Jo Walton ❧ Ken MacLeod ❧ Leslie Fish

Minicon 36 ❧ Minneapolis Hilton & Towers ❧ April 13–15, 2001

CONGRATULATIONS TO MINICON 36 GUEST OF HONOR

KEN MACLEOD

COSMONAUT KEEP

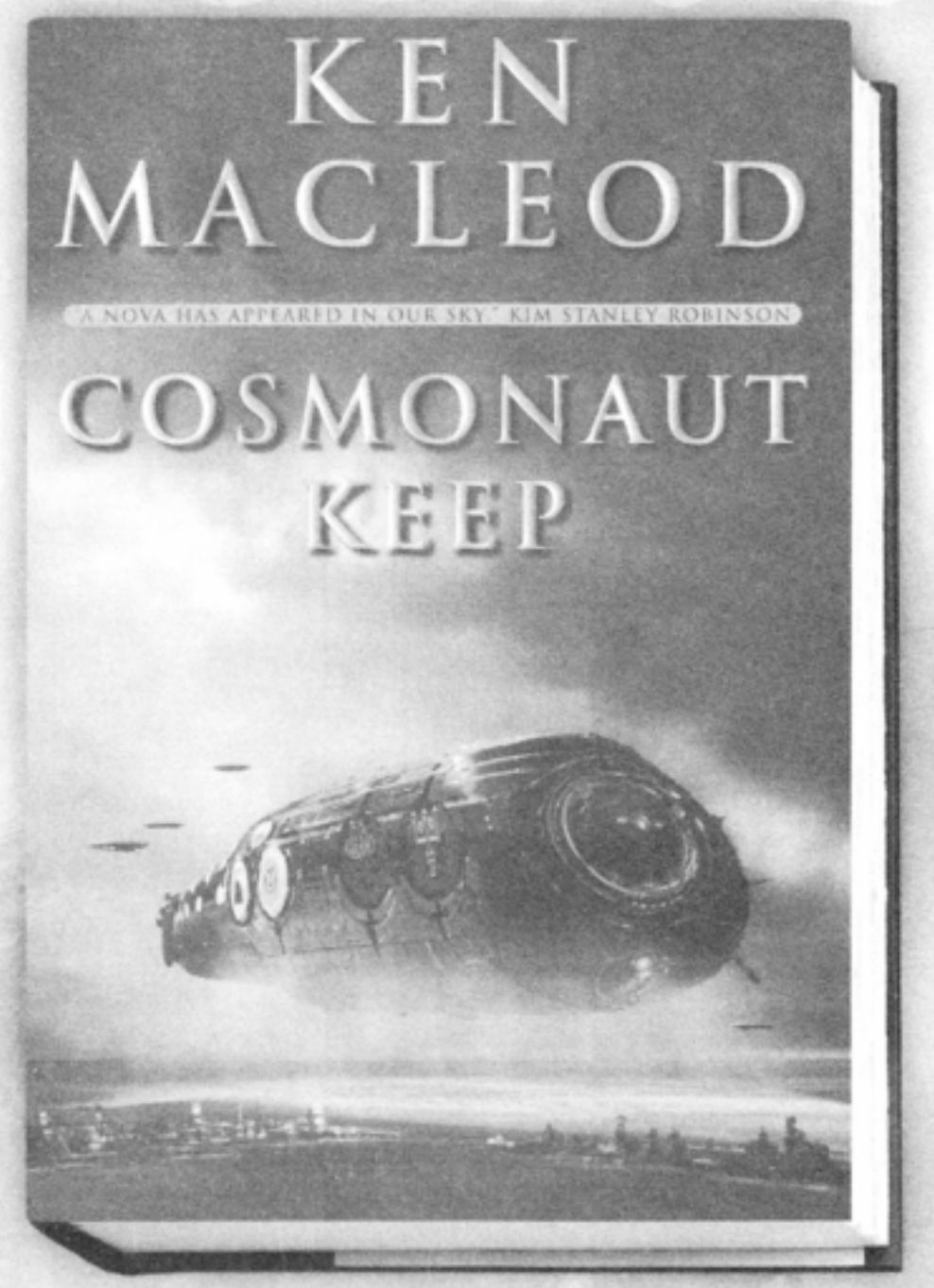
Available now in hardcover

From one of SF's most brilliant new voices comes an epic of daring and passionate individuals seeking a place for themselves in a vast and enigmatic universe.

"[MacLeod] is writing revolutionary science fiction. A nova has appeared in our sky."
—Kim Stanley Robinson

"This man's going to be a major writer."
—Iain Banks

"Prose sleek and fast as the technology it describes. Watch this man go global."
—Peter F. Hamilton



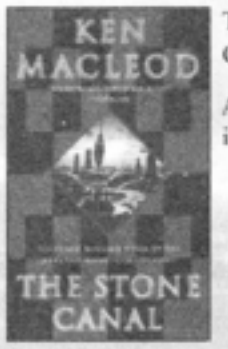
0-765-30032-X · $25.95/$36.95 CAN.

DISCOVER THE ACCLAIMED BOOKS OF KEN MACLEOD'S "FALL REVOLUTION" SERIES TODAY

THE STAR FRACTION

The first novel of the "Fall Revolution" series returns to hardcover August 2001.

0-765-30084-2
$25.95/$36.95 Can.



THE STONE CANAL

Available now in paperback

0-812-56864-8
$6.99/$8.99 Can.

THE CASSINI DIVISION

Available now in paperback

0-812-56858-3
$6.99/$8.99 Can.

THE SKY ROAD

Available in paperback August 2001

0-812-57759-0
$6.99/$8.99 Can.

TOR®

Visit us on the web at www.tor.com

Minicon 36

Program Book

Guest Articles. General Interest. Remembering Gordy Dickson. Programming.

Color-coded for your convenience.

Designed by the Minneapolis Alliance for the Preservation of White Space. Please join us in our fight to save America's white space from the encroaching Advertising Age.

❄ ❄ ❄

A Rune Press publication. Copyright 2001 by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (Minn-StF). All rights reserved. Edited, produced, and distributed by the Minicon 36 Committee and Staff for Minn-StF – a non-profit, volunteer-run organization since 1968. No portion of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from Minn-StF. Illustrations and articles remain the property of their respective artists and authors.

This book is typeset—mostly—in Perpetua and Gill Sans by Eric Gill, an engraver and stonecutter working in England and Wales. *Perpetua* (known in the Bitstream type library as Lapidary 333) was issued in 1925 by Monotype, and is one of Gill's more obscure faces. Jon Singer convinced Gill to develop Edward Johnston's 1916 type for the London Underground into Gill Sans, which Monotype issued in 1927. Gill Sans has since become one of the most overused typefaces in the world, and we of the MASWP are pleased to continue that tradition.

WELCOME TO

Lost in time or space?

It's April 13–15, 2001.

You're in the Minneapolis Hilton & Towers.

Here are some people you should remember:

Writer Guest of Honour — **Ken MacLeod**

Fan Guest of Honour — **Jo Walton**

Musician Guest of Honor — **Leslie Fish**

Yourself — **Check your badge**

Minicon is brought to you by Minn-StF.

Minnesota Science Fiction Society
PO BOX 8583
Lake Street Station
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Minn-StF Events Hotline
612.824.5559

Minn-StF Web Site
www.mnstf.org

Minn-StF Events Calendar
www.mnstf.org/einblatt/

MINNESOTA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

Minicon
PO BOX 8297
Lake Street Station
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Minicon E-mail Address
request@minicon.mnstf.org

Minicon Web Site
www.mnstf.org/minicon/

Minicon Announcement List
minicon-announce-subscribe@mnstf.org

A Message from the Chair

by David Dyer-Bennet

Greetings, Earthlings! (Or Tellurians, if you prefer). Welcome to Minicon 36.

We have a great set of guests this year—Ken MacLeod, Jo Walton, and Leslie Fish. You'll find separate articles about each of them in this book, but I want to take just a second to say that if intellectual conversation is the centerpiece of Minicon, we couldn't have three better people to do it with.

We hold Minicon each year to celebrate SF, to honor our guests, to see friends, to have fun of doing the work, and incidentally to finance Minn-StF for the year. For a lot of us working on the convention, Minicon is the center the year revolves around.

I want to thank all the people who work to make Minicon happen, including the committee listed in the program book and everybody who pitches in at the convention. I get to write this article, but they do all the work.

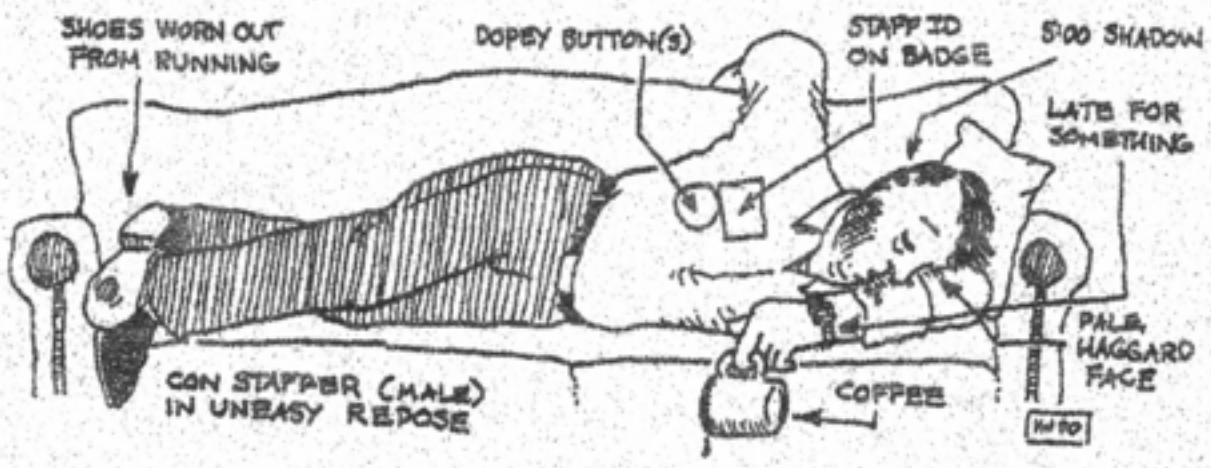
Like nearly all fan-run SF conventions, Minicon is run entirely by volunteers. That's why we sell "memberships" rather than "tickets," and why even committee members pay registration fees. The fees cover unavoidable cash expenses like printing and mailing publications, bringing the guests in, and supplying the consuite. All the actual work is done by volunteers. We couldn't possibly afford to pay all the people for all the work they do. So join in the fun by volunteering during the convention, and come to the postmortem (probably April 28; check the web page) or the various committee meetings to help plan for next year.

And if you see somebody slaving away to keep the con suite stocked or the foyer area clean, help them out!

I'm expecting to have a great time at this Minicon, and I hope you all do too. If you see me, let me know how it's going for you. Or better yet, talk to me about science fiction!

A Note...

On January 31, Minn-StF and science fiction fandom lost one of the very few remaining Golden Age SF authors, Gordon R. Dickson. Watching the people who introduced me to science fiction die off one by one over the last couple of decades has been harrowing. This one hit especially closely, because many of us in Minneapolis fandom have known Gordy personally for many years. You'll find a number of articles here, and some program items, about him. I'm going to miss him a lot.



The Head of Publications is a Flake Department:

ATom and Glenn Tenhoff should have been credited for the artwork in the flyer and Progress Report. I forgot to mention it there, so I'm doing so here. Sorry!

Rachael Lininger

Artists

Judie Cilcain
24

Ken Fletcher
70

Todd Cameron Hamilton
49, 59

Sue Mason
6

Katya Reimann
18, 19, 20, 52

Glenn Tenhoff
72

Arthur Thompson (ATom)
Throughout

Charles Urbach
Cover, 34, 57

Kip Williams
4,11,22

Production

Pamela Dean, *Grammarian*

Peer Dudda, *Proofreading*

David Dyer-Bennet, *Scanning*

Beth Friedman, *Copyediting*

Mary Kay Kare, *Proofreading*

Laurel Krahn, *Proofreading*

Rachael Lininger, *Editing, Layout, Printing*

Mark Richards, *Collation*

Tablet of Contents

Chairman's Message	*David Dyer-Bennet*	5
Jo Walton: Intellectual Berserker for a Better Tomorrow	*Ken MacLeod*	6
A Visit to Wales	*David Owen-Cruise*	8
Some Burbling About Ken MacLeod	*Jo Walton*	9
Les Fish	*Neil Rest*	11
Anarchy According to Leslie	*Leslie Fish*	13
Minicon Anonymous	*Irene Raun*	17
Some Destinations are More Picturesque than Others	*Katya Reimann*	18
Trees Grow Through Time	*Avram Grumer*	21
The Hidden World of Science Fiction Poetry	*Laurel Winter*	22
Glimpses of My Apahacking History	*Judie Cilcain*	24
Instant Party—Just Add Room!	*Karen Cooper*	26
The Science of Science Fiction	*Graydon Saunders*	28
Auntie Plokta's Advice for the Lovelorn	*Alison Scott*	31
Unsaid Words: Thoughts on Losing a Hugo	*Bruce Schneier*	32
How Does a Sales Ranking Mean?	*rec.arts.sf.fandom*	33
Like a Bright Light on the Road to Damascus	*James Nicoll*	34
Minnesota's Newest Italian Immigrants	*Bill Higgins*	35
A Photonic Dialogue	*Jo Walton*	36
Pottering	*Jon Singer*	37
Legends of Jon Singer	*rec.arts.sf.fandom*	38
A Non-Introduction to the Program Book	*Rachael Lininger*	41
A No-Longer-Brief History of Minicon	*Fred A. Levy Haskell*	42
Pros & Cons: The Minicon 10 Fan GoH Speech	*Gordon R. Dickson*	51
Memories of Gordy Dickson	*Phyllis Eisenstein*	55
Memories of Gordy Dickson	*Mary Kay Kare*	55
One More from the Back of the Hall	*John M. Ford*	56
Gordy Dickson	*Ben Bova*	57
The Ballad of Gordy Dickson	*Ben Bova*	58
Gordy Dickson	*Joel Rosenberg*	61
Appreciating the Unique	*Dave Wixon*	63
Memories of Gordy Dickson	*Peter Hentges*	64
A Gordon R. Dickson Bibliography	*Dave Wixon*	66
Convention Information Begins		71
Convention Hours		72
Does This Consuite go to Duluth?		73
Operations & Hotel Highlights		74
Programming Information & Participants		75
Programming Index		76
Programming		78
Children's Programming		83
Hucksters List		84
Restaurant Guide		86
Minicon 36 Ground & Flight Crew		88
Skyway Map		89

Intellectual Berserker for a Better Tomorrow

by Ken MacLeod

Jo Walton is the only person I know who can get away with saying 'we' when she means the Romans (as in 'When we built Colchester. . .') or with referring to an eleventh-century church as 'a modern building.' I knew her for a long time through newsgroup postings and e-mails before I ever met her. This con will give many other people the chance to find out for themselves that she's just as delightful to meet as she is to read.

There's no need to be shy. Just go up to her and offer to buy her a drink. She may not want one, but she'll be happy to talk to you, and she may point me out and suggest that you offer to buy *me* a drink.

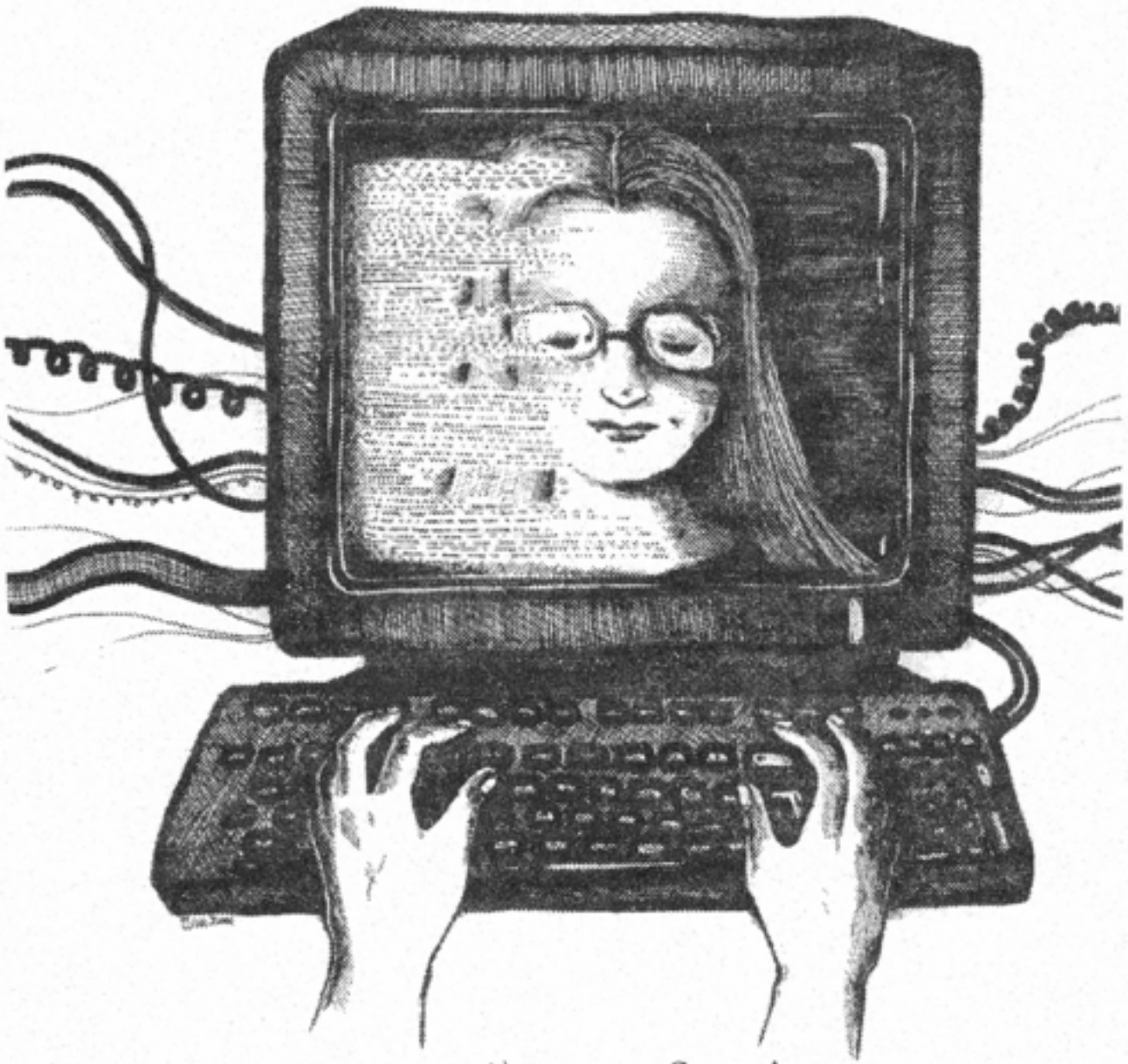
She was born 1 December 1964, in Aberdare, Wales, and has a degree in Classics from Lancaster University. She lived in Lancaster for a long time and now lives in Swansea. Her son, Sasha, was born 5 October 1990.

