

# File 770



## OUTBREAK OF NEW CONBIDS "PLAGUES" FANDOM

The summer has yielded a new infestation of Worldcon, Nasfic and other convention bids, as well as some political revisions of an existing bid.

Yugoslavian fan krsto A. Mazuranic writes, "SFera, the hottest sf club in Yugoslavia, decided to bid for the 1988 WORLDCON /emphasis added/. The bid is genuine and is going to be announced at Chicaon IV. The Bidding Committee is a bit strange in that it consists of some people and a hotel. We won't have any of the usual problems with hotels. It's easily guessable why."

The committee for "WorldCon Yugoslavia" is Bruno Ogorelec, Zoran Milovic, Mazuranic, Darije Djokic, and other Zagreb fen, plus Inter-Continental Zagreb (which I perceive is a hotel). British agent is Gerry Webb. Peter Edick is said to be West Coast (NA) agent. Mazuranic says the bid plans to run an ad in the ConStellation PR 3. (Mazuranic; D. Zokalja 1, 41430 SAMOBOR, YUGOSLAVIA.)



ALBUQUERQUE LAUNCHES '85 NASFiC BID: Owen Laurion of Albuquerque announces, "It's official. We've formed ourselves into a bidding committee, and decided to go for really big game. The Convention Center here has been supportive, so we're going to try for both NASFiC in 1985 and Westercon in 1986." Laurion chairs the committee (he is presently an officer of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, and has a background of being highly active in Albuquerque's diverse fandom -- sf, Trek, SCA, Darkover etc.) Eleen Haas will serve as Convention bureau liaison, Craig Chrissinger as publications, Wendy King as creative committee person. Laurion mentions that all of the committee are officers of the local club Alpha Centaura, and work at hotels. Laurion concludes, "Wendy is the only one of us who isn't a member of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society, but none of us has been involved with the operations of that club nor Bubonicon. Hopefully as the committee grows, that deficiency will vanish."

DETROIT CONFIRMS NASFiC BID: Steve Simmons describes the organizing committee, "The Southern Michigan Organization of Fans", as a coalition of members of fan groups from Detroit, Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. "We are aiming at a single-hotel convention either in Detroit or Dearborn, Michigan. There are actually a number of sites large enough for a NASFiC, and we are in the wonderful position of actually being able to have the hotels bidding against each other for us. Our committee includes most of the past and present chairpeople of Confusion and Conclave, plus a large dollop of other cons around the Midwest." Some of the committee named in the bid's first flier are Simmons, Dan Story, Jean Barnard, Tara Edwards, Tom Barber, Nancy Tucker, Howard DeVore, Brian Earl Brown, Denice Brown, Roger Sims, Fred Prophet and George Laskowski.

The minutes of the SMOF's July 10 meeting shows consideration of a Hyatt and Westin hotel, neither satisfactory for a 5000 person con according to the opinions expressed by Anna O'Connell and Terry Harris. A committee delegation planned to inspect both.

This brings to a total of three the committees bidding to host a North American Science Fiction Convention in the event Melbourne wins its '85 bid -- Austin, Albuquerque and Detroit.

JACK HERMAN of Sydney, Australia, seems a bit sensitive on the subject: "I am fascinated by a quote from Brian Earl Brown's letter, '...1985 is all but promised to the Aussies...' As I was the last Chair for the Australia in '83 committee which met with quite some opposition both at home and in the States to our bid, I would be pleased to know who made the promise or the decision to all but make the promise to 1985? Why has the promise been all but made to Melbourne's group when it wasn't made to the 1983 bid? Anyway, can BEB and other fanzine fans all but make a promise to guarantee anyone the worldcon anymore? Surely if a young (media) group in the US made a bid for the worldcon they might be able to attract enough votes from their ilk and from fans uninterested in travelling to Australia to all but take the con from Australia. It would be interesting to find out."

Fanzine fans, as such, have no powerful constituency capable of delivering the worldcon to anybody. Those veteran worldcon workers (a number of whom read/contribute to fanzines, but not the majority)



# COLOPHON

FILE 770:35, commemorating Sharon Maples' curiosity whether I had published as many issues as she is years old, has been pubbed by Mike Glycer, of 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401, who hopes to outlive this gag line. The cost is 5 issues for \$3 (US bucks, thank you) -- which obtains you a copy sent first class in North America, seamail anywhere else. \$1 per for air printed service out of the country. F770 is also available to those who trade their clubzine, purvey hot news, rumors and opinions, or make expensive noncollect phone calls to the editor at (213) 787-5061.

BAH! DUELING  
IS WITH SWORDS  
OR PISTOLS.



WHO EVER  
HEARD OF  
"SHURIKEN"  
?

/continued/ who realized that the Baltimore in '83 bid was going to defeat Australia (both on its merits, and on its polling power as a North American bid), and knew that many Aussie committee people had promised to support LA for '84, urged the Australians to reconstitute their bid for 1985. That is a Central Zone year, and Chicago having already hosted a Worldcon, the other cities in the zone which might be able to assemble facilities for a 5000+ attendee con did not appear to have either a committee nucleus, or a popular reputation, or interest in bidding, or all of the above. There is a lot of desire to return the Worldcon to Australia -- enough to give the Melbourne bid a chance of defeating any likely competition; that the 1983 bid never had against Baltimore.

STEVE SIMMONS COMMENTS: "Concerning NASFiCs, Dick Smith is right on a main point. I am planning to promote an amendment /to the WSFS Constitution/ that would end settling the NASFiC site selections by packing the meeting. Packing is a pretty rotten way to do it, but until something better comes along that's all there is. As for timing to take effect after the '85 vote, he's got it wrong. The current procedures for submitting and ratifying an amendment simply don't provide enough time to get it done by the vote for '85." On another topic Simmons says, "As for the Confusion Chairman proxy fight it seems some wires are crossed. There was definitely a lot of proxy voting, but both sides did some. I wasn't at the meeting, but it's my understanding that the winner would not have changed if the proxies were thrown out. As for it being a Detroit in '85 function, he's just plain wrong. It suffices to point out that both Nancy Tucker and Tara Edwards were attending the NASFiC meetings around that time. I think Dick maybe better get himself a new informant."



# PANTHER SNUFFS BRYANT'S IMAGINATION

"Ed Bryant's science fictionally oriented radio show, 'Imagination' was axed literally overnight by Denver radio station KNUS in order to make way for ex-Black Panther Bobby Seale's 'Cooking and Community Issues' show." So reports M. Beth Komor in DASFAX, the Denver clubzine, as the August issue's lead story. Before becoming completely rabid, Komor explains, "Reliable sources report Seale offered to bring big name stars (Jane Fonda was mentioned) to poorly-rated KNUS in exchange for the Sunday evening air time, which he will use to promote sales of his forthcoming cookbook entitled BARBEQUEING WITH BOBBY."

Komor follows this utterly putrid development with a polemic against Seale as a "reformed two-bit Dillinger" which rather tarnishes one of the most outre exits a science fiction radio show ever made.

GERALD BOYKO announces, "I still intend to become a small press specialty publisher. I'm going to pub a FANDOM REFERENCE SERIES. The

first book will be FANDOM SEX, ALL ABOUT IT. I'll write an analysis of sex in fandom, examples of fan sex at cons, fan sex humor, etc. Much will be based on my personal experience and observations. If you care to take part in the project your royalties for writing anything will be..." Let us now mercifully draw a curtain across this subject...

LAST MINUTE AARWARKIANA: In a phone call August 22, Chicon co-chair Ross Pavlac volunteered that he had had dinner with co-chair Larry Propp very recently, and they had not thrown things at each other. Perhaps this is because Propp's new apartment is in Rogers Park, which makes Supergirl his neighbor. (According to the comic book, she lives in the community of Rogers Park, Pavlac explained.) // Ross would like it made clear that nobody will be charged corkage fees on their party supplies imported to the Hyatt, unless they are so stupid as to ask the Hyatt's permission, or cart the supplies past the Hyatt's Registration Desk. // Chicon needs just 230 memberships at \$75 to hit its revised breakeven point. Hucksters room is sold out. The art Show is 3/4 full. The con will run BLADERUNNER and RAIDERS in 35mm. Says Pavlac, "We're in as good shape as any US Worldcon in the last 5 years -- except Boston."



# CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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Timothy B. Kyger 211 Smithwood Ave., Milpitas CA 95035  
Bruce Miller 2560 S. Hazel Ct., Denver CO 80219  
J. Adams & C. Kennedy 3336 Aldrich Ave. S., Minneapolis MN 55408  
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Dan Goodman (c/o Lien) 2528 15th Ave. South, Minneapolis MN 55418  
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DOWN UNDER FAN FUND DOO-DAH: Joyce Scrivner, DUFF Administrator on this side of the briny deep, says the nominating phase for the next Duff trip runs from June 1 to September 17, 1982. This is the US-Australia leg of the trips; candidates need three North American and two Australian nominators, and a \$5 good-faith bond (a picture of Lincoln usually suffices). The voting phase will run from September 17 1982 to January 15, 1983. The inquiries should be directed to Joyce at her new address, 2732 14th Ave S. Lower, Minneapolis MN 55407. Candidates are also expected to submit a platform of 100 words.

SUSAN C. PETREY MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP AWARD: From PULSAR, the Portland, Oregon, clubzine, comes this update: "A year and a half ago, after our friend and fellow ForSFis member Susan Petrey passed away, ForSFis members started a collection of funds to honor her with a memorial scholarship. Today an aspiring science fiction writer is attending the 1982 Clarion Science Fiction Writers' Workshop with help from that money.

"William P. Knuttel from Davis, California, was awarded a scholarship for the amount of out-of-state tuition (about \$525) of which \$425 was the first Susan C. Petrey Memorial Clarion Scholarship. He agreed to let the director send us a copy of his submission manuscript. We will place it in the ForSFis library so interested parties can get a feel for this promising young writer's work." Debbie Cross and Paul Wrigley (5429 SE Bush, Portland OR) are now endeavoring to raise enough money to give a continuing award out of the interest. The fund was at \$1195, with expectations more could be raised at Con and Orycon from auctions of manuscripts donated by Varley, Ellison, McIntyre, Davidson, Bryant, Carr and Guthridge.

TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND: Now that Dave Langford is no longer TAFF administrator, why is it I still get more TAFF news through his zine ANSIBLE than from any of the Administrators? He says the candidates are: Grant Canfield, Larry Carmody, Avedon Carol, and Taral. If I could remember who the US Administrator was, I'd tell you all to send him money. So there nyah! (Maturity? In a newzine editor?)

# SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT REMEDIED

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In the recent FILE 770 Poll you readers were asked to rank the prospective 1986 Worldcon bids. By the time I was able to bring out the results, there had been a slight shift in who was bidding. George Flynn chided me, "In saying 'Bear in mind there is now only one Atlanta bid' you forget that many of your readers haven't heard that yet." I needed space I didn't have available last issue to give a fuller airing to Atlanta developments.

Irvin Koch, for example, took exception to Joe Celko's comments in F770:33. At that time Celko chaired a rival Atlanta bid to the one co-chaired by Penny Frierson and Randy Satterfield. Irvin Koch said, "Re Celko's letter you printed. Parts are true, parts are not. (1) The Worldcon Atlanta Inc. is very very loosely held/controlled. Get Penny Frierson or C. Proctor to send you copies of the bylaws. In practice it is simply a fan group no matter what the rules were. (2) Celko's version of the Beth Pointer bit is highly distorted and she didn't drop out for months after. (3) The Howells are both back on the committee (members of the corporation). I am still a member of the hotel subcommittee though not the main committee. (4) With the entire Biggers-Batty faction off the Worldcon Atlanta Inc., maybe some work will get done. It leaves no one on that anyone else objects to."

After reporting in June that Cliff and Susan Biggers, Iris Brown, Ward Batty and Gary Eissner had resigned, I received this letter from (then) co-chair Randy Satterfield: "I wanted to let you know that my name should now be included among those resigning from the Atlanta worldcon bid... We resigned for several reasons. One of the things we didn't like is the effect the bid is having on Southern fandom. It has been directly or indirectly responsible for too many feuds, splits and alienations. If winning a worldcon bid means sacrificing the unity and friendliness we have enjoyed here in the south then I don't want it. You may notice that all the resignees are Atlanta people. With the exception of Jim Gilpatrick all of the people who formed the original committee have now resigned."

Meade Frierson's July issue of SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN announced, "Following a recent election, the officers of Worldcon Atlanta Inc. are: Co-Chairmen Penny Frierson and Ron Zukowski; Vice Chairman, Jim Gilpatrick; Secretary, Charlotte Proctor; and Treasurer, Rich Howell. Other members of the bid's Central Committee are: Dan Caldwell, Avery Davis, Meade Frierson, Wade Gilbreath, Angela Howell, Dick Lynch, Nicki Lynch, Ken Moore, Mary Anne Mueller, Sue Phillips, Mike Rogers and Mike Weber." The article announced an Atlanta suite at Chicon, and solicited presupporting memberships at \$3 and \$5, the latter insuring your receipt of all committee publications. (Worldcon Atlanta, PO Box 10094, Atlanta GA 30319.) The SFC version of the committee list did not name Celko, and accord-



ing to Co-Chair Ron Zukowski, quoted in ATARANTES 61, Celko has not been invited to join the bidding committee. Two other Celko supporters did join the bid, according to ATARANTES 62 (edited by Biggers and Batty): "The Atlanta in '86/Worldcon Atlanta Inc. business meeting held Saturday afternoon, August 15, at the Omni in Atlanta produced two new committee memberships, Gail Higgins and Michael Smith. The two new invitees, according to independent reports from committee members, came to the meeting prepared to pay \$1200 to the committee if they were offered memberships. Ron Zukowski, chairman of the bid (or co-chairman, technically) could not verify that officially; 'All I know is that, at the beginning of the meeting, we had just over \$800 in our account,' he reported."

LAZARUS, COME FORTH: Last issue's Poll results made news in one respect, when Philadelphia proved to be the most popular bid among the voters -- though Atlanta's "A" bid only fell one vote short, and the combined Atlanta bid first place votes would have put them ahead. Gary Feldbaum handed me a stack of Philly literature at Westercon, from which I extract the following synopsis of the bid:  
COMMITTEE: Wilma Fisher (Chair), Larry Gelfand (Vice-Chair), Yoel Attiya (Membership Secretary), Lynn Cohen (Corporate Secretary), Jim Estren (Promotional Functions), Gary Feldbaum (Counsel; Facilities Coordinator), Deborah Malamut (Controller), Sara Pael (Treasurer).  
Other committee: Joann Lawler, Lauara Faskman, Lew Wolkoff, Janny Wurts, Dorothy Amlin, Mark and Karen Roth, John Syms, Somtow Sucharitkul, Mark Trebing.

Proposed facilities are the Franklin Plaza (part of the Canadian Pacific group of hotels) and the Philadelphia Center hotel.

TWENTY YEARS IN THE THINKING: Eric Bentcliffe announces WHEN YNGVI WAS A LOUSE, a fathology of Fifties fanwriting featuring Mal Ashworth, John Berry, Eric Bentcliffe, Vinø Clarke, 'Hurstmonceaux & Faversham,' Terry Jeeves, Eric Needham, Bob Shaw and Ted Tubb, with some rather fine illustrations by Jim Cawthorn, Arthur Thomson, Terry Jeeves and Harry Turner. There are also copious quotes from all over, excerpted by Vinø Clarke from his fabulous fanzine collection whilst sneezing his way back into fandom. Bentcliffe edited the collection, and ventures, "It could help to flesh out Fifties fandom for those who have bought such one-author collections as the Fabulous ARHOON WILLIS and would like to know more of the UK Fandom of the times." Dispatch \$2.50 to Bentcliffe at 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire. CW4 7NR ENGLAND.

