

This is a ...

CONVENTIONAL FANZINE

Hello out there.

Writing one's first editorial for one's first fanzine is really a worse pain in the ass than you could imagine.

I tried for the 3rd issue of HOSTIGOS, the Penn State clubzine (which I was supposed to edit) and it worked out to be about Harlan Ellison, in large part.

But then I got to thinking that perhaps the local fan group should put on a con first, so we could send the zine out to people who were at the con, so we could be sure of getting material for the next issue, instead of having to rely on the notorious-ly apathetic Penn State students.

So Fred Ramsey (editor of SQUONK, a fine semi-prozine, plug, plug) and I founded the Central Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association, and we threw Paracon, and I found myself handling a lot of the publicity. After sending notices about the con to Filthy Pierre, and Linda Bushyager, and Charlie Brown (who consistently printed out-dated information), and others I guess I thought it would be a good idea if there were a convention oriented fanzine, where you could turn to get the kind of information you could only get if you were deeply into fandom and had access to every freebee table at every con.

(This may not be an original idea—a lot of my fanzine ideas come from the smof sessions at Linda and Ron Bushyager's in which someone would come up with a good idea for a fanzine and Ron would inevitably say, "Well, why don't you do it?")

But then Paracon started taking up all my time, and I was in grad school, and then I was heading toward Lunacon with orders to find a pro for the con.

I found a husband, too.

So then I was busy moving to Baltimore, and going to school, and getting married, and going on my honeymoon, and moving in...and suddenly it's a year later.

I'm going to more cons than I ever thought I'd be going to in my life, in such esoteric places as Cinninnati, and Sandusky. Some cons are very well-known—others are only advertised in a few places. Some of incredibly well-run—others make the same mistakes year after year.

And at these cons people would give me their fanzines, and then I'd feel guilty because I would enjoy their zines but I knew I'd never have time to write a loc.

Then I'd go up to my office with its nice IBM typesetter, and wonder how I was going to get used to using it, and I looked over at the mimeo, and the strip printer, and realized that if I had any artistic talent, I'd be able to put-out a really good-looking zine.

I started to loc some of the fanzines, and Arthur Hlavety wrote back to say that I had a real talent for loccing. Thanks Arthur—I don't believe you but I needed encouragement.

And then I made the fatal mistake—I started telling people about this zine. People wanted copies. Others asked when it was finally going to come out. Then (horrors) Mark Owings (who was best man at my wedding) sent me an article on running a film program, with a note attached that it was one of the few fanzine articles he had ever done.

Even that might not have been enough to force me were it not for several things happening:

1) I got caught up on all the Mirage orders (I'm shipping, records, complaints, and production, all rolled into one). This left me a lot of free time to either pursue my other career ("homemaking") or to work on this zine.

2) Manchester got 2 major snowstorms in less than 5 days. (Storm 2 was declared to be "a light dusting" less than 12 hours before it arrived.)

3) This weekend is Boskone, where I hope to see a lot of my fannish friends. If I can place my fanzine into their hands personally, it'll save me from running down to the P.O.

So here's the first issue of CONVENTIONAL FANZINE, title courtesy of my husband, Jack L. Chalker, enormously popular SF author, and long-time fan (20 years!). This issue is lovingly dedicated to him (in much the same way as WAR OF SHADOWS) and buried in here so he'll be forced to read this issue.

I have a lot of hopes for this zine—I hope you'll help me by sending me con news, or art (please!), or your ideas on how cons should be run, or letters, or money.

Or (and I think this idea is unique to fandom) \$5 in manufacturer's cents-off coupons. I subscribe to a coupon fanzine, and I need a wider variety to trade. That, and I like getting money back on grocery shopping.

I had originally planned to distribute this issue at BOSKONE, and to mail any left-over issues to interested fans. But my electrostencil broke, so this issue is being sent to the addresses listed in

This is Vol., issue 0 of CONVENTIONAL FANZINE, a bi-monthly publication written partly, edited by, and reproduced by Eva Chalker Whitley, 4704 Warner Drive, Manchester, MD 21102. Available for letter of comment, artwork, article on convention-running or any aspect thereof, con report, con listing, trade or editorial whim, or even \$5 in manufacturer's cents off coupons. Subscription price for pick-up at cons is 25¢ per issue, 50 ¢ for mail delivery. DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE—MARCH 21, 1979.

this issue, people I think will be interested, and any subscribers I can pick up before issue 1. Deadline for that issue is March 21, and will be distributed at LUNACON, with subscribers issues being mailed in early April. It will cover the months of April (with the exception, obviously, of April 1st), May, and June.

