

THE 770



FILE

139

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Philly Fees Put A Crack in the Liberty Bell

Hucksters, remember to bring a couple of Ben Franklins with you to the Millennium Philcon dealers room, because the City of Philadelphia will be picking your pocket before you can open for business. That's the *very* late word from the committee: Dealers will have to pay \$100 for a temporary Philadelphia Business Privilege License, then will be responsible for paying a Gross Receipts Tax of 0.2525% and a Net Profits Tax of 6.5%. That's all in addition to collecting Pennsylvania's 7% sales tax.

Michael Walsh wrote online that some members of the MilPhil committee had information about the fee months ago, although didn't share the news with hucksters until early August. Hucksters depend on the Worldcon committee to advise them about local requirements, and MilPhil let them down.

Chairman Todd Dashoff explained on SMOFS, "With regard to the Philadelphia business license, we were originally informed that the city was not requiring the license from short-term vendors. Before we sent out the final dealer's mailing, we checked on the situation again, and were informed that short-term vendors would be required to purchase the license.

We therefore included the information in the dealer's mailing. We are not happy about this requirement and apologize to the dealers for the situation in which they have been placed."

Hucksters were originally told the permit would be \$200, but on August 17 Larry Smith announced he got the city to extend to MilPhil's vendors the \$100 temporary license fee, notwithstanding the five-day length of the event. He still advises, "Any vendor who intends to sell regularly inside the City of Philadelphia should still pay the full \$200 and get a permanent license."

Tom Galloway offered the mind-boggling suggestion that there be a convention-run "tip jar" to help reimburse hucksters for this last-minute expense. It probably won't be needed. Hucksters could not resist bragging online that they're already old hands at minimizing any local taxes they don't have to pay up front.

Sidewise Awards Nominations

The finalists for the 2000 Sidewise Awards for alternate history fiction are listed below. The awards will be presented at Millennium Philcon. Judges for this year's awards were Moshe

Feder, Evelyn Leeper, Jim Rittenhouse, Robert Schmunk, Stuart Shiffman and Steven Silver.

BEST SHORT-FORM ALTERNATE HISTORY

Eugene Byrne, "HMS Habakkuk,"

Interzone 155

Ted Chiang, "Seventy-Two Letters,"

Vanishing Acts, ed. Ellen Datlow

Paul J. McAuley, "A Very British History,"

Interzone 157

Kim Newman, "The Other Side of Midnight: Anno Dracula 1981," *The Vampire Sextette*, ed. Marvin Kaye

Carla Cristina Pereira, "Xochiquetzal," translated from Portuguese by David Alan Prescott, *Altair #67*

BEST LONG-FORM ALTERNATE HISTORY

Suzanne Alles Blom, *Inca: The Scarlet Fringe*, Tor/Forge

Mary Gentle, *Ash: A Secret History*, Gollancz

S. M. Stirling, *Nantucket Trilogy, Island in the Sea of Time, Against the Tide of Years, On the Oceans of Eternity*

The Quote Book

Fred Patten: I [had been] invited to write a chapter on the cultural absorption of Japanese animation, for a book on Asiatic animation being edited by Dr. John A. Lent, Professor of Communication at Temple University in Pennsylvania. It was to have at least one chapter on the animation industry/cultural influence of every country in East Asia... He specifically asked me to write a chapter titled "Anime in the United States." I replied in my acceptance that I would change this to "Anime in America" or "Anime in North America," whichever he preferred, since I would have to include some events in Canada. He told me not to

change the title... because he had to get authorization from John Libbey & Co. Ltd., the British/American academic publisher. Libbey would not authorize the change because "everybody knows that Canada is part of the United States, culturally speaking," or words to that effect. (An interesting example of educational precision and Commonwealth solidarity.) [[Source: *jRábanos Radiactivos!* #1885]]

John Hertz: I may not say everything I think, but I don't say anything I don't think.

From Instant Message #686: "Contingency: \$1000 is budgeted but if we are luck we won't have to use it. Pam inquired if the matter of Peter Weston's pants was

charged to Contingency last year."

From Ploktaratchik, Issue #8, August 1997: "We will certainly miss the Fanzine Countdown, despite the fact that *Plokta* was never, ever Andy's favourite fanzine of the previous three weeks (*whimper!*)... What's more, the countdown also gave us lots of ideas for people to send fanzines to in the hope of a trade; our mailing list will be worse off for its passing. Not to mention the problems of "do we still send a copy to Frohvet?" Alison thinks he's a hoax. Steve's not so sure after the declaration of feud in the last *Twink*. Maybe we should just keep sending to EBF and drop Andy, Carl and Victor?"

NEWS OF FANDOM

Over 100 fans, family, and friends gathered in Bloomington, Illinois on August 3-5, to celebrate the Tucker Tribute, honoring Fern and Wilson Tucker. The weekend was sponsored by the Dawn Patrol, a loose collection of over 300 science fiction, space and aviation enthusiasts from throughout the United States and Canada.

Folks started flying in on Friday afternoon, coming from 14 states, including both coasts. Roger Tener, Cathy Tener, Dave Moreno and myself lived up to the group's name, arriving in Bloomington in a Bonanza dubbed "White Knuckle Airlines,"

No activities were scheduled for Friday night, but following several groups going out to dinner, the early arrivals retired to the Hospitality Suite in the Dawn Patrol's wing of the Empire Inn and Conference Center. The two rooms were packed with good friends who talked until the wee hours. Bob Tucker, who looked 15 years younger than the last time I saw him, stayed at the party until midnight and a very animated Fern stayed until 1 a.m. Bob, Fern and their children were all sporting Bob Tucker sweat-shirts, which Judy Mays (Tucker) had made for the weekend.

Saturday morning many folks went to the nearby Bob Evens restaurant to start the day. Other daytime activities included an autograph session, a video from a Tucker Roast at Archon in 1989, and an informal Bloomington Used Bookstore tour. One of the stores had a large display of Tucker books and a clipping from the local newspaper's coverage of the tribute.

The event received other local attention, including a 30 minute interview with Tucker on the radio earlier in the week.

The actual event began at 5:30 p.m. with a reception where everyone showed off their finery, viewed a display of Bob's books and awards and caught up with late comers. Perhaps 50 cameras were present and flashes were constantly going off.

The atrium, where the dinner was set up, was pretty hot, but after folks got their food and found their seats, it wasn't too uncomfortable. There weren't enough servers to assist with the meal, but folks jumped in and

Tucker Tribute

by Keith Stokes



Fern and Bob Tucker. Photo by Carol Doms

helped get drinks and clear tables. The hotel was understaffed and the surprisingly good meal had been entirely prepared by one person, Dominique, who received a well deserved round of applause.

After dinner, folks returned to the main ballroom. When most people had settled down, the hosts entered to the fanfare from Star Wars. Then Bob and Fern were escorted to the main table, to the Olympic Fanfare.

Following opening remarks and thanks for the many individuals who had helped with the weekend, Bob and Fern were presented with a framed proclamation from the Mayor of Bloomington. It spoke about them at length, then proclaimed August 4th to be Wilson (Bob) and Fern Tucker Day. They were very surprised and pleased.

Then we settled into a pattern of Roger introducing a speaker, the speaker's presentation, then I would read some e-mailed mes-

sages or letters from folks that could not attend. Speakers included Jimmy Hollaman, Tom Meserole, Robin Wayne Bailey, Joan Marie Knappenberger, Missouri Smith, Nancy Hathaway, Gordon Garb and others. Bob was presented a plaque in honor of his contribution to SF and mystery literature and Fern received one for all of her support.

After each speaker, I would read a few messages, not giving the name of the sender until the end. It quickly became a challenge for Bob (and others) to attempt to name the sender in advance of the end. Well-wishers included Frank M. Robinson, Harry Harrison, Joe Haldeman, Larry Niven, Algis Budrys, William F. Wu, Rob Chilson, Mike Resnick, Phylis Eisenstein, Julie Schwartz, Lee Killough, James Gunn, George Zebrowski, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Dave Truesdale, Jack Williamson, and many others. Mark Tiedemann sent his in the form of a script for a play.

After about 70 minutes, Roger called for a brief break. When folks returned there were a couple more presentations and I read my last two messages: one from Sri Lanka (yes from Sir Arthur C. Clarke) and one that was from me. Roger presented the final plaque of the evening to Bob for his contribution to Fandom.

The ceremony was followed by a receiving line with Bob and Fern, and their children. Then the Dawn Patrol had one of their famous group pictures. After folks changed, many returned to hospitality suite to unwind and share a few Smooths.

Sunday morning there was another group run to Bob Evans, followed by good-byes and many wishes for another Bloomington Dawn Patrol Event, perhaps Bob and Fern's 50th Anniversary in 2003 or Bob's 90th Birthday in 2004.

There will be a second chance to see Bob and Fern in Bloomington on October 12-14, 2001: ditto 14/FanHistoriCon 11. Photos: <http://kcsciencefiction.org/01tucker01.htm>

Guy's Wedding Gift: Did You Vote?

New Orleans' bachelor population dwindled by two on June 30 as Guy Lillian wed Rose-Marie Green Donovan, and Robert Neagle married Ann Cavitt.

Guy and Rose-Marie Green Donovan exchanged vows in Cocoa, Florida. They expected to celebrate with guests by watching a

satellite launch. Guy wrote in advance, "If it comes off the bride's father Joseph L. Green, the SF writer, will host wedding attendees at a viewing area, I believe in a park."

A wise man, Guy made sure to mail the 14th issue of *Challenger* before embarking on married life. And if Millennium Philcon had a

gift registry, Guy would have signed up for one of those tasteful, chrome-colored, rocket-shaped doorstops. Just a hint!

Remember to call and congratulate Guy at his new phone number: (504) 482-7083.



News of Fandom

Pop Law

Scholars have finally realized that all knowledge is contained in fanzines. Virgiliu Pop, a postgraduate law student at Glasgow University, e-mailed Dick and Nicki Lynch to thank them for *Mimosa's* invaluable addition to his research:

"Please, receive my best greetings from Glasgow. My name is Virgil Pop and I am a Ph.D. student at Glasgow University, where I write a thesis on property rights in outer space. Two days ago I found on an internet search your fanzine *Mimosa*, whose number 18 of 1996 features Les Cole's 1951 Moon Claim. It is an amazing story indeed, and it will be analyzed in my thesis, with due credit being given to *Mimosa*. In my Ph.D. I analyze extraterrestrial property claims such as that of the Lunar Embassy, that 'sells' land on the Moon following a 1980 claim."

Pop's habit of researching online fanzines seems not the least bit unusual after you realize he's been a science fiction fan for years. He even gophered at Eurocon'94, held in his home town of Timisoara, Romania.

Pop asked the Lynches to help him find a copy of the original claim (the four-page foldover), the letter sent to the UN, and a copy of the reply from the UN. Whoever can help will receive thanks, and credit in his thesis. Contact him at: Virgiliu Pop, LLM, PhD Student, Postgraduate Box, School of Law, Stair Building, University of Glasgow, Glasgow G12 8QQ United Kingdom. [[Source: Dick Lynch]]

Ditto 14

Jack Speer of Albuquerque, fandom's first historian, has agreed to be the FanHistoriCon Speaker at the combined ditto 14/ FanHistoriCon 11. More details about the con, to be held October 12-14 in Bloomington, IL, can be found on the web site:

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

Corflu 19

Nic Farey and the "Corflu Valentine" committee have announced that Greg Pickersgill will edit *Fanthology '96*. Your suggestions about what belongs in the collection can be sent – at your own risk – to Pickersgill at 3 Bethany Row, Narberth Road, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire SA61 2XG, U.K. He also receives e-mail, at MH@gostak.demon.co.uk

Recommendations are also sought for what to include in a fanzine cover gallery that may be done in connection with the *Fanthology*. The deadline for sending ideas to Pickersgill will be the end of September.

More information about Corflu Valentine can be found on its website:

<http://www.megspace.com/arts/corflu>

Warner's Spring Chill

Harry Warner's loc production came to a screeching halt for three weeks in March, he wrote in the *NASFA Shuttle* (5/2001). "Problems continue to give me problems, like two furnace breakdowns, two plumbing emergencies, several health problems, all since the first of the year. I've even turned my income tax documents over to a professional preparer for the first time in my life, on the theory that I'm finally too old to cope with all that ciphering without help."

GUFF

Eric Lindsay reports that GUFF, the Going Under Fan Fund, is now an annual event. The UK administrator, Paul Kincaid, has opened nominations for a fan from Britain or Europe to travel to the Australian and/or New Zealand National SF Convention in June 2002.

GUFF delegates Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber attended Paragon, the UK Eastercon at Hinkley in 2001, then spent six weeks travelling and meeting UK fans. They then attended Jean's mother's 80th birthday celebrations in Lacey, WA, and went on to attend Wiscon in Madison.

The first draft of their GUFF report, plus photos, can be found online at

<http://www.ericlindsay.com/guff>

Eric reminds all charitable fans, "Don't forget that you can donate to GUFF through the internet at our site."

Calls for nominations for a Europe-Australasia race will be announced soon by Paul Kincaid, the UK administrator, with the winner to attend the 2002 NatCon in Australia or New Zealand, or perhaps both.

DUFF

North American DUFF operations have now been officially handed over to Patrick Molloy and Naomi Fisher, reports outgoing administrator Janice Gelb. Her DUFF web site

<http://home.pacbell.net/jgelb/duff2k.html>

has been updated and includes contact information for the new administrators for checks, donations, etc., plus a financial report. Janice wrote online, "I am pleased to hand over the reins to the new administration and am sure they will do a wonderful job."

CUFF

Take Lloyd Penney's gentle hint – copies of *Penneys Up The River and Other CUFF Tales* are still available. It's Lloyd and Yvonne Penney's trip report, honoring a fan fund tradition dating back to the 1950s. The cover art is by Teddy Harvia and Brad Foster, with illustrations by Teddy Harvia.

Between the covers you'll not only find the trip report, but an essay on CUFF by Linda Ross-Mansfield, a list of past and present CUFF winners, a financial statement, and a memorial to Hugo-winning fan artist, the late Joe Mayhew. All copies are signed and numbered.

To get your copy, send \$10 to 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2. Make cheques payable to Lloyd Penney.

FFANZ

Paul Ewins was still unable to take his postponed FFANZ trip this year, "due to time commitments." Apparently he won't be taking it, and instead, there will be a race to select a New Zealand delegate to travel to Australia in 2002, and a reciprocal race in 2003. Ewins adds, "On the bright side, as I didn't go anywhere the bank balance is still very healthy." [[Source: *Australian SF Bulletin* #169]]

Better Tomorrows Thru Fanac

On the weekends they're fans of paper fanzines, but the other five days of the week **Dick Smith** and **Henry Welch** are busily devising advanced technology.

Dick Smith recently found out the Patent Office granted a patent he and two former colleagues at 3Com Corp. applied for in 1998. How did he find out? No, he didn't get a notice from the Patent Office. No, he didn't hear about it from his old cronies at 3Com. The news came from a company offering to sell him a laser-engraved plaque celebrating the occasion. Patent 6,233,237, is for a "Method and protocol for connecting data calls using R2 signaling." To learn more, consult <http://www.uspto.gov>.

Just 10,000 applications later, **Henry Welch** and **Rick Bergman** received U.S. Patent 6,243,685 on June 5, 2001 for their "Voice Operated Interactive Message Display System for Vehicles." What does that do? Their abstract says, "The system includes one or more display units having a matrix of light-emitting elements to transmit a message to other vehicles either to the front, rear, side, or combination thereof. The display units are controlled by a central control unit having a voice recognition and voice synthesis system, which is used to interactively determine a message to display..."

Sounds like what night drivers need to express their road rage when the usual hand signals aren't visible. California should be good for at least 18 million sales.

Eric Lindsay Update

Eric Lindsay has produced several issues his fanzine, *Gegenschein*, over the past year, but you may not know it unless you've visited his website. Eric still has no access to affordable photocopying, so the paper edition has been delayed, while the web version is always available. The URL for the latest issue is:

<http://www.ericlindsay.com/sf/geg90.htm>

Eric adds, "I am still encouraging fans outside Australia to travel to this part of the world more often, especially in June 2002. The New Zealand National Science Fiction Convention, "Con with the Wind," will be in Wellington from May 31 to June 3, 2002. Their web addresses are:

<http://cwtw.sf.org.nz>

<http://www.conwiththewind.sf.org.nz>

One week later, June 7-10, Convergence 2002, the 41st Australian National Science Fiction Convention, will be held in Melbourne. Their web site is:

<http://www.vicnet.net.au/~converge/>

The following week, Jean Weber and Eric are holding Relaxa.com in Airlie Beach, entry to the Great Barrier Reef. Check out:

<http://www.ericlindsay.com/relaxa.com>

Gone walkabout: Eric and Jean planned to leave in mid-July and drive their motorhome on a leisurely trip through the middle of Queensland, perhaps as far as Lake Eyre.

"We expect to be missing for a couple of months, and have no idea whether we will manage to collect our e-mail along the way. On our Queensland Gulf trip we collected e-mail once in a month while visiting friends."

Jean may be able to update her web site on the fly. Look for updates at:

<http://www.avalook.com.au/newsletr/index.htm>

Foyster Takes Security Measures

John Foyster's PDF fanzine, *eFNAC* #13, can be downloaded from <http://efnac.virtualave.net>. In this issue, John Bangsund looks back on his life from the vantage point of 2030, Noel Kerr focuses on one day in 1952, John Foyster reports on trans-gender issues at the 1975 Aussiecon, Bob Smith writes the entire letter-column, and the Allan Bray Photogallery reports on the 1983 Syncon, with Harlan Ellison.

In order to download files from the web site, you need to enter a username and a password, which you must get from Foyster. He wanted to keep *eFNAC* a private fanzine that is nevertheless publicly available. Search engines now index PDF files and that makes the contents of a PDF fanzine on the web much more public. *[Source: Australian SF Bullshead #170, 175]*

Contest Winner

Portland's David Levine won Second Place in the most recent quarterly Writers of the Future contest. His story will be published in next year's annual Writers of the Future collection. He gets \$750, and also will travel to next year's awards banquet, and attend a one-week writers' workshop with other winners and big-name pros. David wrote online, "This is a Very Big Deal. I'm trembling. I don't think I quite understand what this means, yet. I may fall over when it really sinks in."

Only three days before this good news, he had received the galley proofs from his first professional sale (a story in the anthology *Bones of the World*) and a letter of acceptance from Candace Jane Dorsey and Judy McCrosky for his contribution to their anthology *Land/Space*.

Sterling or Stealing?

Steven Silver writes, "I discovered a web site (in Italian!) which purports to have an interview with Harlan Ellison conducted by Steven H. Silver. I have never conducted an interview with Harlan in English, Italian, or any other language. When I queried the webmaster of the site, I received the following

response:

"dear silver it's a great surprise! in use rarely this name as a pseudonym. i'm very sorry, i didn't know about you and i'm not going to use it again. compliments for your work in sf field. best wishes"

Medical Updates

Bill Bowers had cataract surgery in August. He wrote online:

"You know, it is more than slightly surreal to lie flat on one's back for, as I later found out, an hour and a half ('cutting time') -- with one's arms strapped down, as well as forehead, nested but with the Very Hard Object under the neck, so that despite the current configuration of my upper body I was positioned such that my 'gaze' would be straight up, in an initially Very Cold room, which after a (requested) couple of blankets, plus a heating pad rapidly became sweltering -- awake -- but with head shrouded with some material translucent enough that I could detect vague movement with my Good Eye. All the while hearing, with much too clarity, these two Voices inches above my head.

"Talk of 'wounds' and 'cutting' and 'scalpels,' of 'tucking' and 'folding' and 'extracting,' requests for added fluid. And the Older Surgeon telling the Younger Surgeon that she was being 'too aggressive,' and an occasional 'Here, let me show you how to do that...' -- followed by a switch of channels in the Speakers above my immobilized head. Reassuring that.

"I know what I expected, what I most dreaded, and I don't know how they accomplished it -- throughout the entire procedure, and post-op, there was not a single twinge of anything that could be labeled pain."

Bowers says the vision in his left eye is noticeably better since the surgery.

Ed Bryant announced on the <http://wormholebooks.com> bookstore site that he would be having an angiogram on August 10. Ed explained:

"The angiogram is just the procedure where the doc sticks a catheter in my leg or groin and threads a probe up through a major vessel to the heart, there to skulk around looking for the extent and location of plaque deposits in the various cardiac vessels. If it seems useful, since the hardware's already there, then the doc will insert a balloon or angioplasty, or a stent, a woven wire cylinder, to keep the vessel open. And, if there's really bad news, there's always the possibility of scheduling a heart bypass surgery."

In fact, Ed's cardiologist found four blockages, two of them needing treatment. Bypass surgery in the next few days is still a possibility.

Kubla Khan 29 toastmaster **andy offutt**

suffered a perforated ulcer in mid-April and was forced to miss the convention.

