

THE SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN



Con+Stellation XXVIII-Vulpecula

Science Fiction & Fantasy Convention



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Policies

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Volume 9, Number 2, September 2008, is the official publication of the Southern Fandom Confederation (SFC), a not-for-profit literary organization and information clearinghouse dedicated to the service of Southern Science Fiction and Fantasy Fandom. This issue of the Bulletin is edited by Warren Buff and is published at least three times per year. Membership in the SFC is \$15 annually, running from DeepSouthCon to DeepSouthCon. A club or convention membership is \$50 annually. Donations are welcome. All checks should be made payable to the Southern Fandom Confederation. The Bulletin is also available for trades, published contributions, and letters of comment. As we are switching from bulk mailing to first class, I will be trimming the mailing list at the end of the year. I'll give y'all several more reminders before I start trimming, though. Permission is granted to reprint all articles, lists, and flyers so long as the author and the Bulletin are credited. All art is copyrighted by the artist, unless otherwise specified. An exception is granted in the case of art that appears in a convention flyer. The editor encourages submission of lengthy written material and art covers and illos. Contributions and LoCs via electronic means are highly desirable. If you wish to use the Internet, you may send the article as electronic mail or an attachment. If you wish to send the editor computer media, 3.5 floppies, CD and DVD-ROMS are acceptable. IBM compatible file formats are acceptable. Media will be returned if requested. The Bulletin is laid out in OpenOffice on a Pentium III based PC. Ink and typewritten submissions are also graciously accepted. If you're not sure what all this means, get in touch to work out a solution. Throughout the Bulletin, you will find comments in italics and

enclosed by brackets [*like this*]. Those are comments from the editor, Warren Buff, unless otherwise noted.

Web Links

The SFC web site is:
<http://www.southernfandom.com>
 Convention listings are available on the Southern Fandom Resource Guide: <http://www.scenic-city.com/sfrg>
 Southern Fandom Classic Yahoo! Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/SouthernFandomClassic/>

Ad Rates

Type	Full Page	Half Page	¼ Page
Fan	\$40.00	\$20.00	\$10.00
Pro	\$80.00	\$40.00	\$20.00

SFC Handbooks

This amazing 196 page tome of Southern Fannish lore, edited by T. K. F. W. Reinhardt, is now available to all comers for \$5, plus a \$2 shipping and handling charge if we have to mail it. The Handbook is also available online, thanks to the efforts of Samuel Smith, at www.smithuel.net/sfcbh/. The SFC Handbook Errata page is: www.smithuel.net/sfchb/hberrata.html.

SFC Patches

These snazzy color SFC Patches are only \$5 plus \$1 shipping and handling fee if we have to mail it.

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Buff's Broadside

Alright, I know, I've been remiss. It's been eleven months since I've given y'all anything in

print. I've also been a total slacker at getting my SFPA zines in on time. On the plus side, I did manage to put out seven issues of the online-only *SFC Update*, which I hope y'all will check out at www.efanzines.com if you don't already get it. I'd meant to put this out before Worldcon, but it's looking like it will only make it to the internet before I go, with the print version following in the next week. My time has been eaten by my work on the Raleigh in 2010 NASFiC bid, which will be voted on in Montreal at Anticipation. I'm crossing my fingers. Also at Anticipation, we'll learn the location of the Texas in 2013 Worldcon bid. I'm planning to give them my support, and hope y'all will consider helping bring the Worldcon back to Texas.

Now, for some DSC news. We decided it was a good idea to look into getting some new t-shirts, so we'll be opening up a call for artwork shortly. A committee composed of myself, Gary Robe, and one other member (my memory's slipping, and I don't have the minutes in front of me) will be taking care of the details, and we plan to hold a contest, by vote of the membership, for the new artwork. If you're interested in submitting something, now's probably the time to start working on it. Please pass the word of this along, and we'll set a deadline of December 31, 2009 for submissions, which should give us time to hold a vote and get them produced before the next DeepSouthCon – ConCarolinas, in early July. Go ahead and send submissions to me via email or the post. We'll definitely run them in the *SFC Update*, and possibly here, if I can get an issue out around the right time. If not, maybe we'll post them on the SFC website instead.

We've got a great issue planned this time, with articles on our two latest Rebel winners, Kelly Lockhart and Randy B. Cleary, con-reports for three cons from Tom Feller, an article from Steve and Sue Francis recounting their road-trip to Worldcon last year, a few entries on the convention calendar courtesy of Mike Rogers, fanzine listings by Tom Feller, the conclusion of Jeff Thompson's article on Lois Lane, and a great big column of letters from y'all, our readers. Enjoy!

Profile: Kelly Lockhart

By Regina Kirby

The fact that I am writing this article and that I in fact presented Kelly Lockhart the 2008 Rebel Award at Stellarcon will surprise some

people. Kelly and I have what people refer to as 'history'. John (Ringo) says that we need to stop talking about how 'we use to hate each other' because it has not been that way since he has know us. I suppose we have both mellowed over time and there is something to say about surviving and staying around fandom for over 20 years.

What is there to say about Kelly? Kelly is a familiar face to conventions. He is tall, lanky, with wiry looking reddish hair that is usually pulled back in a ponytail. He has a penchant for wearing strange costumes at conventions; some have become a bit infamous. And Kelly can and will talk on almost any subject with almost anyone at almost any time. This fact will be important later in this article.

Among his many fandom activities, he co-founded a Worldcon bid, is a member of the Raleigh 2010 NASFiC bid, and has served on a number of convention committees over the past 20 years. Kelly has also spent the past nineteen years producing and hosting the very popular Robot Battles events around the country. In his spare time he is an active screenwriter, a popular local musician, a sometime radio disc jockey and talk radio host. In the professional world he spends his work days as the News Editor for The Pulse, Chattanooga's leading alt-weekly newspaper.

After the Stellarcon committee won the bid to host the 46th DeepSouthCon, we of course starting talking about who should receive the Rebel and Phoenix Awards. Most of that talking began in earnest at the 2007 Stellarcon, where quite a few people were poled, including Kelly. As I said when I presented the award, when Kelly's name was brought up to me, I had four words. Ten years before that time, those words would have been 'No Way in Hell' or 'Over My Dead Body'; but at this point in time, those words were 'Southern Fandom Resource Guide'. To me it met the very definition of what the award was suppose to be for: fannish activities that have contributed to Southern Fandom in a positive way.

The Southern Fandom Resource Guide is a website that Kelly started in 1995 and to quote the homepage is 'a comprehensive listing of Science Fiction, Fantasy, Gaming, Comics, Anime and Pop Culture conventions held in the Southeastern United States'. It has links to all the conventions listed, as well as the occasional 'featured con' that gives info on a convention that is coming up, usually one that Kelly is attending or has attended in the past. It also has a message forum for people to talk about conventions and is used for many to coordinate their

attendance (ride and hotel expense sharing is a popular topic). It is generally the first place I check for a new convention, particularly if I am not sure of the spelling of the con's name or where exactly it is located. And it is regularly updated (pretty much weekly), so is very useful. It is very unusual to find a convention in the South that is not listed here. This alone would have been enough to qualify him for the Rebel.

But Kelly had also contributed to Stellarcon in particular. He has become a mainstay, hosting Robot Battles, the Masquerade and participating in many panels in recent years. Because of his experience in talk radio, he has a particular skill at moderating.

The awards ceremony was held right after the Masquerade. So when I was introduced, Kelly was sitting in the front row, relaxing after having hosted the contest. Kelly later told me that he wondered who it would be, since I was presenting. When I spoke the four words, I was looking at him as he realized and gasped 'Oh Ghod'. Then he came up and I presented him with the award, which Stellarcon had chosen to be in the form of an engraved sword. Kelly murmured a couple words then choked up. At which point a cry came from the crowd: 'He can't speak!' The crowd immediately jumped to its feet and started cheering! All he could do was to bow and leave the stage.

So if you ever want to shut Kelly Lockhart up, GIVE HIM AN AWARD!

On Winning My Rebel Award

by Randy B. Cleary

The "Rebel Award" is given annually at the DeepSouthCon to that Southern fan who merits special recognition for Contributions to Regional Fandom. I do not know about all the other Rebel Award winners, but my winning moment lasted days, because it was in an indeterminate gut twisting state for me over that period. Here's a synopsis of my strange puzzling tale of winning the Rebel Award at DeepSouthCon 47/Hypericon 5 in Nashville, Tennessee, July 6, 2009.

The text message, "Rebel baby", arrive on my cell phone at 7:23 PM, July 6, 2009 from Toni Weisskopt, while I was watching the opening bands for the Coldplay concert in Nashville, Tennessee. The phrase "WTF?" popped out of my mouth. I was in Nashville for DeepSouthCon 47/Hypericon 5. Normally, I always attend the DSC Awards ceremonies but some friends invited me out to

supper and to attend the Coldplay concert that Saturday. Another text message, "Congrats on Rebel", arrived 3 minutes later from Mike Kennedy. "Surely, I had not won", I thought to myself (and don't call me "Surely", I thought again). Shock and puzzlement battled in my mind. 20 minutes later, "Guess who won the Rebel? Moon Princesses forever", arrived from Julie Wall. 12 minutes later, "Moon Princesses Rule" arrived from Linda Zielke.

The Moon Princesses are Toni, Julie, and Linda. I've help them throw several Circ 'de Luna parties at southern conventions over the last several years. I've help throw many other parties also. Based on the text messages, it seemed likely that the Moon Princesses had won the Rebel. I now seriously doubted that I had won. Surely, someone would have contrived to have me attend the awards ceremony if I had actually won. I could have attended and only missed the opening bands. Oh well, eventually Coldplay came on at 9:00PM and I enjoyed the rest of the concert. I guessed that my friends were just yanking my chain for not attending the award ceremonies.

