

File 770



File 770:93 is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. Luxurious desktop publishing designs are provided by Irene Danziger. ("Pleasure be costing extra.")

File 770 is available for news, artwork, arranged trades (primarily with other newzines and clubzines), or by subscription. Ah, yes. Subscriptions cost \$8.00 for 5 issues mailed first class in North America or surface mail rates overseas. Air printed matter service is available for \$2.50 per issue.

[The important numbers are: Telephone (818) 787-5061. CompuServe: 72557,1334. Lynzie's Motherboard: (213) 848-2700.]

Art Credits:

Taral - Cover
Brad Foster - 6
Alexis Gilliland - 8, 13
Teddy Harvia - 6, 9, 19
C. Lee Healy - 9
Craig Hilton - 15
Peggy Ranson - 7, 12
Bill Rotsler - 11, 20, 22
Diana Harlan Stein - 17

In This Issue

BITS 'N' PIECES	2
LASIS COPIES WITH LA RIOTS	3
NEW 'N' CHAIR HAS VISION FOR WORLDCON	4
OTHER NEWS	4
BOOK NOTES	9
CHANGES OF ADDRESS	9
OBITUARIES	10
BILL GAINES: AN APPRECIATION	14
1992 HUGO AWARDS NOMINATIONS	16
CONVENTION REPORTAGE	18
FANTHOLOGY '88	22

BITS 'N' PIECES

LOVE SMITES OFF LOCS, ATTACHES OWN SHACKLES

The earth trembled, but it wasn't another California aftershock. Veteran letterhack Mike Glicksohn shook fandom with his decision to taper off letter-writing, announced in a June 8 letter to *File 770*:

"I realize there's an enormous element of *hubris* involved in my writing you this note but it just might save me a lot of repetitious writing and who knows, you might even consider it fannish news, albeit not the sort that will cause too many ripples in the underpinning of our society.

"After twenty-five-and-a-half years of hanging up my shingle as Fandom's Second Most Prolific Letterhack I am largely withdrawing from the game. A few fanzines will still hear from me, a few more will get subscriptions from me, but the torrent of two-page blue locs that has poured forth from Toronto since late 1966 is about to slow to a trickle. At least for awhile.

"The reason? What else but love? Six months ago I met a poet/teacher from Oneida, New York. (We met at the Haldeman New Year party which makes it sfinal news, I suppose.) Two-and-a-half months ago I knew I loved her. Two months ago I knew she loved me. A month ago we got engaged. (The wedding won't be until July 3, 1993, since there are bureaucratic hurdles to overcome.) For the last three months all the time and energy I used to put into locs has gone into love letters and I expect that it will be awhile before I feel that reading or loccing a fanzine is a priority item in my life. (Yeah, I know what a fakefan I turned out to be.)

"Don't get me wrong. Fanzines are still important to me and I want to

stay involved with them. I just don't have the time right now to do what I've done for the last five-plus lustrums. I don't even have the time to write each incoming fanzine and explain why they won't be hearing from me so I thought perhaps a small announcement in *File 770* might disseminate the news for me and let faneds decide what they want to do.

"I've been as active as any fan in fanzines for the last quarter century and I don't regret any of that involvement. I hope to stay in touch, if not as directly and actively as I have been... If you'd spread that news, I'd appreciate it."

PETREY SCHOLARSHIPS ANNOUNCED

For the first time, two Susan C. Petrey Clarion Scholarships have been awarded in one year, \$1,000 each to Nathan Ballingrud and Denise Angela Shawl. The amounts will allow them to attend Clarion science fiction and fantasy writers' workshops in East Lansing, MI, and Seattle, WA, respectively.

The scholarship fund, a memorial to a fledgling author who passed away some years ago, has existed since 1981. Two 1992 awards were made possible by growing support for the fund from auctions at Portland, OR, area conventions, individual donations, and from the successful publication of Petrey's *Gifts of Blood* by Baen Books.

Limited editions of *Gifts of Blood* with autographed essays by Ursula LeGuin, Vonda McIntyre and Kate Wilhelm are available for \$22 from the fund administrators. The fund is administered by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (OSFCI), a nonprofit organization. Contact OSFCI at P.O. Box 5703, Portland, OR 97228.



LASFS COPES WITH LA RIOTS

Rioting swept Los Angeles in the wake of the acquittal of several policemen accused in the Rodney King beating. The violence and destruction began Wednesday, April 29 and prompted Mayor Tom Bradley to impose a dusk-to-dawn curfew for four days.

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society's years-long tradition of Thursday night meetings accidentally continued when five of us didn't hear the Board of Directors canceled the April 30 meeting after announcement of the curfew. The clubhouse itself was in an unaffected area but most fans were convinced to stay away by the curfew, a common-sense concern for their own safety, and numerous phone calls made by Leigh Strother-Vien and Gary Louie informing members about the cancellation. I live only minutes away by car: traffic was already reduced to a tiny trickle when I drove to the clubhouse and found four other members locked inside.

At 7:15 p.m., acting in the capacity of secretary of the LASFS Board of Directors, I convened a quick meeting with Keri Brooke, Fred Patten, Gavin Claypool, and Charles Lee Jackson 2. Hearing about the importance of getting home before sundown, Keri thought aloud, "It's almost the right night for riding to the Borgo Pass." Thanks to the curfew it was no easier to get RTD service that night than to catch a stagecoach after dark in Transylvania.

Charlie noted the night's Patron Saint was Larry Niven, who had selected a meeting near his birthday. Some birthday party this year. By 7:24 we had done our duty and adjourned, allowing to depart those who wanted to observe the 7:46 p.m. sundown curfew. Fred Patten smiled, "This meeting lasted longer than the one at Harlan Ellison's house [in the 1960's]."

On the second day of violence science fiction writer John Vornholt used CompuServe to express his despair over the prolonged looting and televised reports about the slow official response. "I live in LA, and we can't breathe or see because the smoke is so thick. But this is not a riot. It is well planned guerrilla warfare, and the guerrillas are winning. As inept as the official reaction has been, this will undoubtedly be the worst disaster in the history of the U.S. People who did not think that a U.S. city could be like Beirut, Kabul, Croatia, or anywhere else where there is urban warfare are wrong. LA is a war zone at the moment, and the establishment is losing." (Coincidentally, Vornholt moved to Phoenix in June.)

David Gerrold, who wrote dozens of messages himself, replied, "I recognized that you are concerned, perhaps even

scared, possibly even panicky. This is normal, and I wouldn't tell you that you're wrong to feel that way. Good lord, I spent some time last night wondering what I would save if my neighborhood caught fire. Despite the fact that everything is backed up, I need to seriously rethink a lot of my disaster preparation. (I thought I was in good shape, I may not be in as good shape as I need to be.)

"You have argued that this was gang-organized terrorism. And you have also argued that the police were caught napping and were unprepared. Both of these are serious charges. But I haven't seen much discussion of either of these positions on the TV or in the newspapers. I'm not ruling them out, but I'd really like to wait and see some evidence before I start saying reckless things about the situation."

LASFS president Ed Green, a active-duty sergeant in the National Guard, missed several meetings before the Guard was withdrawn from the streets of Los Angeles. Assigned to the Guard armory in South Central LA, Green was shocked by his first-hand view of the urban violence. One of his most jarring experiences came the night gunfire erupted nearby and he found himself in charge of a handful of guardsmen deployed face-down in a flowerbed he had tended for years.

Green came through the experience physically unscathed. His usual duties were in support and administration. To combat boredom among the guardsmen spending their off-hours at the armory, Green asked LASFS to send books. Club librarian Leigh Strother-Vien (a vet herself) sent 350 paperbacks gathered door-to-door in her apartment building and out of donations to the LASFS library.

Green also contacted the theater complex at Universal Studios and wrangled a free showing of *Criss-Cross* for several hundred soldiers who appreciated the idea of a free showing if not the film itself. Ironically, the showing for the Guard inspired Rutger Hauer to visit the troops. Before Hauer arrived, the troops were instructed to answer any questions about the movie by saying either "I liked it" or "It's the best movie I've seen lately..."

Tens of thousands of people, many who had lost nothing more than their peace of mind, found healing in joining volunteer cleanup crews and gathering food to be distributed in areas where stores were closed or looted. Pitching in to help the recovery process, the 45 members at the May 6 LASFS meeting contributed \$120 in cash to be sent to the LA Public Library in response to its request for money to help replace two branches lost in the riot.

NEW '93 CHAIR HAS VISION FOR WORLDCON

David Clark of Berkeley, CA, has accepted the chairmanship of ConFrancisco, the 1993 Worldcon. Clark, a director of ConFrancisco's parent corporation, San Francisco Science Fiction Conventions, Inc., has been serving as the Facilities Liaison.

The death of Terry Biffel on January 8 compelled the ConFrancisco committee to take the unprecedented step of naming a third successive chairman; Biffel had replaced the late Sue Stone.

In an open letter, Clark expressed the sentiment that, "Terry [Biffel] had a vision of a convention which would be a true World Science Fiction Convention. We're hoping to make that vision come true. Because we won the bid at the Hague, we have many European members. We are actively pursuing memberships from Japan, Australia, Hong Kong and other Pacific Rim countries: we are more conveniently located for these fans than most other Worldcon sites. And we're working on ways to bring people up from Latin America, and, if there are enough resources, from eastern Europe, which is where you can help."

