines and LoCs and all just gets smacked over the head and left by the curb for Captain Kirk to pick up, unless somebody has recently died; then they're allowed to pub their ish unmolested.

Or in my case gafiated for greener pastures; I wonder who took my fannish place. But not seriously, only occasionally seriously.

Harry Warner Jr.

First, before comments on the latest *File 770*, congratulations on your twin triumphs



AN ANSWER FOR EVERYONE

with the Hugo and Worldcon fan guest of honor. You'll get a sevigram yet, I believe.

I have mixed emotions about the return of the Retro Hugos. All the good egoboo for some individuals who flourished when fandom was still young is a good thing. But I worry that some of the fan category Hugos may go to individuals and fanzines that happen to have a place in the memory of today's younger fans for the accidental reason that they have been reprinted in recent publications or are still active, rather than because they were the best in the year 1950. There might be 50 or 60 individuals who were fully active in fanzine fandom in 1950 who are still alive and mentally competent and in at least occasional touch with today's fandom. Maybe half of them will spend the money needed to vote for the Retro Hugos. Their votes won't have much effect if a couple of hundred fans who weren't around in 1950 also vote in the Retro division. I must try to remember to dig out my fanhistory notes to see what fanzine polls taken in or just after 1950 showed about favorite creators and zines.

[[The Retro Hugos aren't designed to reconstruct fannish opinion of 50 years ago, but to get people today to pay attention to the history of our field by the added incentive of letting them give a Hugo to works from that era. I don't need to tell you that fans in 1950 did not have unanimous opinions about these matters, any more than fans did in 1999. (Unbelievable as it seems, a few fans even disagreed with last year's pick for Best Fanzine...) However, the most certain way to let the cream rise to the top is to make sure the best fanac of 1950 is posted on web sites or otherwise widely available. And I believe that's what the administrators are arranging.]]

Alas, there's not a word in the article on future Worldcon prospects about South Gate Again in 2010. I know Rick in his later years disclaimed any intention of supporting such a proposal. But it seems the fannish thing to do.

You've done a great service by preserving something of the nature and achievements of recent departed fans with such detailed obituaries.

John Hertz' Westercon report seems remarkably learned and meticulous in his notes on many of the less important events and conditions at this event. But I kept wondering if any of the very few Hawaiian residents who have been active in fandom attended or even knew about the convention. I haven't heard anything in years about Mike Fern, the first resident of the island to become a prominent fan. Then there's Ray Schaffer, who is still a member of SAPS.

Maybe fantasy and science fiction stories are subordinate today because it's so hard to find them. The remaining prozines are hard to find on newsstands and they don't seek to build circulation by paying for a place in the big magazine bargain offers that frequently come with Mastercard statements or in large circulation periodicals.

Roland Deschesne's remarks about life possibilities on other planets during Con-Version strike me as a non sequitur. Why should the nonexistence of life on other planets in our solar system prove that it's the only life in the galaxy? Lack of living matter on Earth's neighbor planets might result only from climate or atmospheric conditions, and if planets circle many other suns in the galaxy, the chances are excellent that there are some planets with the temperature and atmosphere combination that prevailed on Earth when life appeared here.

The third part of Steven Silver's *Jeopardy!* Adventure is equally as interesting as the preceding sections. But I read it with a sense of guilt for a strange reason. An old acquaintance from my newspaper job used to phone me bright and early and sing Happy Birthday to me every December. Invariably, she then began another effort to persuade me to watch *Jeopardy!*, her favorite television program, every day. I would always promise her to start doing so. It always turned out to be a life, and I kept on committing this falsehood every birthday until her death several years ago. I've never been able to get over the sense that I should have repaid her kindness by obeying her wish to create another enthusiast for the program.

I don't really belong in fandom if, as Jacqueline Passey speculates, "being tormented as a young person" is essential. I had my occasional problems as a small sprat, in the forms of a couple of mean kids in the neighborhood and some flak in school because I made high marks, and various other matters. But I certainly wasn't a sufferer from psychological trauma from these occasional unpleasantnesses and my childhood in general was much nicer than I suspect my second childhood will be if I live a few more years.

Greg Benford

Sorry so slow LOCing #135...been in Europe, then on NASA business, but am hiking in Mammoth for 2 weeks and blissing out before Worldcon...