Upon returning to the hotel after the concert, I sought out the Moon Princesses. They proceeded to display "their" Rebel award to me. As it had no plaque on the award, there was no proof that it was not theirs (nor mine). The award is a black block with a gold crown on it. Each DeepSouthCon committee designs their own award. Then the Moon Princesses and other friends started congratulating me on my Rebel win, I suspected they were playing a practical joke on me, pretending that I had won. That was easier to believe. I was not worthy. Eventually Fred Grimm, the Hypericon convention chairman confirmed that I had actually won. So I was mostly convinced but not completely. The next day, other folks were still congratulating me so I was slightly more convinced. Shocked and honored, but fairly convinced. Then I arrived home, and upon checking my e-mail, I saw a post to the Southern Fandom Classic Yahoo! Group from George Wells. He posted that some other person (not me and not the Moon Princesses) had actually won the award. Oh, well, I thought. I guess my friends had got me good. Sigh.

But eventually, other web posts refuted George and affirmed me. Thus, the state vector collapsed and I had to accept that I had won an honor that I had not ever considered myself of being worthy. I feel like a piker in southern fandom compared to many of the other august winners. It is an honor that I deeply appreciate. Since I could not

express this at the award ceremony, I'm expressing it here. Thank you very much to everyone involved in choosing me. I will treasure this forever. FIAWOL.

Now that the on-line Southern Fandom Confederation Handbook Errata page lists me as the winner, it must be official. I'm going to get a plaque with my name made for the award so it really looks official. My Rebel Award rests on my mantle now, bestowing a warm glow on my fannish heart. As an added benefit, I now have another good fannish story and Toni has stopped ribbing me about missing the ceremony since I reminded her that she too had missed her own Rebel Award ceremony.

For those who are not familiar with me, here is a brief fannish bio:

- Former President of the Southern Fandom Confederation
- Former Central Regional Director and Director At Large of the Association of Science-Fiction and Fantasy Artists
- First President and a founder of the Atlanta Science Fiction Society
- Founding committee member of the first GA-Filk convention in Atlanta.
- Former President of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association
- Former Program Director of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association.
- Former Co-Chair of the ConStellation SF convention in Huntsville, Alabama
- Former member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance APA
- Former member of the 500 Year Diary APA
- Former Artist Guest of Honor at ConStellation
- Art Show Director for DeepSouthCon 40 in Huntsville, Alabama
- Art Show Director for ConStellation for several years
- Volunteer (official and unofficial) at many southern conventions and organizations.
- Contributing Fan artist to many fanzines, program books, web-sites, etc.

Convention Reports by Tom Feller:

Outsidecon—

It was the Friday of Outsidecon weekend, so naturally it was raining when we got up that morning. I worked until about 1 PM, and fortunately the rain had cleared off by the time we

left in that afternoon. Our first stop was the hotel in Montgomery Bell State Park, where we were staying for the weekend. (We are wimps compared to most of the Outsidecon members, who stay in either cabins or tents.) We arrived at the Park's Group Camp One before sunset. It was the same site as last year's DSC.

This is a relaxacon in which meals are provided, and about the most exciting event of the weekend was an intense game of Monopoly. Anita and I normally bring folding chairs and sit on the lodge's porch to visit with people. Dutch Stacy showed us a motor bike that he had built himself out of spare parts. There were two large parties during the con. On Friday night, Frank and Millie Kalicz held one of their Xerps in 2010 bid parties in one of the cabins, even though they had lost the previous month to Australia. Saturday night, Dutch and his wife Mickey, last year's Rebel winners, hosted one of their Black Wolf Tavern parties at the pavilion. A disk jockey played music, and Anita and I danced a little bit.

Hallowcon—

This is a small horror convention held on the weekend before Halloween in Chattanooga. The organizers are the same Dutch and Mickey who had thrown the Saturday night party at Outsidecon. It was another rainy Friday, and Anita and I departed in the afternoon and arrived at the Howard Johnson's in East Ridge, a suburb of Chattanooga, just before sunset.

We had no trouble registering with the convention and checking into the hotel. The con took over the hotel's restaurant and lounge for the weekend and had all their main events there, such as opening ceremonies. These were followed by a "Wizard Rock" concert, which was rock and roll using Harry Potter themes. It confirmed my suspicion that Wizard Rock is just filk in which the performers are ignorant of the history of filking. They and the media seem believe they are doing something new.

We skipped the belly dancing in favor of a small reception for the guests in which they were all introduced. However, by the time we returned to the main room, the belly dancing had transformed into lap dancing. Eventually, they stopped and a general dance took over. However, neither Anita nor I found the music to our taste so we called it a night.

We took it easy the next morning and had our coffee in the room before going down for

breakfast. There was one track of programming, and one of the panelists paid me a compliment. Last year during one of the panels, comic book artist Rob Brown had shown some issues from the 1970s, calling them “old” comic books, and I showed my age by commenting that I didn’t think of that decade as all that long ago. He took me seriously and since then had sought out Golden and Silver Age titles. This year he thanked me for bringing them to his attention. Otherwise, the panels covered topics such as necromancy, Harry Potter, and the origins of Halloween. We also watched the 2000 movie *Dungeons and Dragons* and found out why it was in the theaters for such a short time. It’s pretty bad.

The feast Saturday night featured a spaghetti buffet, and many people dressed in costume. Chattacon held a party that night and also had a nice spread. There was another dance, and the disk jockey played music more to our taste, so we got more out of it than we did the previous night.

Concave—

I worked at home the Friday of this convention until 3:30 PM, when Anita and I got in the car and headed north on I-65 to Horse Cave, Kentucky. With two brief stops, we arrived at the Hampton Inn at 5:30 PM. We immediately saw friends in the hotel lobby, which doubled as the con suite. After registering with the hotel and the convention, we took our luggage up to the room, where I checked my e-mail. Fortunately, there was only one that required any action and even that took only a few minutes.

We then returned to the lobby, where we hung out until it was time for opening ceremonies. The con chairperson, Gary Robe, introduced the guests of honor, Tim and Marcia Illingworth, and his chosen successor, Claude Miles. This Concave, number 30, was the last with the first generation of committee members. After this year, a new group takes over.

Our first party after opening ceremonies used a Mardi Gras theme, both for decorations and food. Their jambalaya was on the mild side, but there were plenty of condiments to spice it up. Anita found their hurricane drinks a little too sweet, but liked their hairy fuzzy navels. The next party was the perennial Xerps in 2010, which had its typically excellent decorations and plentiful food. As usual, we avoided the skippies. It was too early to be passing out! We finished the evening at the

reception in the art show.

We took our time getting up the following morning, but the hotel extended its breakfast until 11 AM, so we were downstairs in plenty of time. Once again, we hung around the lobby until the Outsidecon party started at 1 PM. They served grilled cheese sandwiches, but we tried to eat sparingly, because we were going to the banquet for lunch.

Since Hampton Inns do not have restaurants and the only meeting room was occupied by the dealers, Concave has its banquet off-site. This year they held it at a diner called Sheila Kay’s, which is on the other side of Horse Cave. Except for the entrée, it was served buffet style, and they dished out a generous portion of the meat. I had chicken and dumplings, and Anita had the roast beef. We were organized in tables of four, and we sat with our friends Debbie Hussey and Sherry Norris.

In their guest of honor speech, Tim and Marcia explained that they originally met as members of competing Worldcon bids: Glasgow vs. Atlanta for 1995. By the time of the vote in Orlando in 1992, they had hit it off so well that they were sharing a room. They married in 1997 and moved to England, but have recently moved back to the United States and are living in Tennessee.

After returning to the hotel, we hung out so more in the lobby before the Libertycon party started at 5 PM. We stayed until 7 PM, when we retired to the room for a nap. Two of that night’s parties started at 9 PM, Reno in 2011 and Raleigh for Nasfic in 2010. They were held in connecting rooms, and they opened the doorway in between. The Raleigh party had beers brewed in North Carolina, and I sampled a few. The “Crack and Cheese” party opened later across the hall and spilled out into the hallway. We spent the rest of the night going between the parties and the con suite.

The con had negotiated a 2 PM checkout on Sunday, so once again we took our time getting up. Nonetheless, we were down in the hotel lobby before the hotel’s breakfast ended at 11 AM. At noon, there was the official “Passing of the Shirt” ceremony. Gary’s trademark is his love of loud, colorful shirts. We expected him to actually pass a shirt to Claude, but they unveiled that they were wearing identical ones. After recognizing and thanking key members of the committee, Gary officially ceded control of the con to Claude and his friends.

We checked out of the hotel and hung around until 2:30 PM, when we got back in the car for an uneventful drive home. We retired early, because I had an early flight to Florida the following morning.

9689 MILES TO LOUISVILLE

Our odyssey began June 26, 2008 traveling up I-71 from Louisville to Cincinnati for our annual outing at the 59th MidWestCon at the Doubletree Hotel. We have attended 35 MidWestCons without a miss since 1974. During the weekend, we upgraded our presupporting memberships in the Australia in 2010 bid to Firend. If by some stretch of the imagination, Australia should actually win the site selection in Denver (which they did), then our presupporting memberships automatically become full attending.

On Saturday, we managed to duck the rainy weather and got a group together for our third annual miniature golf game at a course not far from the hotel. Our group consisted of ourselves, Pat & Roger Sims, Richard & Lois Wellinghurst, Mark & Priscilla Olson, Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher (with Gracie of course). Everyone enjoyed the golf game and the convention as well.

Sunday morning, we left the hotel after breakfast and headed west through Indianapolis and down I-70 to Saint Louis. Our first stop for the night was in Lebanon, Missouri, at a Holiday Inn Express. We continued along I-44 to I-40, then stopped in Oklahoma City to visit the Murrah Federal Building Memorial. This is something every US citizen should experience so that one can grasp the horror of that day in 1995. The violence of the explosion was clearly visible in the twisted rear axle of the truck used for the bombing.

The most heart-wrenching moment came while listening to an audio tape of a permit approval meeting recorded just moments before the explosion. The tape was the only thing that survived, and you can hear the roar of the blast at the end of the tape. When we passed through the hall containing all of the pictures of the 168 people that perished that day, Sue took one look at the babies' pictures on the wall and said "Let's leave now!"

