

# **Liars!**



## **The Journal of Lies**

# Editorial

As I was saying last issue, this Hugo business is getting pretty rough. The fan-finish world has come unglued just because Mr. John Scalzi, current curator of the Creationism Museum, won his fifth consecutive Hugo for **Just Tape Some Bacon To It**, arguably the only fanzine of any importance still being create solely on paper as Mr. Scalzi refuses to use those 'Demon Machine' and their 'tendrily interconnections'. Mr. Scalzi has said repeatedly that he will not step aside in Hugo nominations as he is locked in a contest with occasional Hugo Winner Charlie 'Bubbles' Brown of Locus. If Mr. Scalzi can win more Hugos than Chuckles, he'll receive a victory packet consisting of twelve shillings, an unsigned copy of a Jack Chalker novel and a comely maiden of virtue true. For this reason, Mr. Scalzi will not stand down.

Recently, Chairman of the WSFS Mark Protection Committee and Hugo Rules Lawyer extraordinaire Arnie Katz commented in a response to one of Kevin Standlee's enfuiriating misunderstandings of the WSFS constitution, that Mr. Scalzi must never decline nomination because to do so is to cheapen the win of the eventual winner. While Mr. Standlee retorted that one person holding all the rockets contains the poisoning of the fannish world with Hugoititis. Mr. Katz ended that specific argument by noting that if enough people denied their nominations that either Chris Garcia or James Bacon could win one. That's a deal-breaker, it seems.

Cheryl Morgan's response was to note that spreading around Hugos will lessen the effects of Hugoititis on any one area by spreading it thinner. This argument was countered by Drs. Scott, Scott, Flick, Davies and Cain at the Penninsula Laboratory Of Kinestetics, Totalology and Agriculture (PLOKTaA) who claimed that only by gathering all these rockets in one place (such as their holding facility in Walthamstow) that the pain can be spared for the rest of fandom.

It is the official stance of Liars: The Journal of Lies, that only be us taking immediate action can we end with a logical choice:

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After moving to LA to finish her schooling, Miko became insanely famous making Halloween costumes in January for celebrity babies. But that is NOT what is important. What is important is that deep down Santee Alley in the disturbingly grotesque and scuzzy fashion and textile district in downtown LA, there is a new store. This store is not just any store selling sweatshop shoes or spandex hotpants, no. Instead, it is a store selling a special breed of ruby-throated swallows that lay eggs that when cracked, reveal nothing but gears and clockpieces. The breeding habits of the swallows are very secret, so I couldn't find out what it was. How the produce when the eggs are filled with steampunk craftpieces, I do not know. However, I do know that for sure come Fall/Winter 2010, steampunk will be clanking down the runways of Milan, Paris, and Oakland.

~Miko





“I didn’t get a cute redhead for my 30th birthday.”

This awkward and solitary line was found on the desktop. Alone. Its origins could be from any drunk Fanzine Fan. A struggling soul lost among the unwashed masses, and us, those few clear-eyed hygenic Hard Core Fans, the last bastion against the barbarians, remain completely oblivious of the author’s identity.

Handwriting analysis was useless as a tool of discovery. The red lipstick stains on the champagne flute abandoned beside the monitor, could have been our mysterious author’s. This is Baycon. The gender, or the birth sex, of our enigmatic typist, is anybody’s guess.

Why is the line alone. Abandoned. Left behind as if the author was

draggged away or jumped up to greet a friend, assignation, f-buddy. Maybe the completion of the line, expressed as a final release, preceeded the authors final act. But we would have heard of a fan throwing themselves off the bilding, or slitting wrists in the pool, or hanging themselves from a balcony, or a naked-slathered-in-bacon-grease-arms-handcuffed-behind-the-back-individual-throwing-themselves-to-the-Klingons. We heard none of that..

What if our stealthy scripter meant it as a metaphor for man’s inhumanity to man through fanzines. Stacks of slash zines with page after page of fiction revealing the innermost ideals of the publisher. Genzines filled with notes on illness and the obituaries of BNF’s. Perzines alluding to the self same illness’s and death amid reviews of movie outings and picnics.

