

# The Texas SF Inquirer

"THE BEST LITTLE NEWSZINE IN TEXAS"

FACT, P.O. Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766 . . . . . ISSUE 6 / DECEMBER 1983

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Assistant Editors: Carolyn Cooper and Robert Taylor.

Contributors this issue: Carolyn Cooper, Jon Green, James Hilton, Steve Jackson, Richard Kane, Pat Mueller, Ed Scarbrough, Willie Siros, and Robert Taylor, among others. Art this issue: Alexis Gilliland (2, 8), Bruce Townley (3), George Proctor (5), and Mel White (7). *The Texas SF Inquirer* is published bimonthly by FACT, the Fandom Association of Central Texas. A six-issue subscription is \$3.00; sample copies are available for the usual or 50¢. If you join FACT (\$12/year), a subscription is included with your membership. Either way, send your check — or news, articles, art, or letters — to FACT, Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766.



## Hugo Winners

Best Novel

**Foundation's Edge**, Isaac Asimov

Best Novella

**Souls**, Joanna Russ

Best Novelette

**Fire Watch**, Connie Willis

Best Short Story

"Melancholy Elephants"

Spider Robinson

Best Professional Artist

Michael Whelan

Best Dramatic Presentation

**Bladerunner**

Best Professional Editor

Edward L. Ferman

Best Fanzine

**Locus**

Best Fan Writer

Richard E. Geis

Best Fan Artist

Alexis Gilliland

John W. Campbell Award

(Best New Writer)

Paul O. Williams

## World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement

Road Dahl

Best Novel

**Niffit the Lean**, Michael Shea

Best Novella (tie)

**Beyond All Measure**, Karl Edward Wagner

**Confess the Seasons**, Charles L. Grant

Best Short Fiction

"The Gorgon", Tanith Lee

Best Anthology/Collection

**Nightmare Seasons**, Charles L. Grant

Best Artist

Michael Whelan

Special Award (Professional)

Donald M. Grant (publisher)

Special Award (Non-Professional)

Stuart David Schiff

(*Whispers*/Whispers Press)

Special Award

Arkham House

## Texans Stranded in Baltimore 5 Days Eat Crabs To Survive!

In their ongoing mission to seek out new parties and new civilizations, numerous Austin-in-'85 supporters massed at the 43rd World Science Fiction Convention in Baltimore over Labor Day weekend. The convention was an educational experience. Among other things, the valiant group learned that there are no laundromats or grocery stores in Baltimore, preppies *do* exist, never trust Robert Taylor's attendance estimates, and *never* work on a Worldcon and a major bid at the same time. The entire convention learned that those Texans throw one helluva party!

Austin-in-'85 bid parties were held Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. Friday's party, sponsored by Sven and Yvonne Knudsen and dubbed "Return of the Othercon", drew approximately 1300-1500 people. That was the night after the elevator supposedly fell twelve floors. The Baltimore Hilton learned that three elevators per tower could not handle their maximum capacity situation. Especially when everyone wanted to get to the Austin party on the 27th floor! Everyone leaving the party raved about Sven and Yvonne's decorations, food, and door prizes. They sent more people. That was also the night Paul and I learned not to ask Baltimore fans for directions to a grocery store. It was also the night Robert Taylor kept saying that Saturday night would be easier.

By Saturday night, most people had figured out you went straight to the 27th floor and *if* you left the Austin party you walked down the stairs to the rest of the parties. Saturday's party was staffed by those merry folks from Fantasy Festival and Context. Scuttlebutt, the

Worldcon daily newszine, and Dana Siegel, the party correspondent, gave rave reviews to the SF Dating Program in the Austin suite. *That was us*. Attendance estimates for Saturday ran as high as 1800 people strolling through. By the way, *please don't* ask Martin Wagner what he learned about alcohol, propositioning women, and getting sick. It would embarrass him. At 5 am, most of Saturday's parties had left. The rest helped prepare brunch for those heading to the business meeting. There were some wagers as to whether Willie Siros's eyes had any white left as he staggered to the meeting. They didn't. Robert Taylor assured everyone that Sunday night's crowd would be a lot smaller.

Sunday we learned that after the Hugo Ceremony and the Masquerade, everyone wants to party. And the Aussies canned their victory party. So fandom came to ours! (In case you didn't know, we won the bid and will hold the 1985 NASFiC.) A reliable source estimated the Sunday attendance at 3000. That's over half the convention, folks. One fan became so confused by the crowds he thought he was still on one of the elevators and kept asking if they'd reached the top floor yet! The Detroit and Phoenix people saved the day by graciously sending their remaining party supplies up to us. Thanks, we appreciated it. Pat Mueller supervised this seething crush of fandom which was forcibly dissolved at 2 am. But, lest you forget, the shuttle landed on Labor Day morning. We learned how quickly a shuttle return party could be formed. At this point several people knew everything there was to know about sleep

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**TEXANS STRANDED.** . . . from page 1 deprivation. Other things learned were how *not* to club a crab (ask Sandy Hunt), Western hats are highly visible (especially on so many *tall* Texans), there are a lot of nice Northeastern fans (thanks again, Hawkeye!), never let them put you on the Worldcon standing committee ballot unless you *really* want to be on the standing committee (right, Willie?), and little Armadillos are *extremely* popular even if people don't know what they are (those crazy FACT people want *how many* for 1985?!). Now we had to start getting ready to check out of the hotel. Scott Cupp was found still behind the bar muttering, "I'm sorry we're out. I'm sorry we're out." It took some time before he understood we were letting him go home, even after we unshackled his leg irons. As Robert Taylor turned to leave, he informed us that the NASFiC attendance would be a lot smaller than the Worldcon.

