



FILE 770

HOLD UP A MINUTE OBELEX, THEY LOOK LIKE STRANGERS. WE BETTER ASK WHO THEY ARE BEFORE WE GO PUNCHING THEM UP.

WHY BOTHER? ANYONE CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING THAT THEY'RE ONLY ROMANS

17.

HOOPS AND STILL... ALL YOU?

SWISH

SLASH

SLASH

SLASH

STOP LAUGHING!

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*THESE LONG-NOSES DRINK SAKI AND ARE TOO ILL-MANNED TO OFFER ANY TO GUESTS. THEY MUST BE THE BARBARICUS ROMANS



C. in C., Junkwaffel . The Complete Bo

DONALD DUCK in SITTING BULL'S GHOST

PIE HAWKIN'S D

BOOK 17

DEL RAY FANTASY CLASSIC

17

THE GLASS GIRL OF OZ L. F. BAU

WILL E
KITCHEN
A DELL COMIC
A DELL COMIC
NO. 5
RIP OFF PRESS
SAN FRANCISCO
FREAK BROTHER #21

ROCKY & BULLWINKLE THE SPYGLASS

Ray Ward

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85

FILE 770

140

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gradually work their way along the shore. Paddling energetically, they leave a surprisingly large wake and collectively look like a fleet of landing craft approaching the beach.

The domestic geese swim in shallow water and pick at the bottom like the rest, until someone walks onto the landing behind our home. The geese are accustomed to people throwing food to them. If I appear they fix a beady eye on me. If I give the slightest encouragement, they'll flap and honk and run straight at me. Legend holds that a flock of Roman geese woke up the gods to save the Capitoline hill from attack, but now I'm convinced the geese were simply running to the Gauls screaming "Feed me!"

I spend a significant amount of time in seminars or reading classic works of literature and philosophy that I'd never gotten around to -- Augustine, Anselm, Aquinas, Dante -- or had tackled on my own in high school without enough training to comprehend -- Plato. Participating in classes gives me the incentive to read these works because there will be people to discuss them with. Sometimes I'm in the midst of the action -- reading the part of Tiresias in our productions of *Oedipus Rex* and *Antigone*.

It's an intense learning experience. The students, especially, have left some distractions behind, like TV. But they all have a laptop with a wireless Internet connection, which can be used to deepen their studies, or play Counterstrike 'til 4 a.m. Or both. The sky's the limit on what a person can accomplish who never sleeps!

Axes To Grind: Did Millennium Philcon mark a changing of the guard among Hugo voters, or have a different demographic than other Worldcons? Harry Potter never got a sniff of the Hugo before, but Rowling's latest novel did more than win this year, it got twice as many first place votes as the nearest compe-

tion. Some writers were outraged that a non-sf book won, referring to the result as "Harry Potter and the Hugo of Shame." Although the Hugo rules allow the award to be given to works of sf or fantasy, one can understand how this could be forgotten, since fantasy as practiced by Tolkien, Lovecraft, Moorcock, etc. has never won before. Other writers, and fans too, were upset that someone who doesn't know the sf community won its top award. Ordinarily, voters ignore bestselling writers outside the field, for example, Michael Crichton. However, I think Greg Bear explained the result very well: the vote is a tribute to a writer who has done more than anyone to attract young readers to our kind of literature.

The winner of the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo was another anomaly, except that *Crouching Tiger* won with little grumbling from anyone besides me. It's true that although fantasy novels are rarely competitive for Hugo awards, quite the reverse is true for fantasy films: *The Princess Bride*, *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* and two *Indiana Jones* movies have won Hugos. The only obstacle *Crouching Tiger* had to overcome was fans' long-standing habit of rejecting box-office champions. Since the end of the original *Star Wars* trilogy, top-grossing sf films have rarely won the Hugo. The list of losers includes *E.T.*, *Armageddon*, *Phantom Menace* (not even nominated), *The Matrix*, and every single *Star Trek* movie.

My objection is that *Crouching Tiger* is it's wildly uneven, a patchwork of genius and incompetence. I enjoyed *Crouching Tiger's* desert sequences and its tavern brawl. On the other hand, the movie had more than its share of running across rooftops on guy-wires. And the sword-fighting in treetops sounded good in the reviews but on screen was no more believable than Bugs Bunny.

Of course, you voters nominated Bugs Bunny for a Retro Hugo, too.

Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer

The Hills Are Alive With The Sound of Fanac: This fanzine is coming to you from the shores of Bass Lake in Northern California, where the mountains are beautiful, the air is clear, the weather is bright, and I haven't looked at a tax return in two months!

Diana is one of the professors Azusa Pacific University selected to start its new "Semester at Yosemite." It's a program based on the Great Works concept. Students are enrolled in some combination of courses in World Literature, World Civilization, Art History, Church History and Philosophy. All of the courses make use of many of the same literary and philosophical works. About 40 students are spending the term at a summer camp not far from Yosemite National Park. Diana helped develop APU's program, and we had the opportunity to go together because I was able to take leave from work.

So the day after I flew home from the Worldcon, I packed my car and drove into the mountains east of Fresno. For two weeks we lived at the camp, until our rental home became available -- a remarkable five-bedroom "cabin" overlooking Bass Lake. Once the summer crowd took their jet-skis home, it's remarkable how many birds came out again.

There are ducks of all kinds, kingfishers, herons and egrets. There are Canadian geese, and also six domestic geese gone wild. We've seen a bald eagle. There are coots everywhere, waterfowl slightly smaller than ducks. In the morning, two hundred coots take over the shallow end of the lake, tails up while they stir the muddy bottom to find their breakfast. They

MIKE GLYER'S FILM 770

News of Fandom

Bullsheet Ends Transmission

Marc Ortlieb ended the run of *The Australian Science Fiction Bullsheet* with issue #177. He told his readers, "When I started this publication in January 1994, I promised myself that when it stopped being fun I'd stop doing it. Sadly, recently the BS has become an obligation, rather than a pleasure."

Under a biweekly schedule, Marc published a prolific number of *Bullsheets*. He said with a note of pride, "I've enjoyed doing it, but I don't have Dave Langford's staying power. It was nice to briefly overtake him in number of issues produced."

The *Bullsheet* was both a paper and Internet fanzine from the beginning. Marc's one regret is, "I never did manage to put together an issue that was soft or absorbent, and it never did tear at the perforations."

Although the zine has come to an end, Marc will keep updating the calendar, fiction, club and convention listings on his Australian SF Site:

<http://www.vicnet.net.au/~sfoz/>

GUFF

Eric Lindsay writes, "As you know, we have been wandering. First on GUFF, which took Jean away for over three months. I think I mentioned that the first draft of our GUFF report is already up on my new domain." The address is:

<http://www.ericlindsay.com/guff>

"We will be working on the updates, corrections, and the printed version. Naturally we had a wonderful time, caught up with a few old fans (Paul and Cas Skelton, Pete Presford) as well as lots of the fanzine fans in the U.K. at Eastercon and as we traveled. Covered several thousand miles as we crisscrossed the U.K. visiting fans. Doug Bell and Christina Lake did seem to think driving from Bristol to Lands End for a picnic one

day was excessive however.

"I was delighted to see Ted White's Corflu report. That con made a great start to our GUFF trip. While I am starting to feel like a Corflu regular, I must admit that the increased value of the US dollar (or the decline of the Australian dollar -- I have to pay A\$2 for each US\$1) has pretty much stopped me travelling again this year. If I had an income, it might be different."

Not A Dry Sci-fi Eye in the House

Ron Salomon writes, "Although we've only lived in our house 32 years, already we are thinking of moving to larger quarters, basically because my collections are becoming more kudzu-like and are taking over the premises. This only became a glimmer of an idea due to a recent basement flood caused by a dying hot water heater 'losing it.' So now I have had to (NOOO!!!) throw away soaked fanzines, prozines and SF books, and I'm left with many more dampened by the moisture-laden atmosphere. In both cases, I am in serious need, if he exists, of someone who is qualified to appraise all my stfnal stuff so my adjuster can go 'battle' the insurance company adjuster for a fair settlement of my loss. Don't tell me my old *Worlds of IF* and Ace Burroughs and Ballantine 35-cent first

edition paperbacks are not worth anything! But I need backup. Please, Mike, put the word out in fandom that if there is someone out there, please contact me. And the phone numbers are -- work, (617) 292-5816, and home (508) 875-1885. And my work e-mail address is ron.salomon@state.ma.us -- the home PC is temporarily out of commission. Such a person will be connected with my adjuster to work out mutually agreeable terms. Heck, I can't even find a current or recent price guide for skiffy books or mags -- all I've seen so far are 15+-year-old titles through Amazon. Oh, and if there's a way to rid the leftovers of that musty smell, please let me know. And so, I end this piece of correspondence in hope of a drier tomorrow."

Banzai!

Tadao Tomomatsu, fandom's working actor, has been appearing in promotions for the USA Network's "Banzai Big Movie Friday." It's a cable movie and a simultaneous online game at their web site. Tadao is playing "Shaking Hands Man," whose character has celebrity brushes with the likes of Kelsey Grammer and Bill Murray. Tadao explains, "The segments are sorta Brit Burlesque/Benny Hill-ish humor.. Like Squirrel Fishing, etc."

Write and reassure Tadao he looks handsome on TV: "Truthfully I don't have cable so even I don't know how it looked. All I can say is that they have an extra wide angle lens, so I tend to look wider than normal."

You'll also hear his voice in the new computer game, *Throne of Darkness*, a Japanese RPG. Tadao's looking forward to it: "How often can you play a game and argue with yourself?"



Tadao Tomomatsu wields the microphone at DemiCon. Photo by Keith Stokes, used by permission.



Ruth Sachter of Portland, Oregon, You Asked For It....!

Teresa Nielsen Hayden and Mary Kay Kare were trading quips on SMOFs about how transferable some fannish experiences are to everyday life. For example, fanzines are easier to take home than a stack of storytelling conrunners, who “tend to be regrettably mobile and scurry off while you’re not looking.” Unless you use glue traps, Teresa said.

That’s when Ruth Sachter posted: “Calling all fan artists. I could imagine flipping through the next File 770 and seeing....”

I copied the conversation to Alan White, who took up the challenge of showing what happens when Smofs can check out anytime they like, but they can never leave...

David Levine Wins James White Award

The 2001 James White Award, established to honor Ireland's best-loved sf writer, has been won by David Levine for his short story "Nucleon." Levine will receive a check for \$150 and a trophy. "Nucleon" will appear in the next issue *Interzone*.

Levine's story topped a field of more than 100 entries. The final judging was conducted by Michael Carroll, Ian McDonald, Kim Newman, Mike Resnick and David Pringle.

Levine is enjoying a breakthrough year as an sf writer. He's sold five stories and won two awards in 2001 (the other was second place in a Writers of the Future quarterly competition.)

Levine wrote online, "I am particularly honored by this award because James White was one of my favorite authors, both as a professional SF writer and as a fanzine writer."

The Award was presented at a ceremony in Queens University Belfast by White's daughter Patricia Larkin. White was Honorary President of the University's Science Fiction Society for many years and his granddaughter Sinead is presently a student there.

Levine continued, "I was not able to attend in person, but my old friend Lynne Ann Morse lives in Dublin and very kindly traveled to Belfast to accept the award on my behalf. I also sent an acceptance speech as a computer video file." He said that it was appropriate that as someone who was known for his work in fanzines and who was now moving into fiction writing, it was appropriate he should win an award named in honor of someone who was a fanzine writer before he became a professional. He encouraged the runners up to keep writing and to keep submitting their stories to publications.

Speaking at the ceremony, Michael Carroll said that *Nucleon* stood out from the very start and was the unanimous choice of the judging panel. Peggy White, widow of James White, felt it was a story that White would have loved to read had he been alive.

The James White Award is now accepting entries for the 2002 competition. Full details may be obtained from the Award's Website at <http://www.jameswhiteaward.com>

More photos of this year's ceremony can be found at:

<http://homepage.mac.com/stewart/>

Dickson Estate

Sales of items from the late Gordon Dickson's estate have helped keep many things in the hands of fans, while generating money to cover unpaid medical expenses.

Joyce Scriver wrote in her e-zine, "I purchased many books of his I didn't own



James White Award ceremony: (L to R) Michael Carroll, member of the Judging Panel; Patricia Larkin, White's daughter; Lynne Ann Morse, accepting for winner David Levine; Peggy White, widow of James White; and James Bacon, award administrator.

yet.... I also found an original Ken Fletcher/Jim Odbert poster from 1974 for a signing of *The Dragon and The George*, which is framed, and signed by many local fans. (I picked up the original Odbert calligraphy for the "Ballad of Jacques Chertin" and a signed print as well.) I acquired some... odds and ends of other bits both fannish (the Sue Mason plaque for Gordie from Follycon) and not (some small wooden Panda book-marks.)"

Other fans have also purchased items from the sale. It's reassuring to hear that many of his sfnal things are finding homes with people who value them.

Joyce adds, "There is talk about creating a Gordie Dickson scholarship for Clarion and there has been discussion among the local fan groups of contributions to it."

I'm Back From The Outback

Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber finished their Australian driving odyssey. Here what Eric's says about the last leg of the trip:

"As foreshadowed in my previous letter, we did indeed get to Lake Eyre, down in South Australia. It had lots of water in it, for about the third time in a century. The desert rainfall had been high for the past few years, 13 inches last year, and six inches this year so far, way up on the 2-4 inches that are usual. Lots of bird life. Took a couple of flights over both the north and the south lake.

The lakes are partly in Anna Creek station, the largest cattle station in the world. Since I'm sure Texas fans may wish to point to some of their ranches, I'll mention we drove through more than five cattle stations, each larger than the largest in Texas. Anna Creek was over 30,000 square kilometres, and sold off a chunk twice as large as the largest Texan ranch. We also saw the Maree Man, a five kilometre earth figure on a plateau. The original is unknown, but suspicion falls on US and Australia army maneuvers in the area around 1990.

"We expected to have to drive via Bourke and Broken Hill, the long way around. However the roads had dried out, so we went on the dirt roads down the Strzelecki Track, up the Oodnadatta Track, and came back via the Birdsville Track. Saved thousands of kilometres of driving, and several weeks. Almost 2000 km without getting off the dirt, and 1860 kms as the longest distance between fuel stops (I admit our long range fuel tanks are fairly extreme).

"We got back so early that we took another trip a few weeks later, which was why we didn't hear of the terrorist attack on the USA until several days after it happened. Being out of touch isn't always a good idea."

Moon Flag Contest

The Moon Society is launching a contest to design a flag for the people of the moon.



Everybody is welcome and encouraged to participate, and kids in grades K-12 are eligible to win things. The home page for the Moon Society's Lunar Flag Design Contest is at:

<http://www.moonsociety.org/flag/>

"It will be interesting to see if anyone thinks of the brass cannon with the bar sinister," kidded Greg Bennett.

The National Space Grant Foundation will announce the project to all the heads of the state space grant consortia. Bennett adds, "I expect we'll have a lot of fun with it. And if all goes well, kids just might learn something!"

Pluto Has Gas

When last heard from, space advocate Tim Kyger was rounding up people to fax letters to Senator Barbara Mikulski (D-MD) asking her to fund a Pluto flyby mission. Tim ex-

plained, "Pluto is the only planet in the Solar System that has yet to be visited by Man (*don't* please give me any grief about whether or not Pluto is a planet, or whether or not a visit by a robotic spacecraft constitutes a visit by "Man" <grin>)."

It's not just that Tim feels we've neglected our celestial neighbor by failing to send the welcome wagon. There are urgent scientific reasons:

"Due to the eccentricity of Pluto's orbit, it has an atmosphere for only a part of its orbit, when it is closer to the Sun. For most of its orbit, its atmosphere is frozen out on its surface. Closer to the Sun, as it is now, its atmosphere outgases into existence as ices melt, with the freezing out of its atmosphere occurring again as Pluto recedes outward from the Sun again in its highly elliptical orbit. It would be a great scientific boon to observe its atmosphere. In a few years that

won't be possible – at least until another several hundred years have again passed. In other words, if we want to see Pluto with an atmosphere, the time to look is *now*."

Even if mailed first class, a flyby mission will take up to 12 years to reach Pluto. Tim explains:

"Mission flight time depends upon the mass of the launched spacecraft, the power of the launch vehicle, and whether or not the mission can use a Jupiter gravity assist – and indeed, which assist opportunity is used). Under current planning, a flight launched in either 2004 or 2006 would be able to use a Jupiter assist; after that, Jupiter and Pluto will not be aligned in a way to avail a Jupiter swingby. This also assumes the spacecraft in question to be one in the mass range of the Pluto Kuiper Express-type of spacecraft, which is a general design that elements of NASA have been pursuing for almost 15 years now. The cost of a Pluto flyby mission would be roughly \$500 million, which designs and builds the spacecraft, pays for the launch, and for the decade or more of mission operations through

Pluto encounter. (That's the cost of a single Shuttle mission, by the way...)"

