

# at long last! CONVENTIONAL FANZINE 4

## An Artist looks at the Northamericon art show

by Steve Whitmore

*(Obligatory editorial disclaimer: The opinions expressed in this report are that of the writer, not of the editor, who was sitting at her huckster table. I'll be happy to print locs about this article...)*

At Northamericon, the art show left much to be desired. The problems for the artists began with the extremely high fee structure. Fees included a \$5.00 registration fee, plus a \$5.00 fee for a 4x4 panel or \$15.00 for a 4x8 panel. Approximately two months before the beginning of the convention, the art show lost the hangings they were to borrow from Chicago and had to go with a hanging format that allowed no 4x8 panels, only contiguous 4x4 panels. The convention made no effort to contact the artists or inform them that these changes had been made. They even informed artists as late as three days before the convention that there were 4x8 panels, and the art show was in a large well-lighted room.

Artists arriving Thursday found that indeed there was a large room, however the lighting was atrocious, at best. (Descriptions that I received from the artists I talked to ranged from "rotten," "poor," "dim", and "virtually non-existent." When questioned about adding additional lighting, the art show directors [Ken & Lou Moore] stated that the hotel told them there was no way to add additional lighting. Yet during the show, a local television crew was able to come in, and set up a 2000 watt light tower to provide light for their interviews and an artist was able to come in on Saturday and put up his/her own portable flood light to illuminate his/her art work. This upset a number of artists because the art show staff had informed us on Thursday that we could not put up our own portable floodlights even if we went out and purchased them ourselves because the "system could not handle it." Sharon Harris, a Washington area artist, was so frustrated with the lights that she went out and purchased a flashlight and hung it on a piece of yarn near her work so that prospective buyers could see her fine pen work. The art show had so many blank panels, that the show could have, if they had chosen to, struck an entire row of hangings and spread the remaining rows out to take advantage of what light was available.

The art show staff seemed indifferent to the problem of the artists and responded in non-productive manners. There were, of course, exceptions to this. The artists were also faced

with a number of different bid sheets that had different locations for important information, or did not contain the same information. The worst thing about the different format bid sheets were that there were four different colors of bid sheets, apparently left-over from other conventions, and the different colors had no specific meaning. The multi-colored bid sheets added a lot of confusion to convention attendees who wanted to bid on art. Another confusing thing on the bid sheets was that some bid sheets had a space for an immediate purchase price and some did not.

The art show purchaser had even more problems when he/she arrived at the door of the art show. The security measures were very strict, which in itself is not a bad thing. However, the Louisville art show security staff seemed to be carrying it to extremes by asking people to check everything that they brought into the art show. This caused a number of women and people with them not to go into the art show because the women did not want to surrender their pocket-books to the art show security. They were also greeted by a member of the art show gopher staff selling buttons at a table in the art show (that she had not paid for) was there as a result of a deal between her fiancé and the art show organizers to provide gophers for the art show. If this type of deal was necessary to obtain gophers for the art show it would have been better served if the art show had arranged for a table in the hucksters room for this woman. This table also served as a congregating place for the art show gophers so that the gophers tended to stay clustered at the table rather than walk around the art show as they should have. Paul McCall, a Bloomington, Indiana artist, observed a woman pick at the acetate overlay on one of his pieces of art and comment to her companion, "I wonder if this would come off." Other artists and myself observed people smoking, carrying cans of soda, and eating amongst the hangings with no art show security to be seen anywhere among the hangings.

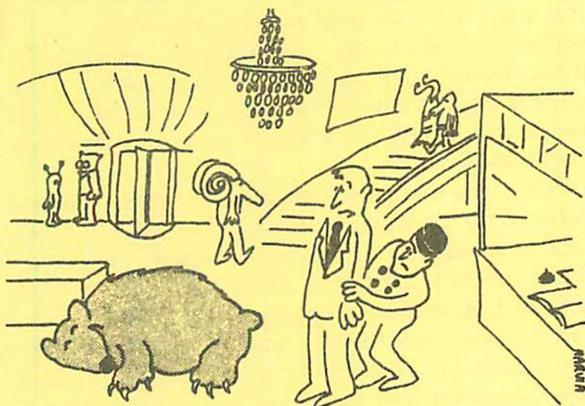
For those people who did get into the art show, they would have had more time to look if the art show had been open later, at least past 6 pm when the gap before the main evening programming occurred. For those prospective purchasers who did manage to get into the art show during its limited hours and bid on something the auction proved to be a real headache. The first two auctions were strictly limited to two hours. During these limited auctions only one auctioneer proved himself capable of selling art in a manner that benefitted the artist and kept the flow of pieces at a rate that maximized the number of artworks sold in the time available. Any convention that has available the services of this auctioneer, Jack L. Chalker, should use them without hesitation. Every artist I talked to in preparing this review concurred with these sentiments and most felt that if someone wanted to learn how to auction at a convention should spend sometime watching Jack and emulate him. [If they're unable to do that, they can always send away for CONVENTIONAL FANZINE number 3, which has Jack's "A Guide to the Auctions." Just send a LSASE. // Rog Peyton, Ron Bounds, Bruce Pelz, and Jack all auctioned at Seacon and did a fine job, so they can also be trusted to do a professional job.]