— Carolyn Cooper

## Lost and Found Dept.

Paul and Carolyn Cooper brought back several items left in the Austin suite. Contact them to claim and work out return arrangements.

- 1 pair of shoes
- 3 crock pots, one belonging to Cliff and Paula Davis, one belonging to Patty Bushman, and one belonging to someone as yet unidentified.
- 1 feather pillow and case
- 1 zine
- 1 hardcover book (not sf)

For return write: Paul or Carolyn Cooper, 1846 W. Main St. #2, Houston, TX 77098 or call (713) 529-0223.



## Personals

Carolyn Cooper would like to give her thanks in no particular order to the following for their hard work and support during ConStellation: Johnny Lee (although you owe me a convention), Peter Rowe and David Peckham (masters of cool, calm, and collected), Sandy Hunt, David Allen, Cathy Fitzsimmons, Carol Thompson, Marla Baer, Tony Parker (who never got on the schedule but worked like a dog), Judy Beamis (who smiles like her name), Carolyn Fowler, John Guttman (sp?), gophers John Pommerantz (sp?), Robert Allen, and others, the hard-working sponsors of the Austin parties: Sven and Yvonne Knudsen, Becky Matthews, Cathy Fitzsimmons, Patty Bushman, Bob Dougherty, and Pat Mueller. I also want to thank Robert Taylor and Willie Siros for *all* their hard work getting the NASFiC. Special thanks to Lee Smoire and Rachelle DuBey for making sure we didn't lose our party suite. Kudos and more flowers to Hawkeye. Thanks also to all the countless others who helped with the NASFiC bid or were so kind at the convention. And very special thanks to my husband, Paul, for *not* saying I-told-you-so, working so hard, and being such an exceptional, brilliant, and loving person. I love you very much.

— Carolyn Cooper

# L.A. Con II Information

**Memberships.** The L.A. Con II membership is currently somewhere around 3,000. Membership rates increase from \$40 to \$50 at midnight on December 31st; the next rate increase after that is July 15, 1984 (to \$75). Children under 12 accompanied by a parent or guardian are admitted for \$10, while babes in arms are free. Corresponding membership maintain at \$20 and never go up — but you can't convert them to attending memberships, either. L.A. Con II's address is P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

**Travel and Hotels.** Progress Report 2 was due out the first week in December, and should contain room reservation forms for the official con hotels. Ladera Travel Agency (2041 Rosecrans Ave. Suite 103, El Segundo, CA 90245, (213) 772-1511) is the official con Travel Agency, and Rick Foss of Ladera is assembling a fannish travel guide for the greater LA area.

**Dealers.** 300 tables in the dealers room were made available, and slightly more than one third of these are left. Orders on the average of one dozen per week are coming in, and it is estimated that the dealers room will be sold out before the end of this year.

**Special Events.** So far, several special events have been scheduled, including a Meet the Pros Ice Cream Social and Literary Saloon (Thurs. night); the GoH speeches and international awards (Friday night), the Gordie Dickson roast (Saturday night)

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## Australia Wins Worldcon Bid

Yes, the 43rd World Science Fiction Convention, to be known as Aussiecon II, will be held between 22 August and 26 August 1985, at the Southern Cross and Victoria hotels in Melbourne, Australia. Gene Wolfe has been selected as their Professional GoH, while Ted White is Fan Guest of Honor. An attending membership will cost you \$40 (or more, after December 31).

Interested? Thinking of maybe going? Then write to the Aussiecon folks at GPO 2253U, Melbourne 3001, Victoria, Australia, or to their agents in the US. Send your membership to Fred Patten, 11863 West Jefferson Blvd., Apt. 1,

Culver City, CA 90230; for information, write to Joyce Scrivner, 2732 14th Ave. South Lower, Minneapolis, MN 55404, or to Jan Howard Finder, P.O. Box 428, Latham, NY 12110.

"That's all very well," you might say. "But . . .

"What is this thing called 'Australia'?"

"Is there such a thing as 'Marsupial Fandom'?"

"What is the difference between a ditmar and a wombat?"

"How come so many Australians speak English?"

The answer to all these questions and much, much more lies waiting for you to discover in the pages of Australian fanzines. All addresses are in *Australia*. That means you'll have to write *airmail*!

**WAHF-Full:** Jack Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Building, Sydney University, Sydney, New South Wales 2006.

**Xenophilia:** Richard Faulder, c/o Dept. of Agriculture, Yanco, NSW 2703.

**The Hag and the Hungry Goblin:** Derrick and Christine Ashby, P.O. Box 175, South Melbourne, Victoria 3205.

**Q36:** Marc Ortlieb, P.O. Box 46, Marden, South Australia 5070.

**Ornithopter:** Leigh Edmonds, P.O. Box 433, Civic Square, Canberra, ACT 2608.

**Thyme** (a newszine): Roger Weddall, 79 Bell Street, Fitzroy, Victoria 3065.

If you're interested in Australian fandom, and especially if you are thinking of attending Aussiecon II in Melbourne, in 1985, these fanzines should prove to be invaluable when it comes to getting acquainted with the way things run down there, both as far as the Worldcon is concerned, and socially as well.

L.A. CON II. . . . . from page 2  
afternoon), the Masquerade (Saturday night), and the Hugo Awards (Sunday night). On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at noon there will be a showing of each of the *Star Wars* episodes (in 35mm dolby stereo). There will also be one "midnight to dawn" marathon showing of all three of the *Star Wars* epics.

**Special Tours.** Disneyland is also located in Anaheim (or vice versa). A special tour of Walt's park is scheduled for Wednesday, August 29, prior to the commencement of L.A. Con II. A special pre-seminar will be given on how to remove propellers from beanies and affix mouse ears . . . Ladera Travel Agency is also arranging tours for both before and after the convention to such places as the Shuttle assembly plant at Rockwell, Universal Studios, Griffith Observatory, the Planetarium and Laserium.