IF YOU ARE RUNNING A CON—send me a flyer. If I get a single flyer, I'll treat it as news and condense it into a con listing. If I get about 500 flyers, I'll condense the information for a listing, and bind the rest into the issue. If I get a single flyer printed in black on white paper, and a check or money order for \$5, I'll make a electro-stencil of it, run it off, and bind it into the issue. Any extra flyers will be dumped on to the freebee table of the next con I go to.

Although CONVENTIONAL FANZINE is not strictly a newzine, I love gossip as much as the next fan. If you want to announce your pregnancy, new job, or new address, write me, and I might print it. Of course, anything sent to me is subject to the usual verification procedures.

I really need art. The illos by Alexis Gilliland have been published in other zines, some of which he can't remember. But it's in new zines like this that little-known artists get their chance. Send me artwork and I will flatter you outrageously, and you get free issues. I'll nominate you for the fan artist Hugo—I'll say anything to get artwork.

You'll notice that this issue is a little skimpy. I figured most folks wanted to see an issue before contributing. So write, draw, send coupons (my concession to fans like myself who are unsure of their abilities to write, draw, or in any way contribute: I can upon their abilities with scissors)

Thanks for the first issue go to Linda Bushyager for the con listings; to Mark Owings for his article; for Jack for the use of his equipment; and to the Washington Science Fiction Association for their help.

Con Listings for March, April, May

March 9, 10, 11. COASTCON, Buena Vista Motel, Biloxi, Mississippi. Rooms \$12 single, \$16 double. Guests: George R.R. Martin, Meade Frierson, Registration \$10. Contact: Michael Bledsoe, 8401 Zanna, Biloxi, MS 39539, (501) 436-3482.

March 16, 17, 18. MARCON, HoJoMoLoNoCo (Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge North, Columbus, Ohio.) Rooms \$19.50 for 1 person, 1 bed; \$23.50 for 2 people, 1 bed; \$25.50, 2 people, 1 double bed, 1 twin bed; \$28.00 for 2 people, 2 double beds. Guests: Katherine Kurtz, Fred Haskell, Wilson "Bob" Tucker is Toastmaster. Banquet, art show, hucksters, films, programming, etc. Registration \$6 until March 1st, \$8 at the door.

((Last year was my first Marcon, and I was bored silly. The most memorable panel was the obligatory "Women & SF" panel in which not a single panel member as listed in the program book showed up. HOWEVER, a lot of people involved with this con are working for Chicago in '82, so you might want to check this one out.

March 23,24,25. NORWESCON, Airport Hyatt House, 17001 Pacific Highway South, Seattle, Washington. Rooms \$34 single, \$39 double. Guests: Philip Jose Farmer, Elizabeth Lynn, Loren Mac Gregor, Poul Anderson, Vonda McIntyre, John Varley, Oscar Rossiter, F. M. Busby, H. Warner Munn, Alex Schomburg, J. F. Bone, Marta Randall, Mildred Downey Broxon, Orson Scott Card. Authors, films, autograph and room parties, multi-media stage show, art show, award banquet, disco (?), panels, computer games, masquerade, hucksters, Registration \$7 until Feb. 28, \$8 after and at the door. Single-day rate \$5. Contact: Norwescon 2, POB 24207, Seattle, WA 98124.

((Seattle is bidding for the 1981 Worldcon.))

March 30, 31, April 1. MONCON, West Virginia University, Morgantown, West Virginia. No official hotel, but the WVU convention staff will send you a list of "nearby" hotels, almost all of which are miles away. Guests: Joe Haldeman, Marc Miller (a war game creator), Marion Zimmer Bradley. Programming, hucksters, films, planetarium show, art show (apply before Feb. 1). Registration \$8 (no cut-off date), \$10 at the door.