The other auctioneers drew nothing but complaints from all the artists I talked to. They sold TAFF-DUFF items and even a mimeograph machine during the limited time available

for art to be sold. One actively solicited non-verbal bids, while the other auctioneers discouraged it. They missed bids on pieces and in one case a Robin Wood painting was sold even though a higher bid had been attempted to be placed. The auctioneers reply when challenged: "Well, you should have shouted louder." Fortunately when this happened again on

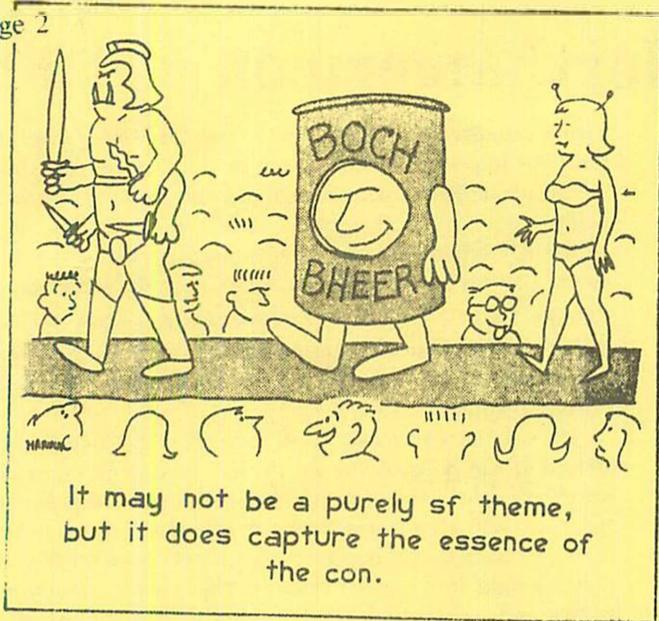
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SitCom by TEDDY HARVIA



I don't know if he's one of the sf convention fans or not, but I'm not going to wake him up to find out.

This is CONVENTIONAL FANZINE, number 4, Vol. 1, issue 3. It is edited, published, printed, and distributed by Eva C. Whitley, at 4704 Warner Drive, Manchester, MD 21102 USA. It is available for 15 cents in person or free in exchange for a loc, a con report, an article, art work, \$5 worth of cashoffs, or 5 current refund forms. It is available by mail for any of the above plus a SASE (long, please) or an address label plus postage. This issue is for my friends.

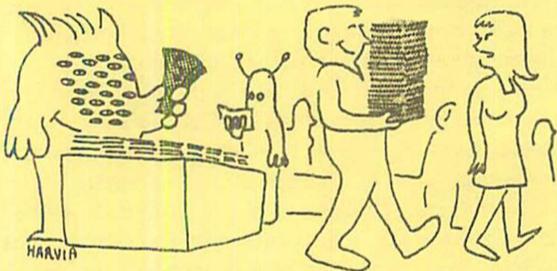


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another Robin Wood painting, Sharon and Michael Harris were able to get the auctioneer to pick the up again and the piece sold for twenty dollars more. Tom Miller, a Delaware artist, commented that "if half as much time and effort was put into selling the art as was put into selling the mimeograph machine, the artists would have made much more."

During the auction, one auctioneer got into a shouting match with the art show director, who was keeping records, that lasted ten minutes of the two hour auction. This fight occurred during the auctioning of one of Mark Rogers' (a Notre Dame, Indiana and Delaware artist) painting. After the fight ended, bidding for the piece was broken and only went a few dollars higher. The same auctioneer called people bidding on Mark's paintings "suckers" and was insulting about Mark's paintings as well. This does not cause bidding to go up which hurts everyone, artist, fan, and the convention, because the auctioneer is just not giving equal treatment to all pieces of art auctioned.

The system of recording purchases at the auction was not the best either. When a piece of art was purchased the name of the buyer and his/her convention number was shouted to the auctioneer who, in turn, shouted it to the art show director to



i'm glad you were able to buy all the books you can't get back in Kansas, but now how can we afford to get back to Kansas?

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be recorded. It would have been a lot easier if someone had recorded the name of the high bidder, and his/her convention membership number on the bid sheet right by the auctioneer and had runners carry it to the art show director that was recording all the information. (I would like to go on record as saying that the recording of the convention numbers of the purchasers is a good idea.)