I'm pleased to hear from Eric Lindsay that he and Jean may put on a Corflu right next in time/space to the 2002 Melbourne Oz Nat'l Con. I liked Oz so much while there – admittedly, GOH at a Worldcon is maybe not a typical con, but still!—that I'm

launching to go back for an extended trip.

On the other hand, Joe Mayhew's sudden (to me) death recalls that we have ailing fans aplenty these days, and some could use some support. Pat Ellington, Dick's widow, has cancer. Bill Donaho is comatose after several strokes and not expected to live long, Bob Lichtman tells me. Andy Main is not seriously ill, but is a bit under the weather; I met him when he came to a book signing I did in Santa Fe, NM! – hadn't seen him in 25 years.

Fandom is about continuity...

Dennis Lien

I don't know if I'm more amused or bemused by Alan White's movie-prop-oriented column in *File 770:135*, which he introduces by telling us that:

"The Garden of Allah" was a movie in 1916, a Maxfield Parrish painting in 1918, a Charles Boyer movie in 1936 and an Eagles song much later... [as well as an] infamous celebrity nightspot."

All of those examples, and he doesn't know about (or think to mention?) what would seem to me the most obvious: that it was also and first, like, a "book"?

And not just any book, but one written by sometime fantasy writer Robert Hichens, and one which was the number three best-seller of 1905? And still shows up in large quantities in seemingly every used book store, antique shop, and library sale in the western hemisphere?

You know, "books"? Those squarish things that are not movies, paintings, pop songs, or nightclubs (let alone movie props), but that some sf fans used to (here comes the verb) "read"?

Sheesh.



Lloyd Penney

Once again, richly deserved as Best Fanzine of 2000. With the announcement of you being Torcon 3's Fan GoH (of course, you knew in advance), Chicon 2000 must have been a wonderful convention for you. You were certainly my choice for FanGoH...the bid committee made up lists of choices of GoHs democratically by ballot and preference. Most people who have made such comments have said that our guest list is excellent. Time to delve further into the ish...

Toronto fans were not only happy with the Worldcon win (so many more of them now know about Worldcons), but they're also happy that two Torontonians in two years have won the Campbell Award. In 1999, it was Nalo Hopkinson, and this year, Cory Doctorow. One thing that did disappoint me a little...less imagination than usual on the write-in votes. I've got to start voting Myles' House in '89 again!

My personal high point at Chicon... discovering that along with Guy Lillian, I received 17 nominations for the Best Fan Writer Hugo, just seven nominations off the ballot. I will dare to dream for Philadelphia...

Fanzines have announced far too many deaths, so all the wedding announcements on page 4 are a welcome change. Congratulations to all. Yvonne and I are starting to think about what we might like to do come our 20th anniversary in 2003.

Yvonne and I will be working with Bruce Farr on the World Fantasy Convention coming up next year in Montréal. We've just found out that John Mansfield will be the hotel liaison for this event. I believe it will be held at the Delta Centre-Ville in downtown Montreal. More information should be out at and after this year's WFC next weekend in Corpus Christi, Texas. This is the first I've read about a Calgary Westercon bid for 2005. I wonder if Calgary fandom knows about it? The Seattle NASFiC bid is a definite; they leased the Toronto party room the Saturday night of the convention while the site selection vote count was going on. they also left for our final party a lot of liquor we were happy to distribute to the thirsty masses.

I can update the obituary I wrote about Lloyd Landa. Lloyd and Karen Linsley had entered a contest to choose an anthem for Mars. Their entry won the contest, and Karen performed the winning entry at the Martian conference in Toronto, all the more significant and plaintive without Lloyd accompanying her.

Dale Speirs writes a good review of Con-Version, a con I'd like to go to one of these days, and in the review, mentions an old friend who had made one of the most unlikely of moves. I ran into Tim Hills in Chicon. I always knew him as a fan in the Buffalo, New York area, but he visited relatives in Calgary, liked it, moved there, took out Canadian citizenship and is now busy in Calgary fandom.

Joy Smith mentions that she believes that Lois Bujold reworked a Star Trek novel to create Miles Vorkosigan's universe. Actually, Lois McMaster (Bujold) and Lillian Stewart (Carl), in their early fannish days, produced a Star Trek fanzine together. (Mike Glicksohn has a copy.) The Vorkosigan family were originally Klingons.