She's been in fandom for a while – her first con was Follycon, Easter 1988. At Intersection, the 1995 Worldcon in Glasgow, she was involved in running a highly successful simulation/role-playing game on the Colonisation of Planet Bartley. The set-up, as Jo describes it, went something like this:

> *The one that starts "Fellow Share-holders, we have achieved orbit around New Friedman!" is really quite different from the one that starts "Comrades! I have woken you from cold sleep early to report a difficulty with the propulsion system!" (Those people all ended up at the same planet, oops.)*

She's professionally published lots of material related to role-playing games (such as *GURPS: Celtic Myth,* with Ken Walton), and one novel, *The King's Peace* (Tor, 2000). She has completed its sequel, is currently working on a new novel and intends to write more, but wonders if she'll be remembered longest as the author of 'The Lurkers Support Me in E-mail.'

There's no danger of that, but it *is* true that since she went online in May 1994 she has been most widely known



Lurkers by Jo Walton

To the tune of
"My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean"

The Lurkers support me in email.
They all think I'm great don't you know.
You posters just don't understand me,
But soon you will reap what you sow.

Lurkers, lurkers, lurkers support me,
you'll see, you'll see
Off in e-mail the lurkers support me,
you'll see.

The lurkers support me in email.
"So why don't they post?" you all cry.
They're scared of your hostile intentions.
They're not as courageous as I.

Lurkers etc.

One day I'll round up all my lurkers
We'll have a newsgroup of our own.
Without all this flak from you morons
My lurkers will post round my throne.

for her fanwriting on Usenet. Indeed, she may well be the first person to make their reputation as a fanwriter online. She took to it like a Roman to road-building.

In the newsgroups *rec.arts.sf.written* (or rasfw, which Jo quite naturally pronounces as though it's a Welsh word, thus: 'rasfoo') and *rec.arts.sf.fandom* (or rasseff) a Jo Walton post, long or short, is almost always instantly recognisable from its style and is always worth reading. In fact, that's putting it mildly. Jo can say more in a brief Usenet post than many a writer can say in a book.

How does she do it? Where does she get the experience, the insight, the verve? Is the Classics course at Lancaster *that* good? Is her life vastly more interesting and diverse than she lets on? She's cagey about that.

She claims to have done 'lots of relatively dull jobs,' which I'm sure is true, but I can't believe it's the whole story. It has to be one of those misleading throwaway lines, like, 'Oh, I'm just a courier for ImpSec.' Surely she must have done lots of relatively exciting jobs, too. Her range of knowledge and interests is so broad that some swashbuckling secret life of adventure and romance, combined with a very normal, very personal, even rather domestic and maternal cover identity looks likely. *We* know that, but she isn't telling:

'I'm curious though—what do you think needed to be mentioned? How I ran away to sea? The years in the brothel in Alexandria? My meteoric rise in the French Foreign Legion? My Hollywood period? The controversy over my handling of Chile's finances? The scandal in Stockholm when I failed the drug-test and had my Nobel taken away? My brief, but glorious, reorganisation of Eastern Europe? My idyllic semi-retirement, working as a salmon-wrangler in British Columbia? Surely nobody would be interested in that old stuff. . . .'

See what I mean? Cagey.

And she's a poet.

Her poems, some of which are collected at her personal web page, range from casually deadly online squibs to intensely evocative meditations on life, on history, on country and planet.

I once wrote an online poem for Jo. You can find the context on her web site, but it meant more to me than that. It was a love poem—a platonic and electronic one, but a love poem all the same:

> Tattered pennants, ancient flags,
> fine ladies' work and beggars' rags.
> Dry twigs that scrape you in the dark.
> Hearts and initials on the bark.
>
> Memories of future time,
> a half-caught scrap of starboard rhyme,
> a hag, a clone, a pail of air,
> a tuft of theropodan hair.
>
> The matter of Britain, the streets of Earth,
> the sorrow of war, the solace of mirth—
>
> Walk through the coppice and find all these
> but you won't find ads in Walton's trees.

She's all that, yes. But she's fallible. She's been known to recommend peach brandy at a con after the beer ran out. Do not, under any circumstances, follow that recommendation.

Now go and offer to buy her a drink.

From: Jo Walton <Jo@bluejo.demon.co.uk>

Welcome inside the magic garden. You are now in a different world. You have not paid to come in and be entertained; by coming here you have opened a gate which no coin can open. You are now part of the body of fandom. This is your convention. This is a party we are all throwing together, for all our friends. This means you. You are one of us, even though you may not know anyone, everyone around you is a friend you haven't met yet.

There are many things you can do within this enchanted garden. But you are inside it now, you are an insider, you are one of us. Your participation is part of what defines what we are. The success of this convention will be whether everyone here has fun. This is our responsibility – yes, yours too. There are parties, panels, author signings, games, hucksters, an art show, and more here There is a special panel for first time members. And if you want to get to know your new friends and find out what specific stuff you can do to help this con succeed, you can volunteer at the bridge.

This is the inside secret of fandom. Do good, avoid evil, throw a room party...or otherwise help out as you get the chance. You are welcome. You are wanted. You are home now.

Oh, hang on, what did I leave out...what a good thing fandom is a co-operative venture so there are people to remind me! Yeah, we're all fallible human beings, including you and especially me. We try to do our best to make it all work right, but sometimes we make mistakes and screw up, and forget things, and sometimes things go wrong even in the best and most magical gardens. We ask you to bear with it when that happens, and, if you can, lend a hand to fix whatever you can.

A Visit to Wales

by David Owen-Cruise

This article is Jo Walton's fault. My attendance at the past two Minicons is her fault too. Don't abuse her for it. She didn't know what she was causing at the time.

Back in 1998, Jo and I were both regular posters in *rec.arts.sf.composition*, and I had just started posting in *rec.arts.sf.fandom*. I was going to be in South Wales for my Grandmother-in-law's 90th birthday, and I asked Jo where I should go in search of British novels that hadn't crossed the Atlantic. In the end, she wound up inviting my daughter Morgan and me to spend the afternoon with her and Sasha. It was the first time I'd met a Usenet correspondent in person.

So I arrived after a brief unplanned tour of greater Swansea, bearing a copy of Vonda McIntyre's *The Moon and the Sun*. We settled down to tea, mince pies, chocolate log, and conversation. It's hard to say which of those I enjoyed the most. We also shared a similar sense of how much noise should be made by two eight-year-olds jumping off a bed onto the floor above us.

If you're interested in the differences between British and US politics, Norman churches, the influence of the Norse on Wales, the theory and practice of writing fiction, childrearing, really good SF, or the early history of the Catholic church, you should talk to Jo. She knows this stuff, and she's good at both presenting her knowledge and her opinions without making the listener feel ignorant, and she's a good listener. Yes, I had a fine time.

So, how is my presence here Jo's fault? Just before my trip to Wales, there had been a thread discussing the notion that a fan was someone who liked associating with other fans. After meeting Jo, I was willing to call myself a fan by that definition.

My visit with Jo also made me happily volunteer to meet with Patricia Wrede and Rachael Lininger for dinner when Rachael was visiting town the next spring. It was at that dinner that Patricia strongly recommended Minicon to Rachael and me.

This just goes to show, you can never tell what tea, pastry, and conversation can lead to.

BOOKS BY JO WALTON

GURPS: Celtic Myth, Steve Jackson Games, 1995

The King's Peace, Tor, 2000

Poems 2001, Rune Press, 2001

Realms of Sorcery WFRP, Hogshead Publishing, forthcoming August 2001

The King's Name, Tor, forthcoming October 2001

New Alexandria Library and Resource Center

houses materials for study and research on Witchcraft, Neo-Paganism, Women's Spirituality, and Magick, including hard-to-find and out-of-print materials. We maintain archives that preserve the history, culture, and heritage of esoteric spiritual teachings from around the world.
We also have rental space for classes, meetings and other events.

For further information call 612-823-3673
E-mail: paganlibrary@magusbooks.com

Or check out our web page at:
http://www.magusbooks.com/newalexandria/

Some Burbling About Ken MacLeod

by Jo Walton

At first glance, Ken MacLeod looks quiet and unassuming and Scottish. He *is* Scottish. It's good to be right about one thing at least. He's one of the most astute people I've ever met. There's an awful lot going on inside his head. The first time I met him in person, at a con, he didn't have any idea who I was, and he quoted something I'd said on Usenet to me. It's not everyone who can manage that. It wasn't until the second time I met him that we were actually introduced.

Ken was born in Stornoway, Isle of Lewis, Scotland, on 2 August 1954. He married Carol on on 8 April 1981, and has two children, Sharon, 18, and Michael, 16. He has a degree in zoology and an MPhil in biomechanics, but he has been a programmer for most of his working life. He's been involved with politics from student days onwards. He's now a full time writer; as well as the novels he's written poems and articles and even the occasional short story.

What he writes is SF the way SF ought to be, all shiny and exciting, with spaceships and new planets and bursting with ideas, but also with three-dimensional characters of both genders.

I couldn't quite get over *The Star Fraction* when I first read it. I couldn't believe it was written by a British writer, and yet I couldn't believe it wasn't. It's set in a near-future fractured Britain, and nobody who didn't know a lot about Britain and British small-scale splinter politics could possibly have written it. But...it wasn't depressing. It didn't smell of overcooked cabbage. It had privatised nuclear deterrence. It even had guns! And one of them was a sympathetic character!

I was totally awed when I heard it had won the Prometheus Award for best libertarian SF. I thought its politics were far left, and all the libertarians I'd met, on Usenet, appeared to be on the far right. I wasn't surprised it was an Arthur C. Clarke Award finalist, I was just disgruntled that it didn't win.

While I was still marvelling at this prodigy, I rushed off to read *The Stone Canal* and was even more knocked over by it. Part of *The Stone Canal* features *More...*

Novels

The Star Fraction (Legend, UK, hb 1995, pb 1996) Arthur C. Clarke Award finalist, Prometheus Award winner.

The Stone Canal (Legend, UK, hb 1996, pb 1997) Prometheus Award winner.

The Cassini Division (Orbit, UK hb May 1998) Arthur C. Clarke Award finalist, Waterstone's Scottish Book of the Month.

THE WEB: Cydonia (Orion Children's Books, August 1998)

The Sky Road (Orbit, UK, hb 1999, pb 2000) BSFA Award winner.

Cosmonaut Keep (Orbit, UK, hb 2000, pb 2001)

Articles

'The Aleppo Button' (review) *New Dawn Fades,* Issue 10.

'Balkaniziranje Britanije i druge lose zamisli' [Balkanizing Britain and Other Bad Ideas] *Ni riba ni meso,* Issue 3, Spring 1996. (Croatian fanzine)

'The Encyclopaedia of Fantasy' (review) *Scottish Book Collector,* Vol 5 No 7, Summer 1997.

'The Encyclopaedia of Fantasy' (review) *Free Life,* No 27, September 1997.

'Science Fiction After the Future Went Away' *revolution,* Issue 5, March 1998. Reprinted at the website Infinity Plus.

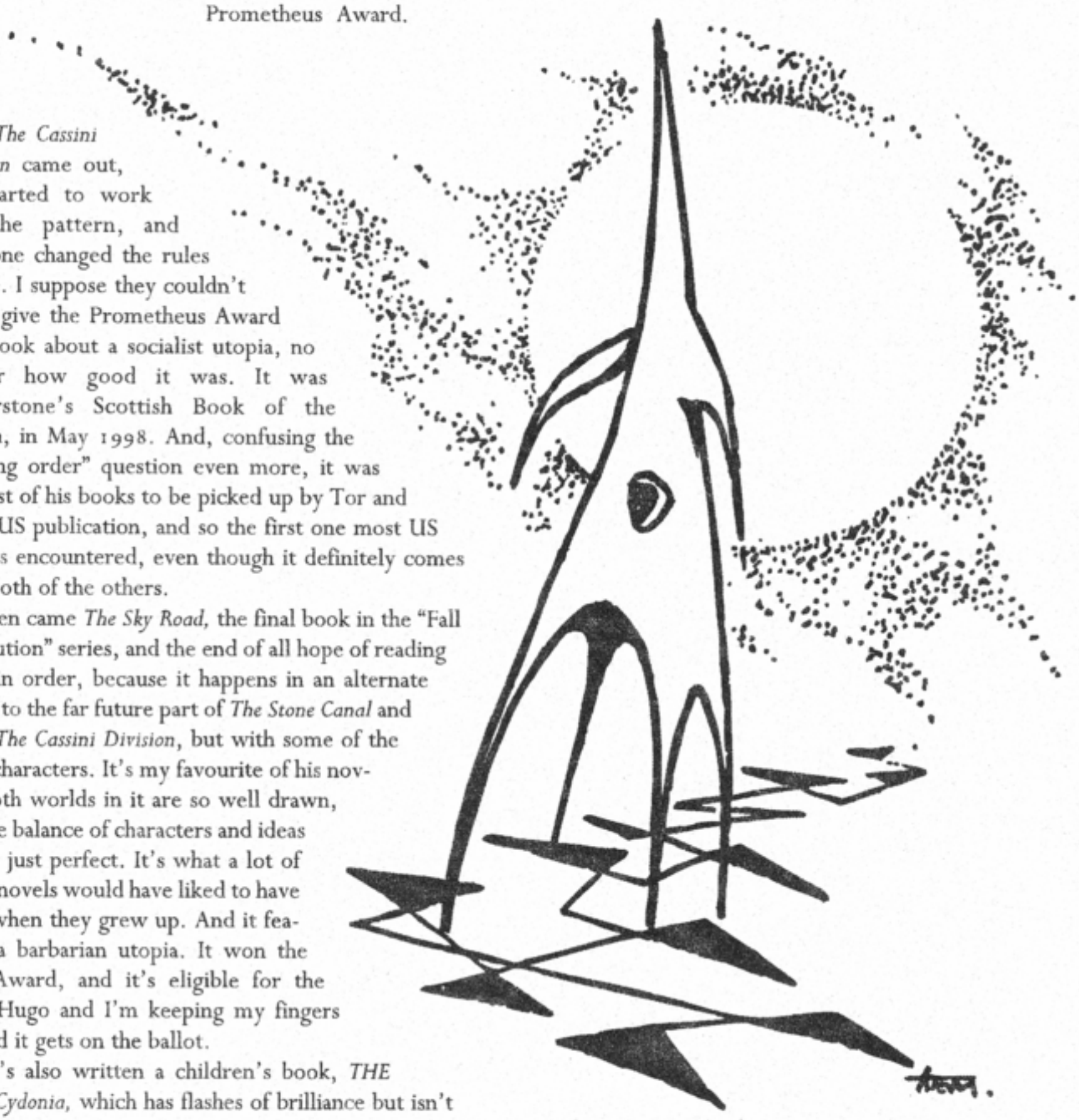
'Libertarianism, the Loony Left and the Secrets of the Illuminati' *Matrix,* Issue 127, September /October 1997. Reprinted by the Libertarian Alliance as *Personal Perspectives No 10,* 1998.

Poems

'Faith As A Grain Of Poppy Seed' *Poetry and Audience,* Vol 23 No 3.

'Succession' *New Dawn Fades,* Issue 10.

Scottish people born in the 1950s living through the seventies and eighties and nineties and on into the future, and the other part of it features them living in an anarcho-capitalist utopia hundreds of years in the future. I immediately started wondering whether I should have read it first, as some of the background details of *The Star Fraction* made a lot more sense after I'd read it. But the later part happens after the earlier book. *The Stone Canal* is a really wonderful book. It's a political novel that's thoughtful and exciting. And this time I wasn't the slightest bit surprised when it won the Prometheus Award.



By the time *The Cassini Division* came out, I'd started to work out the pattern, and someone changed the rules on me. I suppose they couldn't really give the Prometheus Award to a book about a socialist utopia, no matter how good it was. It was Waterstone's Scottish Book of the Month, in May 1998. And, confusing the "reading order" question even more, it was the first of his books to be picked up by Tor and given US publication, and so the first one most US readers encountered, even though it definitely comes after both of the others.

Then came *The Sky Road,* the final book in the "Fall Revolution" series, and the end of all hope of reading them in order, because it happens in an alternate future to the far future part of *The Stone Canal* and all of *The Cassini Division*, but with some of the same characters. It's my favourite of his novels; both worlds in it are so well drawn, and the balance of characters and ideas in it is just perfect. It's what a lot of old SF novels would have liked to have been when they grew up. And it features a barbarian utopia. It won the BSFA Award, and it's eligible for the 2000 Hugo and I'm keeping my fingers crossed it gets on the ballot.

He's also written a children's book, *THE WEB: Cydonia,* which has flashes of brilliance but isn't up to his adult novels.

And he's just come out with *Cosmonaut Keep*, which is in a totally new series, out in the US any minute now, and which I am waiting for with scarcely concealed impatience. I was really hoping it was going to get to me before the deadline for writing this. I hear very good things about it.

I envy those who haven't encountered Ken MacLeod yet, in books or in person, because the discoveries are all ahead of you. He's fun to talk to and full of ideas, and his books, oh, his books!

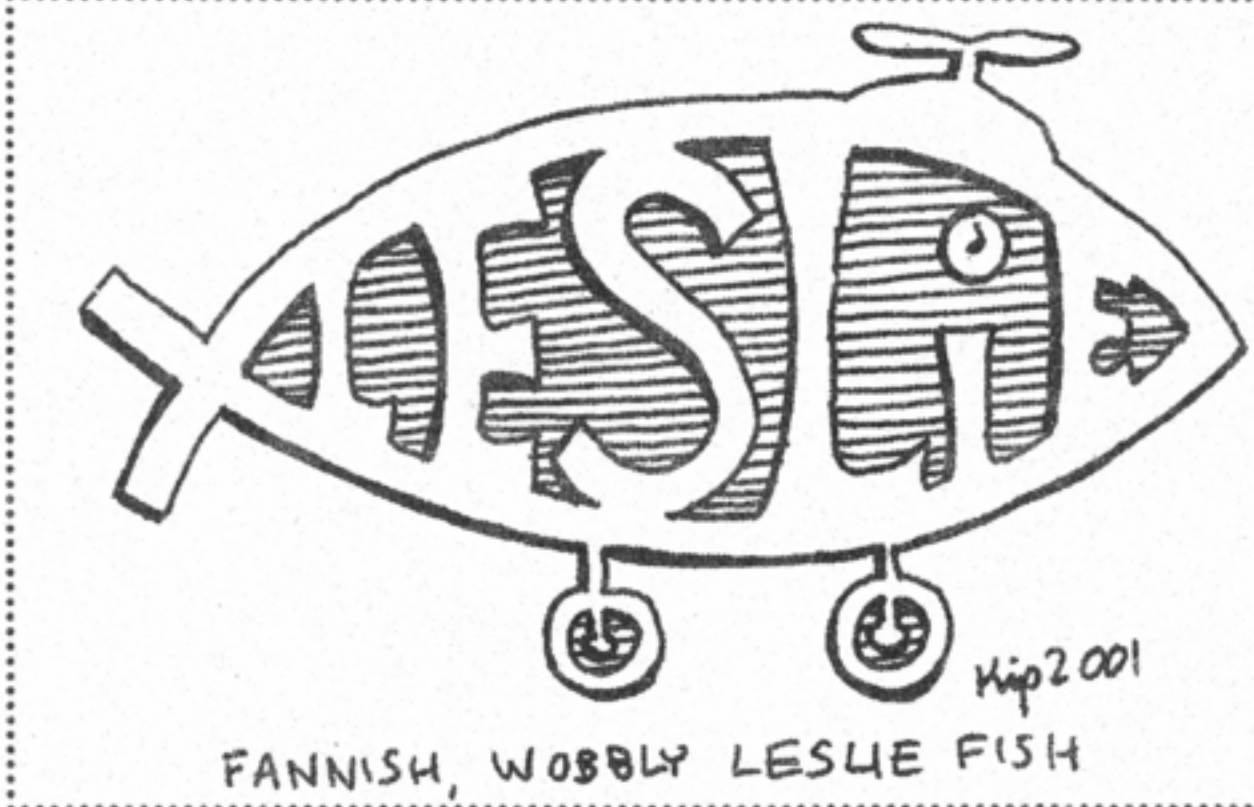
Les Fish

by Neil Rest

So how *does* a run-of-the-mill over-intelligent misfit become the world's only full-time professional filksinger?