On Sunday there was a meeting of ASFA (Association of Science Fiction Artists) and all of these complaints were aired to Ken Moore. He listened with sympathy to all the complaints. When asked to respond he said that he could not do anything about fees without the approval of the committee, but he did say that they would keep the show open to 7 pm that night. When pressured about getting the committee down to the meeting, he and Vincent DiFate, the presiding ASFA member, left to see the committee. They returned with a reduction of the percentage charged (from 15% to 10%) and a refund of the \$5.00 artist registration fee. This did make the artists feel a little better and it showed them that if they stick together, they had the power to do things about the art show. The ASFA members also decided that there should be an ASFA board to review art shows and offer whatever helpful criticism that they feel is necessary.

And so Sunday became Monday and it was time to check out of the art show, but it did not go smoothly for the artists. The art show hangings were struck at 11 am without warning to the artists (Ken Moore had told ASFA that we had to be out of the room by 2 pm). When the artist was not available to remove his/her art, it was taken down and stacked on tables by members of the art show staff with little regard for how it was placed/stacked. When artists came to get their art they were told they could take it but there was no way to check it against the control books until after the auction was over. After the auction, the art show director with the control books left and there was no one available with the authority to allow the control books to be used for checking out the artists and their art. Some forty minutes later the other art show director who had the authority to release the control book for usage arrived and artists were able to begin checking out their art against the control books. While waiting for the director to arrive and authorize use of the control books, the art show staff, when questioned, about when artists could check out, gave responses ranging from polite "I don't know" to surly and rude responses.

The art show did pay the artists when they checked out, but they did not give the artist a record of prices sold or in anyway indicate that they would send a copy of the master-sheet showing this information. I did, however, receive a record of what pieces sold from my agent. When Paul Mc Call was checking out from the art show on Monday, he had to remind the art show director of the reduction of percentage and the refund of the registration fee. The treasurer of the convention confirmed that the changes were official and asked the art show director if anyone had been paid before this, using the wrong percentage. The art show director said that a girl had been paid earlier at the original percentage without the refund, to which the treasurer replied, "Well if she doesn't bitch we won't worry about it." (If that artist is reading this or if you are an artist who was paid incorrectly, to use the words of the convention treasurer, "bitch about it.")

The thing that struck me most about the relationship between the art show staff and the artists is that the staff created an adversary relationship between themselves and the artists. It is my feeling that a large number of the problems that occurred at Northamericon could have been alleviated had a cooperative, friendly relationship existed. Art show directors and staff should be aware that artists put a lot of time and effort into their work and are concerned that it be displayed properly so that the artist, the fan, and the convention get entertainment and profit from the art show. Artists should be aware that putting on an art show is not an easy task. By working together in a cooperative environment instead of in an adversarial environment, everybody concerned will benefit.

# Future Party '79

Thanksgiving '79  
Take a Weekend Vacation from the Present  
Celebrate the Future

Occasion: Science Fact/Fiction Convention

Place: Turf Inn  
Albany, New York

When: Thanksgiving '79  
10 A.M., Thursday, 11/22/79, till 3 P.M., Sunday, 11/25/79

Orientation: "The Future"

Theme: "A Galaxy In Our Hands"

Events: Day Lectures, panels, question & answer sessions  
Informational films\*  
Displays  
Exhibits  
Art Show

Special Social Events: Carve Your Own Turkey Banquet  
Sunday Brunch  
Swimming Parties  
Scientists, writers, educators and other craftspeople of the future...including  
Isaac Asimov  
Hal Clement  
Ted Sturgeon  
Jacqueline Lichtenberg  
Barbara Marx Hubbard  
Jesco von Puttkamer

Also: Dealers' Room  
Computer Games  
Space Golf  
Punning Contest  
Fashion & Design Contest  
Amateur Film Contest

Make reservations early - limited # tickets. Rooms by the indoor courtyard and pool on a first come, first served basis. (No elevator problems - only two floors) You've got to see this set-up to believe it. Any time 4 or more accumulate at train or bus station, shuttle will pick them up. Shuttle to airport. Food and disco in motel are best in the area. 24 hour food service in motel. Fast food places next door.  
(Dealers' Tables \$15)

\*Nova, Landsat, etc.

## FUTURE PARTY Registration Form

This will help us to tailor some of our programming to the interests of the membership:

Sex: ( ) Male ( ) Female

Age Group: ( ) Under 12 ( ) 13 - 18  
( ) 19 - 23 ( ) 24+

Student: ( ) Yes ( ) No  
College: ( ) None ( ) 1 - 2 Yrs.  
( ) 3 - 4 Years ( ) 4+

Occupation:

Interests:  
 Hard Sciences  
 Soft Sciences  
 Writing  
 Art  
 Science Fiction  
 Other

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Convention Membership

\$10.00 Nov  
\$15.00 Later

Turkey Banquet \$ 8.50 ( ) limited  
\$10.00 (at door) tickets

Sunday Brunch \$ 4.50  
\$ 5.00 at door

Rooms by courtyard and pool on first come, first served basis

Room Rates Single \$26 Double \$30  
Triple \$36 Quad \$40

Send info on  Fashion & Design Contest  
 Film Contest  
 Dealers' Tables  
 Art Show  
 Gofer Registration

I would like to share a ( ) quad; ( ) triple; ( ) double. Please put me in touch with someone of the same sex near my age and, if possible, with similar interests.