((I went to MonCon 1, which was a classic example of how not to run a con. The whole thing hit bottom at the masquerade, with all seven of its contestants. Friends of mine went to MonCon 2, and they said it was a turkey. And they were neosl! Apparently, the WVU fans rarely, if ever, go to other cons, and maybe that's why they won't use a hotel.))





March 30,31, April 1. LUNACON, Sheraton La Guardia, New York City. Guests: Ron Goulart, Gahan Wilson, Jack L. Chalker. Registration \$7.50 until March 15, \$9.50 at the door. Hucksters, programming, and more. Contact: Walt Cole, 1171 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, NY 11230. Very well-run con, **HIGHLY RECOMMENDED**:

March 30, 31, April 1. ÁGGIECON, Texas A & M University, College Station, Texas. Guests: Theodore Sturgeon, Boris Vallejo, Wilson Tucker. Hucksters, banquet. Registration \$5 in advance, \$6 at the door, or \$3 per day. Banquet tickets are \$7 ea. and must be bought in advance. Contact: POB 5718, Texas A&M Memorial Student Center, College Station TX 77844, (713) 845-1515.

April 6,7,8. AMBERCON, Wichita, Kansas. Guests: Roger Zelazny, Richard Delap, Bob Vardeman, Wilson Tucker. Preregistration \$5. Contact: Gordon Garb, 505 Rock Rd., 909, Wichita, KS 67206, (316) 685-9438.

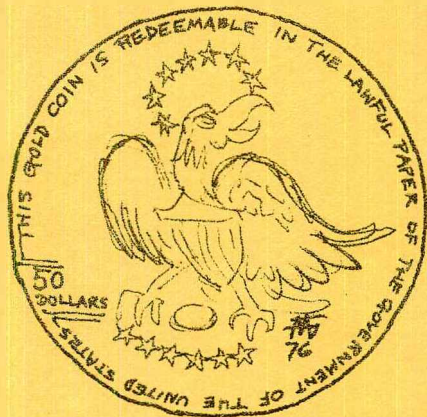
April 6,7,8. STELLERCON, Greensboro, NC, run by the Science Fiction fantasy Federation. Guests: Ted Sturgeon, David Gerrold, Jack L. Chalker. Registration \$6 until March 25, \$7.50 after, Banquet \$5 (what?), Art show, D&D, SCA programming, movies. Contact: c/o Box 4, Elliot University Center, UNC-Greensboro, Greensboro, NC 27412,

April 13,14,15. BALTICON, Hunt Valley Inn, Baltimore, Maryland (just off the Shawan Rd. exit of Interstate 83). Guests: Poul Anderson, C.J. Cherryh, Jack L. Chalker is MC. Programming, films, mimeo room for one-shots, film contest, art show, huckster room, costume party. Registration \$5 until March 15; if registration is not limited the poss—

ibly \$7 after. Contact: BSFS (Baltimore Science Fiction Society), POB 686, Baltimore, MD, 21203 (301) 467-0868. Last year, more than 2000 fans showed up, taxing the facilities to their limit, so Balticon chair Sue Wheeler says they may have to limit the registration. The Hunt Valley Inn has expanded their size, but even so, get both your hotel and con registration in early. This is an excellent con, and not to be missed. **RECOMMENDED**.

April 20,21,22. CLEVELAND STAR TREK CONVENTION, Stoffer's Inn on the Square, Cleveland Ohio. Guests: James Doohan, George Takei, Bruce Hyde, David Gerrold, Joan Winston, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Jean Lorrh, with Allen Asherman as MC. Hucksters, costume contest, art show, auction (and I can assure you, the auctioneer is not Jack L. Chalker), films, trivia contest, and "autograph sessions." Memberships \$17.50 until the end of March, \$20 after and at the door; supporting memberships are \$5. Make checks payable to N.E. O. Star, Inc. and enclose SASE. Contact: Cleveland Star Trek, POB 33092, Cleveland, Ohio, 44133.