We passed 1111.1 miles on the odometer on our way to Elk City, Oklahoma, our next stop for the night, again at a Holiday Inn Express. While out

looking for a place to eat, we found a Route 66 historical museum. It was filled with pictures and relics of bygone days from the "Mother Road". The pictures and references to the old cars of the 40's and 50's as well as clothing styles from the period were fascinating. The museum was in the form of several buildings made in the style of the early days of Route 66.

Early the next morning, we left Elk City and headed west through Amarillo, Texas and on to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Everything in Albuquerque was a shade of tan or brown to emulate earth tones and blend in with the desert environment. That evening, we drove to Sandia Park and took the cable tram to the top of Sandia Peak. The elevation was approximately 10100 feet and the air was quite thin. It was quite easy to become winded if you tried to walk too fast or climb stairs two at a time.

All along I-40 there were still sections of old Route 66 open to traffic. However the road was broken in many places with dead ends where it was crossed by the Interstate. Many old relics and shells of old businesses were still visible along the way. There were far fewer old buildings left than we expected to see. When we drove across country to Kentucky from California the first time in 1967, there was a mix of the new I-40 and old Route 66 highways. Along the portions of old Route 66, there was a gas station chain called Whiting Brothers all done up in red and yellow. We saw only 3 places where there were still traces of the old stations still visible.

Our next stop was in Holbrook, Arizona, the home to one of two remaining Wig-Wam Village Motels. The other one is near Cave City, Kentucky on old US Highway 31W. Of course, we had to stay one night in one of the concrete TeePees. The room was big enough, but the bed was by far not the most comfortable we have ever slept in. We were able to park the car right in front of the door for unloading our bags. There were a number of old cars parked around the lot. Some were in fair shape and some were little more than junk. The prize was an early fifties Studebaker with the bullet nose front end parked in front of the office. We can recommend that everyone should stay at a Wig-Wam Village motel, but only once!

At Seligman, Arizona, we turned off of I-40 onto old Route 66. Gas was \$4.35 a gallon, but we wanted to fill up before heading off down that lonely road toward Kingman, Arizona. Somewhere along that stretch of road we passed 2222.2 miles.

After passing through Kingman, Arizona and traveling along a very desolate section of US 93 the hotter it became. By the time we reached Hoover (I still prefer Boulder Dam) Dam it was 114 degrees in the shade. A parking place opened up just on the east side of the dam and we pulled in for a few snapshots. As we were driving up the road out of the valley to the west, the temperature indicator in the car read 119 degrees. The traffic headed toward the dam from the west was backed up for over a mile. Remember, the road over the dam is only one lane each way. There is construction underway to put in a new high bridge over the river to divert through traffic away from the top of the dam. We reached Las Vegas and our hotel around 3:00PM that Thursday afternoon.

Our hotel was the Las Vegas Marriott Resort, which was hosting the 61st WesterCon. The function area used by the convention was quite spacious and there were several nice restaurants in the building. The sleeping rooms were a fair walk from the convention area and the casino, so we were able to enjoy peace and quiet at night. We held a small auction for DUFF and raised some money for the fund.

My sister, Dorci lives in Indian Springs, a small desert community about 35 miles north of Las Vegas. I had purchased a WesterCon membership for her when I sent in for our memberships. She came to the hotel each day for the convention and stayed with us one night at the hotel. She was quite impressed by both the hotel and the convention, even though it was small as WesterCons go. At the convention we had a chance to see many old friends and make a few new ones as well. I was quite surprised when I saw Tom and Anita Feller from Nashville, Tennessee in the convention's concourse area. We expected to see fans we know from the western part of the country, but no one from that far East. The family all got together for dinner at a restaurant called "The Claim Jumper" the last evening before we left Las Vegas. No one left hungry.

The next morning we left the hotel, refilled the gas tank and headed east back to Arizona for a trip to the Grand Canyon. We stopped at Hoover Dam for one of the tours and the inevitable visit to the gift shop. The tour we took was the one through the power house. The generators there were enormous. You cannot get a feel for their size unless you see them in person. The tour guide pointed out that the length of the generator room, some 660 feet, was the same as the thickness of the base of the dam.

Since we were at the dam in the morning, the traffic across the top was much lighter.

After the tour and a few more pictures, we continued east to the Petrified Forest and the Painted Desert. When we entered the park, we received a pleasant surprise. As I paid the \$10 park entry fee, the ranger asked how old I was. I told her I was 69, and she said "No, you can't be, let me see your drivers license". On that, she handed me a US National Parks senior pass and said this is good for you and a passenger in your car at any US National Park, and it's good for life. We arrived at Williams, Arizona and checked into a Fairfield Inn. We had arranged in advance for the train trip from Williams to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. When we arrived at the train station, we were treated to a wild west show and shootout before boarding the train. The seats we had reserved were in one of the vista dome passenger cars. This included a meal and a very entertaining western singer who sat at the front of the dome section and kept every one's attention until he concluded his picking and singing. We had a very nice conversation with the couple that we shared the table with.

At the Grand Canyon we had booked a bus tour that took us to several locations along the South Rim where we made good use of our new digital cameras with their zoom lenses. At one location we were able to see a very small section of the Colorado River. The views were to say the least, spectacular. We then caught our train back to Williams, had further conversation with our seat mates and enjoyed the ride back. This time a different western singer took requests and performed them much to the delight of the people in our section. He sang such standards as Riders in the Sky and Sixteen tons (two of my favorites). The next morning we packed up the car and headed west toward California.

Our next stop was in Bakersfield at a Residence Inn. This was an excellent choice of hotels as we were treated to a buffet dinner in the hotel's breakfast room that evening as well as the hot breakfast the next morning. We had arranged for my daughter, Laura to fly out to Sacramento so she could join us for our visit to my brothers and sister in Chico. We passed the 3333.3 mile mark in our travels at Yuba City, California. We neglected (quite on purpose) to tell the rest of the family that she was coming for the visit. This was the first time in many years that she had been able to visit family in Chico and was greatly looking forward to it. We arrived in Chico and went directly to my brother's

house for the big surprise. When my brothers and sister first saw Laura, the double-takes were a sight to behold.

Laura was working on obtaining her masters degree in business administration at the time and needed to do a report on an ongoing business for her class. She chose to write her report on the rice processing company that her uncle Roy works for. After a great four day visit, we took Laura back to the Sacramento airport to catch her flight home. When she got there and turned in her paper, much to her delight she received an "A". She now has her masters degree, which is the first one in our family. This will increase her chances for further promotion at the hospital where she is a nurse manager in the post-natal care department.

Two days later we went up to Paradise, California near where the July wildfires did so much damage to visit a couple we had met at my 50th high school class reunion in April of 2007. Before the reunion, I had not seen Doug since the late fifties after we graduated from high school. Doug and his wife Linda took us on a fast tour of the area and we ended up for lunch at a Black Bear restaurant. The food was excellent, and we recommend it to anyone who finds a Black Bear wherever they may travel.

That evening we headed south toward the San Francisco Bay Area and stopped in Sacramento to meet with Mark Linneman for an excellent Chinese dinner. Since Mark had to return to work to finish a project, we resumed our drive south and stopped for the night at a Hampton Inn in Vacaville. It was a little pricy, but the room was clean and the complimentary breakfast was very good.

The next morning, we headed south toward the San Francisco Bay Area for our next stop. The hotel we chose was the Inn at Jack London Square in Oakland (My home town) where we stayed for 5 nights. Oakland has changed greatly since we left for Kentucky 39 years ago. There was a good restaurant attached to the hotel and parking for our van was free.

The next morning we rode the ferry across the bay to San Francisco's famous (or infamous) Fisherman's Wharf. This is the most relaxing way to get to San Francisco compared to driving across the bay bridge and putting up with all the traffic in the downtown area. And what is a trip to San Francisco without riding the cable cars? We purchased two 3 day Municipal Railway passes which allowed us to ride all of the Muni modes of transport. This included the cable cars, diesel and electric busses and street cars. We walked a few

blocks from the ferry dock to the Fisherman's Wharf end of the Powell Street cable car turn-around. After an hour's wait, we rode the cable car over the hills down to Market Street where we found another very long line of people waiting to go the other way.

As we have with every other visit to San Francisco, we headed up Market Street to the Mary See's candy shop where we bought several boxes of assorted chocolates. We could buy chocolates anywhere, but that would take all the fun out of it. We did a little window shopping on Market Street in the area not far from the Marriott Hotel where we stayed during Con Francisco in 1993, then headed back to the cable car turn-around at Market and Powell Streets. Upon arriving back at Fisherman's Wharf, we went looking for a restaurant that served clam chowder in a sourdough bread bowl. We found a place where we could find seating and had a very satisfying meal of fish and the afore mentioned clam chowder. We wandered around the wharf for some more window shopping, then caught the ferry back to Oakland. By this time we were ready for a little down time at the hotel.

The morning of day two in Jack London Square was spent at a weekly street fair that is set up by vendors every Saturday. We visited with a couple of ladies running a hand-made jewelry booth and bought a number of items destined to become birthday and Christmas gifts for the grandchildren. Then we caught the ferry again to San Francisco, did more shopping at the wharf and took the cable car back to Market Street. This time we went to Market and Turk Streets to check out McDonald's Bookstore. This is the book store where I purchased a goodly portion of my pulp magazine collection back in the 1960's. The per piece price back then was around fifty cents, which to me was a lot of money, considering that I bought four shopping bags of pulp magazines and lugged them back to Oakland on the bus. Those were the days my friend!

The store was in considerable disarray, and books and magazines were on the floor and stacked up everywhere. There were no fantastic finds to be had after giving the place a good going through. Sue bought one paperback to read on the ferry back to Oakland. Needless to say, I was disappointed that the store had fallen on such hard times. After we returned to the hotel, Sue said "I can't believe you took me into the Tenderloin of San Francisco just to go in that crummy book store". All I could say was "Yep".

That evening we met with Bert, one of my old

high school friends that we had seen last year at my 50th high school class reunion. He took us to a very nice seafood restaurant in Alameda for a fine dinner and some good conversation about the “good ole days”. We went back to the hotel and continued the catching up until almost dark, when Bert decided it was time to call it a night.