A little news...it's a quiet October for some parts of eastern Canada. The annual Montréal convention, Con*cept, had to be cancelled due to lack of pre-registrations and lack of dealers. A regular part of Con*cept is Boréal, the annual French-language convention, and it carried on alone, in spite of Boréal usually teaming up with Con*cept due to high prices and low attendance. Both the con and con-in-a-con were scheduled to take place this month, as was Concinnity, the annual relaxicon in Ottawa. This convention was also scheduled for October, and was also cancelled due to lack of pre-registrations.

John Hertz

Dear Migly,
Readers might like to know that in your photo of Bjo and John Trimble at their marriage vow renewal and 40th anniversary party (*File 770:136*), their necklaces are vegetable and souvenirs of Westercon. Since this pair of prophets couldn't go to the mountain, I determined to bring the mountain to them. At the close of their ceremony a few days after I returned from Hawaii, minister Carl Cipra opened the floor to further contributions – actually the ground, we were outside – and, having first conferred with him, I re-enacted Harold Hill turning



into the Music Man. I reversed what had seemed a plain canvas bag to reveal Jane and Scott Dennis' bright-colored Gauguin painting with flying saucer and "Conolulu"; donned from it a propeller beanie that had been in the Tacky Aloha Shirt Contest, and a Ctein-illustrated name badge all adorned with ribbons and bid-party stickers; and thus vested, in the name of fandom I drew out packages with two *ti* leaf and octopus-flower (*he'e*) berry *lei*. The first I draped round Bjo's neck, explaining with suitable action that a *lei* is always given with a kiss; the second – after John jumped so wonderfully he couldn't have done better had I rehearsed him – I carefully deposited in Bjo's hands so she could give it to her husband. This brought the con to an end for me, which I only left out of my report because you were there and I thought you might have written it up yourself.

I can tell you a little more about memorials for Adrian Butterfield. Unable to attend her ceremony in the San Francisco Bay area, Sue Haseltine and I conspired with Arlin Robbins about flowers. Rather than send a big static arrangement, we three contrived for Robbins and a friend of hers to bring buckets of unbound blooms and give one to any who wished, to have and to hold. At the first Worldcon Masquerade without Butterfield, a few months later in Chicago, we judges agreed some tribute was in order; when we returned after half-time with awards, Susan De Guardiola addressed the crowd movingly about this master's work, noting in particular the stunning Michael Moorcock presentation that won Best in

Show at the second Brighton Worldcon.

Matthew Michalak

Greetings, As the Director elect of the Denver Area Science Fiction Association, I just want to agree with and emphasize what Sourdough said in his comments about "Is Your Club Dead Yet?" in *File 770*. We're a social community above all else.

There may or may not be rumors of our death surrounding the lost of our meeting space of 25 years, but this has not happened. We have the problem solved, for January at the very least. Though I am going to keep looking for a more central location in Denver rather than in the suburbs. It is rather unfortunate that Vectra Bank has done this to us (and one other fannish club, Denver Anime International <http://denveranime.home.mindspring.com/club/>), but it looks like we will survive.

I think I may have something to contribute to the discussion. I only joined DASFA 20 months ago. (Though some members are already commenting that it feels like longer.) Now I am Director of the club because I was the only one enthused enough to be the fearless leader. So why didn't I become part of the club earlier? The recruiting efforts of DASFA simply did not cross my path before someone said to me that I should come to a meeting at the art show of a local gaming convention.

So I am going to try casting nets a bit further, putting up posters, putting out flyers at every bookstore that will take them, hiding business cards in books, accosting random people in the street, and attending Nan Desu Kan, by gosh I am going to get at least five new members this year!

Marie Rengstorff

I was wandering around in your web pages and was struck by something. The article, "Is Your Club Dead Yet," has a line which, caught my attention two years ago and again today. One club member comments that their club had dropped to so few members that the meetings could be held in a private home. I do not see that as a problem. We started there. We were isolated nerds. We really gained from each other and joined with other nerd-groups to help run the early conventions. My early memories are all of fighting over who was going to get to read the new book next, arguments held in the well furnished student lounge basement of Frank and Marcene Mallett. Then, Frank would help set up a convention at the Neil House, downtown Columbus, Ohio.

Frank and Marcene Mallett died decades

ago. Many of my fellow nerds have died as well. James White described a similar experience. What in the world is wrong with a club, even one with no dues and only unwritten rules, in a family home?