Christian B. McGuire

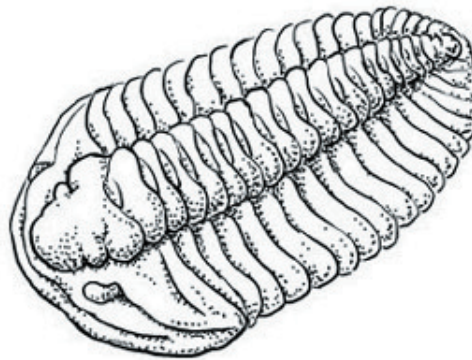


## Opening Ceremonies by Urban Jungleboy

The 8pm-scheduled Hickory Smoked Shaved Flying Pig Opening Ceremonies opened 30 minutes early; the ravening hordes poised outside the ballroom swept into the room, overwhelming the bartenders and buffets, leaving them bare in a record .00307 milliseconds.

Fortunately, F.L.A.S.H was prepared for this eventuality, capturing, flaying, smoking and carving the slowest moving grazer in time to restock the buffet before the G.O.H.s and Miss Manners-acolyte attendees arrived at B.A.C.O.N. standard start time of 8:20pm.

Fresh supplies of distilled and fermented beverages were rolled in, and the remainder of the proceedings proceeded on schedule, including the ritual losing-his-trousers-at-roulette by the con-chair during the casino night.



## PROGRAM NOTES

### PROGRAM FOR PARROTS

1:30 PM – Cheese Room – THE ROLE OF PARROTS IN SCIENCE FICTION ART Discussion and slide show. Virgil Finlay (moderator), Don Maitz, Rowena.

3:00 PM – Jazz Room – THE PARROT VERSION OF “BATTLEFIELD EARTH”: CAN THIS PRODUCTION BE SAVED? Participants TBA.

9:00 PM – Frodo Room -- LAUNCH PARTY; Blazing Bird Publishing announces the launch of the new science fiction/fantasy magazine *Dystopian Parrot Stories*. Party hosted by editor Ted White, science consultant John Scalzi, and Joey Boy.

### PROGRAM FOR TRILOBYTES

10:00 AM – Headcheese Room – ARE KLINGONS DESCENDED FROM TRILOBYTES? Science discussion.

## Belle's Musings

Mercedes Lackey has honenone high fructose  
corn flu. It has been reported, that her case  
is curable, and our hopes are high. IN other  
news, There is a rumor going around that it  
isbn't slander if you believe it hard ebough,  
kind of link tinkerbelle in Peter Pan.  
that too many ribbons reduces the sex drive of  
the average fan. Dan Brown is a hack, Chris  
Garcia has had too many cups of the cool aid.  
In other news We all hate cheerleaders and  
vampires do not sparkle. Davis Lynch's is most  
awesome  
The new V looks good, cause inara is hot

I'm in your piramids steelin yur godz  
Oil the women for tonight we celebrate  
Chris garcia is totally faking it. Face it my man  
a pity fuck is a shallow endeavour, you're above  
that.

When I say Fanzine you say Lounge  
Fanzine  
Lounge  
Fanzine  
Lounge

Or when I say fanzine you lounge  
Fanzine lounge  
fanzine lounge

When I say lipstick you say rouge  
Lipstick rouge  
lipstick rouge

When Moulin you say rouge  
moulin rouge  
moulin rouge

When I say ghankin' you say rogue  
Ghankin' rogue  
Ghankin' rogue

pa pa pa pa poker face pa pa poker pa pa pa  
poker face pa pa poker face

Kevin says" Where's my booze

If you say no but I say yes, you do what I say.  
Put on the french maid's outfit and smile pretty.  
You have such pretty legs and a charming smile.  
The collar makes your neck look longer and your  
eyes shine bright.

In other news there's a man here in an ordinary  
plaid shirt, doe he have the wrong floor?

Fairy faery firey wings flutter and before you  
know it you're off to another party. Flitting from  
cocktails to cock tales ans slashfic with kirk  
and spock or better yet Iron chef and chairman  
I could really go for a sandwich or maybe lox  
and bagels

If Disco is the theme of the Fanzine lounge than  
shouldn't Danny Tario being teaching us all the  
hustle or at least how to order a slow screw  
against the wall in Kilingon?