For Room registration - Con held at:

Turf Inn  
205 Wolf Road  
Albany, N.Y. 12205  
(518) 458-7250

For Con registration - send this form to:

C. Bunt  
Highland Hills 606  
E. Greenbush, N.Y. 12061  
(518) 477-4320

## editorial

This is my Unicon issue, which got put off to Seacon, because I was working on MIRAGE projects, which got put off until Pghlange, until I got a bunch of printing jobs, which got hastily finished when my father's illness suddenly took a turn for the worse (actually, his brain wave flattened out...), which meant going up to Philly several times, which meant going to a funeral, consoling my mother...

So I had intended to have this issue out for Octocon, but then I decided to add a few more things, and wait an extra week, and give it out at Novacon, which would be a really good con.

I have quite a few con reports in this, perhaps more than I'd like, but as all of them are excellent, I decided to hold off reprinting the article on art shows by NESFA. It's slated to appear in the next issue, and I hope to have an article by Joe Mayhew on easy art show hangings for cons.

There is no Seacon/Northamericon report in this issue, because I was very depressed during both cons, and because I lost my notes. Besides, aren't you a little sick of them by now?

I hate throwing out good article and being left with only enough room for an interlination!

# CON-ZINE convention reports: FANTASYCON

by Jack L. Chalker

What kind of hotel would sell a blind man's prepaid room out from under him and then send him 15 miles to another town?

The Providence Biltmore Plaza, that's who.

Nor was he the only one. Forty pre-paid or credit-card gu teed rooms were sold blithely out from under the people by and they, including myself, were shuttled off 15 miles from con at the Sheraton in Warwick, Rhode Island. There were n apologies; in fact, the van driver who took me out said this a normal policy for the hotel. All in all, 40 rooms, 64 people done in this time.

And that was only the beginning.

A number of people went to Providence from all over the world, at least partially because the first Fantasycon there w: for fantasy fans and collectors, one of the finest cons in mer Oh, true, a lot went wrong, but it worked. There were midni readings of Bloch and Lovecraft by Leiber up on college hill, Harry Beckwith tours of Lovecraft's Providence, and a sense fellowship never before seen in my years of con-going. We h: hopes for something of a rerun—and didn't get it in spades.

Thus, after a seven hour hard drive I wound up in Warwicl with the promise of a room the next night (all who threaten lawsuits were so promised). It didn't matter; aside from an ov crowded and woefully understocked Pocket Books party ther wasn't anything that evening anyway.

Fantasycons are unusual always. The majority of attendees wear suits and ties; all the attendees, young and old, sit arou talking things like fantasy, SF, specialty pubsihing, collecting things like that. There's a few "faanish" fans around and the atmosphere is quite different, almost unique. Not that the co vention's boring—it's the best of any con—but only if you're interested in those things. If a half-dozen people sitting arou reminiscing about August Derleth and swapping Lovecraftian anecdotes is your cup of tea, it's great. But first you have to link up with said people—and that was impossible in the Biltmore, a hotel without any sort of lobby area to sit around and find out who's there and a huckster room so small you couldn't even comfortably talk to a dealer (not to mention the fact that the function rooms have no ventilation and it was a steam bath). For example, on Saturday afternoon I ran into Tim Kirk in the elevator. We said hi and traded a few good-natured insults, promising to see each other again later. We never met again. As late as Sunday afternoon people were running into each other for the first time, amazed that such-and-so was there. Just about everybody, pro and collector, you'd expect to see there was—and a few surprises—but you'd never know it.

The committee came up with a good, solid, serious and interesting program that made good use of the enormous number of pro guests there but seemed incapable of coping with the everyday emergencies all con committees must face. The fantasy filksing was broken up by nasty security guards. There were no complaints; it just "wasn't done" at the Biltmore—and the committee, when finally tracked down, shrugged and couldn't understand why anybody was complaining to them. In effect, they had a game plan before the con, they wound it up and s: it in motion, and took no responsibility for anything going aw

Also missing was the imagination of the first Fantasycon in Providence. No midnight trips to Lovecraft's grave, no tours, no promo or tie-in even with John Stanley's superb Lovecraft exhibit at Brown. For \$20 admission you expect a bit more than being bound to a bad hotel from a committee.