Tim's e-mail came out around Labor Day, just after the House and Senate had passed NASA appropriations. Only the Senate included money for Pluto and Tim wanted to get the attention of the conference committee so that the Pluto funding stayed in when it reconciled the two bills. Stay tuned....

Feghoot Wants YOU!

Dave Clark of ConJose, the 2002 Worldcon, writes, "In order to properly pay homage to our Imaginary Guest of Honor, Ferdinand Feghoot, and raise his image in the public's consciousness, we are looking for people who can write new Feghoots for our publications and web page. What we need are two sorts of Feghoots:

"(1) The standard Feghoot, featuring the exploits of our GoH, to be printed in our

publications and web page before the convention. The standard Feghoot is a shaggy dog story, approx. 200-400 words long, ending in a wretched pun. (This is for one-time publication. There are no plans to collect these Feghoots after the convention. The copyright will read "Copyright 2001 by (your name here) and Fred Flaxman, with permission from the Reginald Bretnor Literary Estate." The estate of Bretnor -- Feghoot's creator -- is under the care of Fred Flaxman.)

"(2) Feghoots for presentation at Con-Jose. The plan is this: at events that feature the Guests of Honor, whenever Ferdinand Feghoot's name is called, someone comes out and delivers a Feghoot that explains why he's not there at the ceremony. We hope to continue this practice throughout the convention at panels and such."

Medical Updates

John Foyster suffered a stroke on September 28. According to Australian fans, the CAT scans did not show damage, meaning the stroke was probably not as severe as it might have been.

Gay Ellen Dennett was scheduled for gall bladder surgery after Millennium Philcon. So she found herself at the Boston bid parties busily preparing scads of food her doctor had forbidden her to eat. (The surgery was successful.)

Moshe Feder reports that prior to Millennium Philcon, **Linda Bushyager** was operated on to remove a football-sized ovarian cyst -- benign, fortunately. She was recovering at home and was unable to attend the Worldcon.

Sidewise Award

The winners of this year's Sidewise Award for Alternate History were announced at MilPhil.

Best Long Form: Mary Gentle, *The Book of Ash* (Gollancz, 2000; Avon 1999-2000)

Best Short Form: Ted Chiang, "Seventy-Two Letters," *Vanishing Acts*, edited by Ellen Datlow, Tor 2000.

Le Guin and Marley Share 2001 Endeavour Award

Two of the Northwest's most respected writers will share this year's \$1,000 Endeavour Award. Portland's Ursula K. Le Guin shares the Award for *The Telling*, (Harcourt). Redmond, Washington's Louise Marley is gaining wide recognition for the high quality of her writing and will share the Endeavour for her fifth book, *The Glass Harmonica* (Ace).

The Endeavour Award honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection, by a Pacific Northwest writer that was first pub-

lished in the year preceding the award. A total of 28 books were entered for this year's award, which was presented November 9 at OryCon. This is the third time the annual Award has been given -- novelist Greg Bear won it in 1999 and 2000.

"Science fiction and fantasy have always contained a mix of novels and short stories, and we are delighted that two of our finalists are single-author collections of stories," said Endeavour Award chairman James Fiscus. "Our nominees this year covered the full range of our field, including science fiction, space opera, fantasy, and fantasy with a touch of horror. They also included mass market, trade paperback, and hardcover books. We also had three print-on-demand books entered, with one of them becoming a finalist."

The judges for the 2001 Award were Dave Duncan, Elizabeth Hand, and Michael P. Kube-McDowell.

The Endeavour Award represents a collaborative effort by writers and fans of Science Fiction and Fantasy to recognize works of excellence. It is named for the H.M. Bark Endeavour, the ship in which Capt. James Cook explored the Pacific and is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (OSFCI), the organization that sponsors OryCon and other Oregon conventions. The corporation also sponsors the Jo Clayton Memorial Medical Fund and the Susan Petrey Clarion Scholarships.

Smof Stuff Wanted

Chris "The Magician" O'Shea announced online, "I'm looking for volunteers to write up some articles for the SMOF.COM website. Don't worry if you want to remain anonymous or want me to edit and pull the articles together, I'm happy to do that ... the particular articles I'd like to get are:

"(1) How to bid for a worldcon (parties, publications, publicity, bid committees, communication, handling problems, contacting potential guests etc. etc. Plus how to handle getting the vote out and what to do when you've gone to all this effort and you find you've lost (sour grapes are fine, but I may edit them or allow a rebuttal....);

"(2) How to run local conventions;

"(3) How fandom differs in different parts of the US (for the rest of the world the US is one country, but once you are in the good ol' US of A, it becomes very clear that LA fans are different from Boston fans and different from New York fans and from Washington D.C. fans and from Atlanta fans etc. etc.)

"(4) Anything else that you think would be good on the SMOF.COM website. (I've left it without any updates for too long and I'm trying to bring it back up to date and add new stuff so people come back and find use-

ful stuff there!) In particular if there were/are any forms (membership, masquerade, party booking etc.) that might be useful to pass on to other conventions, operations handbooks, advice on handling Fire Marshals etc. then they would all be greatly appreciated." Contact O'Shea through: www.smof.com,

Elephant Express

Only five years after L.A.con III members voted the award, SCIFI has delivered the *Animal Farm* Retro-Hugo, to the agent for the George Orwell Estate.

Bruce Pelz explains, "This was the first opportunity we had to bring the Hugo over and deliver it. We didn't want to ship it -- a previous shipment of a Hugo into the UK resulted in the recipient having to fight HM Customs to get out of VAT and god knows what other taxes. Since there was no reason to think the Estate wanted the thing enough to go through *that*, the personal delivery route was the simplest, if not particularly timely."

Changes of Address

Chris M. Barkley, 110 Bavarian Drive Apt. E, Middletown, OH 45044-5448

Ron & Linda Bushyager, 4025 Mitra Ct., Las Vegas, NV 89103-0162

Grant Canfield, 7 Flemings Court, Sausalito, CA 94965

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Leigh Strother-Vien, E-mail:

leighsv@earthlink.net

Amy Thomson and Edd Vick, 1505 SW Alaska St., Seattle, WA 98106

No Longer Homeless

Pat and Roger Sims e-mailed their friends this update about their move to Florida: "[In August] we signed a contract on a house in Orlando; ...the house inspection went well, so it now looks as if we will no longer have to pitch a tent for us and the cats in Dick Spelman's back yard! With no problems, we should close on September 24 (the same as here), the movers come on the 26th and we should be in Orlando on the 28th or 29th... The new address is 7030 Villa Estelle Drive, Orlando, FL."

Fannish Perspectives on the WTC Attack

Fans Wonder If Friends Are Safe

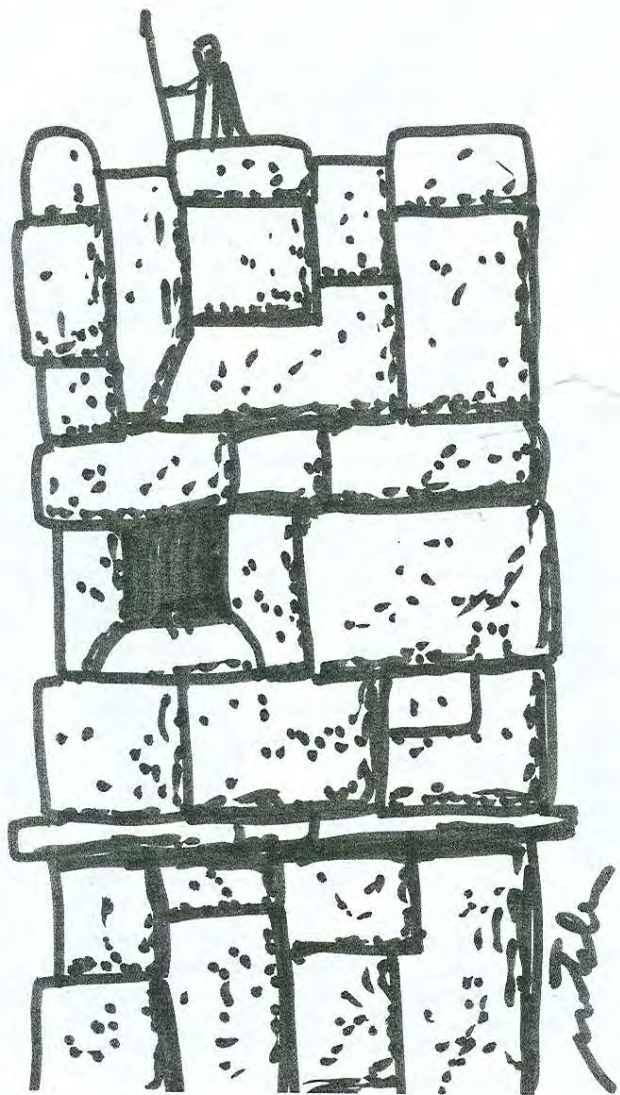
by Mike Glycer

Diana awakened to the radio alarm and told me the news reports about a plane crashing into the World Trade Center. My answer -- "You're kidding," -- was not really disbelief, only a way of resisting the dreadful images that came to mind. We soon learned the truth was even worse than we imagined. And the attacks were on cities where we knew dozens of people: were they safe?

We were in Northern California at an offsite campus of APU that lacked a TV set, but had given every student and teacher a laptop computer and wireless Internet connections. Under the conditions, a computer was a better tool for finding out what I was anxious to know. New York fans immediately began an e-mail "roll call," and someone created a web page to list names of those who'd been in touch. In the DC area, Rich Lynch reported seeing the smoke of the Pentagon from his office across the river. Fortunately, no fans in either location were killed or injured. And none were aboard the hijacked planes.

The tragedy did directly touch the family of Ellen Caswell, formerly active in DC-area clubs in the 1980s and early 1990s. Her brother, William Caswell, was one of the workers killed when the American Airlines jet hit the Pentagon.

This profoundly criminal act has rocked the entire country, and the effects will be felt for years to come. In the following columns, Ed Green remembers the moment of the attack, then Tim Marion shares his experiences living in Manhattan in the days following the attack, and probing his personal frustration about whether justice will be done.



September 11 by Ed Green

Life is always about perceptions. Every day colors your view of the world you knew before, and what you've learned.

September 11, 2001 certainly was no different.

I'd fumbled the snooze button on my clock radio, shutting down the alarm in hopes that the 6-minute lull would translate into some deep restful sleep. But the LA radio station went to a news bulletin. Sleep-fogged, my brain still caught the basic story. A plane had crashed into one of the two towers of the

World Trade Center. "Wow!" I thought, "That's just like the time the US Army bomber crashed into the Empire State Building in the 40s." I crawled out of bed and shambled into the living room, clicking on the TV. After making a cup of tea, I sat down intending to watch a few minutes.

They were showing the tower that had been hit. I was impressed with how much smoke was pouring out of the building. And here my first perception came to life. Amazing how a small plane could cause all that damage and smoke. Of course it was a small plane. One of those 4-passenger prop jobs. Someone with only a couple of dozen hours of solo stick time. Yeah, they could really screw up and slam into a big building.

But I'd forgotten the time I'd walked through the lobby of the WTC North Tower, the sense of weight, of imposing mass, the ever so slight fear of being under something that couldn't possibly stand up. Forgotten the size of the thing. That was critical. Had I remembered the true size of the building, I would have known that no small plane could have possibly started such a large fire and done so much damage.

Twenty years in the military, six working with a trained bomb sniffing police dog, five pushing papers with an Artillery Battalion and just over eight as an

Intelligence Analyst, I learned things about explosions and their effects on people and things. When I saw the explosion, the sky covering sheets and walls of flame spurting out from the building, old facts and training suddenly fought for first place in my thoughts. There was information missing. This wasn't right. An accident rarely goes this badly unless it's a military jet with weapons.

About then the voices of the TV anchors settled into understandable words, instead of noises competing with my own thoughts.

"My God, that was another jet!"

"It just flew into the second tower!"

"Rewind the video, rewind the video!"

Another jet? What? I didn't see it. NBC had the lower quarter of the screen covered with advertising. On the far right of the screen was the Channel 4 logo. There was another

jet? Huh?

"Hurry -- rewind it."

"Did you see it -- oh my God!"

"Its still burning -- get that video on!"

The TV image froze. The banners disappeared. The reporter was saying something and a dark outline flew onto the screen from my right hand side. I could see the two huge engines, since the plane was banked onto its port side. It just moved across the screen, from right to left. A brief moment and then it disappeared behind the smoking tower. A pause, quicker than the onset of pain from a match, faster than the tingle of the first hint of true love.

And on the far left side of the building, the flare of hell fires.

"The World Trade Center is under attack!"

That's what one of the talking heads is yelling.

Can't be. That's something you'd see in a really bad movie. This is a lot of things, but it's not a bad movie. If it were, my set would be showing something else. Anything else. The remote is almost broken by my thumbing as I'm slamming through all the channels. Something else. Even a commercial for Monday Night Football. But no, the same two buildings are leaking smoke. Planes don't attack buildings. Aliens from space do. I could believe it was a UFO more easily than what I was watching.

Now, there's just a pillar of smoke rising up, polluting the sky. I should feel something. Some emotion. And I do.

The number of times I've felt it is less than five. That shifting of your soul that always seems to start in your belly and then rush all through you. Electric in speed, warm in an unhealthy way, bringing me as close to those ancestors who lived in caves as I'll ever get. Fear as plain and raw as we ever feel it.

I'd just watched the start of an attack on America. I'd just watched thousands of people die. What the Hell is going on?

There aren't words to describe anything about what we've just seen. For all our growth and civilization, the Human Race is incapable of conveying emotions like these in words.

What would these people have said when Mount Vesuvius exploded above them? How can anything noble and important be said walking through the killing fields of Cambodia?

If professional reporters are reduced to fumbling for the right words, what about someone like me? What about the millions of us who sat and stared at the television? We also are struck mute. But now, I understand the emotions of a lone reporter who one night in Lakehurst, New Jersey watched an airship burn and crash. "Oh the Humanity!" he cried.

Now, I not only understand his emotions, I share them. And his tears.

Some Thoughts on What's Happening by Tim Marion

September 15: There is an unusual hush that has fallen over the streets of the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Gone is the usual roar of the traffic, which normally does not cease even at night. The bridges have been closed, and almost no vehicular traffic has been on the streets. The police are everywhere, establishing checkpoints at 14th and Houston Streets, and surrounding the entire area. The people walk around with a haunted look in their eyes - they try to look and act normal, but you can tell the difference. Everyone looks as though they have stared death in the face and wondered why he didn't take them too, and wonder when their turn will actually come. Smiles are a rare commodity in New York now.

The president was in town today, and the constant whooshing growl of unseen jet engines, high in the sky, caused both me and others to look skyward with a questioning gaze; knowing, even if we did see something coming, we would most likely be unable to avoid it in time. No one knows what to expect or why this is happening. Although it is technically, in terms of its devastation, an act of war, at the same time, the fact that it's an act of terrorism means that it was designed more to frighten and demoralize the American people as opposed to totally destroying us. An act orchestrated by a mad coward with de-

lusions that he will get away with it and that it doesn't matter if he doesn't. Someone who believes he serves God in the form of Allah, but most likely serves Kali (Hindu death goddess) and Mammon (Biblical demon who thrives on suffering). We are facing an enemy whose face remains hidden and who, if his face was not, still could not be negotiated with - this is a human enemy so inimical to our life that we must squash it the same as we would any insect or parasite which threatens us. In order to fight this war, we will have to descend to his level and fight a long, drawn-out war of subterfuge and conspiracies - merely bombing the hell out of deserts or hospitals and schools will accomplish nothing except more misery.

September 17: When I came back to work Thursday and Friday nights, I found a huge outpouring of email concern for me from all around the globe --- Dick Jenssen from Australia was telling me that he and Bruce Gillespie's wife had hunted for East Broadway on the map and duly discovered that it was a mite too close to Ground Zero, and had been concerned. Not only that, but eventually Jeff's [e-mail] server came back up and there were two people there who had discovered they could e-mail me that way. Thank you all, you really have no idea. Honestly



Lasting Impressions: News from the World of Fanzines

Ditto 14

"You thought it was a fanzine con," Leah Zeldes Smith mused when she counted six former Worldcon chairmen among the members of Ditto 14: Sims, DeVore, Olson, Siclari, Veal and Sapienza. Ditto, combined with FanHistoricon 11, convened in Bob Tucker's home town of Bloomington, IL over the October 12-14 weekend. Afterwards, Tucker distributed an issue of *eZombie* advising connoisseurs to search Keith Stokes' online photo gallery < <http://www.kcsciencefiction.org/01ditto01.htm> > if they want to....