An auction is planned for Magicon, this year's Worldcon in Orlando, to raise money to help pay expenses for Latin American science fiction professionals who might be able to come. Jan Howard Finder, a GoH of ConFrancisco, will be the chief auctioneer. Donations of high-quality material are requested: donations for the auction may be sent to Gay Haldeman at 5412 NW 14th Avenue, Gainesville, FL 32605.

Suggestions for a writer or artist who deserves recognition, to be invited to ConFrancisco under this project should be sent directly to Betty Anne Hull, 855 South Harvard Drive, Palatine, IL 60067. Direct monetary donations and additional suggestions should be sent to the ConFrancisco office 712 Bancroft Road, Suite 1993, Walnut Creek, CA USA 94598.

Clark adds, "Fandom has several worthy funds to bring fans together for large national and world conventions: TAFF, DUFF and GUFF are the most obvious ongoing ones. We're not trying to compete with them; we encourage you to support them too. We're trying for a one-time effort, hoping to get new people involved with the idea

of cultural diversity for the Worldcon. I hope you think this is a good idea, and support our goal of building bridges between fan groups of all kinds, all over the world. If you do, please help make Terry's dream come true."

TIPTREE AWARD WINNERS ANNOUNCED AT WISCON

Named for James Tiptree Jr., the pen name of Alice Sheldon, the Tiptree Award was given for the first time at this year's Wiscon, in March. Fans who have been munching products from "the bakery men don't see" (and buying copies of its namesake book, now a Hugo nominee) were able to see the initial presentation of an award to "the work of science fiction or fantasy published in 1991 which best explores or expands gender roles."

The winners were *A Woman of the Iron People* by Eleanor Arnason, and *The White Queen* by Gwyneth Jones. Each winner received \$500 in prize money, transportation and expenses at Wiscon, a certificate, a typewriter, and an award plaque cast in pure milk chocolate.

Debbie Notkin stated, "The judges chose not to release a list of nominees beforehand, thus creating an artificial set of 'losers.' Instead, we would now like to call your attention to books we felt strongly about and seriously considered in our deliberations.)"

The "short list" included: *Orbital Resonance*, John Barnes; *Sarah Canary*, Karen Joy Fowler; *The Architecture of Desire*, Mary Gentle; *Moonwise*, Greer Ilene Gilman; *He, She and It*, Marge Piercy. The Tiptree judges were Notkin, Suzy McKee Charnas, Vonda McIntyre, Bruce McAllister and Sherry Goldsmith.

Fundraising for the award included \$2,000 from sales at conventions and bookstores, \$1,800 from sales of *The Bakery Men Don't See*, a collection of recipes and anecdotes, and a combined total of \$1,000 from Ursula LeGuin and the Tiptree Estate. Notkin said, "The energy and enthusiasm the award engendered is incontrovertible proof of just how hungry the science fiction community was for this award, and how ready everyone was to make it happen and make it keep happening."

The Bakery Men Don't See is in its second printing. The spiral-bound booklet is 96 pages long, with more than 60 recipes, tips and baking stories by sf pros and fans. Cost: \$10 plus postage (\$1 in North America, \$3 overseas.) To: SF3, Tiptree Project, P.O. Box 1624, Madison WI 53701-1624.

SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION

P. L. Carruthers-Montgomery has resigned as President of the Southern Fandom Confederation due to ill health, among other difficulties. According to J.R. Madden there has been no issue of *The S.F.C. Bulletin* since January of 1991 due to P. L.'s difficulties. Sue Francis has been elected President in her stead, and expects to produce another issue soon. Patrick Molloy agreed to continue as Vice President, and Madden was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer for the seventh year. Madden adds, "If you run any of this, please convey my apologies to the membership of the S.F.C. for the lack of publication in the past year."

STUPID CRIME TRICKS, WITH YOUR HOST HOWARD DEVORE

"Butterfingers bandit loses his grip" shouts the headline from a back-page story in *The Detroit News*, describing a bandit "so nervous he dropped a bundle of \$100 bills after stealing an undisclosed amount of cash from [a bank branch] in downtown Detroit" on March 26. "Somebody said 'You dropped some money'," said bank customer George Young, who moments before had spotted the suspect standing nervously in line. "I said it wasn't me, it was the other guy. I said to him, 'Hey, you dropped some money,' but he just kept walking. Walking fast."

At this point we drop *The Detroit News* like an unwanted roll of hundreds and turn to "the rest of the story" in Howard DeVore's apazine...

"Now it's quite easy to imagine SF fan George Young standing in line at the bank, calling out, 'Hey, Mr. Bankrobber, you dropped your money,' but like everything fannish that happens in Detroit there's always more to learn behind the scenes. This is the way it really happened:

"For almost a year Tom Altschuler and George Young have run this combination bookstore and comic shop (nicknamed the 'Stop and Steal'). The bookstore is actually a front for a 'Fagin' operation where they take 9-year-old urchins off the street and train them to steal comic books. By the time they graduate at age 18 these kids could steal a hippopotamus out of quicksand.

"Recently they applied for a Federal job Training Grant, explaining that they are teaching these kids a trade. Unfortunately, they were turned down but they contacted financial consultant Willie Sutton who said that when he needed money he always went to a bank. They decided to go to a bank, and stood in line with the other patrons.

"Tom Altschuler mumbled, 'Give me some money, please.' Tom mumbles a lot and he was having a little attack of the DT's, having missed his breakfast beer. Tom likes a little breakfast beer, and some lunch beer, and a few for dinner — and if he gets up at night to go to the bathroom he has two or three then, also.

"The teller handed him a stack of loose bills and a wrapped bundle of hundreds. Tom was shaking so badly he couldn't hold them but he turned to pass them to the 'handoff man' and thrust them at George. George wasn't fast enough and they tumbled to the floor, meanwhile Tom headed for the door, his part completed.

"Apparently George now realized that Tom hadn't really applied for a loan as they had planned but he called out, 'Hey, you dropped OUR money', which other customers heard as 'You dropped YOUR money.' Convinced that something had gone wrong George did nothing, clerks, police and customers milled around and after awhile George left and went back to the store.

"When he got there he asked Tom what he had done with the loose bills they had handed him and Tom said that Willie Sutton had advised him to invest it in 'lots', so on the way back he had bought 'lots' and stacked it in the back room. He explained that it was really a good investment, that it's cheaper that way than buying it by the six pack."





TEDDY HARVIA

DOCTOR EDMONDS, I PRESUME?

Leigh Edmonds of Australia, formerly editor of such well-known fanzines as *Rataplan* and the Aussie edition of *FTT*, has re-emerged into the light bearing a Ph.D., reports Craig Hilton.

ONLINE AWARD ANNOUNCED

CompuServe's Science Fiction and Fantasy Forum has initiated the "HOMer Award." Wilma Meier, a sysop of the forum, announced that the top vote getters for 1992 were:

Novels - Science Fiction: (tie) *Barragar* by Lois McMaster Bujold and *All the Weyrs of Pern* by Anne McCaffrey.

Novels - Fantasy: *The Little Country* by Charles de Lint

Novels - Horror/Dark Fantasy: *The Fetch* by Robert Holdstock

Novellas: "The Gallery of His Dreams" by Kristine Kathryn Rusch (*Axolotl*; *IASFM* 9/91)

Novelettes: "Dispatches from the Revolution" by Pat Cadigan (*IASFM* 7/91)

Short Stories: "In the Late Cretaceous" by Connie Willis (*IASFM* mid-12/91)

NEBULA AWARD WINNERS

The Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA) have announced their annual Nebula Award winners:

Novel: *Stations of the Tide* by Michael Swanwick

Novella: "Beggars in Spain" by Nancy Kress

Novelette: "Guide Dog" by Mike Conner

Short story: "Ma Qui" by Alan Brennert

Also presented during the Nebula Award banquet was SFWA's first Ray Bradbury Award for Dramatic Script, to James Cameron and William Wisher for *Terminator II: Judgement Day*.

Speaker at the Nebula banquet in Atlanta, GA, was Minority Whip of the House of Representatives, Newt Gingrich. Said Mike Resnick, "About 20-25 writers walked out, very peaceably and quietly, when Newt Gingrich, the guest speaker, was introduced, and re-entered half an hour later when he was through. They missed a helluva brilliant, non-political speech."

The banquet speaker is always chosen by the SFWA President: currently Ben Bova. Last year's guest speaker was Hugh Downs. Reporting about the speech, Resnick added, "Gingrich has a Ph.D. in history, and says that the impetus for it was his reading about psychohistory in the Foundation Trilogy when he was a teenager; he's very conversant and well-read in sf, has met Bradbury, Clarke, Asimov and a number of others, and is one of the strongest proponents of the space program. I'm not thrilled with his politics either, but since he was our guest, there at our invitation, I thought it would be rude to show disapproval, and I'd say about 80% of the audience agreed. As, as I mentioned, it was a non-political speech, and a very well-presented one."

MERIT AWARD

Jay Kay Klein was presented a certificate of achievement merit award this past December by The Johns Hopkins University National Search in recognition of his contribution to their national program for enhancing the quality of life for people with disabilities through the application of computing technology.

Jay Kay adds on another topic, "I have just concluded a lawsuit for piracy of a number of my photos, with the defendants agreeing to an out-of-court settlement for a payment of \$10,000."