May 4,5,6. BRIDE OF PARACON, Sheraton Penn State Inn, State Collge, Pennsylvania. Guests: Ted Sturgeon Alexis Gilliland, Theodore Cogswell, George O. Smith, Kelly Freas, Sally C. Fink, George Panczolt, with Jack L. Chalker as GoH emeritus. Films, programming, hucksters, pool party, costumes, art show and auction, banquet. Registration \$5 until the end of March, \$7 at the door. Contact: Bob Casto, Apt. 24, 424 Waupelani Dr., State College, PA 16801, (814) 237-5262. Again, I'm prejudiced in favor of this con, as I was the co-chairman of the first Paracon. Even so I think State College is the ideal place for a con: isolated, yet easy to get to via Interstate 80, bus, airplane, etc.; fan-nish, with its two all night pinball places and several all night restaurants; a downtown location close to the campus and bookstores, and more. In other words, **HIGHLY RECOMMENDED**.



May 18,19,20. KUBLA KHAN, Nashville, Tennessee. Guests: Frank Robinson, Wilson "Bob" Tucker, Jack L. Chalker is auctioneer, Andy Offutt is MC. Contact: Ken Moore, 647 Devon Drive, Nashville, TN. Expect lots of good art and Southern fans at this one.

May 25,26,27. BYOBCON, Heritage Inn, Grandview, Missouri. Rooms \$20 single, \$26 double. Guests: Karl Edward Wagner, Martha Beck, Andy Offutt. Hucksters, live band, pool, movies. Registration \$8 until May 1, \$10 after, \$4 per day at the door. Contact: c/o 3720 Jefferson, Kansas City, MO 64111.

May 25,26,27. DISCLAVE, Sheraton Park, Washington, DC. Guest: Roger Zelazny. Registration \$3 until May 1, \$6 at the door. Programming, films, hucksters, "the Zelazny players." Very fannish con. Contact: WSFA, c/o Alan Huff, Apt. 2, 2004 Erie St., Adelphi, MD 20783. Recommended.

May 25,26,27. JUST IMAGINCON, Memphis, Tennessee. Guests: L. Sprague DeCamp, Kelly Freas, Alonzo Atkins, Gerald W. Page is MC. Registration is \$10 until April 1, \$15 after. Contact: Louis Armour, 4475 Martha Cole, Memphis, TN 38118, (901) 365-2132.

May 25,26,27,28. PENULTICON, Cosmopolitan Hotel, Denver, Colorado. Guests: Samuel R. Delany, C.J. Cherryh, Don & Maggie Thompson. Registration \$10 each. Contact: POB 11545, Denver, CO 80211. Denver is bidding for the 1981 Worldcon.

May 25,26,27. V-CON, University of Vancouver, Vancouver, Canada. Contact: V-CON 7, POB 48701, Bentall Station, Vancouver, BC, Canada V7X 1A6 (604) 263-9969.

A really well-done convention movie program has to be put together by someone who has seen everything and remembers it all, and has excellent taste, immense stubbornness, great industry, and no need for sleep. However, a pretty good one can be done with fewer resources; I myself have only one of the above qualities.

The first thing you want to get hold of is Limbacher. This is not a cheese, but a book, in full FEATURE FILMS ON 8mm AND 16mm, fifth Edition, compiled by James L. Limbacher (R.R. Bowker: NY, 1977, 422pp, \$21.95), which should be in libraries. This is, if I don't lose too many people in saying so, a union catalog of rental catalogs. Which is to say, it tells you what features are available from which rental places. By the nature of these things, every edition of this is outdated before publication, but it's all there is. This does not give prices.

If a catalog does not list something Limbacher says it should, write the rental agency. Some don't list movies they feel are of limited interest, and all have dog lists (at \$10-\$20 or so) which are not always sent with catalogs. But you still may not like the answers. I many years ago saw the 1936 movie version of KING SOLOMON'S MINES at a theatre which alternated between being an art house and a porno palace. (It later died and became a church.) Now, Paul Robeson made a great Umboda and Sir Cedric Hardwicke a very good Allen Quatermain, and when I was first turned loose on a movie program, this came to mind. I wrote the one place Limbacher listed as having it...and no listing in the catalog. I thought, well, it's been two years since the

last edition of Limbacher, but inquired anyway. I received a jubilant reply that they had just negotiated for rights to the movie and they would be very happy to rent it for \$150 a showing!