In an age when many of us make most of our SF contacts on line, there is nothing nicer than a fight over a good book, by a bunch of friendly nerds, who are flopped out on my couches. Our last argument was about who was going to buy *Ender's Shadow* first and which source had the best buy. (Sorry, we are a little slow out here in the wilderness. I'm sure the rest of you bought it in 1999.)

Gene Stewart

Congratulations for a well-deserved win over GHLIII in the wrestling match. Lock up that rocket. As for GHLIII, having won himself a fiancée, surely the rocket would have been superfluous.

Won't the return of the Retro Hugos risk humiliating the broken-down contemporary writers? I imagine oldfen are savoring the possibility.

Teddy Harvia's old phone number will be auctioned off for sentimental value at Toon-Con, tentatively slated for the Bogus Inn on Scalawag Island in the Chestypeek Bay. Prosecutors will be violated and a good time had by all.

So John Hertz survived seeing Dozois at 6 a.m.? A stout heart, a grand and concise con report, and more than a bit of Perseus can be found in that lad, evidently.

Speaking of Gardnering: Great quotations from the short story discussion. We're too pressed for time to bother with short stuff, indeed. Many would rather be bored than challenged.

John Hertz's style is dense but efficient. It tends to flatten all to one level, removes emphasis, but sure does impart information. It resembles bullet statements in military performance reports.

By contrast Dale Speirs writes a more conventional prose that is cleaner to read but not as detail-packed. It's every bit as enjoyable, though, and his eye for irony and fannish absurdity -- "...read it ALOUD..." -- kept me smiling. Those pesky Canadians have some life left, it seems.

Joseph T Major

Ferry Wins This Time: Oh my. I saw Jack Chalker at the Field Museum on Labor Day and he was on his feet, albeit it walking with a cane. I hope his desire to see some of the many wonderful things there has not

exacerbated his injury. However, since by the end of the con they were giving away copies of the program book (I got one each cover for Tom Sadler, who enjoyed them immensely) that payment should not have been any trouble.

Gene Stewart: There was only one moonshiner in the family. Do you want to know who your wife was in a past life?

Lloyd Penney: The problem with *Baloney* was that everyone thought they were one of the five fuggheads. What a marvelous accomplishment!

Joy V. Smith

Congratulations on your Hugo! You deserve it!

I love the front and back cover cartoons by Ray Capella.

I'm glad the Retro Hugos are returning. From something I read a while ago, I had the impression that they wouldn't be, and I think it's wonderful that great writers from the past can be brought to the attention of today's readers.

I enjoyed John Hertz' Westercon (Conolulu in Hawaii) report. Now there's a con that I am really sorry I missed -- all those panels, including "History of Westercos" (what fun), the leis, the contests (wish I could have seen Kosh in an Aloha shirt), the food, and his Japanese formal wear.

Dale Speir's Con-Version 17 report was great too, along with his con quotes.

I was delighted to see another *Jeopardy!* report from Steven Silver. It is always interesting to see how different people perceive and remember things. (I don't think I would have gotten the Final Jeopardy Supreme Court question.)

Re: the Fanivore (lettercol). Fascinating to see how many fans were on *Jeopardy!* or took the test.

I love the illos too, especially the gladiator beanie cartoon. Also, the quotes, which I see are only in the Westercon report. So they're his -- not yours? Anyway -- great selection.

Victoria A. Smith

Robert Sacks was the Collator of WOOF (the Worldcon Order Of Faneditors) before me. I still have the button he was wearing at ConFiction in Holland (at the WSF's Business Meeting, of course) when he was trying to palm off the job of WOOF collation onto some poor unsuspecting soul: "WorldCon Dept Headship for sale. Ask me." I don't think I'm alone in being fast-talked into doing something Sacks wanted and scratching

my head afterwards.

He was *not* the sort of fan to suffer (other) fools gladly. He obviously considered that he should be the one to create the most useful (?) damnedfoolishness at WSFS Business Meetings, or quash what he saw as dangerous. However, if you really, *really* needed help Robert would do what he could. When my travel arrangements for Aussiecon Three (both potential roommate and waystop) fell through, making it suddenly much too expensive/impractical to even consider going, my plaintive cry of "help!" fell on Robert's ears. He rounded up a WOOF collator for Aussiecon Three (Alan Stewart) and dragooned — um, persuaded — others to pitch in to produce WOOF 24.