**Art Show.** A special feature of the Art Show will be the Showcase Wall. Each exhibitor is invited to submit his or her best piece (2D or 3D) for a special juried show within the Art Show (details will be in PR 2). Artists should write to Elayne Pelz, c/o Art Show, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

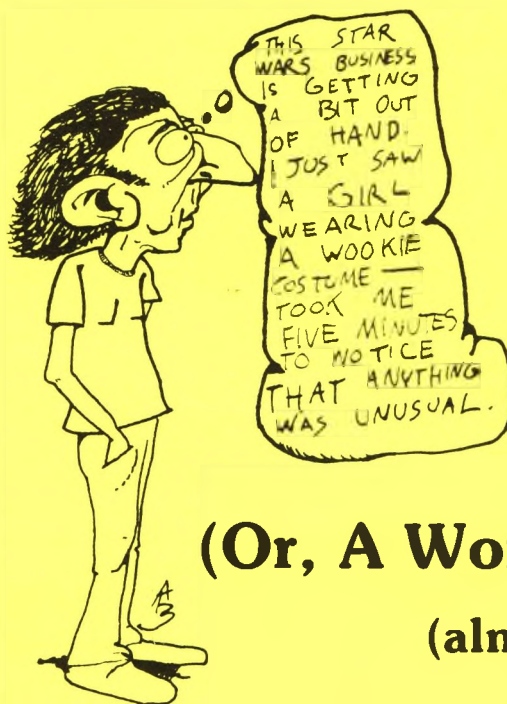
**Special Award.** Julius Schwartz will be receiving the 1984 Forry Award for life service to the field of science fiction. Presentation will be made by the LASFS, and the time will be announced later.

**Special Contest.** L.A. Con II is sponsoring an Amateur Film Contest for sf and fantasy film works. Prizes are \$250 for first place, \$150 for second place, plus a Special Effects award of \$100. Judges include Gary Kurtz, Richard Edlund, and Joe Dante. Write to L.A. Con for more information.

**Hall Costumes.** There will be official hall costume judging. Watch the progress reports for details.

**Site Selection.** The deadline for filing bids for the 1986 WorldCon site selection is March 1, 1984. These should be mailed to the L.A. Con II post office box.

**Help Wanted.** L.A. Con II also needs volunteers to help staff the convention — if you're interested, write to them.



# Ten Things To Do At A Worldcon

## (Or, A Worldcon Report) (almost)

When I got back from ConStellation, the 41st Worldcon in Baltimore, my friends at work asked me, "What goes on at one of *those things*?" I replied, "Duh, duh . . ." So that night I sat down and wrote this list (with specific examples from ConStellation for fans).

1. You can volunteer for sleep deprivation research. (Over the five days you might have totalled about two hours — if you started before the con. The film program usually ended at 6 am and began again at 9. I guess we were supposed to eat breakfast then.)

B. You can work your donkey off. (Volunteer to be a gopher. The "Crab Helpers" at the Crab Feast [the ones who helped us find our tables and showed us how to eat the little devils] got baseball caps and were *served first*.)

iii. You can relive (or preview) your days in the military. (There were over 6000 people there and some very popular programs for them to see [all the Hugo movies, special presentations on *Dune* and *Indiana Jones in the Temples of Doom*, the autograph sessions . . .]. You figure it out.)

IV. You can experiment with exotic diets. (How long can *you* live on bheer, chili, soft drinks, and popcorn?)

e. You can improve your decision-making skills. (On some days there were as many as twelve different programs, panels, or presentations on at the same time. It was terrible when I had to choose between Isaac Asimov and Chuck Yeager with *The Right Stuff*. Fortunately,

*Blade Runner* and *Road Warrior* never played opposite each other.)

Sex. You can get crabs. (Wait! This is about the all-you-can-eat Crab Feast [banquet] before the Hugo Awards. The Convention Center caterers said they had never run out of Blue Crabs at any function before us and, as hard as we tried, we couldn't finish 'em all this time, either.)

7. You can meet strange aliens and fictional characters from the past, present, and future. (The Masquerade was [enter favorite adjective here] with over 130 entrants and closed circuit TV coverage.)

Ate. You can redo your wardrobe. (. . . because you have to. Only two blocks from the main convention area was Harborplace with 54! restaurants and eateries [and all open Sunday and Labor Day!]. It's a good thing I had a pair of stretch-to-fit slacks and a twelve-notch belt because I outgrew all of my jeans, and I don't mean vertically.)

1001. You can put yourself in the hospital. (My split sides are still mending after laughing through Asimov's speech, *To Tell the Truth*, and *The Waldrop and Dozois Show*.)

And not quite last and certainly not least:

10. You can meet all kinds of people and make many new friends. (No joke necessary — this is the best part.)

Now, if I gave this list (minus the parenthetical comments) to my friends at work, would they think I'm any less weird than they do already?

— Jon B. Green

# A Few Notes About Lone Star Con



Hey, guys! We won the bid! That was the easy part — and now comes two years of effort to prepare for Texas' first national sf con. Needless to say, we need to find a larger group of Texas and area fans to help share in the work and to provide input for the types of things we might do at the con.

First off: WE ARE NOT DOING A WORLDCON. This might be considered by some to be a warm-up for a later Texas Worldcon bid (no way!) — there will be more on what we'll be doing in the forthcoming NASFiC progress report.

So, we need you to let us know if you feel willing and able to help with some of the many departments needed to ensure the success of Lone Star Con. These include such areas as the main program, film program, art show, huckster's room, masquerade, game rooms, logistics, fan lounge, publications, publicity, author's forums, filksings, registration, hotel liaison, member services, child care/baby-sitting, and no doubt many others.