Dog lists are mostly made up of trash, and not very interesting trash. Really good movies are never found here, but pretty good ones sometimes are. There is a thing called PROJECT

*Discursions on
Exhibitions of
the Cinematic Art
by Mark Owings*

MOONBASE from 1953, unremarkable acting, low production values, mostly notable at this distance for having a Heinlein screenplay. This is carried by two places, both in the dog lists. If you feel the need for an absolute specimen of fecal matter, there is (or was—this was three years ago) a place that would rent you ROCKET SHIP X-M for \$10. Estimates of worth vary; I have seen current catalogs list worth vary; I have seen current catalogs listings THE MIND OF MR. SOAMES at \$20 and \$60. (Haven't seen it, so I can't say which and \$60. (Haven't seen it, so I can't say which is appropriate.)

The next thing you need is NORTH AMERICAN FILM AND VIDEO DIRECTORY, compiled by Olga S. Weber (R.R. Bowker: NY, 1976, 284 pp) which says which public and university (and industrial!) libraries have movie collections. Most of what is carried in these is educational films and children's these are educational films and children's shorts but you-never-can-tell. The D.C. Public Library has three features of interest: the old KING KONG, the 1926 THIEF OF BAGDAD, and ANIMAL FARM, and their print of the last is missing. The Baltimore public library, on the other hand, has over forty SF and fan-features. Warning must be given, though, that using the public libraries means you cannot know for sure until you pick up the prints what you will have (though this can be true with rental agencies too...) Contrarywise, you have the chance to look at the print well beforehand and see how bad it is. You may find it highly desirable to offer free memberships for movies, or browbeat members if the con's being run by a local club.

Needless to say, this is all quite illegal, but that may not bother you.

You also may find individuals who will approach you to exchange the use of prints for a membership or dealer's table, or charge less than a rental place would. This is an eternal temptation, but one to be yielded to sparingly, for it may cost you your soul. These are movies which are well-known and often seen and even have admirable qualities, but are hateful after a few viewings, and that is largely what these people offer.

My own notion of the ideal movie program would be one composed purely of great movies no one has ever heard of or seen for years. The problem with this ideal comes in three parts: 1) what you want is not available, 2) it's too flipping expensive if it is available, and 3) nobody will come to see it if you do get it, because it's unfamiliar.

The first point is a horrid fact, but unavoidable. Lots of things just seem to have vanished. I have a long list, myself. The second point has been touched upon, but could be amplified with weeping and moaning.

The third...well, yes. Convulsion 2 ran a bunch of movies from FIRST MEN IN THE MOON to PROJECT MOONBASE to an OUTER LIMITS episode. The largest audience we had was for THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD at about 11:30 PM to 1 AM Saturday night. The smallest was for the same slot the night before. (THINGS TO COME, as it happened.) The movie preceding SEVENTH VOYAGE was LOST WORLD OF SINBAD, also color, with less spectacular but more interesting special effects and generally much higher production values. Much less audience.

Audiences seem to prefer showy movies to well-acted or well-written ones, and color to black & white, but there is a question of how

far one should indulge them. Anyone who has seen it can argue against both tendencies in two words: DR. CYCLOPS.

Really, a large percentage of the good SF and fantasy movies were done in black & white, either before color became common or later when imagination was substituted for money, and these are more quickly forgotten. Even TV gets reluctant to run black & white these days, with suburban idiots who call to complain that the station isn't broadcasting in color.

Foreign films should be given strong consideration but present a couple of problems. Subtitles would drive a lot of people away, though maybe we should lose them. On the other hand, there is a Finnish movie called THE DAY THE EARTH FROZE, taken from the KALEVALA, in which magnificent imposing figures utter awfully slangy dialogue, and one can't help feeling subtitles would have helped avoid disillusionment. Again here is the problem with audiences and obscure movies.

But anyone who can stand a Disney musical would love DONKEY SKIN, and a lot of good space-adventure comes out of Europe.

This is liable to bring up the question of showing movies you have never yourself seen. This is a practice which is unethical, deplorable, and fraught with danger, though it's always worked fairly well when I've tried it. Follow either your instincts or your judgment, depending on which you operate by.