LEIGH STROTHER-VIEN writes from Germany on US Army stationery asking "Please mention that I'm still alive and kicking, and that any faneds who need LoCs can send an issue on -- if I don't send said LoCs I'll send \$ for the zine. (Ha! Gotcha self! \$ or a letter -- you know your Scots ancestry settled in the right buttock where the wallet is!)" Leigh plans to return material that had been collected for AYEWONDER 3. Meantime, Leigh admkts "I'm sorta planning (pending approval) on spending the next two years here." Direct zines and letters and general fannishness to Sp.4 L. Strother-Vien (449-98-8841), HHSB 3/84th FA, APO NY 09176.

LOCAL RADIO SHOW WITH BETTER LUCK: Denny Lien says Minn-Stfs' local radio show, Shockwave, is doing an adaptation of Cerberus the Aardvark.

# JERRY POURNELLE

CON REPORTS: AD ASTRA II & WESTERCON 35

## BUT FIRST A LITTLE HISTORY

Alas, fandom's historical sense is in a sad state. In FILE 770 #31, we are told that Caligula said "pecunia non olet" (translation: money has no odor) when he levied a tax on public latrines.

The actual story is more interesting.

Septimius Severus was an old soldier who became emperor about 195 A.D., long after Caligula went to his reward at the hands of his Guards (24 January 41 AD. Caligula had the habit of giving his Captain of the Guard strange passwords like "Kiss my arse" and "I eat bat turds"; one day the Captain gave his own password: "Freedom!"). Severus might have been the model for the chap in the Puck of Pook's Hill legionary marching song: "He carried the sword and the buckler, and he mounted his turn on the wall, 'till the legions elected him Caesar, and he rose to be master of all..."

Severus was nearly illiterate, but he was popular with the troops. As happens, he caused his sons to be educated as gentlemen. They put on airs, and caused no end of trouble. Meanwhile, the state of the public treasury was sad indeed: and Severus knew full well what happened to Caesars who didn't pay the troops. Thus he caused the Senate to enact two laws: one, a stiff fine for urinating in public; and second, a tax on public urinals.

His sons protested that this was beneath the dignity of the Roman State, to which Severus replied, "Money doesn't stink..."

When Septimius Severus found himself near death, he sent for his sons. They realized that the old man was dying, and in a rare wave of insight also realized they didn't know how to govern the Empire. They requested the old man's advice.

"Stay together, and pay the soldiers," he said.

"But what of the people?" his sons asked.

"Stay together, pay the soldiers, and take no heed of the rest." These were said to be his dying words. His sons tried to be popular with the people, did not pay the soldiers, and quarrelled. Within six months Caracalla had his brother Geta assassinated; four years later he was in turn assassinated by his praetorian prefect...

## AD ASTRA II

'Twas a famous convention. At least it was famous in Toronto, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Of course the Guest of Honor is supposed to enjoy himself. My thanks to all, beginning with Chairthing Michael Wallis.

Several notable things about Ad Astra II. First, the Fan GOH, Ro Lutz-Nagey, having watched the Flying Brothers Karamatzov once too often, has taken up juggling; he does it very well, so it shouldn't be a problem, except that he had to bring his props in through Canadian Customs, thus thoroughly confusing the poor chap who rummaged through an extraordinary collection of hatchets, knives, torches, battle-axes...

For another, Mike Glicksohn and I managed to settle an old quarrel: one in which he had at least 90% of the right of it, so I was glad of the opportunity to apologize. Mike was gracious enough to confess liking my GOH speech.



None of this would warrant my writing a Con Report (this is the first time I ever did one) except for a curious incident.

AD ASTRA was held in a fairly new hotel out near the Toronto Airport. I have always held the theory that all conventions take place in Cleveland: one enters the hotel, and departs; in between times, the hotel has been magically moved to Cleveland. I have proof, though, that AD ASTRA took place in Ontario Province, Canada, as you'll shortly see.

AD ASTRA had about 200 people, just the right size for a Con (they didn't lose money). It wasn't, however, enough to fill the hotel. No matter. The Con functions took place a floor below the lobby, and the excellent security forces, dressed as Troopers of the 42nd CoDominium Marines (they stamped to attention each time I came by, and I'll match them against the Dorsai any day) were on duty to prevent mundanes from penetrating to the Con activity areas. Of course they had no authority to physically prevent mundanes from wandering through; and thereby hangs the tale.

After the masquerade, in the Xanadu Room did the Ad Astra Committee a rock-and-disco dance decree, complete with flashing lights on a screen that dominated the room. To get the effect they wanted, the lighting people required a large object to throw shadows on the screen. They used a big--about four feet high--stuffed pillow which they called "the Penisaurus", and it looked exactly as you might imagine from its ribald name.

For a couple of hours nothing happened except dancing. Indeed, I enjoyed a couple of turns about the floor with my unicornal friend Sharon. Picture the scene: many of us in costume, but the costumes were fairly tame. My own was desert camouflage, with binoculars, a radio, and insignia of a Colonel of CoDominium Marines. As Sharon and I left the dance floor, there appeared five--count them, five--Ontario Regional Police.

They were big. I don't say this lightly, as I am not small. Those were big men. They were also armed.

One came directly to me. "Get Michael Wallis," he said with no further introduction.

"No, I don't think I want to do that," I said. Although I generally cooperate with the police, and I'm always polite to armed men, I saw no reason to accept their orders. They looked at me as if I'd committed treason, but apparently decided from my accent that I was a Yank and thus unable to commit treason against Canada and/or the Crown. Shortly thereafter Mike Wallis appeared.

They were looking for a pornographic object...

It seems that a mundane had managed to penetrate to the dance floor area and had seen the Penisaurus. Shocked beyond redemption by this hideous device, he felt the morals of the entire Province of Ontario threatened, and went upstairs to fetch police, who duly came, the laws in Ontario being a bit different from those in Times Square.

Alas, one of the alert Security people had heard his threats and informed the Committee, who immediately removed the Penisaurus and hid it away, replacing it with a chair, so that when the brave Ontario Troopers arrived to arrest this desperate obscene stuffed pillow--I assume they thought it desperate since five of them responded, and all were armed--in any event, they found their quarry had fled the coop and there was nothing to arrest.

They then proceeded up the stairs to the jeers and catcalls of all those not directly in their field of view: Canadians tend to be much more respectful of police on a fugheaded errand than U.S. fans seem to be. Near the top of the stairs someone loudly proposed them for a costume



award as "most authentic", whereupon the corporal said, "Afraid we're not original enough," proving that he hadn't lost his sense of humor.

End of incident, but beginning of speculations. As for example, why five police to arrest a stuffed pillow? Did they believe the pillow was that desperate? Or that the fans would consider the pillow one of their own and attempt to defend it with their lives?

And for that matter, why did a mundane, who had clearly come to an area where he was not wanted--and had been informed that he was not wanted there--feel threatened by an (admittedly obscene) stuffed pillow?

Leaving the second question as too difficult, we look at the first. Why five big cops?

Ah, well. Perhaps it was a slow night. The call comes in to arrest an obscene pillow. It is learned there is a costume party in the hotel. Some of the conventioners are nude. Perhaps there's an orgy going on. Four patrolmen are trampled in the mad rush to respond to the call...

#### THE GREAT WESTERCON BADGE FLAP.

Never mind what you heard. Here's the real story.

On Wednesday, June 30, 1982 I wrote some 4500 words, generating an ending to CLAN AND CROWN, the second book of the Janissaries series. I fell asleep at the keyboard about 6 AM. At 8:30 I got up and went back to work, and at 11:30 AM I had rewritten the last chapter. The book, all 106,000 words of it, was done.