Letting us know is easy — just get in touch with us. Letters are best — we will pass them on to committee members

who can use your help. We'll need people at all levels of experience, from gophers to department heads. So, when you write, include not only your name, address, and telephone number, but also the areas you would like to work in, and at what level of responsibility; what experience you have had working on conventions and any mundane experience which may prove useful; and what ideas you have for the area(s) you would like to work for, as well as any ideas for the convention as a whole. We love to read mail! Our mailing address, in case you were wondering, is P.O. Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766.

Those of you who live in the Austin area can help by coming to our work sessions every other Saturday at the Stately Mueller Manor (2626 Metcalfe, Austin, 78741). Call 448-3630, 447-7866, or 443-3491 for dates and directions.

—Willie Siros

## Fan-File: Carolyn Cooper

The first time I met Carolyn was in a trigonometry class at Brazosport College. There I was, trying diligently to study, when I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard a voice asking "Hey fella, read any good books lately?" Thus began our relationship. From the formation of Brazosport Psi Phi to the finding of a new land route to Australia on a trip to the Renaissance Festival, we have had some exciting episodes. Not that Carolyn ever does anything — it's just that things seem to happen around her. For instance, I've been to Magnolia many times, but when Carolyn navigated us on a shortcut we wound up in New South Wales. At a certain Houston convention, a prominent author (who shall remain nameless, though his initials are Harlan Ellison) was found with blood dripping from his legs and hand-shaped bruises around his throat. No, Carolyn never does anything — she's just the catalyst. She is the seed that thoughts crystallize around into actions.

Honestly, Carolyn is a rarity in Texas Fandom — she is one of the few native-born Texans around. Born &! years ago at Ellington AFB near Houston, she left the state at an early age due to family obligations (she wanted to stay, but the state police stopped her family at the border). Her family settled in Florida and

she grew up playing in the Florida Keys. I've been told that her father took her fishing many times; however, as far as I know she cannot handle a rod and reel (also, I've heard, his nickname for her was "Shark Bait"). Her parents moved often during her formative years, but she kept track of them and finally grew into a sophisticated young lady. One evening, while she was doing volunteer work at the Navy wharf, she met Paul, her husband (our sympathies always, Paul). Paul had just returned from an extended ocean voyage. He was so thrilled with the sights he had seen, like the Arctic ice cap from underneath, that he just had to talk to someone and Carolyn was the first person

he saw off-ship. She was so thrilled that someone would talk to her, it was love at first sight. That was several years ago and they've been talking ever since.

They moved around for a while, and when they thought it was safe they finally came home to Texas, where Carolyn began her career in the publishing field. Her first job in Texas was as a janitor at Waldenbooks; she enjoyed this so much she knew she had to become a writer. So she applied for and was accepted as a clerk at B. Dalton's. It was at B. Dalton's that Carolyn learned about plagiarism, and she has profited from this experience continuously since.

Carolyn's latest paying publications have been for various computer magazines. She owes her success to me — I taught her all she knows about computers. I've tried to convince her that since her success is due to my enterprise, I should receive a commission. She doesn't see it that way, though — oh well, I've got her camera. ROSEBUD!

—Richard Kane

## Editorial Stuff

Ick. Argh. Bleah. Ick-ick-ick.

Do you know what you've all done to me? You all slaved away throughout 1983, sweating over dumptruck-loads of spicy three-alarm chili, suffering through thousands of interminably fun parties, driving (or flying) to the outermost moons of Jupiter and back again to promote Austin-in-'85-for-the-NASFiC, becoming pre-supporters and FACT

members and contributing, voting, volunteering to help — yes, it's all your fault that I'm here at the typesetter at 4:00 in the morning . . .

Seriously, though — I think it's absolutely wonderful that we've won the bid — and we couldn't have done it without your support. Thank you all very, very much!

Now you're probably wondering about the ultimate fate of the *Texas SF Inquirer*, aren't you . . . You've probably been  
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# LETTERS

Very many thanks for the fifth *Texas SF Inquirer*, which provided both amusement and information. I think I laughed at the parts that were supposed to be funny and believed the sections which were meant to provide information, something I don't always manage to achieve when I read fanzines nowadays.

I was very sorry to read about Larry Propp's death. I don't remember that we ever met, although I attended a couple of cons after he had entered fandom and we might have seen one another briefly there. But his name had become very familiar through its frequent appearance in fanzines. Yale Edeiken's tribute tells me a great deal about his non-fannish life and interests that I hadn't known.

The con reports were interesting reading, if occasionally a bit frightening to a person of my limited stamina and finicky stomach. If I'd attended Midwestcon, for instance, I doubt if I would have survived it, assuming that I indulged in the Cincinnati chili and beer.

Marty Cantor's categorizing me as legendary might lead some fans to suspect that he's Eddie Cantor's son and is trying to follow his father's career as a humorist. I suppose I might qualify as legendary in a couple of limited senses: nobody puts any more faith in what I say and do than in the adventures of Jupiter or Ganymede and I can be traced back into the dimmest beginnings of time, thanks to my extreme age. Or maybe Marty meant I'm legendary for using typewriter ribbons after they're worn out and for writing sentences that go on and on until the reader can't remember how or when they began.

Harry Warner, Jr.  
Hagerstown, MD

Thanks for the *Texas SF Inquirer*. Don't get many fanzines this way these days, so it is always interesting to know what is going on in Texas.

