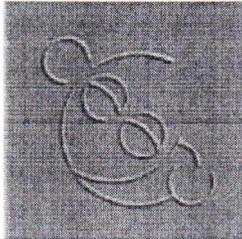


Avatar Press

This is the eighteenth issue of the second volume of the personal zine, Avatar Press, published by Randy B. Cleary on November Twenty-ninth, Two Thousand One Anno Domini., for inclusion in the two hundred twenty-fourth issue of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance Amateur Press Association. All rights reserved. No copyright infringement intended. Permission to use any part may be obtained at 138 Bibb Drive, Madison, Alabama 35758-1064 or (256) 772-3826, rbcleary@bellsouth.net or <http://personal.rdu.bellsouth.net/~rbcleary>



UP FRONT

Above is the background sigil I did for my web site (which I really need to revamp one of these days).

Well I hope everyone had a great Halloween and Thanksgiving and will have an even better Christmas and/or Hanukah season. As per the usual, I've waited until the last minute to do my zine. Fortunately I have some prepared material to include this time that I hope you enjoy.

A NEW CAR!

My big news is that I finally traded in the first car I ever owned, my 1988.5 Ford Escort with 174,000 miles on it, for a brand new 2002 L-300 Saturn (top of the line four door mid-size sedan with a 3.0 liter 24 valve V6, heated leather seats and leather appointments, sun-roof, 6 CD/cassette radio, power everything.) Here is a picture.



Due to my friend Leana Grice's prompting, I've named it "Hawn" (as in "Goldie Hawn") for it is gold in color. I really like it and hope it lasts as long as my old Escort. I have a no interest loan but must pay it off in three years. Crushing debt never felt so plush.

HOMESTEADING

I took some extra time off at Thanksgiving to stay home and work on my house. I finally unpacked the majority of my

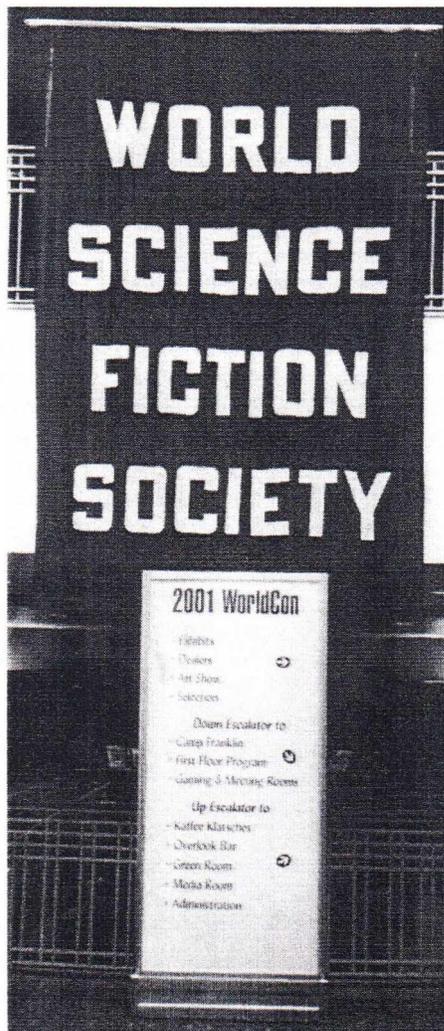
boxes and now officially have less boxes of stuff packed than before I moved. I finished setting up my breakfast nook as a little artist studio. I installed a storm door on my back entrance. The first one I bought (and cut to height) was too small (serves me right for listening to the sales guy instead of myself). The second one was the original size I wanted to get and it fit perfect. I did break the drywall with the back door knob though and have a nice (probably permanent) scar on my calf from the metal edge of the door. Sigh. The joys of home ownership. I'm giving the first door to a friend for her rental house. I matted and framed lots of the artwork that I have purchased at conventions over the years. I've even hung several pieces. I'll hang more when I have furniture. Yes, I still have no furniture to speak of but I've narrowed my choices down to a single store, Rhodes, where they have no interest and no payments until June 2003. I figure the convenience of getting most of what I want delivered at one time is worth the non-discount prices. I'm going to get a dining table set, a living room set, and a bedroom set. That should hold me for a while and make me seem more like a real homeowner instead of a scary squatter. I still have lots of projects left at home to do, like sorting financial records, fanzines, fixing drywall holes, moving old boxes to the attic, etc.