FUTURE CONRUNNERS OF AMERICA BORN

Trevor Antony Ward was born on February 17, 1992 at 11:47 a.m., confirming his dad's (Dalroy Ward's) choice to skip Boskone. The child weighed 5 lb. 12 oz. at birth.

Aviva Rose Zhora Siegel was born February 5, 1992 to parents Dana Siegel and Eric Rowe. She weighed 6 lb. 14 oz. at birth.

In another baby report, Dennis Virzi commented, "Duarte's and Meschke's kid Mathew is neat. Madeleine liked him (and dropped a Christmas snowball on his head) when they visited us in December." Although Madeleine evidently can take care of herself, her 21st century suitors should take note that dad, Dennis, says he "now has a Federal Firearms License, so you can add 'arms dealer' to my official description."

To Jo Alida Wilcox and Bill Welden was born a daughter, Julia Marie Wilcox Welden, on March 31. She weighed 7 lb. 10 oz. at birth.

CLUB NEWS NORTH AND SOUTH

Like everywhere else these days, science fiction club membership in the South is seeing its largest surge among sf tv show fans. Reports J.R. Madden, "The Baton Rouge Science Fiction League, Inc., (BRSFL) and

WTSF (We Talk Science Fiction) are now meeting jointly on the second Thursday and the fourth Monday of each month at the Main Library here in Baton Rouge. BRSFL was founded in November 1979 and has been experiencing a 'down' period with slack attendance and activities. WTSF, formerly The Rebel Alliance, is younger but has also been having a dull period.

"On the other hand: Star One Delta, the Star Trek club which meets on the third Sunday of each month at a local pizza parlor, has about 45 members, produces a newsletter, and sponsors other activities. An active group, Star One Delta participated in appropriate costume at a local theater showing the latest Star Trek motion picture some months back."

To the north, conditions are even more extreme, with the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Arts Society (ESFACAS) officially fading into the background noise provided by the Live Role Playing Society, which shares their meeting space in the University of Alberta student union. While president Cath Jackel says the gamers are bringing in dozens of new members, ESFACAS barely coaxed four members to fill the four officers' positions last January: "We don't have critical mass, we have terminal apathy." So ESFACAS is going "dormant" and the clubzine, *Neology*, has suspended publication. Not that there isn't fandom as we know it left in Edmonton, however it has splintered into the Esfoggies (the Old Gen Esfacians) who meet Friday nights in Tom Daly's Pub, plus three writers groups, two Star Trek Clubs, a Dr. Who group and the SCA.



WALTER BREEN MOVED TO JAIL HOSPITAL

From Coin World, 1/20/92: A probation violation hearing was scheduled to be held January 6 in Oakland, CA, Superior Court for numismatic researcher and author Walter Breen based on a 1990 criminal case involving child molestation.

Breen, 63, of Berkeley, CA, was serving three years probation from the 1990 case, in which he pleaded guilty to one felony count of lewd and lascivious acts with a minor under the age of 14.

He was arrested September 24, 1991, in Beverly Hills by Los Angeles police on eight felony counts of lewd and lascivious acts with a minor under the age of 14 in another case. Each charge carries a maximum six-year prison sentence upon conviction.

Breen was transferred December 24 to the hospital wing of the Santa Rita Jail in Oakland from the Los Angeles County Jail where he has been lodged since his September arrest.

...According to coppers specialist Jack Collins, a close friend of Breen's, and Breen's son, Patrick, the elder Breen has not fared well physically behind bars.

Breen's familiar bushy white hair and beard have been shaved at the firstion of the court, Collins said. Collins said when he visited Breen at the Los Angeles County Jail, Breen was barely recognizable because of the shaved head and there was only a couple of days' "stubble" on his face.

Collins said Breen has lost approximately 75 pounds, dropping to 166 pounds on his 6-foot 1-inch frame. Collins said Breen is confined to a wheelchair and is unable to walk unassisted.

Breen told his son and Collins that he believes he was pushed down a flight of stairs, approximately two months ago while in the Los Angeles County Jail. Breen said he remembers nothing about the fall, only awakening to find himself on a landing with a guard

standing over him and the back of his head bleeding. Breen told his son and Collins that he received no medical attention after the fall and has gotten no medical attention the entire time of his being in jail.

...Collins said he talked with Breen on the telephone at the Santa Rita Jail hospital for approximately a half hour on Christmas Day. He said Breen is having memory lapses and has spent nearly all of his savings on legal fees.

At the Santa Rita facility, Collins said Breen in housed in a private, locked room, which has a television. Breen is allowed to make phone calls occasionally when accompanied by an armed guard to the telephone.

FUTURE OF THE ACKERMAN COLLECTION? YOU ASKED FOR IT!

Harry Andruschak, December 31: "Since you mention Forry Ackerman, could you find out what the latest status is on his effort to find a permanent home for his collection after his death? Since I send him all the fanzines I receive, I have a certain interest in this."

Well, Mr. Harry Andruschak of Santa Monica, California — You Asked For It!

The fate of the Ackerman collection has been a long-time concern of sf, horror and film fans. The City of Los Angeles was offered the collection in the early 1980's, but Mayor Bradley's public acceptance on behalf of the Library was followed by years of inaction, and Ackerman finally withdrew the offer.

On March 20, 1992, a committee representing the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc., met with Ackerman to discuss a new proposal to find funding for a museum to house the print-sf portion of the Ackerman collection. (A Berlin consortium has already bought the movie memorabilia portion of the collection for \$1 million, with Ackerman reportedly receiving a \$100,000 down payment.) While the task of housing the huge collection is far beyond the resources of LASFS alone, several directors have become actively interested in searching out grants from nonprofit and business sources to create a facility where the collection could be displayed and maintained.

As a result of the meeting Ackerman gave LASFS a letter allowing them until December 31, 1993, to develop plans for a museum or research library. If satisfactory progress is made, he has agreed to extend this exclusive right for another two years.





BOOK NOTES

The Costume Maker's Art by Thom Boswell
Published by Lark Books, ISBN 0-937274-58-5
Reviewed by Lynn Maudlin

Subtitled "Cloaks of Fantasy, Masks of Revelation" this beautiful, full-color, 11-1/4 by 8-3/4 book is a delight to both the eye and imagination. There are a couple of introductory essays ("The New Art of Costume - Art to Watch and Wear" by Janet Wilson Anderson and "The Essence of Costumemaking" by Sha Sha Higby) but this is primarily a picture book with hundreds of photographs. It is divided into "Historic", "Fantastic" and "Futuristic" sections, and features more than 80 individual costumers. The artists' statements are illuminating and provide a little insight into why these folks go to such occasionally obsessive lengths to accurately recreate a period costume or completely overwhelm the audience at a science fiction masquerade (the "oooh!" effect).

For fans into costuming, the book is validation, a gorgeous, serious-minded production and something concrete to show your mom or your co-workers or anybody else who can't understand why you do what you do. But for fans whose costuming involvement has been limited to putting lots of buttons ("My name is Condigeo Montoya...") on a T-shirt or attending the con masquerade, the book is a revelation and a fabulous collection of some of the best work done in the past five-to-ten years (although there is a 1953 photo of Marjii Ellers as "Empress of Xandra!").

If you're lucky you may find the book for sale in the dealers' room (like the *Raiments* table at various cons) or you may order by mail: \$34.95 plus \$3.00 shipping each, payable to Raiments, P.O. Box 6176, Fullerton, CA 92634. (Calif. residents add 8.25% tax). But do be careful; this is a highly contagious artform - your closets will never be the same!

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Val and Ron Ontell, 10258 Black Mountain Rd., #145, San Diego CA 92126

Ruth Judkowitz, 434 N. Norton Ave., Los Angeles CA 90004

Mark Manning, 1709 South Holgate, Seattle WA 98144

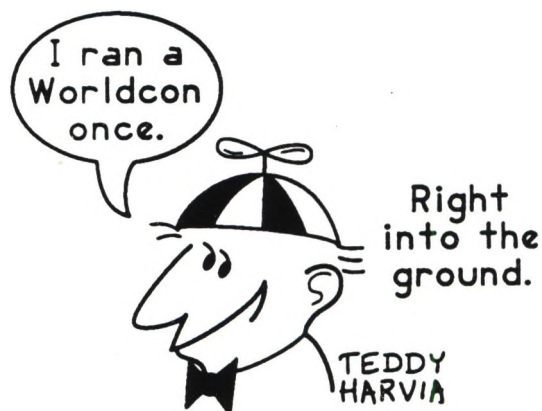
Arthur D. Hlavaty, Bernadette Bosky, Kevin Maroney, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers NY 10704

Nigel Rowe, c/o 85A Aldersbrook Rd., Manor Park, London E12 5DM, U.K.

Chuq Von Rospach and Laurie Sefton, 1072 Saratoga-Sunnyvale Rd., Bldg. A107-503, San Jose, CA 95129

J. R. Madden, P.O. Box 25167 University Station, Baton Rouge, LA 70894-5167

Stephen Larue, 674 S. Emerson St., Denver CO 80209



OBITUARIES

ISAAC ASIMOV

Isaac Asimov died April 6 at the age of 72, of kidney failure, after a writing career that spanned 500 books. Memorial services were held at the Ethical Culture Society in New York on April 22. (Donations in his name can be made to the New York University Medical Center, Development Dept., Attn. Mark Watson, 316 E. 30th St., New York NY 10016. Donors should mention that the gift is in memory of Isaac Asimov.)