It wasn't until Saturday night that things livened up, mostly because Ace, Dell, and Kirby McCauley all threw room parties aided and abetted by the only non-business party thrown by Pat Kelly, Mark Owings, and co. from the WSFA. With few parties, in huge rooms (and all well-stocked, I might add) it was easier to meet and talk to people. Steven King, of course, seemed to be having a fine time as benefitted an old fan. The money and fame do not seem to have gone to his head at all. Publishers present included Jim Turner of Arkham House, Don Grant, Roy Squires, Chuck Miller, and others in addition to the Dell and Ace contingents. In for the con were people like Quinn Yarbro (also a Warwick exile), Fritz Leiber, Frank Belknap Long, H. Warner Munn, Andy Offutt, Charlie Grant, Tom Monteleone, Dave Bischoff, Stu Schiff, Joan Vinge, Mike Whelan, Eric Ladd, Larry Niven, Jeff Carver, Ramsey Campbell, Manley Wade Wellman, Karl Edward Wagner, Joseph Payne Brennan, Barry Longyear, William F. Nolan, Steve FAbian, Alicia Austin, Tony Lewis, Lin Carter, and—well, the list goes on and on and on. You get the idea that, with a con limited to 750 people, there were almost as many pros as at a worldcon from as far away as Germany, Great Britian, and all over North America.

The Sunday awards banquet was surprisingly edible, the speeches short and mostly funny (the GOHs having given more serious speeches earlier) and Charlie Grant did a fair imitation of Don Rickles as toast master. The awards were to Jorge Luis Borges for Life Achievement, Michael Moorcock's *Gloriana* for Best Novel, Avram Davidson's *Naples* for best Short Fiction, and *Shadows* edited by Charlie Grant for best anthology. The Best Artist "Howards" (Gahan Wilson busts of H.P. Lovecraft) were split between Alicia Austin and Dale Enzenbacher, Ed Ferman won a special award for *F&SF*, and Don Tuck won a special award for his Encyclopedia. Only Austin and Grant were present, although Ramsey Campbell presented the British Fantasy Award to a present Steve Donaldson for the Covenant trilogy.

Donaldson asked that people please tell him no more leper jokes.

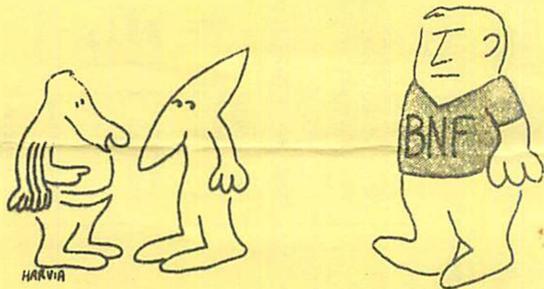
Oddest and least understood featured speaker on various items was Orson Scott Card, who writes very little fantasy. [The editor will refrain here from saying what she thinks of Card's writing.]

Film fans got to see Romero's *Martin* with George Romero commenting on it, and McNally's *In Search of Dracula* with McNally commentary.

The Art Show was exceptionally fine in quality and diversity but overall the minimums were so high they discouraged a lot of bidding. We did the Art Auction with one auctioneer—me— and a couple of runners in less than an hour although bidding was spirited well into three figures on a number of items and some went up into the \$300 plus range.

What can I say? They treated me and most of the pro guests fine, but somehow this thing wasn't well run and the hotel was so awful that I feel somewhat cheated. The people I wanted to see and be with were there but we seldom found each other.

The next Fantasycon's in Baltimore with Jack Vance as GOH and Poe as a subsidiary theme and, for the first time, it's being run in a known hotel by a group of people who have run a lot of conventions. I'm looking forward to it.



Look, Xeno! A large BNF!

## OCTOCON

Nothing happened at this con, but don't take that to mean that I disliked it. It was my first con since the combined Worldcon-Nasfic (which I refer to as the two-week Worldcon), and I really wasn't looking to the frantic con pace again. So Jack & I packed up our new Mercedes, Bob Lovell and Scott Dennis, and our dog, Hoy Ping Pong. After a 9 hour drive, marred only by two hippie psychopaths who were pacing us on the Ohio Turnpike, we arrived and settled in for an evening of gabbing and smoffing.

I saw many fannish friends there, like Lou, and folks from the CFC, and many of the Columbus people, and a few of the Ann Arbor folks, including Suzi Stefel. Suzi gave me a copy of her daughter Dottie's fanzine "Family Relationships" which made me sick with envy. (Dottie was off camping with her Girl Scout troop, no doubt attempting to subvert them.)

People seemed crazy about the dog, but he was too shy to really make the most of it. Mike Glicksohn really seemed to like him but as more than one person pointed out, the dog was the only one at the con shorter and hairier than he was. I could not talk the puppy into the Jacuzzi, but I went, sharing it with (among others) Mary Ann Mueller who bemoaned not writing her Conclave GOH speech.

I sat in on a discussion on several ex-Worldcon staff members and heard stories about the various problems involved with running Worldcons. I tried to get some of them to write them down, but I think either they thought either people wouldn't pay any attention to the horror stories or past Worldcon chairmen would sue for libel!