It takes a combination of things. In the case of Les Fish, music, anarchism, science fiction, paganism, and a generous portion of "you're not *my* problem!"

A canonical history of odd jobs only goes so far if the objective is to not have a job! She says the oddest was being a part-time phone psychic, and the second oddest was being a dominatrix in San Francisco. (Professional tip: the proprietress kept a large bowl of fresh-cut lemon slices in the fridge to help fight off giggles.) So FORTRAN keypuncher in college ("sneaked revolutionary comments into the interstices"), industrial day-labor ("which inspired me both to join the Wobblies and to write 'Minnie the Freak'"), yard-clerk ("cinder kicker") for the B & O Railroad, and a year as under-editor for the Wobblies' newspaper, *The Industrial Worker,* fill out the list.



Les admits to having grown up in New Jersey; "dull, ruthlessly respectable suburbs in dull, ruthlessly respectable New Jersey, [with] dull, ruthlessly respectable parents whose religion was Class Climbing and whose passion was Making Money." But her mother had been a professional musician, and kept in practice; Les claims to remember being able to sing before she could talk. (The only drawback is that she claims that music completely took over the music/math part of her brain, leaving no room for math.)

She was also reading at three. But when she asked her mother what one of the words was in the "Bucky Bug" comic book she was reading, the reaction was, "'Ooh, ick: vi-o-lence! Sleaze! Trash! Low-class!' She confiscated the comic-book and threw it away. That was when I learned that adults could be hypocrites, thieves and tyrants, more interested in ruling kids than in teaching kids to be competent – and to be free, I had to keep secrets from the grown-ups. Anarchism 101."

When she was six, the family got its first television set. *Captain Video; Science Fiction Theatre; Tom Corbett, Space Cadet; Rocky Starr, Space Ranger.*

Fast-forward to high school test scores good enough for early admission to college. University of Michigan in Ann Arbor wasn't UCLA, but it was far enough away from the parents. First day on campus, wandering around, there's an announcement of a civil rights demonstration! So Les was there, guitar in hand. Bo-ring! But the guy who was running the picket line, name of Tom Hayden, was a founder of "this pro-civil-rights/anti-war group called Students for a Democratic Society. 'Where do I sign up?' said I."

Well, you could spend a lot of time in Sixties politics, and Les did. It was incredibly exhausting, too, and by the time Nixon had weaseled re-election out of doubling our dead, and announced he was capitulating, some of the reaction was just stuporous. Les watched his announcement on TV with the gang at the VVAW (Vietnam Veterans Against the War) house, and wandered over to campus to see how the draft-age guys were taking the news. There was a big crowd around the TV in the student union...but they were watching a sci-fi (sic) show, *Star Trek.*

That old interest in science fiction came off the shelf with a vengeance! Watching. Reading. Filking. Cons. Fanzines. Filking. Even dirty-pro-dom. Then someone offered to press 500 copies of an album. So Les and the IWW union band, the DeHorn Crew, did *Folksongs For Folks Who Ain't Even Been Yet.* The next *More...*

2001: A BayCon Odd-I-See

"Thinking Outside The Monolith"

May 25 - 28, 2001

San José DoubleTree Hotel, San José, CA

Taking a new and slightly odd perspective on
SF, fantasy, and conventions.

Writer Guest of Honor – Rudy Rucker

Artist Guest of Honor – Bill Hartmann

Fan Guests of Honor – James and Kathryn Daugherty

Special Guest – Poppy Z. Brite

For more information, visit our website at http://www.baycon.org.

BayCon 2001 Membership Form

$65 3/1/01 - 4/30/01 • $70 5/1/01 on & at the door

Mail with your check or money order made out to:
BayCon 2001
Attn: Registration
P.O. Box 610427
San Jose, CA 95161-0427

Please Type or Print Neatly Date: _____

Name: _____

Fan Name: *(for badge)* _____

Business Name: *(for badge)* _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ ZIP Code: _____

Phone: _____ E-mail: _____

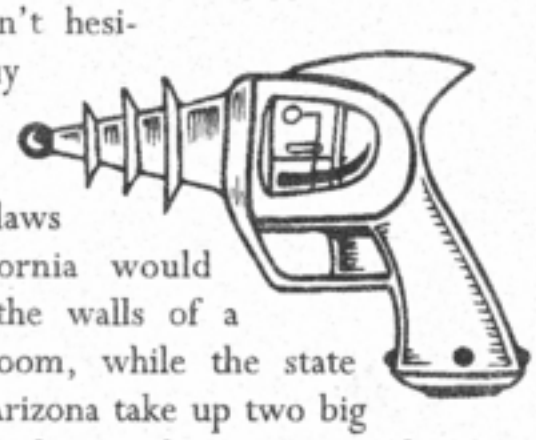
I would like to receive more information on: ___ Art Show ___ Artist's Alley ___ Dealer's Room ___ Gaming

PRIVACY NOTICE: Neither BayCon nor Artistic Solutions, Inc. have ever sold or will ever sell our mailing list. We do list some member info (name, member number, city and state) on our website (through a local search engine) and in our publications for the convenience of those members who wish to know if they are registered and what their member numbers are. IF YOU DO NOT WANT YOUR NAME LISTED ON THE WEBSITE OR IN THE PUBLICATIONS PLEASE INITIAL HERE _____ AND DATE _____.

year, "Steve Reubart offered to do a better job (and 2000 copies worth), so *Solar Sailors* got pressed."

In 1982, Off Centaur Publications, the first commercial filk house, put on a filk con, Bayfilk, and invited Les. When she'd seen San Francisco, and its weather, and recorded some Kipling, and Teri Lee asked, " 'Why don't you move out here and work for us?' . . .All I said was: 'Wait 'til I pack.'"

California was "a lot more laid back 'cause the cops weren't chasing and beating me." Being house musician for Off Centaur was a good gig, and learning to write songs on demand was valuable, too. She continued to be enthusiastic about paganism, and the SCA. (I asked what sort of pagan she'd say she was, and she said, "Bardic; I'm a receptive empath, but I can only project when I'm singing.") She thinks her reputation as "the great ninja-anarchist warrior" is "a real giggle," just because she doesn't hesitate to buy guns.



But the state laws of California would line all the walls of a library room, while the state laws of Arizona take up two big books – and one of *them* is entirely mining laws. So in '93 Les moved to Phoenix ("back in hard land; California is soft land").

She's been breeding cats for intelligence for a long time, and has succeeded, "Now I've bred in thumbs. Now, if I can just give them symbolism."

There are three albums in the works, of sundry origins; when they manifest, they'll all be from Random Factors, as will *The Bastard Children of Argo,* a collection of "Banned from Argo" parodies. A novelization of "Banned from Argo" is at the editors. The song book is only four inches thick – nearly a thousand songs—because the topical ones get dated and are in another book.

Les says, "I'm happy with my life. I've got everything but money."

anarchy according to leslie

When did I become an anarchist? Sometime in college, when I saw that passing laws didn't help anybody's rights. Oh sure, we managed to get the Civil Rights laws on the books—and the bigots simply found other ways to keep Blacks poor and powerless and despised. I think what decided me was studying the Bill of Rights, and seeing how thoroughly those supposedly-absolute Thou Shalt Nots had been shot full of holes. In SDS I ran into people who pointed me toward classic anarchist writings and histories, which I read and was amazed by.

"Power"—the ability to force others to do your will—is the root of all evil. Money is merely a useful shorthand for things-done or things-made, and is completely neutral; you can use it to buy food or buy a law. Money's a useful thing, and I think the poor should have more of it (hell, I should have more of it!). Power, on the other hand, is something nobody should have—except the power to get the other guy's foot off your neck and hand out of your pocket.

So what I hope to see is a society that's free, knowledgeable, and able to bootstrap itself into space as fast as possible. This planet is desperately overcrowded and overexploited (if you doubt that, look at Africa; the reason for the recent rash of famines is that the continent's population has doubled in the last thirty years, and there's not enough water or farmable land to feed that many people). The only humane solutions to those two problems are massive birth-control now and mass cheap-stardrive emigration as soon as we can do it. I fear the alternative, because I see it coming.

As to what a free society would be like, nobody knows for sure because it's been so long since anyone did it on a large scale, and accounts of the small-scale attempts are hard to come by. I could tell you about Spain's anarchist provinces in the years before the Spanish Civil War, or the Ukraine when Nestor Makhno was protecting it, or the pirate society of Tortuga, or life beyond reach of the law on the American frontier—too long to describe in detail here—but even those give only a partial picture.

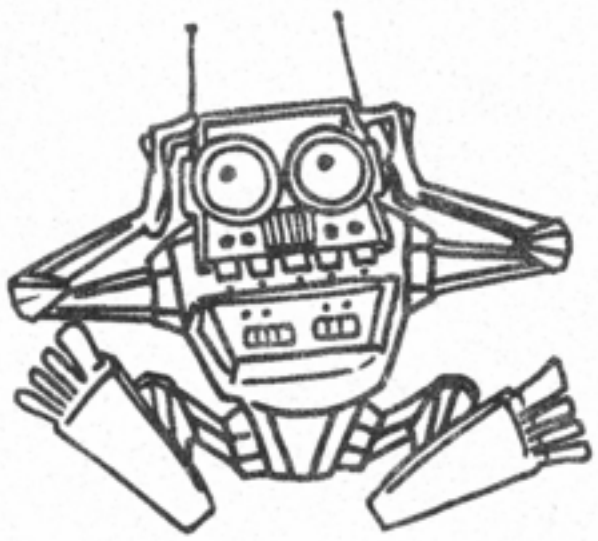
All those societies were infected by personal and cultural habits of power-submission, surrounded by law-loving enemies and "reformers" who limited their capacities and ultimately did them in. They left intriguing hints of justice, internal peace, lack of bigotry, prosperity, and flowering of the arts and sciences—enough to make the experiment well worth repeating—but just what a totally free society would evolve into over the long run, nobody really knows. It would be fun to see, though, wouldn't it?

A Fishy Disco-Bibliography

by Mary Creasy

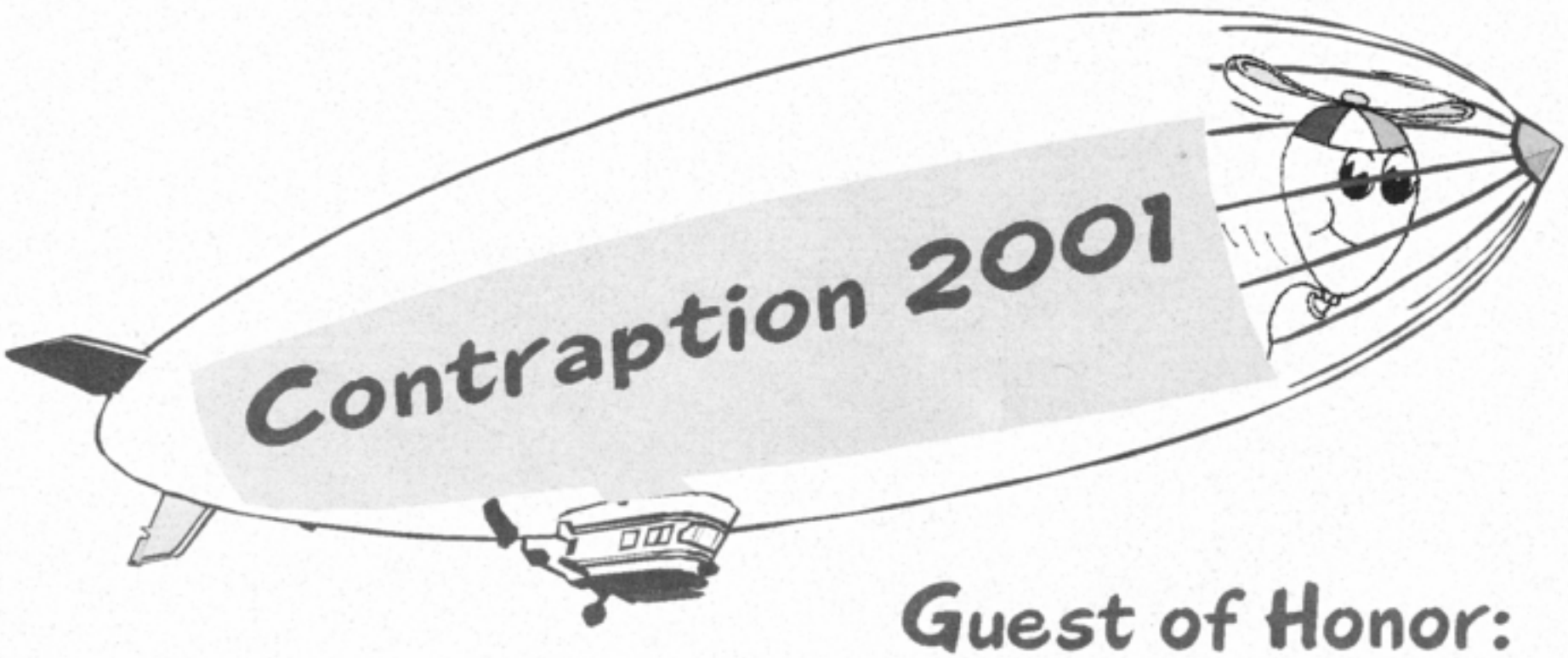
Leslie's short stories can currently be found in C. J. Cherryh's "Merovingen Nights" series, in the anthology *Carmen Miranda's Ghost...* (inspired by Leslie's own song!), and several of the *War World* books published by Jerry Pournelle. Her first pro novel, *A Dirge For Sabis,* which was another collaboration with C. J. Cherryh, was published by Baen Books; her second, *The Firestorm Chronicles* (a planned trilogy) is in rewrite; and two novel collaborations with Marc Ridenour and another solo are making the rounds at publishers. She has also done countless stories, poems and illustrations (yes, she draws, too!) for numerous fanzines; chiefly *Star Trek* (including the novel *The Weight*), but she also has out a fanzine "Road Warrior" novel (*Outrider,* from Manacles Press); she also has a story in a back issue of *Autoduel Quarterly* (a "Car Wars" gamer zine).

The following albums of science fiction/fantasy music, Rudyard Kipling poetry set to music, and some general folk music, were done by Leslie; most are no longer available from Random Factors, 3754 W. 170th St., Torrance, CA 90504-1204; phone 310-329-6772; fax 310-538-9208. [All of these except 1, 5, 17 and 18 are tapes. Most were originally released by Off Centaur Publications [OCP].



All of these except 1, 3, 5 and 19 – 21 are on the Firebird label; 3 – 8 were formerly on the now-defunct Off Centaur Publications label. Her Firebird titles, the Kanefsky tapes, and the first Songworm have since been taken out of print by Firebird. She also appears as performer, composer, and/or lyricist on many other Firebird tapes, on many of the out-of-print Off Centaur tapes, on some older Wail Songs and DAG convention tapes, and as songwriter on some Thor and Dodeka tapes.

1. *Solar Sailors,* LP, originally recorded in 1977 [with the Dehorn Crew] (Bandersnatchi Press) *Star Trek*
2. *Solar Sailors,* tape [reissue of above]
3. *Skybound* [OCP] variety of songs, out of print
4. *Cold Iron* [3 editions, all OOP] Kipling poems, historical
5. *Cold Iron Songbook* [OCP]
6. *The Undertaker's Horse* (Kipling poems, of his own era)
7. *Chickasaw Mountain* (pagan and fantasy)
8. *It's Sister Jenny's Turn to Throw the Bomb* [with Dehorn Crew]
9. *Leslie Fish...Live!* (from out-of-print con tapes)
10. *Folk Songs For Folks Who Ain't Even Been Yet* (ST and space) tape remaster of Leslie's first album with the Dehorn Crew; LP originally issued in 1976. OOP
11. *Firestorm: Songs of the Third World War*
12. *Carmen Miranda's Ghost* [with Vic Tyler] space songs
13. *Fever Season* [with Heather Alexander] *Merovingen Nights* songs
14. *Tapeworm I* [with Heather Alexander] Bob Kanefsky parodies
15. *Tapeworm II* [with Frank Hayes]
16. *Tapeworm III* [with Cecelia Eng]
17. *Songworm 1* [songbook of same]
18. *Songworm 2-3* (as 17; from Kanefsky)
19. *Our Fathers Of Old* (more Kipling historical poetry) Random Factors. Tape out of print, CD forthcoming.
20. *Serious Steel* (RF) (tape and CD) SCA material with Joe Bethancourt
21. *Leslie Fish Not Canned Or Frozen* (Wail Songs) Collection of con performances, like 9



Guest of Honor:

Eugene Roddenberry Jr.

Artist Guest:

NeNe Thomas

Special Guests:

MSFFA's Dueling Blenders

(Midwest Science Fiction Fantasy Association)

It's not your typical Contraption:

Luau, Micro-brew Tasting Contest & Programming
Pot Luck Dinner Contest, with much, much more TBA!

Mail to:
Contraption
P.O. Box 214055
Auburn Hills, MI 48321-4055
Web:Contraption@Contraption.org
www.contraption.org

Membership Rates

Pre-reg	$20
At the door	$30

The Eastin Hotel 31960 Little Mack
Roseville, MI 48066
810-296-6700

Landing in Detroit June 22-24th!!

ConClave XXVI

presents

Good & Evil

Literary GoH:
L. Warren Douglas

Fan GoHs:
Chip and Janice
Morningstar

For more information:
ConClave, Inc.
P.O. Box 2915
Ann Arbor, MI 48106
conclave@hamjudo.com
http://www.conclavesf.org

October 12-14, 2001
Holiday Inn - South /
Convention Center
Lansing, Michigan

Minicon Anonymous

by Irene Raun

My name is Irene and I married a Minicon Addict.

Long before Easter weekend, Minicon descends upon our household. There are work parties and committee meetings to attend and host, a hotel suite to reserve, boarding to arrange for our three dogs, and children to organize.

The signs of Minicon Addiction were there from the beginning of our courtship. But it wasn't until my first Minicon that I fully realized Minicon's hold on him.

I met Scott through Matchmaker.com and started corresponding via e-mail. I learned that he was a Techno Geek and avid reader of Science Fiction.

Then, he invited me to meeting at his home of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (Minicon's parent organization). Scott gave me the nickel tour. I was surprised at how much stuff he has in his house and mystified by how neat it was. The walls of his house were lined with bookcases, some double deep with books. Games were stacked on top the bookcases and there was a fishbowl full of dice on the built-in in the dining room.