- See Jack Speer accepting the coveted Jim Beam Shotglass Award!
- See Dick Smith and Leah Zeldes Smith plotting control of fanzine fandom!
- See D. Gary Grady, Steve Francis and Tucker plotting to abscond with the treasury!
- See Joe Siclari demonstrating his secret mastery of Fanac fandom!
- See Edie Stern and Mark Olson seizing control of the convention!
- See Rob Chilson, D. Gary Grady and Carolyn Doyle just plotting!
- See the birth of SMOFF = Secret Masters of Fanzine Fandom!
- It is midnight -- do you know where your mimeograph is?

Toronto will host next year's convention, Ditto 15, in October 2002. Attending memberships are \$30 (US), \$45 (CDN). Make checks payable to Ditto and send them to Murray Moore, 2002 Ditto 15 CC&BW, 1065 Henley Road, Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8, Canada. Supporting memberships may be purchased for \$10 (CDN or US).

Zine Raising Funds For Fannish Charities

Spirits of Things Past 4: The CONTACT Fanthology, published by Dick and Leah Smith in conjunction with ditto 14, is a sparkling 100-page fanzine in which 72 fans tell how they found their way to fandom. (P.S. The zine literally sparkles!)

The contributors include fanzine fans, convention fans, techies, pros, Hugo winners, Worldcon chairs, and more -- among them Forry Ackerman, Jack L. Chalker, Howard DeVore, Phyllis Eisenstein, John Foyster, Gordon Garb, Deb Geisler, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glycer, Rob Jackson, Terry Jeeves, Dave Langford, Eric Lindsay, Rich and Nicki Lynch, Craig Miller, Jodie Offutt, Mark and



Jack Speer and Bob Tucker in high spirits at ditto 14. Photo by Keith Stokes.

Priscilla Olson, Bruce Pelz, Andrew I. Porter, Tullio Proni, Mike Resnick, Jon Singer, Jack Speer, Bob Tucker, Tom Veal, William R. Warren, Peter Weston and Tom Whitmore.

Copies are \$10, including U.S. postage (add \$5 for copies to be sent outside the United States, \$10 for overseas airmail). The proceeds benefit ditto, FanHistoriCon and DUFF. Send a check or money order made out to Richard Smith to P.O. Box 266, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0266, USA.

Canadian Fanhistory: A Help Wanted Ad By R. Graeme Cameron

I was on stage as one of the presenters when I won the Fan Achievement (Organizational) Aurora award. I was stunned, since I hadn't expected to win, figuring other nominees were more deserving. I staggered forward and delivered an impromptu thank you speech meant to be funny but which was probably rambling and incoherent. Still, a delightful surprise.

As many of my Fannish contacts are aware, I gaffiated a few years back due to personal problems. I made one attempt to degaffiate, but that proved premature. My 11th issue of *Space Cadet*, for instance, is prepared, but I lack funds to repro and distribute it. Likewise my last issue of *CanFapa*. To top it off, things have gotten so bad I've been forced to file for bankruptcy and must account to my trustee for literally every penny I earn and spend. Not much fun this.

On the plus side, however, in casting about for a fanac hobby that won't cost me

anything I've restarted work on the biggest project I've ever attempted, namely "The Canadian Fancyclopedia: An Incomplete Guide to Twentieth Century Canadian Science Fiction Fandom". This will be an A to Z listing of fannish lingo, legends and fhistory as complete as is sufficient to convey the nature of the beast, and will include as many Canadian fanzines as my research reveals. I'm not interested in providing a Swisher style checklist/index, as that would be of use only to collectors. What I want to do is describe the zines so that the casual reader (who will probably never actually see any of these zines) gains a sense of what they were like and per-

haps, just perhaps, will feel inspired to revive the archaic practice of pubbing your ish.

My sources are the usual suspects, the first two *Fancypedias*, classic works by fanhistorians like Harry Warner Jr. and Garth Spencer, whatever I can glean from the net, my personal zine collection, and the 5,000+ issue zine collection of the BCSFA which originated with a bequest from the Susan Wood estate. But I need more.

What I would like is for those fans who pub, collect or are in any way familiar with Cdn zines to send me capsule comments and reviews on individual or entire runs of Cdn zines. I am particularly interested in the zines of the '30s, '40s, '50s and '60s as these are the decades for which I have the least information. All sources will be credited. I wouldn't mind being sent photocopies of legendary zines like *A Bas* or *Energumen*, but I can't afford to reimburse anybody. Truth to tell all I really need are people's opinions and views on these zines. My ultimate goal is to provide a reasonably entertaining glimpse of Cdn fandom in the last century in the hope it will inspire others to carry fandom forward well into the 21st century.

I've begun to transfer my working notes for "The Canadian Fancyclopedia: An Incomplete Guide to Twentieth Century Canadian Science Fiction Fandom" to a newly created web site which can be reached at:

<http://members.shaw.ca/rgraeme/home.html>

Now my project has become an interactive research project! I'm hoping for massive amounts of feedback from fanzine fans and collectors as I add more material on an ongo-

ing basis. People can contact me at < rgraeme@home.com > or by writing to me at: 86 Warrick Street, Coquitlam, B.C., V3K 5L4, Canada.

eFNAC: *A Private Fanzine?*

Commentary by John Foyster

In the August 2001 *File 770* Mike Glycer wrote that I wanted to keep my fanzine, *eFNAC*, "a private fanzine." It took me some time to adjust to this description, because up until now I had thought that all fanzines were "private fanzines."

But then I had never seen the expression before, so perhaps I misunderstand.

To me, all the entities I think of as fanzines are "private"; the editor-publisher enters into a relationship with her/his readers that is personal - the readers are known to the editor. Since you mail out your fanzine, you have to know a name and address (or at least something approximating that) for each recipient (except for those copies you give away at a convention).

I realize that this isn't a universal rule. Sometimes fanzines are sold at newsstands, although nowadays I would guess such "fanzines" would fit, Hugo-wise, into the semi-pro category. But once you start using the Internet to distribute a fanzine, some new questions come up, and perhaps this is one of them.

When I started publishing *eFNAC* a year and a half ago I just emailed it to a few friends. But because *eFNAC* is typically a shade over a megabyte in size, this can be an expensive business for the recipient; so why not let them download it from a web-site at a time when they get a price break from their ISP?

That seems easy enough. So for a time there was a dual method of distribution: you could get it by direct email or you could download it from the web page. Having *eFNAC* available on a web-page did mean that anyone could download it, but *eFNAC* and "Foyster" are pretty obscure words to be looking for, so I didn't think that too many non-fans would lumber onto the site. And since *eFNAC* is published in Adobe's PDF format, the contents would be protected from search engines so that the mention of a more illustrious name in the fanzine would not drag surfers to the page. But then GOOGLE began indexing PDF files.

That meant that any word in the fanzine might drag in the surfers. Does this matter? Perhaps not, but it does change the relationship between the "fanzine editor/publisher" and the "reader." Putting a publication on the web is like hanging up an advertising hoarding. There's nothing wrong with advertise-

ments for dishwashing liquids, but they seem to me to be inherently different from what I understand fanzines to be, and both the content and the attitude of the reader seem to be different.

So I consulted my web page handler (Erika Lacey) and we stuck a password protection scheme on the page. That prevents GOOGLE and other search engines from indexing random phrases in the fanzine. But the web page itself gives a short summary of the contents, so someone seriously interested in one of the main topics will find themselves (probably) directed to the web page.

And I give the passwords to anyone who writes to me. As a result I now have two *eFNAC* mailing lists - those who get a direct email copy from me, and those who use the passwords to download a copy from the web-page. Every month - well whenever I publish an issue - both lists get a letter advising the availability of an issue and some other notes. So I know (more or less) who my readers are, just as is the case for a regular fanzine.

Some users of the internet are reluctant to reveal their identities, something that is comparatively rare in oldstyle fandom. It's not something I worry about - you can find out plenty about "John Foyster" in a websearch (and sometimes the web page actually does refer to me...) - so I'm generally happy to have my name listed anywhere (spell it right, though), although there was an Australian Senate enquiry last year that I wouldn't have minded being left out of...

But some take anonymity a little too far. Around the time we were adding the password protection to the web-page I got an email whose entire content was, in the subject line, "please subscribe me." I suppose this might have been an enquiry about *eFNAC*, but I am also the owner-moderator of three mailing lists (only one anything to do with fandom), so I wrote back saying (in essence), "sorry, your request is unclear - what do you want to be subscribed to?" But I didn't get an answer; presumably the anonymous would-be subscriber thought I was being too intrusive.

Going a little further, the way information is being handled on the internet creates new privacy questions. Suppose in his privately-circulated fanzine M*k* Gly*r remarks, in frustration, "my boss is a real dickhead." Then I, in my webzine, reviewing fanzines received, choose a particularly juicy quote from M*k*'s



Leah and Dick Smith, organizers of ditto 14. Photo by Keith Stokes.

fanzine to illustrate, say, how fans are frustrated on the job and get their own back in their fanzines. M*k*'s vindictive boss does a websearch to find out whether he can get evidence to sack M*k* and comes up with this quote that M*k* possibly doesn't even know about...

As it happens, I don't know anyone called M*k* Gly*r, so this is an entirely fictional example. But I do see a few privately-circulated fanzines in which editors or other contributors sound off about their bosses "safe" in the knowledge that what they say won't go any further. No, indeed.

I think we will still be working out how to link the traditional idea of a fanzine with "new technology" for years to come, but for the time being I prefer to retain, for any fanzine I publish, an old-fashioned idea about the relationship between editor/publisher and reader. There are other ways in which fanzines may make the transition - for example the various diaries - but that's a different path.



Alex Eisenstein and Roger Sims at ditto 14. Photo by Keith Stokes.



Obituaries

Milton A. Rothman

Milton Rothman, 81, chairman *emeritus* of Millennium Philcon, died October 9 of a heart attack after battling diabetes and Parkinson's disease. Services will be held November 4 at 3 p.m. at the Trinity Center for Urban Life, in Philadelphia.

Rothman was a prodigy in fandom and the wider world. He founded clubs and conventions, wrote for the prozines, and chaired two Worldcons. Rothman's career as a scientist included ten years of nuclear physics research, ten years of fusion energy research, and ten years of teaching.

He began in fandom by writing letters to the prozines. The earliest he signed "Milton S. Rothman," but he later adopted the middle initial "A" for "Arcot," after one of John W. Campbell's heroes.

In 1935, the 15-year-old Rothman sent *Wonder Stories* the modest sum required to join the Science Fiction League and became member No. 34. The same year, he co-founded (together with Jack Baltadonis and Bob Madle) the Philadelphia chapter of the League, soon renamed the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society.

In the autumn of 1936 at the Rothman family home, five or so Philadelphia fans

hosted six New York fans at a meeting they announced as the first science fiction convention. The New Yorkers returned the courtesy by nominating Rothman to chair the meeting. He was a prodigy who graduated high school at the age of 16 and entered Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science to study chemistry, yet in his

own view, "I was very young, inexperienced and very impressed by the visitation of the New York contingent. They were a little older, on the average, and vastly more sophisticated."

Time proved his leadership skills to be much more than honorary. He was elected president of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA), became a director of the ill-starred Fantasy Foundation, and chaired the board of advisors for the fledgling N3F. He served as chairman of the Fifth World Science Fiction Convention (Philcon) in Philadelphia in 1947. He assumed the duties again in 1953 for the 11th Worldcon (Philcon II), after the death of its original chairman, James Williams. At Philcon II, the first Hugo Awards were presented. (Rothman thus became the first fan to chair two Worldcons, solo. Only one other fan has chaired twice, J. Ben Stark, co-chairman of both Oakland Worldcons.)

Rothman also published a popular fanzine, *Miltie's Mag*, from 1939-1945. It continued under the name *Plenum* until 1950. *Plenum* won the first FAPA egboo poll, in 1948.

Rothman earned a doctorate in physics from the University of Pennsylvania in

1952. He worked until 1959 at the Bartol Research Foundation investigating nuclear-energy levels. From 1959 to 1969, he worked at the Princeton Plasma Physics Laboratory on Project Matterhorn, studying methods of heating ionized gas to very high temperatures. Rothman then joined the faculty at Trenton State College, now the College of New Jersey, where he taught until 1979. He also had a 15-year association with the Franklin Institute Research Center, from which he retired in 1985.

Rothman also wrote for the prozines, using a pseudonym to keep his science career separate from his science fiction. Between 1939 and 1951 he published five short stories as "Lee Gregor," including the oft-reprinted "Heavy Planet." He modestly asserted, "I wrote my most important story when I was 19 and as far as fiction was concerned it was downhill all the way after that."

Twenty years after the last "Lee Gregor" story, he resumed writing fiction for the prozines under his own name, his very last story appearing in 1979. Rothman also wrote popular science articles for the prozines, including several in the late 1970's for *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*, edited by fellow Philadelphian George Scithers. He authored eight nonfiction books, including *A Physicist's Guide to Skepticism* and a "massive chemistry text," and humorously observed, "Curiously, doing the textbook does not seem to have damaged my fiction style."

Rothman was honored as Fan GoH by the 1998 Worldcon. Considering that his name seems to appear on half the pages in *All Our Yesterdays*, it was a homage long overdue!

Alan Dodd

Appreciation by Mike Deckinger

Alan Dodd died of natural causes on June 5, 2001 at his home in Hertfordshire, Great Britain, a suburb of London. The local Borough Council conducted a funeral on June 28, in which many local friends attended. He had no living relatives.

Alan Dodd was a very active fan in the 50s and 60s, both as a contributor to other publications and as editor of his own fanzine, *Camber*. He earned the reputation of a hermit because he never appeared at any local club meetings, and only attended one conventions (which he left halfway through.) In later years, ill health and low funds forced him to curtail most of his activities, though he remained an avid letter-writer and had a keen interest in amateur photography. Alan Dodd achieved his greatest fame when Michael Moorcock christened him "Uncle Alan Dodd" in a Tarzan comic book Moorcock serialized for a local newspaper.

Milton A. Rothman Appreciation by David A. Kyle

Milty Rothman, like so many of us youngsters of the 1930s, was part of my life, from the distant past right into the new millennium. Some of us in the days of Gernsback's *Wonder Stories* were regularly published as letter writers, an elite group such as Forry Ackerman, Jack Darrow, and Bob Madle. I have pulled out the *Wonder* copy of October 1934 and looked into "The Reader Speaks." I had a letter in it and so did Milty. Milton A. Rothman asked plaintively why "my pal Ray Mariella can get two letters in one issue with his hands tied behind his back" and Milty doesn't. And, like Ray, he told of receiving his Science Fiction League certificate and pin, proud of being member number 34, stating his intent

to form an SFL chapter. He was stimulated by sf and wanted more of the "Science Questions and Answers" department. No wonder, or should I say because of *Wonder*, he did become a scientist. He and I lived far apart, but we met at the first sf con ever in 1936 and actively participated in fannish affairs. We were especially together when I stayed at his home for a week in the final days before 1953 worldcon helping in his chairmanship.

Goodbye, Milty. You were one of the originals. You were kind and thoughtful and a good friend throughout our occasional moments together. I do miss you, along with those others of First Fandom who have passed on. Goodbye, Milty.

In Passing

Rhode Island fan **Mark M. Keller** died on September 1 of adenocarcinoma. He was a scholar in the fields of biology and history. His specialty was the "Columbian Exchange," the biological interaction of the Old World with the New World after 1492. He frequently appeared on programs ranging from alternate history to hard sciences, at Boskone, Readercon and other conventions. He was a member of the SCA. *[[Source: The Kessel Run #9]]*

Walter H. Costello, long-time sf reader and occasional fanwriter, died September 1 at home in Cincinnati after a lengthy battle with cancer.

Michael Anthony (Tony) Oliveri died on June 23 of respiratory failure at age 60 at Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D.C. Tony Oliveri was one of the founders of Knossos, the Washington branch of the Mythopoeic Society, when the group was re-formed in 1984. Oliveri also founded the Children of the Night, a horror book discussion group that lasted for a few years. He was also a collector of fantasy and horror art, and talked about his collection at local conventions in the late 1980s and early 1990s. Oliveri, who spent most of his career as a mechanical engineer for the General Services Administration, is survived by his second wife, Leonicia Icyan, and Elena Oliveri Hiett, a daughter from his first marriage. *[[Source: Martin Morse Wooster]]*

Laurie Koon of Redmond, WA died from a heart condition on August 17. A frequent attendee of NWSFS social events, she was 29.

Heinlein Chair Filled By Dr. Vincent Pisacane

The United States Naval Academy Foundation has announced that Vincent L. Pisacane Ph. D. will fill the first endowed chair in aerospace engineering at the Naval Academy. The Robert A. Heinlein Chair in Aerospace Engineering was established with an anonymous gift of \$2.6 million in honor of the renowned science fiction author and graduate of the Class of 1929.