REN FAIRE TO MIDDLING

I went with my friend, Leana Grice, to the annual free Renaissance Festival in Florence the last weekend of October. It was her first but I've been many times before. It was smaller than year's past but we had a pleasant day of it and it was the first shake down cruise for "Hawn" and a beautiful crisp fall day. Here is the cutest nymf from one of the pictures I took there.

The Millennium Philcon 59th World Science
Fiction Convention
A Trip Report by Randy B. Cleary



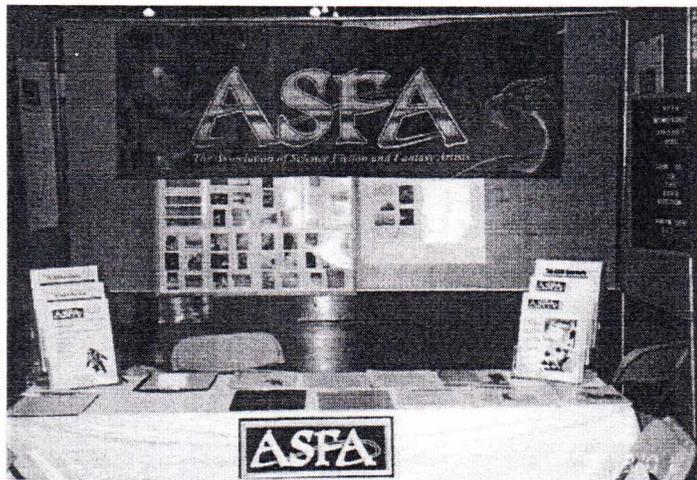
Wednesday, August 29th, wearing my best (okay only) suit, I arrived an hour early for my flight from Huntsville to Houston to Philadelphia. Continental takes one look at me and transfers me to a U.S. Airways flights leaving immediately to Charlotte and then to Philadelphia. The U.S. Airways check in attendant seems surprised that I have luggage but acquiesced to accept it. I'm the last one on the plane and am going to arrive three hours earlier than planned. The Charlotte airport had some interesting mobiles and rocking chairs. Ironically for an airport, both devices only give the illusion of movement without really going anywhere. However, the flights were uneventful, and I enjoyed a window seat and an empty seat next to me both flights. On the last leg, I was amazed that we flew directly over a nuclear power plant, but upon reflection, I probably received more radiation from the atmospheric flight than I would from visiting a nuclear power station. Once in Philadelphia, I took the train from the airport to the Market East station arriving ass backwards into the city of brotherly love. I asked some bike cops (or Mormon Missionaries, I was not quite sure) for directions to the Hilton Garden Inn. On the way, I stopped by the Convention Center, which was quite impressive, and picked up my registration materials. I also put

out flyers for ConStellation XX and DeepSouthCon 40. I spotted a Big-Named-Fan that I know and thinking to start up a conversation, asking if they knew if another person had arrived yet. With nary a backward glance, they said they did not know, as they departed my presence with haste. Ah, my first SMOF-snubbing. I had truly arrived at the WorldCon. Bemused, I made my way to the Hilton Garden Inn, which was on overflow hotel, but was actually closer to the Convention Center than the Marriott, the main hotel. The room was quite nice, with two large beds (my planned roommate cancelled), a small refrigerator and a microwave. I changed out of my suit and went to the Marriott to leave messages for some friends as to my whereabouts. Then I stopped by a Wawwa convenience store on the corner opposite my hotel and bought some foodstuffs to keep in the room for breakfast and lunch. I reviewed the convention schedule and drifted off to sleep with visions of fannish happenings in my head. Thus ended the first day.



Thursday, August 30th, I ate a light breakfast in the room before heading out. I saw the Southern BNF's, **Tom and Anita Feller** on the concourse and learn they were going sight seeing. I asked them to let me know if the Liberty Bell was all that it was cracked up to be. They seem to be eager to leave soon after that remark for some reason. I went to Kinko's, located conveniently inside the Marriott, and made copies of a Southern Fandom Confederation flyer. I put those flyers out and also left a message on the Voodoo Message Board in the Convention Center for the president of that fine organization. The Voodoo Message Board is a marvel and I retrieved two messages for myself during the convention. The Charlotte 2004 WorldCon bid was campaigning hard and I got a light up button from them and took a picture of an impressive space alien ambassador they had running (well, walking slowly) around. I went into the Exhibit Hall and found the

Association of Science-Fiction and Fantasy Artists (ASFA) Table set up but unmanned. Noticing the volunteer sign-up sheet was totally empty; I immediately sat down and signed up for about 16 hours for the weekend. I wrote out two renewals the shift I was there and snacked on some beef jerky for lunch (as I'm a well seasoned con attendee and know that sometimes you may not be able to get a real meal).