Although Mike Glycer's comments in *Chicago Moon-Times 1* omitted some of Robert Sacks' more quixotic adventures, such as the perennial "New York in ((never))" bid committee meetings that kept occurring at various cons, Glycer's article was far more eloquent than I could ever be. I'll just close in saying, "Farewell, Robert Sacks."

We Also Heard From

Eric Lindsay: Thanks for *File 770:136*, and congratulations on the Hugo, and on being GoH at Torcon 3.

Lots of marriage notices this time, and it is nice to see some good news.

John Hertz does good con reports. Actually I enjoyed all the con reports. Always do, probably always will.

Dave Feldman: Congratulations on your Hugo! Woohoo! And no chads, evidently.

You look remarkably like Buzz Lightyear. Is that a good thing?

Henry L. Welch: Congratulations on the Hugo win. I think you have the circulation and zine quality to compete favorably with any other fanzine being published today and that was certainly borne out this year.

I could threaten another comment-less anti-LOC, but I did find a comment hook worth providing added content. In her Oasis 13 report Joy V. Smith mentions a fencing demo where she indicates that she was shown how to keep her other hand from being whacked when using the foil. When I took fencing the reason given was historical. During the days when dueling was illegal many duels took place at night. In order to be able to see your opponent you held a lantern in the other hand, hence the slightly awkward positioning of that hand. I have never made any attempt to independently verify this version, but it does sound kind of reasonable.

Marc Ortlieb: Sorry to erratum your errata, but Andrew Porter's memory must be

going. He lost the 1972 DUFF race to Lesleigh Luttrell, whose DUFF trip report *Lesleigh's Adventures Down Under*, anticipated the title of Janice's Trip report. The other contenders were Robert and Juanita Coulson, who withdrew before the end of the race. Rusty Hevelin won the 1975 DUFF race to Aussiecon, beating John D. Berry and Jan Howard funder.

Pat Porter: A small correction to the September issue, that I just got time to read. The potential Seattle area NASFiC bid would be in the Bellevue, WA convention center (a neighboring suburb) not Bellingham, WA which is about 80 miles up the road from Seattle.

Murray Moore: I watched the Hugos on the TV in my room in the Hyatt. I could tell some hilarity occurred out of camera range after you accepted your Hugo. I was not surprised to see in *File 770* the photo of yourself and Guy Lillian wrestling for the rocket.

Laurraine Tutihasi: I just finished reading "Shibboleths of Fandom" in *F770 #128*. Yes, yes, I know it was published over a year and a half ago. I'm just this backed up in my reading.

Anyway, I never bothered to look up the word "shibboleths," so I want to thank [David Bratman] for educating me. The article itself was also very informative and entertaining.

My understanding of the origin of the pronunciation of "skiffy" for sci-fi is that it originated in LA. You probably know that the organization SCIFI, that was incorporated to bid on conventions, is pronounced "skiffy."

I've always referred to the "Lord of the Rings" or "Ring" trilogy, but I guess that's why I'm not in the Mythopoeic Society. There are quite a few novels that have been published as three volumes, though they were not written that way. It is very difficult for the casual reader to see the difference.

David Bratman replies: I'm glad you enjoyed my article. It wasn't intended to be this week's hot news, so I'm pleased that it still interests people a year and a half later!

I don't know for sure who came up with the "skiffy" pronunciation — all I'm pretty sure of is that I first heard it from Tom Whitmore around 1978, and he could easily have gotten it from Bruce [Pelz] or someone else in LA or elsewhere. It was certainly spreading like a small wildfire for a while. I'm pretty sure, though, that the presence of the con-running group SCIFI in L.A. is no evidence one way or the other, as my recollection is that it hadn't yet been founded at that time.

Don't worry about referring to *The Lord of the Rings* as a trilogy. Breaking a shibbo-

leth is only a faux pas if you're trying to pass yourself off as a member of the group that uses it. Tolkien fans, at least the polite ones, will only explain that in those days, a trilogy was three distinct but inter-related novels, like Le Guin's Earthsea trilogy (as it originally was) or Kim Stanley Robinson's Orange County trilogy. LOTR was always published as a 3-volume novel. These days, a trilogy seems to be a single work that's trying to fool you into thinking it's three novels, and LOTR didn't do that either. It is indeed hard to see the difference, so one either knows this particular case or one does not, I guess.

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