Dr. Pisacane comes to the Naval Academy from the Space Department of the Applied Physics Laboratory of Johns Hopkins, where he has been a staff member since 1962. In this position, Dr. Pisacane did fundamental work in astronomical engineering and development of space instrumentation, and small and large spacecraft. His involvement as Associate Director of the

Maryland Space Grant Consortium gave him the opportunity to help direct an undergraduate satellite development program. In addition, Dr. Pisacane teaches masters level courses in spacecraft systems at the Johns Hopkins University (JHU) Whiting School of Engineering and courses in space system design and engineering at the Applied Technology Institute. He most recently served as the Director of the Institute for Advanced Science and Technology in Medicine (IASTM); Assistant JHU/APL Director for Research and Exploratory Development; and Assistant JHU/APL Director for Biomedical Programs.

Ignotus Awards 2001

The Ignotus awards recognizing outstanding Spanish achievements in the field of fantasy and science fiction from the year 2000 were presented Saturday, September 29, 2001 in Zaragoza (Spain) Hispacon. Recognized were:

Best novel: *Nuxlum*, by José Antonio Suárez (Espiral)

Best novella: "Rax," by Eduardo Vaquerizo (Espiral)

Best short story: "La canica en la palmera", by Rafael Marín (Artifex 2E)

Best Anthology: *Besos de alacrán y otros relatos*, by León Arsenal (Metropolis Milenio)

Best related book: *Paradojas: ciencia en la ciencia ficción*, by Miquel Barceló (Equipo Sirius)

Best Article: "Viajando hacia las estrellas, naves estelares en la CF", by Cristóbal Pérez-Castejón (BEM WEB) and "¡Bester! ¡Bester!", by Juan Manuel Santiago (Gigamesh)

Best Illustration: Cover from *Snow Crash*, by Juan Miguel Aguilera and Paco Roca (Gigamesh).

Best Audiovisual : *El corazón del guerrero*, by Daniel Monzón (film)

Best Poetic: *Desert*

Best Magazine: *Gigamesh*, Alejo Cuervo Editor.

Best Foreign Novel: *Snow Crash*, by Neal Stephenson (Gigamesh)

Best foreign short story: "Entra un soldado, después otro", "Enter a Soldier. Later: Enter Another" by Robert Silverberg (Gigamesh)

Best Web site : Bibliópolis, crítica en la Red (<http://www.bibliopolis.org>"), Luis G. Prado Ed.

Jedi Makes the UK Census List

It's official: "Jedi Knight" is ON the list of religions for the 2001UK census. According to the BBC, a campaign to get people to write the entry on their census forms has succeeded in the term being included on the list of religions, alongside Church of Eng-

land, Roman Catholic, Muslim, Buddhist, and Hindu.

Sufficient numbers of people wrote the entry in for it to be allocated its own code for the census processing team to use -- but officials from the Office of National Statistics are keen to point out that just because Jedi Knight has been given its own code, that does not confer on it the status of official recognition.

"We are not defining what a religion or a faith might be," a spokeswoman said. "We are recognizing what some may have entered on their census form and ensuring that our coding framework will cater for it."

Other religions which are included on the list, alongside the better known cases, are the Church of Free Love, Wiccan, Divine Lightmission, and Coleraine Christian Centre. Also on the list: Druidism, Satanism, Free thinker, Celtic Pagan.

Shortly before the census last April, an e-mail was circulated in the U. K. stating that if 10,000 people put Jedi on the census form, it would become a "fully recognized and legal religion." A similar thing had previously happened in New Zealand, when citizens were led to believe they needed 8,000 signatures to make Jedi an official religion.

It is not yet clear how many people will have written Jedi on their form, as the counting process is still going on. Results are to be published in Autumn 2002.

Letterhacks' Addresses

Allan D. Burrows, 320 Maple Grove Ave., Mississauga, ONT L5A 1Y2 Canada
Marty Cantor, louisshoohah@netzero.net
Raul G. Capella, 904 N. 3rd Ave., Upland, CA 91786-3911

Paula DiSante, E-mail:

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John Foyster, E-mail: foyster@senet.com.au

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Robert Lichtman, E-mail:

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Ron Salomon, 1014 Concord St.,

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Joy V. Smith, E-mail: Pagadan@aol.com

Henry L. Welch, E-mail: welch@msoe.edu

Martin Morse Wooster,

E-mail: mmwooster@yahoo.com

Ben Frankly Speaking

Millennium Philcon

August 30-September 3, 2001

Worldcon Report by Mike Glycer 



Reading Terminal in the old days: now the main entrance of the Pennsylvania Convention Center.

Over 5000 fans converged on the Pennsylvania Convention Center to attend Millennium Philcon, the 2001 Worldcon. The Philadelphia facility, formerly the Reading Terminal, dwarfs human dimensions. The main entrance is the Terminal's nine-story "headhouse" on Market Street. Escalators take visitors up to the Grand Hall, a dramatic space converted from the old trainshed, where acres of marble floor have replaced tracks and platforms. Designers have preserved the ninety-foot-high vaulted ceiling of 19th-century iron and glass, and integrated a neon sculpture that sprawls around the ceiling like a dissected theme park ride.

The Pennsylvania Convention Center was a great facility for the Worldcon. But when Mark Twain described Captain Stormfield's arrival at the Jovian entrance to heaven, it's likely he had this place in mind. The distance from the front door to registration was the

equivalent of two city blocks. As if this stretch needed emphasis, the architect punctuated the corridor with frequent alcoves whose identical arrangements of benches and pictures resembled the endlessly repeating background scenery of a Tom and Jerry chase.

The long corridor traverses the second story, over Reading Terminal Market. It ends in a T-intersection with the Exhibit Hall. That intersection was the focus of the convention. Everyone passed by on the way to the Art Show and Dealers Room or the main program rooms. Registration, flyer boards, and snack stands were also sited around the intersection. One flight up, on the third floor, were the convention offices, including Program Ops and the Green Room.

Wednesday in Program Ops: Janice Gelb had recruited me to work in Program Operations. I entered with the greeting, "I've come to wear the chains I forged in life." Tom Galloway agreed, "Size 53 long!"

Janice rapidly acquainted her staff with her methods by wearing a t-shirt stamped with bright, metallic letters, saying "Warning - Sarcastic and Cynical." In reality, Janice can always be counted on for an effective and diplomatic answer to a problem.

Program Ops was an excellent place to meet the guests of honor, for one simple reason: we had the GoH badge ribbons. Fan Guest of Honor George Scithers came to get his, wearing a red hat and his customary plaid jacket. Having seen him looking like this in old photos, I asked him if he'd worn the same jacket to every Worldcon. George said, "No, the louder ones finally wore out!"

Ribbons: Ribbons are more than an eye-catching way to identify dealers, artists and program participants. They're a creative outlet for the committee to show it's not taking itself too seriously. Sharon Sbarsky placed orders for over 7000 total ribbons in dozens of varieties. She showed off her master set to those of us working in Program Ops. I wrote down what seemed to me the funniest and

most cryptic titles:

Two Weeks
It's All My Fault
Tardis Pilot
Rubber Chicken
Triumvirate Free Zone
¾ Century of Boring Conventions
Elaine Rules
Lovely Parting Gift

Huey, Dewey, Louie and Unca Scrooge (for Treasury, said Adina Adler. Kathryn Daugherty added, "They all have green shirts with money printed on them.")

I hoped as the convention unfolded I would learn the meanings of them all.

Oddly enough, program participant ribbons ran out almost immediately. The committee ordered an exact number of these, intending to help control access to the Green Room, and it was not quite enough. Some people were agitated because they wanted to be able to get into the Green Room, others simply because they wanted the acknowledgement. As John Mansfield told his 1994 Worldcon committee, "It's amazing what a person will do for a little scrap of ribbon."

Registration: Registration suffered chronic problems. Eva Whitley Chalker's family had registered together, but only one of her two sons was shown as a member. When Dana Siegel's family tried to register, only one out of four badges could be found. Other fans also reported that Registration located records for only part of their families. These and other problems were the symptoms of choices and late planning by the local MilPhil committee which handicapped the Registration staff, who were forced to use their skills to make the best of it.

They were led by Winnipeg's Linda Ross Mansfield, who said the local committee did not give her critical resources until scant weeks before the con. She offered two examples of what they had to overcome: "(1) Not receiving the member database until very late (Aug 10th) blew my timeline out of the water and my home crew did yeoman service prepping all the [pre-registered members'] cards. (2) Not being told I would not have the benefit of any networked computers, (the last I had heard I had been restricted to four) until

very late, meant that I was forced to print the name tag labels for the all the pre-reg'd cards, prior to the con."

A side-effect of the rush to produce badges in time was the choice of a tiny typeface to print the names. The badges could only be read by leaning closely forward and squinting. Registration did make name tag replacements in 24-pt. type during the con.

Be that as it may, unreadable badge names are a perennial complaint. Keith Lynch, a veteran fan, always comes to Worldcons wearing a virtual scarf made by stringing together all his membership badges. John Hertz pointed out to me that Keith's name appeared in suitably large type only on his 1996 Worldcon and 1999 NASFiC badges. This has been a problem so long, several of us proposed an amendment to the WSFS constitution to require 24-pt. type.

Thursday in Passing: Andy Dyer wondered if attendance was affected by the downturn in the economy. He felt it would be ironic if the local voters who said three years ago they didn't want to go to a Worldcon in Orlando also decided they couldn't afford one in Philly. This was a good question, because MilPhil entered the weekend with membership numbers appropriate to San Antonio and Winnipeg, rather than to a huge East Coast city within driving range of New York and Baltimore.

It was only Thursday, of course. Some working fans probably couldn't come in until Saturday. (In fact, on Saturday morning 290 one-day memberships were sold, worth over \$24,500. The committee estimated that MilPhil broke even on the strength of one-day membership sales.)

I met Maria Pavlac, who has moved to Boston to take care of a parent. She explained her attendance at MilPhil was the byproduct of buying a membership to vote

against the Boston/Orlando bid three years before. She was looking forward to voting for Charlotte, and with feigned reluctance predicted that if they won she'd come back for the 2004 Worldcon.

I also talked to John Pomerantz and Kathi Overton. Kathi told me she's been doing some work for IRS-TV, my employer's in-house video service. I hadn't seen her latest assignment, a training session delivered by a guy costumed as a one-touch keypad. Yes, your tax dollars at work.

John and Kathi also promised to post online the photo sequence showing the fans at their New Year's Eve Party when they announced they were getting married, then announced that the ceremony was going to be *right now*.

Opening Ceremonies: Fans often mention in their convention reports that they waited for a major event to start, but let's face it, in our hearts we don't really want them to start on time. We count on them to start late and leave us time to finish a conversation, meet a tardy friend, or gobble down the last bite of lunch. At MilPhil, this thinking even extended to fans actually appearing in Opening Ceremonies. Beside me in the crowd surging toward the Marriott Grand Ballroom, one of the actors answered his cell phone and explained to the director that he was on his way. Twenty more minutes passed before things began, probably to the pleasure of everyone but the director.

I used the time to greet Diana Thayer and Teddy Harvia. Teddy showed off his name badge, decorated with his Hugo nominee pin, another rocket-shaped pin, and little golden-colored bomber that would be suitable for World War II-era Retro Hugo nominees.

Eventually, the lights dimmed and Opening Ceremonies began. Early in the script someone explained that MilPhil took three

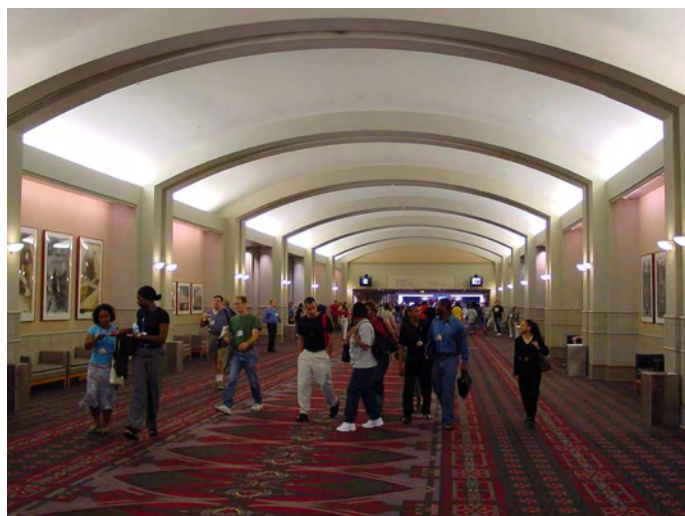
years of planning. On stage, Lew Wolkoff emphatically agreed, "And we needed those three years!" Ben Franklin had used the time to invent the propeller beanie perched on his head when he strolled onstage. The ceremony's stream-of-unconsciousness story then gave way to swordplay by the SFWA Musketeers, and Mark Blackman (in a head bandage) giving his impression of a Monty Python character.

A beautiful redhead escorted Chairman Todd Dashoff to the microphone so he could introduce toastmaster Esther Friesner. Dressed in a glittering gown, she was ushered onstage by two Chippendale's-type studmuffins. As they departed with the redhead, Esther warned, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" Everyone laughed as if they knew what that was.

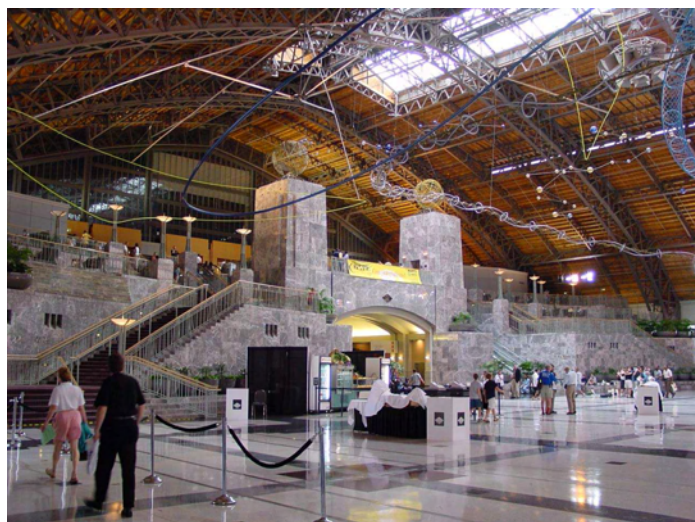
Esther introduced Fan GoH George Scithers with note that he wrote the first book on how to throw a Worldcon: "How to throw one, not how far to throw one." She introduced Editor GoH Gardner Dozois as co-creator, with George R.R. Martin, of the "Hugo Losers Party," which "he has been disqualified from attending." Esther called Writer GoH Greg Bear "A triple threat. This does not make him the Three Bears, however." She said Artist GoH Stephen Youll's less-well-known job is as a historical reconstruction artist at Durham Cathedral. As the punchline she revealed he's a twin: "But not Ashley or Mary Kay."

Todd Dashoff closed the ceremonies with a wonderful touch that gave the convention a sense of connection with Philadelphia's rich fannish history. Noting that Milton Rothman, chair of both previous Philadelphia Worldcons, was too ill to attend, Todd named him Chairman Emeritus and declared the con open in Rothman's name.

Accessibility: On the way out of Opening



The endless corridor to Registration. (Both photos by Vince Docherty, used by permission.)



The Grand Hall, showing the original trainshed vaulted ceiling, marble floor, and neon sculpture.

Ceremonies I talked to Doug Friauf, who navigates conventions in an motorized wheelchair. Doug reported that last night he was unable to get into 90% of the restaurants near the convention center because so many of them have a big step at the entrance.

As a result, Doug and some friends went to the McDonalds at the corner of Broad and Arch. He got up to the restaurant in the elevator. But when he left it broke down, and Doug was stuck inside munching his burger 'til two engineers fixed the problem.

Meet and Greet: MilPhil's Thursday night reception took place in the Overlook Bar, named for its view of the T-intersection formed by the exhibit hall and the corridor of meeting rooms leading out to Market Street. The third floor is set back from the exterior walls, like a terrace, making the bar a perch above it all.

MilPhil did its best to help people eat, drink and be merry. The event was well-publicized inside the con. The quality of veggies, cheese and fresh fruit was suited to the tone of the event. Program participants had all received free drink tickets redeemable only at the Meet and Greet. Yet attendance was modest. Everything possible had been done to spark the event except one thing. They forgot to close Philadelphia's vaunted restaurants. Thousands of fans went out for a great meal.

However, the GoHs and a lot of the other fan-friendly pros showed up at starting time. They mostly had each other to talk to at the beginning, and drew a corral of stuffed chairs around Gardner Dozois, who was leading the laughter. Then, once more fans arrived, they all got up and circulated through the party.

After the reception, I ran into Robin Johnson of Tasmania. He said he was just getting over yesterday's travels. He started at 6 a.m. in England by falling down a flight of stairs. He still made it to his plane – though it sat on the runway for three hours before being allowed to take off. One bright spot came when he was allowed to upgrade his seat, or as Robin phrased it, “upgraded from bottom to bottom-but-one.”