Good night gracie

love and kisses,

A

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## The Jawas are the Ones Who Will Not Be Blamed for Nothing

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# The Way to BayCon 2009

by Randy Smith

I left for BayCon around noon on Friday, driving south on I-880. It was a clear day when we left, but the fog began to set in around Fremont. By the time I got to Milpitas, it was so thick that only the taillights of the car in front of me were visible. I felt a strange tingling sensation at the back of my neck. As I looked into my rearview mirror I saw a strange glow coming from behind me. I thought that it must be the headlight of a motorcycle that had somehow become distorted by the fog.

The traffic was crawling at about twenty miles per hour. Ahead, I saw flashing red lights. I came to a barricade. As I stopped, a CHP officer tapped on my window. I rolled it down.

"I'm very sorry, Sir," she said, "But the road is closed from here on into San Jose."

"Is there a detour," I asked.

"No," she said, "You'll have to walk."

"Walk! What about my luggage? My car?"

"We'll make sure you get it, sir."

"How do you know where I'm going?"

"Don't worry, sir, it will all be taken care of. Please get out. We need you to start walking, just like everyone else."

I could see figures moving through the fog. Some were carrying briefcases or handbags. They were walking single-file along a narrow path along the side of the freeway. I thought about calling a lawyer, a tow truck, or even my brother-in-law, but I feared it would do no good. I checked my cell phone, anyway. It was dead. There were no bars. In frustration, I grabbed my small bag, got out of the car, and joined the line of walkers.

As I stumbled down the trail, I discovered that I was separated from both those in front of me and those behind. I could no longer see the other walkers. Yet, I felt a strange presence, as though someone was watching me. I glanced about me, seeing nothing. I could not shake the feeling that I was not alone.

After nearly an hour of stumbling along the trail, the fog began to dissipate. I found myself in an area of dense forest. I wondered how this could be. I knew that I had not gone that far, and that I should surely be in a place of office parks housing technology companies. Instead, I was surrounded by trees and brush. I heard an owl softly hooting. The sense of a mysterious presence was still with me. I tried to

shake it off, believing it to be the result of my own overactive imagination.

The forest opened into a clearing and I found myself on a cobblestone street.

"Out of the way, there," someone cried from behind me.

I turned and had to dive for the side of the road as a hansom cab pulled by a pair of horses darted past. I looked in the direction from which I had come, and could see neither the forest nor the path on which I had walked. I was surrounded by people wearing Victorian clothing and hurrying to and fro as though they were all late for some important function.

I grabbed at the elbow of a man in a frock coat.

"What is this place," I asked. It certainly didn't seem like Santa Clara.

"Pyrocumulon," was all he said.

I walked through the streets, trying to find something familiar, but it all looked like a more pristine version of Dickens' London. At last I came to a low wall that I took to be a barrier on the banks of a river or a canal. I looked over it and could see only clouds—clouds that stretched far into the distance. As I looked back toward to center of the city, I saw a great volcano reaching into the sky, with smoke pouring forth from its top. I gaze in wonder that such a thing could be. How had I come here from Northern California? Would I ever find my way to the Santa Clara Hyatt?

There was then a low rumbling all around me. A young woman wearing a top hat and a black dress trimmed in lace grabbed my hand.

"Come," she said, "You must hurry. It's almost here."

"What is almost here," I asked, "Is there some emergency?"

"Just come with me."

She led me through the narrow streets. I became completely disoriented, even as I became certain that we were being pursued by some strange power. We turned down an alley that dead-ended at a small door.

"In here. Quickly," my companion said.

She opened the door I ducked low to enter it. As we passed into a small room on the other side, I felt the entire building begin to shake. I stumbled and fell against the wall. Soon, the shaking stopped and I made my way to a wicker chair set before a small table. I collapsed into it, my first opportunity to rest in some time.

The young woman left by a door that was

opposite the one we had entered. She returned a few minutes later.

“The captain is waiting to see you,” she said.

“Captain,” I asked in bewilderment.