After my shift I went to my first panel, "Getting It Wrong: Science Goofs in Science Fiction", with Hal Clement, Stephen Fisher, Diane Kelly, Jeffrey Kooistra, and **Toni Weiskopf**. I had thought the "Science Goofs" referred to the panelists but I soon realized that they were talking about Science Fiction that contained scientific inaccuracies. After the panel, I had a quick word with **Ms. Weiskopf** and was drafted to help out with a party of hers on Sunday, truly an honor and a privilege.



Next, I saw "Space Technology: A Look into the Next Quarter Century" with Greg Bear, Jordin Kare, and Allen Steele. It seemed to turn into more of a politics and business of space discussion than of technology. Most agreed that if the cost per pound of launch could be reduced to \$100, then the business of space would be wide open. Next, I attended "Opening Ceremonies", which seemed more like a first time dress rehearsal than a real presentation (which make it quite fannish in other words). Esther Friesner made a dramatic entrance on the arms of two scantily clad men. Afterwards, I met some fan friends to eat dinner at the nearby Maggiano's Italian Restaurant. One can order large portions there but I would advise against it. I got the regular size order of their delicious Angel Hair Pasta with Shrimp, and was unable to finish it. If you know how I eat, this is quite impressive. I ended up donating the leftovers to a starving volunteer at the ASFA table. Next, I caught the end of "Pictionary" with Bob Eggleton and Teddy Harvia. They were both quite entertaining with their quick draw wit. Then I went back to

help out with the ASFA table and took a quick peek in the Art Show at Donato Giancola's awesome and large Lord of the Rings inspired paintings. Next, I caught the last half of "Beyond Men in Tights: Comics without Superheroes" which at that point consisted of just the panelists and the audience listing comics they liked and suggested others to try. Then I hooked up with some fan friends and we hit all the parties that we could find, eating, drinking, and smoozing into the wee hours. Bid parties rule!

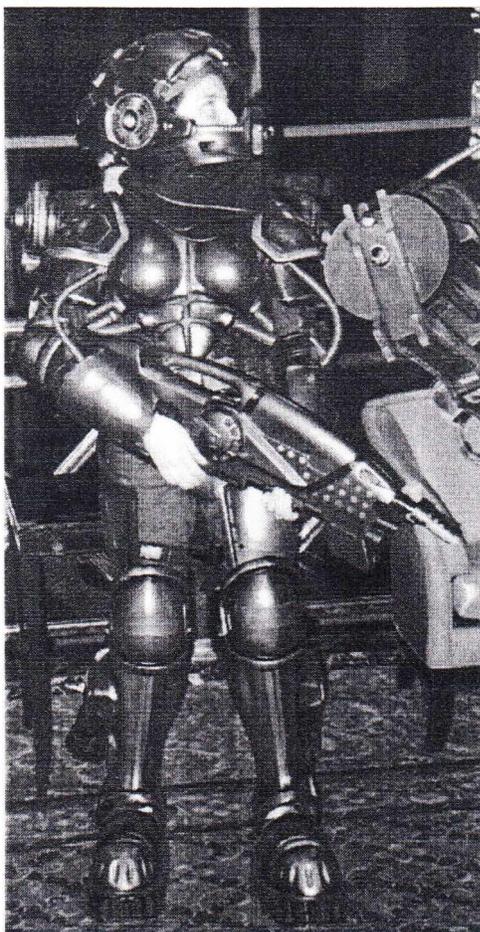
Friday, August 31st, I started the day at the ASFA Table and then made the "Baen Books Traveling Slide Show" with **Toni Weiskopf**. It was as entertaining as always. Then I changed back into my best (and only) suit and attended lunch at a fine restaurant called, "Le Bec Fin", which I think is French for "The Back Fin". Somehow, I had wrangled an invitation to lunch with some quality people. The Artic Char and six deserts that I had sure left my lunch of beef jerky the day before in the dust. One of the attendees graciously picked up the tab on the condition that the others pay for the cab back. I then suggested that we walk back. Noticing that my head was still on my shoulders, I realized that my comment had been taken for humor. Glad to be alive, I paid for the cab, and came out way ahead on the deal. Fine food, excellent company, and genteel atmosphere made it quite an enjoyable experience. It was rumored that Naomi Fisher had attended the night before and had eleven deserts, but I don't like to spread rumors, so Naomi can clarify this if she wishes. After changing into