The next day Jack London Square hosted a farmers market featuring all kinds of fresh fruit and vegetables. A number of fruits were purchased and taken back to the hotel for later snacks. Then we went back to the dock to catch the ferry back to San Francisco for some more shopping on Pier 39 (A real tourist trap by any standards). Toward the end of the day, we purchased two tickets for one of the “Duck Tours” that provided a two hour sight seeing expedition around the downtown area of the city. The duck is a World War Two amphibious vehicle (or replica thereof) which can travel on land and in the water. After a drive around the more interesting parts of the city, the driver headed to the South East corner of the city south of the new baseball park. He drove straight down a concrete ramp into San Francisco Bay for the wet part of the tour. We got a good worm’s eye view of the western end of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and a water side view of the ball park where the SF Giants now play. The view of the SF skyline from the bay was quite spectacular, even for us who were raised in the Bay Area.

Upon returning to our starting point and exiting the duck, I noted to the driver something about his comments about the Bank of America Buildings in the financial district. He said that both the original Bank of America Building and the Transamerica (pyramid) Building were now both owned by the Bank of America. I asked him if he knew that the original building was a movie star with title billing in a certain disaster movie that came out in 1974. He said “no” and told him that that the building was the “Towering Inferno” and was used for all of the interior lower level and external street side filming for the movie. He then asked if he could use this little bit of trivia in his next tour, and I told him to go ahead and even embellish the story if he chose to do so.

By the time we returned to Oakland and took a walk through the Borders Bookstore at Jack London Square, we were ready for dinner and a good night’s sleep.

Sue has always wanted to go back to Seacliff state beach which is a little way south of Santa Cruz down the coast from San Francisco. When she was

still living with her family, her father would take them to that beach so they could fish off of an old decaying concrete transport boat that was beached there. So, the next morning we drove down state highway 17 from San Jose’ to Santa Cruz, parked the car and wandered around the amusement park. The place has changed greatly since we were there last in the middle sixties. The most notable change was that the old wooden boardwalk was replaced with concrete and asphalt. This sort of spoiled the original character of the park. Before we left to continue on to Seacliff, I took a photo of the rollercoaster car coming around the first turn and drop. This photo very closely matches one I took of the same rollercoaster about 40 years ago.

Then we went on to Seacliff to find the beach from ancient family history. With a little help from our GPS unit, we went straight to the beach where Sue could relive some old memories. The old concrete boat was still there, but was in very sad shape as the years had taken their toll. It had broken in two and was gated off from the fishing dock. It was considered too dangerous to walk on for fishing by the local parks department. (If you go on “Google Maps” and zero in on that part of the California coast, you can see the beach and the old boat to this day). After a late lunch from a local beachfront hamburger stand, we headed back to Oakland for a dinner date with our old friend John.

I first met John in 1964 in the San Jose’ area before I met Sue. He was quite instrumental, in a round about way, in setting up our first date at the Santa Clara County fair in the fall of ’64. The way the story goes is that as of our anniversary this year (2008) we have been married 44 years and we have known each other 44 years and 5 weeks. I’m not sure we really knew what we were doing, but it did work out for us. It must have been the Little Chapel of the Bells in Reno, Nevada that gave us such good luck. Dinner with John was a veritable nostalgia trip going back almost a half a century. We had a great dinner at one of John’s favorite Bar-B-Que restaurants in the downtown Oakland area. I could go into the details of our conversation, but that would take several thousand more words, so I will pass.

We checked out of the hotel after five days and headed north through Sacramento toward Reno. The drive up Interstate 80 over Donner Pass takes you through some of the most beautiful areas in the country. We stayed two nights in Sparks, just east of Reno, so we could check out the facilities that the Reno in 2011 Worldcon bid is proposing to use. Our

first stop was Carson City, where we visited the Nevada State Museum which had extensive displays of Silver mining history and local art. The most impressive display was a walk through reproduction of an 1880's silver mine complete with machinery and ore cars and tracks. Our second stop in Carson City was the Nevada Railway Museum. It was full of vintage railroad equipment and the most beautifully constructed models of 19th century locomotives. I recommend this museum to any railroad buffs who might visit the Reno-Carson City area.

The next day we took the long drive all the way around Lake Tahoe and had lunch with a great view of the lake and all of the boaters. The most striking part of the drive is the parking area overlooking Emerald Bay on the west side of the lake. The rest of the afternoon was spent first at the Peppermill Hotel and Casino. The inside of this place is enormous and very posh. Of course, you have to go through the casino area to get to the meeting rooms. One BIG plus is the free parking provided by the hotels in Reno. (This is very refreshing after the parking fees we encountered in Denver).

The Atlantis is about a quarter mile further south along South Virginia Street from the Peppermill. The Atlantis hotel/casino will be connected to their enormous convention center by an overhead enclosed pedway. This will be a blessing for those fans who do not like daytime temperatures that can be in the 90's or higher. We did not go inside the hotel or convention center because of the ongoing construction of the walkway (which will be long finished before 2011).

South Virginia Street is the main North-South artery through Reno. It is the street that bears the well-known arched sign that reads "Reno-The Biggest Little City in the World" in the downtown hotel/casino area. We found a very good bookstore called The Zephyr, about half way between downtown and the Peppermill. There are also several good antique malls along the street. Good restaurants can be found everywhere. One block east of South Virginia Street just south of downtown the National Automobile Museum can be found. This museum contains several hundred beautifully restored rare automobiles from the earliest days to more recent but scarce cars. Also recommended is a 30 mile side trip up the mountain south of the city to Virginia City. It has been maintained in the style of an 1880's silver mining town (it's nothing like the Virginia City depicted in

the old Bonanza TV shows). It is also geared for the tourist trade, but well worth seeing. As we have already been to Virginia City a half dozen times over the years, we did not go this time.

Interstate 80 across northern Nevada can best be described as "Miles and miles of nothing but more miles and miles". If you like the desert, this is the place to go. It has its own spectacular beauty like no other, and it's hot and dry. One should be sure that your car is in good shape and the fluids are all topped off before starting out. As we passed through Lovelock, Nevada, the odometer read 4444.4 miles. We reached Layton, Utah (just north of Salt Lake City) in the early evening, had dinner and went down for the count.

We went back down to Salt Lake City for the day and a little sight seeing on a bus tour. We visited an old Army base museum and Sue talked to the curator to see if they had any documentation on her father's Army service during World War II. He gave her some leads as to where to look for further information. The most interesting stop on the bus tour was the Heritage Village historical area which depicted a pioneer village in the style of the 1850's. We boarded the narrow gage railroad for a quick trip around the grounds with the usual narration by the conductor. As we came around one of the curves, we passed a lawn sprinkler. Of course, I was sitting on the outside seat and got sprayed full in the face with some very cold water. It actually felt good as the temperature that day was over 100 degrees. I was all dried off by the time we returned to the little train station.

After checking out of our hotel the next morning, we drove north through Idaho to the west entrance of Yellowstone Park. The little town of West Yellowstone was a typical tourist stop at the edge of the park. The buffalo burgers we had at rustic western restaurant were quite good and reasonably priced. They beat the heck out of McDonald's. There was a good used book store on the main street that had a good selection, but was a little pricy. The National Parks senior pass that we received at the Painted Desert in Arizona came in quite handy at the entrance to Yellowstone Park. The road we took was the one covering the northwest side of the park. It, like all of the roads in the park was very hilly and windy and had a 45 mile per hour speed limit. Several cars we saw were going considerably faster than that, which is quite foolish given the roads.

After about 3 hours of some great park scenery, we exited the north side of the park at Gardiner, Montana and drove 60 miles north of the park to

Livingston, Montana to our motel. After settling in, we went next door to a restaurant for dinner and ordered our drinks. Immediately after the waitress brought our drinks, we and everyone else in the restaurant were ushered out to the parking lot. It seems that the staff discovered a gas leak in the kitchen and were being cautious about a possible explosion. We waited about 15-20 minutes and decided to try somewhere else. We ended up at an Arby's down the street. So much for a good dinner that evening.

The next day, we returned to the park and headed south toward Old Faithful. Along the way we found several interesting sites, including some small geysers and a bubbling sulphur pit. One area had wooden walkways (with the usual warnings not to step off) that led to the bubbling pits and geysers. Judging from the pictures in travel guides, one would not expect the amount of development around the area of Old Faithful. We found our way to a restaurant and had lunch before going to the viewing area. After about a 45 minute wait and a bit of sunburn, Old Faithful did its stuff. I photographed the geyser in all its glory with the movie setting on the digital camera. While we were in the park the odometer passed 5555.5 miles. We then drove around the south west side of the park before returning to Livingston and our lodgings.

On our last day at Yellowstone, we drove through the center part of the park. As we progressed, we saw a large number of cars pulled off to one side of the road with people staring up the side of the hill. Using binoculars, we saw several mountain sheep way up in the rocks. As the sheep were the same color as the surrounding rocks, it was a little difficult to find them with the zoom lens on the camera, but find them we did. We again returned to Livingston for the night so we could get an early start the next morning.

Our next travels took us through southern Montana toward Billings. The last time I went to Billings was when my grandmother took me on a bus trip from Oakland, California to visit my Aunt Lois and Uncle Al. This was 54 years ago. From there we continued on to Rapid City, South Dakota for a night's rest before going to Mount Rushmore. As we went along our way, we encountered hundreds of people on all kinds of motorcycles heading toward Sturgis for the annual motorcycle rally held there each summer. The bikers we talked to were very nice folks all heading to Sturgis for a week of beer drinking, hell raising and babe watching.

Mount Rushmore was our next destination the next morning when it was relatively cool. This is another place that all Americans should visit at least once in their lifetimes. To put it in a word, it is spectacular to say the least. I got some very postcard-like photographs of the concourse and the 4 statues of the presidents. Most pictures of Mount Rushmore show it from a distance, however there is a footpath that passes just below the rubble cut from the rocky face when the statues were carved. From this vantage point, you can literally look right up George Washington's nose (and the other three noses as well). There are warning signs about telling folks how strenuous the path is, and for people with walking problems to take their time.