You know, it is interesting that Texas may be close to getting the NASFiC in '85. This would be (if I have counted right) the third time Texans have bid for a national convention or a Worldcon. Everybody remembers the Dallas



in 197(whatever-the-hell-year that was, so I can't even remember the exact date, '73?) ill-fated bid. However, if NASFiC makes it, 25 years will have elapsed since the first bid. That's right. The Dallas Futurians started a campaign for the 1960 Worldcon in 1958. I even have an ad from the club fanzine (*Crifnac*) putting forward the bid, in 1958. Of course, the Futurians destroyed themselves at Southwesterncon IV in 1958 (that is, Southwesterncon as in pleistocene-pure-science-fiction convention, not the later comics-media-sf-what-have-you Southwesterncons, which became Dallas-cons of the late '60s and early '70s).

Just wondering, just wondering why under club meetings you all don't mention the Cepheid Variables or the HSFS meetings? They are the only longtime SF clubs in Texas. The HSFS is really remarkable for having stayed together, in some misshapen way or another, for 15 years. Maybe it is the great ghod Jhoe Pumilia, maybe that the HSFS never tried to put on a real convention! Who knows?

Al Jackson  
Bellair, TX

*(I haven't been listing any meetings for the HSFS or Cepheid Variable — because I don't have any information about them! If clubs would like to have their meeting schedules — or even merely a name and phone number to call — published in the Inquirer, all they have to do is send it to me . . . please! —pm)*

**EDITORIAL STUFF.** . . . from page 4 wondering about that for the last three or four months. Thank you to all of you who have waited patiently for this issue — and thanks also to those of you who, like Becky Matthews, have made rather pointed comments about this issue's lateness within my hearing range.

Well, there's good news — we're going to keep publishing the *Inquirer*. We're going to a regular bimonthly schedule (an issue every other month, starting in February of 1984), and *We're Going To Take The Gloves Off*. The *Inquirer* is not going to be an Austih-in-'85 PR-organ any more — it'll be more of a regional newsletter and forum for issues and ideas (plus some silliness, just to even things out). Of course, there'll be NASFiC news and

information — but there'll also be news and info on other Texas and area clubs and conventions, as well as the latest on L.A. Con II and Aussiecon. Speaking of news . . .

News Flash! Tulsa, Oklahoma is bidding for the '88 Worldcon! We don't have any hard facts on the bid just yet, but the Tulsa folks hosted a party at ConStellation and are planning to hold another at L.A. Con II. Write to the OKON folks (P.O. Box 4229, Tulsa, OK 47159) for information. Rumors have it that St. Louis will also bid for '88 — but again, we don't have any official material on that. You can find out more by writing to the Archon people at P.O. Box 50125, St. Louis, MO, 63105. We now return you to our regularly scheduled . . .

Future issues of the *Inquirer* will also feature book and movie reviews, more Fan-Files and even some Pro-Files, rumors, gossip, more "Texas Sci-Fi Enquirer" pages, convention reports and dissections, lists of upcoming conventions, club meetings, controversial articles ("It's Not Fannish To Be Skinny"), how-to articles ("Remember, hectograph and hot tubs do not mix!"), general interest articles ("What it's like to be a fan in a very small town") — well, you get the idea.

And now for the bad news. This is the last issue of the *Texas SF Inquirer* you're all going to get — unless you re-subscribe, or unless you're a member of FACT. Let me hasten to add, though, that a one-year (six issue) subscription is only \$3.00! (A FACT membership is \$12.00, but you get a free *Inquirer* subscription with your membership.)

Well, that's enough of that commercial plug. Now I'm gonna tell you about The First Occasional Lone Star Science Fiction Convention and Chili Cook-Off (in other words, the NASFiC in Austin in 1985). If you didn't vote for the '85 NASFiC site at ConStellation (or haven't yet sent in your money), buy your membership now! If your envelope is postmarked by December 31st, you can still squeak by for \$20 — but on January 1, 1984, the price for an attending membership jumps to \$25. (You can also buy a supporting membership for \$15; it's convertible to an attending membership at any time, at an additional charge.) Over 700 people are already members of Lone Star Con (including an outstanding 111 of our pre-supporting members) — but we know a lot of you want to join while the rates are still low. So save money — do it now!

Willie Siros, the convention chair, is getting the committee structure all hacked into shape. Things seem to be coming together rather nicely now, even though on the outside it still looks rather messy and disorganized. It may not be progressing as quickly as some of you like — but we all have full-time jobs and would kind of like to keep it that way . . . "I keep thinking of all the things I could do on the NASFiC right now, if I just didn't have to go to work every morning," was the way Robert Taylor put it the other day. . . Please be patient . . . and I think your patience will be well rewarded by an outstanding convention.

I guess that's enough editorial stuff for now. I can't think of anything else to say that wouldn't be a blatant commercial plug, or a plea for understanding — so take care, and I hope to see you all next issue!

—Pat Mueller

# The Hodx Revealed!

Now that it's too late, fandom might as well know the full extent of the hoax perpetrated on it by the so-called "Austin in '85" committee . . .

## 1. There Is No Committee!

None of the "Austin in '85" bid committee actually hail from Austin. Only two are from Texas at all! The "Travelling Texas Road Show" was based in Greenfield, PA, where the hoax was originally conceived. Most of the bid members were natives of Greenfield or nearby Scranton. The two Texas members served only to get authentic Texas postmarks on correspondence. Several of the people listed on bid sheets (i.e., Steve Jackson, Jim Gould, and Dr. Chad Oliver) don't even exist.

## 2. There Is No Hotel!

The luxurious "Austin Hyatt Regency" shown in the bidding information really did exist — in Saigon. All floor plans and interior photos came from the souvenirs of a committee member who was in the unusual-substances trade during the war. The hotel building is now a barracks in Ho Chi Minh City.