Mike Walsh of Old Earth Books pointed out the SFWA president, who wasn't wearing a badge. I asked if he was going incognito to learn what the common people think? Walsh said, “And learning they're buying huge quantities of Star Trek novels.”

Andrew Porter had taken the train down from New York, and half-seriously claimed he lived close enough to go home every night. As we talked, Rusty Hevelin passed by wearing a t-shirt with the message, “Oops, wrong planet!”

Thursday Evening Program: Who Wants To Be a Millionaire: Chris Barkley promised the contestants on his trivia show the chance to win “one million Turkish lira.”

He'd asked me to appear as one of the “lifelines,” so I went early. Tom Galloway was on the dais setting up his boom box and loading the CD of themes and musical prompts from the British version of the game. Then he warmed up the audience of 80 with serious scientific questions like, “Earth is what planet from the sun?”

When Chris started in earnest, he asked more challenging questions, so contestants eventually needed their lifelines. All three questions I got called for dealt with the history of the space program, and I remembered enough to help.

The first contestant anguished about trying to answer the 500,000 lira question, then decided to bail out and take the 250,000 he'd already won. (By the way, Chris, I never actually *saw* any lira...) Galloway gave him a “Lovely Parting Gift” ribbon for his badge.

The second contestant easily worked her way through the low-money questions, like “What is the name of the convention you're at?” She also knew what BEM stood for, and that Millennium Philcon's official mascot was not Benedict Arnold. However, she didn't make it past the 64,000 lira question, because she didn't know where the first Worldcon was held. She gambled by not calling on her lifelines, wanting to save them for higher level questions.

In the third round, Chris relented and let perennial Worldcon trivia contest winner Leo Doroschenko be a contestant. Chris, and everyone else, expected Leo to promptly run the table. But there was a question he could not answer: “What university did Indiana Jones teach at?” (Princeton.) Leo redeemed himself later, winning the “Trivia For Chocolate” event, and tying for first with Len Wein on “The Weakest Link” (hosted by Pat Cadigan.)

Friday In Passing: I started the day by working another shift in the Green Room. Janice Gelb had everything running smoothly. The only “problem” was that Mark Blackman had found it impossible to display the “5 minutes” warning sign in a room darkened for a slide show.

Most of the people I helped wanted to be added to the program. The organizers, Laurie and Jim Mann, had so many people respond positively to their participant questionnaire that although hundreds were placed, nearly 200 respondents were not. Some came to the Green Room in hope of last-minute openings. They were shown a list of about 20 vacancies that needed to be filled, and several were added that way.

One vacancy never seemed to get filled. Many would see the title of a panel called “Worldbuilding 101” and be ready to volun-



Millennium Philcon Membership Statistics

Chairman Todd Dashoff provided the following "unofficial but pretty close" report of MilPhil's membership figures. Dashoff favors a figure for total attendance of 4,592, reached by a formula that reduces one-day memberships to an equivalent number of full-attending memberships. However, if one assumes very few one-day members paid for subsequent days, the "warm body" count was closer to 5,000. This assumption is reasonable because MilPhil offered special rates for "the rest of the con" to people buying on Saturday and Sunday.

Pre-Registered

Attending	
Adult	4,091
Child	48
Supporting	922
Educator	5
	<u>5,066</u>

At-Con Registration

Full convention	315
Full - (converted support'g)	34
Thursday	33
Friday	119
Saturday	286
Sunday	144
Monday	10
Child Full	32
Child Days	44
Kid in Tow	6
Educator	2
Saturday to Mon	57
Sunday to Mon	17
Press	45
Supporting carried in	11
Comps	67
Total	<u>1,222</u>

Grand Total	6,288
Pre-Reg: Supporting	(922)
At-Con: Supporting	(11)
Pre-Reg: Attend No-shows	(335)
Total Attending	5,020

teer. Then they'd read the names of the other panelists – Greg Benford, Hal Clement and Yoji Kondo – and speechlessly go away.

Exhibits: The convention center's huge exhibit hall was split by pipe-and-drape into three main areas. In the back was the Art Show and Dealers Room. The front half was ringed by fan tables, miscellaneous exhibits and functions like Site Selection and Sales to

Members.

The main areas were a study in contrasts. The Art Show hangings imposed geometric orderliness on half the hall, while the Dealers Rom looked like a kicked-over anthill, with fans swarming over tables of merchandise.

There was no effort to visually unify the huge, generic space using thematic decorations. In the past, Magicon did this with a miniature golf course; L.A.con III transformed the exhibit hall into a spacescape by running colored streamers and star-shaped balloons across the ceiling; and ConFrancisco divided the floor with avenues of carpet and hung a dragon made of balloons from the ceiling as a visual signature. Lacking anything similar, Millennium Philcon's exhibits seemed continents apart in an overly large space. But this was specifically due to a lack of decoration, because the exhibits actually suited this space better than some facilities the Worldcon has used, for example, San Antonio.

Fan History: Joe Siclari supervised the extensive Worldcon history exhibit. The exhibit includes newspaper articles, fan photos and artifacts from every past Worldcon. Joe also had computers and other equipment to show the FANAC fanhistory archives, and scan in new contributions.

Joe came to the con despite being in recovery from surgery on a crushed disk. Joe said he didn't know what had done to damage the disk, but he was doing much better. To keep everything in his neck properly aligned, Joe wore a huge, hi-tech plastic collar. With all the buttons and flanges, it looked like Joe's head was stuck in a Denver boot – the thing police use to immobilize autos belonging to people who don't pay their parking tickets.

Bid Tables: The LA in '06 bidders' surprise at seeing an unmanned Dallas in '06 bid table beside their own was nothing compared to their surprise of seeing a fully-staffed Kansas City in '06 on the other side.

Dallas in '06 asked for a table, according to MilPhil sources, though they never came to claim it. Meanwhile, the KC bid held its cards close to the vest, maximizing its surprise appearance at the con. Although the group had put an ad in the Chicon 2000 souvenir book, my friends in KC had never been willing to explain its significance. 'Til now.

KC in '06 bid chair Margene Bahm, one of the "Redheads From Hell," said she was in the audience of a panel at this year's ConQuest when Ken Keller predicted there wouldn't be another KC Worldcon. She jumped up in the audience to say, "Not so fast...!"

Their facility is under construction in Overland Park, KS. It's due to be completed in 2002. If there were any skeptics, Margene quickly defused them by giving them a web-

cam address so they could see the progress for themselves -- the steel frame is already 6 stories high.

Hearing people talk, Margene felt not very many have paid attention to Kansas City conventions. They will now. KC cons are highly creative and run by a strong and experienced group. ConQuest, held on Memorial Day Weekend, has well-developed themes punctuated with lots of humor that elicit enthusiastic participation.

LA in 2006: I worked several shifts at the LA in 2006 bid table. The bid theme is "Join the Space Cadets," and we're issuing a new "skill patch" (like a merit badge) at scheduled conventions. The skills are depicted with heavy irony. For example, the patch for rocket ship piloting shows a Hugo-style rocket that's suffered a major fender-bender.

At Millennium Philcon, fans earned the "interspecies sex" skill patch by filling in the missing word in the phrase, "Interspecies sex between intergalactic aliens is ____." When Becky Thompson had difficulty deciding how to answer, Genny Dazzo asked, "Are you married?," and there was suddenly a gleam of understanding in Becky's eye.

Fans working at bid tables have the advantage of meeting tons of people without having to search for them. At the LA table, I was lucky enough to meet Yuri Mironets of Vladivostok, a Russian fanzine fan. Philadelphia's Catherine Mintz raised funds to bring him to the Worldcon. Mironets gave away little mementos to the fans he met. He handed me a pair of Soviet steel coins, formerly worth a few kopeks, now souvenirs of history.

Dealer's Room: Dealers were shocked to hear only two weeks before the con that they would need to pay \$100 for a temporary Philadelphia Business Privilege License. A few dealers wrote online they might have to abandon their tables. But I didn't hear any further controversy at the con about the permits and taxes. Even Ed Meskys brought *Niekas* for sale, though he'd expressed doubts about covering the costs of his table.

Dealer's room organizer Larry Smith said afterwards, "Only *one* dealer cancelled her single table, which we promptly resold to another dealer. Lots of my dealers griped both pre- and at-con about the fee, but 100% of them filled out their forms in compliance. Ed Meskys really was there and running his table, so the fee didn't seem to bar more than one dealer from attending."

My swing through the dealers room coincided with the Guests of Honor autograph session. Greg Bear's endless line of autograph-seekers was kept moving with the help of a three-book-limit. Gardner Dozois' fans had the opportunity to have him sign a couple of very new books: his story collection, *Strange Days*, and Michael Swanwick's

Millennium Philcon Masquerade Winners

Vicki Warren - Masquerade Director

Workmanship Awards

Young Fan

Best in Class: "Bubbles the Magic Baby Dragon"

Novice

Excellence in Hairpiece Con-struction: Vir Cotto

Attention to Detail - Recreation: "Sailor Mini-Moon (Rini)"

Best in Class: "A Little Romance"

Journeyman

Most Creative Use of Materials: "Full Circle"

Best In Class: "Cash Conscious Couture – Fashion for the Money Minded"

Master

Creativity and Attention to Detail: "Carnevale on Mars"

Excellence in Beadwork: "Pre-Emptive Strike"

Special Award for Design and Construction of Collars: "Matsuri no Shinda"

Engineering Excellence Award: "Seeking Hope"

Best In Class: "Kitsune"

Best In Show (all classes)

For the Dragon: "The H-Mercs"

Presentation Awards

Junior

Best Use of Duct Tape: "Stage Crew: The Next Generation", presented by Joseph Meltzer, created by Loris Meltzer & Morris Keesan

Best Swashbuckling: "D' Artagnan: The Early Years", presented by Robert Meisner, created by Jay Meisner

Best Beast: "Bubbles the Magic Baby Dragon", presented and created by Mellisa Knappenberger

Best Historical: "A Renaissance Lady", presented and created by Rachel Willeg

Best Recreation: "Sailor Mini-Moon", presented by Ariel Sheridan, created by Wendy Sheridan

Adult

Novice Class

Honorable Mention: "Pandora's Box", presented by Celia Foo-Foo Ashton and Robert D. Ashton, created by Robert D. Ashton

Most Humorous: "Mascot", presented by Joni Brill Dashoff and Judy Bemis, created by Jared Dashoff

Best Recreation: "Vir Kotto", presented by Paul Dellechiaie, created by Kitty Kitik

Most Original: "Couture by the Numismatic Society", presented by Rebecca Morris and Jake Swank, created by Rebecca Morris

Best in Class: "A Little Romance", presented by Alison Moran and April Korbel, created by April Korbel and Michael Moran

Journeyman Class

Most Humorous: "Fairies Meeting in the Forest", presented by Kristin Honse, Carol Landley, Jim Landley, Rob Landley; created by Kristin Honse

Most Staggering: "The Sugar Plum Fairy – Off Season", presented by the Royal Society for the Advancement of Space Operetta, created by Eugenia Horne

Best Invasion: "The Empire vs. The Brood", presented and created by Bill Ernoehazy, Gail Bondi,

John Bondy-Ernoehazy, Steve Bartlett and Tina Beychok

Best in Class: "Full Circle", presented and created by Gunther Anderson

Master Class

Honorable Mention: "Rocks-Anna, Queen of the Asteroid Belt", presented and created by Patricia Buard

Most Alluring: "Kitsune", presented by Jennie Faries and Mark Van Name, created by Jennie Faries

Best Choreography: "Carnevale on Mars", presented by Sue Barrett-Bullitt, Jim Bullitt, Sue Frank, Dave Howell, Lynn Kingsley, Marci Malinowycz, Greg Sardo and Julie Zetterberg; created by Betty Bigelow, Lynn Kingsley, Greg Sardo and Julie Zetterberg

Most Elegant: "Matsuri no Shinda", presented and created by Pierre Pettinger and Sandy Pettinger

Best Transformation: "Seeking Hope", presented by Allan Kent, Bill Powers, Dina Flockhart, Don Eastlake, Ian Flockhart, Joyce Grace, Karen Purcell, Liz Manicatide, Nancy Shapiro,

Pat Vandenberg, Phil Servita, Phillip Nathanson, Rich Fine, Stephanie Fine, Suford Lewis

and Talis Thorndyke Love; created by Allan Kent, Barbara Flockhart, Dan Zimmerman,

Deryl Burr, Dina Flockhart, Doug Ray, Ellen Kranzer, Ian Flockhart, Keshlam,

Kristin Burger, Lois Mangan, Nancy Shapiro, Pat Vandenberg, Phillip Nathanson,

Phyllis Collins, Rich Fine, Sandra Ryan, Sheila Oranch, Stephanie Fine, Suford Lewis,

Susan Brown, Susan Kruger and Tracy Cornogg

Most Terrifying: "The H-Mercs", presented by Brian Healy, Jeannette Healy, Faith Baker,

Rob Shugrue, Hans Bader, Misty and Michelle; created by Brian Healy

Best in Class: "Pre-Emptive Strike", presented by Rae Bradbury-Enslin, Darren Bradbury,

Craig Enslin, Rob McKeagney, Lisa Ashton, Ming Diaz, Susan Toker, Max Legault,

Laura Kovalcin, Diane Kovalcin, Jim Kovalcin, Scott Owens and Mike Pederson

Best in Show (all classes)

"Fridays at Ten", presented and created by Amanda Allen, Michael Atkinson, Tom Atkinson, Dan Corcoran, Deborah Feaster, Jeannette Holloman, Sharon Landrum, Ric Rader, Ron Robinson, Don Sakers, Ann Stephens and June Swords

book-length interview, *Being Gardner Dozois*, from Mike Walsh's Old Earth Books.

By the way, Walsh has become the quintessential huckster. He strode through the dealers room with an ear-to-ear grin, happier that he'd found a dollar bill on the floor than that his new Dozois book had arrived in time for sale.

The NESFA Press sold \$27,000 of books, according to the September *Instant Message*. NESFA's bestseller was their new William Tenn story collection, *Here Comes Civilization*.

Art Show: In order to attract more interest in fanzines, John Hertz had persuaded the Art Show staff to give him several panels for a display of fanzine illustrations and cover art. John enlisted me to bring copies of some great art by Taral, Alan White, Brad Foster, Ray Capella and others. We spent the first morning of the convention setting up this exhibit.

The Art Show is also where Bob Eggleton later tracked down Joe Rico, who is editing a *Approximately Infinite: The Essential A.E. Van Vogt* for NESFA Press. Eggleton said, "So I hear you're doing a Van Vogt book? Can I do the cover? What stories are you doing? Is 'Black Destroyer' one of them?" Rico agreed Eggleton can do the cover, but asked him how he will get people to forget the original. "I will," was Bob's confident reply.

Friday Program: Nurturing Your Ish: The Care and Feeding of a Fanzine: Editors and co-editors of five nominees for Best Fanzine -- Guy H. Lillian III, Richard Lynch, Mike Scott, Dick Smith and I -- appeared on this panel to discuss the challenges we had in common with the editors of commercial magazines. I've no doubt we stayed on topic for at least ten minutes.

Some of those minutes were devoted to publishing technology. *Plokta's* Mike talked about using different media to distribute the zine, most of them expensive. He appreciates the community of people who contribute the humorous material they publish, though he admitted, "There are some in-jokes we don't get." Fans throughout the room immediately took out pens to add the line to their conreports.

Hoping the panel had attracted curious newcomers, not just veteran fanwriters, Dick Smith distributed an informative flyer he authored with Leah. It included capsule reviews and contact information for 16 fanzines, including all the Hugo nominees, and discussed how to get zines for "the usual" by participating.

Guy H. Lillian III said his first experience as an editor came while working on a college zine that Terry Carr had edited before him. In fact, Guy contacted Carr and was amazed to receive by return mail xerox copies of all of

Carr's issues: "Which they've since lost, and I could cheerfully dynamite them."

After declaring how he wanted to win a Hugo to repudiate Ted White's negative review of *Challenger*, Guy needed a drink of water, but there was none to be found. (MilPhil didn't have regular water service -- panelists shared water bottles til they ran out.) Guy complained, "We're reduced to drinking from a muddy goat pen! We need to improve our social status!"

Guy explained that he prefers paper fanzines, and thinks some readers find them easier to deal with than big PDF files that "tie up your computer forever." He called the Katzes' *Jackpot* "an enormous load." (Sounds like the perfect title for one of Arnie's future zines!)

The Liar's Club: The popular "liars" panel lived up to its name in a different way at MilPhil. Pat Cadigan, Gardner Dozois, Janice Gelb and George R.R. Martin were on the platform: three were in on a secret they were about to spring on the fourth.

Dozois got everyone's attention with a drill sergeant's yell, "Shut uuuup!" Then Janice Gelb revealed that the panel was actually "The Secret Roast of Gardner Dozois." Hearing that, Gardner shouted, "My pager went off -- bye!" Janice merely explained, "We wanted to get a rubber mallet and hit him every time he interrupted." Gardner sneered, "You think rubber would stop me?"