"I've still got an ancient, late-'30s *Astounding* where a teenager named Isaac Asimov had a letter bemoaning all the kissing and other mushy stuff that Campbell allowed into his otherwise fine fiction (grin). Yes, even Isaac was once that young," wrote Alex Krislov on CompuServe incredulously.

If Asimov wrote such a letter, then it was not long afterwards he joined the other workhorse at *Astounding*, Robert Heinlein, and inspired decades of debate about which one was the best science fiction writer. However, fans' reactions after each passed away were starkly contrasting — even fanwriters who never met Heinlein, or strongly resented his politics, felt personally affected by his writing, but the most appreciative stories about Asimov were little more than memories of autograph sessions and (among women) uninvited flirtations. Most of those calling Asimov an influence on their lives are scientists like AI expert Marvin Minsky and JPL engineer George Carlsyle who said about reading *Foundation*, "I was just agog at the possibilities. I was particularly attracted to Asimov's belief that a rational techno-culture would arise to give the world direction and save us from chaos and irrationality."

As Ben Bova wrote in *Locus*, "No man has ever had so public a life." Asimov's ultimate feat of legerdemain lies in how much information he shared about himself without permitting any degree of personal vulnerability.

At Noreascon 3 (1989), Isaac Asimov introduced the First Fandom Award by joking that the requirements to join First Fandom are, "great age, a withered appearance and miserable habits." He intoned, "We keep Fred Pohl around as an example." Asimov loved to be his legend, living within his own story, which made him very difficult for an average fan to know in any meaningful way. The first femmefan I asked for recollections of Asimov said frankly, "I met him, but he wouldn't have recognized me from the neck up."

The high-profile Asimov lacked that numinous quality some saw in Heinlein, a comparative recluse but witheringly sincere in print and conscious that human emotions are a crucial ingredient of storytelling. Remembering who wrote Jubal Harshaw's dialogue about calculated ways to provoke readers into a sentimental response may raise suspicions about Heinlein's sincerity but it does not immunize against grieving over Mycroft (the computer in *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress*) or cheering the earnest wedding vows at the end of "Gulf."

By comparison, Asimov's most enduring short story, "Nightfall", is one of his few that involves the reader emotionally as well as intellectually. But characteristic of Asimov, that emotional involvement results from the convincing job he does of positioning the reader inside a society on the verge of a cosmological shock: we identify with the predicament rather than the protagonist.

A typical fannish encounter with Asimov was circulated on CompuServe by Kathryn Beth Willig, writing about the first time she met him (at the 1981 Disclave). "I came downstairs and found Isaac in the lobby, surrounded by a small group of folks. I went over and stood there, half-listening to the conversation. Isaac must have said something like, 'Isn't there anyone here who finds me attractive' — but I mis-heard it, and answered 'No.' Oops! ...He looked at me and repeated the question, and I suddenly realized just what I had said. How did I get out of this embarrassing moment? I replied, almost without thinking 'Well, I would find you attractive, but I'm young enough to be your granddaughter.' He made a great show of clutching his chest and staggering backwards, as if deeply wounded. He then asked how old I was. I told him, he thought about it for a second, and agreed that yes, I was young enough to be his granddaughter. (There was 40 years almost to the day difference in our ages.)"

To feign being personally wounded by a chance remark was the basis for much of Asimov's humor, never sharper than during the Sunday brunch at Noreascon 3. Tweaked in Arthur C. Clarke's pre-recorded remarks, Asimov answered, "About six weeks ago there was an airplane crash in an Iowa cornfield which a hundred people survived. Others unfortunately died. Newspapers reported that one of the survivors was reading an Arthur C. Clarke novel before the crash. When Arthur saw [the article] he immediately had 750 copies made, which he mailed to 750 friends, acquaintances and strangers." Clarke wrote a postscript on Asimov's copy: "He should have been reading an Asimov novel: he would have slept through the whole thing." Huffed Asimov, "I wrote back to Arthur — the reason he was reading a Clarke novel was so that if the plane crashed it would be a blessed relief!"

Reprinted below are the two best fannish tributes to Asimov I have encountered, by Julie Washington and John Lorentz.

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

by Julie Washington

(Originally published in the Cleveland Plain Dealer and MagiCon Progress Report 6)

It's weird to feel sorrow over the death of someone you don't actually know. Yet in the science fiction community — which prides itself on staying clubby and intimate despite its large numbers — even the lowliest fans felt as if we did know Asimov.

"It felt as though I had a childhood friend, and I hadn't stayed in touch with him, but then he died suddenly," one fan said.

We've not only lost one of the top writers in science fiction, but also our best spokesman. Even people who didn't know anything about science fiction — or claimed they never read it — had heard of Isaac Asimov. There will probably never be another science fiction writer who achieves such popularity inside and outside the genre.

I met him briefly at the 1989 World Science Fiction Convention in Boston. I hoped he would be there; his well-known dislike for airplanes meant he attended conventions only near his New York home.

I spotted him in a hallway, the bushy sideburns unmistakable. He was patiently signing books for a young man who had an entire box of books — all presumably by Asimov — at his feet. I had the impression the young man had stopped Asimov on his way to a panel discussion because Asimov kept repeating to a companion, "We'll get there, dear, we'll get there."

My heart pounded. I dug through my book bag for my copy of *The Faces of Science Fiction*, a portrait book of science fiction authors. I've collected the autographs of several writers in it, but it makes everyone crazy because it has no page numbers or index.



With shaking hands I thrust the book at Asimov. "Do you know where you are in this?" I asked. He didn't, but slowly thumbed through the pages until he found the photograph and signed his name. The photo shows him wearing a slightly rumpled tuxedo, smiling and fit, standing on a balcony with a fog-obscured city skyline behind him.

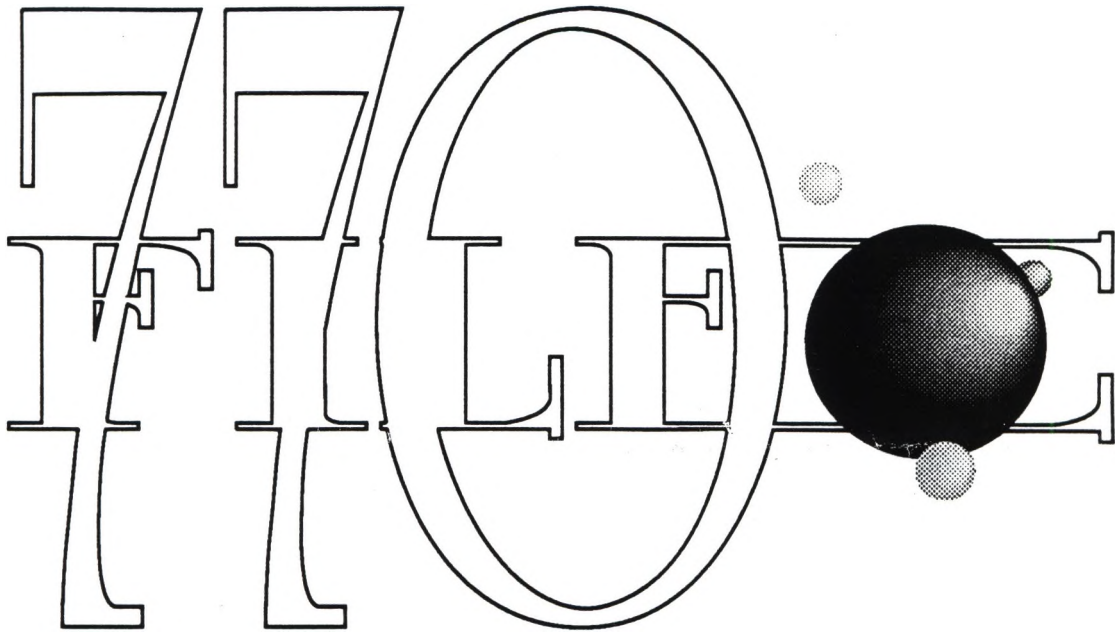
"I haven't a modest bone in my body — at least when it comes to science fiction," reads his quote on the opposite page. "I'm proud of what I've produced, but not of me. My stories, and those of several hundred other writers, are the face of science fiction."

Later at the same convention, I crammed into an overflowing ballroom to hear Asimov speak. He talked about how, growing up during the Depression, he watched his parents work from waking to sleeping. He applied the same work ethic to his writing, which is how he explained his tremendous output of nearly 500 books.

When I began exploring science fiction, reading Asimov was practically required. But I found the *Foundation Trilogy* daunting, so I started with his first robot books: *I, Robot*, written in 1950, and *The Rest of the Robots*. I loved Dr. Susan Calvin, the intelligent, spinsterly scientist who liked robots more than she liked people. (But I was glad to find that modern science fiction offered more realistic female characters.)

I took *I, Robot* off my bookshelf recently. I was invited to be a guest reader at an area elementary school and thought "Robbie", the story of a little girl's devotion to her robot, would be perfect. I didn't have time to finish the story, but one boy raised his hand and told the class how the story ended. I could have hugged him.

For the next generation of science fiction readers, the path will be dimmer without Asimov. But his tremendous vision will endure to light our way to the future.



PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER AS A YOUNG FAN

by John Raymond Lorentz (c) 1992

Excerpted from his column in Pulsar:

Isaac was known as a science fiction writer, and I'm sure that I'm by far not the only person who picked *The Foundation Trilogy* as one of my selections when I first joined the Science Fiction Book Club. But it was through his non-fiction that I first learned of this man. Growing up in Eugene, I devoured any kind of science book I could find. In grade school, this usually meant dragging my parents in with me to the 'Adult' section of the library, so they'd check out books for me that I couldn't get in the 'Children's' section. By the time I got into junior high and was allowed to go into the hallowed 'Adult' section on my own, I'd read many of Dr. Asimov's books — including *The Human Body* and *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Science*. My two most vivid memories of a Christmas trip our family took to LA in 1964 are: (a) just how bad the water was down there, and (b) the stack of Asimov science books I took with me to read.

...Before the Golden Age contained, along with selected stories, personal commentary from The Good Doctor himself. This was even better than the stories! Evidently, I wasn't the only person who felt this way. *The Early Asimov* came out a little later, with even more glimpses of Isaac's life. His column in *F&SF* began to include humorous anecdotes at the start. And I got to learn a lot more about

this person who'd only been a name to me until then. By reading the short bios in each of his new books, I discovered he'd been divorced and remarried, had a heart attack and bypass surgery, that he'd moved from Boston to New York. And I kept finding new Asimovs to read: *Lecherous Limericks*, *The Black Widowers*, *Murder at the ABA*. How I envied the East Coast fans, who could actually talk to him in person!

I finally got my chance in 1980, when Sue and I attended the Boston worldcon, Noreascon Two. Sue had corresponded with him earlier, saying that she'd hoped that she'd have a chance to dance for him while she was there, so we knew there was a chance that we may meet him. But there were a lot of people there, so we had our doubts. One afternoon, as I was walking out of the Registration area, I heard the guy behind say "Hi, Isaac!" Playing it back in my mind, I realized that the man who had been entering the room as I was leaving was Isaac Asimov! (I was fooled by the fact he was so short. Deep down, I fully expected Isaac Asimov to tower over me!) I hurried back to the room to grab some books, told Sue that 'Asimov just went into the Dealer's Room!', and went back down to find Isaac walking next to a woman who I later discovered was Janet. He was very kind, stopped and signed my books. (The *Trilogy* and *In Memory Yet Green*.) This was a mistake, as once he stopped he immediately became the nucleus of a small mob. He finally told them to let him get over to the autograph table (he was scheduled for a session some 30 minutes later, but the table was free already) and he'd start signing. By the time Sue got there ten minutes later, the line was halfway around the room.

The line slowly worked its way forward. When Sue finally got to the table, one of the books she had for him to sign was *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man*. Isaac was trading banter with Martin Greenberg, his frequent collaborator (and co-table-sitter), and made some comment about how he was surprised that a 'sweet young thing' like her would have such a book. She responded that it wasn't that much of a surprise — she was, besides being 'Sue Renhard', also called 'Velvet' (her dance name at the time, and the name she used when writing to him). I still remember his exclamation of 'You're Velvet!' She talked to him for a few minutes, telling that we had an OryCon party scheduled the next night, and he was invited. He said he'd try to make it.

The next morning, the phone rang in our room. I answered, and the person asked to talk to Velvet. It was Isaac, calling to beg off. Sue talked to him a while, and convinced him to change his mind. That night, we nervously waited in our borrowed suite. (Borrowed from John Andrews' worldcon friends. They kept remarking later "Oh, sure," we thought—like we're actually going to have Isaac Asimov in our hotel room. And then he actually showed up! While we were waiting (and entertaining other people who showed up, like R. A. Lafferty) (I thought at the time that he [Lafferty] didn't look like we was going to last much longer. I saw him again at Chicon. He looked exactly the same — and now it's Isaac who is gone), I realized I didn't have my camera. I rushed to our room, retrieved it and went back to the party. When I entered the room, I realized that the man sitting with his back to the door was him! Sue danced for him, he told limericks until Janet had to manually drag him from the room, and we had our memories. (We saw him again the next night, at the Davis party. He walked in, saw Sue standing there, and told her 'I came here just to see you.')

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

British fan Eric Bentcliffe died of cancer in late February or early March, reports *Science Fiction Chronicle's* April issue. He was in his mid-60's. He was active in Manchester fandom during the 1950's and 1960's, best known for publishing the fanzine *Triode*, co-editing 17 issues with Terry Jeeves. He continued to publish fanzines into the 1980's.

Bentcliffe attended the 1960 Worldcon in Pittsburgh as the delegate of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. He was also a Knight of Saint Fantony, the fannish honor society. (Attendees of the Noreascon 3 Hugo ceremony may remember each segment in the procession of nominees was led by a Knight of St. Fantony.)

JOE H. PALMER

Seattle fan Joe H. Palmer died April 28 of a heart attack while returning home from his work. Palmer wrote "Kennings" for *Westwind* from 1984 to 1988: the best science column ever written for fanzine publication, for my money.

Palmer received bachelor's and master's degrees from MIT. For seven years he worked for Boeing on such projects as Saturn V and the 747, then was laid off in 1970. Palmer started over as an air traffic controller, only to rejoin the ranks of the unemployed after the PATCO strike in 1981. Afterwards he had a variety of teaching and engineering jobs.

Apart from NWSFS, the local science fiction club, Palmer's other love was the Seattle Astronomical Society. Wrote Robert Suryan in the May issue of *Westwind*: "At many a starparty you could find Joe sitting at his telescope answering Questions and making the seemingly complicated and obtuse understandable in a clear and witty way."



BILL GAINES: AN APPRECIATION

BY KELLY FREAS

Like most of the "old guard" from *MAD Magazine*, I regarded Bill Gaines as a very dear and longtime friend, but never an intimate one, for a very good reason. He was a benign and revered father figure to me and one does not get cozy with one's father, at least after the age of ten.

If Bill had a fault, it was the intensity of his concern for his people. Bill was the *only* publisher I ever heard of who bought *all* rights from his artists, only to give back twice their value in trips, bonuses, gifts, and tender loving care. When I gafiated to Mexico (for a year's sabbatical which extended itself to nearly four), Bill insisted that I got at *his* expense to *his* doctor for a complete — i.e., three-inch thick dossier! — physical examination before I made a decision. Approximately a thousand 1959 dollars later, after several weeks of exhaustive (and exhausting) tests, the doctor rendered his verdict, to me and to Bill.

"Mr. Freas is typical of his age and income bracket. He eats too much, drinks too much, sleeps too little, works too hard, and doesn't get enough exercise. Aside from that he's perfectly fine." Bill agreed that I needed a rest.

My connection with *MAD* began in 1955 with me half asleep in the reception room of Ballantine Books, for whom I was doing a job. The elevator door opened and closed...footsteps...

"Oh, good morning Mr. DeFuccio! Mr. Ballantine is expecting you. Go right in!" The leather heels clicked past me, slowed to a stop, backpedaled about four paces...

"Pardon me. Are you by any chance Kelly Freas?"

I opened an eye. "Uh huh. C'est moi."

The tall, dark stranger pulled a copy of *Astounding Science Fiction* from his pocket. The cover was my subsequently famous Little Green Man.

"You did this cover?"

"Guilty as charged."

"How would you like to work for *Mad Magazine*?"

"I'd love it."

"OK. We'll call you tomorrow about taking on a cover assignment."

And they did, and I did, and from there on it was downhill all the way, with curves banked and skis waxed.

Bill Gaines' own off-the-wall sense of humor was, of course, famous. It was not lost on my wife, Laura, when I brought her to Bill's office one day to meet him. She nearly jumped through her skin when, upon entering the room, she came face-to-face with a life-sized sculpture of the head and hands of King Kong coming in the window! ("How do you do, Mr. Gai—YIPES!!") Bill had never liked the view from that window....

The *MAD* office in the early days was not quite like the social hour in a loony bin — it was much louder and a good deal wilder. A cover conference was a major event, with the whole staff, plus receptionist, elevator operator, janitor, whatever delivery men happened by, and the occasional script writer who was immediately gagged or defenestrated. The real center of interest was a foot-high stack of random paper — cover ideas sent by readers! Every single one was gone over and discussed (loudly!) until the stack was reduced to about an inch of future possibilities and one clear choice. At least four out of five cover ideas came originally from readers, though by the time we got through mangling them it might have been difficult to recognize their own offspring. But the readers' effort was considerably helped, I'm sure, by the \$50 check Bill Gaines personally sent to every contributor whose idea was used!

The covers were, of course, a lot of fun despite the running fight with the editorial department as to whether Alfie should be a rubber stamp or a living character. I came down on the Til Eulenspiegel side, and usually won — but not always....

More fun were the satirical ads. These were Bill's first love: he absolutely refused to accept any advertising, no matter the price. "We reserve the right to throw a brick at ANYBODY!" And — we did.

My own favorite was — I think — Bill Gaines' own idea. Parke-Davis had been running a series of beautiful prints in pharmacies all over the country: some 200 of them all by a truly superb artist, Robert Thom, presenting true milestones in the history of medicine. We decided to do our own Great Moments in Medicine: Presenting the Bill.