## 3. There Is No City!

As all Texas historians know, Austin was, indeed, the capitol of Texas — until 1866. During Reconstruction, the state government was moved to Fort Worth. With no native industry or natural attractions, the settlement on the banks of the Colorado "river" soon dwindled. The town of Austin is now a historical site, with a population of less than 300 and no industry except tourism. Even the "Austin" postmarks are applied at the Cedar Park post office, 20 miles to the north.

All the "Austin" skyline photographs were taken from miniatures in Phoenix, Arizona. The various Chamber of Commerce publications were entirely counterfeit, except for a few glossy pamphlets originally produced in Austinton, Nevada, and cunningly changed (or pasted up to obscure the name). The Austin newspapers displayed at the chili parties were copies of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* with a fake logo attached. And it's easy to draw new cities into Texas maps, consisting as they do of hundreds of thousands of square miles of empty space crossed by dirt roads.

## 4. There Is No Texas Fandom!

Obviously, this hoax would have had no chance of succeeding if anyone in fandom had been in the least familiar with Texas. However, since (by actual count) only four "real" Texans have ever attended a science fiction convention — and since one of these is dead, one is in Detroit, and the other two were in on the joke — it was easy to pull off. It was pathetically simple to convince trusting SMOFs that Texas is really just like anyplace else, and that there was a thriving colony of fans in that misbegotten desert. Actually, Texas is entirely unfit for human habitation (see below). There are no native science fiction conventions; the program material for "AggieCon," "ArmadilloCon," and the other "Texas conventions" was the product of a few days' work for two mimeos and a Xerox copier in Wilkes-Barre.

## 5. There Is No Such Thing As An Armadillo!

The ludicrous appearance of Austin's totem animal should have given the whole thing away. Obviously, there is no such creature! While Texas rats do indeed grow to over two feet long, the scaly hide and friendly appearance of the armadillo were both figments of the bidders' fevered imagination. The "live shots" of armadillos, as shown by the bid committee, were actually *Dr. Who* outtakes, showing an early (and rejected) version of the Daleks.

## 6. There Is No Recourse!

The World Science Fiction Society is now legally obligated to hold the 1985 NASFiC in a desert whistlestop. There's nothing that anybody can do about it, and nobody in their right mind will go. However, we don't expect this to deter many fans . . . so herewith, a few bits of advice.

*First* — Don't expect a friendly reception. Texas is populated entirely by spiders, snakes, and starveling, hard-bitten farmers, leavened by an occasional wealthy and decadent oil family. The Houston bayou country, of course, is infested with Cajuns, mosquitoes, and alligators. Texas has only two colleges, no institutes of higher education, and no cultural life. In fact, there are strict laws against nearly everything a fan would be likely to do, either for entertainment or for a living. Law enforcement in Texas is strict, and the Travis County Sheriff's Department is extraordinarily hostile to students, Yankees, and strangers in general.

*Second* — Don't expect reasonable accommodations. While the natives of Austin are entirely unprepared for an influx of the type a NASFiC will produce, they all make their livings by fleecing tourists, and will do their best to rise to the occasion. Some campgrounds will probably be available by then — but DO NOT camp close to the Colorado River. Although it looks like a muddy creek most of the year, it regularly floods, often without warning. The convenience of a nearby water supply must be balanced against the depth of your desire not to be washed halfway to the Gulf of Mexico.

*Third* — Under no circumstances should you bring ANY cash or credit cards. You will only lose them, probably the first night on the bus in from Houston. Carry travellers' checks or a checkbook. Travellers' checks are best, as the local courts will not accept personal checks without ID, and that is likely to be stolen as well. It is also wise to have a friend back in civilization who will wire bail money as needed.

*Fourth* — Make your travel plans early. Strange as it may seem, it is better to drive in your own vehicle than it is to trust yourself to the vagaries of Texas public transportation. Gasoline is plentiful, with the wait at the out-of-state-plates pump rarely exceeding 30 minutes.

*Fifth* — A few simple health and safety precautions will greatly improve your chances of surviving the NASFiC. If at all possible, bring your own food and water. Spend the day indoors if accommodations can be found, or at the very least in the shade, in order to avoid sunstroke. (Any convention activities which actually occur will be held at night, when the temperature drops to a bearable 85 degrees.) Before your trip, make sure you get vaccinations for Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever (carried by ticks), malaria (if you plan to enter through Houston), and brucellosis (a cattle disease communicable to humans). Pack a snakebite kit and a good supply of antihistamines, especially if you are allergy-prone. Powdered sulfur, dusted liberally in clothing and your sleeping bag, will help to discourage fire ants and the common hairy tarantula. However, nothing repels scorpions, so be sure to shake out your shoes in the morning. And avoid any contact with the native vegetation, which includes poison ivy, poison oak, poison sumac, poison pine, and the carnivorous St. Augustine grass.

Good luck.



*\* Ironically, the "chili" served by the travelling Austin road-show was the only authentic thing about the entire bid. The original recipe for chili used viciously hot peppers and other native weeds to disguise the tainted flavor of the carrion which was the only protein available to Texas squatters. Thanks to the bounty of our nation's highways, the chili served by the Texas bidders was always genuine in every respect.*

SO WHEN ARE THEY  
GOING TO SHOW A  
CARTOON?



McL. White  
10/11/83

# CONVENTION REPORTS

## A Con Report on Fantasy Festival disguised as musings on sales rooms . . .

(November 25-27, Willie Siros travelled to Dallas to attend Fantasy Festival. He has filed the following "report".)

As a convention fan who collects books, I have become more and more concerned with the declining number of books for sale at cons. I do my bit by selling off my duplicate hardbacks and paperbacks at Texas cons. In earlier issues of this newsletter, we've all commented upon the lack of books at the big regionals we attended. When I started selling used sf at cons eight or so years ago, there were a lot more books in the sales rooms than I see now.