Upon leaving the park, we headed east toward the Badlands. This is some desolate country that makes the desert of northern Nevada seem like a lush parkland. After about an hour's drive, we entered the Badlands from the east side on an unpaved gravel road. I was very leary of turning off the paved highway, but Sue insisted that this was the right way to go. I felt better when we passed the park entrance guard shack, even though it was unattended. The barren landscape was quite impressive and very hot. We left the park on the northwest side and went back to Rapid City, again encountering many more motorcyclists on the way.

Having left Rapid City before all of the motorcyclists arrived in the area, we headed south on old highway US385 to Interstate 80. Upon entering Sidney, Nebraska, we passed 6666.6 miles. From there we went west through Cheyenne, Wyoming to I-25, then south through Denver to Colorado Springs. The traffic between Denver and Colorado Springs was bumper to bumper and took us 2 hours to go about 50 miles. We stayed for three days at a Towne Place Suites on the south side of the city. The hotel restaurant was decorated with photos and memorabilia of all kinds of aircraft. Part of the restaurant was set up in the fuselage of a 4 motor Air Force transport plane. There were several tables in the cargo area and you were allowed to sit in the pilot's seat in the cockpit (but not eat there). The following day we drove to Canon City and took the train through the Royal Gorge. The scenery was similar to what we saw in the Katherine Gorge trip in Australia in 1999. We had a very pleasant conversation with the couple that shared our table. Our seats were in a vista dome car and lunch was provided as a part of the package. There is a high bridge over the gorge that is 1053 feet over the river. On the return trip we saw a large number of

rafters on the water having the time of their lives.

Manitou City was the starting point of our next excursion. After the obligatory visit to the gift shop, we boarded the Pikes Peak Cog Railway for a very steep ride to the top of the mountain. Again the views were spectacular to say the least. We met another friendly couple on the Cog Train and exchanged travel stories with them. At the top of Pikes Peak we learned very quickly not to do any running or taking stairs two at a time. At 14100 feet the air is quite thin and we had to take a couple of breaks while we were there. Again, another trip through the gift shop and a snack lunch before we boarded the train for the trip back down. While we were in the Colorado Springs area, we wandered through an outlet mall that we spotted on our way from Denver.

Now we come to the real reason we traveled all this way while the average price of gasoline was \$4.00 per gallon, the World Science Fiction Convention in Denver. We arrived at the Hilton Garden Inn at about 2PM on Monday, checked in and unloaded the car. As was prevalent in the downtown Denver area, the hotel parking fees were outrageous. But at least we did have a valet service and in and out privileges. And we knew that the car would be in a secure garage while at the Hilton. The Hilton was a little bit more than the other hotels, but we selected it to be with the Cincinnati Fantasy Group contingent. Every year at the Worldcon, the CFG hosts a hospitality suite for all friends and members of the group. This has always been a good place to go to unwind after a day at the convention. Tuesday morning we went out to the Denver Airport to pick up Dick Spelman and Pat and Roger Sims who flew in from Orlando. This was about a 70 mile round trip as the airport is located more than 30 miles east of downtown. The big advantage to staying in the Hilton Garden Inn was its proximity to the Colorado Convention Center. It took about two minutes to walk to the corner of the CCC and about ten more to get to the convention areas after entering the building. The giant Blue Bear leaning against the 14th street side of the glass wall pointed the way to Denvention 3.

At this point, we will only touch on the highlights of the convention as there have been many convention reports generated since the close of the festivities. During the run of the convention Richard and Lois Wellinghurst helped us (mostly Sue) run a DUFF promotional table in the fan activities area right next to the Aussiecon table. As in past years, I worked part time at the Site Selection table and was

involved in the ballot counting session. The three highest vote tallies went first to Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, then Xerps followed by Peggy Rae's house. A good deal of my time was taken up with the DUFF (Down Under Fan Fund) auction arrangements and talking to potential DUFF candidates for the race for 2010. We all know that we have to get all of this stuff finished before December 21st, 2012 or forget it. After the Site Selection voting was completed, Warren Buff of the Raleigh, NC NASFiC bid took over the Australia bid table and the Australians moved over to the former site selection tables for membership conversions. Several times during the convention, we encountered Glenda Larke, an author who was a guest at Swancon in Perth, Western Australia. We met her while we were attending Swancon as the 2008 DUFF representatives. We were very pleased to see her again in Denver.

Having a car in Denver was very helpful to the Australian party givers by providing them with transportation to the store to pick up the supplies needed for several days of hosting their parties in the Sheraton Hotel. We made several trips to the 16th Street shopping mall two blocks up from the hotels and CCC. The free tram that ran back and forth on the mall was a blessing to many sore feet. Needless to say, we saw many old friends that we only encounter at Worldcons and managed to make a few new ones as well. It was especially satisfying to see several of the people we worked with at LoneStarCon 2 in San Antonio in 1997. During one afternoon, we went to Bubba Gump's restaurant for lunch a block away from the CCC. One of the waitresses in the restaurant noticed the Koala Bear clipped to Richard's collar and went ga-ga over it. When Richard took the bear off and gave it to her, we thought she was going to have a fit. The other waitresses were very jealous of her and wanted one too. The next day we gathered up several of the Koalas and took them over and gave them to the rest of the waitresses. The also were quite pleased and our service was of the highest level you could imagine.

We made the usual rounds of bid and convention parties in the Sheraton and spent some quiet time in the CFG suite in the Hilton. This was very convenient for us as we were on the same floor at the other end of the hall. We attended some programming such as the fannish inquisition and made the usual rounds through the dealers room and art show. The highest honor accorded us by the convention was being asked to present the Fan

Artist Hugo Award. This allowed us to attend the pre-Hugo nominee/presenter party just before the ceremony. At the end of the last day of the convention, we attended the Worldcon Chair's party as guests of Pat and Roger Sims. Again we had a chance to talk to friends who were previously busy running the convention. The CFG suite was open Sunday night even though most everything else was shut down. Monday we visited with some of the stay-overs and packed up for our departure on Tuesday. Tuesday morning, we drove Pat, Roger and Dick back to the airport to catch their flight back to Orlando.

We are now on the last two legs of our fannish odyssey. Our next stop is Austin, Texas with a couple of layovers for some rest in Santa Rosa, New Mexico and Fort Worth. In Tucumcari, NM we hit 7777.7 miles traveled to date. We arrived at the Doubletree Hotel in Austin for ArmadilloCon without incident and checked in. We immediately ran into a number of fans in the lobby area and found our way to the concourse used by the convention. The highlight of the convention was talking to several people we worked with on LoneStarCon 2 in 1997. The convention was well run and quite enjoyable. We learned that the potential "Somewhere in Texas" bidders would be looking at 2013 and would make their announcements at SmofCon in Columbus, OH in December. The Reno and Seattle people were in evidence and threw bid parties for all to enjoy. The Chicago in 2012 were also there.

Before leaving Austin, we made arrangements to meet Cathy Beckworth for lunch in Houston as we passed through. Much fannish talk was the order of conversation at lunch as well as the usual family stuff. Cathy was Sue's second in command in the Events Division at LoneStarCon 2. We then left Texas heading through Louisiana toward central Mississippi. Somewhere on our drive through Louisiana, the odometer read 8888.8 miles. That evening we checked into the Brookhaven, MS Hampton Inn for a couple of days to spend some time with our daughter Debbie. She and her family live in a little town called Bude located about half way between I-55 and Natchez on US Highway 84. We have attended regional conventions that had more people that live in Bude, but it is a quite little town. It had been some time since we had visited her, and this gave the kids a chance to come over to the hotel for a swim in the hotel pool. They loved it.

The next morning early, we headed north up I-55 through Memphis and on to Nashville. As we

passed through Nashville, we had run up 9514 miles and didn't even slow down (except to obey the speed limit in town). Home never looked so good after 7-1/2 weeks, 9687 miles, and four conventions, especially at just under \$4 a gallon for gas. We said that this was a good trip with no mishaps, but that we would not likely be gone so long in the future (maybe two or three weeks at most). Now we begin putting some money aside for Montreal in 2009, and Australia in 2010. And may all of your future travels be safe ones.

Steve and Sue Francis

Southern Fandom Convention Calendar by **M. Lee Rogers** **March 2009**

Welcome to the Bulletin's convention list. This edition covers from March 2009 through the end of Labor Day weekend 2009.

If you are interested in science fiction, fantasy, comics, gaming, anime, mystery, or related genres, you should try a convention to see if you like the experience. Talk to others who have attended to find out what a particular con is like.

If you would like your convention listed, please send an E-mail to your humble scribe, whose address is mleerog@bellsouth.net (it looks like AT&T will keep the BellSouth domain name in place for a while longer).

Since the last issue, your humble scribe had one more interesting addition to his list of medical situations. The heart magicians found yet another corroded coronary vessel and added a new stent to the previous collection for a grand total of five. The main problem was with sealing off the arterial incision after the procedure. Even when medicated, one could hear panic in the voices of the medical staff. Let us say it would be good not to go through this procedure again.

On the convention front, it was disheartening to hear that the Seattle Worldcon bid was forced to shut down very late in the game due to the loss of its facilities to a mundane group which could book and pay immediately rather than wait for an election only two years before the event. In older times when your scribe was more active in Worldcon politics, he often remarked that science fiction fandom needed to get better organized in how it stages World SF Conventions. A full professional approach is neither desirable nor totally necessary. Among other problems, the politics of

how the organization would be controlled would become quite nasty.

However, SF fandom should remember that meetings the size of a Worldcon normally book their facilities more than two years in advance. We need to present a more organized appearance to the hotels and convention centers with which we wish to do business. It is not clear exactly what form this semipro outfit would take. But we should start talking about what to do. The current setup does not work very well.

And now, here come the cons!