more fannish togs, I attended the "Barclay Shaw Slide Show" which was an entertaining high tech multi-media presentation by Mr. Shaw. I could tell you about his DARPA work but then I would have to kill you. Next I made it to the packed "Jeff Walker's 'Trailer Park' Film Presentation".

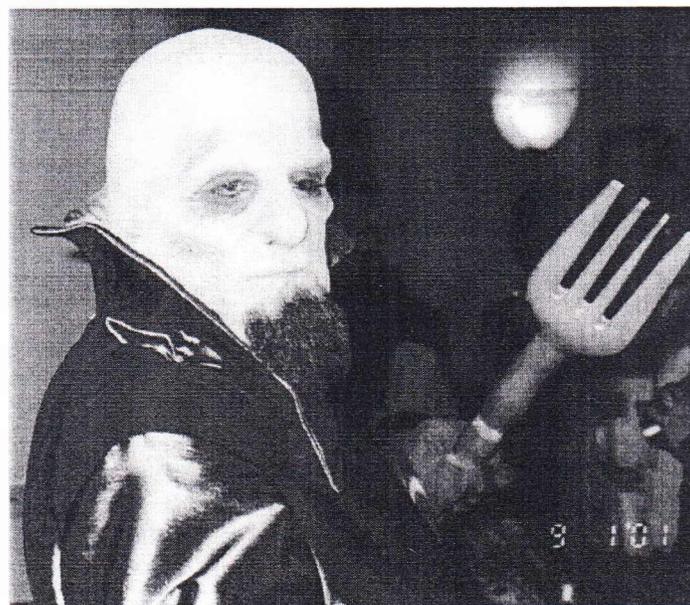
Fortunately, some friends had saved me a good seat to watch the presentations. I look forward to seeing the CGI films, "Ice Age" and "Monsters, Inc." as their trailers were very entertaining. Next, I attended the "Chesley Awards Ceremonies". Much ado was made about the technical production this year (as apparently the previous WorldCon had not provided adequate assistance in this area). Unfortunately, a few of the winners were at

DragonCon this year instead. From 7 until 9:30, I got my only real in depth look at the Art Show during the Artist Reception after the Chesley's. It was awesome. I literally got intoxicated looking at all the excellent work until I become numbed. It was really too much to take in at one time. Afterwards, I went up to the incredibly well stocked and delicious ASFA Suite, largely run by the tireless Morganna. Belly Dancers entertained the crowd there. Next, I hit all the open parties, which were fairly crowded and well worth the maize of interconnected hallways one had to traverse to get to them. I also dropped off a collection of my clip art at the Fanzine Lounge, which was always well occupied if a bit insular whenever I stopped by. I only had to step over one sleeping homeless person on the way back to my hotel that night.



Saturday, September 1st, I slept in and then had breakfast in the room again. My first panel was the "Stephen Youll Guest Artist Slide Show". I learned that he has a twin, who is also an artist but still lives in England. I wonder what he looks like? Next, I attended the "ASFA Meeting" (which was perversely scheduled opposite Michael Whelan's Slide Show for some reason). The first ASFA Web Site Awards were presented before the official meeting. A few of the officers were at the limit of their terms but are running for other offices so hopefully their expertise and experience will remain on the board to the benefit of the ASFA members. Next I had a quick lunch of a Wawwa sub-sandwich warmed in my room's microwave. It was not quite "Le Bec Fin" but it was eatable. I then helped staff the ASFA table and made some signs for the ASFA Charity Auction. Next, I attended "A