Teresa Nielsen Hayden was hospitalized for several days in June with congestive heart failure, according to *Locus* (July 2001 issue). Though her condition was serious, she did not suffer a heart attack, and she was released to recover at home.

Future Olympian Lifts Off

Jenny Overkamp's son, Benn Overkamp, competed against elite athletes in his first Junior World Competition. He finished 16th in the world, and would have liked to score even higher. But as his mother explains, "Benn was adjusting to a new Olympic coach and a new bar which has less spin and is very hard on the hands. He made a good showing."

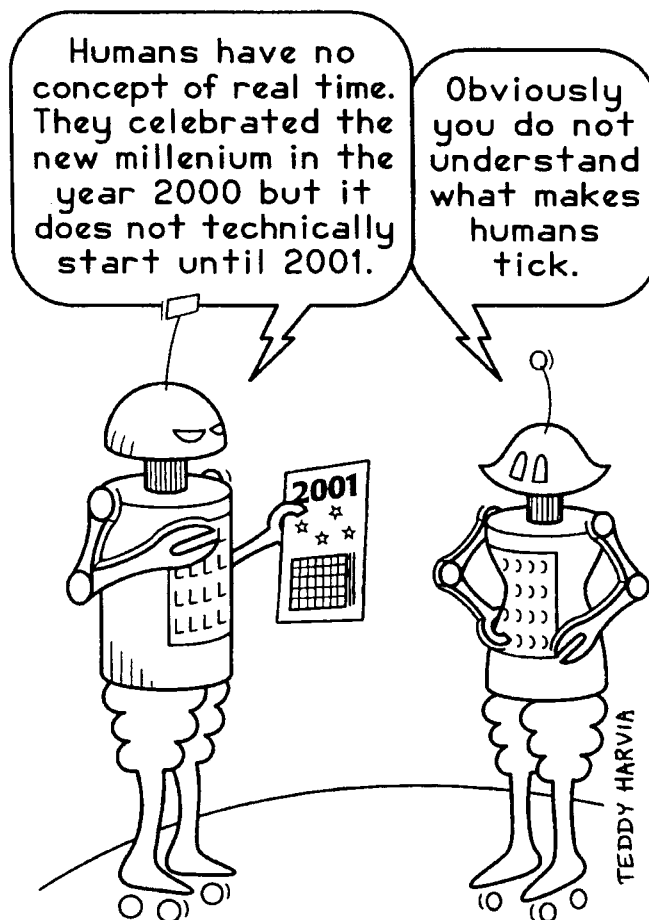
Benn e-mailed the technical details to his fans: "I opened in the snatch with 130 kg (286 lbs, 11 lbs under my best). It was a light lift but I missed it. I stayed with the same weight for my second, and made it easily. I moved up to 135 kg (297 lbs), which was my personal best, and missed it. In clean and jerk, my coaches decided to move down my opener so that I could get on the board and not bomb out. I opened with 155 kg (341 lbs, 22 lbs under my best) and made it easily. I moved up to 160 kg (352 lbs) and made it even easier. Moving up to 165, I came out of an extremely tough clean and missed the jerk.

"I took 16th in snatch, 17th in clean and jerk and 16th overall. Sixteenth in the World... Not bad, eh?"

Benn will be moving to the Olympic village in Colorado Springs in August to train for the Olympics. He will be attending the University of Colorado.

A Few Bricks Shy

James Knappenberger experienced his very own personal "News of the Weird." The Knappenbergers own a small farm. It was broken into a few weeks ago, but the criminal is not a brain trust. He and his brother were already wanted by federal authorities for bank robbery. When the FBI interviewed the bank employees they found out this potential Darwin candidate got out of his vehicle, put on his mask, took out his gun, went in and robbed the bank, then got back in his vehicle and left. Nothing unusual, you say? Nothing except that the robber drove off in a tow truck with his name, address and phone number painted its side. Oh, and there was a snow plow attached to the front of the truck.



It was the middle of summer, but no one was supposed to notice. [[Source: *The Midnight Dusk Petrol*]]

A Little List

Tony Lewis produced a list of 2001 Hugo nominees with NESFA connections for *Instant Message* 685. His list includes Boskone guests of honor, writers whose books have been published by NESFA Press, as well as regular club members. Despite listing several fanwriters (Devney, Langford and Leeper) and a fanartist (Teddy Harvia), the cupboard was bare when it came to NESFA-connected fanzines. May I volunteer *File 770* to fill the gap? In the summer of 1983, the IRS sent me to Boston for training. I got invited to the NESFA Other Meeting, and while I was there, volunteers mimeographed, collated and mailed the new issue from stencils I'd typed in my hotel room. Seems like a connection to me!

By His Own Bootstraps

Have time-traveling pros visited your neighborhood this summer?

The local UMass paper ran a photo of Joe Ross posing with Isaac Asimov, over a caption saying it was taken in 1996. Joe denied

that time travel was involved, because the picture was from 1966.

Then, the Australia's *Herald Sun* reported Poul Anderson's death, but Marc Ortlieb said, "their obit writer had him married to the daughter of Greg Bear -- a scenario worthy of one of Anderson's own time travel stories."

Twain's Unknown

Feud With Jules Verne

"This just in!" trumpets Rich Gutkes. "Mark Twain has just published, after a 125 year delay, a new short story, 'A Murder, a Mystery, and a Marriage,' in *Atlantic Monthly*. Perhaps I spoil the ending when I say the plot ends with a vitriolic diatribe (by the exposed villain) against M. Verne. Nobody can turn the pen into an instrument of attack like Twain and he ain't holding back. In the analysis following the story, Ray Blount, Jr. proposes that Mark Twain was ticked off when Jules Verne's *Five Weeks in a Balloon* beat his own big balloon story into print."

Thanks for the bulletin, Rich.

If Twain's story hadn't languished in a trunk until the 21st century, he could have triggered the first pro feud in sf history!

James White Award

The panel of judges for the James White Award's 2001 competition will be: Dublin-based writer Michael Carroll whose latest novel *The Renegade* will be published by Wildside Press later this year; Ian McDonald, Belfast-based author whose latest novel, *Ares Express*, was published in May by Earthlight; writer and critic Kim Newman, whose latest novel, *Dracula Cha Cha Cha*, is now out in paperback; David Pringle, editor of Europe's leading English-language science fiction magazine *Interzone*; and Hugo and Nebula Award-winning author Mike Resnick, three of whose works have been nominated for Hugo Awards this year.

The James White Award was established to honor the memory of one of the best-loved figures in science fiction. It is open to non-professional authors throughout the world and is given for the best original short story submitted. Further information, along with detailed rules and writers' guidelines can be obtained from the Award's Website <http://www.jameswhiteaward.com>

Endeavour Award Finalists and Judges

Five books written by Pacific Northwest authors and published in 2000 are finalists for the third Endeavour Award and the \$1,000.00 honorarium that accompanies it. The finalists are: Chris Bunch, *Storm Force*, Roc (Mass market); Ursula K. LeGuin, *The Telling*, Harcourt (Hardcover); Louise Marley, *The Glass Harmonica*, Ace (Trade); Bruce Holland Rogers, *Wind Over Heaven and Other Dark Tales*, Wildside Press (Trade); and Richard Paul Russo, *Terminal Visions*, Golden Gryphon Press (Hardcover).

A total of 28 books were entered for this year's award. All of the books were read and scored seven times by preliminary judges, with books assigned randomly to readers drawn from a pool of approximately 30 experienced readers. The five finalists will be judged by three professional judges. The finalists, and the names of the final judges for the award, were announced July 5 at Westercon in Portland, Oregon.

The winner will be announced November 9 at OryCon, Oregon's annual science fiction and fantasy convention. Judges for the 2000 Award are Dave Duncan, Elizabeth Hand, and Michael P. Kube-McDowell.

Mything Persons

The high cost of skipping the Berkeley Mythcon was not getting to witness the priceless moments like Autumn Rausher's masquerade entry. Last year in Hawaii, she was Pele, the volcano goddess, tormented by her sister, the squirt-gun-spraying sea goddess. This year, Bernie Phillips reports, Autumn was equally hilarious as "Charles Williams' #1 fan," – an impersonation of her father, Eric Rausher. Bernie wrote, "Comb her hair back, paint on a fake scraggly beard and mustache, put Birkenstocks and glasses on her and a beer in her hand, and she looks just like him! She was hysterically funny, reciting a speech her mother wrote, dropping Williams references right and left."

This is your warning: don't miss next year's Mythcon in Boulder, CO, the last week in July. The theme will be "fantasy in Shakespeare" and most members will also attend some of the plays in Boulder's Shakespeare Festival. Members will not be in dorms this time, but in the air-conditioned Ramada Inn nearby.

2001 Mythopoeic Award Winners

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Adult Literature: *The Innamorati* by Midori Snyder

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Children's Literature: *Aria of the Sea* by Dia Calhoun

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Inklings Studies: *J.R.R. Tolkien: Author of the Century* by T.A. (Tom) Shippey

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in General Myth and Fantasy Studies: *King Arthur in America* by Alan Lupack and Barbara Tapa Lupack

The Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Adult Literature is given to the fantasy novel, multi-volume, or single-author story collection for adults published during the previous year that best exemplifies "the spirit of the I n k l i n g s ."

The Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Children's Literature honors books for younger readers (from "Young Adults" to picture books for beginning readers), in the tradition of *The Hobbit* or *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Rules for eligibility are otherwise the same as for the Adult Literature award.

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Inklings Studies is given to books on Tolkien, Lewis, and/or Williams that make significant contributions to Inklings scholarship.

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Myth and Fantasy Studies is given to scholarly books on other specific authors in the Inklings tradition, or to more general works on the genres of myth and fantasy.

For more information, contact Mythopoeic Awards administrator: Eleanor M. Farrell, P.O. Box 320486, San Francisco, CA 94132-0486; E-mail: emfarrell@earthlink.net

2001 Aurora Award winners

The 2001 Aurora Award winners were presented Saturday, May 5, 2001, at V-Con 25,

in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Best Long-Form Work in English: *The Snow Queen*, Eileen Kernaghan (Thistledown Press, 2000)

Best Long-Form Work in French: *De-main, les étoiles*, Jean-Louis Trudel (Pierre Tisseyre, 2000)

Best Short-Form Work in English: "Surrendering the Blade," Marcie Tentchoff (The Doom of Camelot, Green Knight Publishing) [poem]

Best Short-Form Work in French: "La Danse des esprits," Douglas Smith (Solaris 134) [traducteur: Benont Domis]

Best Work in English (Other): Science Fiction: *The Play*, David Widdicombe [play]

Best Work in French (Other): *Solaris*, Joel Champetier, rid. (Les Compagnons temps perdu)

Artistic Achievement: Jean-Pierre Normand (*Parsec v3n6*, Surial 3000, Demain les étoiles, Futur sur mesure, Guerre pour un harmonica, Les eaux de Jade, Un voyage de sagesse)

Fan Achievement (Fanzine): *Voyageur*, Karen Bennett, ed. (USS Hudson Bay / IDIC) (www.idic.ca)

Fan Achievement (Organizational): R. Graeme Cameron (BCSFA president & V-Con 25 chair)

Fan Achievement (Other): Donna McMahon, book reviews/ critiques de livres

Short Waves

Susan Satterfield announced at ConQuest 32 over Memorial Day Weekend that Kansas City won the bid to host the **World Horror**



THE ULTIMATE FAN

HARRY?
HARRY, YOU
IN THERE?



Convention in 2003.

Volcano Trek 2001: *Westwind*, clubzine of Seattle's NWSFS, announced that members were going to visit Mt. St. Helen's on June 23, "if it's still there." Yes, it's a lot easier to schedule these things if fans plan to go to the mountain, rather than waiting for it to come to them, although in seismically unstable Washington,

More Than Cheesesteak: Carol Kabakjian has gathered over 130 recipes for the Philadelphia SF Society cookbook, planned to be on sale at Millennium Philcon. *[[Source: PSFS News 7/2001]]*

Evelyn Leeper claims a book-buying spree forced her to find more time to read. She solved the problem by retiring. "Well, okay," she admits, "the fact that Lucent offered a very good early retirement package had *something* to do with it." Her last day at work was July 13.

Will Shetterly and Emma Bull are "inordinately proud" to announce: (1) A beautiful new edition of Emma's *War For The Oaks*, an elegant trade paperback of Will's *Chimera*, and the Flash Girls' lovely new album, *Play Each Morning Wild Queen*, have all come out this summer; and (2) they have newly remodeled web pages at: <http://www.player.org/pub/flash/ew.html>. Will elaborates, "They have information about us; Will's dad, the oldest person to sail solo around the world; Emma's band, the Flash Girls; some useful writing links; some books that we recommend for writers; and our writing workshops."

Michael Burstein has been elected a member of the Brookline Town Meeting. **Joe Ross** has been elected co-chair of the Town Meeting Association of Brookline. *[[Source: Instant Message #686]]*

Keith Stokes alerts *File 770* readers that photos of DemiCon fan guest of honor **Ta-dao Tomomatsu** can be found at:

<http://www.kcsciencefiction.org/01demi01.htm>

Craig Miller spent two weeks in June at the Annecy International Animation Festival, and meetings in Paris.

Laurraine Tutihasi has released her latest fanzine, *Feline Mewsings* #4. The highlight of the issue is the account of DUFF winner Cathy Cupitt's visit to LA. The issue is available online at:

<http://members.aol.com/felinemewsings/>.

Rhonda Kay Marsh and Tayvon James Hageman wed on August 4 at the Littleton Church of Christ in Littleton, Colorado. *[[Source: DASFAx 7/2001]]*

Errata: Thanks to **Dave Langford** for correcting the URL for the **R.A. Lafferty** site mentioned last issue. It should read:

<http://www.mulle-kybernetik.de/RAL/>

Carolina Club Off Life Support

Research Triangle Science Fiction Society co-founder Laura Haywood-Cory set SMOFS abuzz when she asked the unmentionable question, "What to Do When It's Not Fun Anymore?"

For the past four years Laura's been doing the lion's share of the work of keeping the club afloat – planning the meetings, arranging for guest speakers, updating the website, etc. Whenever she remarked about feeling burned-out, others might tell her to ask them for help, but they wouldn't follow through.

Deb Geisler's sensible answer covers all the bases. Clip it, and store it where you can find it later! Deb told Laura, "Save *you*...If the group is meant to survive as a group, it will save itself. As for the club, consider what clubs are for: they are groups of like-minded people who gather together for fun and frolic and education and companionship. If this particular club is meeting the needs of its members, other members, seeing you stepping away, will step in and work to keep it together."

Dream Job in New York

Craig Engler, General Manager, is spreading the word that SCIFI.COM, the official site of the SCI FI Channel and the largest general interest SF site on the Internet, needs an experienced Community Producer. Do you qualify?

"The ideal candidate will have experience leading community discussions, moderating live celebrity chat events and monitoring Web-based bulletin board systems. Other responsibilities will include professionally and effectively corresponding with our members, creating weekly member newsletter updates, maintaining site FAQs, and helping to develop new community initiatives as well as propose ways to better serve our membership and help increase enrollment. We are looking for someone who is reliable, friendly and courteous, someone who is passionate about the science fiction genre, and someone who feels comfortable interacting with SCIFI.COM members. The job is based out



of SCI FI's mid-town Manhattan offices. Please send your resume and a cover letter outlining your previous online community experience and stating why you are the ideal candidate for this position to employment@www.scifi.com"

Changes of Address

Dr. Mark Anthony, Anthony Chiropractic, 3935 Foothill Bl., La Crescenta, CA 01214
Ray Capella, 904 N. 3rd Ave., Upland, CA 91786-3911

Sandy Cohen, E-mail:
sandycohen@earthlink.net and
sandyc17@hotmail.com

Buzz Dixon, E-mail:
BDIXON@socal.rr.com

Richard Foss, E-mail:
richardfoss@earthlink.net

Robert Kennedy, E-mail:
robertk@cipcug.org

Tim & Kathy Kyger, 1825 North Hills Ave., Willow Grove PA 19090-3703

Elizabeth Klein-Lebbink, E-mail:
ejkl@pacbell.net

(both) Elizabeth Klein-Lebbink & Jerome Scott, E-mail: ekl-jds@pacbell.net

Shaun Lyon & Chad Jones, 15848 Lahey St., Granada Hills, CA 91344

Christian McGuire, E-mail:
tmi@gigsville.org

Craig Miller, E-mail: craig@wolffmill.com
Pierre & Sandy Pettinger, 5100 Leighton Ave., Lincoln, NE 68504

Jerome Scott, E-mail: jerome_s@pacbell.net
Steven & Elaine Silver, 707 Sapling Lane, Deerfield, IL 60015-3969

Bjo Trimble, E-mail:
bjotrimble@earthlink.net

Wilson (Bob) Tucker, E-mail:
wilsonbob37@netzero.net

Dafyd ab Hugh recently tried to call Ray Capella. "[I] got a very confused woman who professed never to have heard of him (in fact, I think she attempted to convince me that poor Ray never existed at all, but I'm not sure, as she spoke with a heavy Khazakstani accent). Is he still all right? Did he move? Did he simply disconnect the phone to avoid being caught up in the tendrils of the Chandra Levy web of deceit? If you have his current, please pass it along." Well, you asked for it!

Some aquatic artwork came enclosed with **Ray Capella's** change of address: "The mermaid comes by way of telling you the Capellas have moved. 'Twas a terrible hassle, getting out of Alhambra after 26 years, (21 in our last address) but although the weather's colder here, the mountains on our northern horizon make up for it. Just looking at them each morn is enough for me."

Report from Tokyo

By Leah Zeldes Smith

[[Leah Zeldes Smith and her husband, Dick, recently visited Japan. Here is Leah's write-up about meeting the Japan in 2007 bidders on their home turf. Leah's complete trip report will appear in a future issue of their fanzine, STET.]]

"When you're a fan, you have friends all over the world ...even if you haven't met them yet."

That somewhat old-fashioned fannish sentiment still has much truth in it, as my husband, Dick, and I found when we visited Tokyo this spring.

The excursion was a business trip for Dick, who was being sent to install software at the Tokyo office of his firm and help cover an interim gap left by someone quitting the company. I went along on frequent-flyer points.

A little while before we left for Asia we went to Beverly Friend's Passover seder, a large and cosmopolitan affair. Fred Pohl and Betty Hull were also there, and they asked if we were going to see any Japanese fans while we were in Tokyo. We said that we wanted to, but the only Japanese fan we felt somewhat acquainted with, Masamichi Osako (who had been the Japanese agent for Australia in '99), lived in Osaka, and we weren't going there. We had, of course, met the very charming elder statesman of Japanese fandom, Takumi Shibano, and his wife, Sachiko, a number of times at Worldcons over the years, but we thought it unlikely they would remember us amid the crowds of American fans they meet every year.

"Oh," said Betty, "if you let Shibano-san know you are coming, you will be treated royally." And Fred described various instances of royal treatment he had received at the hands of Japanese fandom. I said that I thought the reception accorded to Frederik Pohl and Dr. Elizabeth Anne Hull might, deservedly, be somewhat grander than the one likely to be given to Dick and Leah Smith, unknown and ordinary fans from Chicago.

But we sent an aerogramme to the Shibanos giving the particulars of our trip and saying that we would love to talk with them again if they cared to contact us. I also took a look at the Nippon in 2007 Worldcon bid's Web page and sent off e-mail to the only address I could find on it — that of the chairman, Hiroaki Inoue, whom we'd met very briefly at Chicon — saying we were U.S.



Leah Zeldes with Bob Tucker at this month's Tucker Tribute. Photo by Keith Stokes.

fans who were going to be in Tokyo and that we'd be delighted to meet any Japanese fans if any were interested in meeting us. Ultimately, we got several replies, and arranged to meet with a few fans at our hotel on Sunday, May 6.

I would have known the group that gathered in the coffee bar of our hotel for fans anywhere, even without spotting the Chicon jacket Shigeru Hayashida sported. They would look fannish no matter where they were, but in comparison to the other groups in the bar -- Japanese salarymen and tourists -- they were unmistakable. Especially by Japanese standards, many of them are even fannishly-shaped.

I felt at home for the first time in Tokyo.

Even their behavior was typically fannish -- buy one drink a piece; sit for hours. (Of course, this makes sense in Tokyo, where drinks tend to be priced as if you're paying for the real estate you take up while drinking. Food is more reasonable, and service -- everywhere -- is incredibly good.)

We were surprised and gratified by the large turnout -- more than a dozen fans were there. The Shibanos came, even though they live in a fairly distant suburb of Tokyo, and brought with them a copy of *STET* and other publications of ours, such as the Chicon restaurant guide, and such things as the Chicon program book, bearing our names as department heads, and the SFWA directory, listing me as a member.

Koichiro Noda, another elder statesman of Japanese fandom, also dropped by. (In his

day job, he is the president of Nihon Tele-Work K.K., the company that produces "Iron Chef.") Inoue and his wife, Tamie, as well as a number of other Nippon 2007 bidcom members were there, and we spent an agreeable afternoon smoffing.