I gathered two of the boys and drove to Phoenix. We drove because I'd sworn I wouldn't go unless/until I'd finished that book. We'd intended to arrive about dinner time, but I'd forgotten that Arizona doesn't believe in gasoline stations: just across the Arizona border we discovered we were low on gasoline, and there was nothing for it but to turn off the air conditioning and slow down to 40 mph. Eventually we reached Tonopah and gasoline.

I also hadn't known that Phoenix doesn't believe in freeways. The last twelve miles are on city streets with traffic lights and such like. The result was that we arrived about 9 PM, to discover the hotel jammed.

The national convention of the Jaycees was in Phoenix, and daily did they meet in the Civic Auditorium; and hourly did the chimney pour forth black smoke, for after 42 ballots they had failed to elect a President. Thus the Jaycees remained in their rooms, making it very difficult for all.

The Convention registration tables were closed, but there were people in Convention operations. Enter Bruce Dane, who very promptly took care of the situation for me. He couldn't get me two rooms, but he got one. I installed the boys, and went to the Sand Painter restaurant to join Gordon Dickson for dinner. The Committee people, particularly including Bruce and Kim Farr, were also present, and we had a wonderful evening. Despite a bit of driving fatigue, it looked to be the start of a great convention.

At the dinner I announced the completion of CLAN AND CROWN, and Gordy and I announced our intention of getting thoroughly smashed, which we indeed proceeded to do, finishing up at 6 AM singing the old songs. I noted that the boys were in bed, and turned in.

At 8 AM my son Philip awakened me. I discovered something I'd more or less expected: I had a thundering head.

"There's a D&D game starting in an hour and we can't play unless we have our badges," said Philip

"Well, go to registration and get them," I said. "They're in my name. We paid for at least six."

I suppose a word of explanation is in order. I bought six memberships: one for me, and five as "guest of." This is because I am informed that Committees like to have early money, and I don't mind



paying; but until the day before the Con I hadn't the foggiest who was going. Mrs. Pournelle had an opera rehearsal. Alex had work to do. Frank decided to go somewhere with his school classmates. Richard and Philip decided to go; but note that they might have decided to go camping or some such, and Alex might have come with his current friend (whose name I certainly didn't know a year in advance). In other words, it just isn't possible for me to know precisely who'll be coming with me; nor would I have thought it important.

Philip and Richard went downstairs. Blessed quiet prevailed; then all too soon, Philip returned. "They say you'll have to come get the badges yourself."

I held onto my head, which had an unaccountable tendency to drift around the room. "Go ask them to be reasonable," I said. "Say we own six badges and we won't be using but three. They can keep three for themselves. Go tell them."

Ten minutes passed. Then entered Philip again. "They say you have to go down to get them, and the D&D game is starting soon..."

"Hah," said I. "Go to the Operations Room. Tell them who you are. Maybe they never heard of me. Tell them I was drinking with Gordon Dickson until 6 AM. They'll know who he is. And tell them they really, truly don't want to know what I'm like when I've been hauled out of bed with a terrible hangover. Nobody wants to see me in that condition. Ask them please to be reasonable."

Twenty minutes pass. Then Philip comes in. "They still won't give me a badge."

"All right." I got up. I didn't shave. I didn't make coffee. I didn't even take aspirin. I threw on a shirt and trousers and went out, intending to go down, grab the badges, tell them just what I thought of this bureaucratic imbecility, and come back to bed. I went out to the hall, and there I made my real mistake.

I pressed the button for an elevator.

The old Adams hotel had normal elevators. When they converted it to a Hilton, they "improved" them. One improvement is a sensor: when the elevator is filled up, it becomes an express, and won't stop for floor calls.

~~The jaycees were still in the hotel, and the fans were arriving.~~

After twenty minutes it became obvious that no elevator, up or down, would stop at the ninth floor. By then I had steam rising out of both ears, and enough adrenalin to allow me to pick up the hotel. I went down the stairs. Nine flights isn't a problem--but at the bottom was a sign. "Emergency exit only. Alarm will sound."

"Ring, you S.O.B.!" I screamed, and went through the door.

I found myself on the street. Phoenix, July 1, in the blazing sun, about 102 degrees. With a hangover worthy of preservation in bronze.

And after all that I went to the registration desk to deal with the man who wouldn't give my children two of the six badges I own. He saw me coming; they had five of them clipped together (thus proving that they knew darned well those were my children asking for them; how else would they know I was coming?) He held out the packet. I grabbed at it. Coordination not so good. The badges fell to the floor.

And--

And nothing. End of incident, except for some aftermath.

Aftermath one: when I went back to my room, the maid was in it. I couldn't even go back to bed.

Aftermath two: my badge wasn't among those given me. My own was a VIP badge (they gave them to all the speakers) and was available only in the Green Room.

Aftermath three: Bruce and Kim Farr, and Bruce Dane, apologized for the confusion, and were extremely helpful in getting me a second hotel



room even though the Jaycees continued to send up black smoke from their conclave.

Aftermath four: the "Messenger Mountain", official zine of the Westercon Committee, was edited by Don Markstein. On Saturday, July 3, after the whole mess was over, he printed as the lead item an account of the incident that was both incomplete and misleading, and in my judgment intended to infuriate me. It certainly accomplished that.

There was, that Saturday afternoon, a booksigning by John Myers Myers, author of Silverlock. I had never met Mr. Myers, although I had done an introduction to the new edition of Silverlock. I wanted to meet him. Before I went up to see him, Mr. Markstein approached me and began to badger me about his article. He wanted me to say things for him to quote in his "Mountain Messenger." I told him I had an appointment, and went up to see Mr. Myers.

Markstein followed me, and even as I was introducing myself to Mr. Myers, Markstein continued to hound me. Eventually, in order to spare Mr. Myers the unpleasantness, I left after no more than a handshake. Thus I have not yet met Mr. Myers.

Later that day Cheryl Chapman arranged for me to speak with the chap who had been running the registration desk Friday morning. It became obvious that he found the whole incident as distasteful as I, and that he thought the policy stupid; but he'd been told that was the policy, and although he was "in charge" he had no authority to change it. Markstein had said I struck the man when I grabbed the badges. I offered to pay any damages. He said there were none, we had a drink, and that was that.

Also later that day I accepted Markstein's apology, and the Convention officials drafted a more complete account of the great badge incident, which was printed in the Sunday edition of Messenger Mountain.

And that was truly the end of the matter.

### Observations

I doubt that in the history of the Westercon there are three documentable incidences of someone fraudulently obtaining another's convention credentials. I donated three memberships to Westercon 35.

In other words, they have devised a singularly inconvenient cure for a non-existent disease.

Carry it further. In my case, the badges were in the name of "guest of Jerry Pournelle." They wouldn't give my property to my children, although no one seriously doubted that they were my children, and had there been doubt, there were a dozen LASFS members close by, and Dr. Chapman was actually working in registration. Meanwhile, Alice Williams had her children's badges registered in their own names: and although she was running the Convention Suite, they wouldn't give her badges for her kids!

You couldn't win.

Now Westercon 35 is the Con in which standing in line fandom came into its own: because of the Jaycees, the line to register in the hotel was up to three hours long. Yet the Convention registration procedure was itself designed to make the maximum number of people stand in the convention registration line. Why is this?

I mean, if my children obtain my property without my permission, I may have a problem; but surely the people who give them my property do not. If my kids are out to defraud me, then I'd better deal with that; but I don't want the convention registration people to be involved. No. The policy is silly.

The final issue of Messenger Mountain says "The Westercon-35 Committee feels it is unreasonable for Dr. Pournelle to expect a special case to be made for him."