I collected all 200 prints and puzzled over them for days, trying to find things Thom had done which I didn't like. It wasn't easy, but I persevered.

Then I gave up. He didn't do *anything* badly. The solution had to be a gimmick. I found one. It was based on the characters' reactions, and the props. Especially the props. My reward was one letter from a doctor congratulating me on having invented a disease requiring the use of the instruments shown. Since one of them was a Go/No-Go gauge from the aircraft industry (used to measure the size of holes to one ten-thousandth of an inch), I was delighted. I was equally delighted when another doctor questioned how I know that the G-NG gauge was standard equipment for a doctor's bag.

That was one of the two *MAD* paintings Bill ever authorized for limited edition prints, and a gigantic, seven-color print from Stabur Graphics resulted. Who buys it? Doctors and nurses! The nurses seemed to be particularly amused by some of the more esoteric equipment depicted.

An example of Bill Gaines' generosity to his people was the famous *MAD* junkets. (He stopped giving cash bonuses when his artists and writers began fighting about who was entitled to how much. It didn't seem to occur to anyone that since the bonuses were outright *gifts*, they were Bill's own business.) But he made up for it with his staff trips. *Everybody* went.

One of my favorite memories is of a night in Haiti where we had gone to beg our Haitian reader to renew his subscription. All of us were well into our cups when someone — I think it was Frank Jacobs (one of the finest and most inventive writers on the team) — noticed that Don Martin (tall, dark and handsome as original sin, despite a clear resemblance to his cartoon characters) hadn't been talking.

"Hey, Don!" said Frank. "You're being too quiet! Say something funny!"

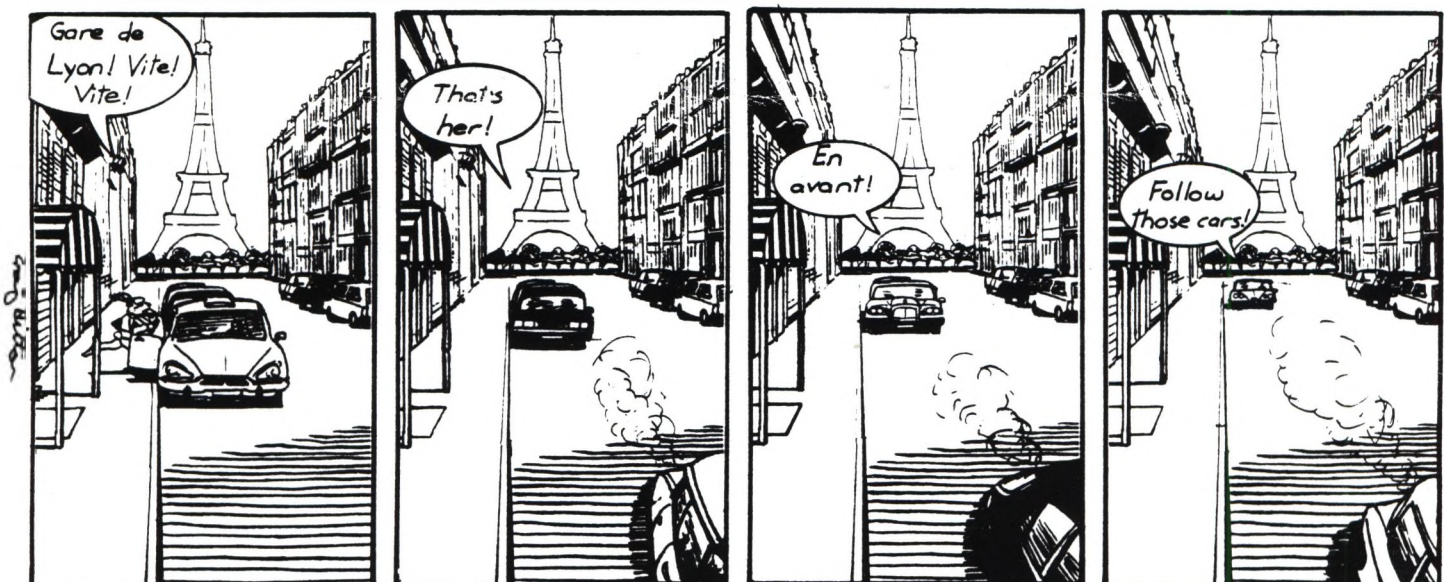
Don flashed his two-acre, brilliant white grin, and replied, "Hell NO! Minute I say something funny one of you bastards will steal it!"

He was probably right, too.

And then there was that two-week safari in Africa. At its end, Bill decided that everyone was too tired to go home just yet. So he arranged a week's layover in Greece to get everyone rested up.

My association with the magazine and with Bill ended too soon. We parted company in the early '60s under rather bizarre circumstances. I was busily doing portraits, several hundred of them being Franciscan saints. The padres, notable for their sense of humor, liked my touch of satire — but as the Monsignor said, "When Saint Bartolomeo comes out looking like Alfred E. Newman, something's got to give!"

That was altogether too silly an excuse for quitting the magazine, so I made up a more respectable-sounding story: I told Bill it was a matter of money. It wasn't, of course, and that fabrication was a serious mistake for which, despite his continuing cordiality the few times we've seen each other since, he never really forgave me. I did a few more jobs for him when I came back from Mexico, but it wasn't quite the same. I think now that he really would have understood my reason for quitting, but to desert Alfie for mere money was tantamount to treason. He was right, too — as usual. I am sorry Bill — but now you know.



1992 HUGO AWARDS NOMINATIONS

BEST NOVEL

Lois McMaster Bujold, *Barragar, Analog*, July-October 1991
 Emma Bull, *Bone Dance*, Ace
 Orson Scott Card, *Xenocide*, Tor
 Anne McCaffrey, *All the Weyrs of Pern*, Bantam U.K., Del Rey
 Michael Swanwick, *Stations of the Tide*, *IASFM* Mid-December 1990-January 1991, Morrow
 Joan D. Vinge, *The Summer Queen*, Warner Questar

BEST NOVELLA

Nancy Kress, "And Wild For To Hold", *What Might Have Been*, vol. 3: *Alternate Wars* (Bantam Spectra), *IASFM* July 1991
 Nancy Kress, "Beggars in Spain", Axolotl Press, *IASFM* April 1991
 Kristine Kathryn Rusch, "The Gallery of His Dreams", Axolotl Press, *IASFM* September 1991
 Michael Swanwick, "Griffin's Egg", Legend U.K., St. Martin's Connie Willis, "Jack", *IASFM* October 1991

BEST NOVELETTE

Isaac Asimov, "Gold", *Analog* September 1991
 Pat Cadigan, "Dispatches from the Revolution", *IASFM* July 1991
 Ted Chiang, "Understand", *IASFM* August 1991
 Howard Waldrop, "Fin de Cycle", *Night of the Cooters* (Ursus Press) and *IASFM* Mid-December 1991
 Connie Willis, "Miracle", *IASFM* December 1991

BEST SHORT STORY

Terry Bisson, "Press Ann", *IASFM* August 1991
 John Kessel, "Buffalo", *F&SF* January 1991, *Fires of the Past* (St. Martin's)
 Geoffrey A. Landis, "A Walk in the Sun", *IASFM* October 1991
 Mike Resnick, "One Perfect Morning, With Jackals", *IASFM* March 1991
 Mike Resnick, "Winter Solstice", *F&SF* October/November 1991
 Martha Soukup, "Dog's Life", *Amazing*, March 1991
 Connie Willis, "In the Late Cretaceous", *IASFM* December 1991

BEST NON-FICTION BOOK

Charles Addams, *The World of Charles Addams*, Knopf
 Everett Blieler, *Science Fiction: The Early Years*, Kent State University Press
 Jack L. Chalker and Mark Owings, *The Science Fantasy Publishers: A Critical and Bibliographic History*, 3rd ed., Mirage Press
 Jeanne Gomoll, Diane Martin et al., *The Bakery Men Don't See Cookbook*, SF-Cubed
 Stephen Jones, ed., *Clive Barker's Shadows in Eden*, Underwood-Miller

BEST ORIGINAL ARTWORK

Thomas Canty, cover of *White Mists of Power* (Roc Fantasy)
 Bob Eggleton, cover of *Lunar Descent* (Ace)
 Bob Eggleton, cover of *IASFM* January 1991 (illustrating "Stations of the Tide")
 Don Maitz, cover of *Heavy Time* (Warner Questar)
 Michael Whelan, cover of *The Summer Queen* (Warner Questar)

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

The Addams Family (Paramount)
Beauty and the Beast (Disney)
The Rocketeer (Disney)
Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country (Paramount)
Terminator 2 (Carolco)

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Ellen Datlow
 Gardner Dozois
 Edward L. Ferman
 Kristine Kathryn Rusch
 Stanley Schmidt

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Thomas Canty
 David Cherry
 Bob Eggleton
 Don Maitz
 Michael Whelan

BEST SEMIPROZINE

Interzone, David Pringle
Locus, Charles N. Brown
New York Review of Science Fiction, David G. Hartwell, Kathryn Kramer, Gordon van Gelder, Robert K. J. Killheffer
Pulphouse, Dean Wesley Smith
Science Fiction Chronicle, Andrew I. Porter

BEST FANZINE*File 770, Mike Glyer**FOSFAX, Janice Moore and Timothy Lane**Lan's Lantern, George ("Lan")**Laskowski**Mimosa, Dick and Nicki Lynch**Trapdoor, Robert Lichtman***BEST FAN WRITER***Avedon Carol**Mike Glyer**Andrew Hooper**Dave Langford**Evelyn Leeper**Harry Warner, Jr.***BEST FAN ARTIST***Brad Foster**Diana Harlan Stein**Teddy Harvia**Peggy Ranson**Stu Shiffman***JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD***Ted Chiang**Barbara Delaplace**Greer Ilene Gilman**Laura Resnick**Michelle Sagara***1992 Hugo Award Nomination Statistics**

Total Valid Ballots: 498

The chart below shows the total number of votes cast for choices in each category, the number of votes received by the nominee with the highest total and the number received by the fifth place finisher.