All the Japanese fans we met spoke some English, enough to introduce themselves, at least. (Everyone in Japan studies English in school but this doesn't mean they actually *learn* it -- often the teachers can't really speak English either. While in Japan, we also met with a fellow who'd spent a summer with Dick's family some 25 years ago as an exchange student. He's now a junior-high-school English teacher ... and his English is just passable.)

Japanese fandom is, as you'd expect, more literate in English than the average Japanese. They all read English better than they speak it and understand more spoken English than they can articulate. Several fans spoke English quite well, for which we were very grateful, since our Japanese is limited to such phrases as *ohayo gozaimasu* ("good morning"), *domo arigato* ("thank you very much"), *wakarimasen* ("I don't understand"), and the names of sushi.

Later we were to go to dinner -- "The details are secret for your enjoyment," e-mail from Masayuki Muratani read. The group that was going piled into two minivans, one belonging to the Inoues, and one belonging to Atushi Morioka, a fan who lives some six hours away from Tokyo in Mie prefecture, but had been spending the Golden Week holidays visiting. We went with Morioka.

We were evidently early for our dinner reservation, so the Inoues decided we should do some sightseeing on the way. They phoned (everybody has a cell phone in Japan) back to tell the fans in our car, who included Hirohide "Jack R." Hirai and Muratani, that they should describe the sights we were passing. The result was so reminiscent of our tour of Old Sydney with Eric Lindsay that I could barely refrain from laughing ("There's something famous and important here, but I can't remember what it's famous for.") I have no doubt, though, that, like Eric, they could have taken us to every bookstore and electronics store in the vicinity.

We stopped in Asakusa, the site of a famous Shinto shrine, which features two large ornamental gates and a shopping arcade, where several fans bought traditional Japanese goodies to share. Hanging from one of

the gates was a gigantic sandal, which the fans assured us was Godzilla's shoe.

The secret dinner turned out to be on a traditional Japanese houseboat on the Sumida River. We all stepped aboard, removing our shoes, to be seated on tatami mats at low tables, already spread with a gorgeous array of sashimi. A variety of crispy tempura followed. It was one of the best meals we had on the trip, both for food and company.

Most of the crowd who turned up to meet us had been to several Worldcons and were very interested in talking about how to promote the Nippon 2007 bid. We said that Japanese fandom needed to make itself more visible as part of the Worldcon community. Although dozens of Japanese fans come to Worldcon annually, few American fans really notice.

They've held a semi-invitational party, to which Shibano issued the invitations, yearly since at least the 1980s (I first attended one at L.A.con II). At Chicon VI, which was attended by more than 40 Japanese fans, they held their first open bid party. Because of the language barrier, they've tend to cluster together at Worldcon and not mingle too much with other fans, and they've not volunteered to work much on Worldcon, a lack we told them they must rectify.

Still, they seemed more astute about Worldcon and its workings than most of the Australians we talked to before 1999. For example, Inoue makes his living as an *anime* producer, and some of the others work in related industries, but they wondered whether mentioning that in their bidding materials would give people the wrong idea of the kind of convention they intend to run. It was clear that they see a difference between *anime* and *manga* cons and science-fiction conventions, and that the latter is what they want to put on.

Several of them, including Inoue, spoke about the kinds of science fiction that appealed to them and that brought them into fandom, and it was all solidly literary stuff, if heavy on space opera. (However, most of these fans are old enough to have started reading SF at a time when the genre in America had just barely progressed past that stage.) They do hope to use the Worldcon, if possible, as a means of introducing the rest of fandom to Japanese science fiction, but said that would be a very small part of the programming. This concerns them slightly.

"Because we will have to import so many things, for the program and so on," said Hirai, "we are worried that people (from America) will think it is boring." We assured them that the more like a U.S. Worldcon they could make their con, the better most American fans would probably like it. Just being in Japan would be exotic enough for most U.S. fans.

They're rather less savvy about bidding than they need to be, but so are most first-time bidders. We told them they need to be more visible, to bid at conventions beyond Worldcon, and to convince American skeptics that the convention they run will respect Worldcon's traditions, as opposed to being a Japanese natcon under another name.

"I think they will run a Worldcon like Worldcon," said Takumi Shibano.

I think so, too.

Open Channel

Craig Engler, General Manager of SCIFI.COM and cover-to-cover reader of *File 770*, submitted comments and updates about some of the stories covered last issue:

Craig Engler: "The *Dragonriders* TV series was canceled due to a dispute over the show's creative direction, according to executive producer Ronald D. Moore. He wanted to create a 'serious' series that was faithful to the books while the WB reportedly wanted a *Buffy*-esque show. It seems likely that Pern won't have another shot at making it onto TV until some of the rights issues resolve themselves.

"On a happier note, my beloved employer SCI FI is creating a series based on *Riverworld* by Philip Jose Farmer. It will be executive produced by writer/director Alex Proyas (*The Crow*, *Dark City*).

"On an odd note, the A&E channel recently announced it was going to make a movie based on *Lathe of Heaven*, even though there already is a *Lathe* movie that recently reappeared on PBS. I was thinking about sending A&E a note to let them know that Le Guin has written--and continues to write--many other fine novels that are worthy of movie-dom.

"Now that I'm more tied into the programming side of SCI FI (yes, that spelling is correct; it's no longer 'Sci-Fi Channel'), I've been encouraging the channel folks to look at some of the great literary works of SF that are not necessarily mainstream enough to be under option elsewhere, although once you start looking around for novels and stories to turn into movies and TV series, you'd be surprised how many are unavailable. To their credit (and they deserve heaps of credit) our programming guys and girls are aware of 85% of the books and stories out there...we usually just can't get them. I'm working on getting them interested in the other 15% that no one else knows about. Although my bailiwick is not necessarily TV, I'm pleased to say that a con going, fanzine reading, costume wearing (every now and again), book collecting fan reports directly to the president of SCI FI and can be in the meetings to suggest authors, books, etc., that otherwise

might be overlooked.

"Finally, there is a new feature on SCIFI.COM that I wanted to let fans know about: our Events Calendar. The calendar is a list of all the noteworthy events going on in the SF world, from book releases and movie premieres to awards and conventions. Right now a lot of fannish events like the DUFF and TAFF races are not in the calendar, but we hope to add them soon. To speed the process I'd like to invite interested fans to submit events at <http://www.scifi.com/events/>. We'll add any event that would be of interest to a general SF fan, whether it's a regional convention, a local fundraiser or a one-of-a-kind occurrence like the Tucker Tribute."

Wolfmill Will Develop

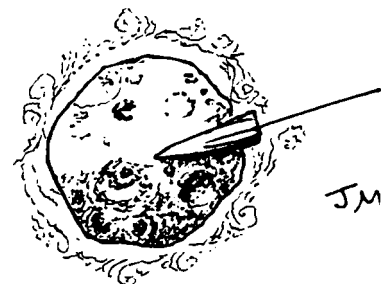
Top Internet Comic As TV Series

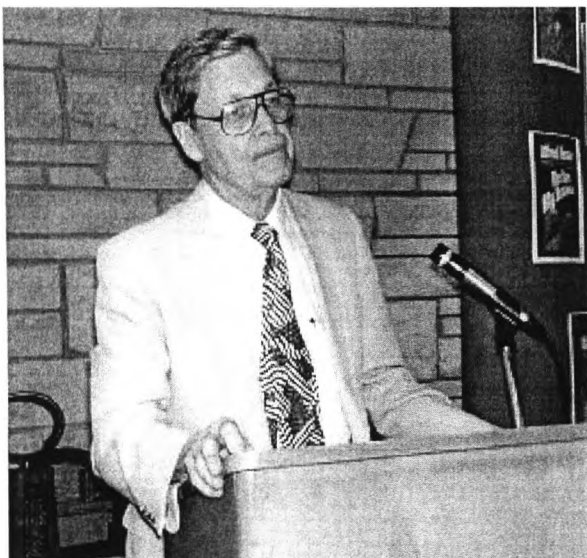
Following the success of *Pocket Dragon Adventures*, their first television series, and the start of pre-production on *Elfquest*, their first feature film, Wolfmill Entertainment has acquired the rights to *Astounding Space Thrills*, the internet's most popular adventure comic strip.

A few short years into the 21st century, there was The Shift. The laws governing the universe changed -- time now flows at a different angle, space folds against the grain, and positive particles aren't so sure! Welcome to the universe of *Astounding Space Thrills*!

"Steve Conley's created a fascinating universe filled with entertaining characters who give *Astounding Space Thrills* a quirky humor that blends perfectly with the adventurous stories he tells," said Marv Wolfman, a partner in Wolfmill Entertainment.

The *Astounding Space Thrills* website gets over 6,000 hits a day. In addition to a constantly growing daily readership, AST has earned praise for its fun stories, vivid characters and terrific art. It's the winner of the Eagle Award for Favorite Online Comic/E-Zine Eagle, the Squiddie (from Rec.Arts.Comics) for Best Web Comic, and has been recommended by the Friends Of Lulu organization as "Women and Kid Friendly."





Professor James Gunn. Photo by Keith Stokes.

Campbell Conference Report by Keith Stokes

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Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol

The 23rd Campbell Conference was held in Lawrence, Kansas on July 6-8, 2001. The Conference is the concluding event in a two-week intensive Writers Workshop and the first event in a two-week intensive science fiction course at the University of Kansas. Participants in the conference included Jim Gunn, Fred Pohl, Elizabeth Ann Hull, Kij Johnson, Paul Carter, Robin Wayne Bailey and Christopher McKitterick.

The Campbell Conference was started when the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for the best science fiction novel of the year was presented for the first time at the University. The first Campbell Award was presented at the Illinois Institute of Technology in 1973. It was presented in various parts of the world, before settling in Lawrence in 1979.

The weekend kicked off on Friday evening with a dinner in a private room at Mrs. E's Kitchen in one of the campus residence halls. The fairly simple buffet was very good for banquet food.

Presentations followed the dinner, led off by the 6th year of induction to the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame. Brief presentations by present and past members of the Hall of Fame Board of Directors highlighted the careers of Jack Vance and Ursula K. Le Guin. Both inductees were unable to attend, but Le Guin may participate in the 2002 Conference.

Fritz Leiber and Alfred Bester were in-

ducted posthumously. Robin Bailey's presentation of Leiber was heartfelt and very moving. Justin Leiber was present to accept on behalf of his late father and participate in the rest of the conference.

Next on the program was presentation of the Theodore Sturgeon Award for the best short science fiction of 2000. Following brief presentations on the 3rd and 2nd place finishers, Lucius Shepard's "Radiant Green Star" and Stephen Baxter's "Sheena 5," Ian McDonald received the award for "Tendeleo's Story." McDonald accepted, having flown in from Northern Ireland for the weekend.

This year's John W. Campbell Memorial Award had an unique three-way tie for second place between Mary Gentle's *Ash*, Robert Sawyer's *Calculating God*, and Jack McDevitt's *Infinity Beach*. Sheri Tepper's *Fresco* placed third. Paul Carter announced the win for Poul Anderson's *Genesis*. Anderson (who was inducted to the Hall of Fame in 2001) was unable to attend, but Jim Gunn read a brief note from Anderson as well as an amusing note from Barry N. Malzberg, winner of the first award in 1973.

Following the awards, many of the attendees gathered in a very warm study room in one of the dormitories for conversation and snacks. Kij Johnson was particularly popular, sharing her folding fan with whom-ever she was talking with.

The actual conference began at 9 a.m. on Saturday morning. As usual, the 40+ attendees gathered around one large table. This year's topic was Science Fiction in the Electronic Era. Jim Gunn posed the first question and the conversation was off. Everyone in the widely varied group had something to contribute. In addition to the previously mentioned attendees, there were teachers, beginning writers, students and readers. Sally Grotta, contributing editor to *PC Magazine*, had many insightful comments.

Following lunch, there was a 45-minute autograph session in the Oread Bookstore in the same building. The turnout for autographs was smaller than usual, but the bookstore staff had assembled an amazing selection of the attendees works.

They sold well and the store sold out the imported hard cover, numbered chapbooks of McDonald's "Tendeleo's Story" and almost sold out the numbered trade editions.

The conference continued through late afternoon.

Many of the attendees had supper in a couple of large groups at Paisano's Ristorante in Lawrence, before returning to the college for the Hall of Fame film program sponsored by Oread Bookstore. The free program included two movies and a long unseen documentary, "Lunch With John W. Campbell." The film was narrated by Jim Gunn and featured a 1971 editorial luncheon between John Campbell, Gordon Dickson and Harry Harrison. The movies were both based on Campbell's "Who Goes There," *The Thing From Another Planet* and John Carpenter's *The Thing*.

Sunday's mornings session of the conference was less formal, with Jim Gunn asking the attendees about their writing processes and the field. Ian McDonald's comments about the current and recent state of the genre in the UK were particularly interesting. The gathering broke up shortly before noon, with folks heading out to catch flights home.

For me, the best parts of the Campbell Conference are its small size, 40-50 people, which allows attendees to actually meet and get to know most of the people, and the equal participation by all ages and levels of experience in the field. I loved the nearby Bed and Breakfast where some of us chose to stay this year, and hope that next year enough attendees stay there to take over the house. The 2002 session is tentatively scheduled for July 12-14. Photos: <http://www.kcsciencefiction.org/01camp01.htm>



Robin Bailey's presentation to Justin Leiber, accepting Hall of Fame honors on behalf of his father, the late Fritz Leiber. Photo by Keith Stokes.

Freelancers Rule! The *Tasini* Decision Explained

Commentary by Francis Hamit

Copyright 2001, All Rights Reserved

On June 25, 2001, in *New York Times Co. vs. Tasini et al*, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled against the big media companies and in favor of the little guy (and girl). This may be the best thing to happen to freelance writers since the invention of the World Wide Web in 1993.

In fact, the invention of the Web probably sparked the suit filed by Jonathan Tasini and some friends against the New York Times and other big media companies on December 16 that same year.

It was very obvious that the Web was going to change the way that information is distributed. It suddenly became possible to take printed material with graphic enhancements such as photos, charts and illustrations and put them in an easily-accessed electronic form which could also be printed out.

What follows is not to be construed as legal advice of any kind. I'm not a lawyer. However, any freelance writer who doesn't have a very close familiarity with the Copyright Law is, to speak plainly, a fool. I started studying the law when Congress revised it in 1976. I was already selling a few articles while working a series of day jobs. I thought it rather important to know just what I was selling.

Most writers don't think too much about the fact that they are in business. This causes them to make poor decisions. One of the reasons that it is so hard to make a living as a freelance writer is that there are so many people too eager to get a byline. There's one writer I know who, on her first assignment for one magazine, spent over \$800 to earn a \$200 check. How could she afford it? She couldn't, but she had a husband who could.

Editors and publishers exploit this. It's a classic supply and demand problem. Too many people willing to do the work makes the work hardly worth doing if you have bills to pay. There's a big difference between a business and a hobby.

Being professional means getting paid. The *Tasini* decision is about who owns what and how they get paid for it. What is at issue is not the initial payment for the piece (article, short story, etc.), but the money that sometimes comes in after. I write magazine articles for a living (or did; I'm currently on sabbatical, writing novels). There is a market for copies of these articles after they are published. Firms mentioned in an article often want reprints of it to include in their press kit or to give to prospective customers. Re-



searchers, ranging from high school students to academics to those engaged in that very interesting field, competitive intelligence, want copies which they usually buy from one of the electronic database companies, or download for free directly from the magazine's website.

The publishers and database companies have always held that such publication was merely an extension of the original edition and therefore covered by the initial first rights payment for the article. *Tasini* and friends disagreed, and were finally upheld, more than seven years later, by the U.S. Supreme Court.

The decision wasn't even close -- seven to two with Justice Ginsberg writing for the majority. It cut across all the usual political and ideological lines, because the Copyright Law is actually clearly written and easy to understand. Ginsberg's opinion is elegantly written and also easy to understand, and there is no appeal.

Big media lost big time. The majority of the thousands of print magazines out there depend very heavily on freelancers, but use their economic power to keep rates low, or if they pay decent rates, want the freelancer to sign a contract that essentially gives the publisher all of the rights in the piece. At a dollar a word or more I used to sign these things, too.

Until recently, reselling an article just wasn't an issue. I can count, literally on the fingers of one hand, the number of times I've sold an article that appeared in one magazine to appear a second time in another magazine.

When the Web came on-line, it became

possible to resell articles directly to consumers. Libraries and corporations had been buying articles by fax from CARL/Uncover for some time. This became a model for electronic distribution. However, the Court has made it plain that reproducing an article by electronic means is a second publication and that, absent a contract to the contrary, this use must be paid for again.

Now, I knew this all along. The 1976 Copyright Law makes it very plain. Copyright was redefined as a form of real estate: a bundle of rights that could be divided as the owner willed. If you own land fee simple, you can pretty much do what you want with it as long as you don't injure the rights and interests of your neighbors and pay your taxes. It's yours. You can build a house, grow a crop, or drill for oil or all three, in theory.

If you create an original work, you now automatically have a copyright. When you sell the article or short story in the usual way, on an oral agreement, you have not sold anything but the right to print the item in a particular magazine. The publisher also has a copyright, but that covers the arrangement and presentation of the material. This is a key factor in the Supreme Court decision.

You retain all the other rights. That includes the right to make copies and sell them to the public. This is what the electronic databases do. The Court decided, because they can be searched for individual articles and deliver them as single copies, that this was not an extension of the first publication, but a separate one.

The three that carry my articles charge anywhere from a dollar to 25 dollars per article. They made their deal with the publishers, who claimed to own the copyrights when they did not, and who put themselves forth as the copyright owner. This is a separate issue, but an important one. It is a Federal crime, carrying a fine of up to \$2,500 to fraudulently omit or alter a copyright notice.

I've just spent a week writing demand letters, covering 250 of my copyrighted articles published since 1991. That's about a fourth of my entire career's output, but not everything I did in that period. Some magazines simply published the articles and let it go at that.

I have been congratulated for being so prolific, but it's not so much wanting to write so many articles as having to. It's called "making a living."

Most people who try being freelance writers fail because they can't get the work in the first place; not enough of it to pay their bills anyway. Having been disabled in a car accident in 1993, I didn't have a choice. It was this or SSI and SSI won't pay my bills. I am also good enough to get premium rates. Editors like my stuff. However, being better paid also makes you a target when the bean-counters come around looking to cut costs. I've always been philosophical about this: all gigs come to an end.

I discovered my own personal limit for doing quality work was around fifty articles a year. It's very much a continuous process of selling as well as doing the work. You never write without an assignment. Every article is a separate contract, a separate check, usually "paid on publication." You learn very quickly that you have very little bargaining power. They can and will give the work to someone else. There are thousands of competitors, many almost as good as you are. And no one cares about how you pay your rent or other expenses. A late check is not their problem; it's yours.

Under such circumstances, it is easy to turn into a hack. To take on work simply for the extra money. However, if you're not fully engaged in the story, it's going to show and hurt the quality of the writing. Just because you can churn out seven articles a week doesn't mean you should.

I was always on guard about the quality and very fortunate to have an in-house copy editor, Leigh Strother-Vien, who has been my Permanent Temporary House Guest these last twelve years.

Since I was giving such high quality work, I put my editors on notice that I would handle my own reprint rights a few years ago and began contacting potential buyers directly, cautioning them, among other things, that if they just planned to photocopy the article from the magazine, they were violating the law. My editors were uncomfortable and one even claimed I was hurting reprint sales even though I was instructing buyers to buy them from the magazine(s).

Reprints are a big business for trade magazines. Some have separate departments to handle such sales. What they never had, even before the Supreme Court decision in the Tasini case, was the right to do so. They assumed since it was from their pages their copyright applied. They were half right. The author's copyright also applies. I was persuaded to stop insisting on my rights with these magazines in order to continue to get the work. Being a "Contributing Editor" makes you a *de facto* member of the staff without any of the usual benefits. Some of the magazines I've done work for have as many as 17 Contributing Editors and maybe two real editors who actually put the book

together and get it published. ("Book" in this context, means one issue of a magazine).

There used to be a lot more in-house staff editors before various computer software programs made the job easier and quicker. Electronic databases and websites have made it easier for publishers to extend their "brand" and to exploit the editorial material in their publications.

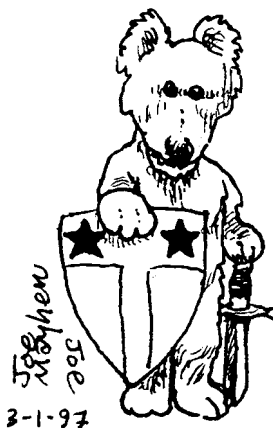
Some do it for free. That, too, is an erosion of the freelancers' rights to profit from their work.

For seven years I wrote a column for a security magazine. I was contemplating putting together some of these columns as a book, which I would then make available from one of the Print-on-Demand book companies. However, whatever market for such a book there might have been has been killed because all of the columns are available free on the magazine's website. Why buy it when you can download it for nothing? I wasn't expecting to make a lot of money from that book, but neither was I doing it just to be doing it.

I'm a professional. Professionals get paid.