Our ninth date was a Minicon work party. The fun and camaraderie was infectious. Within a month, I attended my first Minicon. It was like watching a flower bloom. I was being introduced right and left. He knew everyone at Minicon.

But I couldn't stay long. Which was a shame, I really wanted to see the Furby Dance, and hear a Punnel. One thing led to another. We got engaged shortly after CONvergence and honeymooned at Icon.

This will be my second Minicon. Last year, I was merely an observer. This year I am volunteering. I'm even thinking about participating in a panel for Minicon 37. Eventually, I may work up to full Minicon Addict status myself.

I'm sure you'll see Scott and me around. We'll be the couple kissing in the halls.

Here are some simple questions to determine if you are (or if someone you know is)

a Minicon Addict:

Do you own more **science fiction** books than your IQ?
Did you go to **Steve Brust's** Going Away party?
Do you refer to the owners of Dreamhaven Books or Uncle Hugo's as your **pushers**?
Do you remember knee-deep fog in the **consuite**?
Do you think one of the best parts of con is **Thursday night**?
Do you know the recipe for **blog**?
Do you make book on the color of Slugger's **hair**?
Do you practice at home for the **Furby Dance**?
Do you know what the **Bozo Bus Tribune** is named after?
Do you look forward to **Ask Dr. Mike** all year long?

Some Destinations are more Picturesque than Others

or, What really matters is what you do when you get there

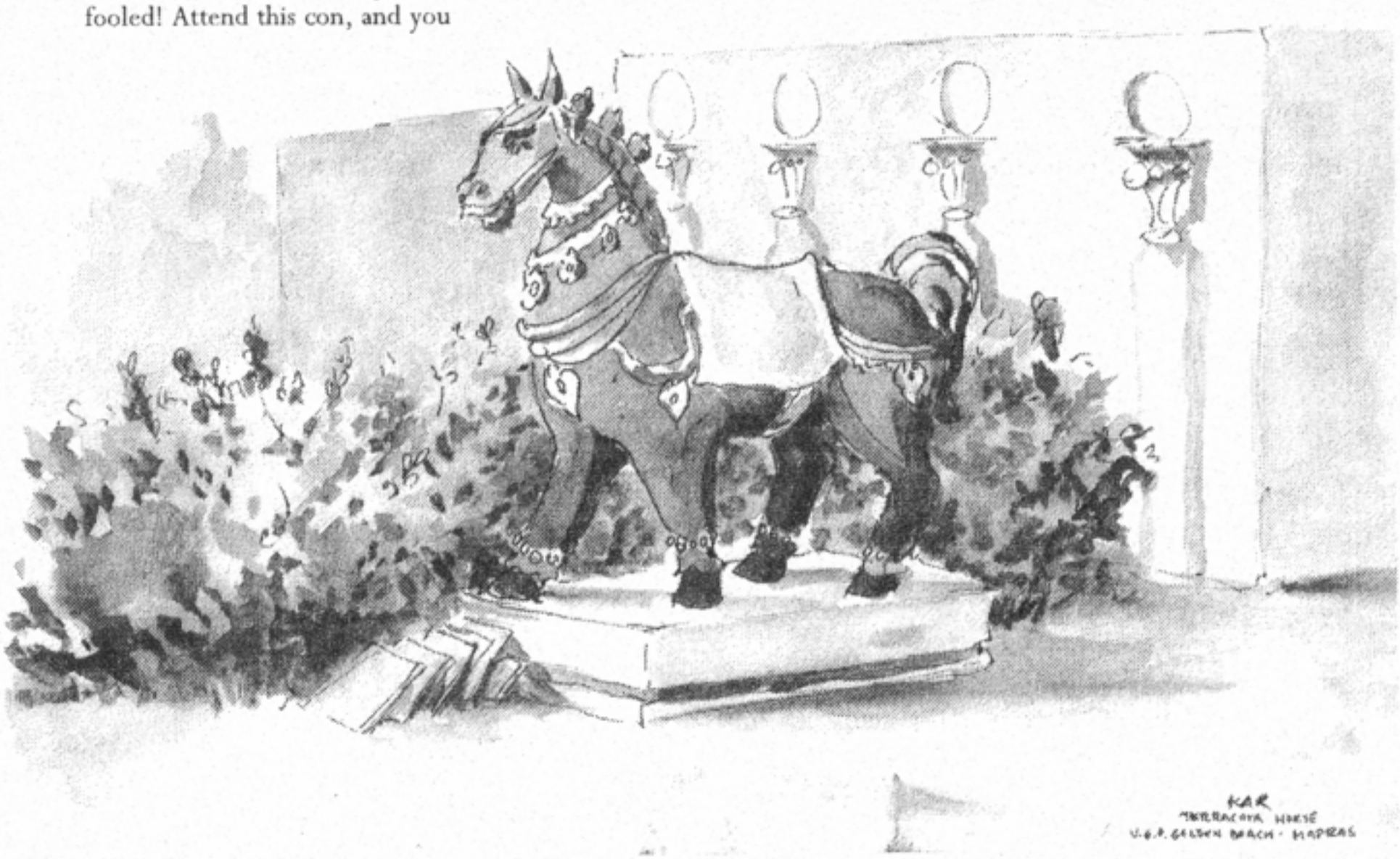
by Katya Reimann

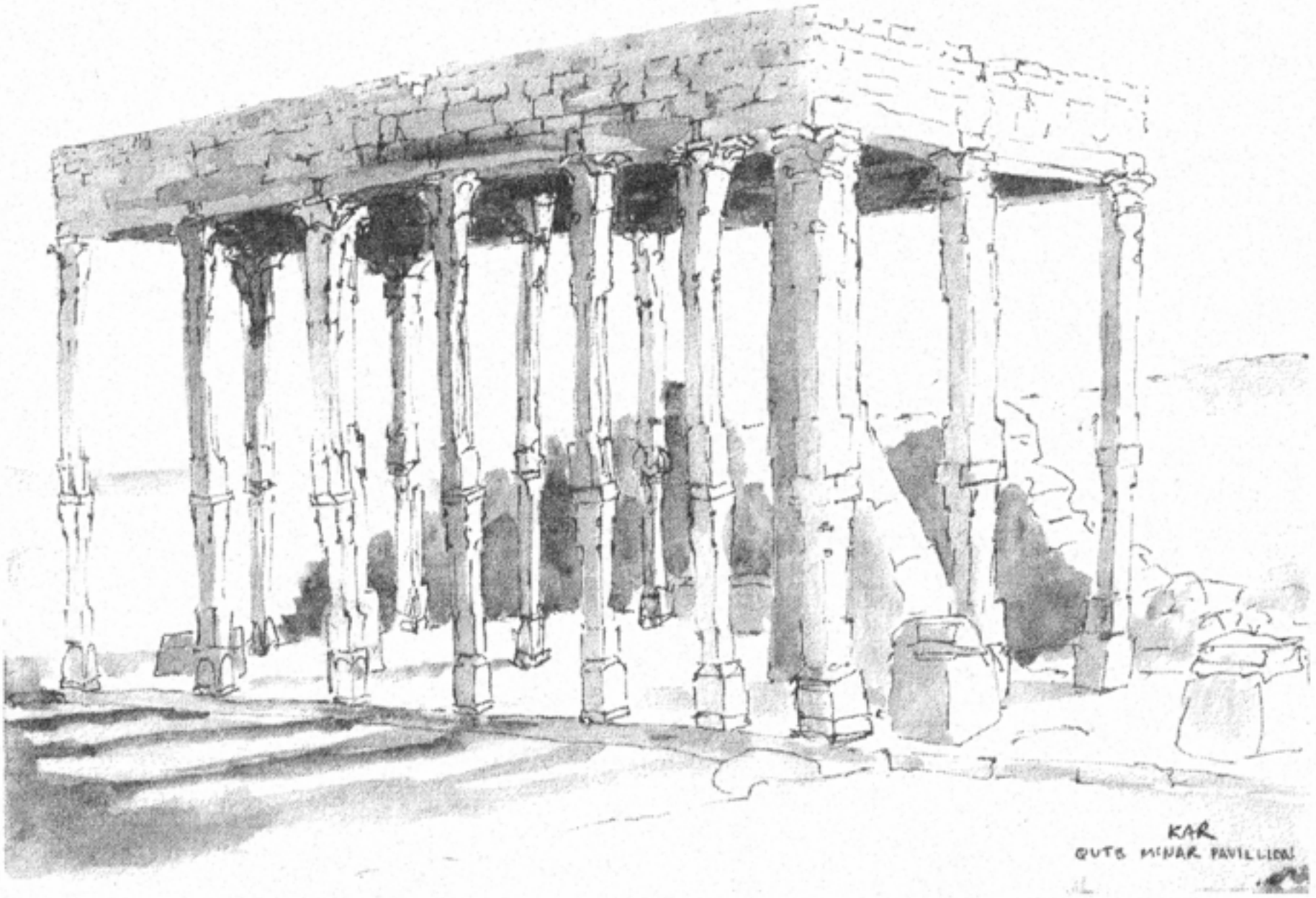
When Rachael asked me if she could put my sketches in the program book this year, she wanted a few words to go with them. "But it needs to be fan oriented," she warned me. "Can you do that?"

At first glance, sketches from a three-week trip to India may seem to bear small relation to attending a con over Easter weekend in Minneapolis, Minnesota. These sketches were my way of coping with a jarring landing in an utterly foreign culture and environment. There were people pressing me at all sides, talking a language – *my* language – with peculiar and unrecognizable intonations and jargon, much of it barely comprehensible, and it felt a struggle of heroic proportions just to balance feeding myself with finding a place to sleep with actually getting around and seeing the sights I had come to see.

Sound familiar? Welcome to your basic SF convention. Sure, Minicon has calmed down a tad over the past couple of years. The quality of bizarre and extended caravansarai has somewhat gone to earth. But don't be fooled! Attend this con, and you are entering an extended culture, spread erratically across time and space. Many of the people around you know each other – by sight, if not by person, and that breeds a unique sort of familiarity. They see each other episodically – at one convention or another, overlapping in Midwestern Cons, or West or East Coast Cons, or in some subsection of yearly repetition of these events. They know how to rapidly create an environment of intimacy and shared knowledge in any of the con venues in which they find themselves.

It can be intimidating. People immersed so deeply in their own culture can forget what it's like not to know the jargon, not to know the rituals surrounding the "collection of friends and extended acquaintances pre departure for dinner," the appropriate behavior towards the god-like among us (they know who they are, even if you don't!), all the little ways of making a convention a good time and a memorable experience. They forget the





things that newcomers don't know and can't even guess at, and it is hard for some of them to transition back to the mindset of newness – or maybe a little too boring. They've done it before, helping to integrate the folk who came before you – last year, or the year before, or the year before that. Some of them will figure: if you really want to keep coming to cons, you'll work out these things for yourself. That's what they did.

You are on your own here. But that's ok.

Back to my sketches. With my India trip (to this day, I can't remember how it worked out that I took this trip. I know only that I was living in England, a friend of mine was getting married in Madras, and Aeroflot offered the second cheapest airfare after UzbekiAir, which my boyfriend and I figured was probably flying Aeroflot's rejects, and we simply were not willing to venture). The day that I made my first sketch, at the ruins of Feroz Shah Kotla Mosque, was the first day I really enjoyed myself there.

From the moment of our touchdown, time had been running frenetically, on the rickshaw drivers' schedules. Or the street vendors'. Or the hotel people's. Then, finally, when I took out my watercolors and sat down on the grass to make my first picture, suddenly control came back. I had something to do. I was something to do. After a few moments of roughing my sketch in, I had a crowd surrounding me, with four skinny boys at the front, co-opted by Matt to hold the others back and keep me from being overrun.

The sketch turned out well. I wanted to do others. Matt wanted me to do others. We took our little act – because it became an act, no doubt there! – from Delhi, to Bangalore, to Mysore, and finally to Madras. By the time we reached Madras, we really knew what we were doing. We were enjoying ourselves. My last sketch was of a garish terracotta horse. Somehow we ended up on a daylong bus trip to visit points south of the city – and the last stop (after we were annoyingly rushed away from the fabulous sea temples of Mahabalipuram) was a stupid, disappointing, concrete-laden theme park fenced off from the sea by a nasty chain-link fence with razor wire at the top.

More...

It could have been depressing.

But there was a class of ten-year-old schoolgirls waiting for us, and there in front of me was that garish horse. I sat down on a concrete block and pulled out my materials. The girls clustered in – I could smell the strings of jasmine blossoms strung in their hair. They giggled and jostled and flirted with my hunky western boyfriend. I took my pencil, and sketched that foolish horse –

And somehow he came out looking well, and pleased with himself, and he stands for me as a reflection of those happy times, that surprising pleasure-filled moment.

Slow down, relax, enjoy yourself at Minicon in the way that fits best with you. Make up your own private sketchbook, literal or otherwise. Look for your own way to connect. Before you know it, you'll discover that this convention has become yours, and you too are a part of the scene.

Saint Paul,
March 2001

Trees grow through time. What we see as a central trunk with roots and branches splitting off, tapering as they diverge from the center, is actually a three-dimensional slice of a higher-dimensional object. What appears as a tapering branch is actually a constant-width branch easing its way into another time-period. This is what holds space-time together. It's also why progress tends to come in cities – with fewer trees, the fabric of time is looser, and ideas can float down into the present from the future. ¶ With careful study and effort, one can learn to sight along a branch and look into the distant future or past. It's difficult and risky, though. Lean too far towards what you're looking at, and you could wind up with your eye, or part of your head, in the wrong time-slice. Then you lean in a different direction, and the period-gradient shears it right off.

— Avram Grumer

The Hidden World of Science Fiction Poetry

or, Sex, Lies and Poetry: Ten Reasons You Should Read Poems

by Laurel Winter

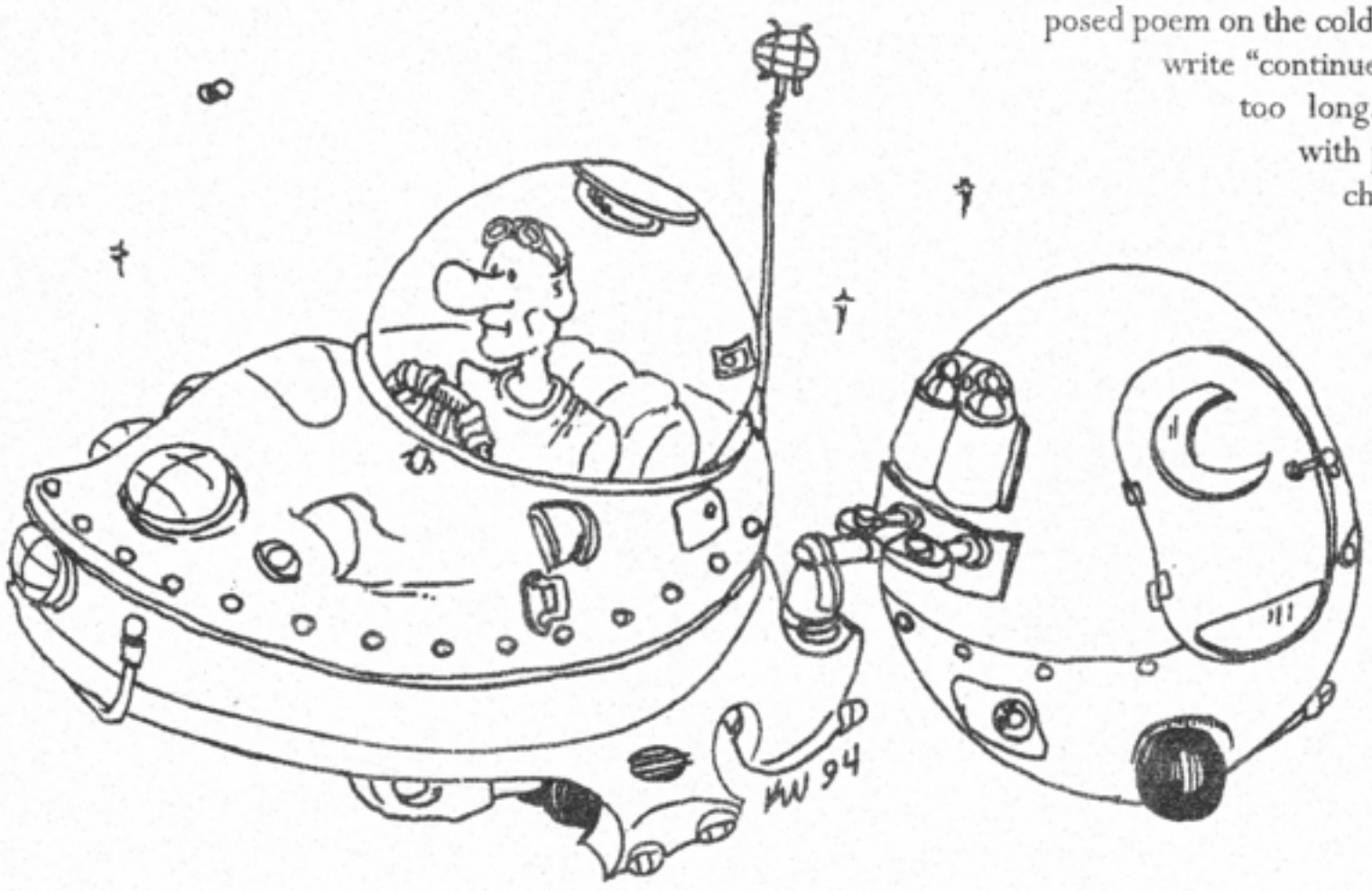
I'd like to take you on a gritty trip, show you the dirt, the seamy underbelly of the lucrative, exotic, and wildly popular science fiction poetry industry. Minicon, however, is not paying me enough to purchase the necessary disguises, false IDs and bodyguards to get at the real truth. This article will barely scratch the surface.

Science. Fiction. Poetry. Many people are not used to those words in close succession. The first two, yes. (Especially among people reading this program book.) The third—many people run when you mention the word poetry in any context. Others put artificial—and unnecessary—qualifiers on it, mostly having to do with rhyme. As in, "If it don't rhyme, it ain't poetry" or "I hate that rhymey-dimey stuff." The truth is, there are excellent—and egregious—examples of both rhymed poetry and free verse.

Still, many people who avidly read science fiction shy away from science fiction poetry. (I am using the term science fiction loosely, and including fantasy and horror and science and surrealism. . . .) Why the fear of poetry? Beats the heck out of me. (That's the poetic term for "I haven't a clue.")

Given the fact that you are reading the Minicon Program Book, I am not going to try to talk you into reading science fiction/fantasy/horror/etcetera. You probably already have at least a nodding acquaintance with the stuff. As for poetry of all types, here are ten reasons—but wait, who is this Laurel Winter and why should you listen to her on the subject of poetry? Maybe you shouldn't, but here's the obligatory list of credentials—most but not all of them true. (Is there a prize for picking out the lies? Yes! Accost me with one of the lies during Minicon and I will recite a poem for you on the spot.)