We walked out onto what appeared to be the bridge of an antique sailing ship. As I looked out over the bow, I saw that it was indeed a ship, but that we were sailing in the sky! Before me was the City of Pyrocumulon, surrounded by its clouds. For the first time I could truly appreciate the beauty of the cloud city as we sailed around its perimeter.

“I understand you had a close call, my boy.”

I turned to face a white-haired man with a full beard, wearing a nineteenth century naval uniform.

“We’re almost there,” he said, “Your journey will soon be over.”

I felt that I did not dare ask about the nature of this journey or the destination for which we were bound. By this point, I had experienced so many strange and terrifying and wonderful things that I knew that I could only accept what would come next. I felt safe among these people. Somehow, they were my kindred spirits.

At last, we docked. I walked with the others down the gangplank and we were ushered into a tall building. They took me down a hallway with blue pastel wallpaper, past long rows of doors. Around a corner, one of the doors was open. I hesitated. I could once again feel the mysterious presence that I had felt often throughout the day.

“Go ahead. Go on in,” the Captain said.

As I entered the room, a crowd of people parted and I saw a young man with wild hair, a scraggly beard and a long scarf. Behind him was a soft glow coming from what appeared to be some kind of mechanical device, but I could not, at first, make out what it was. I knew instinctively that the glow was the same as that which I had seen in my rearview mirror earlier in the day. I also realized that the mysterious presence I had felt was coming from the device and I now discerned that it was not something to be feared, but rather, it filled me with a sense of peace tinged with joy.

“Welcome to the Fanzine Lounge,” the young man said.

As he stepped aside, the device glowed brighter and began to slowly turn its crank. It was The Enchanted Duplicator, welcoming me home.





Twitter is the new ribbon, but you need a printing cellphone. Those damned Nokia folks only make a printing cellphone that uses thermal paper, so as soon as you leave your tweets in the car they turn inky black. Whatever you do, don't let those black strips get near your computer. It's not like you need a twitter event horizon sucking up the whole of the internet like a giant dyson vacuum.

It is, unfortunately, the only way to keep a Dyson sphere clean. If you ever thought a Frank Lloyd Wright house was a dust trap, check out a Dyson sphere. Get a little wind going, the dust bunnies start rolling and rolling and soon they're dust rhinos, then rhinos become elephants, then elephants become whales, then whales become Galactus.

It's a little-known fact that Galactus is lactose intolerant. The Fantastic Four didn't save Earth from Galactus, they saved Galactus from the Earth. All those yummy, yummy mammals would have given him such horrible gas.

That might have solved the fuel problem and the global warming problem, but, of course, we would have nowhere to drive. We would have no roads for our wheels to get traction on. We would have no oxygen to burn the gas. It would make for rather crappy drag races.

The nice thing about putting parrots in drag is you save so much on makeup. And feathers. Parrots make the perfect Vegas showgirls. Just go to the Rio. All those sky dancers? They're parrots with falsies.



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dear lord. those flare boys know NOTHING about female satisfaction. I mean, really. Except for that Catalano boy, the lot of them know absoluly nothing of the art of seduction. Thank god for the new addition of the lovely lady Katie....she can at least give them some semblance of heterosexuality..... maybe?

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## **Five Amazing Facts About British Fandom**

**by Steve Green**

1. Dave Langford once ran a charity five-pin bowling competition in his local pub, using the more rocket-shaped Hugo Awards from his mantelpiece.
2. Because the Eastercon occurs during a religious festival, the organisers are legally obliged to have an Anglican vicar on 24-hour call in case members need spiritual guidance.
3. Between 1948 and 1981, all UK fanzines had to be vetted by MI5 for content likely to subvert the nation or corrupt public morals. Counselling was available for staff exposed to material by Greg Pickersgill or Graham Charnock.
4. The Knights of St Fantony based its constitution upon the 18th Century's Hellfire Club.
5. Lord Peter Weston owns England's third-largest collection of Edwardian erotica, outmatched only by the British Museum and Thom Yorke of Radiohead.