The Big Media companies, having lost the case, are now having a big snit and threatening to destroy large parts of their own databases by omitting all freelance contributions. Tasini, who is, not coincidentally, the President of the National Writer's Union (Full Disclosure: I, too, have been a member and am about to rejoin), says that they should try and just make a fair arrangement with the writers for such use. The Supreme Court declined to issue an injunction against the media companies and kicked that issue back to the appeals court for a decision on how such a mechanism could be devised. It cited several models in a footnote.

My own take on this is that Big Media is bluffing. They spent millions of dollars building these assets and would have to spend millions more taking them apart. That would inspire another kind of lawsuit, from shareholders. You are not allowed to flood your own gold mine if you have other people's interests at stake.



To return to the real estate analogy for copyrights, you don't actually "sell" an article or short story. You rent it out and get it back when the person who has paid for it is done with it. One database, Northern Light, claims 1.9 million unique users a month. Ingenta (formerly Uncover) claims 1.4 million. The potential is huge.

These after-market sales are potentially the writer's equivalent of an actor performing in a commercial. You get paid for the day (or first use) and then you get a residual every time it runs.

Publishers will try and bully everyone into signing all-rights or "work-for-hire" contracts. They may hire more staff, but that means higher base expenses such as office space, salaries and benefits. "All Rights" give the publisher the whole pie instead of just a piece. It seems logical that such deals will carry much higher prices.

Me, I'd rather have the revenue stream, even if I had to split it fifty-fifty with the publishers. This allows them to keep their front-end costs down, and still to enjoy some of the ancillary revenue. The whole copyright notice issue has to be resolved as well. Author's copyrights have to be displayed. Ownership is power.

What has any of this to do with science fiction, the fascinating technical issue aside? Simply this: While I was looking for my own stuff on databases like Northern Light and Ingenta I saw that they had material on offer from *Astounding* and other science fiction magazines and from *Locus*, where Mike Glyer and so many others in fandom have published long articles. You probably have no copyright interest in a letter of comment since that's a voluntary expression that falls pretty quickly into the public domain. An article, even one you weren't paid for, is different. You didn't sign away these other rights. (Did you?)

And what do we do in the present instance, where *File 770* has started its own online publication? Well, Glyer doesn't pay anything and doesn't make any real money from this rather worthy enterprise, so you do what I'm going to do. You give him a letter (not an e-mail) with your actual signature giving him the rights to publish your material on the *File 770* website, but not elsewhere.

I'm not going to get into the particulars of my own claims for legal and strategic reasons. If you need more information on this you can find The Supreme Court Decision on their website and the Copyright Law and Regulations on the Copyright Office website. Ain't technology grand? You want to pay particular attention to Chapters 201, 404 and 504 of the law and Chapter 1600 of the Copyright Office regulations, which covers written transfers of copyright interests. Very illuminating.



Obituaries

Poul Anderson

One of science fiction's greatest writers, Poul Anderson, died of prostate cancer on July 31 at the age of 75. Thanks to the internet, on the day before Poul died he received hundreds of e-mails and messages from friends and readers and fellow writers, which Poul's daughter, Astrid, and his wife, Karen, printed out and read to him. Greg Bear told fans online, "He died knowing (and how!) that he was loved and valued, and hearing how much his work had entertained and moved so many."

Poul broke into print in 1947, with his co-written story "Tomorrow's Children" in *Astounding*, and became well-known in the early 1950s through short stories like "Sam Hall" and his novels *Three Hearts and Three Lions* and *Brain Wave*. Fans were so impressed by his writing he was invited as Worldcon GoH in 1959, very early in a long career.

When I became an active fan a dozen years later, he was my favorite sf writer. I remember the pleasure of visiting the Change of Hobbit bookstore in 1972 at its original location above a laundromat in Westwood, and taking home a trove of out-of-print Anderson works. He was always at Westercons and Worldcons: there was never a friendlier or more accessible pro. I had the fortune to be able to invite him as a Guest of Honor of the 1978 Westercon.

Poul was that rare combination, a prolific sf writer and one of the genre's leading literary lights.

During Poul's career, fans voted him seven Hugos (all for short fiction published before 1982) and the Gandalf Grand Master Award for Fantasy (1978). His colleagues voted him three Nebulas (also for short fiction) and the SFWA Grand Master Award. Poul was one of SFWA's early Presidents (1972-1973.) He was inducted into the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame in 2000, and was still writing award-winning stories: his latest novel, *Genesis*, won the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best Novel in 2001.

As good as his award-winners were, Poul is even better remembered for his popular stories about charismatic personalities like

magnate Nicholas Van Rijn, the three members of the Trader Team, imperial spy Dominic Flandry and his nemesis Aycharaych the Chereionite, and others. Poul also wrote some great wish-fulfillment science fiction, like *High Crusade*, where low-tech knights conquer a starfaring empire, and "A Bicycle Built for Brew" with

its odd melding of humor and hard science. And, he collaborated with Gordon Dickson on the whimsical Hoka stories.

Poul's passing received wide notice in the media. His obituary ran in dozens of papers around the world and on CBS radio news. The coverage was extensive and generally insightful.

A memorial service for Poul was held at the First Unitarian Church in Oakland on August 4. Jerry Pournelle convened the ceremonies. The Andersons' niece, Janet, played the piano. Robert Silverberg did a brilliant job of summing up people's appreciation of Poul Anderson.

Members of the family spoke, including Poul's brother, John. According to Marty Halpern online, John began by saying "Some of you might be surprised to learn that Poul had a brother; I'm not the least bit surprised!" John went on, explaining that while Poul studied physics, he became an anthropologist. John said he was one of the first to explore the Ellsworth mountain range in Antarctica: he was able to take three other people with him. Poul, on the other hand, through his writing, was able to take millions with him to the stars.

Jack Harness

November 3, 1933-July 13, 2001

One of LASFS' zaniest fans and its secretary for many years, Jack Harness, died in the hospital while undergoing an angiogram on July 13. His hilarious minutes made such an impression that years ago the club officially changed the title its secretary to Jack's nickname, "Scribe."

Jack had called Lee Gold on July 12 to say that his pacemaker/defibrillator had given him a shock, so he'd gone to Kaiser Hospital. The doctors ran tests, and "They agree it's not life-threatening," he told Lee. "Don't worry. Tell everybody that I'm chipper." Unfortunately, Jack died during his angiogram the next day.

"Scribe" started as a parody of Rosicrucian ads signed "Scribe Such-and-such," but it stuck as Jack's nickname. His other fan-nish pseudonyms included Jxtm Muir, Al-hazred ibn Cthulhu, and Rosharn.

He was highly accomplished at every-

thing fannish -- including writing, art, costuming, filking, gaming and punning, a range of interests that seems remarkable today but was typical of LASFSians in the 1960s.

Don Simpson praised Jack's art and fanwriting: "I loved Harness's creations [including] the M'taah-horn-equipped, trisexual Objectivist Mutated Mice (I think I'm probably missing yet another adjective or two here) with their guidebook *Guilt Without Fear*.... I greatly admired Jack's fan writing, and thought that if he wrote as well about mundane life he could make a living as a columnist. Jack turned my rooms at the Pollyanna Apartments, most easily reached by going through a laundromat and up the back stairs, into a place entered from inside the laundromat (through a dryer, I think)."

Jack's art was mainly seen within the LASFS. He did countless APA-L covers. I had the good fortune to have artwork-on-stencil from him to use in the early, mimeo issues of *Prehensile*. Charlie Jackson II remembers discussing funny animal comics with Jack, who decided what was needed next was funny vegetable comics. He drew some of those. To finish the sequence, he went on to draw funny mineral comics. And, finally, funny ether comic strips.

Larry Niven remembers that Jack presented him with a parchment scroll at a club event, not long after the publication of Larry's famous LASFS-based story, "What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers?" The parchment answered the question: "The American Dental Association says they are bad for children's teeth."

Jack was a costumer, too. Many still remember his appearance in the 1978 Worldcon masquerade as "Lord Fowl's Bane" -- I'm sure Jack wouldn't mind that it's the pun they remember, more than the costume. After all, his minimalist costumes were generally an excuse to get his gag read in front of the masquerade audience. I participated in Jack's extemporaneous "Duck Savage" entry at the 1974 Westercon, a parody of the overexposed *Doc Savage* movie trailer being shown many times a day in the film room. The "costumes" involved four fans wearing yellow paper duckbills taped to their upper lips, the last of them, Harness, flexing in a ripped t-shirt as "the Duck of Bronze."

Filking gave Jack another audience for his humor. Lee Gold recalled in APA-L, "[Jack] wrote strange filksongs over the years, from 'He to Whom You Must Not Mention She Who Must Not Be Named,' to a number of roleplaying songs, including a D&D verse for Tom Digby's 'Defenestration.' He sent me a song for *Xenofilia* only two weeks ago, 'Son of a

Creature-Man' to the tune of 'Son of a Preacher Man.'" Karen Anderson wrote online, "During the Sunday afternoon 'Freedom Filk' at Marcon a couple of months ago, one of the singers announced himself as 'the world's best Objectivist filk-singer.' Without thinking, I asked him where his M'taah Horn was -- and then ran into the impossibility of explaining Objectivist Mutated Mice."

Lee Gold also gave an example of Jack's enthusiasm for gaming. "In 1974, after Owen and Eclare Hannifen had introduced us to D&D, Jack also took up the game. I fondly remember his talkative elf lady named Yepaleif (nicknamed Yapalot, and often the subject of a variant use of Hold Portal to keep her mouth shut)." Jack was also passionately entertained by LASFS Poker, and invented some of its most ridiculous games. (He may have been responsible for a stud variant named "Girdle Sale In Yankee Stadium.")

Several of Jack's former roommates mentioned his cooking prowess. June Moffatt and Jack were both "survivors" of the expedition to the Kapok restaurant during the 1975 Westercon, infamous because the restaurant gave the wrong directions about where to get off the BART, and everyone walked the last 15 blocks there. June said it was worth it, because the food was fabulous, and she recalls that when a tasty new dish arrived at the table, Jack wanted to know, "How do you make this?" By the end of the meal, he was in the kitchen taking lessons how to make Chinese food.

Jack's recovery from his original heart problems some years ago gave a happier ending to an otherwise appalling experience in the Kaiser Hospital emergency room. Jack had gone there after suffering chest pains. The receptionist told him, "Sit down and wait your turn." When her back was turned, Jack went in to see the doctors himself and they immediately started treating him, even though the irate receptionist found Jack and demanded that he go back to the waiting area.

Kaiser added a touch of macabre humor to his final stay, too. Two days after Jack's scheduled angiogram, Lee Gold tried to call him at the hospital, unaware he had passed away. The nursing station on his floor was equally clueless as to his whereabouts, because they explained his absence: "Mr. Harness is out of his room, walking around the hospital." We wish it had been true!

Robert J. Schadewald

Appreciation by Dennis Lien

Minneapolis author Robert J. Schadewald died of cancer on March 12. He was 57 years old. Bob was a past president of The Na-

tional Center for Science Education and published a number of articles on topics relating to pseudo-science and dubious science in such journals as *Science Digest*, *Science*, *Health*, *Fate*, *Creation/Evolution*, *Skeptical Review*; and *The Skeptical Inquirer*, especially on creationist manifestos and on historical (and present-day) Flat Earth theories. These included two articles in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* (December, 1980 and Sept. 28, 1981).

I don't think I ever saw him when he wasn't smiling--never a smile of contempt, but rather one of joy at being a world that had so many strange ideas to examine and so many strange people to debate with. His widow, Wendy Schadewald, said that he was working on several books at once; unfortunately his time ran out before finishing any of them.



Cliff Kennedy

Appreciation by Lloyd Penney

Cliff Kennedy was known in the local small press community in Toronto as a mover and regular long-time publisher. His publications included *Alias*, *Drift*, *The Blotter* and *The Bibliofantasiac*. Cliff passed away in Toronto from respiratory problems on May 27.

Many fan editors traded their zines with Cliff's zines and chapbooks. Cliff knew about the fan community, but did not participate in it. Cliff's publishing career started nearly 20 years ago when he tried to sell his sizable collection of SF novels, and his zines branched out from there.

Cliff's other zine, *Alias*, was the vehicle with which he reached out to the local homeless and street community in Toronto through the Salvation Army's Fred Victor Centre. *Alias* allowed them to communicate and express their hearts to a richer and concerned public. He set up computer and Internet access for that community, and also set up a similar club for parishioners of a church in Toronto's east end.

At the beginning of July, I received a letter from Cliff's partner, Sara Clenyg-Jones. It detailed how Cliff had passed away a month earlier, and also included an obituary

from the *Toronto Star*. This was quite a shock, as I had been thinking about when Cliff's next zine would appear. Even though we had communicated back and forth via e-mail and zines, and spoken together on the phone, we'd only met once, at a small press fair he was coordinating.

Cliff was 56 years old when he died. His funeral was held on May 31. Ms. Clenyg-Jones said in her letter that a Life After Death issue of *The Blotter* will be issued to commemorate Cliff's life.

In Passing

Huntsville, AL fan Jannis Marie Melton-Woosley passed away April 16 at the age of 45. Her many contributions to fandom included running ConStellation's smoking con suite. She is survived by her husband Jim Woosley, her daughter Jeanne Marie Tidwell, and son Jayson Kirby Woosley. The entire family is active in fandom. *[Source: The NASFA Shuttle, 5/2001]*

Longtime FAPA member and former Toronto Derelict Boyd Raeburn died in August, after several days in a coma. *[Source: Robert Lichtman, Joyce Scrivner]*

In May, Douglas Adams, creator of *The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy*, died in Santa Barbara of a heart attack. He was 49. *Hitchhiker's Guide* began as a satirical radio series in 1978, was later produced for television, and branched out in a series of best-selling books including *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe*, *Life, the Universe and Everything* and *So Long, and Thanks For All the Fish*.

After getting the news, the Melbourne SF Club paid tribute to Adams by holding "Hitch Hiker's Night," reports *Australian SF Bullshead* #169. Also, the club declared May 25 to be Towel Day, the idea being to carry a towel in commemoration of the author.

James Harrington, better known as Dragon, died in his sleep on July 7. He has been an active member in St. Louis fandom for years. He has been a long standing member of Trek fan organizations, and often worked as staff on con committees. He attended all the local conventions and was legendary for his potent drink, Venom. After a long struggle with heart problems and diabetes, Dragon passed on, leaving his behind his wife, JoEllen, and many friends in fandom. *[Source: Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol]*

Robert Edward Thompson, Jr. died in April at the age of 60. He was well-known in Baltimore fandom for his knowledge of trivia. He was often an invited guest on radio shows where he could share his extensive knowledge of old radio and other general information. *[Source: Mark of the B*E*A*S*T 6/2001]*

John Hertz's Westercon Notebook

Westercon 54, July 5-8, 2001

Jantzen Beach and Columbia River Hotels, Portland, Oregon

The first Westercon of the Millennium. Writer Guest of Honor, Tim Powers; Fan GoH, Mike Glyer; Editor GoH, Terri Windling; Artist GoH, Frank Lurz. Attendance about 1,600. Chair, Dean Koenig.

For 1984 when the Fourth of July was a Wednesday there were bids proposing the weekend before, the weekend after, and both (some called that a hoax); Portland won, and Wednesday Westercons have been here ever since. This was our third at the present site, two hotels split by a big parking lot like the djinn sacrament in Powers' dazzling new book *Declare*. Fireworks across the river at old Fort Vancouver, nationally recognized, were dazzling too. Michelle and Harry Howard talked me into coming up a night early to see them. The fireworks. Glass walls on the riverbank in the bar, gosh. Dozens of articulate fans said Ooh and Aah. We did remember Gandalf's in *The Lord of the Rings* and even *Rally Round the Flag, Boys* -- anyway, I remembered the book.

As the barmaids were shooing people out Art Widner found us. He and I were rooming with Fred Patten, who I feared was asleep, so we four found a happy spot in the lobby. Widner came back with a bottle of whisky, a handful of glasses, and Patten in pajamas. Mike Willmoth came along after a while. Widner said *The Lord of the Rings* set the Quest on its head with a hero who threw away the token and its power. Patten, who chaired a Westercon, helped invent the Down Under Fan Fund (DUFF), and is no slouch as

This craving for incertitude, this clinging to fear, as if incertitude and fear had been the safeguards of love.

Joseph Conrad

a fanhistorian, now had *animé* at his fingers' ends. Willmoth said I was wrong about *Babylon 5*: in fact it was hopeful. M. Howard said it resonated with her as a Christian. H. Howard said *A Canticle for Leibowitz* was despondent. I said, ambiguous. M. Howard said fantasy, not an idiom of coura-

geous heroes, appeals to women. Widner said, why?

I remembered him sitting on the floor in 1990 while he was Fan GoH at this con, asking why with technology bringing us to the future s-f dove into the past. No better now. "Dark and dank for the most part, drab where it should be colorful and unimaginative where it needs to be transcendent", as Jeff VanderMeer has written in another context. We talked up and down until 3 or 4. Science fiction has lost its nerve, said Widner. I go away for a few decades, and when I come back where are we? It was his convention.

Thursday morn I gave a largish bath towel to a charitable collection in memory of Douglas Adams. Though Tom Doherty never received my first copy of Nabokov's *Lectures on Literature*, the second arrived. I drank espresso and ate a walnut cookie.

You right me much.

Elizabeth I

Crossing the parking lot, not for the first nor yet the second time, I found a beautiful day. At 1, alone, I gave "How to Enjoy the Art Show, How to Enjoy the Tours." The audi-

ence helped form some advice: look for good things you don't like, it broadens the mind; go with a friend. At 4 came the Pocket Program. Cheers. There was a panelist cross-index, but no grid. The Program Book had participant biographies, "department reports," an eleven-page excerpt from *Declare* and eight Lurz color astronomicals, an unsigned appreciation of Peggy Kennedy (1929-2000) and a black-and-white portfolio of Gail Butler, Alan Clark, Fiona McAuliffe, Nene Thomas, and James Wappel, but nothing that explained this was a science fiction convention. I suppose no one can explain it.

Andi Shechter introduced me to Murray the Gorilla who wore a propeller beanie. Kevin Standlee punctiliously gave me a paper copy of *Emerald City*. I snuck late into the audience of "Westercons Past, Present, and Future," Bruce Pelz, Willmoth, Ben Yalow; later Steve Forty appeared and was seized for the panel. Both his home and the location of his chair made him the North Forty. We talked of attendance. Kent Bloom in the audience said to Pelz, chair of the 2002 Westercon, "You have the biggest fan base in the country." Pelz said "I'm going on a diet." I said we have to publicize better. Pelz said Westercon is an aggregation, not a splitting. Here I believe is the merit of conventions like this in our day of comics cons, filk cons, fanzine cons, costume cons. Let us freely separate, freely unite, neither of the two distracting us.

Opening Ceremonies at 7:30, well attended. Through time and space with computer jokes. Glyer whom no one introduced, cast as various pirates and cave men, kept promising to pub his ish. In the Hospitality Suite, Forty wondered what to say on "*Stranger in a Strange Land* after Forty Years." Forbearing the obvious explanation of why he was on the panel, I begged him to forget whether predictions were right, or what he thought of religion, in favor of how *Stranger* looked as literature. At the Seattle for 2003 Westercon party I drank Beaulieu Vineyards claret and watched Sally Woehrle bake bread. Lynn Ann Gold said Lee Gold was better at scansion than anyone. On Chip Hitchcock's T-shirt "The Weapon Shops of Escher" the gun was a 3-prong



pouyit.

Friday at 11:30 a.m. "Paper Fanzines: We Love the Smell of Hecto in the Morning,"

This is not a tale exactly. This is a Tract; and I am immensely proud of it. Making a Tract is a Feat.

Kipling

with Glyer, Jerry Kaufman, and Patten, plus Lenny Bailes whom we seized. We never got to what about paper fanzines would sustain an ecological niche for them, but we did talk about taking in less of our own laundry. Kaufman said cons depend on guest lists made of pros. Bailes said, so let's us fanziners volunteer. I said maybe we could encourage fanartists to exhibit more in Art Shows. Suzle in the audience wondered if Jay Kay Klein would do a slide show. His photos had enlivened the Hugo Awards ceremony at the 1993 Worldcon, "ConFrancisco." We applauded Westercon 55's choosing Robert Lichtman of *Trap Door* as Fan GoH. Rachel Holmen in the audience said he brought her into fandom. She asked everyone for a list of noteworthy fanzines, and wrote it up, by Roscoe, in the daily newswire.

Glyer was to interview Powers, but lest Powers close the circuit by interviewing Glyer, which might have had unimaginable consequences and brought an end to the world as we know it, I interviewed him. Powers has this effect on people. Naturally he moved into a house where someone had carefully alternated pennies heads and tails every foot along thin wood strips, with air-conditioners buried in the back yard. Glyer's first contact was an s-f discussion group at the public library of Sylmar, California. He started *Prehensile*, I still think one of the best fanzine titles, so as to hand it out and get to know people. When Linda Bushyager quit publishing the leading 1970s newswire *Karass*, he thought "why not?" He was in several amateur publishing associations, and knew people like Craig Miller who in promoting s-f films kept going to cons. He said, and this was striking, that from the start of *File 770*

The poor suppose that courtesy is giving presents; the aged, that it is expending energy.