[Editor's note: I've been a tremendous slacker. Back in March, Mr. Rogers had the grace to provide me with six months of con listings, just in case. I really did mean to go to press back then, too, and just got so wrapped up in conrunning and real life that I completely failed to get to press until now. These listings were really good, and written up to give y'all some real info on what kind of con you were reading about. Since two of the listings are still in my future, I'll go ahead and provide them, and a great big apology to Mike, who's now the SFC Vice President.]

August 2009

6-10: **Anticipation**, the 67th World Science Fiction Convention, Palais des congrès de Montréal, Montreal, QB, Canada. C\$240, US\$200, A\$215, GB£135, €145 to 7/15, more at the door. GoH: Neil Gaiman, Elisabeth Vonarburg, Tom Doherty, David Hartwell, Ralph Bakshi. Fan GoH: Taral Wayne. If you have any interest in science fiction or related genres, you should try to attend a Worldcon before you teleport off this planet. Info: <http://www.anticipationsf.ca>.

September 2009

4-7: **DragonCon 2009**, Marriott Marquis, Hilton, Hyatt, and Sheraton Hotels, Atlanta, GA. \$80 to 5/15, \$90 to 7/15, \$100 at the door. Banquet tickets are \$50. Guests: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Katherine Kurtz, Lois McMaster Bujold, Barry Bostwick, Richard Hatch, Robert Englund, Kristy Swanson, Traci Lords, and a host of others. It's the biggest and probably the most important SF and related genre convention of the year in the Southeastern U.S. It may be too big for some people's tastes, but thousands attend every year. Info: <http://www.dragoncon.org>.

Postscript

In closing, let us always remember the immortal words of that famous American who, when he heard, "Surely you jest!" responded, "Surely I don't. And stop calling me Shirley."

-- END --

Annotated Fanzine Listings

By Tom Feller

Please send zines for listing to me at PO Box 140937, Nashville, TN 37214-0937. All these zines are available for trade unless noted. Also unless otherwise specified, when writing for a sample issue, send \$1 to cover postage. A SASE is likely to be too small.

Alexiad, Vol. 7, #'s 5-7, published by Lisa and Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY 40204-2040. Book, magazine, candy, horse race, television, and movie reviews and letters. Joe reports on Worldcon in #5, Johnny Carruthers eulogizes Forrest Ackerman in #6. It placed #13 on the preliminary Hugo nomination ballot.

Feline Mewsings, #'s 33-35, published by R. Laurraine-Tutihasi, 2173 East Rio Vistoso Lane, Oro Valley, Arizona 85755-1912. (This is an apazine written for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) and contains Laurraine's mailing comments. However, it is available outside the apa as well for \$3 per issue.) Book and movie reviews. Laurraine reports on Worldcon in #34.

File 770, #154, published by Mike Glycer, 705 Valley View Avenue, Monrovia, CA 91016. Available for \$8 for 5 issues. Fannish news, obituaries, reviews, letters, and feature articles on fandom. Mike reports on Worldcon, John Hertz on Westercon, Martin Morse Wooster on Bouchercon and Capclave, and James Bacon on the London Film and Comic Con

Fosfax, #215, edited by Timothy Lane on behalf of the Falls of Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, PO Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281. Available for \$4. Book, magazine, candy, and poetry reviews, letters, and political commentary from a libertarian perspective. Tim writes about his recent experience with jury duty, and James Dorr reports on Inconjunction.

Instant Message, #'s 808-816, newsletter of the New England Science Fiction Association, PO Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0809. Edited by Rick Katze. Club and Boskone news.

It Goes on the Shelf, #30, published by Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn, GA 30047-4720. Ned comments on the items he collects.

Jomp, Jr., #27, published by Richard A. Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Drive, #302, Alexandria, VA 22306. Essays on books and subjects that interest Rich.

Lofgeornost, #'s 92-94, published by Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Avenue, White River Junction, Vermont 05001. (This is another apazine written for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) and contains Fred's mailing comments. However, it is available outside the apa as well.) Fred reports on a trip to Paris in #92.

NASFA Shuttle, Vol. 28, #'s 9-12, & Vol. 29, #'s 1-3, newsletter of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association, PO Box 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857. Edited by Mike Kennedy. Subscription: \$1.50 per issue, or \$10 for 12 issues. Besides club and Constellation news, there are reviews of movies, zines, and books, and letters. Mike reports on Worldcon in #9. #3 contains the first part of the summer vacation report of Steve and Sue Francis, including Midwestcon and Westercon.

The National Fantasy Fan, Vol. 8, #'s 2&3, published by Craig Boyd, PO Box 17088, Little Rock, AR 72222. Official newsletter of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Available for \$18 per year; no trades. Checks should be made payable to William Center, but sent to Dennis Davis, 25549 Byron St., San Bernardino, CA 92404-6403. Club news, letters, and book and movie reviews.

OASFIS Event Horizon, Vol. 20, #'s 5-11, newsletter of the Orlando Science Fiction Society, PO Box 592905, Orlando, FL 32859-2905. Edited by Juan Sanmiguel. Available for \$12 per year. Club news and reviews. Juan reports on Worldcon in #5 and Megacon in #11.

Opuntia, #'s 65.1, 65.3, 65.5, 66A, 66B, 66.1, 66.3, 67, and 67.1A published by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7. Available for

\$3 per issue. Dale writes on a variety of subjects and reports on the World Fantasy Convention in Calgary in #67.

Vanamonde, #'s 758-782, published by John Hertz, 236 South Coronado Street, No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057. These 2 page perzines were originally published for APA-L, the weekly apa. They all have John's mailing comments to other members of the apa and illustration by artists such as Brad Foster, Alan White, Bill Rostler, Terry Jeeves, and Tim Kirk. John reports on Loscon in #758 and Lunacon in #774 and comments on Robert Heinlein in #760.

Visions of Paradise, #'s 128-136, published by Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023. Book reviews, essays, letters, jokes, and a description of his life from April through December.

Electronic Zines

BARYON, published by Barry Hunter, barry@baryon-online.com. (Microsoft Word format.) Book reviews.

IDLE MINDS, published by the Las Vegrants and edited Arnie Katz, crossfire4@cox.net. (PDF format.) Comments on fandom and various subjects.

NASHVILLE SF CLUB NEWSLETTER, edited by Reece Moorehead, skywise@bellsouth.net. (Plain text format.) Club and SF news.

THE REVENGE OF HUMP DAY, published by Tim "Uncle Timmy" Bolgeo, tbolgeo@att.net. (PDF format.) Jokes and fannish news, especially Libertycon.

STEAM ENGINE, published by Bruce Gillespie and Jan Stinson, gandc@pacific.net.au. (PDF format.) Book reviews, letters, con reports, and sercon essays.

WOSSNAME, Newsletter of the Klatchian Foreign Legion. Edited by Annie Mac, WOSSNAME@yahoo.com (Plain Text, but requires participation in Yahoo groups.) Terry Pratchett and Discworld news.

THE ZINE DUMP, published by Guy Lillian III,

GLHIII@yahoo.com. (Microsoft Word format.)
Zines reviews.

Web Sites

Baryon at www.baryon-online.com. Published by Barry Hunter. Book reviews.

Challenger at www.challzine.net. Published by Guy Lillian. On-line version of Guy Lillian's Hugo-nominated fanzine.

eFanzines at <http://efanzines.com>. Published by Bill Burns. Downloadable versions of many of today's leading fanzines, archives of older fanzines, and links to many fannish sites.

The Fan Video Network at <http://tfvn.renebooks.com/>. Fannish videos and links to the Fan Video Gallery, the Virtual Fan Lounge, the Voices of Fandom, and the Las Vegras web sites.

File 770 at www.File770.com. Published by Mike Glycer. On-line version of Mike's Hugo Award-winning fanzine.

Mike and Laurraine's Home Page at <http://www.weasner.com/>. Published by Laurraine Tutihasi and Mike Weasner. Personal web site.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation's Fan Dominion at www.FanDominion.com. SF news and reviews.

The New England Science Fiction Association at www.nesfa.org. Club and Boskone news.

Research Triangle Science Fiction Society at <http://www.rtsfs.com>. Official club web-site.

Scifi Dimensions at www.scifidimensions.com. Published by John Snider. Reviews and interviews.

Stargate Atlanta at www.stargateatlanta.com. Club and *Stargate* news.

Toonopedia at <http://www.toonopedia.com>, published by Don Markstein. On-line encyclopedia of cartoons.

VideoVista at www.videovista.net. Video Reviews.

Web Logs

The Fantasy Amateur Press Association at http://community.livejournal.com/fapa_forum/.

Arthur Hlavaty at <http://www.livejournal.com/users/supergee/>. Arthur writes on a variety of subjects.

Eric Jamborsky at <http://causticly-speaking.blogspot.com/>. His film oriented blog is <http://cinemaventure.blogspot.com/>

J.R. "Mad Dog" Madden at <http://jrmadden.blogspot.com>. Comments on a variety of subjects.

Robert Sabella at <http://adamosf.blogspot.com/> and <http://visionsofparadise.blogspot.com/>. The former is more personal and the latter more serious.

The Rise and Fall of Lois Lane (Part 2/2) by Jeff Thompson

Meanwhile, *Superman's Girlfriend Lois Lane* reached its apex in its 110s and early 120s after a slow, steady improvement—only to begin an alarmingly swift downhill slide in its mid-120s. According to playwright and frequent comic-book letter-column contributor Scott Gibson, "Editor E. Nelson Bridwell took the rather staid Lois Lane and made her exciting and vibrant in his two-year run on the title. Then, when Robert Kanigher handled the title after Bridwell's departure, both Lois and the Thorn became rather disjointed. Very often, a subsequent issue would more or less invalidate something that had occurred the issue before." Indeed, Kanigher was a much better *Lois Lane* writer than *Lois Lane* editor, but he and Bridwell both can be credited for the magazine's zenith, the outstanding sagas of Morgan Edge and Lucy Lane, published in late 1971 and early 1972.