Showing non-fantasy film at a convention is likewise a dubious business. Some good obscure mystery-suspense item might go (I'm guilty of running the 1934 MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH myself), and while I'd say no to Italianate horror-murder, that's maybe a matter of taste. Bright adventure is also a sort of reasonable ingredient for a program. But sparingly, sparingly. And I can't imagine any real excuse for running a Humphrey Bogart movie (Excluding THE RETURN OF DR. X, in which he plays a zombie—looking very natural, too—or maybe CHAIN LIGHTNING, which is technology-fiction.)

Continued on page 8

Nut Cult in Tennessee:

Chattaconreport

I was rather nervous about going to this con. The only Southern con I had been to had been Kubla Khan Sex, and I had a miserable time, and as a result, I felt ready to write off all of Southern fandom as too in-groupish.

The night before I left I got a splinter in my foot, and I had to limp all through the Atlanta airport. Our seat mate was a businessman who wanted to be a novelist and thought Scott Meridith was going to be his ticket to the big-time—he seemed disappointed that fandom thought of him as a crook. My notes has his name down as HMS Fairbanks, but that seems to good to be true.

And we were tired, as the flight left at 1 pm, and we usually don't get up until 3 pm or so. I think we got about 4 hours of sleep, and thus were in prime traveling condition.

We shared the flight to Chattanooga with what I thought were junior-sized beauty queens, but were actually mini majorettes. I was outraged that women still pushed their little girls into that kind of sex-role stereotyping. But then I got even angrier when I found out the little girls were going to be allowed to board first.

Less than a half an hour later, and we were met at the airport by the Tabors. They dropped us off at the airport to register, and the first person we saw was Steve Miller, who lives a few miles from us. Well, that's fandom.

We got our badges (VIP badges for the both of us! I'll rant and rave for hours about feminism, but it doesn't prevent me from using my "married to a pro" status to be treated like a BNF). Went up to our hotel room, which had a king-size bed. Jack said the concom had arranged with the hotel for us to be booked into a suite at double's rate. Nice folks here. Maybe the con wouldn't be so bad.

I limped off the the con suite for the obligatory Friday night con-suite party, and talked for hours on end with fascinating people. I'd like to drop their names here, but I was still sleepy and had that damn splinter in my foot. I tried to make a joke about having "A Splinter in the Mind's Foot" (Alan Dean Foster was the featured speaker) but nobody thought it was a funny. (You expect high-class puns when I'm dying of pain?) Finally, a sympathetic Chattanooga fan whipped out a pen-knife and dug it out. (Me sipping blog, to ease the pain—you know I don't drink, otherwise.)

I missed the Witchcraft panel with Cliff Amos and Lou Moore, but I got to see the fanzine room. No MIRAGE, but otherwise adequate. I joined Jack and the guy who had repaired my foot to get something to eat, and after driving all over Chattanooga, we drove into Georgia and found an all-night restaurant, which served some of my favorite foods: grits, and biscuits with gravy. Hate their stand on the ERA, but I love their food.

Finally, it was too much for me. I went up to my hotel room, and went to sleep, and stayed that way for two hours until Jack came in. Then I was hit with the worst case of insomina, so I tried to sleep for four more hours, then went looking for an all-night party.

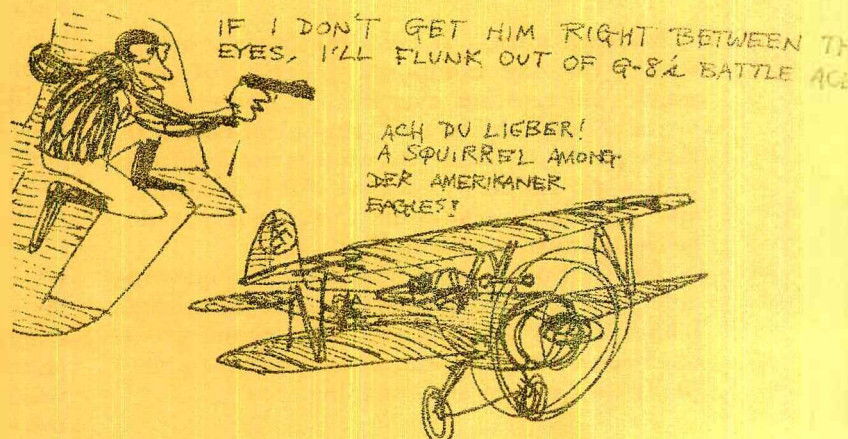
There wasn't one, but there was an all-night game room so as the sun rose over Chattanooga (oh, so briefly—within an hour it started to rain) I was teaching a bunch of teen-aged boys how to play Cosmic Encounters. I won the first game, and then bailed out.