So here's the skinny on Laurel Winter: Wooed by the U.S. Marine Corps in 1976. Poetry editor of *Tales of the Unanticipated* for 9 years and 12 issues, so far. Winner of the Rhysling Award of the Science Fiction Poetry Association *and* the Asimov's Reader's Poll Award for "why goldfish shouldn't use power tools" (1998, long poem) and "egg horror poem" (1999, short poem). Close personal friend of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Bought the poem that won the Rhysling for 2000. ("Grimoire" by Rebecca Marjesdatter, TORU 20) Member of the exotic and dangerous "Lady Poetesses from Hell." Once composed poem on the cold corpse of an egg. (Had to write "continued on next egg," as it was too long. . . .) Published a novel with poetic quotes heading the chapters (*Growing Wings*, Houghton Mifflin, fall 2000). Has the poems of Emily Dickinson committed to memory. Convinced yet? Okay.



Ten Reasons You Should Read Poetry

1. Increases mental acuity. Poetry is not always transparent. Sometimes you have to work to get the meaning. This can be a useful skill when reading a manual written, supposedly in English, by someone whose first language is Chinese, or "computer."

2. Forget French – poetry is the language of love. (A hint: get beyond "Roses are red....")

3. Poetry is almost always shorter than a novel or story. Therefore, you invest less time in reading it. If a novel or story turns out to be crap, you've wasted more time than if a poem turns out to be crap. If the poem turns out to be excellent, you have time to read several more poems. Or reread the same one. Or even memorize it.

4. If you are ever marooned on a desert island, reciting "Jabberwocky" can keep you sane. (Well, maybe not...but it will keep you entertained while you go insane.)

5. Less is more. A brilliant, concise image can stick in your mind and haunt you. Forever.

6. Reading poetry leads to writing poetry and writing poetry leads to immense wealth and incredible fame—no, wait, that's being a rock star or getting caught at insider trading, not writing poetry. Sorry. Writing poetry leads to lying awake at 3:17 a.m. searching for the perfect word for the third line in the second stanza....

7. It's easier to carry your favorite poem in your wallet than your favorite novel.

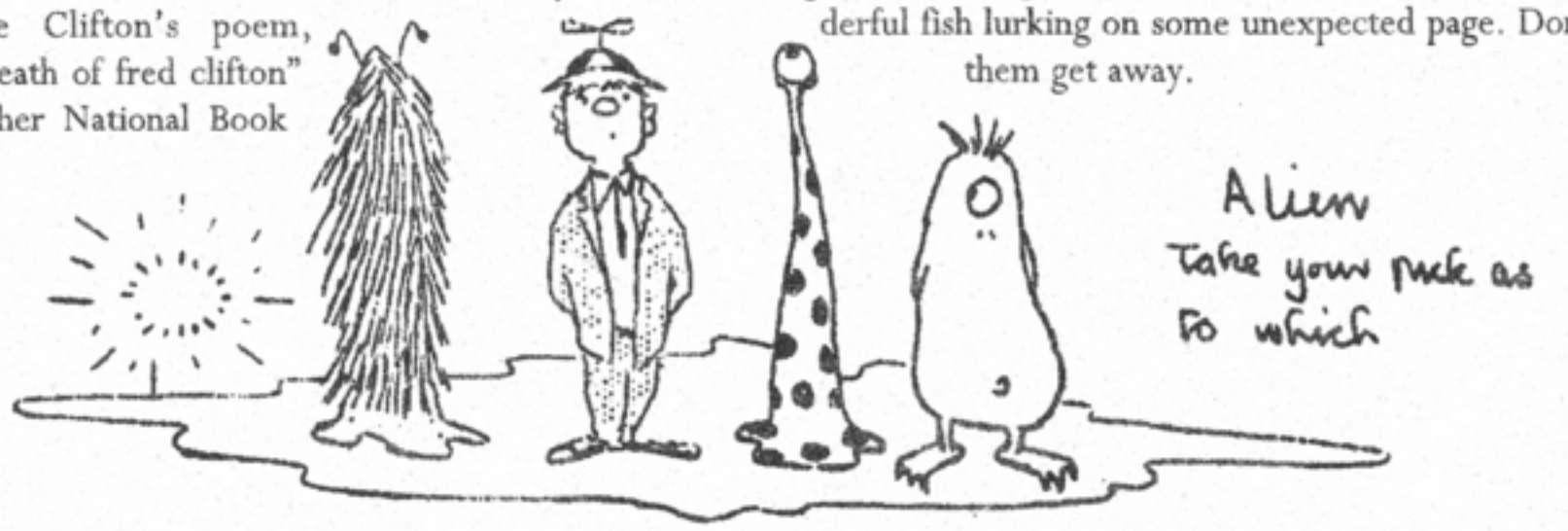
8. Poems don't kill trees; endless fantasy series kill trees. (I can only hope members of the spcefs (the society for the prevention of cruelty to endless fantasy series) didn't read this far....)

9. Buying poetry books gives you good karma, adds shine to your aura, and decreases (or increases – your choice) the chance that you will be abducted by aliens. (Okay, so I just made this up. Buying poetry books gets you good poetry and a warm feeling and the undying gratitude of the poet, who has not become wealthy lying awake at 3:17 a.m. searching for the perfect word for the third line in the second stanza....)

10. Reading poetry gives you a certain cachet, an otherworldly air. It conveys to people that Earth is not necessarily your home planet. (And here you thought fandom was the key....)

So there you have ten semi-random reasons. Poetry can comfort, horrify, enlighten, make you wet your pants laughing. The best poems you will never forget. The best poems are a gift. A few days after Jenna Felice, a much-loved Tor editor, died, I was struck by Lucille Clifton's poem, "the death of fred clifton" from her National Book Award–winning *Blessing the Boats*. That poem eased my heart. (For that matter, so did the title poem, "blessing the boats.")

I am not promising that every poem you read will be good. But the good ones are out there, strange and wonderful fish lurking on some unexpected page. Don't let them get away.

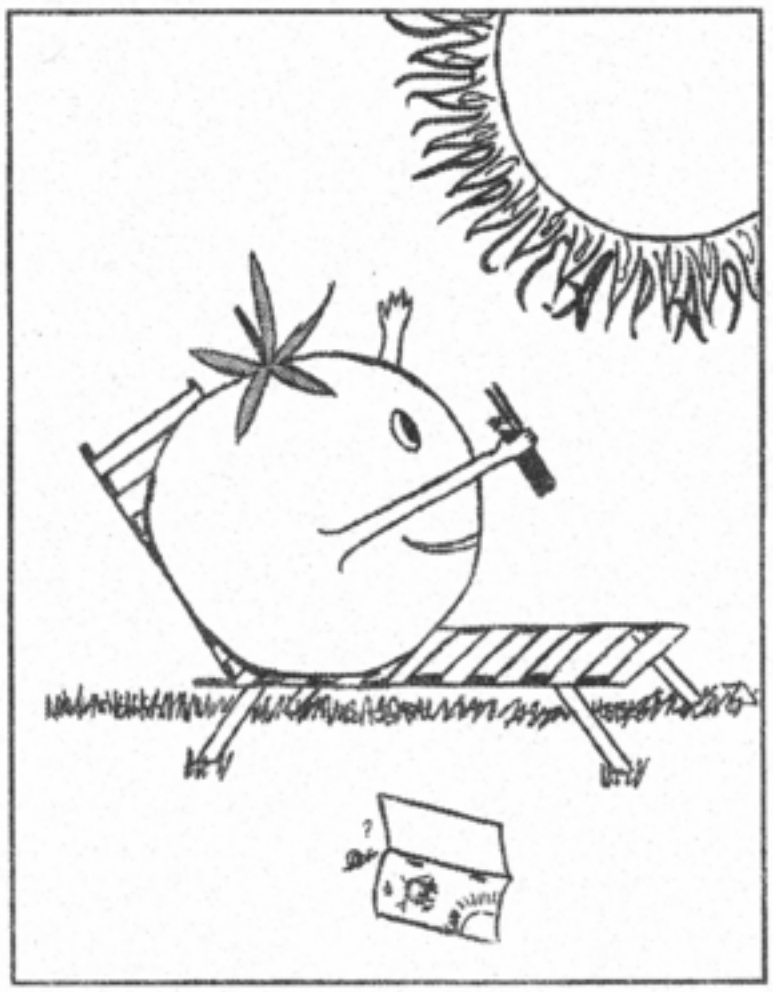


Glimpses of My Apahacking History

by Judie A. C. Cilcain

What is an apa? "Apa" stands for Amateur Press Association. An apa is a collection of individuals' contributions. The collection is known as a "distribution" or "disty." Disties are assembled by collating individual piles of copies into piles of collated copies. Apas have been called conversations in print and are certainly mimicked today in chat rooms. Apazines have been around fandom for a very long time.

When I found fandom in about 1978 – 79, Mike Wood was running *Minneapa,* and it was huge, sometimes running to three sections (sections being limited by the size of a staple). Collations were a big part of Minn-stf meetings. I thought it would be neat to be a part of that publication, so I paid my quarter and got on the wait-list, which was also huge. Eventually I made it to the top of the list and became a contributing member. I called my *Minneapa*-zine *Random Shivers,* based on something my then-to-be-future husband David S. Cargo said, and I published 100 issues of it, from *Minneapa* 123 through 233. Steve Brust in *Minneapa* my first zine was the best first-ish (issue) he'd ever seen. I replied in the following disty, "Blush!! What can I say? I feel it will all be downhill from now on. (I hope that's not a self-fulfilling prophecy.)" I'm not sure if it was or not, but it didn't stop me from writing on.



Stipple-Apa #9 The Leisure Tomato

Matthew Tepper started *Stipple-Apa* in 1980, initially for those who were on the long *Minneapa* wait-list, though he welcomed others to membership as well. I decided to join *Stipple-Apa* too, and I have now published 176 issues for that. *Stipple-Apa* has had 176 issues, hence I've not missed an ish, which I obviously did for ten *Minneapas*. *Minneapa* was collated monthly then; *Stipple-Apa* (for Saint Paul, by the way—Mipple-Stipple, doncha know) was and is collated every six weeks. And for Stipple-Apa I decided to have a different title each ish, which I have done and for which I give the explanations every twenty-fifth one. I began with Used Food; 176 was *Raspberry Cream Sow*. My favorite title so far was *Chicken-free Checking*. I also offered to do the cover every ninth issue, and I have done this (plus many others besides). Why nine? Nine is my favorite number, and it just seemed like it was a good idea at the time. Actually, some of them have been pretty lame, but I've not regretted the offer. I still like the first one I did (with a zine title of the same name)—*The Leisure Tomato, Stipple-Apa* 9.

I spent a bit of time recently going over old *Stipple-Apa* zines of mine. It brought back lots of memories, but what

The Spiritual Journal of God's Meatball
(Stipple-Apa #2)

...When in high school, I read a very lot of science fiction but drifted away from it when I began spending more time at bars with the people I worked with than alone at home with myself and a good book. I was introduced to fandom about two years ago (minus a few months) and gosh, there's no place like home! (Eyes fill with unshed tears.) And I know if I ever go looking for my heart's desire again, I won't go any farther than 3040 Harriet Avenue South (unless he's not at home). (Cheers! Applause! Pandemonium!)

struck me most of all, though, was the realization that I've been doing this for *twenty-one years!* I was 36 when *Stipple-Apa* was started. Intellectually, I know that we are coming up on *Stipple-Apa* 177, but it didn't really compute mentally that that represents over twenty-years of writing. My whole life has changed in that time—my little girl Kashia grew up, got married, was widowed. I was divorced, changed my name (I used to be Judy Curney), was president of Minn-StF (yeah, I know, just a figurehead) and later on its board, remarried, became a grandma. All this is recorded in the natter in my zines. Natter is what I'm doing now. . .blathering, talking to you. The conversations in the zines go on among members, but often natter is added, as are con-reports, trip reports, etc. I send copies of my zines to my mother and a few friends, as a way for them to keep up to date on what I'm up to.

In *Stipple-Apa* 120 I took over as the OOK, Official Official Koolaider, which is to say that I run the apa. I coordinate the table of contents page (ToC, pronounced "talk," and which in *Stipple-Apa* is called "ToC to Me, Baby". . .it was called other things by previous OOKs) and the other side, which in *Stipple-Apa* lists the minimalistic Rhules and the members' names, addresses, phone numbers. I line up collation sites and at the collation itself ensure the pages are set up to be collated correctly. After collatio is performed, I staple the zines and distribute them to the assembled members. Spec(ulation) copies are available because we always welcome new members. *Stipple-Apa* currently has a copy count of 20 and a membership of 15, including two from Canada. We've had Australian and if I recall correctly British members in the past.

Apas are not instantaneous, but they do fulfill a function. . .a permanent record of exchanges with other fen, or semi-permanent perhaps, because some ditto does fade with the years. Ditto? Yup, I still do the ToC on ditto. Daddy Warbucks, David's ditto machine purchased at Honeywell over twenty years ago, has served us well. Sometimes I still do my zines on ditto, too, depending on the timing of things.

I started reading over my issues from the beginning and really got caught up in my thinking/interests/living of the time. I noted that Will Shetterly was Bill Shetterly but only for about the first two issues. A sample of other past and current members of *Stipple-Apa:* Victor Raymond, Denny Lien, Elise Matthesen, Dean Gahlon, Terry Garey, Charles E. Hamilton III, Lee Pelton, Neeters, Bruce Schneier, Jeanne Mealy, Ken Fletcher, Emma Bull, Neil Belsky, and on and on and on. . . .

TALES OF THE UNANTICIPATED

published by Rune Press

126 pages of
off-the-beaten-path speculative fiction
now in gorgeous trade paperback!

Come to our
***TOTU* #22 PUBLICATION PARTY**
Friday, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.
(location details on signs)

Partake of
THE MINICON 36 SPECIAL
For each issue you buy this weekend,
you get another issue of equal or lower cost
***FREE*!**

Fiction and Poetry by Rising Stars
Neil Gaiman, Maureen F. McHugh, Eleanor Arnason,
Stephen Dedman, Mark W. Tiedemann,
John Calvin Rezmerski, Martha A. Hood

Interviews with the Masters
Gore Vidal, Ursula K. Le Guin, Fritz Leiber,
Kate Wilhelm & Damon Knight,
Jack Williamson, Jonathan Carroll

Artists Include
Rodger Gerberding, Suzanne Clarke,
Margaret Ballif Simon, H.E. Fassl, Cindy Rako

Reading Submissions for #23
May 10-June 15, 2001.
No submissions by email, please.

Single copy mail order: $8; four issue-subscription: $20. "Heckuva Deal" (#1 photocopy facsimile, #2-21 back issues, and subscription through #25): $50. Checks to Minnesota SF Society. Canadian subscribers send $23 U.S. currency for four issues; $55 for the "Heckuva Deal" (cash or money order). Overseas subscribers send $28 U.S. currency for four issues; $60 for the "Heckuva Deal" (cash or money order).

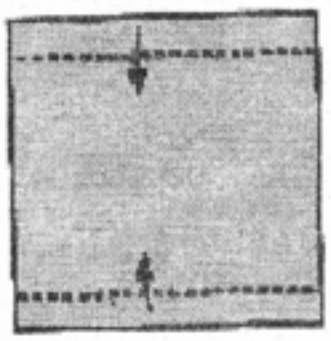
Tales of the Unanticipated
PO Box 8036
Lake Street Station
Minneapolis MN 55408

Visit our website at http:\\TOTU.home.att.net/
email TOTU@worldnet.att.net

Instant Party—Just Add Room!

by Karen Cooper

Room parties are a convention staple. People host them to promote other conventions, draw together people with like interests, and make sure their friends know where to find them. If any of these reasons appeal to you, consider having a room party. You might have come to Minicon with no intention of, nor plans for, throwing a party, but don't let that stop you if you're feeling convivial and inspired. You can knock together a great time with almost no trouble at all.

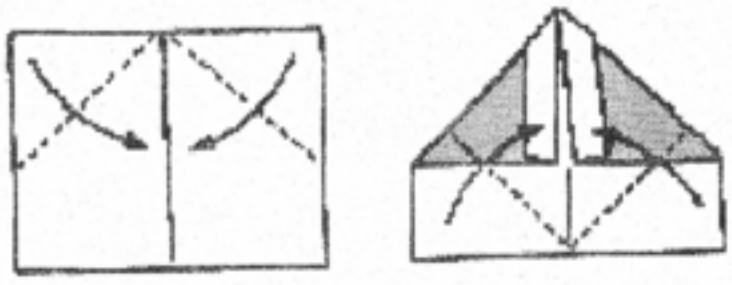


1. Fold 2 margins. Make them the same size.

Many people spend weeks planning elaborate themes, decor, food, and drink for their room parties, and these can be marvelous. But let's assume lightning has struck, mid-way through the con, and you've found yourself planning a room party. You have no resources other than your Swiss Army Knife and whatever is your hotel room.

2. Turn over, and fold in half.

The rock-bottom requirements are scant. You need a room. Though the Worldcon's traditional "Ladies Loo Party" might be considered a room party in some larger, more inclusive definition, we'll assume you, or someone you know, has a hotel room that can be used for a party. Make sure a noisy party on your floor won't bother non-Minicon guests. Ask around among the concom; someone will know.



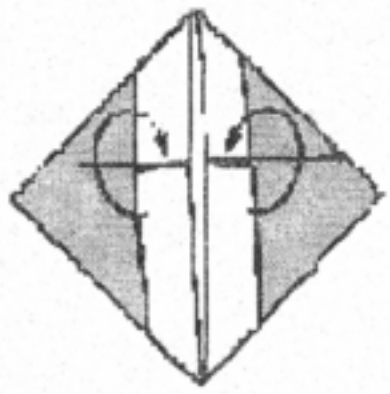
3. Fold in the top and bottom corners.

You'll want guests, so advertise your party. Depending on whom you want to attract, you could put a sign on the Tower of Parties, you could get listed in the *Bozo Bus Tribune,* you could hang signs on the various panels available for just this purpose around the convention. Don't tape anything to the walls; the hotel will be annoyed and will tear them down. And tell people, of course. Forgot your sign-making supplies? Ask if the *BBT* copying set-up can be used for other jobs. Ask if there're extra markers or crayons on the Bridge or in the Consuite. Ask the front desk for some hotel stationary. Ask people who've already had room parties if they have any extra paper. Someone will have tape. There's lots of this sort of thing floating around; talk to people and ask if they can help you out.

You'll need party supplies. This is generally acknowledged to mean "food and drink," although quite successful room parties have been thrown without either. But let's not leave this to chance. If it's coming up on Sunday, you've got to be creative, since nearly all the stores are going to be closed. Here's how I see your resources: you've got the con, you've got the hotel, and you've got the Kwik-E-Mart.

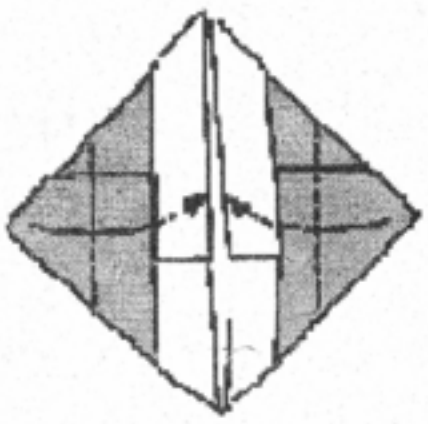
First the con: if the Consuite has overbought an item and will not use all of it, they'll know it before the end of the convention. There may well be extra radishes or cheez doodles or something, and they might be happy for you to give it a home. Ask. They may well say "So sorry," but you could end up doing them a favor. There's been years when, post-con, I had 7 or 8 cases of potato chips in my garage, or I made a couple of gallons of cream of celery soup from Consuite leftovers, so I know over-buying and under-using can happen. This is also true of other room parties. Anybody whose party has already happened may very well have extra food or drink that they're planning on donating to the Consuite. You could just save them the trouble of hauling it down there and take it off their hands. People are usually so willing to help each other out – I've borrowed a microwave from other con-goers, just because someone I barely knew walked by with it and I suddenly wanted to have a Bacon Party. Ask, and almost certainly you shall receive.