The strange notion that Galaxy Broadcasting System president Morgan Edge was imprisoned in his own apartment—while a bogus Edge, who was a sinister clone of the real man, ran the network and collaborated with Darkseid's Inter-Gang—first was hinted at in *Lois Lane* #114 (September 1971), but it was not fully realized until issue #118 (January 1972) in the superb Bob Kanigher story, "Edge of Darkness." The original Morgan Edge escaped from the secret cubicle in his apartment but could not elicit Superman's help in

vanquishing the cloned Edge because everyone thought that the real Edge was insane! As the hapless Edge was being transported to a mental institution, he caused the vehicle to crash, and he escaped. Ultimately, he hid out with the hippie Yango and his motorcycle gang, the Outsiders, who first had appeared in *Superman's Pal Jimmy Olsen* #133 (October 1970), the first Jack Kirby issue of that equally fascinating DC title. The spurious Morgan Edge finally was destroyed in *Jimmy Olsen* #152 (August-September 1972).

Since *Lois Lane* #105, Lois's flight-attendant sister Lucy Lane had appeared in only one panel in issue #109 (April 1971) until the fateful Lucy Lane saga in issues #119, 120, and 121 (February, March, and April 1972). Kanigher, Roth, and Colletta's "Inside the Outsiders!" in *Lois Lane* #119 was an exciting blend of the continuing Morgan Edge storyline and the advent of the Lucy Lane plot. The story depicted Lucy's seemingly new, thrill-seeking, reckless attitude as she participated in a dangerous skydiving meet in Metropolis. Lucy quipped to her sister, "Don't be a square, Lois! You only live once! I'm living now! Today! Tomorrow doesn't count!"

Superman, the Lane sisters, and Yango's Outsiders battled Vudu and Iron Mask (from Kirby's Evil Factory), and then Lucy yearned for a new thrill. "Must you go?" Lois worriedly asked her changed sibling. "Yes, Lois," Lucy replied resolutely. "That Outsider scene was a groove while it lasted, but it's over. I'm getting bored again. I'm going to fly to South America next!" Little did the impetuous Lucy Lane know that she would never leave South America alive (until this outstanding storyline was maddeningly and unnecessarily undone in later issues of *Jimmy Olsen* when Lucy turned up alive but aged to an old woman—consider them Imaginary Stories).

"Who Killed Lucy Lane?" in *Lois Lane* #120 was a milestone in the magazine and in DC's entire "relevant" era. Scripted by Cary Bates from an excellent plot by Irene Vartanoff, the enthralling 17-page story combined elements of Gothic novels, Hitchcockian espionage, soap opera, and science fiction. Lucy, who had become an agent for The 100, had had a change of heart and had tried to flee from her criminal employers in a canoe down some South American rapids. Instead, the small boat overturned, Lucy drowned, and her body was washed irretrievably out to sea! A grief-stricken Lois Lane rejected Superman's sympathy and walked aimlessly into the San Quantos night—and

it was six weeks before anyone in Metropolis heard from her again!

Just as issue #121 was a turning point for Spider-Man, *Lois Lane* #121 was a major turning point for Superman's girlfriend and for the quality of the magazine. The events of the first 15 pages of Cary Bates's 24-page "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Lois Lane But Were Afraid to Ask!" were brilliant—a despondent Lois, not caring whether she lived or died, wandering through the rainy Metropolis streets; her rescue not by Superman but by her future roommate Julie Spence and her emergence from self-pity; Lois's resignation from the *Daily Planet* to become a freelance journalist; and her bittersweet reunion with the Man of Steel.

The last half of issue #121's story (as well as the issue's cover, featuring Old Lois) signaled the beginning of the end of Lois's greatness. Lois's zany masquerade as an old woman to expose a crook and her moving into a singles' apartment with Julie Spence, Kristin Cutler, and Marsha Mallow indicated a jarring shift in tone. *Lois Lane* #121 was Dorothy Woolfolk's first issue as editor.

Lois Lane #122 (May 1972) provided a brief upswing with its 25-page Lois/Thorn team-up and the reappearance of a computer named K.A.R.L. which had been introduced in a two-part Thorn/Poison Ivy team-up in *Lois Lane* #115 and 116. However, Lois's adventure in issue #123 (June 1972) "planted her feet firmly on the road to literary schlock," as I wrote in *Hola!* #3 (October 1978). "The Ten Deadly Divisions of The 100" in *Lois Lane* #123 introduced just that—an international assemblage of ten over-glamorized departments which destroyed The 100's frightening realism as an inner-city crime syndicate. Now, Lois and Superman anticipated battles with the Amazons, Dynamiters, Hunters, Mind-Benders, Space Raiders, Stealers, Agents, Sea Wolves, Mobsters, and Athletes of The 100—but they encountered only three groups (Space Raiders in #123, Hunters in #124, Athletes in #127) before the whole idea was dropped. *Superman's Girlfriend Lois Lane* had had its day.

Meanwhile, the Thorn took a similar nosedive in quality when, in *Lois Lane* #123, Don Heck began illustrating her stories and remained with the strip until its end in #130 (April 1973). It was around the time of these last eight stories that the Thorn seemed to forget about The 100 as she battled everyday thugs and gangs, often now during the *daytime*. When the Thorn made her (at that

time) final appearance in *Lois Lane* #130, readers did not seem to care any more about the quirky, awkwardly drawn character.

1970, 1971, and 1972 were “the good old days” for *Lois Lane*, *Jimmy Olsen*, and all of DC Comics. Beginning in 1974, Lois, now without her

own comic book, became merely one of the crowd in *Superman Family* until it too was cancelled in 1982. Maybe, the liberated Lois Lane, the more human Superman, and the innovative “realism” of the early 1970s were only Lois and Superman robots, and it was all just a hoax.

Letters of Comment

Jeff Thompson:

Hello, Warren! How are you? Thank you so very much for publishing my article "The Rise and Fall of Lois Lane" in *The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin* (and in the next issue, too!). I was thrilled to see my article in print, and I hope that your readers really enjoy it. This was another terrific issue of the *Bulletin*; I always enjoy reading about the conventions and the fan clubs. I hope to meet Tom F. and Janet H. at www.comiccitytn.com here in Nashville on October 18-19, and I hope to meet *you* in person somewhere, some time. Until then, Warren, have a good weekend and keep in touch! F.I.A.W.O.L. (Fandom Is A Way Of Life)!

Dr. Jeff Thompson

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615-495-4751

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Sorry it's taken so long to get out, but now that I'm getting issue three out, I've included the conclusion of your article on Lois Lane. Hope everyone enjoys it.

This next letter came from someone who provided no return address, and no last name, just Scott:

10-5-08 – Late at night...

Hi, Warren.

Thanks for the issues of *The SFC Bulletin* – it's been a while since I've written. From a con standpoint, it's been a slow year for me. Conglomeration was the only con I attended in 2008. A con I missed (this year) Wonderfest – is one that doesn't get the recognition it deserves, if you ask me. Technically a scale modeler's con, it has a very heavy SF influence. Well worth attending. In many ways, it's almost a relaxacon.

Movies that stand the test of time – “Blade Runner” is one of them. Recently, I was given the *Blade Runner* DVD – I hadn't seen it since it was on at the theatre, and was sort of surprised at how well it's held up.

For the charity art auction at next year's Conglomeration, I plan to enter a couple bicycles – The Bike to the Future Pedalorean and the Ecto ½. Both will be 16” bicycles, heavily modified, but rideable. I have to use the tiny 16 inch bikes so I can get them into my car. Getting a single 26 inch bike – even disassembled – in my car is difficult. It's a way to recycle (bad pun, I know...) old bicycles.

It's late, so I'd best keep this short. Not much of a letter, I realize, but I wanted to get a letter written, and to let you know I appreciate getting the SFC bulletins. More later,

Scott

It also came in the coolest piece of mail I've ever received – a flashlight, covered in art and stickers. I really wish I knew who he is. I'd also love to see the bikes he's talking about. Thanks for writing, Scott!

Joy V. Smith:

Dear Warren,

I enjoyed Patricia Roger's exploration of Jack Speer's papers; I see she's going to be busy with that project for quite a while! The comic characters' background article was very interesting. I don't think I knew any of that was happening or even that there was a Lois Lane comic book!

Thanks for the convention reports. I always enjoy the fun--even at second hand. (Btw, has anyone seen the pseudo-documentary about an earthquake in Las Vegas? Lots of hotels and casinos come crashing down although the newer ones have been built to a stricter code.) Thanks to Tom Feller too for the fanzine listings. The website, club, and con listings are appreciated also.

Re: LOCs: Tim, It's a literary convention in contrast to a media convention, where the guests of honor are actors from TV series and movies. Oasis is a regular fun SF con. And I didn't even mention the SF trivia contest modeled on Jeopardy, among other things. Btw, I see you don't care for Torchwood either.

Cheryl, Ah, yes. Where does this cord go?! I recently--with help--attached a converter box to my old TV, but the channels didn't come in as good. Hmm. So, I reattached the antenna cord, and it worked, but I'm not getting more channels as some people reported.

Btw, at the end of the month my blog--hosted by AOL--will cease to exist, along with my website. I'm exploring other options...

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

Joy

(My blog includes helpful house hints & publication news)

<http://journals.aol.com/pagadan/JoysJournal/>

I'm interested in that pseudo-documentary you mentioned. Probably a bit fantastic, but an interesting idea. How realistic is the idea of an earthquake hitting Vegas? I recall seeing the link to your new blog, though I'm including the old one for accuracy in printing what I receive (aside from some spelling corrections, I don't like to edit folks' letters).

M. Lee Rogers:

Warren:

Congrats on another issue of the SFC Bulletin. You may treat this as a letter of comment, though it also has a few internal matters in it.

Feral Chicken does not make much sense to this addled brain. Maybe you have to see a longer run to get it. I used to read the comic pages of the newspapers. Now I only see a couple of Web-based strips. One is User Friendly about a neurotic Canadian ISP. As of this writing, the folks are working at CERN. One of the ISP's programmers has used the Hadron Collider to open a portal to an unknown dimension. A squid-like creature is sitting at a bar in his business suit talking about how he hates to be summoned. Actually, Cthulu is a regular character in the strip. However, he rarely does anything evil. He just talks about it.