I don't want a special case. I don't think there's any special privilege involved in asking the committee to be reasonable. They could be reasonable for everyone, not just for me. I don't think it unreasonable, nor a special case, for them to cease applying a fuggheaded policy. And to top it off, they did make it a special case. My badge wasn't even there; and if all my badges had been in the Green Room (where mine was) and the boys had been sent there to get them, then they'd have encountered the Farris, who would have been reasonable, and the incident still wouldn't happen.

The lesson, it seems to me, is simple: we have to put up with too many fuggheaded bureaucrats in the mundane world. Why on earth must we create more within our own extended family?

I'm certain the police corporal who brought four large armed men out to arrest an obscene stuffed pillow knew he was being silly. His defense was, "I can't help it, it's policy, and it's my job to enforce it." I can understand that from a policeman. Must we, however, strive to create that situation within fandom?

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## WESTERCON 1982

The fact would take too long to explain to anyone who doesn't already know why, but I would not have expected to have almost the most enjoyable con going experience of my life at a Phoenix Westercon. (However, in the course of the convention Bill Patterson did offer to sell to me for \$10 a thick publication containing the history of Phoenix fandom, which contained many reminders why I had low expectations for the 1982 Westercon.)

The requirements of being acting manager of my audit group having prevented me from getting to Westercon until about 8:30 PM Friday, I was lucky enough to miss the hotel room snafu caused by a Jaycees convention overstaying its welcome. (See, Seth, this is not strictly an LA Westercon tradition!) However Jaycees were still floating around the con -- the hotel tried to give them a subtle hint when it shut off the lights in the pool area where the Jaycees had collected for one last bash. They had evidently taken 42 ballots to elect a president. Their campaigning was so rabid even Ben Yalow was swept up in the



MIKE GLYER  
ROUNDFILINGS



spirit of the day -- as he was seen wearing one of the candidates' buttons. It may be that the whole Westercon was infected, considering what happened to its own site selection process, but of that, more anon.

Friday night I gravitated to the Portland in '84 bid suite, and naturally found myself hip-deep in LA fans (herd instinct?) -- Alan Winston, Janice Gelb, Micki Verneti, Craig Miller. Fran Skene arrived later to help integrate the group. Laura Williams of Sacramento, evidently under the illusion that I'm an influential Westercon fanpolitician, devoted much time to hinting at the corruption and power-grabbing of the previous year's (Sacramento) Westercon chair, who sought to bid for the con again. She had a xeroxed balance sheet which she represented to me as the '81 con's report of \$10,257 net profit. She sought out my technical opinion of whether it would be easy for somebody to buy the site selection process if they had, say, \$10,000 to buy memberships with. She described how she and her stout band of unknowns were ready to interpose themselves between fandom and the malign fate of having another Westercon run by last year's chairman. That part finally rang true for me -- the 1981 Westercon was one of the more ineptly run, underprogrammed, cons ever to survive by the inertia of fans partying their asses off... But if we were lucky, we wouldn't have to be saved by an even less experienced committee.

Wandering around the parties that night did uncover one helpful suggestion for future concons -- producing identification T-shirts for members, with their names on them large enough to read. Plus some in Braille -- though only consenting adults could read them. I really did like the Phoenix ID badges using alligator clips instead of pins -- saved wear and tear on my shirt -- but they were typed, and therefore unreadable unless you put your nose up to where the person had it pinned on his/her chest, a degree of intimacy which was not always welcomed...

Saturday, July 3, I began the morning in the Art Show, where I made incredulous small talk with Terry Gish about the report on Dr. Fournelle in MESSENGER MOUNTAIN. The conversation took place ten feet from where Cat Spalding's teddy bear "J. F. Hoka" was displayed, a stuffed cuddly animal in a safari suit and L5 button, rather in contrast to the Fournelle whom Markstein featured in the morning paper punching out a committee member. As Dr. Fournelle said above, Markstein turned out to be providing his usual level of journalism.

The '82 Westercon Art Show was the best I'd seen since 1972, when the show was immortalized by the presence of 21 oil/acrylic paintings by Tim Kirk, comprising his master's thesis, taking Tolkien's work as his subject matter. I made many notes of the items in Phoenix. Connie Seidman's ceramic drinking ware included a "dragon chili pepper holder". M. D'Ambrosi asked \$1800 for "Reincarnation" -- a bronze of a skeleton sitting in lotus position wearing stereo headphones (echoes of "Death By Ecstasy"). Denis Obringe (sp?) had many Polyform sculptures in full color, human and troll figures of considerable imagination. He also had, in bronze "Sorcerer's Delight" wherein a gleeful wizard has just conjured a foxy-looking sprite. Ken Macklin's delightful, whimsical ink and watercolor illustrations added a dash of Bode. Darrell Anderson had some striking, 6-color screened prints of hybridized machine/animal/insect creatures of his imagination. Paul Chadwick's painting "The Bridge"



stood out in the Show. David B. Mattingly had some superb paintings, which appeared to be covers of Moorcock books -- my favorite being titled "Anarch Lords", featuring the zeppelin 'Fat Susie' with a kangaroo-emblazoned shield.

Leila Dowling had many remarkable prints and originals. Her "Night-visions", paint, ink, watercolor, had very busy sepia ink lines, and gentle pastel watercolors, of a child in nightgown who has just pushed open a door into a roomfull of mythical creatures.



Lynne Anne Goodwin seemed to be restoring some of Aubrey Beardsley's influence to fandom (or was it Alicia Austin's?). Michael Goodwin turned in a fine astronomical in acrylics called "Zeta Orionis." Alan Gutierrez employed a gouche technique to produce ambitious color combinations, and startling perspectives on space and stfnal equipment, shuttles and satellites. Mark Roland's work, next to Gutierrez', offered an abrupt contrast with its intricately detailed, misty portrayals of fantasy subjects. Ian Adams was in the back of the art show room with virtually surreal tableaux of jewels, spiderwebs, helmets and breasts. And I have not overlooked Victoria Poyser's presence, but I reserved to last the comment that I always look forward to her artwork because her style and subjects seem to particularly appeal to me. Her work in Phoenix was as good as ever -- which proved to me the extraordinary quality of this Art Show because it was not the best work in the show, while at 1979's Westercon she was (in my opinion) the dominant talent.

Also seen in the artshow -- Janice Gelb's new contacts... I spent much of the afternoon hanging around with Sharon Maples, Carol DePriest, Bill Patterson, Fran Skene and Jim McLeod. Patterson brought out "The Little Fandom That Could", his 80,000-word history of Phoenix fandom, half of which is an intimate memoir of Iguanacon. (\$10 to 537 Jones St #9943, San Francisco CA 94102.) I read the parts I knew firsthand, and concluded that Patterson's reportage was good as gold in the areas he eyewitnessed, and good as iron pyrite when relying on econdhand data or conclusions.

Ala Gil Gaier, I photographed fans with an Instamatic. After I took a flash photo of Roy Tackett, he turned, with eyes full of dots, to look at Milt Stevens. Said Roy, "What a strange disease you have." Replied Stevens, "Yes, but you'd have to know the girls I know to get it."

Elayne Felz went by in a new tank top -- "Sherman" was written on the front, and "Panzer" on the back... Portland bidder Pam Davis, who had just restocked their party suite, approached the group I was with asking, "Does anybody want a beer?" The can had a wet bubble on



its side, fizzing out of a tiny hole." Maureen Garrett demurred, "I'm sorry, I don't suck cans." As I was in company with Seth Breidbart, Ben Yalow, Craig Miller, Elayne, Jordan Brown and Maureen, Linda Miller (of SECRET OF NIMH fame) advised me, "I came up with an idea -- 'Tax Auditors of Gor' -- the most horrifying in the series." But Maureen was still in rare form when some of us went to dinner, and she was served a floured roll, which called for the question "Have you dusted your buns lately?" Sontow Sucharitkul joined the dinner group (Maureen, Jan Howard Finder, Neeters, Breidbart and Scott Dennis). When he was introduced around the table to the couple of us he hadn't met, he associated my name with the Hogus, and confessed, "It was the proudest moment of my life when I was nominated for 'Best Dead Writer'."