George R.R. Martin began the roast by telling about Gardner's "nose for stories." When George met Gardner for the first time, at Disclave in 1974, Gardner had a red jelly bean stuck up his nose. George told him, "Most people put those in their mouths." In reply, Gardner slapped his cheek and the jellybean flew into his hand. "Here, go ahead," he said.

George felt the connection between this "talent" and Gardner's success was more than coincidental. Two years ago he watched Gardner trying to teach a less experienced editor, Scott Edelman, to put things in his nose and blow them across the room. Edelman never mastered this ability and his magazine was cancelled soon thereafter.

Others came up to testify about Dozois. Ellen Datlow, Walter Jon Williams, Nicol and Pat Cadigan sang about Gardner's "sensitive side," to the tune of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor." Williams was frighteningly believable as he imitated Gardner roaring out the rude lyrics.

Gardner enjoyed the ribald song so much it was even easier to believe Connie Willis' claim that he is impossible to embarrass. She cited examples. A Worldcon gave out a Hugo base that looked like a toilet seat with nuts and balls attached, which began to fall apart as soon as they were given out. When Connie asked Gardner how his Hugo was holding up,

he answered, "My toilet seat's fine, but my balls fell off." This did not embarrass him. Connie also described a scene from *American Pie* and promised, "That wouldn't have embarrassed Gardner, either...."

Lastly, Connie recalled a dinner group at a recent Worldcon held at a round table, inspiring people to give each other names of participants at the Algonquin Round Table. Connie reported that Gardner was Alexander Wolcott, "Because he's so funny, and such a wonderful host." Connie went on effusively praising Gardner's warm qualities 'til he squirmed and blushed. Connie finished with a triumphal grin, "And now I've embarrassed you!"

Joe Haldeman told about Dozois the editor. "John W. Campbell used to smoke unfiltered Camels in an ivory holder -- the only vice that Gardner *doesn't* have." Haldeman complained that after he sent Gardner *The Hemingway Hoax*, Gardner "cut it to shreds so he could run it as a novella in *Asimov's*. He did so much damage to it that it won both the Hugo and Nebula."

After much more was said about Dozois, he was allowed a rebuttal. Gardner began by verifying how far he could fire a jellybean out of his nose. (Kathryn Daugherty happened to be carrying a bag of pineapple jellybeans which she donated for ammunition.) Then he exacted humorous revenge on George R.R. Martin, the Haldeman brothers and several others by telling a long, ribald anecdote about their antics at a closed party at the 1974 Worldcon.

Internet Lounge: After the roast, I went to the Internet Lounge in the Marriott. The crew who set up the MilPhil lounge did an excellent job. There were a lot of terminals, and users did not have to wait very long because every user was limited to 30-minutes. This appeared to be managed fairly, efficiently and pleasantly. I also observed that whenever somebody asked for help, the staff answered very quickly.

Friday Party: LA in 2006 Party: Craig Miller and Genny Dazzo coordinated our bid party. Helping them set it up guaranteed I made it to at least one party at MilPhil.

When the party opened I stood at the door and distributed badge stickers until replaced by Jerome Scott wearing his lime green Space Cadet spacesuit.

Then I spent some time talking to happy parents. Amy Thomson showed me the latest photos of her daughter. Morris Keesan and Lori Meltser brought their energetic young son. We all enjoyed watching him trundle full-speed into the next room, hoping to reach up and snag some party food, and the way his watchful parents always intercepted him before he could get lost in the crowd.

I met Ted White and asked him about the monthly fanzine review column he's writing

for several clubzines. Ted hoped to spark an interest in more club fans about reading fanzines, but hadn't heard of any results. He and Marty Cantor (editor of LASFS' *De Profundis*) planned to discuss at the end of the year whether he should continue. I encouraged him to continue, because I thought he would have an effect on newer club members who were still forming their notions of what fandom is about. The payoff would be in the long run.

Saturday in Passing: I worked another shift at the LA in 2006 table and got to talk to Robert Silverberg, who mentioned he had been asked for his autograph by rock singer Janis Ian. She attended MilPhil and afterwards posted a long convention report on her web page (www.janisian.com).

Silverberg encourages everyone to nominate Bill Rotsler's fanzine *Masque* for a Hugo. For more than a year, Bill Warren and friends have been producing regular issues from hundreds of pages of unpublished paste-ups Rotsler left behind. It is vintage stuff.

Silverberg is the only person who's been to all the Hugo ceremonies. He thought it was ironic that the committee had checked so carefully whether he would attend the previous day's Retro Hugo ceremonies. He accepted the late John W. Campbell's Retro Hugo for Best Editor.

This was the last day to vote in Site Selection. Someone in a lobster suit was doing the breaststroke in front of the bid tables to encourage Boston in 2004 voters.

Saturday Programming: Worldcon Orientation: Leah Zeldes Smith, Lenny Bailes and Priscilla Olson found a living fossil among the newcomers at their panel: Joel Nydahl. He was legendary in the 1950s as the 14-year-old who published the best monthly fanzine, then gaffed after the strain of publishing its 103-page first anniversary issue. "Nydahl's Disease" became a byword for editors who zines never appeared again following a giant annish.

Nydahl is now a teacher, and can be located through his web page.

Sunday in Passing: Joseph T. Major told me, "I survived the Heinlein Society dinner." It featured luminaries Yoji Kondo, Gregory Beford and Joe Haldeman – who told a story about his sister, "Straight" Haldeman.

Craig Miller and I logged another shift together at the LA bid table. Paula Murray showed off the flapping, black finger-bat she'd just bought. Paula added, "I got Chthulhu for my anniversary." Craig agreed, "I think there should be more plush demons from hell."

We overheard Dick Spelman tell a KC bidder, "I'm too old to enjoy being a Worldcon chairman." Craig interjected, "Trust me. I was 30 when I chaired a Worldcon. You're

always too old to enjoy chairing a Worldcon."

I visited the Green Room before a panel and talked to Teddy Harvia. It appears fanartists still have trouble getting enough egoboo to sustain life as we know it. Harvia said fanzine editors have 200 of his unpublished cartoons in their hands. (Free the Harvia 200!)

He also said that Australian artist Nick Stathopolous had come into the Green Room, supposing it was the Con Suite, picked up a drink and taken a bite out of a cookie before the staff ran him off (he was not a program participant.) Harvia concluded, "If I go to the Hugo reception and see a cookie with a bite out of it, I'm going to be upset!"

Teddy had pitched an idea to Bob Eggleton for a game they could do as a program at next year's Worldcon: "Bob & Teddy's Excellent Pictionary." Eggleton liked the idea, so Teddy hunted down Linda McAllister, ConJose's program head, and made the suggestion. "It would be two Hugo-winning artists," he modestly added. But all glory is fleeting. This was McAllister's first Worldcon, and Teddy dramatized, "She grabbed my badge and asked, 'Who are you?'"

Sunday Programming: The Fragmentation of Fandom: The fear that devotion to special interests is breaking up our community has been debated for decades. Laurie Mann, Moshe Feder, Ed Meskys, Don Sakers and I tried to inject the controversy with new energy. "I want to dismember *individual* fans," Sakers kidded.

Most of the panelists had been in fandom long enough to have witnessed this "fragmentation," and engaged in a lively debate about its tone and meaning. Ed Meskys said he noticed a hostility toward other fandoms even back in 1970, when half the huckster room at Lunacon was comic books. I admitted that when I met Bob Gale – also in 1970 – and he mentioned an interest in fanzines like *Rocket's Blast* and *The Comic Collector* I had thought to myself, "Those aren't fanzines!"

Moshe Feder said that we in the fannish mainstream still cling to the original idea of science fiction fandom, aided by the presence of so many of its founders – our equivalents of Washington and Adams. However, we miss the "outside pressure" that drove people into fandom because the public has accepted science fiction. It's just another hobby, maybe a little odd, but not persecuted. He fears we'll wind up being the literary equivalent of baseball fans.

I suggested that the perception of fragmented fandom was not because interests in fanzines, conrunning, comics, filk, costuming, etc. were mutually exclusive – many fans enjoy them all to some degree. But, in contrast to fandom's early days, to participate

in any of them at a high level requires such a great investment of time, and often money, that very few fans can excel in more than one.

Laurie Mann predicted that in the future the competition of Worldcon and Dragon*Con, now running on the same weekend, will result in media fans being drawn away to Dragon*Con, while editors and writers will keep coming to the Worldcon. She also observed that gamers were only using three out of the five rooms MilPhil gave them. Moshe Feder agreed there will be more specialized cons, even for sf fans (he mentioned Readercon), but said it's a healthy reaction.

Fandom of the Future: Later on Sunday, I joined Erik Olson, Mark Olson, Jack Speer and Victor Gonzalez to discuss another old favorite topic, whether fandom has a future. It involved some of the same themes, or as Milt Stevens ad libbed, "There's nothing that brings us together like fragmentation."

Mark Olson brought up the trend toward shrinking science fiction club membership I'd written about in the article "Is Your Club Dead Yet?" Milt Stevens added, "Hell's Angels have the same problem as fandom – they're getting older, their backs are bent, they can't climb onto their Harleys anymore."

Victor Gonzalez said fandom's experience resembled that of other hobbyists who've formed online communities, such as parents whose kids own tandem bicycles. Erik Olson said generation X is not a joining generation, they tend to be Lone Rangers who still do charitable things, but individually. Their comments seemed to fit Moshe Feder's earlier speculation that fandom will come to be just another pop culture interest group.

Mark Olson asked, "What do we have in the fannish experience that we could market to teenagers?" He excluded clubs and conventions, saying they could easily find those outside fandom. Ted White said the creativity evident in fanzines is a unique experience we offer. Spike said even more important is the sense of community we offer. In a country where it's no longer typical for people to live their whole lives in one town, that fandom is, metaphorically, a small town that we can always come back to.

Hugo Nominees Reception: The committee hosted a two-hour reception, plying us with desserts and party favors full of chocolate candy. Stoked to the gills with sugar and caffeine, we had plenty of time to dread the blindingly stupid things we might say to the audience if we won.

James Cambias, a Campbell award nominee, broke the tension by suggesting, "Next year, when *Lord of the Rings* is winning the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo, they could very well thank all the little people."

Millennium Philcon Hugo Award Winners

Best Novel

Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire by
J. K. Rowling

Best Novella

"The Ultimate Earth" by Jack
Williamson

Best Novelette

"Millennium Babies" by Kristine
Kathryn Rusch

Best Short Story

"Different Kinds of Darkness"
by David Langford

Best Related Book

*Greetings from Earth: The Art of Bob
Eggleton* by Bob Eggleton and Nigel
Suckling

Best Dramatic Presentation

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

Best Professional Editor

Gardner Dozois

Best Professional Artist

Bob Eggleton

Best Semiprozine

Locus

Best Fanzine

File 770

Best Fan Writer

Dave Langford

Best Fan Artist

Teddy Harvia

John W. Campbell Award

Kristine Smith

1951 Retro Hugo Award Winners

Best Novel

Farmer in the Sky
by Robert A. Heinlein

Best Novella

"The Man Who Sold the Moon"
by Robert A. Heinlein

Best Novelette

"The Little Black Bag"
by C. M. Kornbluth

Best Short Story

"To Serve Man" by Damon Knight

Best Dramatic Presentation

Destination Moon

Best Professional Editor

John W. Campbell, Jr.

Best Professional Artist

Frank Kelly Freas

Best Fan Writer

Bob Silverberg

Best Fanzine

Science Fiction News Letter

Best Fan Artist

Jack Gaughan

Hugo Awards Ceremony: One of fandom's culture wars is about the proper venue at the Worldcon for memorializing departed fans. I disagree with the view that the Hugo Ceremony is the best place for this, but wherever it's done, it needs to work. Ceremony organizer Pat Vandenberg intended at a very early stage to have a moment of silence while the In Memoriam list was displayed on a screen. Unfortunately, the tech didn't work and the solemn buildup fizzled out.

Even if such a moment works properly, it can't be followed by a joke-cracking toastmaster. (And yet, who else is supposed to be on stage running the show?) Hugo Administrators Rick Katze and Saul Jaffe supplied the tempo between the sublime and ridiculous, by speaking briefly about the rules and showing off the distinctive Hugo base.

Then it was time for "Rapmaster Toast" -- Esther Friesner, with her baseball cap turned around. She opened the main ceremonies with a blast of doggerel, reminding us that "in 2001... you know it's all about the Ben-

jamin!" When Esther returned to normal, she said, "On behalf of the Island of Dr. Moreau, home of the original Beastie Boys, I thank you for your kind indulgence."

There were the usual non-Hugo awards (and more) at the top of the ceremony. Dave Kyle came up to deliver the Big Heart Award. (Janice Gelb jogged my elbow and looked significantly at her watch as he began.) The award went to Steve and Sue Francis. There was also a "certificate" for the late Dr. Donald A. Reed. Joanie Knappenberger accepted the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award on behalf of the winner, Frank Robinson.

Robert Silverberg lent his irresistible dignity to the inauguration of the Cordwainer Smith Award. He and fellow judges John Clute, Gardner Dozois and Scott Edelman were charged with the task of rediscovering great work that had fallen into obscurity. They selected Olaf Stapledon as the first winner.

A contingent from the Japanese sf com-

munity made the traditional presentation of Seiun Awards (chosen by Japan's national convention) to winners from English-speaking countries. They usually hope the winners will be there -- Robert Sawyer was. On the other hand, Australian Greg Egan wasn't likely to be. Janice Gelb said he is so private, he'll autograph books, but only if they are left in a box on his porch.

Esther Friesner came out and gave the techs one more chance to show the In Memoriam list, but what appeared on the screen was unreadable beyond the third row.

Then we moved into the main part of the evening. The John W. Campbell Award was given by Stan Schmidt to winner Christine Smith. The Best Fanartist Hugo was delivered by TAFF's Victor Gonzalez to Teddy Harvia. The Best Fanwriter Hugo was presented by DUFF's Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher to Dave Langford's representative, Martin Hoare. Presenting the Best Fanzine Hugo, George Scithers asked whether the editor has the last word. George used his last

2004 Worldcon Site Selection Voting Statistics

	Mail-in	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Total
Boston	264	170	307	455	1,196
Charlotte	151	72	223	386	832
No Preference	9	3	4	14	30
None of the Above	2	-	4	2	8
Rottnest Island	1	1	-	-	2
Minneapolis in '73	1	-	-	1	2
Aruba	-	1	-	-	1
Illegible	-	1	-	-	1
Invalid	12	-	-	-	12
Niew Amsterdam	-	-	1	1	2
Blank	-	-	1	3	4
Hogsmead	-	-	-	1	1
New York City, NY	-	-	-	2	2
95 in 95	-	-	-	1	1
Total with preference	419	245	535	849	2,048
Grand total	440	248	540	866	2,094

2004 Worldcon: Noreascon Four, the 62nd Worldcon, will be held in Boston from September 2-6, 2004, at the Hynes Convention Center, and the Sheraton Boston and Copley Marriott hotels.

Four guests of honor have been selected: a pair of pro SF writers, Terry Pratchett and William Tenn, and a pair of fans, Jack Speer and Peter Weston. Pratchett, creator of the "Discworld" series, and Weston, a former TAFF delegate and Worldcon chair, are from England. William Tenn [Philip Klass] is well-known for his short stories, and is emeritus professor of English and comparative literature at the Pennsylvania State University, where he taught the second-oldest American course in science fiction. Jack Speer produced the first *Fancyclopedia*, which codified many aspects of fanhistory and fannish jargon.

Noreascon Four information is available at our web site at <http://www.noreascon.org>

Membership Rates: Initial membership rates have been announced. New attending memberships (for nonvoters) are \$100. Supporting memberships are \$35 (site selection voters automatically become supporting members.) Thorough December 31, 2001 conversion for those who voted in site selection will be \$60. Memberships for children (age 12 and under as of September 6, 2004) are \$65. Presupporters and Friends receive a discount on conversions or new attending memberships.

word to give me the Hugo.

My notes went on the floor. When I picked them back up Bob Eggleton was vaulting onto the platform to collect his Best Pro Artist Hugo. He led the audience in "Cooool!" Esther Friesner pretended to pout because he didn't do "the thing with his hair." She said she was there for that moment, a moving moment in her life -- "Which will tell you about my life."

The Best Professional Editor Hugo went to Gardner Dozois. The Best Dramatic Presentation winner was announced by Craig Miller. It went to *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. Craig read an acceptance statement from the director, An Li.

The Best Related Book category was won by *The Art of Bob Eggleton*. Bob bounded back onstage. The audience would not let him go until he had done "the thing with his hair."