Three Year Survey: A Slide Show" by Donato Giancola. It was awesome, plus he gave out some tear sheets of his work. Donato talked about how he likes to put the characters he paints into meaningful and realistic environment. Later, I stopped by the ASFA Suite for a quick nibble before catching "The Art of Horror: Artists and Horror" with Bob Eggleton, Jane Frank, Charles Lang, and Michael Whelan. This was a very thoughtful panel of goateed artists and Jane Frank, where the morality, ethics, and place of horror in art and society in general was discussed and debated. Then it was back to help out at the ASFA Table. Then I went to the Masquerade and found a seat in the back quarter of the room. The front half seemed reserved for guests and staff and VIP's. They had



televised overflow viewing in another room. The masquerade was pretty good and near the level of the Baltimore WorldCon that I attended. The large video screens in the room really helped those of us not near the stage. There were only a few technical glitches and only a few no shows. The presenter was very dead pan and dry though. Afterwards, the photo opportunities were catch as catch can. I got some haphazard pictures of the contestants and of a few hall costumes. Compared to a DragonCon, WorldCon had very few hall costumes. Then I walked up to hit the parties. The SFWA and Tor parties were overflowing into the halls. I thought about dashing into these fabled parties but was afraid of being caught and punished by their bouncers. Anyway, the ASFA Suite had the best food. I saw some friends briefly. I decided to call it a fairly early night. I stopped by the dance and gaming on the way back to my hotel. They had attendees but they were not really crowded. I also stopped by the Con Suite, which was surprisingly nice with lots of munchies and drinks.

Sunday, September 2nd, I overslept as I had set my alarm for P.M. instead of A.M. so I had dashed to get ready. I stopped to pick up tons of flyers from the flyer boards. My pet peeve is people putting out the same flyer in multiple spots. Stop doing that! I got to the ASFA Table just a little late for my shift. Then I decided to grab a quick lunch in the Hilton Garden Inn restaurant, where I finally got a real Philly Cheese Steak. Stan Schmidt was also having lunch there with some

other people. I played it cool and pretended I did not know there were Writers and Editors in my mist. I then returned to man the ASFA Table once more where I passed the time doodling on a sketch. Next, I attended the ASFA Charity Auction after making a mad dash to get a bidder number from the Art Show staff. This auction was up in the air for a while as the Art Show at first did not want any part of it but finally acquiesced to allow it to go on for thirty minutes before the Art Auction (which was running a little late anyway). I picked up a nice print, "Fish Salad" by Sergey Payarkov. Then I went to dinner at Allen's Grill in the Marriott with the fine folks of FOSFAX. They had a nice buffet where I ate too much. Surprisingly, the conversation seemed to be mostly about politics, history, and books. Then I dashed off to shower and shave before returning to help Toni with her After the Hugo's Baen Party. My contributions mostly consisted of blowing up Baen labeled balloons and getting ice. The party was well stocked with Baen Books, tear sheets, chocolate, and booze. This was quite a fannish nirvana; especially once all the BNP's started to arrive after the Hugo's. Fortunately, the Hugo Presentations were televised and we were able to watch them as we set up for the party. Stricken speechless by the presence of many of my literary and artistic heroes, I grabbed some hotel stationary and pen and doodled some stick figure cartoons that hopefully will never see the light of day. They did generate some polite chuckles and outright groans and pleas for me to seek professional help though. Being compared to Rotsler by Gay Haldeman honored me, even though Bob Eggleton did complain that I made his Hugo too phallic in one cartoon (or was it the other way around). Occasionally one of the many balloons would get tossed up to the stucco ceiling, which would usually result in quite a large bang that would shock the crowd into silence for microseconds at a time, not to mention spraying my spittle over that august assemblage. I went out to the other parties and returned at one point with a Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster, a particularly strong bluish drink with dry ice in its drink stem to make it bubble and smoke ominously. After sampling mine, Joe Haldeman went on a quest to get his own. At the other parties, I offered congratulations/condolences to the 2004 WorldCon winners/losers. I actually did good to not eat anything at the parties that night. I did take some yummy white chocolate from the Baen party but a friend wrestled that away from me later that night and selflessly threw herself on it. I also contributed to a WorldCon One-Shot Zine on **Tom Feller's** lap top computer at the Baen party and later liberated a bound gallery proof and C-Print from the gracious **Toni**. Later in the wee hours, I walked back to my hotel escorting someone who recognized me as that guy who drew those painful cartoons. Oh, the infamy.