But now the cancer has spread to Texas. I had a table at Fantasy Festival — and I only saw one other table which was predominantly used paperbacks, and a table each of new small-press sf from Nemo Press and Denis McMillan Press. The rest of the rather large room was devoted to comics, media, ceramics, buttons, trinkets, and the like. I did rather well in comparison to past cons, and certainly compared to some of the other tables. *What is to be done?* Beats me. I have a lot of theories, which I will expound at length given half a chance — but this is a con report, not yet another call of the martyr to the cause of capitalism.

Fantasy Festival looked like an sf con. It had Roger Zelazny as GoH, with supporting roles by C.J. Cherryh, George R.R. Martin, Mike McQuay, Warren Norwood, Alan Dean Foster, Leigh Kennedy, and the famous Howard Waldrop. However, it also looked like a comics convention. It had Richard Pini as GoH, with several Marvel artists (Pat Broderick, Kerry Gammill, Steve Ringgenberg, and Mary Wilshire). They tried to balance the guests between art and prose and had 49 or so guests. It struck me as a

little schizoid. The comics people tended to do comics things and the sf people did sf things. I was guilty of doing sf things, especially after the fan panel ended up talking mostly about comics fanzines, the high cost of four-color separations, how to get comics artists to draw for you, and other odd things that had little to do with mimeo and twiltone and cheap.

I think there should have been a con suite or hospitality room of some sort — it was hard to meet new folks without it. On Saturday night, Kim and Diane Ball ably hosted the Austin in '85 party. On the plus side of the scheduled convention, the Joe Bob Briggs look-alike contest was an inspiration. I can't possibly explain Joe Bob to folks out of Texas or even out of Dallas, but I will say he is a movie-reviewer for the Dallas evening paper (and he only reviews movies which premiere at drive-ins in the Dallas area). No one seems to know what Joe Bob looks like, so the judging had to be a bit, uh, subjective. It was a real hoot.

This year I found myself hearing, "He's the one with the old books in the dealer's room" and "But you're a dealer . . ." from younger fans — an odd and rather disconcerting feeling. Yes, I sell books at cons where I can a) get there by driving; b) live cheap; and c) think people read. However, I'm beginning to see Bob Wayne's point about being identified with only one type of fandom, among the several types one may participate in. It may come of having survived three or so generations of Texas fans. Perhaps the book table is becoming a new dodo in convention history. Perhaps it is necessary to try to combine sf cons with comics or media to pay the bills. I'm not sure I like it.

—Willie Siros

## CONTEX Report

(Robert Taylor drove to Houston over Thanksgiving weekend to attend ConTex; this is his report.)

The Friends of Fandom delivered a very fine convention Thanksgiving weekend at the SW Hilton Inn in Houston. ConTex was an excellent example of the strength of Houston fandom after a number of years of feuds and failures. The convention offered a large and diverse amount of programming (that is probably unmatched by any con in the state) along with a wide range of events for special interest groups.

The guests — Anne McCaffrey, Real Musgrave, Robert Adams, and Joanne Burger — were most accessible and very friendly, as was the con committee (which included such fine folks as Bob Dougherty, Patty Bushman, Bill Parker,

Liz Koenig, K.T. FitzSimmons, Beth Afganbright, and Carol Gathings).

Certainly the best panel was the "For You See, We Are Rabbits," a discussion of bad prose in sf hosted by Steve Gould and Rory Harper. What was interesting and a bit scary about the talk was that Steve and Rory said they didn't have to look very hard to find gems like "Her breasts heaved alternately." . . . Another fine panel was the "Fannish Behavioral Studies" with Joanne Burger and Clif Davis. It was a fascinating peek into the workings of the fannish mind. Yes, we are weird, but not as weird as the Shriners or the International Brotherhood of Plumbers. I mean, have you ever been to one of their conventions? Now, that's strange.

The high point of the con for me was the masquerade. David Lee Anderson, the splendid artist from Oklahoma, was the MC; his fine irreverent tone kept things in perspective. While the costumes were good and the presentations well executed, what really made the masquerade entertaining was the setting: the hotel bar during happy hour. I think the concomm should be congratulated for getting away from the old formula. The bar, with two-for-one drinks, was a great place to just relax and enjoy the masquerade — and by my fourth bloody mary I was so relaxed that even the Princess Leias were looking good. The non-fan bar denizens were having a great time, too. Cheap drinks, free snacks, and a bunch of oddly-dressed crazies to entertain them. I was having lots of fun watching the mundanes watch the masquerade. During the judging break, the dancing started and David Lee performed an impromptu striptease. Judith Ward led the young femmefans as they urged him to go all the way. David quickly found dollar bills being thrust into the waistband of his jeans — he only bared it from the waist up, but he ended up with several easy dollars. Not bad for an Oklahoma boy.

The art show, while small, featured a number of excellent displays by several of the area artists, including Dell Harris, Real Musgrave, and the aforementioned David Lee Anderson. Of course, dragons predominated, and the sculptures by Susan Honeck were quite eye-catching. Some unique three-dimensional art pieces included the beautiful painted eggs by Connie Crouch.

On a discordant note, I found the hucksters room to be very disappointing: no books, too many weapons. This may be the wave of the future as far as dealers rooms go. With all the specialty stores around (for example, there are at least six in Houston and over a dozen in the Dallas/Fort Worth area) it's very easy for a fan to find books or magazines or games or movie/video material, while the trinket items (chain mail bikinis, broadswords, buttons, maces, toys, imitation Uzi machine guns) are usually only available at conventions. Of course, the marketplace will decide and one fan's trinket is another fan's treasured heirloom — but I find the trend disturbing.

There weren't enough room parties, but the hospitality suite was well stocked (especially with cookies), and it was great to watch the con's goings-on from the vantage point of the suite's second floor window.