I was able to get to sleep, but then Jack woke me up when he left to do his panel on specialty publishing. I fell asleep again, woke about about 2, and had lunch with Jack, Nicki Lynch, and A J Barker, the totally delightful editor of THRU THE WORM HOLE.

Jack did a reading at 3 of "Dance Band on the Titanic" and I listened for part of it. True to form, more people seemed to be in the room at the end of the story than in the beginning. Hmmm. I went to the huckster's room, looked for William Tenn books (of which there were none), and got into an argument with one of the hucksters over whether or not hucksters had the right to sell copyright violation material (such as unauthorized Star Wars photos). My personal opinion of the guy is that he was an asshole, especially when he complained that he wished he had thought to bring some Jack Chalker books to the con. (He knew that Jack was coming but didn't think people would want to buy books by authors who were attending. He was also moaning about not bringing any Alan Dean Foster books.)

When I came back, Jack was being interviewed for the local TV station. I missed it, but the local fans said the report referred to him as "promient Sci-Fi author."

(The huckster room wasn't a total loss: Alan Dean Foster managed to find several rare Scrooge McDuck comic books at bargain prices.)



Jack then signed a lot of autographs while Dick & Mike Lynch told me about 100 times how grateful the concom was that we came. The concom seemed grateful that anyone had shown up—I understand that previous Chattacons were turkeys and they were afraid this one wasn't going to come off.

Then Jack got to talk to Mary Elizabeth Counselman, an Arkham House author, who was enjoying her first con. I went upstairs to get ready for the banquet, and watch TV to see if anything about the con was on. No, and about 5 channels had on basketball games.

The banquet should have been dull except that Jack & I were seated on the dais, and it was wonderful having all those hungry eyes glare at you. The banquet was followed by a typically funny Tucker speech, a bunch of awards (Bob got a tee-shirt that said "token male sex object"). Following that was the art auction. I stayed long enough to bid (and win) \$10 for an autographed collector's Beam's Choice bottle, which had been personally drunk by Tucker himself. Three bottles were auctioned, with proceeds going to TAFF, DUFF, and the Tucker Transfer. Then I went up to one of the con suites to prejudge the masquerade.

I've never judged a masquerade before (been in them, sure, but never judging) but it was relatively easy, as they gave us the criterion on which to base the awards. The other judges were Lou Moore, Bob Tucker Sr., and Bob Tucker, Jr., plus one other guy, who I didn't have write down his name. Sorry.

About the only complaint I have about Mike Roger's handling of the masquerade is he had the contestants wait out in the hall for their turn at prejudging, which attracted a lot of people who really didn't want to wait for the masquerade.

The number and variety of costumes was incredible. About the only costume I didn't like was one that had been in the Iguanacon masquerade, and I thought since they had won a prize there, that it should have been retired. Such a rule would prevent folks such as the Resnicks, or Sally Fink, from using all their Worldcon costumes to win all the regionals.

(Hey Sally: do I get a loc on this?)

The worst part about being a principle in one's own con report is items get lost. I cannot give you the names of the winners of the masquerade, as we handed our list to Cliff Amos, the MC of the con, and I didn't have time to make a list as the audience wanted the results of the voting.

After the masquerade, I joined Jack & Alan Dean Foster, as they talked and signed autographs. I kept on nervously looking over at a young femfan who was dressed as Princess Leia, and wondering if she was going to mug Foster. But no, she very politely got his autograph on one of his books (not Splinter), and went back to join her friends.

In the corner of the hotel lobby was the "Buck Owens" pinball machine. Some fans were playing it, but they couldn't beat it. Foster put (by his own estimate) about \$20 in it—not once did he get a free game. Okay, pinball fandom—here's the con to go to.

We got hungry (Jack & I) and talked a member of the concom (Mike Rogers) into driving us to an all-night restaurant. We ended up going in the back seat of Irvin Koch's car, who was going out for more soda. We went to Krytals, which the program book described as "sort of a White Tower, for all you Yankees." (It's so helpful when they translate for you.) That's not strictly true—we didn't get food poisoning, for example—but the analogy was close enough.