Monday, September 3rd, I had a nice four-hour nap to start the day off. Then I hit the 10th Floor Grill Breakfast Buffet in the hotel, which was quite good and fattening. Then I was off to the familiar ASFA Table for my shift, arriving early, which was good as some interested people also showed up early. Afterwards, I finally got to go through the Dealer's Room for the first time. There were lots of book dealers, and dealers of most other fannish interests except for weapons. I bought the latest Writer's of the Future, an Analog subscription, and a Convention T-Shirt. In the Convention Store, an Art Show Staff member recognized me and informed me that I had left

my license there when I applied for a bidder number. I had not even noticed! This would have really been a problem when I tried to get on the plane the next day. I went straight to Operations and retrieved it. Fortunately, I did not have to show any I.D. Then I attended the last half of "Marvel Comics: Present and Future" with Bob Greenberger. I learned of several upcoming comic related movie projects either in production or development. Afterwards, I ran through the Fan Exhibits area and took some pictures of the neat costumes from previous years. A bit hungry from missing lunch, I stopped by the Con Suite, which was putting on the Dead Dog and was able to get some pretty good munchies (snack meats and cheese) to hold me over until dinner. Then I attended the "Closing Ceremonies" which went much smoother than the opening ones. The gavel was successfully handed over to Con Jose. The con was over! However, my day was not. I went out to a local Mall looking for a mailer for my print so it would not be crushed on the way back home. I had to settle for a roll of gift-wrapping paper, as I could not find any mailing tubes. Then I went to the ASFA Suite to see if they needed any help. They did not, but I was invited to dinner in China Town with several of the ASFA board and members. We went in search of a fabled restaurant that proved elusive so we just settled for the nearest equivalent. It turned out to still be a fine choice and we all shared in several fine seafood dishes and good company. I chatted with the friendly ASFA folks for a while but left when they decided to hit the hotel hot tub. I had to pack for my flights back to Huntsville.

Tuesday, September 4th, 2001 I took the train from Philadelphia to the airport and caught my Continental flight to Houston. One again, I got a window seat and an empty seat next to me. We just beat some stormy weather coming into Houston. Unfortunately the connecting flight to Huntsville was cancelled. After dashing around the airport, I was able to reschedule a flight on Delta to Atlanta and then to Huntsville. The three hours I had gained at the start of the trip were now lost at the end. During my wait in Houston, I had some chili and one of the strongest Margaritas I've ever enjoyed. Unfortunately, I came down with a cold that day, which only added to the enjoyment of the cancelled flight. Upon finally arriving in Huntsville, I discovered that my luggage was delayed and would be on the last Continental flight of the day. The cap of the day was the failure of my car to start. Fortunately, I was able to get it jumped started, and was able to drive home and later return for my luggage which arrived after midnight. Despite the return trip, overall, I enjoyed this WorldCon. Philadelphia is a nice and vibrant city (if a little smelly). I got to make some new friends and spend some quality time with old ones. I got to see some interesting things and attend some enjoyable events. To really feel like a part of Fandom (with a capital "F"), one really must attend a WorldCon ever so often. However, it was a bit expensive in travel and lodging for me. Next year, I'll be returning to DragonCon, a totally different type of convention but much cheaper but enjoyable in its own unique ways also. Hopefully in a few years, I'll not have to choose between them.

2001 Con+Stellation XX: Camelopardalis Art Show Report

The total membership for our convention this year, which ran from October 19th to October 21st, 2001, was about 252. Next year's convention will be October 18th to 20th, 2002. I hope everyone will be able to participate. Be sure to keep up to date with our convention by checking out our web site regularly: <http://www.con-stellation.org/>. Note also that *DeepSouthCon 40* will also be in Huntsville, Alabama from June 14-16, 2002 and its web site is: <http://www.con-stellation.org/dsc40>.

STATISTICS:

This year's art show consisted of 307 pieces from 19 artists, displayed on 35 panels and 4 tables. The mail-in participation was up this year, with 15 artists mailing in their works. There were 99 pieces sold for a total of \$2153. Thus the average sales price was \$21.75 per piece and the average total sales per artist was about \$113.32. The most sales for a single artist was \$384 and the lowest was, unfortunately, no sales. We had 29 pieces of art that went to the Saturday voice auction, which was well attended. Overall, participation and sales were up this year over last year's \$1672 for 13 artists.