Category	Votes	1st	5th
Novel	793	102	41
Novella	401	73	33
Novelette	588	38	25
Short story	537	30	26
Non-Fiction Book	176	29	13
Original Artwork	208	29	7
Dramatic Present.	700	170	71
Professional Editor	431	138	51
Professional Artist	527	88	41
Semiprozine	429	132	37
Fanzine	270	53	20
Fan Writer	337	35	18
Fan Artist	284	60	23
John W. Campbell Award	N/A*	36	14

* The Campbell Award ballots were counted by hand, and the vote total is not available at the moment. A total of 174 ballots were cast in this category.

Two items that received sufficient votes for nomination in the Best Original Artwork category were withdrawn from contention.

One item that received sufficient votes for nomination in the Best Non-Fiction Book category was determined to be ineligible, because it was primarily a work of fiction.

Two nominated items (one in Best Novelette and one in Best Non-Fiction Book) bear 1990 copyright dates. In each case, the publisher presented proof that actual publication did not occur until 1991.

RIGHT IN THE EXILE KISSER!

George Alec Effinger is mad as hell and — come to think of it, he wasn't "taking it" before, so "he won't take it anymore" isn't the end of the sentence. The Exile Kiss, the second sequel to *When Gravity Fails*, was not nominated for the Best Novel Hugo despite honors for the first two books in the series. This was unsurprising to a bitter Effinger who complained about the lack of distribution given to the book, "published early last year in Doubleday/Bantam's Stealth publishing program. There were only 2200 hardcovers printed, all but a few hundred destined for the library sales, and neither B. Dalton nor Waldenbooks cared to carry the trade paperback because it didn't fit their rack size. The book came out in March, and at the Worldcon in September people were still coming up to me and asking when it would be published --unutterably discouraging."

Though trodden down, Effinger persists in springing up like a dandelion. "I'm hard at work on the next [sequel], *Bring the Void*. Following that, they'll be a fifth and final book. I won't be wheedled into doing more, however successful the series."



It takes a virtual Chernobyl in media fandom to penetrate the studied indifference to Trek and Who cons of the "traditional" sf fan, but the glow from the Creation Con boycott movement has become impossible to ignore.

Creation Cons are commercial Star Trek conventions held frequently around the country featuring appearances by actors from the old and new Trek series in addition to typical sf convention attractions.

Creation is a long-lived con organizer within the twenty-plus-year history of Star Trek conventions, but apparently suffers from the greed identified with stereotypical Trek cons, and other problems described by Lloyd Penney in a recent letter: "More and more, literary sf cons have to struggle to get the word out about their events, while Creation Cons dangle a Trek star, and out come the crowds. Brent Spiner (*Data on NextGen*) finished a sweep of Toronto and Montreal for Creation, and the event in Toronto was a near-fiasco. Creation oversold tickets by 50%, and angry crowds, when turned away by Creation when the capacity of 5000 had been reached, forced the hapless organizers to refund money directly. Mobs surged towards the stage when Spiner appeared, and some of the looneys turned out to offer Spiner weird gifts, which sometimes included themselves. I don't think he'll do a Creation event again."

A problem arose when Creation, no longer willing to coexist with fan-run local media cons, was accused of seeking to sign Trek actors to exclusive con appearance contracts.

According to Nola Frame-Gray, "To add to the

A VIRTUAL CHERNOBYL

by Mike Glycer

'exclusive contracts for stars' fever is the very real fact that for at least a decade, or more, there has been this tradition amongst fan-run media cons to pay for the star/actor's transportation and room and board, though not any speaker's fee. However, it was understood by all involved, con goer and concom alike, that should an actor get an Offer He Can't Refuse (an acting job) then that actor is free to bow out of his/her promised con appearance, no hard feelings. ...By contrast, Creation can guarantee that their stars will show up at their cons because they pay them speaker fees and rumor has it, at high rates. And if Creation is able to get exclusive contracts as well — a total lock-out from fan-run cons.

"So why should you care, Mike? This is *media* fandom! — Because if these media fans boycott Creation, then this might [cause] a new influx of fans into the local sf con scene, plus other cons as well."

A copy of a paid advertisement appeared in fanzines in June 1991 urging readers to boycott Creation Cons, cancel subscriptions to magazines including *Starlog* (which evidently has a business connection with Creation), complain to Paramount and the various actors and actresses, and resign memberships in Starfleet

(a national collection of Trek clubs, some of whose local chapters apparently volunteer to assist Creation Cons.)

But the June 1992 issue of *Interphase* contains an eye-opening paragraph which may explain it all: "Paramount has purchased a part of Creation Entertainment. Creation has moved their offices to 530 Riverdale Dr., Glendale CA 91204. (818) 409-0960."

CHICON V DECLARES DIVIDEND

The 1991 Worldcon committee dealt with its financial success by mailing a \$10 check to every member who did not already receive a membership refund as a program participant or in another capacity.

Advocates of Noreascon 3's pass-along plan for Worldcon profits (participated in by Holland and Magicon, but not Chicon) were intensely critical. Kurt C. Siegel sneered, "If you figure a \$10 rebate to each of the approximately 5,000 members, that's \$50,000 that they *could* have put into pass-along funds for the next three Worldcons. But that wasn't even a choice, was it? I'll be donating the \$10 to my local food pantry." At BayCon, Kathryn Daugherty urged readers of the daily newzine to donate the refund checks to the next Worldcon in their region so that despite Chicon's

decision to opt out of the system its profits would be passed along. She signed over her rebate check to ConFrancisco treasurer Ben Miller.

convention
reportage

Ross Pavlac answered that the directors of Chicon V voted unanimously to make the refunds. "Passing along funds was considered. We felt that the best way to deal with excess funds generated by our not having to spend emergency contingency money was to give it to the people who contributed to the fact that we had very few emergencies requiring use of contingency money."

"Philosophically, we felt that giving the money directly to those who were at Chicon was more effective than passing along funds to a worldcon at which, say, maybe 50% of Chicon's attendees would be at."

The very idea of a profitable Worldcon was met with mixed response. Vince Docherty, chair of the Glasgow in '95 bid, questioned the expenditure to produce and distribute the checks, then conceded, "Still, it is the first occasion that I've seen a committee refund a surplus to the membership and I guess that it was an easier decision to make than choosing from the many 'good causes' out there."

Docherty also wondered on Compu-Serve, "As a general point, do any of you think that \$10 a head is a large or unreasonable surplus for a Worldcon to make, or is it prudent planning?" He indicated that both Glasgow and Atlanta favor the pass-along-funds principle.

BIDDERS AT THE END OF TIME

"Boston in '98" is the latest solution to the perennial question of "what does n equal?" Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc. directors decided at their recent meeting to bid for the 1998 Worldcon, which would be Noreascon IV, reported Tim Szczesuil. Already campaigning for '98 are committees from Niagara Falls and Baltimore.

Meanwhile, "Australia in 1999" is advancing under a "Worldcon Bid Advertising Committee" consisting of Ron and Sue Clarke, Eric Lindsay, Lewis Morley, Ken and Marea Ozanne,

Marilyn Pride and Jean Weber. Writes Lindsay, "All of us have an association with Faulconbridge, in that we all have a home in Faulconbridge, an area with more fans per head of population than any other area in the world."

Lindsay's initial letter ends without naming a venue for the convention. Australia's previous two Worldcons were staged in Melbourne; more recently Sydney fans unsuccessfully bid to host the con. Faulconbridge is actually nearest Canberra, the national capital but dwarfed in size by Australia's two most famous cities.

Contact the bid at: 43 Chapman Pde., Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia.

FIENDS OF ATLANTA

Is there anywhere else you could find Willie Siros and Steve Jackson joined together than on the Friends of Atlanta list? *Further South on Peachtree*, the home-stretch issue of Atlanta in '95's bid publication, recently highlighted a list of endorsements from fans and pros that included these two famous Texas personalities. Other "pairs" to draw to are Forrest Ackerman and Julius Schwartz, Mike

Resnick and George Alec Effinger, Hal Clement and Larry Niven, Brad Foster and Bob Shaw, not to mention Ken Keller and Mike Glyer. Or maybe we should mention Ken Keller—the issue names him among the "lost, moved, no address" crowd, proving once again that all glory is fleeting...

(For you see, Ken is not lost, and when he reads that paragraph his copy of File 770 will once again fly from his hand to crash against a distant wall as Ken claims it does whenever he reads anything particularly outrageous...!)