Kenkō

he wanted to bridge the insiders and the new. He advertised in *Locus*. He wanted to range widely over fandom. He is, I believe, all too unusual as a leading fanwriter, who while maintaining his own zine, co-chaired a Westercon, chaired a Worldcon, and stayed active in his local club.

"I love big Worldcons," Glyer said, "it's

like going to a penny-candy store with lots of pennies." Good thing Powers didn't do this. "In the chair [of L.A. con III, 1996], I couldn't do everything [like Don Lundry], but I had a crew of strong division heads." In the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, where during the lacktivity and now after the passing of Jack Harness, Glyer has been the outstanding Secretary, he always declined "Scribe" as meaning Harness only, who coined *The Menace of the LASFS*, and whom Glyer acknowledged as an example. "When I was Fan Guest of Honor at DeepSouthCon," he said, "people told me my LASFS minutes [published in the club zine *De Profundis*] were funny. They thought I was making it all up myself." This as I have proposed elsewhere was like Van Gogh saying of *Starry Night* "I only paint what I see." Robin Johnson in the audience said, "You're a catalyst. You make funny things happen around you." David Bratman said funny reporting was an art, and *File 770* prints all the news that's funny. I recalled the scene in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* when the detective Eddie Valiant asks "Do you mean to tell me you could

An appetite for happiness.

Maupassant

at any time have shrunk your wrist and gotten it out of those handcuffs?" and Roger Rabbit says "Only if it would have been funny." Diana Glyer cried "Do you mean to tell me my husband is a Toon?" I said "No, he's only drawn that way."

The Art Show had about 1,700 pieces from 100 artists, sales \$16,000. Corey Wolfe (whose body of work won People's Choice as Best in Show) exhibited his original and the cover made from it for Paul Thompson's *Children of the Plains*. Geri Sullivan on her docent tour pointed out the color compromises that had to be made in printing. Clark (who won Best Horror for "The Sly Pass", and People's Choice as Best Application of Media) had set up a work space and let us watch him laboring away. A woman went by in a Judith Rauffuss mask with purple horns and gold tips. In the Clubhouse (as before, the other of two Hospitality Suites) Dick Pilz as before brought home-brew, including two versions of his barley wine "Old Propeller Head." I had just time to see William Wilde Zeitler's glass armonica before dressing to teach Regency Dancing. Sure enough he was deep in technical talk with Jon Singer about glass, and soap and water -- it works like ringing a tone from a tumbler rim. I missed the *Locus* Awards again. Tor won Best Publisher, Bob Eggleton won Best Artist, Larry Niven won Best Short Story for "The Missing Mass" (*Analogue*). At the U.K. for 2005 Worldcon party Lurz' prowess as a fencer

sparked talk of fencing schools. The repute of the previous U.K. bid for serving good whisky sparked talk of Glenmorangie; Cory

Imagination, the muscle of the soul.

Nabokov

Raub had some, matured in barrels that had been used for Port. And so to bed.

On the table between Powers and Glyer were three huge bottles of Coca-Cola. Powers told of his early travails with Laser Books and then Lester Del Rey. Beth Meacham's cuts in *The Anubis Gates* he thought beneficial; when a small press later offered to restore them, he declined. "In fantasy," he said, "I'm always working against the readers' knowledge that it's bogus. I throw in as much real-world stuff as I can, so when I slide in a ghost, you won't notice -- or you'll think *Gee, that other stuff was real, so...*" *Declare* wasn't so much alternative history as *What Got Left Out*. In writing he made notes as if he had no memory; later he might see a conclusion was no good, but halfway back the chain was the cool part. Besides, for a story set in 1963 with consecutive flashbacks -- cut and show flashback, cut and show next flashback -- it would be too much to ask the reader to put up with jumbled flashbacks. If you're building a roller coaster, and you have a fall *here*, you have to allow room for cement. He was asked about mesages and symbolism. "I don't care whether I

Burning with intelligence and charity.

C.S. Lewis

teach anything. Some writers say *I have something to say about the human condition*. Well, say it now. *Brush your teeth*. I can't stand that."

At 2:30 Steve Barnes moderated "The Future That Wasn't", with James Gifford, me, Ken Wharton, Lori Ann White, and Willmoth, who was glad we didn't get Heinlein's "Roads Must Roll." I urged that s-f wasn't in the prediction business. Wharton said we did have a space station. From the audience, "The only part of the *Foundation* series I couldn't believe was that everyone would have a computer." I said both selfishness and openmindedness have come out different; we're more cross-cultural, but the Moon was "What's in it for me" instead of "Wow, adventure." Barnes said cheaper information was life-changing. White said Have and Have-Not grow more like understanding than like property. I said education may yet come to be learning to evaluate. Walter Parker in the audience said, cheap fast

Westercon 54 Masquerade

Janet Borkowski, *Director*
David Bigelow, *Master of Ceremonies*

Judges
Betty Bigelow
Jan Howard Finder
Deborah Strub

Workmanship Judges
Louise Owens
David Tackett

Best Rising Star
"Butterfly Princess" (Tony Mae Forbis, costume by Holly Forbis)

Novice
Best in Class
"Sasami, Japanese Schoolgirl"
(Alicia & April Faires)
Workmanship:
Best, "Thora Ulfsdottir" (Stacy DeLoe);
Judges' Choice, "Sasami"

Journeyman
Best in Class
"Spawn and Violator" (Todd Smith, Emily & Regina Ryan)
Judges' Choice
"Ice Pirates of Penzance"
(Michael Bruno)
Workmanship:
"Spawn"

Master
Best in Class
"Babylon Five-O" (A.C.R.O.N.Y.M.)
Judges' Choice
"Oogie Boogie"
(Julie Hoverson);
"Aquatika"
(Orchid Cabot, Shannon Flint)
Workmanship: "Aquatika"
Best in Show
"Generation Gap"
(SueLyn Torgerson-Taylor, Christopher Taylor)
Best Workmanship
"Scots Bride & Groom"
(Stephanie Fisher, John Fisher)

travel. Photocopiers, supermarkets, contact lenses, survival of infants. I said *innovation*, the spirit of s-f, once was an insult. Willmoth said there's no Moon base. From the audience, no flying belts. Barnes said the way most people drive he didn't want to see people fly. Gifford said, before the atomic bomb no weapon was ever built and unused. It was good to have hour-long panels scheduled at hour and a half intervals.

The hotel registration staff by now wore the snazzy Westercon T-shirt, with a Lurz space ship (but not "science fiction conven-

The worse you express yourself these days the more profound people think you.

Honorio Denver

tion"), the doing of Melanie Schaber and Patty Wells. In the bar Becky Thomson and Tom Veal looked hale and even proposed we throw another Prime Time party at Loscon, to start at 1 a.m. and run till dawn. Just now they struggled to arrange exhibits for the Millennium Philcon. Kimberly Brown, at the con bidding and membership tables, wondered why the tables weren't in the other hotel, where they could have been outside the Art Show and Dealers' Room. Janice Murray ran the Fanzine Lounge, cozy with fanzines and talk space and a coldbox of soft drinks. I fetched ice. Both hotels had signposts with pointing fingers -- at this con it was hard not to point fingers -- which were more or less accurate; fanziners found their way, but I wondered what others knew where or that we were. There was no description in the Program Book.

At 5:30 I sat on "Ben Franklin, Futurist of the Past, Father of his Country" with Louise Marley, G. David Nordley, Irene Radford. We were armed with the *Autobiography*

It is only the very wisest and the very stupidest who cannot change.

Confucius

(despite Mark Twain) and various other references. Just outlining his achievements took a while: the first circulating library in America, the first fire company in Philadelphia, the first person to prove lightning was electricity; the lightning rod, the stove, bifocals, glass armonica, British and French Academies, diplomatic triumph in France. He published an essay there on religious tolerance, contriving to make it unobjectionable and even attractive. Nordley said he was one of the first to earn a living writing; predicted balloons would add a third dimension to war, imagining paratroopers (ill-formed word

that); wrote an s-f story of a white enslaved in Afrita. I said he was remarkably able at both trying and applying science. A.J. Budrys in the audience said Franklin in his kite experiment was lucky to get out alive. Another: he wrote simply, but he was the one who had to set the type!

In the Art Show reception Lurz told me about his docent tour and answered some questions about fencing. In the Masquerade, "Babylon Five-O" (Best Master) was a welcome reprise from last year at Honolulu, bending the rules but right. Kosh seemed even bigger than when I'd judged this entry myself. I didn't recognize some of the *animé*-television-comics entries, but the audience roared, and the judges I hope had documentation. Michael Bruno ("Ice Pirates of Penzance"; Judges' Choice, Journeyman) lip-

You've got to be above all those calling you names, and you've got to do more work than they do, but it usually comes out all right in the end.

Harry Truman

synched every word of "The Modern Major-General," fiendish task. Julie Hoverson ("Oogie Boogie"; Judges' Choice, Master) made what I innocently thought was a barrel dance. "Aquatika," at first called "Sea Creatures" (Judges' Choice, Master), danced before a high spray of glowing lights. "Generation Gap" was one of the best transformations I've seen: a lady in a ball gown warned an unruly child; an instant's black-out; *exeunt*, down the ramp into the audience, one lady and one well-behaved marionette, its strings in her hands (Best in Show).

At Masquerade intermission Jack Krolak told me about "Take It Apart", which brought together old machines good only for scrap, tools, and kids. The kids were told (1) how to sort parts, and (2) "Have at it!" They went, he said, like gremlins. At the Seattle party a local magician, "Matt the Maverick" Burton in his Riverboat Gambler suit, did card tricks. This too was dazzling. We talked of the show-your-skill school of John Scame, the why-dispel-the-illusion-by-pointing-it-out school of Robert-Houdin. In the halls I saw two purple people, who sure looked strange to me. Team Maroon in their maroon togas, not much worse for wear, offered Toxic Waste to anyone who dared drink it, and sold post-supporting memberships in Spokane Westercon. My attempt to help (why do you *think* they're trying to sell post-supporting memberships?) by auctioning a *Star Trek* toy left Sandy Cohen unrivaled.

Around midnight, in the Adventure of the Ten Shortbread Fingers (or, the Bemis-Parker Plans), for which the world is not yet

Truth is of such excellence that if it praised trifles it would make them noble.

Leonard da Vinci

prepared, I found myself waiting for Pelz in his room while he waited for the last bus Between Planets. It never came; finally he got a ride. In good cheer I read a 1974 *Prehensile* he had on a table. I'm sure I have this, eventually I told him. Yes, he said, but can you find it? At the Loscon party Chaz Baden pursuing his Science Fair theme brought an exhibit warning against dihydrogen monoxide. DHMO has been associated with burns, and found in high quantities in registered intoxicants. It has been shown present at every death since studies began. Experiments were described, and contrary arguments for its safety were given due space. Going to hear filkers at 4 a.m. I was just in time for Jordin Kare: "There are some songs Man was not meant to sing. And this is one of them," which was, of course, the end.

My own Art Show docent tour was on Sunday. "The Tower" by McAuliffe solidified vague heads and faces rising blackly from a tangled mass, the sky bleak swirls. Matt Harpold's large pieces, although flat, seemed made of stone (Best Science Fiction for "Clock Dragon"; Grand Prize for "Automation"). Borkowski the Masquerade Director brought beadwork. Jeff Sturgeon brought his glittering expanses of metal (People's Choice as Most Awe-Inspiring). Rob Alexander brought watercolors. "The Elf King's Hall" showed a dark door up twelve barren steps, barely carved walls; what kind of king? This won Best Fantasy. Mark Ferrari the colored-pencil wizard won People's Choice as Best Fantasy Artist (Lurz won People's Choice as Best Science-Fictional Artist), and a Director's Choice for "Dragonfly" which led the eye with almost shocking blues. To balance the fantasy I wanted more science fiction. However fond you are of fruit or fish, if you only feed on one you won't flourish.

Direction is the better part of valor.

T.H. White

Seattle won unopposed for 2003; its Progress Report 0 named Saul Jaffe as Fan GoH, others to be announced. Phoenix is bidding vigorously for 2004. I relieved J. Murray for a few hours in the Fanzine Lounge. At one historic moment four DUFF winners were present, Janice Gelb (1999), Lucy Huntzinger (1987), Kaufman (1983), and Widner (1991), such was the benign influence of Murray the 1997 winner. Or delegate. A

combined auction for DUFF and GUFF (Get Up and Over -- or Going Under -- Fan Fund, between Australia & New Zealand, and Europe) raised about \$200, and Gelb's trip report *Janice's Adventures in Downunderland* continues to sell. I saw less of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Stu Shiffman (1981 TAFF delegate) gave me a cartoon for *Vanamonde*. In the lobby Bruce Durochet explained cat curling. Cats fall asleep in a C. You pick up the cat by the curve, and whoosh! I said there was more than one way to spin a cat. Holmen and Margaret Organ-Kean said "Bruce, we have to go now." I overheard a member of the con committee telling a pro writer "We've done better."

Why out of false shame should I prefer to remain ignorant rather than to learn my craft?

Horace

At the Dead Dog Party refreshments were lavish, Widmer Hefeweizen beer and Guinness, strawberries, cheeses, the last of the 150 lbs. salmon Roz Malin had smoked for the Clubhouse. She does things like this. Forty said Heinlein taught him relativity. I said that only happened because Heinlein made science fact (or theory) the turning point of the story so it came alive. Marilyn Holt and Clifford Wind talked with me about complacency. Are we making the most of what we do best? Are we letting on -- in our own way, never mind "the media" -- so that those who might be fun to play with know we have a sandbox?

Classified Information

We've all read the want ads sometime and had a glamorous job opening catch our eye. We read just enough to realize we're not qualified, and turn the page. But not long ago, I saw an ad for an executive position that I could actually apply for. After all, I held the position once upon a time.

The Seattle Westercon Organizing Committee ran an ad in *Westwind* 257 "looking for the best possible person to chair Westercon 56 in 2003." Do you qualify?

"The Chairman Selection Committee is looking for a person that has experience working with a large convention, is a good people person, is well organized, can work with a technology theme and is willing to give up two years of their life to the Westercon." Oh, is that last part expensive!

Golden Dream

Winners of the Libertarian Futurist Society's Prometheus Award traditionally get a gold coin and a plaque. The idea is to offer something of real value to aid as well as encourage libertarian science fiction writers. But the LFS suddenly realized all the coins they use are produced by governments! So the LFScon business meeting considered having a nongovernment coin minted. But the price is too steep. They were quoted \$750 for the cost of plate, with a minimum order of ten coins. So someone else suggested looking for a gold coin from a defunct government. What a genius plan -- a gold piece bearing the phiz of Vespasian or Alexander the Great would be much more politically correct! [[Source: *Prometheus*, 6/2001]]





This year we left earlier for Oasis so I wouldn't miss any programming. We parked in the parking garage, bypassing valet parking and saving \$4.00. We checked in and dumped our bags, except for the totes. The big one's contents completely covered one of the freebie tables; this is where most of my old fanzines, etc. go. The small tote was for the charity auction--some fiction zines and books, including autographed ones. I dropped that off in the Art Show room after finding out where to put them. We were pre-registered, and there was hardly any line so that was quick.

We explored and then browsed the Art Show--lots of great art, including "The Chalice" by Jean Pierre Targete, "Catalyst" by Mike Conrad, and "Ambush" by Ed Cox (the cover for a Pinnacle RPG). Lots more, of course. There were also engraved, colored goblets by James Krog; wire sculptures, including a dragon; jewelry; decorated items; and Lucky Bamboo (something to do with *feng shui*) in decorated pots. Too bad the pot sculptures proved toxic to the plants; three were on display to show her intent.

At 4 p.m. I went to the painting demo by Targete. The painting was speeded-up, of course. Three boards displayed his sketches, thumbnails, and the underdrawing, along with the finished painting. One of the displayed works was "The Chalice."

The subject of his demonstration was a planet/moon with landscape below it. He started with a large circle on one side, using a permanent marker and made a sketch. He usually works in oils. The underdrawing can be very detailed and is done with marker or charcoal. He skipped that for the demo. He sprays the underdrawing with acrylic to seal it so the oils don't soak through. He also uses

acrylic--burnt sienna in this case--to get rid of the white background. (He thins with water.) He uses assorted brush sizes (for different purposes and because he doesn't like to clean them as he works).

He worked from his sketch, which he put aside, to create the painting. Painting is done in layers. He used a palette board, medium to make the oil flow better, etc. It was fascinating watching patterns, shapes, the volcano and lava appear. Light is very important, but color is the last

thing he thinks about. The drawing comes first; it must be rendered well. And then he ran out of time. I really enjoyed watching him create and tell us how he does it.

After that we went to the Cthulhu Chili Challenge in the Con Suite. I voted for "Dante's Death." "Fowl Wind" (chicken) was good too. "Witches' Brew" was alcoholic, I think. There was an "I Hate Chili" dish -- mushroom soup with Irish whiskey. After that I lost track, and no way was I going to taste them all again to vote for the Hottest.

At 7:30 was the opening ceremonies; brief and fun, even more so than last year because the opening speech was sung by Tom Smith, the Filk GoH; he introduced the chairs--Terry Dahl and her husband, Jim Rogers; Author GoH Jack McDevitt; and Targete--Artist GoH. The Andre Norton scholarship winner, Kellen Stelle, was also introduced. All their speeches were short.

At 8 p.m. we went to the Tom Smith filk concert. He does a lot of parodies, puns, and different voices. He started with Leon Redbone doing Gilbert & Sullivan, a Callisto (from Xena) song sung to "Aye, Calypso" (John Denver), a twisted Winnie the Pooh/Lovecraft cross, Smurf songs sung to surfing tunes ("Smurfing USA," "Smurfer Girl," etc.), "I Want to Grow Up to Be Peter Lorre" (perfect imitation of Lorre's voice), "500 Hats" (which includes a lot of Dr. Seuss titles), *Dune* in two minutes ("Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue"), a Star Wars/12 Days of Christmas cross, Babylon 5 (five season run in 2 1/2 minutes), Bobby Goldsborough's "Honey, I Miss You" (Honey glazed ham), and a tribute to old SF --"Come With Me Baby On A Rocket Ride."

There was more filking scheduled, but I

Oasis 14 Con Report

by Joy V. Smith

went to the Alien Artifact panel. That was my favorite panel last year. It is so much fun! The panelists were Barbara Delaplace (moderator), Jack Haldeman, Mike Conrad, Jeff Mitchell (scientist), and Ed Cox. Their personas are xenoarcheologists who have to identify alien artifacts. This is such a great panel; these people are fast on their feet and intelligent.

Saturday morning I bought the Oasis 14 t-shirt (Targete artwork on black--very nice) and an Oasis 11 coloring book with pictures by various artists. More people arrived and registered. The con committee was busy everywhere; there was always someone around to answer my questions. Attendance was even better this year, I heard. They did more promotion online, I believe.

The freebies tables were full of media, club, and con things, including posters, pins, flyers, book marks, etc. I got lots of nifty things, some of which I'll pass on to friends and kids I know. I also came across a table with some great rocket ship models on it and talked to Steve Parady. The Scarlet Class Viper (one of the models) was designed by Parady for Richard Hatch (*Battlestar Galactica*). He also told me about the Rag Tag Fleet, a Florida-based sci-fi fan club that helps to support the revival of *Battlestar Galactica*. They enjoy other TV shows as well and publish a newsletter bimonthly as well as a fan magazine every three months.

At 1 p.m. was a Writers Workshop with Rick Wilber and Randy Miller. People paid to have their mss critiqued at this workshop, but Wilber let me and others come in and listen while he spoke generally. (Randy Miller couldn't make it, but he had read the mss, I believe...) Wilber is a journalism professor, not a creative writing teacher, but he writes short stories. In second grade he discovered SF and loved it. He read Lucky Starr and on through Heinlein, et al. He was way ahead of his peers in reading, but he was also a jock in high school, and he became a sports writer. (He has an impressive sports background.)

He learned to write fiction by doing, not by taking a course. He sold some short stories to *Analog* and wondered why some stories sold and some didn't. He learned about dramatic tension (don't give away too much; keep readers wondering) and voice (he also writes textbooks, where voice is completely different) and theme (read Joseph Conrad, especially *Lord Jim*) and POV (diction is important--part of voice)

Media journalists use black and white, not shades of gray. It makes people more interested, especially on talk shows. Contrast gives power to stories. Set up conflicts at start of story.

Wilber's theory on the decline of short stories in magazines: Stories changed in 1952 because of TV. Short stories were written for the masses, and TV is easy short stories. By 1960, short stories in general interest magazines had practically disappeared. They were replaced by literary fiction and writing courses--the ART of short stories. SF was the last bastion of popular fiction; now it's becoming literary.