Continued on page 5, column 1

by M.E. Tyrrell

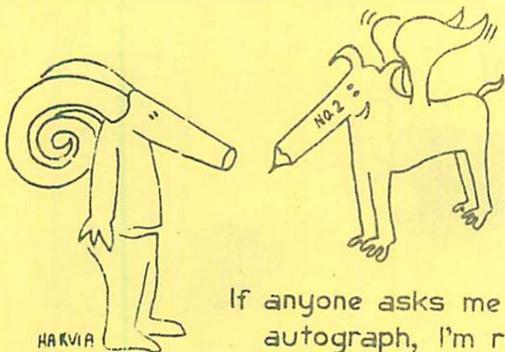
Sci-Con 1, sponsored by the Hampton Roads Science Fiction Association and chaired by Charlotte Yielding, was held Oct. 12-14, 1979 at the Holiday Inn in Hampton, Virginia. Total Registration was 320 and the con just managed to break even. (According to Kelly Freas, that's a first for any con in this area.)

David Gerrold was Guest of Honor. Other guests were Kelly Freas, Jean Lorrach, and Jesco von Puttkamer. Programming included Apollo and Freas slide shows, an excellent folk concert by Bob Zentz, panels on alien life and vulcan sexuality, a martial arts demonstration, a slide preview of STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE, and, of course, the GOH speech. There were the usual films and the huckster's room seemed to do a good business. The con suite offered refreshments, impromptu singing, and STAR TREK episodes. The art show was small but of good quality with works by Kelly Freas, Dexter Dickinson, Helen Strueven, Barbi Johnson, Steve Miller, HaRoSFans Kay Reynolds, Bev Swan, Rikk Jacobs, and others. The auction went quite well.

Two highlights of the con were the costume contest and the Freas roast. The contest was well organized (it was only 15 minutes late in starting) and entertaining. Local TV celebrity Dr. Madblood (Jerry Harrell) served as MC, and he was ably assisted by Mike Arlo. The three categories for costumes were SF, fantasy, and Star Trek. First and second places were awarded in each category. All winners received certificates and first place winners also received a signed Freas print and an opportunity to appear on Madblood's show. Judges were David Gerrold, Kelly Freas, and Jean Lorrach.

The Freas roast was presided over by David Gerrold (in his I AM A WRITER tee-shirt) and the roasters were Rick Knobloch (clever illustration of how da Vinci would have done Freas's works and vice versa), Alexis Gilliland ("SF illustrators are failed cartoonists."), Barbi Johnson (a Kelly Freas art kit), Margaret Cubberly (reminiscences of her first meeting with the "sexy chipmunk"), Jesco von Puttkamer (WWII propaganda bombs included ASTOUNDINGs with Freas covers "to rot the minds of the German youth"), and Norm Cubberly (cartoons of "Freas's earliest artistic efforts"). The roast was well attended and Kelly appeared to enjoy it as much as the audience.

Not everything went smoothly. There were hassles with the hotel, "The Rocky HaRoSFA Show" had to be cancelled due to ill actors, the con suite closed down sooner than would have been ideal, and the fannish olympics never really got off the ground, but most feedback has been positive and plans are already being discussed for SCI-CON 2. Ivan Clark has volunteered to chair the committee.



If anyone asks me for my autograph, I'm ready.

Continued from page 4, column 2

There were some problems with the hotel including the maids waking everyone up at 9:30 am to get their hotel rooms cleaned and collect their towels, and the night manager deciding to join the fans in the Jacuzzi, so many people in the hotel weren't able to get a wake-up call. [The con a weekend before us went home with bulging suitcases and the hotel hadn't re-stocked yet. Consequently, large towels were rationed, and every room had a short-sheeted bed. Aren't some people considerate?]

I was somewhat bored some of the time, as I have only a few Midwestern fannish friends, and I find meeting them difficult as all hell. I suspect I would have never gotten a chance to meet Ro Lutz-Nagy without Hoy Ping Pong. (This is nothing against Ro. I'm just using him as a handy example.)

After an impromptu auction by Rusty Hevelin of the leftover beer, the carved pumpkin, and Ben Yalow's bow-tie to benefit DUFF, we headed for home. A typical Octocon for me: some talking and no pressures for the weekend.

by George Papeczolt

What can one say about the last Pghlange? Held in the same location as last year, the luxurious Marriot on the Parkway West, this year's edition attracted 135 people, the majority apparently exhausted from Seacon, NorthAmericon, or the attempts to attend both. The convention, therefore, was low-key and quiet all the way.

This Pghlange was different in that the committee was caught between the proverbial rock and hard place: on one hand, a new management in the hotel decided to charge royally for everything and anything short of the air being breathed, and on the other, fandom turned up royally broke after attending the most expensive worldcon in history. Yet this combination provided a rather successful convention, in contrast to the expensive, over-attended debacle that was held last year.

Pghlange will always be one of those odd conventions that is attended faithfully by midwest fandom, although none of them can figure out just why they've attended—so the usual excuse is to party and just relax.