With their first convention such a success, the Friends of Fandom have set a high mark for themselves — but I expect the next ConTex to be equally enjoyable. You'll have to wait until February of 1985 for it — but it will definitely be worth it!

—Robert Taylor

## Texas Smof-Fest Draws BNF's

When one thinks of agricultural and military universities, one does not tend to think of them as hotbeds of innovation and creativity. As with all stereotypes, however, this tends to make the exception all the more noticeable. The first weekend in December, the folks of Cepheid Variable, the Texas A&M University sf club, once again put the lie to such stereotypes: they presented InstaCon.

InstaCon was not your run-of-the-mill convention. It was a con for those who desire to run a con of their own. It consisted of a series of workshops covering almost every aspect of putting together and running a con — from the care and feeding of hotels to how to keep your guests and convention staff happy. Most of the panels had at least one person (smof) involved in WorldCon planning who had

tips on budgets, programming, registration, and preventing concom burnout.

This is not to say that running a con is cut and dried. The whole spectrum of convention philosophies was represented: from Ben Yalow's "There is no such thing as an original idea" to Carolyn Cooper's inflammatory "Dare to be different!" Ideas flew like epithets; it was *very* educational.

After a hard day of seminars, party time arrived with a vengeance. To say that there was a great deal of smoffing would be to state the obvious. For those who weren't interested in the smoke-filled rooms of fandom, there was everything from an impromptu *Trivial Pursuits* tournament to a midnight auction to help pay for the con. (Have *you* ever been to an auction where almost everyone was half-soused?)

InstaCon was a terrific experience. If there is another one next year, it should be required attendance for concons seriously interested in throwing a good convention — be it large or small — and having a great time.

—James Hilton and Ed Scarbrough

## Convention Calendar

(When writing to a convention for more information, please include a SASE.)

**PIRATE CON.** January 27-29, Ramada Inn, Amarillo, TX. Pro GoH: C.J. Cherryh; Fan GoH: Roger Tener. Membership \$12. Information: Starbase Amarillo, c/o Dragons Cove, P.O. Box 30961, Amarillo, TX 79120.

**WARCON '84.** February 10-12, Texas A&M Campus, College Station, TX. Gaming con. Info: Warcon '84, MSC-SPO, Texas A&M, College Station, TX 77840.

**OWLCON V.** February 24-26, Rice University Campus, Houston, TX. Gaming convention. Info: Linda Brannick, P.O. Box 2168, Houston, TX 77252.

**TREKKON '84.** March 3-4, Menger Hotel, San Antonio, TX. Pro GoHs: Mark Lenard, Grace Lee Whitney; Fan GoHs: Bjo Trimble, Kay Johnson. For info: Phyllis Wood, 227 Christine, San Antonio, TX 78223.

**AGGIECON XV.** March 29-April 1, Texas A&M Campus, College Station, TX. Pro GoH: L. Sprague de Camp; Special Guest: James P. Hogan; TM: Wilson "Bob" Tucker. Info: AggieCon XV, P.O. Drawer J-1, College Station, TX 77844.

**CAPCON.** April 13-15, Villa Inn, Lubbock, TX. Guests: Andrew Offutt, Phil Foglio, Robert Asprin. Membership \$10 to 3/15. Info: Capcon '84, 302 E. Purdue #29, Lubbock, TX 79403.

**TEXARKON 3.** May 11-13, Tall Timbers Resort Inn, Texarkana, AR. GoHs: Theodore Sturgeon, Phil Foglio; TM: Robert Asprin. Membership \$10 to 5/1, then \$15. Info: Texarkon, 1021 E. 29th, Texarkana, AR 75502.

**HOUSTONCON '84.** June 7-10, Holiday Inn Houston, IH 10 West at Silber, Houston, TX. Info: Houstoncon, 11333 Chimney Rock, Houston, TX 77035.

**ORIGINS '84.** June 21-24, Market Center North, Dallas, TX. The Tenth Annual National Adventure Gaming Convention. Membership \$15 till June 1, \$20 thereafter. Info: Origins '84, P.O. Box 49899, Dallas, TX 75229.

**OKON '84.** July 20-22, New Sheraton Kensington, Tulsa, OK. Pro GoH: Stephen R. Donaldson; Fan GoHs: Buck and Juanita Coulson; TM: James P. Hogan. Membership \$10 till 7/1, then \$13. Info: Okon '84, P.O. Box 4229, Tulsa, OK 74159.

**L.A. CON II** (42nd World SF Convention) August 30-September 3, Anaheim Convention Center, Los Angeles, CA. GoH: Gordon R. Dickson; Fan GoH: Dick Eney; TMs: Robert Bloch and Jerry Pournelle. Membership \$40 till 12/31, \$50 to 7/15/84, then \$75. Info: L.A. Con II, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

**AUSSIECON II** (43rd World SF Convention) Aug. 22-26, Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne, Australia. GoH: Gene Wolfe, Ted White. Membership: supporting \$25 always; attending \$40 to 12/31/84, then more. Info: Aussiecon II, GPO Box 2253U, Melbourne 3001, Victoria, Australia.

**NASFiC 1985** (The First Occasional Lone Star Science Fiction Convention and Chili Cook-Off) August 30-September 2, Palmer Auditorium, Austin, TX. Pro GoHs: Jack Vance, Richard Powers; Fan GoH: Joanne Butler; TM: Chad Oliver. Membership \$15 supporting always; attending \$20 till 12/31/83, \$25 till 6/30/84, then more. Info: NASFiC, P.O. Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766. Be there!

**FACT, P.O. Box 9612, Austin, Tx 78766**

WHO SAYS  
THERE IS  
NO WAITING  
IN ETERNITY  
?



ALL ELEVATOR  
NAMED 'GODOT'.

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