SF magazine subscriptions are down, including *Analog*. Fantasy magazines seem healthier. Mystery magazines are doing better than SF too. Now, instead of buying Asimov's, etc., people are watching the SciFi channel. The novel form is healthy though; short stories aren't.

Later was the charity auction. It started at 3 p.m. and went on for hours... They sold computers, software, fairy wings, SF magazine collections, jewelry, figures, models, lots of books (in bags and separately and often autographed), and illustrated screenplay in book form, original art, beautiful knife, ornamental dagger, the art by committee pieces, Bradford plates by Targete, ...

After that I staggered off to supper. We checked out the con suite. "Pretty much picked over" said the guy in the great space shirt. I asked him about it, and he said it was made for him. They bought the material.

I took a break in my room until the costume contest at 8 p.m.. Mike Conrad, artist and really funny guy, was the emcee. Before the contest began, the Art Show winners were announced:

SF category: 1: Crescent Wing by Ed Cox; 2: The Lab by Ed Cox; 3: Alien Attack! by Mike Conrad

Fantasy category: 1: Circle at Center by Jean Pierre Targete; 2: The Catalyst by Mike Conrad; 3: World Fall by Jean Pierre Targete.

Best in Show: Polar Princess by Stan Morrison

The judges for the costume contest were: Irene Harrison, Steve Parady, Stanley Morrison, and John Stevens. The winners were:

Cutest: Esmeralda

Best Wings: Horny Little Fairy

Best Visual Effects: Contents of the Genie's Bottle

Best Heart: Blood Red Queen of Hearts

Children's Award: Jack and The Hunter (?) both little kids, as I recall

1: The Millenium Bug (certificate and \$25.00 in dealers bucks)

2: The Black Queen (certificate and

\$15.00 in dealers bucks)

3: Darth Kapazi (sp) (certificate and \$10.00 in dealers bucks)

And they each got a certificate for a free Oasis 14 tee shirt.

After the costume contest I discovered that The Millenium Bug used balloons in her body to keep it up and her lower arms were attached to her wrists--very well done. (The hall was soon full of balloons.) I also talked to The Black Queen, Tammy Martin, and learned that she had designed three of the costumes: her own, the genie's (Sherrell Carpenter), and The Red Queen's (Bonnie Beall).

At 9 p.m. we went to the Barbara Delaplace Mystery Hour. (I was getting tired, but Mike Conrad had been so funny during his earlier appearances that I decided to go.) The panelists were McDevitt, Wilber, Conrad, Owl Goingback, and Ron Walotsky. Each panelist made three dramatic statements. (I thought one was true and two were lies, but it turned out that only one was a lie.) As McDevitt said, "It's easy to tell exciting lies; it's making the truth exciting that's hard." The audience got to ask the panelists questions to try to find out which were the lies. All the statements were plausible, and the panelists had perfect answers. Mike Conrad did get a ticket on the *authobahn*, -- for speeding in a construction zone.



After that we went to see *X-Men* in the video room. I found it boring. (Maybe it just wasn't as much fun as the con...) There was filking in the con suite at 10 p.m.; it lasted until 2:45 a.m., I learned the next day.

Saturday night they had a casino with a cash bar to help raise money for the Andre Norton Scholarship Fund; and members of USS Guardian were on hand during the con to accept donations of canned food for The Mustard Seed, an independent local organization which helps poor and homeless people.

Sunday, 10 a.m. I enjoyed Targete's slide show, "Creature and Character Creation." Good opening slide with the title. He said that he'd always been fascinated by monsters, SF films, etc. He loved *Sinbad* and other Harryhausen movies, *Jurassic Park*, the *Alien* series, ...

There are four steps: 1: Background history/literary sources; 2: Reference; 3: Rough sketches; 4: Create orthographics.

He showed slides of habitat, texture, eyes, ... for reference. For sketches, you need anatomy, joint articulation. Orthographics: Slides of the front, back, and sides. (Trace the front view to get a back view.) Put it on a grid. Great variety of aliens and creatures. I loved the bipedal lizard with a ponytail. Gargoyles from Hell, The Magic Net (book cover), forked teeth, Gargoo (eyes express personality). Can use photos for humans. See more details the longer you look. Some sketches are smaller (2-3 inches) than the slides. Sometimes paints from his drawings. Great book covers, also CD covers (different from the book covers). Ink sketch; used markers to color it in for rendering for client. He enjoys rendering details/accessories.

Then he showed slides from a film strip which is a current project he's doing on his own. (This was an exclusive showing.) It takes a few weeks to render a small detailed drawing. (I loved the boots and the little critter in the close-up.) The villain has great weaponry!

There were a lot more things happening, including the art auction, but while in the con suite, I noticed a smoky haze out the window, and then I learned that some roads were closed, including I-4. We checked out, loaded the car, and checked the info on the boards. We had just decided what detour to take (eek!), when a guy came and told us that he'd just heard on TV that the roads were open. We left, and the smoke wasn't bad. (I was truly grateful that we didn't have to take the long way home.) There was gridlock in the eastbound lanes, but we got home with no delays. I learned that a number of people left early because of the smoke, but the art auction was well attended. And there were other panels and a Science Fictionary game; the closing ceremonies were at 4:30 p.m.

CHEAP THRILLS AT 90 MPH

by Ed Green

Fans, so we all believe, are sensitive types who don't go in for the kind of entertainment that satisfies Mundanes. Well, recent events have convinced me that either I'm not a Fan (if you ask the wrong people), or the 'danes are getting more like fans. Either answer is scary. You see, the problem is there's something on the television these days that I always watch, and as tough as it is to admit, I like it. A lot. It's those police chases on Los Angeles freeways.

I discovered last summer I was hooked on Southern California's newest entertainment craze. And thought I was alone in the addiction. Then local papers reported a new service was available to mainline my habit. For \$10 a month, some retired cops will page you to let you know that there's a police pursuit in progress and being televised. The width and depth of my addiction has me frightened, but there was some comfort in knowing I'm not alone. I'm not sure how I'm going to try

to fix it. Or even if I want to.

My day of discovery begins normally. I'm driving home on one of the local freeways, in the state where you're aware of the traffic around you, but you aren't paying active attention. That may sound like a dangerous way to drive, until you realize that situational oblivion is the only way you can drive for any distance on LA highways without going hysterical and locking up the brakes in the middle of the road.

Zoned out, it was easy to see the flock of local helicopters in the distance, zooming along towards the ocean, flying in a loose formation. Once it registered, I started running the infrastructure map of LA in my brain. I thought, looking at the direction and the height, they're probably the news birds and since they're moving west fast, they are probably looking at something on the freeway, and that can only mean...

Stabbing down with my forefinger, I

punch the radio pre-set button to call up an all news radio station. My heart pumped faster, my breath got shallow and quick. Could it be? Was it? Please, please, please...

"Repeating this breaking news story, Los Angeles Police and the California Highway Patrol are in pursuit of a stolen car. The chase is proceeding westbound on the Long Beach Freeway. We go now to our helicopter on the scene..."

YES! Five miles of highway driving, a quick slide down the off ramp, three left turns and two traffic lights and I'm home. In less than 10 minutes, the television is on, the popcorn is being nuked and the remote's in my sweaty hand. And there it is, the chase!

There's a rhythm, a pace to these things. The first half-hour it's just the bones of the crime. In this case, the "suspect" was driving some Ford POS. It was a stolen car, from the northern most part of the LA area heading towards my hometown, Long Beach. The fellow was seen trying to break into a home, and ended up stealing the car and scooting. Yeah, that's the first report, but veterans of this sort of thing know that there's going to be a twist, or a spin coming. But that's later on in the cycle.

Right now, it's a medium view of the car, zipping along streets and freeways, with three or four police cars behind it. The cops stay a respectable distance back. Close enough for the suspect to see the flashing red and blue lights, but far enough away to keep the following traffic bottled up, and to avoid him stopping and reversing into them. Up above all the vehicles, at least two, possibly four police helicopters are bird-dogging the suspect. They fly at breath taking heights, barely skimming above the power lines, telephone poles and bridges along the road. Above the flying cops are the news copters. And they are transmitting live shots. Due to FAA regulations, and a finely-tuned sense of self preservation, they have to maintain a certain height, and for those close up shots, the ones that we can see the rust spots on the cars, they are using cameras with some 'muther heavy lenses. Back at the studio they've added in the lower right hand corner of the screen the station ID and the words "Breaking News." Recently, they've actually added a graphic that shows the amount of time the pursuit has been going on!

In somber, serious voices the news anchors drone on about the chase. This gives us



all proof we need that they couldn't cover a lemonade stand opening without a script. Boring, stupid and vapid. Telling us what the car is doing? While we're watching it? Just shut up, link a direct feed from the police frequency, and let us listen to that!

In tones befitting Charlton Heston, they tell how horrible the driver of the escaping vehicle is, recklessly running red traffic lights and blowing through stop signs. After so many years of this kind of thing, you'd think the newsreader would understand that most of these people have already broken the law, and that's why they are running. Someone facing serious jail time for sticking up the local 7-11 isn't going to suffer the pangs of conscience and turn themselves in over a traffic infraction. Although it has been suggested that along with the slug-line "breaking news" and the timer, there should be a little cash register on the screen, which tallies up the fines due to traffic law violations. It would add such a wonderful little touch.

Maybe the anchors feel they have to show the proper emotion during these things. "Politically Correct" concern over the gross endangerment of the citizens of our fair city. They seemed shocked when they report that the suspect is doing close to 90 miles an hour on the freeway! I'm sure some of those anchors have passed me going as fast as that in the parking lot of the local Starbucks! When I'm driving home, if there's any open space at all, I have to dodge Yuppies from hell just like them who zoom at 80 mph, chatting on their cell phones and slamming on the horn when the traffic doesn't magically clear for them. That's the way driving is in LA.

Now the addiction is truly taken hold and it's humming. The viewers want to know more, to see more. On cue, the local station goes to a news van to the scene of the crime. Once there, the reporters bound out of the truck like a SWAT team, setting up the gear and swinging into action. Never mind they just parked on the neighbor's lawn, or ran over his Rottweiler. They are here to cover the story! Such as it is. The field reporters stand around with a microphone clutched in one hand and a finger planted in an ear to try to listen to the twits back at the station. The mike always has the station number and call letters pasted on it, in B*I*G, H*U*G*E signs. It's really fun when they get some poor small little reporteroid out there, with half his head covered by the logo. I wonder if this is a twisted kind of loyalty test. Make sure your face is seen on screen, or hype the station?

Another player now enters the spotlight, the public affairs officer for the law enforcement agency that is handling the case. He's very excited about being there, you can tell that by the professional smile, the frozen look of competence, and the vein throbbing along his neck. All of the reporters begin



OK now: there is no 'Bleat-bleat' in the middle of the second movement. Who's the wise guy?

playing the "Who Can Ask The Most Asinine Question?" game. There's usually either one clear winner, or a dozen ties for first place. The police spokesman this time started out by saying that the only thing they knew for sure about the suspect was that he was "male." Then came the shouted questions. One of my favorites was the reporter who asked the officer, "Do you think the suspect was abused by an alcoholic father as a child?" The cop paused for a moment, and looked around. I believed that he was trying to figure the odds in choking the news hound unconscious before the cameras got a clear view of his face and name badge. He decided the odds weren't good, but it was a very close decision!

It's a circus, in the true Roman Empire sense of the word, and I'm part of it, eyes linked right to the tube. It's entertainment for the groundlings! I should be cleaning my apartment. I should be balancing my check-book. Hell, I should be writing something for *File 770!* I will, in a minute. Really!

The station has gone to a commercial. Click goes the remote, running down the channels until I find another one with live coverage. Different angle, a different voice, but everything else is as it should be. Now the helicopters are pulling back, giving us shots of the traffic around him.

It's at this time something starts tugging at my hindbrain. This isn't right. There are real people down there. This whacko could T-bone a mini-van with a Soccer mom and her eight kids inside. Doesn't this mutant know that he can't get away? Even if he out races the ground units, there's a fleet of helicopters in the air over him? They all have

radios! There's a saying among the cops that you can outrun a Ford, but you can't outrun a Motorola! Is it in the job description of people who break the law that they have to be stupid?

Just then my conscience starts to take control; its soothing tones tell me to put the remote down. It whispers, in an almost lover's tone, the suggestion to pick up a book and read. Actually, not a bad idea. I'm right in the middle of the new Turtledove book. Where did I...

Oh no! The crook has gotten off the freeways! We're into mid-game right now, approaching end game at high speed. Forget the book, forget the phone, forget it all! Now comes the thrill. Buzzing through intersections, dodging around traffic. The police are trying to shut down the intersections, but the driver keeps turning and sliding around corners. Oops! He almost lost it, his rear end beginning a serious skid. He corrected just in time! He's gaining speed!

This chase is fast approaching the final moments. And it's gone on long enough that more information is coming out. The driver is, as suspected, a serious boozier and druggie (at least according to the cops). Most of these people are. It becomes even more clear moments later.

The picture is this: The crook has now arrived in a beach community of LA. To the driver's left is a heavy rail, then the edge of a 100-foot cliff and then the ocean. He's travelling at high speed when the car zooms off to the left, impacting the railing!

We're denied a view of the car flying out into the blue, sewage tinged Pacific Ocean. No, those rails are designed to prevent that

kind of mess. So, our criminal tears along the fencing, which bends enough to sling the car along the length of the rail and spin it onto a small dirt lot adjacent to the rail and next to the road. It's an area where young families park to watch the setting sun. Because this is a weekday afternoon, it is thankfully empty. The TV shows the crushed front end of the car, light colored smoke rising from under the crumpled hood. I can see at least one flat tire. This car isn't leaving without the Auto Club helping. And we're into the endgame!

For a few moments, until the first police car locks its brakes up behind him, we watch to see what the suspect does. Many bail out and run away on foot. While this can lead to a few more moments of freedom and comic relief photos of out of shape cops struggling to climb over a fence, it almost always ends badly. A tackle, a moment of dust and the suspect is cuffed. Now and then, he runs into a building and then the cops call in the SWAT teams. Sometimes, in the lottery of crime and punishment, the first unit behind the suspect is a K9 officer. The foot chase is shorter and the dog gets a hot lunch.

But this time around, the fellow elects to remain in his car. This is actually a variation of running into a building, because the police consider this a "barricaded suspect" and call out the SWAT team. Time for a quick trip to the bathroom and maybe another bag of popcorn. SWAT always takes 45 minutes to arrive. It doesn't matter if the suspect has crashed into SWAT's own training center, 45 minutes is in the union rules, and that's how long it will take.

Police spend the time using the PA systems in their squad cars, to try and talk the suspect into surrendering. Others set up a perimeter around the open field and beyond. Folks who haven't been watching TV are surprised to suddenly find themselves tossed out of their homes. It is done in the name of safety, since gunfights have a way not following the rules of physics we've all grown used to since *The Matrix*. These citizens end up being highly upset and excited. In many cases even more so after they find out what's going on. That's because the cops insist they leave the great view that the Fates have gifted them. They could set up deck chairs on their front lawn and watch the event like a Roman citizen of old. And, they could order out for a pizza too! That assumes most of them really believe what's going on. If their favorite newscaster isn't bookending the details, how



can it be real?

Just to make things more exciting for the men and women of law enforcement, the caravan of news vans usually arrive right about this time. It would be cynical to suggest that the media helicopters are in direct communication with the vans, and tell them when their arrival would create the most amount of chaos in an already whacked out scene. After all, cops and reporters usually have such a fine working relationship to begin with.

LAPD's Metro D-Platoon, a.k.a. SWAT, arrives on the scene. These men and women are the direct descendant's of Daryl Gate's original SWAT team. With almost 30 years of experience and training with such elite units as the FBI's HRT, US Army Delta Force, US Navy DEVOPS, and German GS-9 teams, you have to shake your head and wonder what the hell they're doing responding to a loon sitting in the middle of an open field in a car. But, the big blue step-van that

became famous in the 70's TV series has arrived, along with dozens of sedans, now the team... waits.

At least, that's what it looks like on television. Dozens of officers lifting equipment out of the trunks of unmarked police vehicles. The cops are loading the small, deadly submachine guns they carry, and tightening the Velcro straps of their bulletproof vests.

According to one of the station anchors, "It looks like the SWAT team is bringing some heavy weapons to this situation." That's damned perceptive. I'm surprised he recognizes what a gun is. He probably thought they carried cap pistols and water balloons. If the images weren't so exciting, a heavy volume from my military reference library, say *Jane's Military Small Arms*, would shatter the picture tube of my TV set.

I'm two seconds from punching the mute button on my set when the picture shifts to an overhead shot from the helicopter again. Now there's some action going on!

Three cops, MP5 sub-machine guns out, are walking slowly towards the car from behind. The one in the lead is holding some sort of large box. They stop, then the first cop moves forward, very slowly, and when he's within 30 feet of the car he throws it. The box lands in the dirt, rolls once and lays near the door of the battered Ford. You can plainly see a line, or cord of something running from the back of the box to the police, who are now moving backwards.

"They've just tossed a bomb at the suspect!" Screams one of the news anchors. It isn't often that you see one reporter roll their eyes over something stupid another one says, but we get it this time.

"Let's not be hasty. It could be tear gas. It could be a listening device. It could be anything."

In reality, it's what the SWAT team calls a "throw phone". It's a battery-powered phone with wires that connect to a similar phone used by the crisis negotiator. This is the cop who'll try to convince the suspect (who, by the way, is still sitting in his front seat) to come out peacefully.

Things don't look as if they can be resolved by talking. The on-scene reporters are now on the air with yet another media relations officer. She's having less fun than the previous media flak, since a third of the questions now involve SWAT tactics.

"Are you going to use a sharpshooter in one of your helicopters?"

"No. Department policy is not to shoot unless the suspect is a threatening someone's life or limb. And our air units don't have sniper teams in them."

"Is that standard department policy, to shoot people from helicopters when they are a threat?"

"Ah... no. We don't deploy snipers in our helicopters."

"But, you could? Right?"

"Could what?"

"Shoot at suspects from your helicopters?"

As the officer stares with an open mouth at the reporter, we're back to another ground shot. This time, some camera jockey has gotten a fairly decent shot of the suspect vehicle. Just when you thought that the dumbest people on scene were carrying microphones, the subject of this little drama decides to compete for the title. He's jammed a piece of paper up against the closed window of the driver's side door. According to the talking heads at the studio, there is something written on it. You couldn't tell from the image they're broadcasting. Sometime tells me this knucklehead is using a ballpoint pen and printing the letters very tall on the page, but not very thick. Maybe he just forgot his crayons at home. Maybe he's an idiot and we're all wasting too much time on this.

"Or, " came that damn voice from the back of my mind "maybe you're the idiot."

I turned up the volume control with the remote, winning that debate in the only way I knew how.

Everyone sits now. For almost an hour. The throw phone hasn't been picked up. The cops can't read the note. The reporters are still looking for something profound to say. And the helicopters are thinking about looking for a nearby gas station.

I'm close to turning on the computer and finishing up a few things when a reporter starts yapping about how the police are making a move! From his tone of voice, and lack of breath, it appears that a major shoot out has just started! Dozens of fully automatic weapons spraying lead up and down the street, hundreds of innocent citizens being gunned down where they stand!

A nice rush of adrenaline, but nothing close to the truth.

We do see a large moving truck slowly entering into the picture. From the news helicopter's angle, you can see a half dozen SWAT officers crouched behind it, with another hunkered down behind the steering wheel. A mobile barricade. Now this is a fun end game!

The truck stops about 50 feet from the passenger's side of the suspect car and stops. The first cop in line slides forward and leans over the engine hood. He's pointing a gun of some sorts.

This has almost become a sporting event. Will the quarterback fake a handoff and throw? Will he tuck his chin against his chest and sprint? What's the plan? What's the play?

And in a moment, we see. A small flash of white light, and a puff of smoke. Something smacks against the passenger window of the crook's car. You can see the thousand specks of light as the window shatters. Before any reporter can say anything, a second officer has popped up and fired another weapon off. It looks just like the first one. "Aha! 37mm grenade launchers!" In my mind I high five myself. It appears that they're going to use tear gas to smoke him out.

They fire one in and wait. After five minutes, they fire again. Then wait. Ten minutes another shot. Twenty minutes round four slaps into the Ford. The inside of the car can't have much breathable air left. Rounds 7 and 8 go in at the hour mark.

The reporters are having a collective heart attack. The police information officer refuses to answer questions until the SWAT guys are done, and none of the news folks have a single clue on what's going on. My favorite exchange during this time is when the TV station has a split screen of the reporter in the field and the anchor. The anchor is one of those older types, looking properly grim. "Must be getting pretty hard in there for the suspect to breathe, after 1 hour and 15 rounds of tear gas." This grasp of the obvious is dwarfed by his inability to count muzzle flashes. The field guy, not to be outdone by some studio flunky chimes in with "A man like him with nothing more left to lose can take a lot!"

Nothing left to lose? What? He hit the magic number of traffic violations and he's facing the electric chair? The law has been changed, and breaking and entering gets you a date with a needle full of poison? Perhaps he's broken the most important law, boring the TV audience! Down goes the volume.