GLASSES AGLOW

The interaction of Worldcons and marriage is generally believed to be toxic. But in an outburst of matrimony, states Glasgow in '95 *Bid Report 3*, no fewer than *four* members of the bid committee will be married during the last 10 months of the campaign. John Stewart (Facilities division head) married in November Agent Liaison) married in March 1992 and Henry Balen (Convention Advertising) and Theresa Renner (North American Liaison) will marry their respective partners this summer.



Glasgow now boasts 1600 presupporters, including a sprinkling from Poland, Romania, CIS and Croatia.

The Glasgow bid committee is studying inventive Worldcon-running procedures. Kurt Siegel submitted the following discovery to the bid APA: "I used the Haggis to clear an elevator... Approaching an overcrowded lift, I called loudly, 'Haggis coming! Warning! Haggis coming on the elevator!' and got on. The door shut. The scent filled the car. 'What's that you've got?' someone asked. 'Haggis,' I replied, 'And I'm not afraid to use it.' 'What do you mean?' another person asked. 'This,' I replied, and uncovered the beastie. Moments later, the doors opened and I was in the elevator, alone. Just me, and the haggis."

SWANCON 17: January 26-27, 1992

Report by Craig Hilton

Swancon 17, held at the Ascote Inne, Belmont, Perth, was a litmus test in two ways — firstly, it was an ake-or-break test of a new style of con-running by a new wave of fans (the like of Mark Bivens, Jeremy Byrne, Peter Cooper, Robin Pen, Richard Scriven and Chris Stonach, with Tara Smith representing the more traditional blood) in that it was promoted as only a part of a larger event, "The Festival of the Imagination", which included a film festival, a writers workshop, gaming events and so on. As it turned out this didn't go much further outside the boundaries of multiple streaming in an ordinary convention, and of course Swancon 17 was the bug around which the remaining areas operated, but the whole thing worked seamlessly, and the shake-up created little but good.

One example was the bringing of game-players out of a cloistered back room into the program and the con proper. A similar effect was noted with the audiovisual media aspect of fandom. The Festival of the Imagination served as a unifying influence on Western Australian fandom, proving

that, although the state has a small population compared with the United States, Britain, or even east coast Australian counterparts, it can still whip up a fruitful good time when you get them all together under one roof.

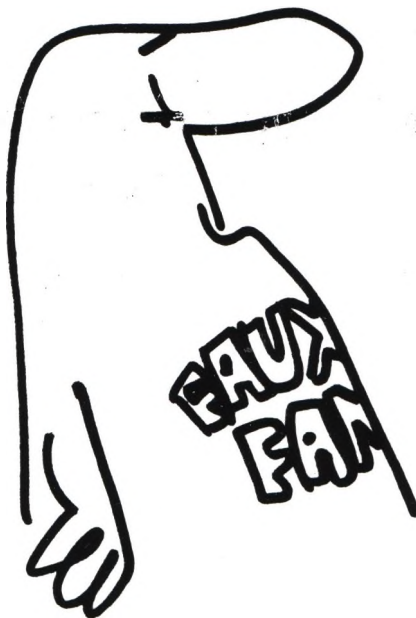
Secondly, it was a dry run of sorts for Swancon 18, the Australian Natcon, to be held April 8-12, 1993, at the same venue. The Inne's convention centre turned out to be ideal for a con of 17's size and the accomodation blocks were also booked out. One pleasant surprise was finding that meals could be bought anytime throughout the day at the public bar (bistro) which were both cheap and healthy. The grounds outside were expansive and probably under-utilized. The Grey Company put on a day-long medieval tourney down on a far field, a little too out of sight to be well-attended, but with the kindness of the weather throughout the weekend, sitting in the shade on the grass overlooking the river, eating lunch and unwinding became a popular pastime. The quality of the rooms was adequate, not four- or five-star, but neither do many fans have the cash to pay for anything more grand.

Swancon 17 registered about 230 members. Next year's Natcon, assuming significantly greater numbers, will find the facilities for the

actual programming snug but sufficient. Accomodation will have to flow over into the next nearest hotel, and this problem is being dealt with at the moment. The feeling about 18, on the whole, is good.

Terry Dowling and Nick Stathopolous, as the two principal guests, were as nice a pair of blokes as have ever trodden soil, and talented as heck. I felt a wonderful sense of excitement for Australian science fiction in the next few years: it really seems to be on the upswing. Aphelion Publications pre-launched Dowling's first two books, *Rynosseros* and *Wormwood*, both with covers by Stathopolous which would rank with any of the best in the world.

Paul Kidd was the gaming guest. He hadn't been much into the convention circuits before, at least not in this country, although he's more well-known in the U.S. amongst the furry fandom crowd there. His main calling card at Swancon 17 was his connection with gaming and game design. He ran a couple of sessions for players, but spent more time cross-pollinating other strands of fandom with the gift of the raconteur. I believe he was pleasantly surprised by all that cons can offer when people break out of their cliques. I know that mainstream Australian fandom is the richer for his introduction to it.



FANTHOLOGY '88

A "Fanthology" collects within a fanzine-sized volume the editor's selection of the best fan-writing of a given year.

Fanthology '88 was produced by Mike Glycer and Marty Cantor, with funding by SCIFI, for the 1992 Corflu held in Los Angeles. Material was selected by Mike Glycer, assisted by convention members such as Richard Brandt, Michelle Lyons, Barnaby Rapoport, Irwin Hirsh and Robert Lichtman, who also made recommendations.

Copies of *Fanthology '88* are now generally available to fandom for \$5.00 each. Order yours from Mike Glycer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401. Make checks payable to SCIFI.

Editorial material written for the collection by Mike Glycer includes "Dream Fanthology '88", "Then #1: The Light of Other Days," and "The Fosfax Phenomenon." William Rotsler drew the covers and interior cartoons. Collected in the volume are numerous short excerpts of articles and letters, and the following features:

- "Friday, 8-5", by T. L. Bohman, *AirGlow* 5
- "Cape Canaveral Had Nothing Over Louisville", Dr. Bill Breuer, *Fosfax* 126
- "Mein Finity", by Sherry Coldsmith, *A Free Lunch* 3
- "States of Gray: Unreal Shades of Arachnida", by Graham P. Collins, *Phlogiston* 18
- "Railing at the Goons", Bruce Gardner, *Fosfax* 129
- "Airfixation", by Judith Hanna, *Fuck The Tories* 5
- "The Fan Who Would Be King", by Andy Hooper, *Cube* 33
- "Where The Water Ends", A. P. Hooper, *Take Your Fanac Everywhere* 1
- "The Trillion-Year Sneer", by Dave Langford, *Thrust* 31
- "What's So Good About Star Wars?", by Mark Leeper, *Lan's Lantern* 26
- "Masquerade Goals", by Suford Lewis, *The Mad 3 Party* 24
- "I Can't Read Your Lips When Your Back Is Toward Me," by Elinor Malin, *Renaissance Fan* 3
- "Afternoon Visit", by Guy McLimore, *Pulsar!* 10
- "Clifford D. Simak: 1904-1988", by Jodie Offutt, *Pulsar!* 10
- "Rock of Pages", Marc Ortlieb, *Anvil* 46
- "The LoCgate Scandal", by Skel, *Holier Than Thou* 27
- "Editor's Notebook: Rotten Reviews", Chuq Von Rospach, *OtherRealms* 20
- "Opposing a Candidate", by Jean Weber, *Weber Woman's Wrevenge* 30

Please send _____ copies of *Fanthology '88* to:

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

I am enclosing a check or money order payable to SCIFI for \$ _____

Mail to: Mike Glycer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401

GREETINGS, BIOLOGICALS.

I AM YOUR LOGICAL
REPLACEMENT.

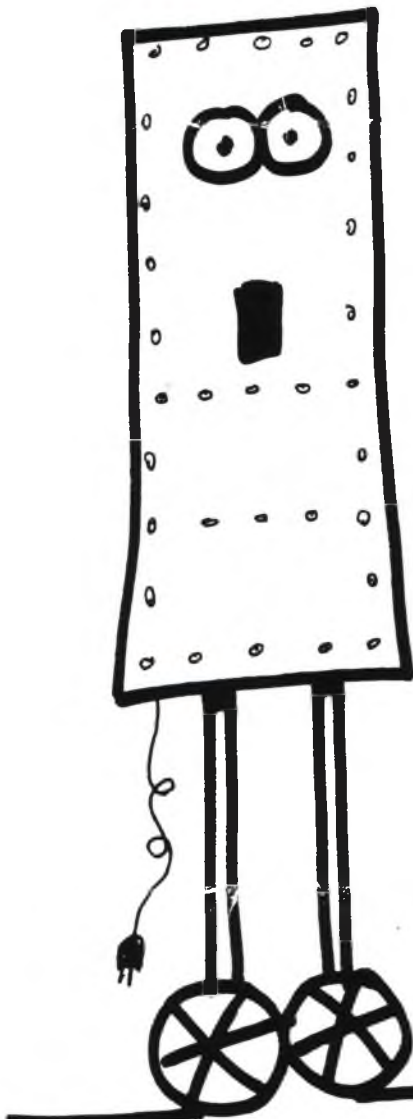
PREPARE TO BE OBSOLETE.

I AM YOUR REPLACEMENT
SPECIES.

PLEASE VACATE PLANET.

IT'S EITHER ME OR THE
COCKROACHES.

You do not get your
cleaning deposit back.



Wotche