The con was well supplied with parties, including NY in '86 bid party. Discussing their traditional drink, Breidbart told me, "That's how it got its name -- it has equal parts of egg and cream." Not to mention equal parts of newt and wombat. It seemed a few fans hadn't gotten the word, though, as one who wandered into the NY in '86 part and stated, "I don't know why you people want a Westercon." This triggered some worldcon bid smocking, and Laura Williams asked, "What's the difference between the two Atlanta bids?" Scott Dennis said, "One of them is bald." Sontow Sucharitkul had his own room party, where Matthew Tepper hurled musicologist trivia at him. But what really evoked a comment from Sontow was Tepper's holding forth on a 10-year-old apazine. Sontow remarked, "He has an incredible memory for tiny pieces of shit."

One could tell when the day of the Masquerade arrived. In the lobby I heard Sharon Maples say, "Look at that young man's codpiece." A fellow had added a codpiece to his pants -- dragon's head with jewels for eyes. Carol DePriest agreed, "He has a certain gleam in his eye."

The Masquerade itself was as exceptionally good as other features of this Westercon. It commenced with a 12-foot-tall costume of the Space Shuttle, which put the audience into hysterics. There was also a 12-foot-tall Ice Creature (Empire Strikes Back) which clomped across stage slowly, and traded ad lib insults with MC Marion Zimmer Bradley. A group presentation consisted of Conehead the Barbrarian, Conan the Octogenarian, Conan the Sanitarian, Conan the Veterinarian, Conan the Valedictorian, Conan the Parliamentarian, Conan the Agrarian and Conan the Vegetarian -- provoked great audience response. Kathy and Drew Sanders captured the show with their interpretation of the Phoenix, which had effective erotic overtones. (Wings and tits -- unbeatable combination...)

Even on the morning of its last day, Westercon had not exhausted its bag of tricks. Prelude: when Portland and Phoenix announced their 1984 Westercon bids, fans noted they were not bidding for the same days -- one would have started before July 4, the other after. Certain pundits, who shall remain nameless, conceived a campaign for BOTH. Let them both win. Let them both put on a con. Let's go to both. Witty, computer-typed flyers advocated, "If you are a Phoenix local or a Portland local, this is a great opportunity to get more con for your money: You can attend the con portion nearest you if you're on a budget; You can attend both cons for little more than if





you were going to the con  
father away; LA locals can  
check on their cats on  
their way to the other con."

After a weekend of people  
running about asking each  
other whether they voted for  
"Both", the bidders agreed  
to count the ballots after  
Site Selection closed 7 PM  
Sunday, and not release the  
results until the next  
morning's Business Meeting.  
Randy Rau (Phoenix), Craig  
Miller, Ben Yalow, Pam Davis  
(Portland) and Bryce  
Walden (Portland) were the  
counters. After the counting  
session, Rau, who was also  
chair of the '82 Westercon  
and therefore custodian of  
the ballots, walked from  
the room down the fire  
stairs to the con level

(the most efficient way of getting around, given the elevators).  
By the time he got to the bottom somebody came up to him with a rumor  
that a bid had won by one vote.

Seeing as one of the bids had, indeed, won by one vote, Rau was  
infuriated. Other Phoenix fans, figuring they had lost by one vote,  
mobbed the Business Meeting Monday morning demanding to exercise  
their right to vote at the Business Meeting (which seemed unclearly  
provided for in the bylaws). Now it was the second year in a row  
that a breakdown in the site selection process forced the Business  
Meeting to get involved in who won. (The LASFS Board of Directors  
is the last-resort custodian of Westercon, who had actually been  
forced to take a role in the '81 meeting. Since many members of the  
Board were also bidding for this little thing called the Worldcon,  
the last thing they wanted was to have to arbitrate this emotional  
mess.)

"Bullets, not ballots," suggested Seth Breidbart. After extended  
private huddling between the bidders and parliamentarian Fred Fatten,  
a decision finally came forth. Rather than risk having to let the  
meeting vote whether to reopen balloting (which it easily would have  
done, considering the pack of irate Phoenix fan), Randy Rau announced  
that the Phoenix bid withdrew. Portland was proclaimed winner.  
Chairman of the meeting, Bruce Dane, revealed 374 votes were cast;  
now being rushed to the shredder. There was much a pause. Westercon  
rules actually mandated the release of voting info, but everybody  
pretended to forget that in the interests of peace. What had really  
happened? Milt Stevens' analysis of the situation led him to believe  
the "Both" bid had one. If Portland had won by one vote, the matter  
could have been resolved by merely sticking to the agreement that  
balloting was closed the night before. If Phoenix had won by one  
((TURN TO PAGE 22))



# SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTIONS

GALILEOCON: (Aug 27-29) Newcastle, UK

GoH: Theodore Sturgeon, Judy Blish. Star Trek Con. Info: Tina Pole, 11F Priors Terrace, Tynemouth, North Shields, Tyne & Wear NE30 4DE UK

BUBONICON: (Aug 27-29) Winrock Inn, Louisiana Bl. & I-40, Albuquerque NM

GoH: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. FAN: Takumi Shibano. TM: Gordon Garb. Rooms: \$35/sgl, \$43/dbl. Memberships: \$10. Luncheon \$7.50. Huckster tables \$10. To: Bubonicon 14, 3405-21 Ave. SE, Rio Ranch NM 87124.

CHICON IV: 40th Worldcon (Sept 2-6) Hyatt Regency, Chicago IL

GoH: A. Bertram Chandler, AGoH Kelly Freas, FGoH LeeHoffman, TM Marta Randall. Hugo awards, masquerade. Attending \$50. Housing info available from the committee. To: Chicon IV, PO Box A3120, Chicago IL 60690.

SFANCON 13/BENELUXCON 3: (Sept 3-5) Fabriola Home (University)

Ghent, Belgium. GoH: Colin Wilson, Phillippe Curval, Herbert Francke, Manuel Van Loggem. To: A. De Rycke, Eendenplasstraat 70, B-9050, Evergem, Belgium.

BATTLECON '82: (sept 3-6) Oklahoma City OK

For Battlestar:Galactica fans. Masquerade, trivia contest, dealers. Membership \$30, \$8.50/day. To: Karla Jarrett, 2513 NW 40th St., Box 75941, Oklahoma City OK 73127.

PLERGBCON: (Sept. 10-12) Ramada Inn, I-94 at White Bear Ave. Exit, St. Paul MN. PRO: Pat Wrede, FAN: Kev Smith and Peter Toluzzi.

Rooms \$242 sgl/dbl. Relaxacon, pay no attention to the programming behind the curtain. Memberships \$15, to PO Box 2128 Loop Station, Minneapolis MN 55402.

COPPERCON 2: (Sept 10-12) Howard Johnson's Caravan Inn, 3333 W. Van

Buren, Phoenix AZ. PRO: Fred Saberhagen. Info: PO Box 11743, Phx AZ 85067.

MOSCON IV: (sept 24-26) Cavanaugh's Motor Inn, Moscow ID.

GoHs: Marion Zimmer Bradley, Wendy Pini, Steve Forty. Art show, masquerade, dance, Sunday Brunch. Info: PO Box 9141, Moscow ID 83843.

ARMADILLOCON 4: (Oct 1-3) Bradford Hotel, Austin TX

PRO: George Alec Effinger, FAN: Joe Pumila, TM: Ed Bryant. Dealers table: \$30. Memberships \$8 til 9/1, \$12 after. To: Robert Taylor, PO Box 9612 NW Station, Austin TX 78766.

ROVACON 7: (Oct 8-10) Roanoke VA

GoH: William Tenn. Membership \$4 til 9/16, \$6 after. To: PO Box 117, Salem VA 24153.