Finally, the cops, possibly just bored themselves, make the approach. It's a small line of five cops, spread out in a militant version of a Conga Line. Pointing submachine guns, shotguns, wearing bulletproof vests and gas masks, they walk up in the driver's blind spot. One officer yanks open the door, and the poor suspect falls out, coughing and crying. He's about as violent as a ground sloth and moving twice as slow. The cops cuff him, then lead him away from the car, and sit him down. One of them is fanning his face. Cops rarely feel sorry for guys like him, but you just have to know they felt sympathy for this one.

Now comes the post-game wrap-up. Always short, but always fun.

The electronic eye shifts back to the Information Officer. He outlines the basic plan the

SWAT guys used, then asked for questions.

"Why didn't you try talking him out?" Was the first one. You could see the reporter. He had the killing question. It was an Emmy for him, and trouble for the cop!

"We did. For almost two hours. He didn't respond."

"Why not? Was there a language problem? Couldn't you have tried harder?"

The cop shrugs. Then he points overhead. "Hear those?" All the reporters look up at the fleet of helicopters, still circling the story.

"The suspect heard them too. That's all he heard. He couldn't hear anything over the noise of your helicopters. We tossed him a phone. We used loudspeakers. The SWAT cops yelled at him. If he'd had an Internet connection, we would have tried that too!"

There is, for the first time this whole day, a moment when not one reporter has a comment. It doesn't last. There is now a riot of questions, comments and people shoving each other, trying to get another question in.

I now turn off the television. The show, as far as those of us who follow these sort of things, is over. Oh, we'll all watch the 11:00 news, just to see different angles. But, it's over for now. Nicely done. I'd give it three stars. Not quite the drama of a real shoot-out, but everything else was there.

Well, it's not quite over. I have a question too. I ask myself, once again, why? Why watch?

Am I a wannabe? My days of being a cop in the US Air Force not behind me? A secret longing? Or maybe there's the chance that this will develop into something more than just a routine chase. Something akin to Jack Ruby taking justice into his own hands with Oswald? Maybe I'm a victim of the media meme that makes films like *Faces of Death* acceptable. Or is it just raw, human drama? Men and women at their best and worst. Acting, no reacting, to life under stress of the highest level. Perhaps it's just... wait...

You'll have to excuse me, but my pager just went off again.

Did I mention that the service only costs \$10 a month?

Author's note: For those of you who may doubt the existence of such a service, please go to www.pursuitwatch.com. Have fun!



L.A. Fans Remember Dr. Donald Reed

[[Alan White's obituary of Dr. Donald Reed in the last issue prompted two LASFSians to contribute their own reminiscences of Reed and the Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror. Bill Warren gives a balanced view of Reed's foibles and virtues in the following appreciation. (A revised version of one he contributed to one of the Academy's own publications.) Then, Fred Patten takes us back to the silly days of yesteryear and reminds us that behind the glorious pretensions of Reed's Academy were lots of hard-working fans who never took it as seriously as the founder.]]

Dr. Don by Bill Warren

In 1966, not long after Beverly and I got married and moved to California (in fact, we did so on the day we got married) Forry Ackerman invited us to a birthday party for Dr. Donald A. Reed, president of the Count Dracula Society. We'd heard of the Society, but had as yet had no contact with it, and were a little uncertain about it. Somehow, the idea of dressing up in tuxes to attend dinners given by a group named after a vampire seemed a little more bizarre than our country-bumpkin Oregon minds could deal with right away. But Forry told us there would be interesting people at the party.

Upon arriving at the event, held in the screening room at the back of Milt Larsen's home, the first two people we saw were Robert Bloch and Christopher Lee, neither of whom we had met until that time. Both were charming and affable, with Bloch being especially warm. A cake with a bat on it was presented to Don, and then we all sat down to watch *WereWolf of London*, the first time we'd seen it on a screen. We joined the Dracula Society on the spot.

I was very active in the Society for several years, but eventually backstabbing on the part of some and a minor blunder on my part -- which was greatly magnified by the same some -- led me to resign from the Dracula Society. We became far more active in LASFS than we ever had in the Dracula Society, and we never did join Reed's later Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror films. (Which always seemed to me to bear about the same relationship to the Count Dracula Society that Scientology did to Dianetics.) But we remained friends with Don for the rest of his life.

His tremendous enthusiasm for movies motivated him and drove the societies (and they were real societies of people who shared

an enthusiasm for horror and science fiction). It was Dr. Don who gathered all the people together and was able to fill a screening room on short notice. After all the awful movies he saw, his enthusiasm never wavered. There was always the hope that each movie would have its moments and value. His awards gave him access to the creators of the movies that he loved.

Don could be fussy and pompous, but he also had a good heart and that unquenchable enthusiasm and optimism. Sometimes he demonstrated all of this at once; Joe Dante was speaking at a convention when Don stood up in the audience to congratulate Joe on winning an award for *Gremlins* from one of Don's groups. "Of course," Don added, "I didn't vote for it..."

He knew how to pick his assistants, even though they tended to burn out on him pretty thoroughly; Steve Towsley, Alan White and Tim Wohlgenuth are among those who worked with Reed for some time, and then disappeared from his view forever. On the other hand, Robert Holguin remained with Don for many years, literally sitting beside him as Dr. Reed died.

He knew how to be a productive pest - on behalf of the Dracula Society and, later, the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films, he kept after studios, getting screenings and celebrities, until he became important to the studios. I was very disappointed when so few people from Hollywood showed up at Don's funeral; there were plenty of people there, but they were mostly friends, relatives and fixtures in his various organizations. But Joe Dante was there, and so were Mike Finnell (Joe's producer), directors Larry Cohen and Robert Burnett, and actors James Karen and Ann Robinson. I was pleased when, a few days later, Centropolis Films and Lightstorm Entertainment -- the companies owned by Dean Devlin/Roland Emmerich and James Cameron, respectively -- took out full-page ads in the movie trade magazines commemorating the man many of us knew as Dr. Don. These guys may not make good movies, but they knew when an honor was due.

In the last 10 years or so, Beverly and I mostly saw Don at press screenings of new movies, as he would carefully arranging the seating of him and his friends (Robert, you sit on the aisle, Bradley, you sit here), then walk slowly up the aisle, greeting people he knew (Beverly always called it "working the house"), finally arriving at the two of us. He would usually greet us effusively, asking about our health, asking how Forry Ackerman was doing, then saying he hoped the

movie would be good, before returning to his seat. It's hard to believe that we won't see him at the screenings again.

Because he was so eccentric, pompous and pretentious, It's easy to undervalue someone like Don. His distinctive speaking style made him easily imitable; among those who do great Don Reeds are Joe Dante, Mick Garris, and, reportedly, Christopher Lee. Jokes regarding him sprang up almost unbidden, many people puzzled over his sexual orientation, and his effusiveness could seem overdone. But he was a great influence on dozens, probably hundreds, of young men and women, some of whom ended up working in movies themselves. Many of these people made deeply moving speeches at Don's graveside (a short walk from the grave of Bela Lugosi, which would have pleased Don no end). The jokes were almost always affectionate, especially from those who managed to maintain a certain emotional distance. Don Reed was, in the classic sense of the term, a character, and like all characters, he leaves a big gap in the lives of those who knew him. I'm not concerned with his failings, though I suffered from them at times; he really did mean well, and I will miss him.

Fred Patten

Reprinted from *jRabanos Radioactivos!*

#759, November 29, 1979 and #750, December 6, 1979.

Fools Rush In Where Bill Warren Fears To Tread Dept. And we'll probably be sorry. Bill did warn against ever serving on any of the Committees of Donald Reed's Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films. Even without Bill's warning the signs were clear enough. When I returned from England [after the 1979 Worldcon] in September I found a couple of letters from the Academy in my stacked-up mail. One informed me that at a key Committee meeting on August 26 (i.e., when I was in England and couldn't defend myself), I had been appointed the Secretary of the Academy's Animation Committee -- a signal honor due to my well-known expertise in the field of animated cinema, and a difficult responsibility which they had confidence I would be able to handle with ease. The second letter welcomed me to the "elite leadership element of about 100 persons" of the Academy, who are selflessly willing to contribute more of their time and energy to the Academy's welfare than are expected of the average \$25-dues-paying member. A contribution of \$100 was suggested. (Incidentally, I realize that there are so many activities in the s-f world today

that nobody can schedule an event that doesn't conflict with something else, but how many supposedly influential s-f organizations schedule their key executive meetings to conflict with the Worldcon?)

Despite these clear warning signs I phoned Dr. Reed to say that I appreciated the honor and all, but I wanted to know more about what being a Secretary of a Committee entailed before accepting or rejecting the post. Don said not to worry, that none of the Committees would be doing anything for the next few months. There would be a general workshop around the end of the year at which all the Committees would meet to select the nominees in their categories for the Academy's televised s-f film awards. The Committees would have their duties explained to their new members at this workshop.

...I decided I could spare three hours during the afternoon to participate in the meeting of the Animation Committee.

When I arrived at the University Hilton I found that everybody had to pay \$5 at the door to get in. "Well, *of course* you have to pay to attend a convention. Every sci-fi convention has an admission fee!" Besides, the Academy *needed* the money to pay for the hotel's convention facilities for the day. The Academy's prestige does not permit it to meet at less than the most posh hotels in town. So it seemed I was attending a convention rather than a workshop.

One aspect of convention arrangement was immediately obvious: you had to register and get a name tag. The registration lines here made this year's Westercon registration line look like a model of efficiency and speed. At 1:00 p.m. when the affair was supposed to begin, there was an empty convention hall in the distance and a tremendous crush of people behind the registration desk in the foyer. Even though attendance was presumably limited to the Academy's "elite leadership element of about 100 persons," it wasn't until almost 2:00 p.m. that the last people were cleared by the registrars and entered the room. The room was filled mainly with the amplified voice of Dr. Reed, saying, "*Will you people please take your places so we can start? We're late! We have to get through by 4:00 p.m. so the hotel can set the room up for dinner! Please take your seats so we can get started!*"

The room was set up banquet style with lots of small tables, each bearing a big sign reading Make Up, Special Effects, Direction, Music and the other categories that the Academy gives awards in. Some Committees were 15 or 20 people strong; the Animation table was almost deserted. Dr. Reed was fidgeting behind a microphone at the podium, next to someone staggering under a massive stack of bulging padded enveloped.

"We're running late, so we're going to have to move quickly! I am going to read the names of each Committee. As I name the Committee, will the Chairman please come up here and pick up the information packet that his Committee will need? We're in a hurry so please don't dawdle! As soon as I read your name, come up here and get your packet! The first Committee is the XXXXX Committee, with Joe Blow as Chairman!" Joe Blow stood up, waved to the room, and sat back down again. "*Joe, will you please come up here and get your packet? We have to move fast, people!*" "Oh, am I supposed to come up there?" "*Yes, you're supposed to come up here!! Weren't you listening at all? Each Committee Chairman is supposed to come up immediately as soon as his name is called! Please hurry up! The next Committee is the Whatchamacallit Committee, and Mary Mugwump is the Chairman!*" Mary stood up, curtsied as her table gave her a hand of applause, and sat down again. "*Mary! Come up here and get your information packet!*" "Oh, I'm sorry, am I supposed to do something now?" "*Yes, you're supposed to do something now! Isn't anybody listening to anything I say? We're short on time, we have a lot to do today...*" I slouched back in my chair and began to meditate on Chapters 23 and 24 of *Silverlock*.

Not all the Committees had Chairmen present, and Animation was one of them.... According to the one-sheet Program Book, our chairman was Les Robley. By this time there were a half-dozen of us at the Animation table; we introduced ourselves as best we could under Dr. Reed's thunderous attempt to get the session started, ascertained that no Les Robley was present and that none of us knew what to do, and shrugged.

...A lot of them had the air of having been drafted to their work, and of not having the slightest idea of how to do it.... The closest we came to getting instructions was when Reed complained about the difficulty in selecting the Best Films of the year at the beginning of December when some of the biggest blockbusters weren't released until later in the month. "*Each committee is to select five nominees in its category. Yet how can we vote today when at least two of the potentially most important films of the year, 'Star Trek: The Motion Picture' and 'The Black Hole,' won't be out for another couple of weeks? All we can do is select only four nominees and leave one blank which we will fill in with 'Star Trek' or 'The Black Hole,' later.*" This made a certain amount of sense, although it amounted to orders to nominate "Star Trek: The Motion Picture" or "The Black Hole" in every single category. (And what about Stephen Spielberg's war fantasy, "1941"? I wondered.)

Clipping Service

Tim Marion: *[[From his Lunacon report]]* I discovered Jon Singer in the middle of what looked like a wild workshop – Singer was frantically sawing something with an electric saw while holding it off the edge of a podium. When all the grinding and cutting had (temporarily) died down, I asked him in total mystification, "What the hell are you doing, Jon?" He kindly explained to me that they were in the middle of a workshop – three groups whose job it was to design some sort of projectile weapon to shoot AA batteries. Sounded slightly dangerous to me, but everyone seemed to be having a harmless good time. One woman picked up an aluminum tube and found that with her mighty lung power, she could shoot a battery several feet using the tube as a blowpipe. She soon found out that she wasn't allowed to use the tube this way as another team had already tried this and been overruled. *[[Source: On East Broadway 10]]*

Simon Ounsely: I felt a bit uncomfortable planting a "u" in all those "favorites" of Robert *[Lichtman]*'s and realise I've never really thought before about the way I automatically anglicise the letters I get from America. But I mean you *know* he didn't write it that way, don't you? I guess I just think that the fanzine reads a bit better with uniform spelling. Do you agree? *[[Connection 3]]*

From Instant Message #685, May 2001: *Avian Lookout Committee* (Deb Geisler). I want to add this committee as the turkeys are waking us at 5:45 a.m. They are now in rut. It's their mating season. They are displaying and disappearing two by two. Next month we'll need a Miniature Avian Watching Committee convened as about 100 or more little fluffballs will be showing up. Joe Ross was punfined for observing that when fluffballs get big enough they become butterballs. Sharon suggested setting up a turkey webcam. Ted added that HAL2K came with a camera which we could run underground and set up a skunkcam under the clubhouse. (For some unknown reason there were no volunteers to do this.)

Harry Warner: I'm finally out of danger from the many fans who have threatened to drag me kicking and screaming into the 20th Century during the past six decades. These comments will create the last loc I'll write in this century and this millennium. *[[Source: Opuntia 47.5]]*

Mike and Karka Weaver: *[on Conestoga 2001]* The trip was a long one, six-and-a-half hours down I-44, but was truly worth it, if only to hear Joe Haldeman singing "Mommies Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Vampires." *[[Source: Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol]]*

Conventional Reportage

Divvying the Loot

Bucconeer chair Peggy Rae Sapienza wrote online that the committee has decided not to do a hardcopy memory book so that more of the 1998 Worldcon's remaining profits can go to support the Student Science Fiction and Fantasy Contest. Bucconeer's memory book, *The Parting Shot*, will be put up on the web, instead.

The story, art and science essay contest for students in the 1st through 12th grades started has been continued by the Bucconeer committee with the support of the subsequent NASFiC and Worldcons. The first year's contest harvested 100 entries. This year there are over 600 entries. It costs almost \$8,000 per year to print and mail contest information to schools, make copies of the entries for judging, provide certificates to all participants and provide prizes (T-shirts and book store gift certificates) to the finalists and winners.

Peggy Rae included the news that she and John will move this fall to their new home at 12606 Eldrid Court in Silver Spring, MD 20904.

This Way, José

ConJose, the 2002 Worldcon, has announced that it will be using San Jose's Civic Auditorium for major evening events, such as the Hugo Awards Ceremony and Masquerade.

"The Civic Auditorium is a charming venue built in the classic Mission style," notes Cheryl Morgan's press release. "Zorro costumes would be entirely appropriate."

The 3000-seat Civic Auditorium is across the street from the McEnery Convention Center, ConJose's principal daytime venue. By including the auditorium in the mix, the convention is free to devote McEnery's main hall entirely to daytime events.

Photographs and floor plans of the Civic Auditorium are available on the ConJose web site at:

<http://www.conjose.org/Sanjose/civic.html>

A street map of downtown San Jose showing the location of the McEnery Convention Center, Civic Auditorium and major convention hotels is available at:

<http://www.conjose.org/Sanjose/facilities.html>

Rate Hike: New membership rates for ConJose, the 2002 World Science Fiction Convention, took effect in July. The revised basic membership rates are as follows:

USD 160, EUR 180, CAD 250, AUD 320, GBP 112

The new US Dollar rates are guaranteed until December 31, 2001. For full details of the existing and new rates, including supporting and child memberships, and discounts for pre-supporters and voters, see the ConJose web site at:

<http://www.conjose.org/Member/membership.html>

DeepSouthCon Awards

DeepSouthCon's traditional awards were presented once again, this May at Tenacity 1 in Birmingham, AL.

The Phoenix Award, for the pro who has done the most for Southern fandom, went to Sharon Green. The Rebel Award, correspondingly for the fan who has done the most for Southern fandom, was given to two fans for "advice and succor" to the 2001 DSC committee, Sam Smith of Huntsville and Robert Neagle of New Orleans.

The Rubble Award, presented to the fan who has done the most to Southern fandom in the past year, is an unofficial award sponsored by Gary Robe. It went jointly to Steve and Sue Francis of Louisville for retiring from running Rivercons. *[[Source: NASFA Shuttle, 5/2001]]*

The Ring Goes Ever On

Fifty years of The Lord of the Rings will be celebrated in 2005 at a conference being organized by Britain's Tolkien Society. The event will take place August 11-15, 2005 at Ashton University in Birmingham, England, the town where Tolkien spent most of his childhood. It is timed to begin a few days after the end of the proposed UK Worldcon in Glasgow, presently running unopposed.

The committee, chaired by Trevor Reynolds, will issue a Call for Papers sometime this year, and all responses will be forwarded to this academic committee. Registration for the conference will initially cost £30. (Plus fees on payments made by credit card or foreign check. "Dragon's hoard, don't leave the Shire without it...")

A partial list of the conference organizers and their contact information follows:

2005 Chairman: Trevor Reynolds, E-mail: 2005.chair@tolkiensociety.org

International Liason: Andrew McMurry, E-mail: 2005.international@tolkiensociety.org

US agent: Lynn Maudlin, E-mail: 2005.usa@tolkiensociety.org

It's A Green Machine

Octocon, the Irish National Convention, is in its twelfth year – and though a certain American newzine editor never heard of it before, publicist David Stewart is making up for lost time by sending a whirlwind of press releases.

GoH: The guest of honor will be Anne McCaffrey, of *Pern* fame. She has been a regular attendee at previous Octocons, but this is the first time she has been GoH.

Cyberdrome Coming to Dun Laoghaire: Fans of the BBC TV show Robot Wars will have a chance to see if they have got what it takes to be cyber warriors later this year when Octocon, the National Science Fiction Convention, runs its own version of the event, Battling Robots. Under the watchful eye of cyber masters Mick O'Connor and James Bacon, members of the convention will be invited to bring their mechanised creations to the Cyberdrome aka the Royal Marine Hotel, Dun Laoghaire, where they will battle it out for glory and maybe a prize.

"We're not talking the sort of highly engineered machines you see on television," said O'Connor. "We're looking for people to come along and have some fun." O'Connor and Bacon were the creators of 'Son of Gimp' which won the title 'Most Aggressive Robot' at a similar event at Paragon, the 2001 UK National Science Fiction Convention which took place in Hinckley, Leicestershire over the Easter Weekend. "We built 'Son' from a second hand remote controller we found in a charity shop and some pieces of Meccano," explained Bacon. "The total cost was less than £10 and we put in about three nights work."

Irish Radio to Record SF Series at Con: RTE, Ireland's national broadcaster, will record the first two episodes of *Big Big Space!*, RTE's new science fiction comedy show on Saturday night (October 13). The show will be written by Roger Gregg and performed by the Crazy Dog Audio Theatre Company, the same people behind *Invasion From Planet Vampire*, which was broadcast live from last year's convention.

Masquerade Winner Gets Air Tickets: First prize in the convention's masquerade will be a pair of air tickets to the UK (or if the winner lives in the UK, to Paris) thanks to the sponsorship of airline bmi british midland. "We are very pleased and grateful that bmi british midland has been so generous," said James Brophy, Chairman of the convention. "Every year the masquerade entrants put their heart and soul into creating exciting and ingenious costumes and I am delighted that we can offer a prize that matches that commitment." For more details, see the web site:

<http://www.octocon.com>

The Fanivore

Hmpf...
I could have written a superb
loc just like that!



Joseph T. Major

The People Speak: Well, it's not the first time I've been taken for Joseph T. Mayhew. I got his progress reports for, I believe, Iguanodon. Now I know some people would have been happy if I had died, but I will have to disappoint them.