Anyway, back to the Bulletin. I do apologize for the problems with all of the special characters that did not translate into your OpenOffice editor. The British pound sign and Euro sign don't surprise me, but it was a bit of a shock to realize that even the apostrophes did not make it over. I used Microsoft Word to prepare the article. Do I need to get OpenOffice to send things to you without problems?

Also, do you know when you plan to publish the next ish? This will give me time to get another article ready for you.

As far as font sizes are concerned, 10 on 12 is a good compromise for print zines. It looked like Cleary's zine was printed in that size. If people can't read that size type, they need help with their vision over what you can supply.

I never knew that Lois Lane went feminist in the 70's. By then I had given up reading the comic books. It's just as well that I did not see the "new" LL. It would not have seemed in character with the older Lois Lane.

Tom Feller mentioned time changes when visiting Las Vegas. I was surprised the time I went there how early the sunrises and sunsets fall. I got to Vegas on the summer solstice day. The next morning the sun was up by 5:00 a.m. even with savings time. It set not long after 8:00 p.m. The mountains that surround Vegas also play a part in shortening the hours of daylight.

Have you heard from Kruger about the Handbook material that he is holding? He never responded to the E-mail that I sent him. We don't have to have the material, but it would be nice to see.

Take care and talk to you next time.

M. Lee Rogers

Thankfully, I got a computer from my brother, which has Office installed on it, so I can now leave behind the headache of OpenOffice. This zine will be the last one I use that trash at all for. I haven't heard from Grant, maybe I'll run into him at Worldcon, though.

Rich Dengrove:

SAME AS MY OCTOBER 7, 2008. THOUGHT THIS EMAIL WOULD MAKE PUBLISHING EASIER

Dear Warren,

About font size, at work, I have been doing my agency's clips in 8.5 Verdana. Haven't had a complaint yet. Of course, it depends on the font whether a presbyopic can see it at very low point-age.

This comment is for Lloyd Penney. If Steampunk is the Victorian era projected, how about a genre of science fiction with the fifties projected, Hifipunk? Of course, we have gotten to the Moon, and we have solar power and robot housekeepers, by 2008. The latter two had prominent places in comics that predicted the bright new future. However, no computers. Maybe cellphones; Hugo Gernsback predicted something like them.

...Maybe not.

This is for Sheryl Birkhead. Sheryl, so you just needed to plug in a plug and your printer was running. Was it something any idiot should have thought of? With computers and peripherals and the whole world of modern technology, we are all idiots.

You have the right idea. I think it's called serendipity. You try things until a little luck and a little knowledge tells you what works. Or, too often in my case, it reminds me of what works. Fortunately, modern technology is made so it is idiot proof. You can't push a key or key combo, or plug in a plug; and the whole machine explodes. It doesn't happen.

Sincerely Yours,
Richard Dengrove
2651 Arlington Drive, #302
Alexandria, VA 22306

Your mention of "Hifipunk" brings to mind Gibson's short story, "The Gernsback Continuum", which dealt with incursions of the thirties world projecting into our own. There are some great lines in that one. Yeah, destroying a machine in one touch these days usually requires a hammer.

Lloyd Penney:

1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON
CANADA M9C 2B2

October 11, 2008

Dear Warren:

Thank you for the newest Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 9 No. 2. Looks like you're still having fun with, and good for you, and us. A quick look inside reveals...

...that shortly, you'll be having your own local convention, and you have made some stellar choices for GoHs. Diane and Peter are old friends of ours...please say hello to them for us. Also, that same weekend, we will be in Montréal for Con*cept, checking out the Anticipation facilities for Worldcon next year.

Patricia Rogers' reports on her excavations of Jack Speer's fannish collection are a portal into fandom's past. Each episode proved Jack was a packrat, like so many of us, but the length and breadth of his packratness is legendary. Discovering part of Roy Tackett's collection inside...like an archaeological dig, there's expectation that she is going to find something momentous.

I'm sure I've asked before, but how many folks from the SFC are coming to Anticipation? I haven't seen folks like Khen Moore and Dan Caldwell in a very long time.

I definitely agree with Tom Feller, Wall-E is an excellent movie, and one of the rare ones I went to see twice. I'll be in line to buy it when it comes out on DVD. Yvonne has found a shop close to where she works that sells Wall-E toys. Also, the Vegas Westercon... I'd also thought that Arnie Katz was trying to be somewhat exclusionary with the term Core Fandom; I'm glad to read that this was not his intention. He's at least gotten people talking about his ideas and about him. I know Arnie would not have attended that Westercon, even if it was local, but it would have been more instructive if Arnie had been brought in to defend himself at the panel.

Warren, Denvention was your first Worldcon? Welcome to a larger world. A fellow Worldcon attendee said that to me at my first Worldcon in 1983, name of Asimov. The atmosphere is intoxicating, combined with the knowledge that you are part of perhaps not the biggest, but the best convention you could go to. I've had my fun, and friendships that have lasted a lifetime. We were in LA for 2006, and we will be in Montréal for 2009, and after that, I expect that will be it. The current financial disaster is helping us to make that decision.

My loc...the Royal Astronomical Society let me go, but I am now at Southern Graphics Systems of Etobicoke. For the record, SGS's head office is in Louisville, Kentucky. Hours are good, pay is great, and I hope they keep me.

I guess that's all for now...ran out of zine, darnit. Gotta make some more, Warren, and I'm looking forward to them.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

There should be a fair number of SFCers at Anticipation, though I've heard a disheartening number of folks can't go. Dan Caldwell, at least, will be there. Khen, though, for obvious reasons, won't be in attendance, and is dearly missed. Denvention 3 was indeed my first Worldcon. And now, for Anticipation, I'm dragging along two friends who've never been to one. Sorry to hear the finances are keeping you away from more Worldcons. Maybe they'll look up in the future – maybe in time for Chicago in 2012. I'm looking forward to getting to meet you.

Sheryl Birkhead (22509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20882):

October 10-(ouch) 24, 2008

Dear SFCBers (hi Warren!),

Congratulations on jumping in the deep end. Come to think of it, when you are pubbing your ish, there is **no** way to ease into it. Each faned makes the zine his own- go to it! I'll see if I can grab some time to get some pieces to you. I am not online all that much and my Mac and I have a lot of issues with things cyber—but if I can get things for you, I will probably try to send them both electronically and paper **IF** I manage to do the above- you can let me know which format to use. I have been finding out the hard way that what my printer spits out for me may not actually be what gets transmitted electronically—my fault, but I can't figure out a way around it. The other aspect is not one that seems to be a concern for SFCB—color. I do not have a color printer and can **see** my nice colored pieces, but no way to get a hard copy to mail. But, I digress....

I saw some of Patricia (Rogers)'s writing about heading in Speer territory—and I am **so** glad to see it in print. It was a terrific read. I did not get to read all she wrote and I hope this can remedy that.

Ah, so that is where Roytac's zines went...maybe.

So, one propeller beanie found—any idea if they are still available anywhere? I guess that would be a ghod thing to ask Google—RSN. Somehow, just leafing through this ish I actually saw “Terry Hughes eulogy”— and until I read the attendant text thought I had missed out on something... ah yes, shades of Mota.

In all honesty, I had not realized there **was** a Lois Lane comic book. I started out reading ERB's Tarzan books and just kept on going on the library shelves. I sort of did the same thing with comic books—started out reading Tarzan and moved on to Superman---but did not go much beyond that. I never kept my comics (bad decision!)so I can talk a walk down memory lane to see what lies in my hidden treasures box.

Thanks for the con reports—nice to see what I missed. My niece lives in Las Vegas and I keep thinking I might...someday.... I was one of the lucky few who did not qualify for the tax stimulation check, but I had already figured out how I would spend it. Ah well.

...and then we move on to the Worldcon. How do you intend to “keep” your ribbons? My technique (haven't been to a con in years) is to toss the badge into a box that resides on top of one of the fanzine filing cabinets. Simple, but more or less effective. I re-read the Denvention 3 description and still am not sure—**was** this your first Worldcon? If so, you came through like a champ—if not, you seem to have Worldcon stamin in place (even if you didn't get to all the program items you would have wished!).

Nice reference materials—zines, clubs, sites, conventions. Another thank you.

Just to keep you up to date on the DSL(or not) situation—my calls to Verizon are now running 80% **no** you cannot have it and 20% **yes** you can. Nutshellized tale- I just need to know I am going to go for it and get someone to say **yes** and see if they will actually deliver! As of now I have decided to stick with my vintage Mac-because I cannot rationalize going into debt that much money when I have a perfectly good computer—old or not. Of course this all means that some time in the not too distant future my software will be neither supported nor updated and I'll be backed into a tight corner—but that is for time to come.

Oct 24—agh, finally located the file—now to find the paper with the few fillos and get this printed out and sent....

Sheryl

Wow! What a loc! Thanks for the pieces you included. With a little more time, I'd have gotten up to my parents' house to scan them in. I definitely work better with files than paper in that regard. I don't mind typing up locs, but I just don't have the tech on hand at home to scan illos. Hopefully, I can get them in nextish. I know Rich Dengrove has a propeller beanie, maybe he can clue you in to a source. As I told Lloyd, Denvention was indeed my first Worldcon, and I'm about to leave for my second! Glad to hear from you again!

Henry “Knarley” Welch:

Warren:

Thanks for the latest Bulletin.

I am somewhat skeptical of Tim Marion's comments regarding cats. I cannot believe that a cat would ever choose a human as a guest of honor.

There are significant differences between Macs and PCs. In terms of fixing your own problems such as Sheryl's, Mac people are less likely to be DIY than PC owners. Part of this is because the Mac system has a closed architecture making this simply a more technical undertaking. Further the Mac and OSX are designed to appeal more to those who don't want to have to hassle with all the details. On top of this, the Mac is less prone to problems than the PC so PC owners have to be more willing to try to fix and patch things as they end up having to do it more often.

Until next issue...

Henry L. Welch

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