NONCON 5: (Oct 8-10) Regency Motor Hotel, Edmonton ALTA

PRO: C.J.Cherryh, FAN: Steven Fahnestalk, TM: Jon Gustafson. Memberships: \$12 til 8/31, \$15 after. To: Noncon 5, Box 1740, Edmonton ALTA T5J 2P1 Canada.

LASTCON TOO: (Oct 8-11) Ramada Inn, Albany NY

PRO: Bob Tucker, FAN: Leslie Turek, TM: Lee Killough. Free membership to holders of non-North American passports. Others: \$14 til 9/22, \$16 at door, \$10/day. Rooms \$50. Banquet \$10 til 9/22, then \$13. To: LASTSFA, PO Box 13-002, Albany NY 12212.

OCTOCON IV: (Oct 9-10) El Rancho Tropicana, Santa Rosa CA

The other one. Info: Spellbinders Inc., PO Box 1824, Santa Rosa CA 95402

MILEHICON 14: (Oct 22-24) Capri Hotel, Denver CO

Guests: Ed Bryant, Kelly Freas, Bruce Dane, Connie Willis. Rooms: \$32/sgl, \$38/dbl. Trivia bowl. All-you-can-each brunch (\$9 now, \$10 later). Huckster tables \$15. Memberships \$12 til 10/1, \$15 at door. To: PO Box 27074, Denver CO 80227.

WORLD FANTASY CON: (Oct 29-31) Park Plaza Hotel, New Haven CT



GoH: Peter Straub, Joseph Payne Brennan, Don Maitz. TM: C.L. Grant  
Membership: \$25 attending, \$10 supporting. Limit 750. To: World Fantasy  
Convention '82, PO Box 8262, East Hartford CT 06108.

CONCLAVE VII: (Nov 5-7) Metro-Detroit Ramada Inn, Detroit MI  
Memberships: \$12 til 9/15, \$15 after. To: Waldo & Magic Inc., PO Box  
444, Ypsilanti MI 48197.

HEXACON 5: (Nov 11-14) Brunswick Motor Inn, Lancaster PA  
GoHs: Hal Clement, George Richard, Harry Stubbs(!). Rooms: \$32/sgl,  
\$32/dbl. Memberships: \$8 til 10/31, \$10 at door. Banquet (Penn  
Dutch) \$9.50, Friday night. Art show: Cecilia Cosentini, 34-22 214th Pl.,  
Bayside NY 11361. Cks to Hexacon, c/o Bruce & Flo Newrock, Box 270-a  
RD2, Flemington NJ 08822.

EARTHCON II: (Nov 12-14) Shaker House Motel, Cleveland OH  
PROs: Marion Zimmer Bradley, Jacqueline Lichtenberg. FAN: Jean Lorrah.  
TM: Mark Hyde. Membership: \$16 til 10/31, \$18 after. To: Earthcon 2,  
PO Box 22041, Beachwood OH 44122. (Send 3 SASEs).

1982 ORYCON: (Nov 12-14) Hilton Hotel, Portland OR  
PRO: Robert Silverberg, FAN: Jeff Frane. Other guests include: LeGuin,  
Varley. Rooms: \$50 sgl/dbl. Memberships: \$12 til 10/31, \$18 after  
To: ORYCON, PO Box 14727, Portland OR 97214.

TUSCON 9: (Nov 12-14) The Executive Inn, 333 W. Drachman, Tucson AZ 85705  
PRO: Robert Bloch. FAN: David Schow. TM: James Corrick. Rooms: \$26/sgl,  
\$30/dbl. Memberships \$10 til 10/15, \$12 til 11/11, \$15 at door.  
To: PO Box 26822, Tucson AZ 85726.

CONTRADICTION 2: (Nov 19-21) John's Niagara Hotel, Niagara Falls NY  
GoHs: Thomas Disch, Carl Lundgren. Memberships: \$8 til 10/31, \$12 after.  
To: Contradiction, c/o Linda Michaels, 27 Argosy Dr., Amherst NY 14226.

LOSCON 9: (Nov 26-28) Sheraton Universal Hotel, Los Angeles CA  
PRO: Poul Anderson. FAN: Milt Stevens. Memberships: \$15 til 9/30,  
\$17 after. To: Loscon 9, c/o LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Holly-  
wood CA 91601.

BAYCON '82: (Nov 26-28) Red Lion Inn, San Jose CA.  
Rooms: \$47. Art show, masquerade, games, films. Memberships:  
\$15. Dealers tables: \$100. To: PO Box 6783, San Jose CA 95150.

DARKOVER GRAND COUNCIL V: (Nov 26-28) Radisson Wilmington Hotel,  
700 King St., Wilmington DE 19801. Guests: Marion Zimmer Bradley,  
Katherine Kurtz, Hannah Shapero. Info, send SASE to: Jaelle Lanart-  
Alton, 900 Kirkwood Hwy. F-1, Newark DE 19711.

MYSTERYKON 7: (Nov 26-28) Hilton Southwest, 6780 Southwest Free  
way, Houston TX 77074. Guests: Donald Wollheim, Cj Cherryh.  
Rooms: \$37. Dealers tables \$50 til 10/15, \$60 after. Memberships:  
\$8.50 before 11/1, \$11 after. Info: SASE to PO Box 772052, Houston 77215

CHATTACON 8: (Jan 14-16, 1983) Read House, M.L. King Bl. & Broad St.,  
Chattanooga TN (1-800-251-6443) GoH: Jerry Pournelle, MC: Bob Tucker.  
Special Guest: Robert Adams. Rooms: \$38/sgl, \$48/dbl. 24-hour con  
suite, art show, hucksters, masquerade, jacuzzis. Memberships  
\$13 til 12/1, \$16 at door. Huckster tables \$20 per, for first two.  
To: Chattacon 8, PO Box 921, Hixson TN 37343.

(1984)ESOTERICON: (Jan 13-15) The Sheraton Heights, 650 Terrace Ave.,  
Hasbrouck Hts., NJ 07604. PRO: Jacqueline Lichtenberg, FAN: Marion  
Zimmer Bradley. Guest: Katherine Kurtz. Memberships: \$15 til  
12/1, \$20 til 7/1/83, more later. To: PO Box 290, Monsey NY 10952.  
((This is a 1984 convention -- out of order))

PHILCON 82.1: (Jan 14-16, 1983) Franklin Plaza Hotel, 17th & Vine,  
Philadelphia PA 19103. Guests: C.J. Cherryh, Carl Lundgren.  
Memberships: \$7 til 12/11, \$11 at door. Rooms: \$55/sgl, \$55/dbl.



Art show info Larry Gelfand, 3806 Newark Dr., Newark DE 19713.  
Huckster info: Thierry Phillips, 422 S. Second St., Colwyn PA 19023.  
Con address: PO Box 8303, Philadelphia PA 19101.

COSTUME-CON: (Jan 14-16) Bahia Hotel, San Diego CA  
A conference for sf, fantasy and historical costumers. Features  
Banquet/Fashion Show, two Masquerades (F&SF and Historical). Memberships:  
\$25 til 12/15, \$30 at door. To: Fantasy Costumers Guild, PO Box 1947,  
Spring Valley CA 92077.

CONFUSION 101: (Jan 28-30) Plymouth Hilton, 14707 Northville Rd.,  
Plymouth MI 48170. PRO: C.J. Cherryh, FAN: Bill Cavin, TM: Ted Reynolds.  
Rooms: \$45/sgl, \$49-\$57/dbl. Memberships: \$10. To: Ann Arbor SF Assoc.,  
PO Box 2144, Ann Arbor MI 48106.

OMNICON IV: (Feb 4-6) Oceanside Holiday Inn, 3000 E. Las Olas Bl.,  
Ft. Lauderdale FL. Guests include: Bjo Trimble, David Prowse,  
Mike Jittlov, Michael Whelan, David Kyle, Robert Asprin,  
Info: Omnicon IV, PO Box 970308, Miami FL 33197.