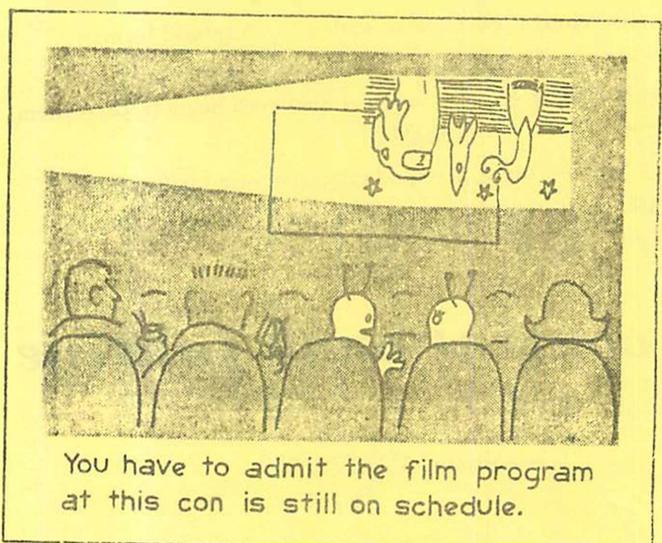
The hotel started out the weekend by putting the con suite in the wrong wing of the building, necessitating the usual last minute running around to straighten the whole damn mess out. Then the committee didn't get a key to one of the videotape rooms in time, and there was *that* holdup, while yours truly is attempting to copy Barb Geraud's tape of Rocky Horror on his job's U-Matic—only to discover he didn't fix the audio circuit like he thought he did. Anyone for a mint copy of the silent version?

Once Friday night's festivities started, however, everything fell together, and it all ran smoothly. The hotel staff stayed inconspicuous by its absence, with the exception of the Saturday night filking, where the hotel security felt they had to outdo the Philadelphia police at Philcon 77 (*the second one*). So we just went down to one of the rooms and got twice as loud—singing "Marcon Ballroom" all the way down the hall.

It was a good weekend—even the Steelers blew their game that Sunday, making a good weekend perfect. The Saturday night poker game ran until 9:30 Sunday morning, and the sight of Mike Glicksohn willing to sell his soul for a beer was most entertaining.

Rather than a film program, the convention ran two separate videotape programs, one in each room, using the room's television. Despite our initial reservations, the idea worked, and is highly recommended for any convention that can expect 30 or less people at a showing of a film. It's cheaper than renting films, gives a greater amount of films to schedule, and is a good excuse for videofreaks to copy other's tapes. I'll volunteer my services in the future on helping to set up such facilities. [It can also be illegal as all hell. If any convention plans to do this, they ought to approach it very cautiously, and, for heaven's sake, DON'T advertise it.]

As to this being the last Pghlange, it would appear that this is so—at least at the time of this writing. There have been some rumors that Barb Geraud and Jim McHale will do it yet again next year, but it's nothing to count on. At least, if this is the last one, it went out on a very successful note.



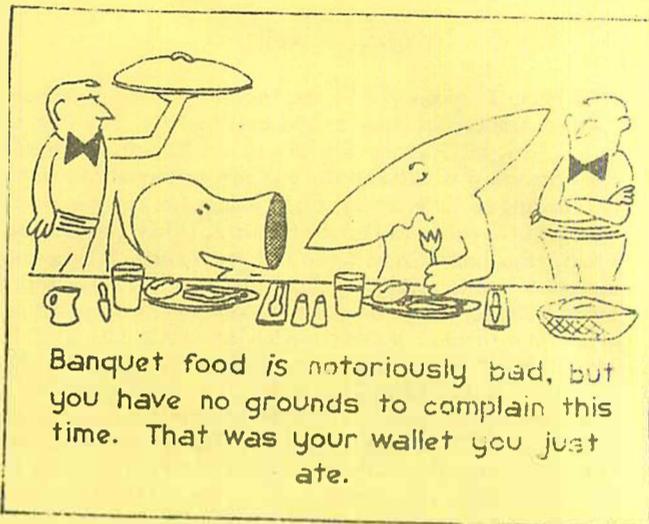
You have to admit the film program at this con is still on schedule.

All art this issue courtesy of David Thayer, and originally appeared in his fanzine NEBULOUS FAN, number 8, and his address is 7209 DeVille, North Richland Hills, TX 76118. Thanks!

# CON-ZINE listings for Nov. & Dec.

**WARNING:** This is not a complete listing of cons, merely those for which I've been able to pick up flyers for. For a more complete listing I suggest you get a copy of "SF Convention Register" from its editor, Edwin S. "Filthy Pierre" Strauss, 10015 Greenbelt Rd., Apt. 101, Seabrook, MD 20801 for 25 cents plus SASE, same as this zine.

**SECOND WARNING:** I'm VERY opinionated, and the comments I make are strictly my opinion, and aren't connected with the concom. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!