AWARDS

The following awards were given by our three Art Show jurors:

Best Amateur Science-Fiction: Beth Willinger, "*Double Moon Bow*"

Best Amateur Fantasy: B.J. Staehlin, "*You Know They Do When You're Asleep*"

Best Professional Science-Fiction: David Mattingly, "*Wind Commander*"

Best Professional Fantasy: Alan M. Clark, "*Halloween Man*"

Best in Show: David Mattingly, "*Wolf in Shadows*"
Judges Choice: Lisa Snellings, "*Blue*"

Here's a picture of three people at the convention you might recognize (**Toni**, Charlotte, and Julie):



ISSUE 223 MAILING COMMENTS

Gosh, it looks like I'm out of time and space to do mailing comments properly this time so I'll do them for the next issue. Sorry guys. I'm trying to be a good boy and not stay up late any more so I learn to schedule things better.

FINAL

Well, I hope the Ego-boo poll goes well for everyone (at least in some category). See y'all next year in 2002! Wow. Happy New Year New Happy!

GALLERY

I've included some items done in the last few months that you might have not seen. I hope to start some paintings soon due to David Mattingly's kind encouragement at ConStellation.

First up is the Bob Eggleton Hugo Award cartoon that I submitted to the *ASFA Quarterly*. It's based on the quick sketch cartoon I did during Toni's party at WorldCon.

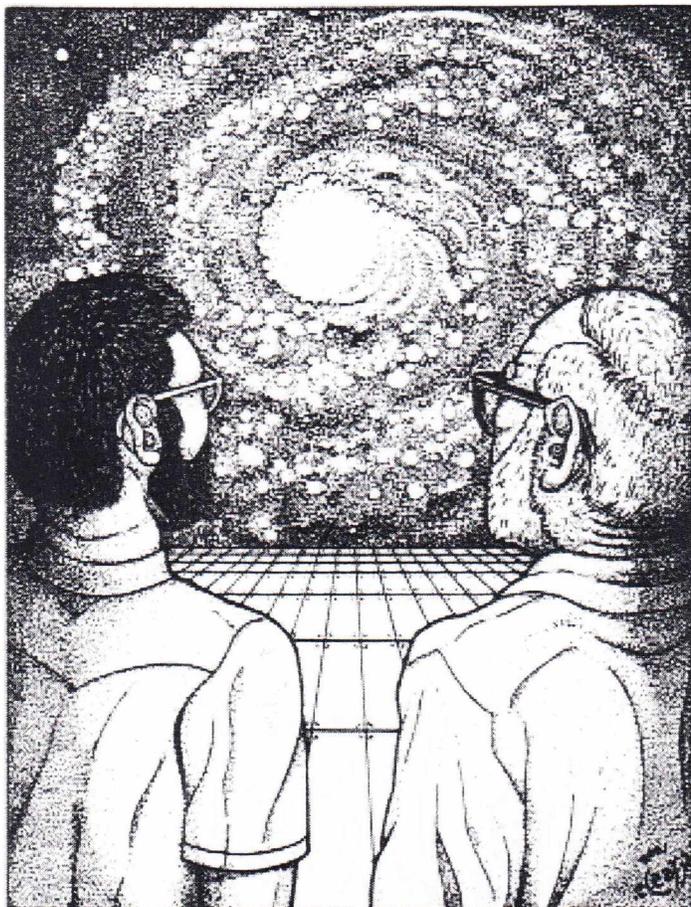


Next, this is an illustration of most of the characters in my main *Dungeons and Dragons* group, named "ICE". I did this quickly as a going away present for Eddie Ironsmith, a founding member of the group (over ten years ago), who has since moved to Texas.



Then I've included two versions of an illustration that I did at **Guy Lillian's** request for *Challenger*. I'm told the latest version should be in the next issue. The original (not shown) was slightly different as I made the older guy balder as the guys were just generic young college type with generic older scientist type. Guy told me it was for a Greg Bear article on Chesley Bonestelle, so I decided to try to make the guys a little more similar to them. Unfortunately, Guy went to press before receiving it. Later, he said he could use it for an article by Vernor Vinge on Jules Verne. So I modified the pictures again to make them less like the others and slightly more like the latest guys. See if you can spot the differences (like in the Sunday funny pages). :-)

BEAR AND BONSTELLE LIKE FIGURES STARING AT SWILING GALAXY



VINGE AND VERNE LIKE FIGURES STARING AT SWILING GALAXY