Presenter Connie Willis tortured the Best Short Story nominees with a long, funny ramble. She completed the torture by giving the Hugo to one of the nominees who wasn't there -- Dave Langford. Precedent was broken as Dave Hartwell, rather than Martin Hoare, collected the rocket for Dave.

Larry Niven presented the Best Novelette Hugo to Kristine Kathryn Rusch's accepter, Sheila Williams. Gardner Dozois presented the Best Novella Hugo to the eternally productive Jack Williamson. Pro GoH Greg Bear announced that *Harry Potter and the*



Your editor, with notes in hand.

Goblet of Fire won the Best Novel Hugo. Gay Ellen Dennett picked up the rocket, saying how appropriate it was to have a children's librarian accept on behalf of Rowling.

Winners were called on stage to have their photos taken. While I was standing next to Gardner Dozois I took advantage of my chance to ask about the Roast: Gardner confirmed he was surprised.

Hugo Nominees Party: In a gracious gesture, the MilPhil committee reserved a bank of elevators to express nominees and their guests to the official party hosted by ConJos³⁴. The elevators were held until photographers finished with the winners. Todd Dashoff and company were there to usher us to the head of the line.

Harry Potter's Hugo sparked a great debate at the party. Greg Bear looked over my copy of the press release with the voting statistics and observed, "The losers didn't just lose, they were trampled by 35 million books." He approved, to the extent that *Harry Potter* brings a lot of kids in to read books in our field. Andrew Porter said that in winning the Hugo, *Harry Potter* overcame the bias against fantasy novels and children's books.

Publications: *Souvenir Book:* MilPhil produced a very well-designed Souvenir Book. Stephen

Youll's beautiful cover depicted a superrealistic Ben Franklin performing an electrical experiment aided by a bevy of aliens -- the kind seen in tabloid newspapers: with blue skin, smooth skulls, exaggerated insect eyes. More full-color Youll art was inside the book.

The written features about the Guest of Honor were very enjoyable. The book included a long section of program participants biographies. It also reprised Diana Thayer's interesting biography of Ben Franklin. The one discordant note was GoH Greg Bear's Christian-bashing comic strip.

Of more obscure interest were the historic lists of past Hugo Winners and "Long List" of Worldcon chairmen's and guests names, titles, etc.

The "Long List" is often adjusted to reflect the tastes of the year's committee. There are some obvious litmus tests for this. For example: Is Gary Farber listed as co-chair of Iguanacoon? Not this year.

Error or forgetfulness inevitably play a role, too. MilPhil left off six of last year's Hugo winners. The Special Committee Awards given by L.A.con III have yet to appear in any con's Hugo Awards summary.

And was the NASFiC historical list seen in last year's Souvenir Book excluded, or simply forgotten? NASFiC is a WSFS convention, after all.

I hope the Business Meeting follows through on its discussion about generating a canonical version of the Worldcon's historical data. Standardized lists will be a valuable resource for people doing Worldcon publications.

Program Book: Ann Cecil's pocket program for MilPhil was generally well-done. She continued the highly successful spiral notebook design originated by ConFrancisco. The booklet presented program descriptions, schedules, schedule grids and a participant index in a clear, standard font, artistically set off by headings in the pseudo-18th-century typeface that has been MilPhil's signature. It was a handsome publication, and highly useful, with two qualifications.

Programming in the Marriott appeared in the schedule, but not on the grids. "Unfortunately, there wasn't room for everything," was the reason given in the daily newzine, and program's Laurie Mann said it was the result of budget limitations. She presumably meant they couldn't afford to add pages in order to expand the grids. However, fans rely on program grids to help them compare offerings at a given hour, and a two-thirds complete grid is not a tool that will do that job. Because Marriott rooms were mainly used for anime, gaming, filk, the fanzine lounge, films, vintage radio re-

cordings, and other special interest items, the grid design aroused some grumbling among fans of those interests.

The same problem affected program items listed as being in "L4", with the further problem that the booklet lacked a key to explain this meant Loew's Hotel. Several panelists came to Program Ops asking where they were supposed to go.

Restaurant Guide: MilPhil's 84-page restaurant guide made excellent reading. Lew Bryson's enthusiasm for Philadelphia micro-breweries was positively contagious. Of course, I had to wonder, is this where the publishing budget went?

Daily Newzine: The Kessel Run, the daily zine, did a very good job of covering the entire spectrum of con activities in a systematic way. The orientation program, filking, business meetings, the art show, and exhibits were explained in prominent feature articles. There was also an insightful and practical report about the problems at Registration.

The most delightful regular feature was Teddy Harvia's comic strip, *Xenophillie*. Somebody should give this man a Hugo.

Authorities have yet to determine why the daily zine was titled *The Kessel Run*, a Star Wars reference without a visible connection to Millennium Philcon or its guests of honor. But full credit is awarded for skipping further references to Ben Franklin.

One oversight was neglecting to arrange the Party Lists in descending order by floor, a proven technique for encouraging the use

of stairways. (This was finally done in the Sunday issue.)

There was also an unfortunate report about Mark Keller. On Saturday morning, fans learned that Mark Keller of Providence, RI had died in a hospice the previous night, from cancer. This would have been shocking in any case, all the more so after Friday's daily newzine had happily reported: "If you can't find Mark Keller and Sue Anderson from Providence, they have an acceptable excuse for missing the convention - they are getting married!" The writer must have been horrified to discover he'd lacked full details when he wrote his story.

An interesting story not appearing in *The Kessel Run* was the resignation and reinstatement of its chief editor, Mike Nelson, between Friday night and Saturday morning. After the first of Kurt Baty and Scott Bobo's party reports appeared, the publications division head allegedly wanted to suppress any further reports, or if there any were published, the duo would certainly not be allowed to pick a party of the night.

Baty and Bobo have been writing party reports for Worldcon daily newzines since the early 1980s. Why was this suddenly controversial? Cheryl Morgan's explanation in *Emerald City #73* was that "MilPhil's senior management had not forgiven Baty and Bobo for preferring Boston's parties over their own during the race to win the 2001 Worldcon."

Nelson resigned rather than submit to the interference. Patty Wells reportedly spent a

Millennium Philcon

Art Show Awards

Andrea Senchy and Barbara Lynn Higgins

Millennium Philcon Art Show Directors

Best In Show

Bob Eggleton - "Quimeartha's Dream 1 & 2"

Judges' Choice Awards

Rob Alexander - "Atlantis"

Lisa Ashton - "Oyster Shell"

Mike Conrad - "Alien Attack!"

Ed Cox - "Snowshoe"

Dan Dodson - "Light and Starburst"

Newton Ewell - "Tree City"

Marc Fishman - "My Lover's Gone"

Ric Frane - "Zheng Zi Yi"

Donato Giancola - "Gandalf"

& "The Hobbit: Expulsion"

Dominic Harmon - "Masks"

Jael - "Floue"

Nancy Janda - "Breath of Life"

Nancy Janda - "Domestic Camouflage #1"

Tom Kidd - *Pencil Work*

Johnna Klukas - "Hall of the Mountain King"

Brad Kunkle - "Wish"

Liz La Valley - *Body of work* - Scrimshaw

Joy Marie Ledet - "The Mourning of the Dwarves"

Gary Lippincott - "Tom Kelly's Ghost"

Sue Manor - "Rowan Lady" & "Green Man" [bowls]

Theresa Mather - "Journey's End"

Petar Meseldzija - "Gandalf"

Chris Moore - "The Days of Perky Pat"

James Odbert (Nybor) - "Kiss of Ages"

Michelle Parker - "Til Death"

Marilyn Pride - "Platypus With Eggs"

Richard Powers - "Star Dancers II"

Sheila Rayyan - "Fish Ladder II"

Ruth Sanderson - "Sleeping Beauty" pair

Sophia Kelly Shultz - *Needlework*

Lisa Snellings - "Here Comes Santa Claus"

Nick Stathopoulos - "Dragon Study 1,2,& 3"

Hicaru Tanaka - "Dance in Star Ocean"

Ron Walotsky - *Body of work* -

Crabshell masks

James Wappel - "Mars" drum

Michael Whelan - "Lumen 6.2"

Paul Youll - "Desolation Road"

Stephen Youll - "I, Robot"

Stephen Youll - "Terminal Café"

Chairman's Choice Award

Stephen Youll - "Wom Planet"

Art Show Directors' Choice Awards

Barbara Higgins

Omar Rayyan - "Felis Nocturnus"

Andrea Senchy

Stephen Hickman - "Beyond the World's End"

Popular Choice Awards

Best Professional Artist

Lisa Snellings

Best Amateur Artist

Diane Kovalcin

long time mediating the dispute. The next morning Nelson told people he and the division head had “kissed and made up.”

And to think this all occurred after Baty and Bobo announced they would retire from writing party reviews after MilPhil. I guess the division head wanted to say, “You can’t quit – you’re fired!”

Press Coverage: Millennium Philcon got excellent coverage from the mundane press. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* ran a big feature on the local Guest of Honor, Gardner Dozois. They did an interview and reviewed his new story collection. The photo of Gardner accompanying the articles seemed to have been cropped somewhat strangely, or else the editor had decided Gardner’s handsomest features were his head and his fire escape.

Perfect Hindsight: The list of minor problems and annoyances that beset Millennium Philcon is actually fairly long: from registration hassles to the exhibit hall’s generic look, from info missing on maps and grids to constantly running out of water in the program rooms.

However, none of these problems formed people’s dominant impression of the con: what everybody talked about were the programs they’d seen. Organizers Laurie and Jim Mann succeeded in giving fans substantial things to discuss and debate. The exciting ideas delivered by the program made the gossip about behind-the-scenes problems uninteresting by comparison.

Rarely has there been such a good chemistry between the program and the members of the Worldcon. People’s appetite for programming was proven to me by 25 fans who tracked down our “Nurturing Your Ish” panel in an obscure corner of the convention center, when a similar panel at Westercon had attracted only four. Everything seemed to draw well.

The center of things were the eight function rooms on the main corridor near Registration, where program provided the convention’s hourly heartbeat. Fans flowed in and out of the rooms, meeting friends, talking about what they’d just seen, comparing notes on what they wanted to see in the next hour, then walking next door to another panel. Windows in the walls of the function rooms allowed people outside to see whether something interesting was starting inside, which subtly encouraged people to join in.

The high quality of response to programming had been seeded ahead of time by the division’s use of the web to allow fans to peruse the final schedule ahead of time. Raised expectations helped everyone prepare to enjoy the convention more fully. Knowing what to look for creates a positive feeling of anticipation. It also keeps fans from missing anything special the committee has worked hard to create.

The rest of the MilPhil committee was unusually close about its plans, and did not use the available tools to build momentum. It did not issue many press releases. Its Progress Reports had too much to say about Ben Franklin and not enough about things to do at the con. Microbrewers and filkers were more effusive about their plans than those organizing the Worldcon’s so-called main events. The web page had many useful features, but generally fewer details than those of other recent Worldcons: which was not the fault of the webmaster. Even fans posting to SMOFS knew nothing to say about MilPhil until two weeks before the con.

People tend to find what they come looking for at the Worldcon. In that respect, MilPhil’s legacy would have been greater if the other arms of the committee had been as effective as programming was in sharing their plans in advance.



I'm so touched! It's the first Hugo for "Semi-pro Semi-lengthy Semi-writer"

The Kitty Pounces Back

Charlotte in 2004’s leader Irv Koch reports the group will bid for the 2005 NASFiC, led by a new chair. “It’s all the Directors, Tracy Kremer, Mark Blackman, and Kathleen Meyer (awaiting her acceptance) as Chair. Based on what I understood when I phoned her, she’s going to get a nationwide batch of BNFs or whatever for that committee.”

Koch expects to resign as chair and director of the bid’s nonprofit corporation, SECFI. “That was due to my having only signed up, when I started this deal, for one project. However, the recent crash knocked me out financially so I’ve got to get a full time job and won’t have time anymore. Probably at the IRS....”

Charlotte will keep its Kitty Hawk mascot and probably use “The Kitty Pounces Back” as its slogan

Factsheet 5

Will *Factsheet 5* ride again? Yes, says an authoritative e-mail (coff, coff) from “a new editorial collective” that expects to have the first issue out by the end of the year, and appear quarterly thereafter.

If you have a little gray in your beard, you’re old enough to remember that Mike Gunderloy’s *Factsheet 5* once printed hundreds of reviews of independent and unusual “alternative” publications. The new incarnation of *Factsheet 5* will carry reviews, and also “informative articles on zine culture, independent publishing, lively columns, interviews with self-publishers, and an extensive news section.”

If you’re interested in having your zine reviewed, send a copy to *Factsheet 5*, P.O. Box 4660, Arlington, VA 22204. The editors suggest that you “enclose a separate card clearly stating the sample price and subscription price. Also print the ordering address, email address/web site, the check endorsement name, and if you regularly review zines, books, videos, comics, or records. You can also tell us if you want submissions, if you require an age statement, if you regularly print reader letters, if you offer free prisoner subs, and the page count for that issue. Feel free to state your preference on the card.”

A one-year subscription (4 issues) is \$15.00 (\$25.00 for first-class delivery). They also have a web page:

www.factsheet5.com

The Fanivore

Lloyd Penney

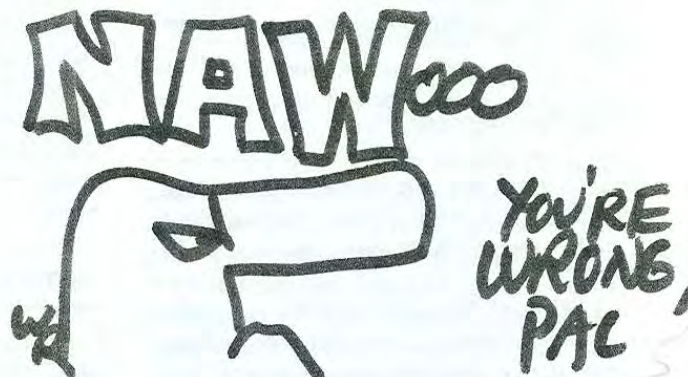
It's the day after the World Trade Centre disaster in New York City. We're all shocked and stunned, and many say it's like a movie, but it's all too real. Fiction has become fact, and we truly live in interesting times. I have read that many fans in NYC are safe; I'd be interested to know if anyone has been affected by this disaster, such as being stranded in an airport or in a foreign country. I've heard several times that the best way to handle this deep shock is to carry on with regular activities, to keep from walking like a zombie. So, in that spirit, here is a letter of comment on *File 770 139*. Bear with me, and I shall try to get back in the locking spirit.

Millennium Philcon has come and gone, and Yvonne and I enjoyed ourselves quite a bit. We had no commitments to a bid table or series of parties this year, so we were free to explore, and we did. As do most, I have my misgivings about the winners of the Hugos for Best Novel and Best Dramatic Presentation, but I hope this will encourage more fans to nominate and vote to that SF novels and movies will the rockets. We'd been in touch with Craig Miller to distribute LA in 2006 flyers in Canada. We have a revision in mind, but as soon as all is resolved, we plan to distribute extensively.

I would amend Fred Patten's assessment of the representative of the publisher he spoke to...an interesting example of a complete idiot and a damned fool. As usual, others are experts on Canadians, and Canadians are the last ones asked about these matters. Many thanks to Fred for knowing that Canada is a separate country with a separate culture and separate events. We are not a part of the United States; at least, not yet.

I saw Shibano-san at a distance at Millennium Philcon, but did not see Sachiko. Most years, we run into them, bow deeply, and then hug the stuffings out of them. I hope all is all right with her. The idea of a Japanese Worldcon is intriguing, especially the part about how we're supposed to afford to go.

Yvonne and I have to admit to sharing Ed Green's addiction. We often watch TLC (nicknamed by us The Disaster Channel), and tune in to see those myriad shows that



detail messy car chases, especially in California. And yes, some of those chases involved a tank, a mobile home and a bus. I think most people have seen those shots by now. They are silly, and we watch them for fun, but I doubt I'd boot up the website to see more.

Taral thought that Marcon was a travesty because it had a psychic fair as part of the convention, and a "never was" actor who played a Romulan? Good thing he didn't go to Toronto Trek this past July then...it had both. Nevertheless, a good time was had by us.

Henry Welch

Thanks for *File 770:139* - "The Intellectual Property Issue" and congratulations on the Hugo Award.

I appreciated seeing the item on my patent even if I think the invention itself is rather lame. Everyone keeps telling me that it will get banned for contributing to road rage, etc. There will, alas, never be any money in it for me since I assigned all the rights to the co-inventor who paid me handsomely by the hour. I judged that there wasn't much money in the concept and opted for cash up front. A business has already started in New York City that uses a satellite to transmit location specific ads for displays on the top of taxicabs. Not in any way covered by my patent, but I'm sure it's covered by someone else's.