Just as Jack & I were going to squeeze into the back seat of Mike's car, Irwin & Dick Lynch came back to pick us up.

The hotel has apparently changed management recently, and was hassling the concom about bringing in their own sodas and bheer in. So I helped smuggle a trunkful of cans up to the second floor, then up to the con suite. I don't think I'm cut out for a smugglers' life: I dropped all of my cans on the floor of the elevator, then accidentally pushed the "L" button instead of "10."

It's a wonder I didn't drop them again when I got into the con suite: there was Cliff Amos, dressed entirely in black, except for a Confederate hat and a red garter, dancing the "Time Warp." I joined in when they were doing jigs, which was a mistake, as I was bringing bheer. I didn't get sick when I was drafted into the "Southern Gentleman's Chorus" (I was born in Prospect Park, Pa., so I don't qualify as Southern, I'm not a gentleman—in fact, I seldom—if ever—qualify as a lady, but I do have one qualification for membership: I can't sing.)

But later I got talking to one of the guys I had danced with and he insisted in telling me about a story he had written, which may have been a great story, but I was far too tired to follow it. I'm kicking myself for not telling him that I read slush for the Mirage Press, and I hate to be reminded of anything that sounds like work—instead I turned green, told him I didn't feel well, and left, thereby missing what had been a fun party.

Jack came down about a half hour later, and since it was about 6 am, we decided to go to bed.

Of course we overslept that morning, so I packed while Jack went down to the hotel desk to rant about the hotel never delivering its wake-up call. But they were very nice about letting us check out two hours late.

Any nice thoughts we might have had about the Chattanooga Sheraton were erased by lunch. Clearly, they weren't expecting as many people to eat there as they got. I don't think I would have minded the poor selection if the service had been better. (Later the Chattanooga fans told us that there were plans to build a downtown convention hotel. Even if it is built, the Sheraton facilities seem ideal for the con—maybe some competition would help!)

We went back to the con suite for the dead dog, which Tucker was at, as he was waiting for his ride home. I remember talking to some guy from Atlanta, who was going on at great length about hand-kissing. A nice kid but he took things Much Too Seriously. He asked Jack "where science fiction was heading" and Mike Lowry piped up "to Dubuque" or somesuch. (And here I had always thought of him as a jerk.)

Finally, everyone had gone (we had a 10 pm flight) but a fan from Boca Raton, Florida (Tony Parker) and the two of us. So we all grabbed the airport limo, and went out to the airport together, figuring we'd prolong the con as long as possible. When we got to the Delta airlines counter the clerk told us that the airport in Baltimore was closed, and he would issue us vouchers for a hotel and breakfast in Chattanooga. After about 15 minutes of arguing, he let us call the Sheraton in Atlanta for hotel reservations, and we would fly to Atlanta, check to see if BWI was still fogged in. If it were, we would sleep that much closer to home—if not, we would get to go that night. So we ended up getting a 9 pm flight.

We had dinner in the airport with Tony (and we have somehow managed to eat with him at every con we've been at so far), and finally left Chattanooga.

The mini-majorities managed to be on this flight, too.

But we got in to Baltimore about 3 am, and by 5 am we were home in Manchester. There was a little snow, and the next day we found out the airport had been closed in mid-afternoon, but had been re-opened well before Delta/Chattanooga said they were closed.

But listen, folks, I really did like being there, and if you're that desperate for us to be there, hold a con next year and we'll show up.

I never did get a crack at that pinball machine.

Continued from page 5

Do your best to give suggestions for inclusion from the rest of the committee the same weight as anyone else's. Everybody has suggestions. Ignore most of them. I remember one man who wanted to run real horror movies, as UN CHIEN ANDALOU, which opens with a woman being held down while a razor-blade is drawn across her eyeball; another reason for not getting movies you haven't seen.

Last page typed 2/15/79 (Happy Birthday, Susan B. Anthony!): All art courtesy of Alexis Gilliland, some previously printed in Rothseium 4. Excuse typos—I'm human, too. I trade fanzines—contact me for details.

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