

*“You don’t to want mess with me.
I have a giant sequin.”*

Woot for FegHoot!

Andrea Evans, from Redwood City, California was the winner of the Feghoot Competition with the following line:

*“It’s very flattening to be
immoralized for posteriority.”*

The dot.Con Daily Staff

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Message From The Editor

Well, that about brings us down to the end of another one. But before we go, I have as few words of thanks for my staff & support squad.

I’d like to thank the following members of the Newsletter staff:

Julie Wall, Michelle Dane, N. Cenk Gökçe, & Sarah Prince, for meritous conduct above & beyond the call of duty, working until 3 AM, and keeping a sense of humor through it all.

Michelle Boyce, for devoting time above and beyond the call of psychosis.

Douglas Berry, the Sergeant Major of Newsletter.

B. Daverin & B. Daverin, for giving me the chance to pull this caper.

The rest of the Jackal Squad, for all of your hard work.

Tad “Baxil” Ramspott, for being with me in spirit, if not in body. I couldn’t have done it without you.

Heart-felt thanks also go out to:

The volunteers who would show up at midnight or 1 AM to help copy & fold, be told to come back in an hour, and DID! Thanks, guys.

The Gaming Department, for serving as my personal Black Ops Squad & Spy Network.

It’s been a blast. Catch you on the flip side.

-Matt

Message From The Staff

“I’ve roamed through all the nations, ta’en delight in all creation

And I’ve tried a wee sensation where the company did prove kind

And when parting was no pleasure, I’ve drunk another measure

To the good friends that we treasure, for they are always in our minds”

Goodbye, thank you, and see you in Toronto!

- The Newsletter Staff

Message From Another Editor

I had a great time editing the newsletter. I’m the head of Publications for Torcon3, and I’m looking for good reporters. Interested parties should drop me a line at

michelle.torcon3@romsoft.net

Michelle Boyce

Message From a Reporter

I want to thank everyone for a wonderful time. Everyone involved with the convention did a wonderful job. I made a lot of new friends and connected up with a lot of old ones. I am truly sorry the con is ending. If anyone would like to keep in touch you can reach me at michelle.dane@dane.com

-Michelle Weisblat-Dane

The dot.Con Daily

The Official Newsletter of ConJosé

Monday Morning
September 2, 2002

And The Winner Is...

The 2002 Hugo Awards took place in the Civic Auditorium before a mostly-full house. Outside the building, a party atmosphere reigned, with knots of people handicapping the categories. The awards began on time, although there was a glitch right out of the gate when Toastmaster Tad Williams’ microphone refused to function. Once he moved to the podium with sound, the evening moved smoothly.

The first honors bestowed were the First Fandom and Big Heart awards. The presenters and recipients were greeted warmly by the fans. The Seiun for fiction translated into Japanese was presented by Takayuki Tatsumi. His style was energetic and cheerful, and all the winners managed credible bows. As a prize, the three awardees received beautiful formal robes, which prompted much ohh-ing and ahh-ing.

After Jo Walton was given the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, Tad Williams gave his Toastmaster’s speech. Alternately funny and somber, he asked whether in light of the events of 2001 if science fiction was still relevant. The speech was moving, thought-provoking and graceful. He concluded that SF was still relevant, as is any hope for the future.

When the ceremony reached the Hugos, the only thing that seemed to mar the proceedings was the high number of winners who were not present. It seemed as if every other award announcement was followed by “accepting for...” It was so prevalent that near the end people seemed surprised when someone was there to receive their awards! The height of this came when Michael Whelan was awarded the Hugo for Best Artist. It was announced that Bob Eggleton would accept on Whelan’s behalf, but it was soon clear that he wasn’t in the hall either. Finally, presenter David Cherry accepted the award.

It was announced that Ferdinand Feghoot would be presenting the Best Editor award, but of course he could not attend, so Connie Willis would be presenting on his behalf. She took great care in explaining Ferdinand’s absence, ending with a pun that nearly emptied the place. When Robert Silverberg’s turn at the podium came, he went on at great length explaining how wrong it was to extend the suffering of the nominees by going on at great length before announcing the awards. He never cracked a smile as the audience grew ever more helpless with laughter.

The audience was polite and well-behaved, with all the nominees receiving (at least) polite appaluse. Everyone seemed to have a good time, and had nothing but compliments for the ceremony.

*“Want a plastic lei?”
“Only if it’s inflatable.”*

**Deadline for the
next issue:
None. Go home. It’s
over.**

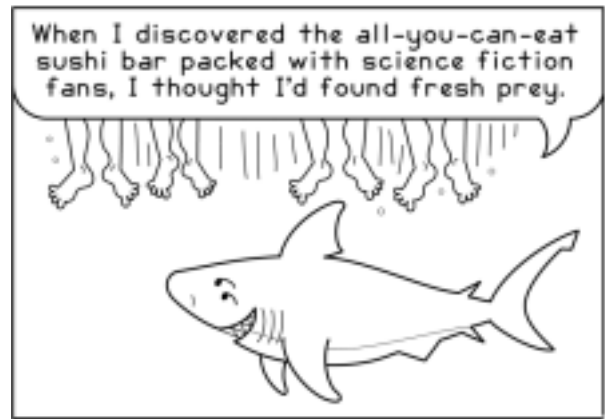
Volunteer Thank You Party

ConJosé thanks all of the many wonderful volunteers who have made this convention possible. Join us at the Volunteer Thank You party on Monday evening. The festivities kick off at 9 PM in Room 2014 of the Fairmont Hotel. Not only is this a chance to relax with all of your friends who have worked so hard to make ConJosé possible, they will be giving out door prizes, including memberships in future Worldcons.