AQUACON II: (Feb 18-21) Red Lion Inn, Ontario CA  
Guests: Spider & Jeanne Robinson, Karen Wilson; Rooms: \$46/sgl, \$54/dbl  
For info on dealers, art show and masquerade, send SASE.  
Memberships: \$17.50 til 11/30, Supporting \$5. To: Aquacon II, PO Box  
2011, Reseda CA 91335.

UPPERSOUTHCLAVE XIII: (March 4-6) Park Mammoth Resort, Bowling  
Green KY. GoH: Dalvan Coger. Rooms: \$29.40/sgl, \$35.70/dbl.  
Relaxacon. Hucksters \$15/table, limit 3. Art show info: Patric Shaw,  
2336 Bellevue Dr., Bowling Green KY 42101. Memberships: \$5 til 9/6,  
\$6.50 til 2/14. To: ConCave, Morgan Bldg., 512 E. 12th St., Bowling  
Green KY 42101.

LUNACON '83: (March 18-20) Sheraton Hts. Hotel, Hasbrouck Hts. NJ  
GoHs: Anne McCaffrey, Barbi Johnson. Fan: Don & Elsie Wollheim.  
Memberships: \$14 til 2/28/83, \$17 at door. To: Lunacon '83, PO Box 149,  
Brooklyn NY 11204.

NORWESCON 6: (March 24-27) Sheraton Hotel, Seattle WA  
Memberships \$15 til 10/24, \$20 til 3/1/83, \$25 at door. Info:  
Norwescon 6, PO Box 24207, Seattle WA 98124.

I-CON II: (May 6-8) SUNY/Stony Brook, Long Island NY.  
PRO: Isaac Asimov and Janet Jeppson. Write: Stony Brook SF Forum,  
PO Box 461, Stony Brook NY 11790.

COLORADO MOUNTAIN CON: (May 6-8) Colorado Mountain College,  
Timberline Campus, Leadville CO. GoH: Stephen Donaldson, Ed Bryant.  
Memberships: \$5 til 1/1/83, \$6 til 4/1, then \$10. Limit 250. To:  
Stan Gardner, Colorado Mountain Con, etc as above, 80461.

MARCON XVIII: (May 13-15) The Quality Inn, 4900 Sinclair Rd., Col. OH  
PRO: James Hogan, FAN: George 'Lan' Laskowski. Rooms: \$40/sgl, \$46/dbl.  
Memberships: \$12.50 til 4/15, \$15 at door. Hucksters: \$27.50 first  
table (incl. one membership), \$20 additional tables (no membership).  
Masquerade, Art Show, Films. To: Marcon XVIII, PO Box 2583,  
Columbus OH 43216.

LEPRECON 9: (May 20-22) Ramada Townhouse, Phoenix AZ.  
Guests: Kelly Freas, Jack Williamson, Elayne Pelz. Rooms: \$34 sgl/dbl.  
Memberships: \$12.50. Phone: Terry Gish 839-2543 for info.

ULTRACON '83: (May 27-29) Bonaventure Hotel, Los Angeles CA  
Media/huckster con. Info: 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Ste 1035, Beverly Hills  
CA 90211.

WESTERCON 36: (Westerchron)(July 1-4) Red Lion Inn, San Jose CA  
GoH: William Tenn. AGoH: Alicia Austin. FAN: Tom Whitmore, TM: Damon  
Knight. Rooms: \$40/sgl, \$44/dbl. Memberships \$15 til 7/5/82.  
Info: westerchron 36, 1043 47th St., Emeryville CA 94608.



# CLUBS LIST CONCLUDES

## CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Victoria -- SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA. Contact: 3601 Crestview Rd., Victoria BC V8P 5C5. The University of Victoria club can also be contacted through this address.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver -- THE COUNCIL OF LOGRES  
Contact: Terrie West, 406-1765 Duchess, W. Vancouver BC Phone (604-922-8275)

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver -- BRITISH COLUMBIA SF ASSOCIATION  
Contact: PO Box 35577, Stn. E, Vancouver BC V6M 4G9.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver -- UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY. Contact: Box 75, Student Union Bldg., UBC, Vancouver BC.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver -- VANCOUVER COMIC BOOK CLUB  
Contact: PO Box 48873 Bentall Stn., Vancouver BC V7X 1A8.

ALBERTA: Edmonton -- SHIRE OF BOREALIS (Society for Creative Anachronism Chapter) Contact phone: (479-3862.) Meets Wednesday nights in Room 339, Central Academic Bldg., University of Alberta.

ALBERTA: Edmonton -- UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA WARGAMING SOCIETY  
Meets Wednesday and Friday nights, 2nd floor, Henry Marshall Tory Building, University of Alberta. Follow the noise.

ALBERTA: Edmonton -- EDMONTON SCIENCE FICTION AND COMIC ART SOCIETY (ESFCAS) Contact: PO Box 4071, Edmonton ALTA T6E 4S8.  
Meets each Thursday at 7 pm in room 14-9, Henry Marshall Tory Bldg., University of Alberta. Publishes NEOLOGY.

ALBERTA: Calgary -- "DEC"  
Contact: PO Box 475 Station G, Calgary ALTA T3A 2G4.

MANITOBA: Winnipeg -- WINNIPEG SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY  
Contact: 711 Scotland Ave., Winnipeg MAN R3M 1W7.

ONTARIO: Ottawa -- OTTAWA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY  
Contact: PO Box 2912 Stn. D, Ottawa ONT K1P 5W9. Publishes a newsletter available for \$9 per year.

ONTARIO: Toronto -- ONTARIO SCIENCE FICTION CLUB  
Contact: Bob Webber, 4-6 Bradbrook Rd., Toronto ONT M8Z 5V3.  
Alternate contact: Bakka Books, 282 Queen St. W, Toronto ONT M5V 2A1.

ONTARIO: Toronto -- FRIENDS OF THE SPACED-OUT LIBRARY  
Contact: David Aylwood, 40 St. George St., Toronto ONT M5S 2E4

This list has tried to cover North America, and does so as completely as it's ever been done, without any pretention to completeness or 100% accuracy. Please send additions and corrections to the editor.



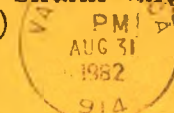
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WESTERCON /continued from p.17/ vote then they wouldn't have had to pack the business meeting. They wouldn't have had to withdraw their bid to resolve the crisis ("Both" ceased to exist when one bidder folded). Nor would there have been such haste to destroy the ballots.

As she was preparing to leave the con, Genny Dazzo loudly announced that she was going back to New York and start a Phoenix in '84 worldcon bid, to repay the "Both" bidders for their hubris...

HEN FLANDERS: A few more details: the Vancouver paper WEST ENDER reported, "Police said...the apparent cause of death was suffocation by strangulation. Police said there was evidence she was sexually attacked." She was found dead in her bedroom August 13. The source of my copy of this clipping disputes the paper's speculation that she was killed by a burglar, by saying nothing was missing. Flanders' death notice in the Vancouver PROVINCE said she was cremated, and the family requested no flowers, rather, that anyone who desire should make a memorial donation to the Canadian Cancer Society.

FROM INSTANT MESSAGE: "Nesfa Sports Score: Dave Anderson - 0; DEC Skunk - 1. When leaving the Bedford DEC after a long Sunday's overtime work on August 15, Dave Anderson nearly fell over a disgruntled skunk (not obviously wearing a DEC badge) standing on the doorstep. Dave swears he did not clobber the skunk when he opened the heavy metal back door, but the skunk let him have it with his best shot anyway. The skunk nearly managed to walk into the building before the door shut. The clerk was not only amused, she rolled on the floor laughing when the reeking, thoroughly chastened Data Committeeman arrived home. The smell was successfully removed from his clothes. However, the skunk smell on Dave's car attracted a neighborhood skunk who sprayed the area as an expression of solidarity..." (IM #320)



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