Next, the hotel: in many fine hotels, Room Service will send up to your room a full bottle of distilled spirits, your choice of brand. Wine and beer are also available. It'll cost at least three times what you would have spent in the liquor store around



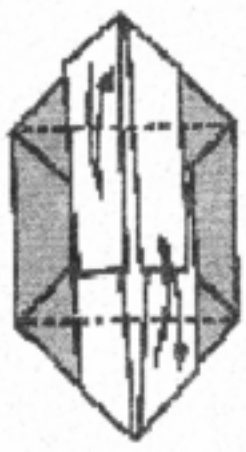
4. Tuck the bottom cuffs into the top cuffs.

the corner, but you can get it when the liquor store is closed, and that might be a feature you think is worth paying for. Room Service can also send up platters of crudité, bread and cheese, almost anything you might want, all at usurious prices. If you have the money, getting the hotel to provide what you want is the simplest solution.



5. Fold the corners into the cuffs.

Then there's the Kwik-E-Mart, a generic term appropriated from *The Simpsons*. I've no idea where Matt Groening stole it. The suggested local convenience store, guaranteed to be open even on Easter Sunday morning, is the SuperAmerica on 24th and Lyndale. The SA (locals spell, rather than pronounce, the acronym) is on the bus line (Route 4), but bus service will be slow on Easter. You'll do better to drive or take a cab over there.



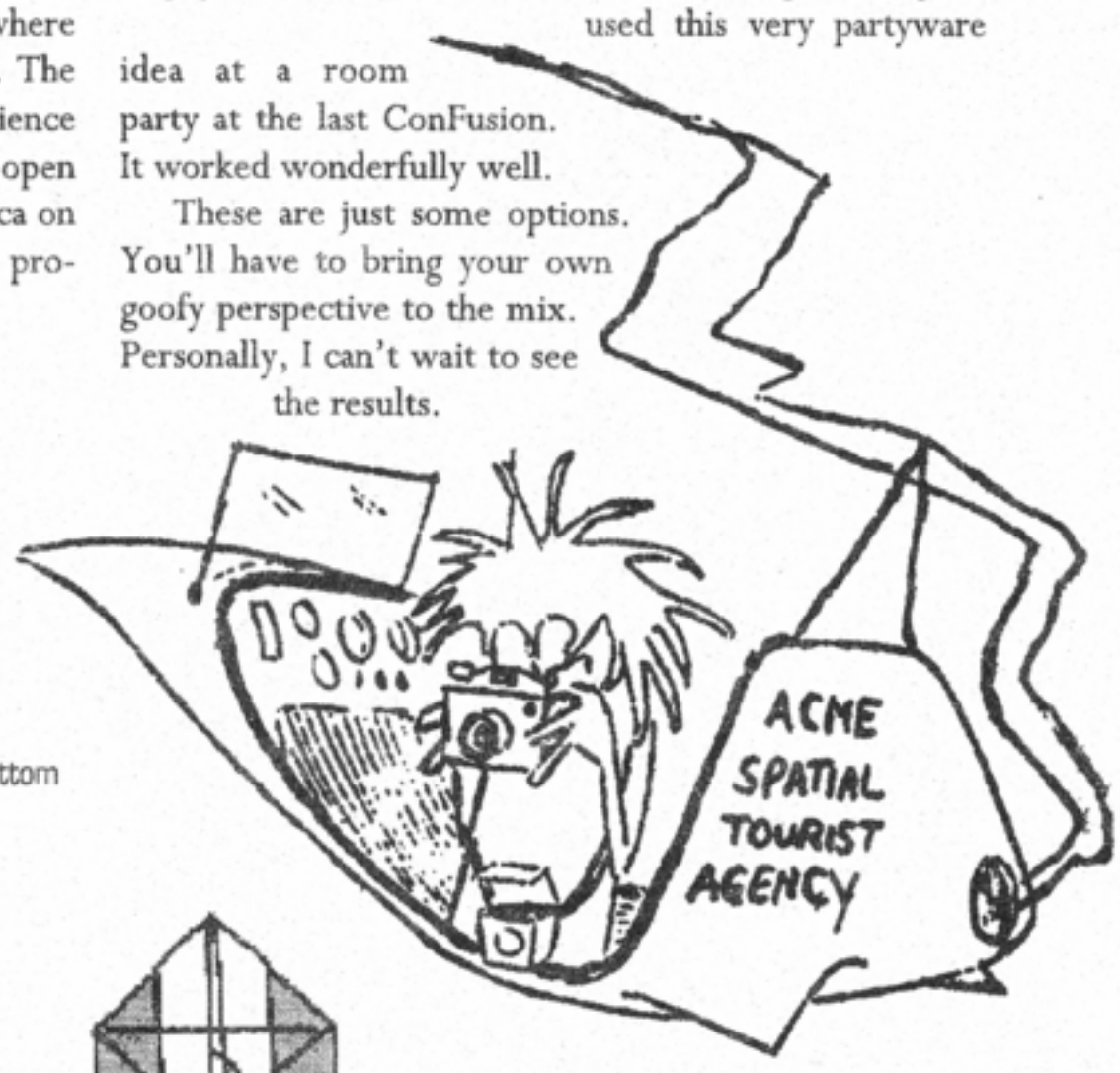
6. Fold the top and bottom points in, then unfold.

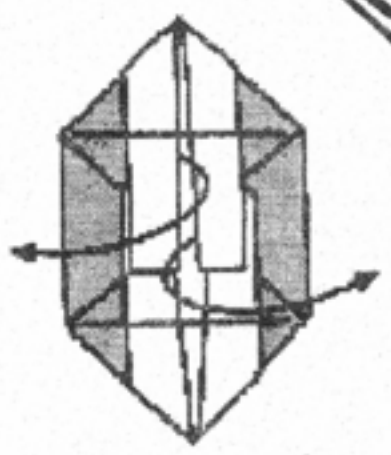
They've got a bit of everything. You can get cheese and crackers, pop (that'd be soda, out-of-towners), juice, breakfast cereal, salty crunchies, pretty good doughnuts, M&Ms in the one-pound bag, and so on. Though the selection is limited, shopping with the right attitude is key. Your whole party has a bit of last minute quirk to it; play to your strengths. You might suddenly need a bag of cajun pork rinds. You could have a desire for a small oobleck pond: SA sells corn starch. If you've borrowed something to cook them with, you might get TV dinners to go with your "Xena" viewing.

If you want decor, SA has a pretty good magazine rack. You could grab some copies of the *Weekly World News* and post the good stories around the room. (The hotel will utterly hate that, but it's your hotel room.) You could do a Martha Is Not A Fan party, and bring proof. Or, you could get a roll of white paper and put that up and let people do a convention timeline, or a cartoon strip, or a serially written story, or anything you like. SA sells freezer paper, which will do nicely to color on.

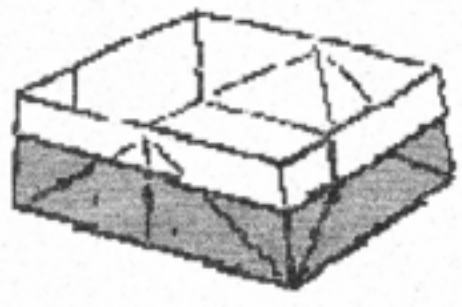
Now my personal bias is this: don't ask people to eat out of plastic bags. It's tacky, and you can always do better. Cut paper bags down to 3 inches tall, and you've got an instant bread basket or serving bowl. Put the M&M's in a cup or mug. What's in your hotel room? Use it! Or use the illustrations with this article to make some origami serving pieces. Freezer paper has a plastic-coated moisture-proof side that will hold damp stuff like pickles for a good couple of hours, or you can put truly wet stuff into an origami dish made of two thicknesses of paper. That will last as long as your party. If you can't find freezer paper, use aluminum foil: "And clean up's a snap!" I used this very partyware idea at a room party at the last ConFusion. It worked wonderfully well.

These are just some options. You'll have to bring your own goofy perspective to the mix. Personally, I can't wait to see the results.





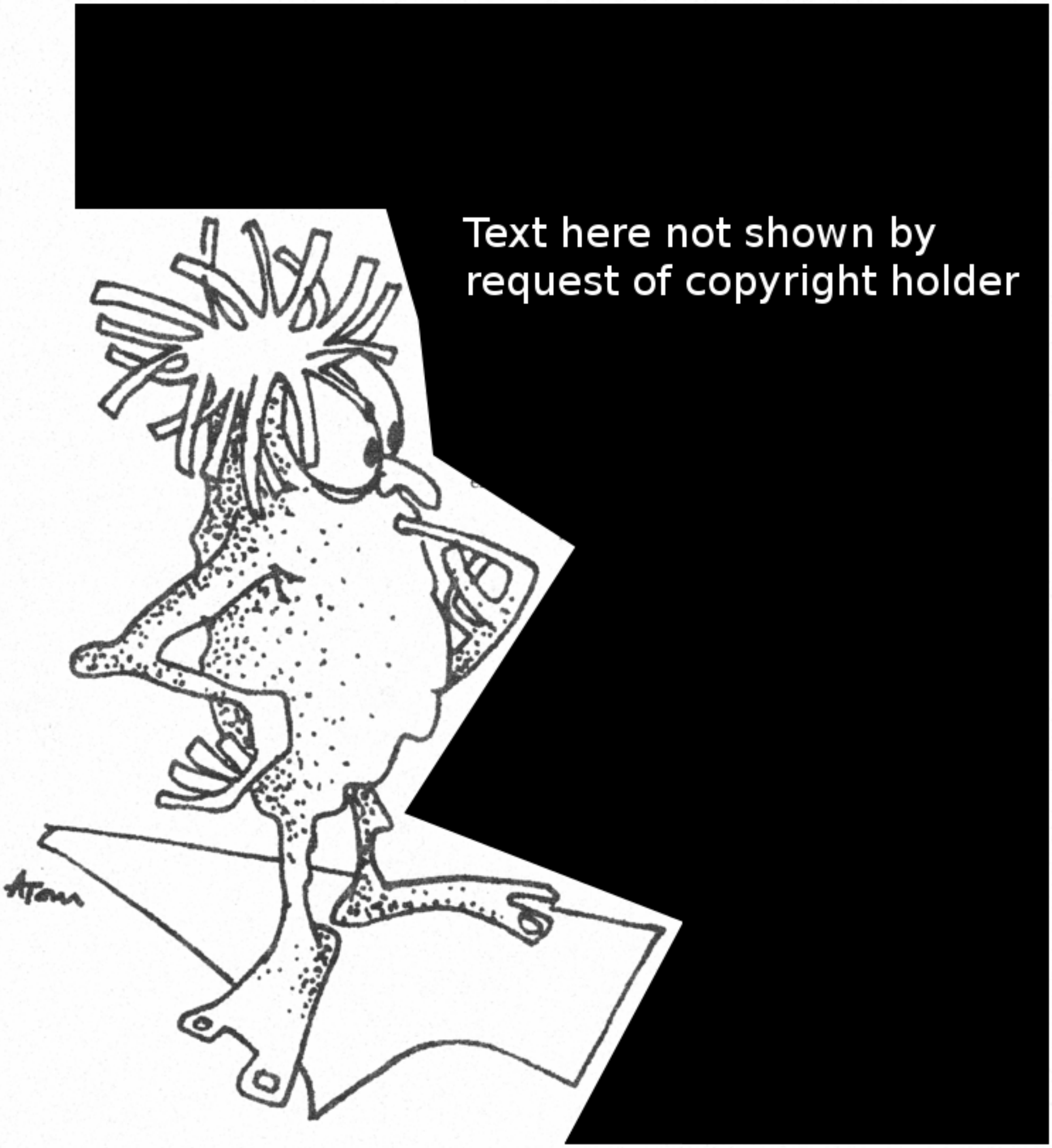
7. Lift cuffs to open box. Crease corners to make a nice box shape.



8. Voilà!

The Science of Science Fiction

by Graydon Saunders



CONVERGENCE

CONVERGENCE RETURNS to the
Radisson Hotel South
in Bloomington, MN
July 6, 7, 8, 2001

CURIOUSER and CURIOUSER

PRE-REGISTER AND SAVE!

January 1 - May 15, 2000:	$35
At the Door:	$50
Kids 6-12 (Thru May 15):	$15
Supporting Membership:	$15*
** + $20 at the Door*	
Children 5 and under:	Free

Minnesota SF fandom's biggest party of the year returns to the Radisson Hotel South with another lineup of great guests, great programming and live entertainment.

Guests SCHEDULED TO APPEAR

Michael Sheard: British Actor – Admiral Ozzel in *The Empire Strikes Back* and Adolf Hitler in *Indy 3*

Peter Mayhew: Chewbacca in the original *Star Wars* Trilogy

Crist Balas: Special effects make-up artist of *MST3K* and Hollywood blockbusters

Eleanor Arnason: Award-winning author *of A Woman of the Iron People* and *Ring of Swords*

C.H. Morgan: SF and Fantasy artist and an illustrator for publishers including Wizards of the Coast

PLUS RETURNING GUESTS:
Harry Knowles & Jay "Father Geek" Knowles of the Aint-It-Cool-News web site

Michael Sheard

Peter MAYHEW

HARRY KNOWLES

PLUS THESE CONVERGENCE FEATURES

- *Cinema Rex* Movie Room
- *Theater Nippon* Anime Room
- The Masquerade
- Dealers' Room
- Art Show and Auction
- Gadgeteers' Petting Zoo
- *COF_2E_2* Free Coffee Shop
- Live Bands & DJ Dance
- Great Programming
- 2 Floors of Cabana Room Parties

And NEW CONvergence features:

- The Mark Time SF Audio Awards
- Connie's Place

CONVERGENCE 2001

www.convergence-con.org

The Galactic Patrol:

protectors of fandom, fun, and flaming laser death.

We Want YOU!

(To blast off for Boston in 2004)

Worldcon-proven, convenient, connected facilities
(Sheraton Boston Hotel & Towers, Copley Marriott, & the Hynes Convention Center)

An exciting, beautiful, historic city
(Tall ships...art museums...baseball...historic tours...restaurants...theater...)

A dedicated, creative, hard-working committee
(Meet us at our parties...coming to a convention near you!)

Affordable prices. Easy international destination.

A Boston Worldcon won't be ours. It will be YOURS!

To contact Boston in 2004:

P.O. Box 1010
Framingham, MA 01701
USA

email: info@mcfi.org
http://www.mcfi.org
Fax: 617.776.3243

Boston in 2004 is a bid to host the 62nd World Science Fiction Convention, Labor Day weekend, 2004, Boston, Massachusetts.
Galaxy-saving is just our hobby.

Auntie Plokta's Advice for the Lovelorn

by Alison Scott

How is it that one is supposed to start receiving a fanzine? I understand that, once I've received one edition, the done thing is to LoC elegantly, gracefully and swiftly, and that if the LoC is adequate then I might be favoured with another edition of the same magazine...but is the normal way to start receiving new fanzines to pub my own ish and then send copies to everybody I know whom I know to publish fanzines?

Help!
Thomas Womack

That's certainly one approach. However, the traditional way to start receiving fanzines is to read reviews of fanzines, or listen to people talking about fanzines. Once you've heard a few names, shyly send a brief letter, enclosing a couple of stamps (or, for foreign fanzines, a couple of cash dollars), to the editors of fanzines that sound interesting, saying roughly "Please can you send me a copy of *Brilliant*. I'm enclosing a couple of stamps." A couple of lines to the effect that you've heard *Brilliant* is brilliant, and that you will endeavour to LoC, won't hurt either.

Not everyone will send you a fanzine, but plenty will. With the fanzine I co-edit, *Plokta,* requests of this kind get the current issue if I have stock, and otherwise hang around until the next mailing. They don't normally go "on the mailing list" unless we receive a LoC. But don't be discouraged if you send a letter and don't hear back. Some fanzines are produced *very* infrequently, and most people request fanzines just after an issue has come out, because that's when they're reviewed. If you send plenty of requests, you will get enough fanzines to be going on with.

Staying on mailing lists: now, that *is* a trick. You certainly need to write after getting the first issue, but you don't normally need to LoC every single issue, or anything like that. Faneds are normally fairly mercurical about mailing lists. Regular correspondents don't ever have to worry. People who never, ever put pen to paper sometimes carry on getting the fanzine for ever, just because they're cool, or have some other reason for getting it like being close personal friends. But basically, after you've written once, most editors will warn you before chucking you off. *Plokta* warns twice; I'm not sure why. I just used to realise that I was hesitating before dumping people, so I formalised it.

A LoC does not have to be a lengthy thing commenting on depth on everything in the fanzine. Lots of people make this mistake. Far better to write wittily on one topic than turgidly on seven, and even slightly better to write turgidly on one topic than turgidly on seven. Only comment on things if you've got something to say. If not, then a LoC that says, "while reading Bert's piece on bat-keeping, I was reminded of something that happened during my holiday in Portugal..." is just fine. But LoCs should generally contain something of substance; an annual e-mail saying "thanks for *Plokta;* it's a fun read" doesn't quite cut the mustard. Those five issues of *Plokta* cost a substantial amount of time, energy and money to produce and post, and the active involvement of our mailing list is our reward. I have never heard of editors requiring LoCs to pass a *quality* threshold beyond that, and I've never cut anyone off the mailing list for sending us dull letters. They just get edited sharply before appearing in the fanzine.

It seems all strange and complicated and antediluvian (or at least older than I am, but I am but an egg...); I think I'm too shy to want my thoughts enshrined on actual paper and sent by actual post; NNTP and HTTP seem more friendlily ephemeral.

Almost all faneds are on e-mail; so you can send your LoC that way. But take as much care over the words as if you were hand-crafting them on vellum. E-mail is not an excuse for sloppy writing.

It used to be that most fanzines took subscriptions, and some still do. We've auctioned a few subscriptions for the fan funds, but in general, it's entirely too much like hard work to keep track of money, and issues paid for. Taking subscriptions also implies an obligation to keep publishing.

But you're right that loccing all these fanzines is hard going. Some people thrive on it, but a key part of the impetus that keeps me producing fanzines is the knowledge that if I publish regularly, *I never have to write LoCs myself.*

Unsaid Words: Thoughts on Losing a Hugo

by Bruce Schneier

I walked around all night with Karen Cooper's Hugo acceptance speech in my pocket.

She ended up not needing it. We didn't win a Hugo for the *Minicon 34 Restaurant Guide*. I didn't find it necessary to prepare; I estimated our chances of winning at about the same as my chances of visiting the moon. But Karen felt it was better to be scripted than tongue tied, and she was probably right.