True Fans

Hospitality Division drove around with a van-load of fans last night. Two vertical and forty-two rotating fans to be exact. Or so rumour has it.

Carcharodon José



TEDDY HARVIA



The Prometheus Awards

At its annual Worldcon award ceremony in San José, the Libertarian Futurist Society presented its annual Prometheus Award for Best Novel to Donald Kingsbury's *Psychohistorical Crisis* (Tor) and the award for Best Classic Fiction (the "Hall of Fame" award) went to Patrick McGoohan's TV series *The Prisoner*.

Donald Kingsbury was present to accept his award and made an acceptance speech discussing the issues and ideas which lead him to write the novel. *The Prisoner* is the first winner of the Hall of Fame which was a television series. Patrick McGoohan was not able to attend to receive the award but did send an acceptance message which was read by Fran VanCleave, SF author and LFS member.

The other finalists for Best Novel were:

Falling Stars, by Michael Flynn

Enemy Glory, by Karen Michalson

The American Zone, by L. Neil Smith

Hosts, by F. Paul Wilson

The other finalists for the Best Classic Fiction award were:

Anthony Burgess, *A Clockwork Orange* (novel),

Robert A. Heinlein, "Requiem" (short story),

Sinclair Lewis, *It Can't Happen Here* (novel), and

J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Lord of the Rings* (trilogy of novels).

Calgon, Take Me Away

The Field Staff of the dot.Con daily would like to thank the following people, organizations, activities, and things for providing them with high-quality stress relief over the course of our production run.

Aaron Spielman

Bashing Balrogs

Bruce Dane

Chocolate

Climbing Trees

Gaming Staff

Hard Cider in a Specimen Cup

Jennifer Jaspar

Jessica Butler

Kierin Bushore

Loch Dhu 10

Macintosh Computers

PC Computers

Penguin Herding

Playing Nethack Until Our Eyes Burn Out

Puzzlebox

Single-Malt Scotch

Coming Up In Our Next Issue

Nothing at all.

See you in Toronto.

That Darn Squid God

We are pleased to be able to present the following excerpt from the upcoming fantasy/humor novel, *That Darn Squid God*, written by Nick Pollotta (who couldn't make it to the convention) and Phil Foglio (who did).

TURNABOUT

By - Nick Pollotta and Phil Foglio

One fine summer evening, Prof. Felix Einstein and Lord Benjamin Carstairs were on vacation and taking their constitutional through a plush forest in Greece when suddenly a monstrous shape thunderously landed in the clearing before them.

"Halt!" the mighty she-beast roared.

In amazement, Einstein and Carstairs stared at the sphinx now filling the clearing. Built along classic lines, she had the head and breasts of a beautiful woman atop the body of a lion, plus a serpent's tail with a pair of great white wings fluttering from her shoulders. Thankfully, a golden breastplate covered her quivering buxom bosom. A good ten meters tall and some twenty meters long, her voice, though remarkably pleasant, was quite loud.

Hungrily, the sphinx viewed the tiny morsels. One was quite old with a stock of white hair and needed a cane to stand. Hardily a single bite for her there. Ah, but the other was a massive, tanned, slab of muscle some two meters tall. A meal onto himself! How delightful would the aroma of their fear! How satisfying the crunch of their bones! How convenient their clothing for flossing!

Circumspect, the elderly professor muttered to his companion. "Oh, I say."

"Quite," the unflappable archeologist replied, raising a single eloquent eyebrow. Annoyed, the sphinx frowned. These men were surprised, but the heady aroma of raw terror was blatantly absent. An angry growl welled deep within her throat. Well, that would soon change!

"Greetings, humans!" she said in a booming contralto. "What are you two doing in my forest?"

"Just out for a stroll," Prof. Einstein replied promptly. "And what are your next two questions?"

The sphinx spit in ill-controlled rage, the tiny globule of moisture hissing through rock and soil.

"Impudent toads!" she snarled, the mighty breasts heaving. "Very well! What walks on four legs in the morning?"

"Man," Lord Carstairs interrupted, stifling a yawn.

Frowning, the sphinx paused for a moment. "You...have heard these before?" she asked.

"Yes," Einstein replied, turning to leave. "And that is three for three. Goodbye."

"HOLD!" the giant beast thundered, blocking their path with a paw the size of a living room sofa. "You must now ask me a question! And if I can answer correctly, then death will be your reward!"

Einstein and Carstairs exchanged glances.

"Ask!" the monster demanded licking her mighty chops, whiskers abristle with eagerness. She had been worried at first by their boldness, but the sphinx felt that she was back in control.

Quickly, the two Englishmen conferred for a moment.

"With the weapons and resources immediately available to us," Lord Carstairs began politely, "what is the surest, fastest and easiest way for us to kill you?"

With an audible clunk, the beast dropped her jaw to the rocky ground, then closed it with a snap. For several minutes, she teeth ground against each other as the she-beast engaged in furious thought. Raking a clawed paw through her golden tresses, the sphinx stared hard at the two calm humans. Then, she gave a sweet smile.

"Gosh, what a good question," she admitted, in a friendly voice. "I have no idea. You win! Goodbye." Then with a single bound that carried her over the trees, the winged beast was gone.

"Sometimes, it really pays to have a classical education," Lord Carstairs noted, as they continued the interrupted stroll.

"Quite," Prof. Einstein laughed, leaning heavily on his cane. "This incident could have been much worse."

Once more, the British lord raised an eyebrow. "Indeed, sir. How so?"

The professor frowned, "It might have been another insurance salesman."

And the two scholars shivered in fear.

That Darn Squid God, August 2003, Wildside Press.