In the second phase of intellectual property we see illuminating commentary on copy right for free lance writers. The internet has opened huge avenues of copy right abuse. Anyone with artwork is in danger of having it scanned and posted or worse. My

wife's business is part of a consortium that in cooperation with the Library of Congress and the US Attorney's Office will be actively going after people who are scanning artwork and craft kits (artwork and instructions included) and posting them. There are sites on the web where you can find hundreds of such items and the violators don't think they are doing anything wrong.

The only thing missing would be discussion somewhere about trade marks. Next time you should be more complete in your news coverage...

John Foyster

This issue arrived the same week that Marc Ortlieb announced that he was giving up on the *Bullsheet*. I am amazed that Marc managed to keep it going so long - which only makes your longevity with *File 770* the more remarkable. I used to get frustrated that it appeared so irregularly, but now that it is one of the few fanzines that has survived earlier eras I have to assume that it is all part of a Master Plan.

The convention reports, though not up to the Glycer Standard, worked pretty well for me, though perhaps John Hertz's was a fair distance ahead of the others in content.

Robert Lichtman

Simon Ounsley is quoted (from his fanzine *Connection* No. 3): "I felt a bit uncomfortable planting a 'u' in all those 'favorites' of Robert [Lichtman]'s and realise I've never really thought before about the way I automatically anglise the letters I get from America. But I mean you *know* he didn't write it that way, don't you? I guess I just think that the fanzine reads a bit better with uniform spelling. Do you agree?"

Well, yes, I do -- and I feel the same way when I remove every "u" from the articles and letters by British writers in *Trap Door* (not to forget changing every appropriate "s" to a "z" as in "anglicize") for the same uniformity.

Let's think of what Simon and I are doing in the same way we view TAFF -- sort of a trans-Atlantic vowel movement.

E. B. Frohvet

I have it from a reliable source that *File 770* received the Hugo Award for “Best Fanzine” this year. Congratulations! The contribution of *File 770* to fandom is substantial and fairly recognized. I trust you will not feel yourself diminished, nor is that my intent, if I point out a few relevant statistics. Namely, during the entire period from 1970 to 2001, all of the 32 “Best Fanzine” Awards have gone to a total of 11 fanzines. Four of those were one-shots, arguably flukes (*Energumen* in 1973, *Algol* in 1974, *Texas SF Inquirer* in 1988, *Mad 3 Party* in 1990); leaving the remaining 28 awards distributed among a grand total of seven fanzines.

[[Prior to 1984, zines published by Richard Geis and Charles N. Brown won 14 Hugos. Then, in the first nine years after semiprozines were removed from the category, six different zines won a Hugo for the first time. One of the six was *File 770*, however, it was also among the nominees defeated by each of the other winners. I expect the cycle will turn again, when *Plokta*, *Challenger* or *Idea* gets a well-deserved award. In the meantime, I’m certainly enjoying the response to *File 770*.]]

End of rant. In fact, this seems an apt moment to remove myself from the Fan Hugo discussion. As you probably know, I (not without assistance) made a fool of myself by misunderstanding the eligibility requirements, and recklessly and unfairly insulted Richard Smith and Leah Zeldes Smith. I have apologized to them, and I do so again publicly.

Personally, I still feel the Hugo nominating and voting process has clear flaws, and that term limits would solve some – not all – of those flaws. That is obviously not going to happen. Due to a combination of factors, right now I simply have enough with which to concern myself, to devote much thought to what appears to me to be a lost cause. Therefore, in the future, I will not be nominating or voting for the Hugo Awards.

[[With your passion for the award, why does quitting make sense?]]

Another item in #139 which prompts a brief observation from me is to agree with Marty Cantor concerning the state of book reviewing in fandom. I am one of the few faneds who run a regular book review column – and more often than not I wind up writing it myself. Bob Sabella does book reviews in *Visions of Paradise*, though often of mainstream books. *Nova Express* does book reviews, which somewhat overlap with a highly specialized area of sf. Beyond that? I suggest an article, or perhaps someone can use it for a panel topic: “Where Have All The Book Reviewers Gone? (Long Time Passing).” Or maybe no one cares about such a

retro subject. Literacy, after all, is obsolete. Rod Serling, where are you when we need you?

[[Maybe it looks that way if you don’t look beyond paper fanzines -- though let’s remember *Fosfax*, which prints more reviews than anyone. If you count reviews published on websites or in zines distributed via e-mail, like Cheryl Morgan’s *Emerald City*, more fan-written reviews are being published than anytime in the past 25 years. That’s after the cream has been skimmed by publications willing to pay the best reviewers.]]

Raul G. Capella

Jack Harness was one of the most brilliant members of the four Writers’ Workshops I attended, two of which were conducted at the LASFS.

A Writers’ Workshop brooks no prejudices and collects criticism and opinion from every quarter, sans emotional reactions. It is much like an art class: all members are peers, all at the same level, at learning and contributing. Those few who came in loaded with degrees, their Great American Novel and their Egos, took umbrage at criticism and vanished into thin air – fast. Those who really wanted to do something with their work and appreciated what was going on (like Dafydd ab Hugh, Jor Jennings, George Jumper etc.) got a lot out of it.

I considered Jack Harness to be one of the most incisive and productive contributors. He had more talent than the three of us put together. I do not exaggerate when I say some of Jack’s work ranged from the stature

of Heinlein to that of Pablo Neruda.

He never sent a story out.

I cajoled, encouraged, and fought with him on that issue, but he just “never got around to that.” Lots of fans are witness to the fact that Daffyd profited by it. I also got a number of short stories into various magazines and anthologies; one book was published.

Jack is a loss to satirical fiction – and to literary fiction.

I admire his talent and still do. I owe him; I will miss him.

[[LASFS scribe Karl Lembke announces that the Jack Harness Memorial Page is on the Web at:

<http://www.lasfs.org/lasfs/history/harness.html>]]

Jerry Kaufman

I was saddened to hear that Boyd Raeburn died. I didn’t recall seeing a mention of this



on rec.arts.sf.fandom, which I consult now and then, and I am not a member of the truly fannish listservs, so it was news to me. I remember him with great fondness from a few meetings at cons over the years, as he was a dry wit and good company.

Boyd published a number of entertaining and worthy fanzines over the years; I believe his best generally available zines were done in the 1960s, and included *A Bas*. The most wonderful thing Boyd contributed, to my knowledge, were items called "derogations." These were assemblages of quotations from different fanzines cobbled together to form new conversations between fans of different points of view, done with a satirical edge to them. The most recent descendant of these was a piece in a Nielsen Hayden zine in the early 80s, putting together things people had said during a Norwescon weekend, and making them seem as though they'd all been said during one room party.

I hope you can get Ted White (to suggest one possibility) to do a real (and more accurate) appreciation of Boyd Raeburn.

As John Hertz mentions, you were not introduced in Westercon's opening ceremonies. Neither was any other Guest of Honor; this was a bothersome lack and I think it was a failure to perform one of the important functions of such a ceremony. It was particularly odd, since the Not Ready for Sidereal Time Players always work such introductions into the playlets they do at Orycons.

I think John is wrong when he says I was in the Fanzine Lounge on Sunday with all those other DUFF winners. I don't think I saw Lucy at all on Sunday, for instance. I also remember the fannish funds auction being on Saturday. So perhaps the whole paragraph should be moved back a page and attributed to that day.

John's report was carefully subheaded with the dates and location of the con. Not so Joy V. Smith's report on Oasis 14, and I am mildly curious where and when this con took place; I can't recall having heard of it before.

In the letter column, Joseph T. Major says that Bill Warren won't have to worry about going back to the earthquake-damaged Boeing plant in Renton. Sorry, Joseph T., only Boeing's headquarters is moving to Chicago, which accounts for about 1000 employees. Many thousands more, along with the Renton and Everett plants, are staying here for the foreseeable future.

To answer Joy V. Smith's question about Corflu's methods of choosing guests, yes, the Guest of Honor has always been chosen by throwing the names of all attendees into a hat, with one certain exception: here in Seattle, in 1988, we chose and announced our Guest of Honor in advance. That was Gary Farber (before he discovered the Internet, I believe). It was not considered to be in the

true spirit of Corflu, and no other committee followed our example.

Elizabeth Osborne

Among the many obits, I was shocked to see that of Poul Anderson. I completely missed news of his death or even his illness. He and his wife were to be guests at Marcon last May but they didn't show up. I guess I know why now.

I never knew the Andersons very well. I saw them at various conventions at a distance but I always tried to see them when they did come to a convention.

In the early 80's I was a member of a con committee at a convention in Northeast Ohio (which one is not important) We invited Poul and his wife as our guests of honor one year. He was originally from Akron, Ohio and his mother and brother (John was a professor at Kent State University) were still in the area. He and his wife arrived on Friday night and the con committee (including me) took the Andersons to dinner that night. I remember it very well, a table full of geeky young people hanging on to everything they said. I think that they were more embarrassed by this hero worship than pleased but he and his wife were great guests that weekend. The Andersons were also major players in the founding of the Society for Creative Anachronism and the local chapter came out and did a demo in their honor. I had to miss that since I was watching the consuite that AM but from what I saw they both had a great time.

I am sure they would never remember me but I was looking forward to seeing them at Marcon 36. There was also a large turnout of the SCA type crowd. I was disappointed but never dreamed that he was so ill that I would be reading his obit a few months later.

By the way, I did go to Marcon and the remarks by Taral are way off base. I planned to write a report but so much time past, I thought I would just put it aside. Taral's remarks however need to be answered and I will do so. As editor, of course, you can do with what you want with them.

Martin Morse Wooster

I found Francis Hamit's analysis of the *Tasini* decision to be one-sided. Like Hamit, I am a mundane freelance writer and editor, and many of my articles have appeared without compensation on various websites. I have found, however, that this exposure has been very helpful to me; my best client came to me because he had seen my work on the web, and the fees he pays far outweigh the amount (and aggravation) I would have gotten had I hunted down the creators of websites and demanded money.

And surely if Hamit's articles are worth preserving, there will be customers for a book of his. I know of no one who, given the choice between printing and carrying around several hundred "free" pages and buying a book, would choose the exhaustive printout. If Hamit produces an attractive book (and not the usual computer-printed blodge) people will buy it, regardless of whether or not the material is on the web.

Eric Lindsay

[[*On issue 138*]] I can't blame Harlan Ellison for wanting to prevent stealing of his writing via the internet, since it is very apparent that once out there, it is hard to ever get payment from many. I've been collecting SF in digital form, now I lack the space to keep all the books I would like. But I must admit that re-reading a novel in digital form is a right pain in the eyeball. It has been interesting to see Baen putting some novels up for free (as well as via their great \$10 a month for 5 novels deal), and I downloaded a bunch of them. However I still find myself reluctant to read a novel as an eBook if I don't already own the paper version - and I still haven't managed to get rid of any of the paper versions of the ones I downloaded - despite that being the point of the whole download exercise for me! Interestingly, Mike Resnick asked when I was going to review another bunch of his books, and sent me copies as ASCII files by email. I still haven't read them. Real Soon Now!

Rose Mitchell is entirely incorrect in asserting that "all Australian cities now have purpose built convention centres." Many smaller cities do not. She means that almost all of the major cities now have decent facilities. Meanwhile, can I interest your readers in attending conventions here other than Worldcons? In the last weekend of May 2002, New Zealand has its National Convention. In the first weekend of June 2002, there is the Australian National Convention, celebrating 50 years of Australian conventions. Rose Mitchell is chairing it. The week after that, Jean Weber and I are running a relaxacon in our home town (not a city) of Airlie Beach. We will feature diving on the Great Barrier Reef, sailing among the Whitsunday Islands (one of the premier sailing areas in the world), native Australian animals at the Barefoot Bushman animal park (as seen on Discovery channel) and visiting the outback. Check <http://www.ericlindsay.com/relaxacon> for leads to all three cons. And remember that your US dollar will buy almost two Australian dollars!

[[*On issue 139*]] Leah Zeldes Smith makes slanderous accusations about my historical knowledge of Old Sydney in her report of their Tokyo trip. Revenge will be

mine!

Allan D. Burrows

I read with interest your conventional reportage about ConJose holding a contest to determine the likeness of their imaginary GoH, Ferdinand Feghoot. What, *no* drawings of Feghoot exist? I take it, then, that Tim Kirk never managed to replace his artwork from *The Even More Compleat Feghoot*. It was he who illustrated the book, having sketched the redoubtable Ferdinand during one of the latter's chronoscooter outings to the 1970s, no doubt.

Why, was it not in an earlier issue of this very publication that I read of the disaster? Mr. Kirk kept the originals hanging above his commode, (the better to take his mind off his business, as it were.) A house guest, a well-known art critic, thinking them inferior examples of the man's work, did him the dubious favor of having them crushed to powder. When last I heard, poor Tim Kirk was searching desperately for a copy of *Compleat Feghoot* so that he could at least re-sketch his originals and thus replace them the hard way. Alas, the book is rare; not many were printed in the first place (only 2000 copies) and the very intense puns they contain tend to cause their readers to commit the sin of book burning.

Now it happens that I myself have an intact copy of *The Even More Compleat Feghoot*. (Having survived Andre Levien at his punniest, I had some resistance when I read it.) If it is true that Tim Kirk has not yet succeeded in finding a copy, it would be my honor to restore the ground prints Ferdinand to his throne.

[[Now that collectors know you have a copy, aren't you engraved danger?]]

Note to Gene Stewartt – I forgot what we were arguing about, too. *Mea maxima culpa* and let's call it square, 'kay?

Tom Feller

Thanks for sending the zine and congratulations on your Hugo. To my knowledge, no one showed up at Millennium Philcon claiming to be E.B. Frohvet. Maybe a future Worldcon should have a program item based on the old To Tell the Truth game show in which three people claim, "My name is E.B. Frohvet."

In the April issue, you ask where wrestling fans go when they burn out. I don't know about the fans, but an issue of Nashville's alternative newspaper a few months ago had an article about the Jerry Springer show. According to the article, they recruit their guests from the ranks of professional wrestlers, so presumably their fans might follow them.

Joy V. Smith

Lovely cover (*File 770: #139*). Robotic explorer? Great back cover too. I love all those details from the spaceships on the ceiling on down to the clutter of toys and things on the floor. Good selection of illos, including the cat on p 21, and cartoons, especially the bleat, bleat one. [[By Ray Capella]]

I enjoyed the Tucker Tribute article, the Fandom news (including the Hugo/NESFA connections list, Autumn Rausher's masquerade entries, the Flash Girls' album and web site, the Sci Fi channel news, the various award winners, ...), and the Report from Tokyo. That was a fun fannish visit.

The Campbell Conference report was interesting too; I would have liked to have seen the John W. Campbell documentary. I've always admired him, and I have a collection of his editorials.

Good report on the Tasini decision. And John Hertz' Westercon report was excellent; I enjoyed his interview with you. Are they really looking for a Westercon chair for 2003?

I really, really loved Ed Green's "Cheap Thrills at 90 MPH." Some funny and revealing scenes with the reporters and the cops...

I appreciated the background on Mike Gunderloy's naming of *Factsheet Five* (from John Brunner's *Shockwave Rider*) too. I used to get that and some of the zines listed in it. I used some in the small press issues of *Splish Splash* I put out.

We Also Heard From

Marty Cantor: I have been reading *File 770* this morning, seeing the material about the Tucker Tribute. Now, Tucker lives in Bloomington, IL (which is right next door to Normal, IL). As Joe Major mentioned to me, "Who would think that Tucker would be near Normal?"

Mike Rogers: I am not yet sufficiently in touch with current fandom to get all the references in *File 770*, but I do enjoy reading it when it arrives. The article on car chases in the most recent issue was brought to mind as I sat last Friday watching the SoCal suburban house burn down.

The last Fan in the world sat alone in his room. Suddenly there was a LOC at the door.



From these parts, it was very disappointing to see Charlotte lose to Boston, but the result is about what I expected. On the other hand, it gets me out of a promise I made to Irv Koch had Charlotte won.

Paula DiSante: There has been such a big controversy in various web forums about *Harry Potter* winning best novel. I couldn't get over how heated some people were becoming over the issue. I did find it curious that the book had even been nominated, though -- not because I didn't think it should be (not having read it, I don't have an opinion either way), but because it is clearly a fantasy novel, not science fiction. Maybe I'm out of the loop big time, but I didn't know the Hugos covered anything but science fiction. Live and learn, I guess.

Ron Salomon: So here I be in Beantown mourning yet another year of nonattendance at the Worldcon. Well, it gives me more time to save for South Gate in '08, yes. Thanks for all the swell conreports in thish. Between them and the letterhackers I feel more in contact than I really am with fandom, which to me seems to be a Ghodd Thhing.

Yuri Mironets: I'm safely back in Vladivostok, but the memory of Worldcon is still fresh and the impressions are very vivid. My head is tightly packed with impressions and I'm slowly unwinding them.

Studies at Far Eastern University began and I already told students about Worldcon -- they are pleased and excited.

[[letterhacks' addresses appear on page 2]]