> *Fate has ordained that the men who went to the moon to explore in peace will stay on the moon to rest in peace.*

In July of 1969, President Nixon had a speech prepared in the event that the Apollo 11 astronauts were stranded on the moon. It too, was never delivered.

Language is an amazing ability humans have. They form thoughts into words, and then sentences and paragraphs. These words are unleashed upon the world and travel through space and time to another human, where they are converted back into thoughts.

Often the process fails. The clever remark is never said, the book remains unpublished, the speech is never given. The paragraphs fall back into the primordial sea of thoughts and words. The metaphors disappear, to be rediscovered. The sentence constructions empty, to be used again. If words are spoken in an empty forest, who hears them? If words are whispered and forgotten, were they ever said?

Nixon's speech, written by William Safire, disappeared for thirty years until a reporter accidentally found it in the National Archives. It was brief—sixteen sentences—and touching. Its closing words echoed British poet Rupert Brooke:

> *For every human being who looks up at the moon in the nights to come to know that there is some corner of another world that is forever mankind.*

We all with that such words had never been necessary, but in 1986 President Reagan had to deliver a similar speech, written by Peggy Noonan. Her closing words echoed another poet, James Gillespie Magee:

> *We will never forget them, nor the last time we saw them, this morning, as they prepared for the journey and waved goodbye and slipped the surly bounds of earth to touch the face of God.*

Karen's words are not unnecessary. Despite the cliché, it *was* an honor to be nominated. It was exciting to be on the Hugo ballot, to attend the nominees reception, and to be escorted to our reserved seats at the ceremony. It was fun wandering around Chicon wearing a "Hugo Award Nominee" ribbon and a rocket pin. It was even entertaining watching the perplexed expressions on the face of fans who asked what we were nominated for. We thank those who nominated us for the honor, and whatever Byzantine rules allowed for our work to appear on the ballot.

When I was about 11, I read Asimov's It was the first inkling I had that Fandom existed, and I only half believed those magical things happening at the Hugo ceremonies. I never, ever imagined that one day one of those miracles would happen to me. I am delighted beyond words. Thank you all so very much.

How Does a Sales Ranking Mean?

rec.arts.sf.fandom: Iain Rowan, Damien Neil, Ken MacLeod, & Erik Olson

'In five years, the sales ranking will be obsolete,' said the salesman.

The sales ranking dilated.

We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the sales rankings began to take hold.

Four score and seven sales rankings ago, our founding authors brought forth upon this continent a new novel, conceived in whimsy and dedicated to the proposition that all sales were created equal, as well as to the author's editor and significant other.

Now we are engaged in a great price war, testing whether this novel, or any novel so edited and dedicated, can long endure on the New York Times Bestseller list. We are met at a great publishing house of this war. We have come to dedicate a section of these shelves as a temporary resting place for those works that did not sell so that this novel might sell. It is altogether fitting and proper, as well as contractually obligated, that we do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — these shelves. The brave works, printed and no longer in print, who were remaindered here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract, until they reach the pulp mills. The world will little note, nor long remember what we post here, until Deja is fixed, but it can never forget how poorly they sold here. It is for us the active authors, rather, to be dedicated here to our unfinished work which they who have written here have thus far so nobly gotten an advance, and little else. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these disregarded remaindered we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these no longer in print shall not have failed in vain — that this novel, under Ghu, shall have a new burst of sales — and that fiction of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the stores.

Like a Bright Light on the Road to Damascus

by James Nicoll

I was waking up to an article on the CBC about a Christian woman, a former American, who was upset that prayer is no longer allowed in Saskatchewan schools. She either wanted or got (I was *waking up*, and alertness is not my forte at the best of times) a special in-school club where the Christians could get together for religious purposes.

Another woman, also a Christian, was opposed to this, on various civil liberty grounds, not the least of which is IMO that clubs like this are very good at stigmatising non-members. (I say this as the former Bad Example for the Interscholastic Christian Fellowship.)

Another problem is that the ex-American is a Creationist and wants that twaddle in schools "as an alternative," which I am for to the same extent I want the phlogiston theory of combustion taught as an alternative to chemical theory. (Actually, since the phlogiston theory isn't based on willful ignorance and dishonesty, I am somewhat more in favour of it being taught at some point.)

Then it hit me. There seem to be a lot of these Christian people. The show tossed around various large percentages. What if, and I am just blue-skying here, they used their collective wealth to rent or buy a place where they could gather with like-minded people for the purpose of religious activity? Perhaps they could find someone who made studying religious doctrine and practices their specialty and hire that person. Even better, they could agree on a regular meeting time to have this fellow lecture them on various topics.

Once a month is probably not frequent enough. Judging by the problems my reading group has in scheduling, and the lack thereof my gaming group has, a weekly meeting would work better than a monthly one. I bet you'd get folks who would want to be members but never show up except one or twice a year. Myself, I not sure allowing nonparticapatory members, even if they pay their dues, is a good idea; but that could left up to each religious club or greater organisation of religious clubs.

I really think this is a winner. No need to single out one small set of religious doctrines to benefit from tax money and no need to pay out an enormous amount if we tried to give every type of religion equal time. Every group could have its own religious meeting building/room (as the group resources make possible, subject to the limitations on ostentation in their respective doctrines). I bet every town could support two or three of these religious meeting building/rooms, as zoning allows.

Minnesota's Newest Italian Immigrants

by Bill Higgins

Neutrinos have to be my favorite elementary particles.

The neutrino, as any Atomic-Age schoolchild knows, is an elementary particle that doesn't like to interact with matter much. It has no charge. Whether it has any rest mass is an open question, but its rest mass is certainly far smaller than that of the electron, the lightest charged particle.

Originally, the neutrino was an accounting dodge. Wolfgang Pauli needed a way to balance the books in explaining certain radioactive nuclei. Beta particles were whooshing off at nearly lightspeed; momentum and energy must be conserved. In what he called a "desperate remedy," Pauli assumed there was a very light invisible particle zooming off in the other direction. And lo! the equations came out right.

This was a little like explaining dewdrops by claiming that fairies apply water to leaves with tiny paintbrushes, but, heck, it worked. Physicists came to accept the neutrino as real, though it was 26 years before anybody detected one. Enrico Fermi gave it an Italian name, meaning "little neutral guy."

Eventually it turned out that neutrinos come in three different flavors: electron flavor, muon flavor, and tau flavor. They're neutral cousins of those three charged particles.

They move essentially at the speed of light, and go right through all kinds of matter. The probability that they'll interact with a nucleus, even if you put millions of kilometers of steel in their path, is very, very small. The usual word pop-science journalists use is "ghostly."

When I joined Fermilab in 1978, I worked in the department that made intense beams of neutrinos. You can't steer 'em – but you can create beams of unstable particles that decay into neutrinos (and other things), and you *can* steer *them*. Point a beam of pions and kaons toward your experiment, and in microseconds you'll have a beam of neutrinos and muons headed the same way.

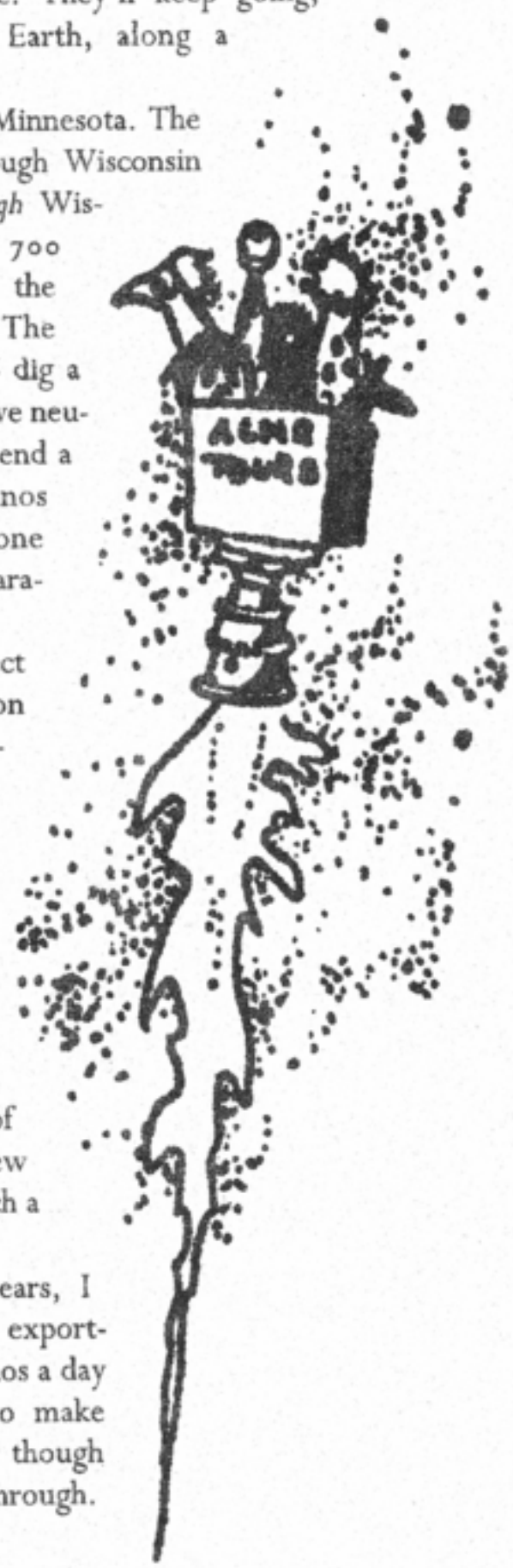
I thought I'd bring this subject up here at Minicon because we're planning to send some neutrinos to Minnesota.

Physicists have become curious to see whether neutrinos can change from one flavor to another as they travel. It doesn't seem to happen in local laboratory experiments, but there's some evidence for the effect in cosmic-ray and long-baseline experiments.

So we're building a new facility to make muon-type neutrinos and then see if any turn into electron-type neutrinos. We'll send fresh pions and kaons down a vacuum "decay pipe," 800 meters long, which slants northwest and downward into the rock under Fermilab.

As other particles decay, muons and neutrinos will appear. At the end, there's a big absorber that will soak up muons and leftover particles. But the neutrinos will hardly notice. They'll keep going, downward into the Earth, along a straight line.

The line points at Minnesota. The neutrinos rumble through Wisconsin (and I do mean *through* Wisconsin) and emerge 700 kilometers later near the Soudan iron mine. The miners have agreed to dig a new cavern for a massive neutrino detector. If we send a whole lot of neutrinos there, occasionally one will interact in the apparatus.



You wouldn't expect to see many electron neutrinos in the Minnesota lab. But if an excess of them shows up, we'll know that muon neutrinos are becoming electron neutrinos along the way. And we can begin to measure the size and frequency of this "oscillation." New laws of physics are such a treat...

In a couple of years, I expect Illinois will be exporting trillions of neutrinos a day to Minnesota. Try to make them feel welcome, though they're only passing through.

It was revealed in Nature a couple of weeks ago that scientists had managed to stop light, and then let it go again. I spent some time boggling about this. I just couldn't get my head around it. I just couldn't see it. Eventually, I realised that trying to think what it looked like (and my visualisation of beam/particles is of a lot of smarties being shot out of a tube so fast they become a rainbow) wasn't the right way to understand it. What I should be doing is trying to think what it felt like.

Hence the following brief photonic dialogue:

"I've just come from Alpha Centauri, gosh it's a lot of nothing in between."

"Well there's a lot of stuff on this planet, but avoid going near the sodium, that's all I can say."

"But I really like the way it fizzes and the way it splits my spectrum!"

"I suppose you'd like being put in a black hole with some?"

"Hey! No need to mention. . . you knows. Everything goes in them anyway, if they don't watch out. What's that got to do with sodium?"

"There are mini black holes made of sodium on this planet. Some light I know was stopped in one. Stopped I tell you."

"Yeah? Stopped? And if that's true, how do you know? I suppose it came out and told you about it?"

"They let it go again. It was shocked and scared, and it went haring straight for the sun and the long trip to Andromeda to recover, but it told me on the way."

"Reversible sodium black. . . you knows? You're tugging my wavelength."

"Oh well, have it your own way, go and shine around the *Nature* offices if you don't believe me."

Jo Walton

Pottering

by Jon Singer

I'd like to talk about porcelain here, because I love the stuff, but I'm very much afraid that I'd get very boring very quickly, so I won't. Suffice it to say that porcelain is a four-letter word, a mineral form of cream cheese, and has a tendency to collapse on the wheel, typically without warning. Feels great on your hands, though.

I was talking with one of the other people at Glen Echo Park, where I take classes, and she said that for her, the greatest thing about porcelain was how good it felt to go back to stoneware. I had to laugh, because for me it's the exact opposite. I've been throwing these large salad bowls to get rid of the stoneware I have, so I can go back to my wacky whiteware and make more teacups.

Where was I, Fred? Oh. Yeah, that. Well, maybe we skip that for now. How about this, instead?--

I've been thinking that it would be rather jolly to re-create (or create an updated version of) the Art Nouveau movement: one still driven partly by an arts-and-crafts sort of sensibility, and with full consciousness of some of the things that have happened during the last hundred years or so – quantum mechanics has flowered, we've discovered much more about self-similarity (fractality), we know a little bit about chaos now, we continue to unravel the various pieces of the genetic code, and so on.

I'd like to mix the primarily organic forms of the original styles with more of the available mineral forms, some unpredictability, and maybe a few crumbs from the almond bread. It seems to me that there is still a huge amount of territory to be explored, and tons of fun to be had doing it. Abstractions can certainly have something to say, and conceptual art occasionally actually conveys some sort of concept. . .or *something* anyway; but I think that there is also a considerable amount to be said for things that are gloriously beautiful or even sublime. (Things that are sublime are not necessarily at all beautiful, but that's a different issue, and has been discussed elsewhere.)

There is a special feeling, at least for me, even in the mere attempt to produce something that is both beautiful and useful. I won't claim to be good at it, but that may not be as important as making the attempt. For one thing, it's hard to be good at something if you don't get any practice. For another, I think we are much too passive in this culture, too inclined to demand that others provide our entertainment and perhaps some other kinds of sustenance. . .but again, that's another story.

I saw a preserved giant squid today, and crystals of celestite, and the Hope diamond, and a painting by James Abbott McNeill Whistler, and a handless, headless statue of a boddhisattva. I saw life in chunks of clay, and nothing in the eyes of some children, and spring in the trees, and winter in the sky, and a certain sort of poetry in french fries, and prose in tea leaves (but not the future; I'm not too adept at seeing the future, lately). I felt vibrations in empty space and stillness in running water. I smelled flowers and hot ruby dust and tea and perfume and many other things. There is no one here but all of us, and life goes on without you. It's a hazard of the trade.

Legends of Jon Singer

rec.arts.sf.fandom

Jon Singer was chatting in the con suite one day when the roof blew off. "Hey, Jon," said the unearthly forms of light that trickled down the walls, "how's the beekeeping?"

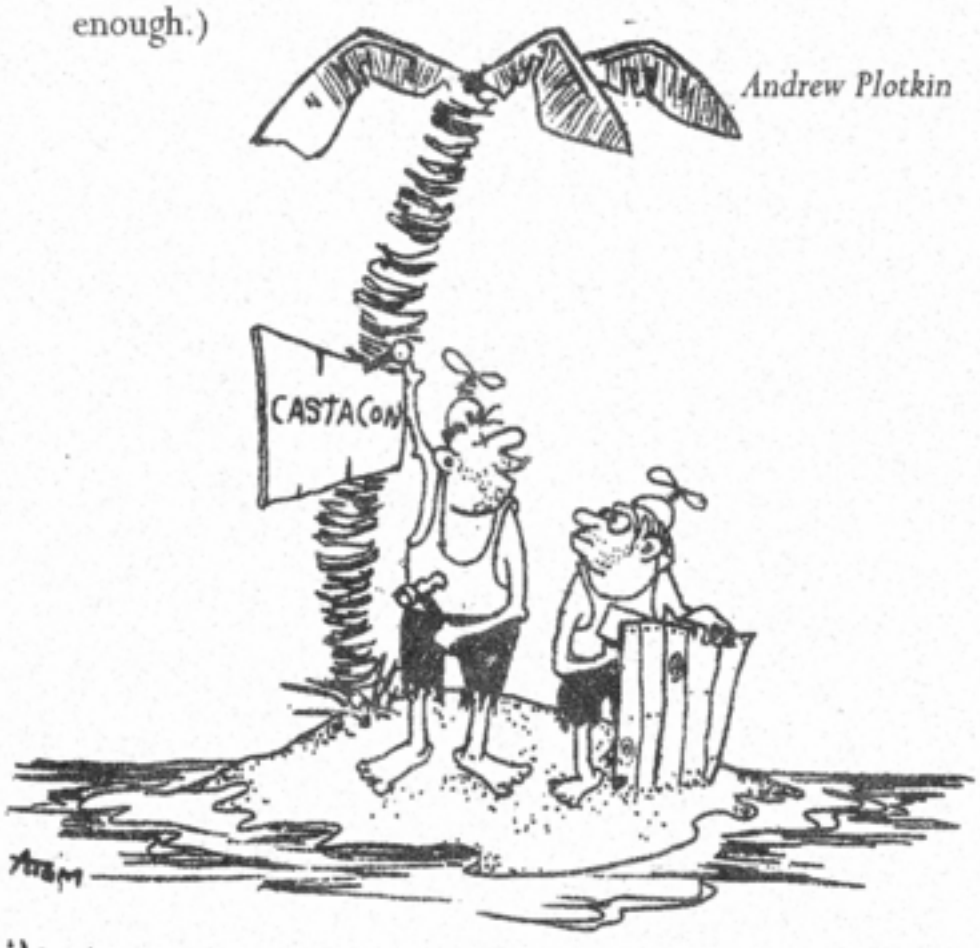
Someone found a last bag of pretzels, and Jon Singer and the numinous forms chatted about beekeeping and internal combustion engines and Skewes' Number until the sun began to rise in the East.

"Ho, we must align here no longer!" cried the beings of strange radiance. But it was too late: the Sunlight was shining full into the con-suite windows, and the beings were drawn up, up, up the tropisms of fusion fire, into the heart of the Sun where the light is so thick that it blinds even itself. And there they mated and spawned, and the cycle turned another ten thousand years.

Jon Singer did that, although I wasn't there to see it. He kicked up Olympus Mons with his bootheels, too.

And he put out the fire at the Disclave Hotel with a single drop of sweat from his brow. (One drop is a lot of water when it's moving so fast that Lorentz mass-increase kicks in. A lot of folks never even saw the fire, it went out so quick; they only saw the water flowing down the stairs. They'll tell you it was a sprinkler that went. But it wasn't; I *was* there for that, and it was Jon Singer, sure enough.)

Andrew Plotkin



Once, Jon Singer was in a strange city with some friends, and they decided to have dinner. They picked a restaurant. When they went in, Jon was greeted as an old friend by the proprietor, kissed on both cheeks, presented with a meal not on the menu but utterly wonderful, and then departed, with everyone in the kitchen coming out to wish him farewell. He'd never been there before. The friends were baffled. They told this story to other people, who told them it was an urban legend, except it was supposed to have happened in St. Louis, not Cincinatti, and they should look it up on snopes. Nobody believes them even now, even though it has happened to many many groups of fannish people, in slightly different varieties.