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# **The AAA took my baby away**

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## **Five Amazing Facts About English Fandom**

**by Chris Garcia**

1. Ted White and Earl Kemp are both campaigning for Best New Fan in the FAAn Awards.
2. WorldCon has decided to name The Undertaker as the Wrestling Guest of Honor, which is weird since I had nothing to do with it.
3. The Sharks and the Jets from West Side Story are actually based on the two warring factions in the Breendoggle...only with less singing.
4. Art Widner is still the reigning American Fandom Kickboxing champion, having recently defeated Mike Glyer in Fifteen ronds.
5. The Drink Tank is being considered for inclusion in the next probe being sent off to Mars with hopes that it may be left there.

# PARTY REPORT

by  
Caprine

## Friday Night

Eric in the Elevator has converted to Scientology; his cameraman got extensive footage of him using an E-meter to help his show guests attain Clear status. He will be hosting a screening party on Sunday which will begin with a slideshow of the plastic surgeries he is planning to get to transform himself into a replica of Tom Cruise.

The Halfway House to Hell in room 333 had a pretty half-naked boy dancing outside on both Friday and Saturday night. He had pasties with tassels and made them twirl in opposite directions. This was later revealed to be an amazing hall costume, as he was witnessed unzipping the short wiry young man shaped rubber suit and emerging as a six foot tall, three hundred pound woman with a bouffant hairdo.

Everybody in the drunkzine lounge was extremely fan.

The Klingons were conducting a battle ritual, dancing with hooks embedded in their flesh and the severed heads of their enemies dangling from the hooks. The severed heads were later auctioned off to convention attendees to use as sex toys.

That one party in that room, you know, down the hall. They had this drink, oh God, I had like seven of them. They were great guys, I love those guys. I love everybody akshuly. Oh god. HURRRRCH.

## Saturday Night

The Whiskey Brothers discovered that their entire supply of whiskey had been stolen by a large, slow-moving party of SMOFs, so to prevent the convention attendees from rioting over the loss of their precious drinkies, they made ersatz whiskey by adding iodine and powdered tea to lab ethanol. The smokier single-malts were fabricated by adding cigar ashes to the mix and then pouring it through a coffee filter. None of the drinkers appeared to notice the substitution.

The East India Company tea party secured a monopoly on tea throughout the hotel, so none could be had in the hotel restaurants or any other party. They then charged enormous prices for tea, so that the poor tea addicts had no choice but to pay the price. Shortly after midnight, a party of enraged fans from Boston, dressed as Red Indians, seized the hostesses of the party, wrestled them into the elevator, and threw them into the pool. They returned to triumphantly drink all the tea, only to discover that it had been stolen by a large, slow-moving party of SMOFs. They were then surprised by the return of the dripping wet tea hostesses, who did not bother to use the elevator but flung the Bostonians through a window into the pool. Sans tea, the party was forced to drink sherry and port instead, which led to slightly indecorous behavior. Several ladies were seen to show their ankles.

Everybody in the drunkzine lounge was extremely fan.

The Klingons, having discovered the succulent flavor of human flesh at a panel about the zombie apocalypse, held an auction for vore fetishists, who bid avidly on the opportunity to be eaten alive. The feast that followed degenerated into a food fight when some of the Klingons declared their col-



leagues to be effete for putting Dijon mustard on the meat instead of Sriracha sauce, the warrior's condiment. The hotel is really wishing that plastic wrap had been put down on all the floors, not just in the hallways.

A bunch of cons had parties at which, up until 2AM, nobody actually bought memberships but ate up all the M&Ms and cookies. The hosts were so depressed at this point that they began to add in bonuses to anyone buying a membership. Westercon offered lap dances, Silicon offered blow jobs, FurCon offered vigorous yiffing, and LosCon offered five minutes in the bathroom with Tadao Tomomatsu, a bottle of Astroglide, and a chocolate Hugo.

The Leather Tea Party discovered that, while tea can actually be made out of leather, it tastes very strange and many people don't wish to drink it. That small segment of the population that enjoys the taste of leather spent the evening enjoying the hell out of this party.

The Battlestar Galactica party filled the bathtub with translucent goo and allowed guests to undergo a simulation of the Cylon rebirth experience. This was very popular, and the hotel is really wishing that plastic wrap had been put down on all the floors, not just in the hallways.