**ICON 4** Nov. 9-11, 1979. Iowa City Coachman Inn, off I-80. Registration \$7 until Oct. 26, \$9 after. Contact: Hinchcliffe, Route 3, Farm 695, Cedar Rapids, IA 52401, (319) 895-8928.

**HALF-A-CON.** Nov. 9-11, 1979. Hilton Inn, Birmingham, Ala. Southern Relaxacon with NO programming and NO guests. No for neos, obviously. Rooms \$26 single, \$31 for double, triple, or quad. Hotel phone is 305-942-3341. Contact: Penny Friarson, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, AL 35223. Registration \$7.

Nov. 9, 10, & 11. **PHILCON 79.** (It's actually Philcon 43...) Sheraton Valley Forge Hotel, Rt. 363 & First Ave., King of Prussia, Pa. Singles \$30, double \$34. Shuttle car might be available. Masquerade with cash prizes, art show & auction, huckster tables \$20 for the 1st one, \$20 for the second, \$30 for the third, and \$50 for the fourth one. A table includes a membership. Registration \$8 at the door, make checks payable to the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. Principal speaker: Joan Vinge, Karl Kofoed is the guest artist. Also, Milt Rothman, Vincent DiFate, Linda Bushyager, Hal Clement, Larry Carmody, Elsie Wolheim, Don Wolheim, Jim Frenkel, Dave Hartwell, and George O. Smith. (Last year the SFWA met at Philcon so you might see others.) Contact: Randi Millstein, 10104 Clark St., Phila., Pa. 19116. My overwhelming impression of the past few Philcons have been that of mind-numbing cold. They're pretty much what you'd expect from the oldest con.

**LOSICON 6**, Nov. 10-12 (that's Saturday thru Monday, folks), 1979. Airport Park Hotel, Inglewood, CA. GOHs: A.E. Van Vogt. Registration \$10. Contact: Elayne Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344. Saturday thru Monday?

## HOW YOU CAN GET THIS ZINE!

The next issue is due out early in January, 1980. To get it (if you aren't currently subscribing) send one or more of the following:

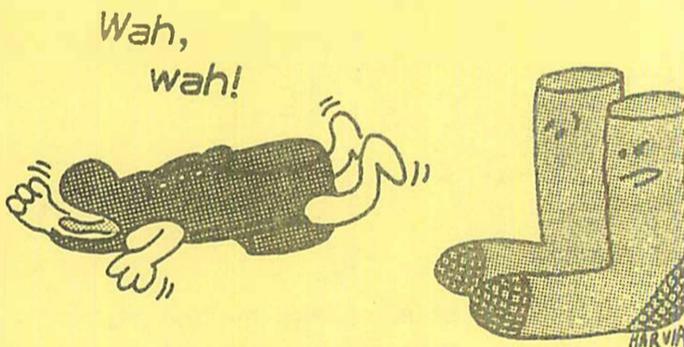
- 25 cents a short article on any aspect of con-running
- short con report (250-1000 words) 5 refund forms
- \$5.00 in cash-off coupons your fanzine a loc
- Art work (please!) a loc—I may even begin to print them!

PLUS

a Long Self-addressed, stamped envelope, or a mailing label with a 15 cent stamp—My job (mundane) involving a lot of Mailing!

## conventional fanzine

Eva C. Whitley  
4704 Warner Drive  
Manchester, MD 21102



If the shoe fits, beware of it.

**TUS-CON 6.** Nov. 16-18, 1979, Executive Inn, Tucson, AZ. \$20 single, \$23 double. GOHs: Ed Bryant and Suzy McKee Charnas; Profan! GOH: Bob Vardeman, aka "toastboss." Registration \$10, \$3 supporting. Huckster room, art show. Contact: P.O. Box 26822, Tucson, AZ 85726.

**FUTURE PARTY**, Nov. 22-25, 1979. Turf Inn, Albany, NY. SEE FLYER THIS ISSUE. Looks interesting, but follows only 3 weeks after a con in the same hotel. Beats watching all those boring parades, though....

**CHAMBANACON 9.** Nov. 23-25, 1979. Ramada Inn, Champaign, IL. \$27 single, \$33 double. GOHs: Andy Offutt, pro; Al & Penny Tegen, fan. Banquet \$8.75. Registration \$5, \$7 at the door, payable to Al Babcock. Movies, art show, filksinging, and parties. Contact: Al Babcock, 1404 Eureka, Champaign, IL 61820.

**NUTRIACON.** Nov. 30-Dec. 2. Grand Hotel, New Orleans, LA. Rooms \$28 single, \$34 double. GOHs: Karl Edward Wagner (pro), Bob Tucker (fan), and George Alec Effinger (toastmaster). Hucksters, filksinging, movies, parties, and "Rocky Horror presentation?". Banquet at Popeye's Famous Fried Chicken which has to set a new low in con banquet putridity. Registration \$6 until the end of Oct., \$9 after. Contact: 6221 Wadsworth, New Orleans, LA 70122. I think this is the last con of the 70's.

To:

First class mail