Hugo Award Nominees: Each of these had a problem. The 2001 Awards were plagued by "Okay, which of these is worth putting first?" I settled on *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* (something I think would have to do with cayenne pepper, curry powder, tabasco sauce and Dudley Dursley) as least undeserving. The 1950 Awards were plagued by "Okay, which of these do I insult by putting second?" Believe me, having to mark down such works as *The Dying Earth*, "The Man Who Sold the Moon," "Scanners Live in Vain," "To Serve Man," and "Harvey" as being less than Hugo-worthy is painful. (Okay, *Farmer in the Sky*, "The Last Enemy," "The Little Black Bag," "The Gnurrs Come From the Voodvork Out," and *Rabbit of Seville* were my picks respective.) Was 1950 so much better? I wasn't even born then, so it can't be my love for the things I saw when I was young.

Wedding Countdown Begins: Unless Lisa has to work the weekend of Guy's wedding, I will be Hopkinsville that day at a family reunion with FOSFA President Elizabeth Garrott. (As you know, we are related, being – most closely – third cousins once removed.) I would like to wish Guy and Rose-Marie all the best.

Fandom Inc. Goes Bust: And it couldn't have happened to a more deserving bunch.

Bad Vibrations: Bill Warren won't have

to worry about going back to that building in Seattle much longer – Boeing is moving to Chicago! Oh, by the way, Bill, did you ever hear about the New Madrid Fault?

Dragons Talk Back to the IRS: As of this morning (May 17, 2001), the two sites are still up.

Heinlein Gets the Chair: From conversation among Heinlein fans, I have heard that the movie rights to *Starship Troopers* had been sold previously, and that the Heinlein Estate did not deal directly with Verhoeven. On the other hand, it would be a beautifully ironic way of using the money, if there were any. (The film I call *Paul Verhoeven's Starship Troopers* was, according to *Entertainment Weekly*, not a hit.)

Areas (19)51 Film Festival: Interesting. One hopes that this fresh and expanded print of *The Thing From Another World* will be available on tape and DVD. I have bought the DVD of *Destination Moon* and am sadly disappointed at the poor quality of the original print.

Drawing Card: The edition of *The Compleat Feghoot* I have...somewhere...has a substantial number of drawings of the title character by Tim Kirk. Does that disqualify him?

The Fanivore: That's a bizarre comment. If the Mythopeic Society is about fantasy, and they like Dorothy Sayers because she once sat down with a couple of Inklings, does that mean that Lord Peter is fantasy?

[[Did you have any doubt? And theology, too.]]

E. B. Frohvet

Glad to see we have cleared up that whole "hoax" misunderstanding. Nic Farey has asked me to participate in the operation of next year's Corflu, scheduled for February 2002 in Annapolis, Maryland. Should you attend, I will gladly buy you any beverage of your choice, and you may judge for yourself the "reality" of my existence.

I wrote this whole long intense rant about

the Fan Hugos; and then tore it up. I understand your position, I simply don't happen to agree with it. Hopefully you understand where I'm coming from, even if you don't agree. In the long run I don't think it matters a great deal. My friend Sheryl Birkhead made the ballot this year (and well deserved); probably I should quit. Just a word in response to your statement that "The Hugos are not like the Winston Cup in auto racing – winning is not the ultimate reward for participation." Agreed. But the fan Hugos especially are about recognition, egoboo, in lieu of other reward.

Moving on: You are correct: It was Joseph Major whom I met briefly at the 1998 Worldcon in Baltimore. I had more opportunity to talk with Joseph, Tim Lane, Milt Stevens, John Hertz, Robert Kennedy, and other fans at the 2000 Worldcon in Chicago. (Messrs. Kennedy, Stevens, and Martin Morse Wooster were the three with whom I sat at the *Fosfax* dinner.) I had in fact spoken briefly once or twice with Joe Mayhew in earlier years while working on conventions. Sadly, I never had the pleasure of meeting Ian Gunn.

Good news about the wedding of Rose-Marie Donovan and Guy Lillian, whom I also got to meet at Chicon. I suggested the wedding should be held at Worldcon so several thousand friends could line up to kiss the bride; guess that suggestion got lost somewhere in the wedding planning... Weddings are always hopeful, so I offer my congratulations, such as they are, to the other couple who got married in Seattle, even if I don't know them...

Brad Foster, re: his wife's returned jewelry – I was once working Information for a large con, and we got drafted as the "lost and found." Items turned in and eventually reclaimed included prescription medications, several pairs of glasses, any number of con badges (including Robert Silverberg's), and several wallets complete with credit cards and substantial amounts of cash. Money of course can always be replaced; it's fortunate that the lady was able to locate a one-of-a-kind item of personal value. But not perhaps an unusual occurrence in fandom.

I enjoyed Tadao Tomomatsu's anecdote about the actresses and the snakes. Alas, the one probably was not really interested in exploring the lady's cleavage, he was probably just attracted to her body heat. I said once that an easy way to tell fans from mundanes is to produce a snake. Fans will be, like,

"Hey, cool snake! Can I hold him?" Mundanes will generally freak, often with references to Genesis.

Cheryl Morgan

The latest *File 770* has finally reach me in temporary exile here in the UK. Commiserations on the reaction to your Frohvet piece. I'm sure that Feder and Frohvet feel that they have successfully stamped out some vicious calumny perpetrated upon their names, but to the rest of the world it will just look like further evidence that Americans have No Sense of Humour.

[[First, global warming, now this!]]

As to the Hugo debate, I feel that your correspondents are complaining at the wrong people. Why don't they direct their ire at the voters, many of whom seem to be happy to nominate the same people year after year without bothering to look at the alternatives? One of the reasons that I run a Hugo recommendation page on my web site is to try to encourage rather broader consideration of the possibilities come voting time. There are very good people out there, if only folks bothered to look.

Personally I'm not a great fan of the withdrawal argument. It is possible that if you and Dave Langford did declare yourselves ineligible than I might just get nominated for a Hugo or two. Nor is it totally beyond the bounds of possibility that I might win one. But if I did I would always be left thinking that I only won because the best candidates were not in contention. Obviously any Hugo win is a tremendous honor, but should I achieve it I would prefer to know that I did it fair and square, not because people better than me decided to withdraw to give me a chance.

Henry Welch

I had absolutely no trouble realizing that your Frohvet/Feder thing was a satirical farce. I've met both Moshe and E.B. and their personalities are too divergent for a supposedly "actor" Frohvet to have pulled it off. I suppose that means that I had insider knowledge so I promptly dismissed your conclusions. The next thing you know someone will accuse me of being a hoax at which point I might simply have to vaporize in a puff of rude smelling smoke. I know for a while that E.B. Frohvet thought that *TKK* and *Plokta* were somehow from the same source due to their proximity of arrival in his mailbox. Hah, I've never had 10% of their creativity.

Brad W. Foster

Latest issue came in good shape, though I did a bit of a double-take on the cover, thought it was an issue of *Plokta* where they were goofing on *File 770*. Too many sub references, the brain boggles! Starting to look like Alan is becoming a one-man design team for these issues, and is giving it a distinctive look for sure. I'm still ages away from being able to do any sort of computer art, still stuck in the stone ages of pen and paper. (Okay, so it's more mid-twentieth century than actual stone age.)

Congrats on the double Hugo nomina-



tions. I'm working on the fourth "team-up" piece of art I've done with Teddy Harvia in the past few months (a wraparound cover for *Mimosa*, and Teddy has come up with a great design idea for it!), and having lots of fun. If this keeps up though we might end up doing less of our own solo work, and have to be listed as a team in a few years if anyone wants to nominate us again. (I'm always surprised when I get the call that I'm on the ballot, though I no longer worry about winning it again. sigh. Fortunately that has nothing to do with the fun of making the drawings, so I look forward to creating lots more for years to come.)

Still working on trying to get a web site up. Last few months have been involved with the prepping for, travelling to, and working at several street art festivals around the state, not to mention trying to build some new display equipment on the time had at home. The good/bad news is that a couple of festivals I applied to for the summer have decided they can get along just fine without my art, so I see a stretch of some weeks with no road-

time, and hoping to be able to use that to do the final work on the site. Only time will tell!

Ian Stockdale

While I've not loc'd frequently, I have enjoyed reading *File 770*, and look forward to doing so in the future. Unoriginally, I enjoy the convention reports, most recently Ted White's Corflu report in *F770:138* and the various Chicon reports in *F770:137*. I have to echo your praise of Chicon registration, as it was very well run. Opening registration Wednesday is definitely the way to go, and is especially useful for the fans working to set up the con.

You made a good point regarding the fanzine in your reply to E. B. Frohvet when you pointed out the importance of nominations. This year's ballot may be a good test of your theory, as there are three fanzines (*Plokta*, *Challenger* and *STET*) that have never won before. Will the voters select one of these over you or *Mimosa*? (Or will we at least see one of these in second place?)

[[Interesting question, and in just a couple of months we'll know. Sometime I want to look over the old Hugo voting statistics and see how many times File 770 has finished second. If it's done so more often than any other, will that make it the second best fanzine of all time?]]

Of course, the fanzine category is positively tumultuous compared to the semiprozine category, where next year we'll finally see a new face on the list since *SF Chronicle* has declared itself professional. In both of the categories, one reason for seeing the same faces year after year may be that new fans (or fans new to fanzines) tend to use last year's Hugo list as a starting point. That was certainly the case for me four years ago. Of course, you hope that people go beyond the starting point.

[[But had you seen all the zines on that list? Or did you vote blind?]]

Michael Nelson

I wish to add a comment on Kathi Overton and John Pomeranz's surprise New Year's Eve wedding. They were very cruel to this photographer. I had carefully hoarded the shots left on the film in my camera during the evening and used the very last shot for the midnight toasting.

Then those two jokers announced their wedding and immediately started the ceremony at about 12:01 a.m. I had to rush across the crowded living room, trampling slow-moving children, to get to my camera bag for another roll of film. So, as the cere-

mony started, you could hear me yelling in the background, "Slow down, slow down!" I managed to load the camera and get a few photos of the event (I was too frantic to notice that my flash batteries were nearly dead) and have posted them at <http://www.seahunt.org/wedding/index.htm>.

On another note, I enjoyed your and Elspeth Kovar's Chicon 2000 reviews in *File 770:137*. I had forgotten about our encounter with the Japanese fans in the elevator while we were transporting the Hugo Awards from the Hyatt to the Fairmont.

The whole evening was pretty hazy for me. It sounds silly, but the realization that I would be required to stand and speak before a large crowd of people hadn't hit me until that day. I recall delivering the awards backstage and heading to the reception to grab something to eat before the ceremony started.

At the entrance, Perrienne Lurie was checking invitations and I happened to glance down at the table next to her. "Oh... those envelopes look just like the Hugo winner envelopes THAT I LEFT BACK IN MY HOTEL ROOM'S SAFE!!!" I think I made pretty good time getting back to the Hyatt for a middle-aged overweight person in a tuxedo and new shoes. Naturally, I had loaned my room key to someone and had to dash through the Student Science Fiction and Fantasy Contest reception in the Bucconeer party suite to get to my room. Fortunately, it was almost over and no children were trampled.

Saul Jaffe, this year's Hugo Awards Administrator, was shadowing me during the evening for the experience. I must have given him many practical demonstrations of what not to do.

Leah A. Zeldes

I don't believe we ever wrote to thank you for your kind words about the Chicon fan concourse and fan lounge. Two small items regarding the latter: The male figure was not intended to be Alex Eisenstein, as you inferred, but Neil Rest. Gretchen Roper crafted the soft sculptures; we were striving for people who would be unmistakable. I guess not....

Secondly, the original idea of an exhibit depicting an archetypal fan living room from the Chicago Thursday meetings of the 1970s should be credited to Bill Roper and John Donat. (It was part of the bait they dangled to entice us into taking on the concourse.) Dick and I merely took their concept a step farther by deciding to make it into the fan lounge. Designing that corner of the concourse was the most fun I had working on Chicon.

Of course, what made that lounge work so well was not so much the furniture but its

central location and the very capable and welcoming people we put in charge of running it. Great credit belongs to Pat and Roger Sims, and Janice Gelb.

Having the fan lounge be an exhibit kind of happened by accident, but I do like the idea. (Although the way fandom seems to be going I sometimes wonder if historical displays will soon be all that's left of that quarter of fandom.)

Marty Cantor

I remember when Alan White produced a very nice fanzine 20+ years ago – it was very much media-oriented. In the time since then, the media emphasis in fandom has moved from an emphasis on the printed word with interest excursions into the non-printed-word media to a reversal of this emphasis. Twenty-six years ago, when I entered fandom (at the LASF) the "Reviews" part of LASFS meetings was almost exclusively about SF books and other written things, with a once-in-awhile review of something either on the big or little screen. Today at LASFS, it is much less common to hear reviews of the written word – mostly there are reviews of television shows and movies. Of the eight sub-interest groupings of LASFSians who meet monthly at the club, every single one of them is oriented to, or has a prime interest in, movies and/or television shows. I think that this is representative of much of current fandom. Fans still read the printed word, but it seems that reading is much less important in the fannish scheme of things than it used to be.

Denny Lien's LoC portrayed this state of much of current-day fandom, and the last paragraph of his LoC was a brilliant expression of this. Yes, the most important verb which used to define fandom was "read." This does not seem to be the case today. Fans still read (most of them), but too many fans seem to devote more time to non-reading fannish pursuits than fans used to do. I just wish that this were not so. Sadly, I'm afraid that it is.

[[I recall LASFS having a high proportion of book reviews 25 years ago, as you do. However, 25 years ago there was comparatively little sf on tv or in the theaters, so this may not be a fair comparison – there's so much more to review today. What's more, Bruce Pelz has three tables full of new sf paperbacks for sale at every meeting – there's still a lot of interest in reading at LASFS.]]

When I entered fandom 26 years ago, not only were books the primary interest in fandom, but fandom was also interested in producing the written word (some professionally, many contributing to or producing fanzines.) Today, the emphasis seems to be

on consumption rather than production, and this passivity seems more directed towards viewing the creations of others in the form of movies and television shows.

The act of reading a book can be creative in a way that movies and television can never be. In the visual media the costumes and characters are laid out right in front of the viewer – no imagination needed. When an author describes a scene, landscape or a character, the reader of the words has to put something of himself into creating the mind-picture that the author has written.

Well, sorry about this rant. This cranky old phart has been watching fandom move more and more away from the fandom he entered and instantly fell in love with – and he does not like the direction in which it has gone.

Joseph Major errs when he comments about something previously written by Lloyd Penney, "The problem with *Baloney* was that everyone thought they were one of the five fuggheads." Everybody should know that there are more than five fuggheads in fandom. But that is not the error – not *everybody* thought that they were one of the five fuggheads. I knew that I was not one of the five, which is why my loc on *Baloney* had created-for-the-occasion letterhead where I called myself *Fugghead Number Six*. *[[Who is Number One?]]* One must *always* strive for accuracy. Or, at the very least, smartassery. *[[I am not a number, I am a (ending this sentence is an exercise left for the reader.)]]*

Lloyd Penney

I haven't heard anything from Murray Moore about his CUFF adventures in Vancouver, so I am hoping to find him at a future pubnight, with lots of stories to go into his trip report. I'd like to think that our trip report has brought CUFF in line with other fan funds when it comes to raising money.

When Tommy Ferguson launched British fan-style pubnights in Toronto some years ago, he could not have imagined how it would spread. Toronto fandom now has its fourth pubnight. To go with the regular First Thursday and Third Monday pubnights, and the Doctor Who pubnights also held on the First Thursday, there is now a pubnight staged by the local Trek convention. It's on the 13th of this month, which would make it a Second Wednesday if they decided to peg it on the same day of the month.

The idea that Lois Bujold reworked a Star Trek novel to create the Vorkosigan universe is indeed a fiction. I said that Joy Smith mentioned this is a past issue, and meant to correct that impression. (Comments on comments on comments...doesn't look like an

apa...) I also said that Mike Glicksohn had found an old Star Trek fictionzine by Lois McMaster and Lillian Stewart. Ms. Bujold used her experience with such writing as one of many sources in which to launch a professional writing career.

My letter...the con-running fans in Montreal are indeed wise. They saw that there was little support for the con last year, and so they cancelled it. However, with some more time to organize, Con*cept will return this fall, in a reduced one-day format. They built up from a one-day convention, and I think they can do it again.

Good to see that Julie Czerneda made a good impression in Omaha. Julie is a former teacher, and with her husband Roger and the kids, were regular attendees of Toronto conventions in the 80s and 90s. In fact, I think Roger and Julie attended the Ad Astra you were the Fan GoH at, Mike. They used to live in Mississauga, just west of Toronto, but now, they live in Orillia, about 80 miles north of Toronto, which is where I grew up.

John Mansfield says that the small detail left out of our trip report was that CUFF paid for both our flights to Montreal. Chapter 5 of our trip report details how we had to decide whether to drive or fly. The fact I'd started a new job and Yvonne was in the middle of a SAP implementation made it pretty well imperative that we fly. Yvonne checked with her work-based travel agent, and she found a two-for-one sale, and yes, CUFF paid for both those tickets, but at the price of one usual ticket. I quote from Chapter 5:

"Fans are fans, no matter where you go, so we expected that if there was the slightest hint of luxury, or wastage of money, we'd catch it continuously. So, frugal we were, as much as we could. The two-for-one sale came along at just the right time."

Also, I checked all my correspondence over the past year or so, and nowhere can I find any complaints from Yvonne and I about DUFF financing. All I would say to Pat and Naomi is take the same care with fund finances as we did, or you may have someone complaining about it. Couples have run for fan funds all over the world, and will do so in the future. John, check page 23 of our trip report, and there is Yvonne's financial statement, clearly stating airfare expenses of \$315.78.

Joy V. Smith

What an interesting cover on the cover of *File 770:138*. I admire all the tinkering that went into it, and I love the beanie on the coffin.

I enjoyed Ted White's Corflu report; it sounds like Nic Farey did a great job as GoH. (Are the Corflu Guests of Honor's names

always pulled out of a hat?)

The time capsule predictions from the Harry SF Club (Ohio) that came true were fascinating. (Look what we've done!) The wrong predictions might be interesting too. And thanks for the LASFS member's response re: SF & fantasy to the kid who wanted some magic spells...

Good article on "Hi-Tech Fan Art" by Alan White and how he created the cover for *Smokin' Rockets*. That is a nifty cover! I'd love to see it in color.

"Residuals" by Tadao Tomomatsu was a fun article on his working experiences in Hollywood. (I'd like to know more about Beth, btw.)

Robert Kennedy

In my last LoC, in my comments concerning E. B. Frohvet I refer to Joseph T. Mayhew. This was lifted from Mike's humorous comments concerning Frohvet. Shortly after sending my LoC, it sunk into my deteriorating brain that Mike must have really meant Joseph T. Major. A quick E-mail to Mike resulted in his confirming that it was a Freudian slip. Also, I got carried away regarding fan category Hugos. Especially about *Locus*. I must have been having a bad hair day. I do, however, agree with Frohvet in his current LoC: "...anyone who wins three Fan Hugos in any one category should thereafter not be eligible in that category for two years." Sounds good to me. Well, it looks like Ted White knows Frohvet's real identity.

I am very happy that Sheryl Birkhead has finally made it to be nominated for Best Fan Artist. I not only have been nominating her in that category for several years, but also for Best Fan Writer. Maybe she'll make that one of these days too. I failed to nominate *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* for Best Dramatic presentation (another "senior moment"), but will certainly be voting for it as #1.

Sheryl Birkhead

I really appreciated Alan White's article - *knew* it had to be computer generated, but had absolutely no idea how.

I am finally starting to use the computer and software. Unfortunately, I just don't know how to utilize all the capabilities of what I have (and the manuals are almost useless.) But, this is progress, and I am slowly learning how to do things. I'll tuck in two pieces [of art] which were among my first "no cut and paste" doodlings. No running out to locate a copier and taking scissors, tape, white-out... Ah, the convenience.

We Also Heard From

Joy V. Smith read Sheryl Birkhead's request for a Greg Bear bibliography. Joy went right to the source: "I e-mailed Greg Bear from a web site I found, and he sent me a bibliography, and I'm mailing it to Sheryl."

Taral: *[[On selling his "Off-Colour" art CD]]* "The final cut: US\$20 plus US\$2 for postage. I've been hawking them at furry cons, natch. The only SF con I've had the chance to exposed them to was the recent Marcon. Migawd! I was told Marcon was a travesty, but I had no idea. There was actually a psychic fair in the lobby outside the dealers room. The guest of honor was some 'never was' who had played the second Romulan in the original Star Trek episode 35 years ago. What do you say to such a person when he asks, 'Do you want to wear my button?'" *[[I don't know, but I'll bet you could draw him a picture.]]*

Martin Morse Wooster: There were no "Factsheets One-Four." The name "Factsheet Five" was coined by John Brunner in one of his novels (I believe it was *Shockwave Rider*). Mike Gunderloy took the name because he wanted FF to a factual, future-oriented news zine.

On the subject of "E.B. Frohvet," I can report that the latest *Niekas* was so long delayed that there is not only one letter by "Frohvet," but one mention of Frohvet's real name!

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