The version where the restaurant owner's wife had just had a son and insisted that Singer stand godfather in some exotic religion really is a legend, but you should have seen the food, food like you've never imagined.

That reminds me, people say that another time, Jon Singer took a garlic quiche with bitter chocolate frosting to a wedding.

Jo Walton

One weekend Jon Singer went out to a con. Before he could even register, someone in the lobby waved him over—hey Jon!—and they started talking about Rotons and polymer clay and alternate models of Third World biotechnology companies, and beer, and every sort of fannish thing.

Then the person waved over some more people—hey Kim!—and pretty soon the hotel lobby was full of a circle of people sitting and talking about Heinlein and the physiology of blushing and alternate models of the electrical power market, and beer, and every sort of fannish thing.

Long about 9 pm, Jon Singer said, Hey, I really have to be checking in. And the other people said, Yeah, we have to dress for the rehearsal dinner anyway. What? What dinner? And the people said, You're not here for the Korean Baptist wedding? And Jon Singer suddenly noticed that this wasn't the Hyatt, it was the Hilton, and furthermore it was Tuesday.

This is all true, even though I made it up. I wasn't there but I know the guy that was.

Andrew Plotkin

ConJosé

The 60th World Science Fiction Convention®

San José, California
Thursday, August 29 through
Monday, September 2, 2002
San José McEnery
Convention Center

How to Contact Us

P.O. Box 61363 • Sunnyvale, CA 94088-1363 • USA
ConJose@sfsfc.org • http://www.conjose.org/

Membership Installment Plan
(in brief)

1. Buy a supporting membership ($35) and say you want an installment membership.
2. Pay a minimum of 20 dollars per quarter to keep your Installment Plan alive. We can't send out reminders, so this will be your responsibility.
3. Mark your payment clearly as an Installment Payment.
4. Make sure you have the full difference paid by the time we set as cutoff for mailing in memberships.

If you have questions, you can contact our Comptroller, Cindy Scott, at Controller@conjose.org.

Vernor Vinge
David Cherry
Bjo & John Trimble
Ferdinand Feghoot
Guests Of Honor
Tad Williams
Toastmaster

Memberships Fees (and codes):

(until 7/1/01)

Attending Adult (A) - $140 • Attending Child (C) - $50
Attending Infant (I) - Free • Supporting (S) - $35

Site selection voters subtract $30 from attending fees • Adult presupporters subtract $20 more
Installment plan - $35 minimum to start (L)

	Want- Pubs? Y	Member Type (See table above) A C I S L	Voted? Y N	Pre-Sup? Y N	
Member #1					
Member #2	Y N	A C I S L	Y N	Y N	
Member #3	Y N	A C I S L	Y N	Y N	
Member #4	Y N	A C I S L	Y N	Y N	
		Total			

Address _____

_____

City _____ St./Prov. _____

Ctry. _____ Postal Code _____

Email address _____

Phone # _____

Credit card purchase (Charge will appear from SFSFC, Inc.)

Credit card (circle one) Visa MC AmEx Discover

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Name on card _____

Signature _____

I would like to receive more information on:___Art Show ___ Dealer's Room ___Volunteering ___ Advertising

PRIVACY NOTICE: This information may be held on a computer. ConJosé does not sell our mailing list or share it with other groups outside of SFSFC, Inc., except where required by the WSFS Constitution. We may list some member information (name, member number , city, state/province, country) in our publications and on our web site. IF YOU DO NOT WANT YOUR NAME LISTED ON THE WEBSITE OR IN THE PUBLICATIONS PLEASE INITIAL HERE ____ AND DATE _____.

Boskone 39

Framingham, MA
February 15-17, 2002
(President's Day Weekend)

Guest of Honor
Neil Gaiman

Official Artist
Stephen Hickman

Special Guest
Marv Wolfman

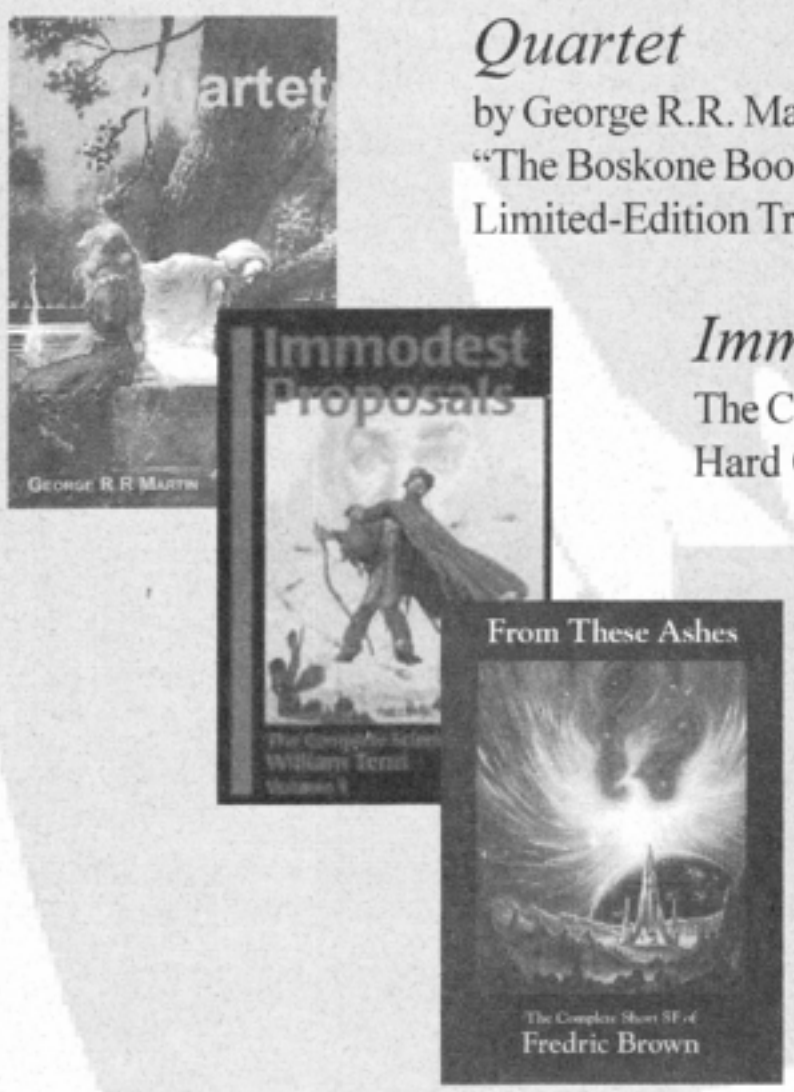
Featured Filker
Tom Holt

Boskone is a regional Science Fiction convention
focusing on literature, art, music, gaming and other bits of wonder.

Memberships $38 through June 30, 2001
Mail to: NESFA/Boskone 39, P.O. Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701
or fax (credit cards only) to: 617.776.3243 Web: www.boskone.org

What has the NESFA Press done for you lately?

How about these three *new* gems?



Quartet
by George R.R. Martin
"The Boskone Book"
Limited-Edition Trade Hard Cover ● $25

Immodest Proposals
The Complete Science Fiction of William Tenn, Volume 1
Hard Cover ● $29

From These Ashes
The Complete Short SF of Frederic Brown
Hard Cover ● $29

Available from NESFA Press

NESFA Press, PO Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701
www.nesfapress.com

The Non-Introduction to the Program Book

by Rachael Lininger, Pooh-Bah of Publications

Hello. I'm Rachael, and this Program Book you have already read halfway-through is *all my fault.*

Actually, it isn't. I've been to all of two cons, and I've never run Publications before—I've only done layout for Minicon, and edited my own little school mags—so I had no idea that turning the Program Book into...whatever this is...was at all weird. We had chapbooks for the guests, a remarkably high density of Good Writers, and this neat new printing technology—mimeo!—all of which made a Big Program Book a plausible idea. Since everyone thought that fabulous content, if I could acquire it, trumped piddly considerations like tradition and common sense, it took a couple of weeks, and some Very Patient explanation, before I realized that this book is weird. So it's all *their* fault, those people who thought this was a good idea. You know who you are.

About those chapbooks: they're very cool. I helped make them. Don't you want to buy all three? Your friends want you to get some copies for them, too....

This brings us to the Good Writers. The Twin Cities is dripping with good writers (it being spring, we're all a bit drippy here). That's part of why I moved here. When I was a kid, my sister and I went on one of those awful family visits. St. Paul was one of the places we were dragged along to, and we both decided that we wanted to live in Minnesota when we grew up. After meeting so many of Mipple-Stipple's good writers on *rec.arts.sf.fandom* (a light-speed apa for Internet junkies), and being somewhat at loose ends after college, I decided that I really ought to do that. So I did. And I met all the fannish people who don't live online, as well as the people I already sorta knew. They all had "contributor" written across their foreheads in firey letters. Then I helped collate Idea and wrote Geri her first LoC for that issue. I decided that I wanted one of those fanzine things, please.

But this wouldn't have been possible without our dazzling twenty-first century mimeograph technology. Mr. Gestetner, the Minn-StF copyprinter, is actually a Ricoh Priport digital duplicator. It looks like one of those big office Xerox machines, but it's really ~~an Elder God~~ a mimeo. Put an original on the platen, press "Start," and it thinks a bit and then laser-cuts a stencil, wraps said stencil around a drum, and applies the ink. Press "Print" and you can make dozens—hundreds—thousands!—of copies of that original, *zhoop zhoop zhoop.* The stencils are more expensive than xeroxing (they appear to be a very fine grade of waxed paper), but the printing is much, much cheaper. Within twenty copies, you've beat the price of the five-cent library copier, and whose library has a five-cent copier any more? It's also better at halftones—look at Katya Reimann's watercolors!—and it's *fast.*

How fast? you ask. Really fast: 120 single-sided pages per minute on the highest setting, which is just fine for text. With pictures, 100 pages per minute is better. The paper-handling is really amazing: Mr. Gestetner sucks up the pages one-by-one and then spits them out hard against the backsplash. *Thwack thwack thwack.*

Guess who's printing almost all of these pages? I don't know any more. After seventy-mumble-thousand sides, I'm a bit confused. I've been doing some unimaginably dreadful things while sitting there waiting for the copyprinter to finish spitting out page 45. Like filking songs that should not be filked:

> *Oh says Red Molly to James, "That's a fine mimeo,*
> *A girl could pub anything with that, don't you know."*
> *Says James to Red Molly, "My hat's off to you.*
> *It's a Ricoh copyprinter, 1992."*

Or writing poetry. No doubt my ambition to write a Ferdinand Feghoot sonnet cycle is entirely due to sitting in the back room at Dreamhaven for hours on end watching the paper go *zhoop.* Lucky for you, I'm nowhere near fulfilling that ambition.

Before printing, of course, I had to do layout. Lots of layout. (I'm a contender in the "she who dies with the most fonts wins" contest.) And editing and copyediting and proofreading.... Typographical cleanliness, of course, is next to godliness, and so to avoid offending our atheist membership I have allowed some typos to remain *in situ.*

I owe thanks to Beth Friedman, Pamela Dean, David Dyer-Bennet, Mark Richards, Erik Olson, Peer Dudda, Jeff Schalles, and the merry band of booksellers at Dreamhaven (where Mr. Gestetner lives), without whose help this book would be much poorer.

I hope you enjoy this Program Book, and that it's actually useful as a Program Book (as I write this, we're a little befuddled about that issue). If you want to visit Mr. Gestetner, it should be wherever the Bozo Bus Tribune is, faithfully thwacking out pages. I'll probably be around—I'm the one with too much brown hair who's wandering around dazedly, muttering about forgetting all my f-ligatures, and worrying about my cats.

A No-Longer-Brief History of Minicon

Minicon	Dates	Estimated Membership	Location (City)
1	January 6, 1968	60	Coffman Union (Men's Lounge), University of Minnesota (Minneapolis)
2	April 4-6, 1969	102	Andrews Hotel (Minneapolis)
3	1970	130	Dyckman Hotel (Minneapolis)
4	1971	150	Curtis Hotel (Minneapolis)
5	1971	100	Andrews Hotel (Minneapolis)
6	1972	175	Hyatt Lodge (Minneapolis)
7	1973	220	Hyatt Lodge (Minneapolis)
8	1974	350	Dyckman Hotel (Minneapolis)
9	October 11-13, 1974	190	Minneapolis Public Library / Dyckman Hotel (Minneapolis)
10	April 18-20, 1975	510	Holiday Inn (Minneapolis)
11	April 16-18, 1976	500	Leamington Hotel (Minneapolis)
12	April 8-10, 1977		Leamington Hotel (Minneapolis)
13	March 24-26, 1978		Leamington Hotel (Minneapolis)
15	April 13-15, 1979		Minneapolis Radisson (Minneapolis)
16	1980		Minneapolis Radisson (Minneapolis)
17	1981		Minneapolis Radisson (Minneapolis)
14	April 4-6, 1982		St. Paul Radisson (St. Paul)
19	April 1-3, 1983		St. Paul Radisson (St. Paul)
18	April 20-22, 1984	1,450	Leamington Hotel (Minneapolis)

compiled by Fred A. Levy-Haskell

Guests	Theme
Guests of Honor: Gordon Dickson, Charles DeVet, and Clifford Simak	–
Guests of Honor: Gordon Dickson, Charles DeVet, and Clifford Simak	–
Guests of Honor: Poul Anderson, Gordon Dickson, and Clifford Simak	–
Guest of Honor: Lin Carter	–
Guest of Honor: Volsted Gridban (* Joke, Moshe)	–
Guest of Honor: Ruth Berman	–
Larry Niven, Pro Guest of Honor Rusty Hevelin, Fan Guest of Honor	–
Kelly Freas, Pro Guest of Honor Bob Tucker, Fan Guest of Honor	–
Guests of Honor: Judy Lynn and Lester del Rey	–
Poul Anderson, Pro Guest of Honor Gordon Dickson, Fan Guest of Honor Lester del Rey, Toastmaster	–
Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett, Pro Guests of Honor Leigh and Norb Couch, Fan Guests of Honor Jackie Franke and Rusty Hevelin, Toastmasters	–
Ben Bova, Pro Guest of Honor Buck and Juanita Coulson, Fan Guests of Honor Joe Haldeman, Toastmaster	*The Dododecacon*
Samuel R. Delany, Pro Guest of Honor Spider Robinson, Fan Guest of Honor Bob Tucker, Artist Guest of Honor Krissy, Toastmaster	*Nothing is as it seems*
Theodore Sturgeon, Pro Guest of Honor Tom Digby, Fan Guest of Honor Rick Sternbach, Artist Guest of Honor Bob Vardeman, Toastmaster	–
C.J. Cherryh, Pro Guest of Honor Jon Singer, Fan Guest of Honor Ken Fletcher, Artist Guest of Honor Nate Bucklin, Musician Guest of Honor Wilson (Bob) Tucker, Toastmaster	*Déjà Vu*
Jack Vance, Pro Guest of Honor Jerry Boyajian, Fan Guest of Honor Kathy Marschall, Artist Guest of Honor Reed Waller, Musician Guest of Honor	–
John Varley, Pro Guest of Honor Cliff Simak, Fan Guest of Honor Spider Robinson, Musician Guest of Honor	*Forward, Into the Past*
Larry Niven, Pro Guest of Honor Pamela Dean and David Dyer-Bennet, Fan Guests of Honor Dave Sim, Artist Guest of Honor Spider John Koerner, Musician Guest of Honor Steven K. Zoltan Brust, Toastmaster Nostradamus, Proxy Guest of Honor	*Backward, Into the Future*
Chelsea Quinn Yarboro, Pro Guest of Honor Dave Wixon, Fan Guest of Honor Steve Hickman, Artist Guest of Honor Somtow Sucharitkul, Musician Guest of Honor Rusty Hevelin, Toastmaster Bob Tucker, Smooth Guest of Honor	*We know what we're doing and you don't. Trust us.*

20	April 5-7, 1985	1,525	Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
21	March 28-30, 1986	1,600	Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
22	April 17-19, 1987	1,950	Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
23	April 1-3, 1988		Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
24	March 24-26, 1989		Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
25	April 13-15, 1990		Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
26	March 29-31, 1991		Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
27	1992		Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
28	April 9-11, 1993		Radisson Hotel South (Bloomington)
29	April 1-3, 1994	3,300	Radisson Hotel South and Wyndham Garden Hotel (Bloomington)
30	April 14-16, 1995	3,500	Radisson Hotel South, Wyndham Garden Hotel, and L'Hotel Sofitel (Bloomington)
31	April 5-7, 1996	3,564	Radisson Hotel South, Wyndham Garden Hotel, and L'Hotel Sofitel (Bloomington)

James P. Hogan, Pro Guest of Honor Permanent Floating Riot Club, Fan Group Guests of Honor Stu Shiffman, Artist Guest of Honor Bob Berlien & the White Women, Musician Guests of Honor Kara Dalkey and Jerry Stearns, Toastmasters	*Let's you and I get normal for a change*
Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm, Pro Guests of Honor Denny Lien, Fan Guest of Honor Ken Fletcher, Artist Guest of Honor Ann Passovoy, Musician Guest of Honor Diane Duane, Toastmaster Special Guests: Phyllis Eisenstein, Terry Windling, John M. Ford, and P.C. Hodgell	*Now we're just immoral and fattening*
David Brin, Pro Guest of Honor Fred Haskell, Fan Guest of Honor Erin McKee, Artist Guest of Honor Jerry Stearns, Musician Guest of Honor Robert Bloch, Toastmaster Special Guests: Diane Duane, Jane Yolen, and Ellen Kushner	*Still Crazy After All These Years*
Eleanor Arnason, Author Guest of Honor Eric Heideman, Fan Guest of Honor Frederick Pohl, Editor Guest of Honor Crystal Marvig, Artist Guest of Honor Richard Feynman, Science Guest of Honor Special Guests: Jane Yolen, David Hartwell, and Algis Budrys	*Spring Forward, Fall Over*
Guests of Honor: Harry Harrison, George "Lan" Laskowski, Fritz Leiber, and Barry Longyear Special Guests: Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, P.C. Hodgell, Larry Niven, and John Sladek	*Zen and the Art of Fan Maintenance*
Jane Yolen, Guest of Honor Kim Stanley Robinson, Author Guest of Honor Patrick Price, "Arthur" Guest of Honor David Thayer a.k.a. Teddy Harvia, Artist Guest of Honor David E Romm, Fan Guest of Honor Earl Joseph, Science Guest of Honor Special Guests: Dave Clement, P.C. Hodgell, Dr. Joseph Romm, and Art Widner	*The Silver Edition*
George Alec Effinger, Author Guest of Honor David Cherry, Artist Guest of Honor Al Kuhfeld, Ph.D., Science Guest of Honor Suzanne V. Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman, Fan Guests of Honor Jon Singer, Lunch Guest of Honor	*Think of it as Evolution in Action*
Lois McMaster Bujold, Writer Guest of Honor Ctein, Artist Guest of Honor Dave Van Ronk, Musician Guest of Honor	*Don't Ever Be A Dodo*
Susan Allison, Editor Guest of Honor Diane Duane and Peter Morwood, Author Guests of Honor Kathy Mar, Musician Guest of Honor Don Fitch, Bless His Sweet Heart Guest of Honor John M. Ford, Interesting Person Guest of Honor	*Suite, Savage Minicon*
Tom Doherty, Publisher Guest of Honor Jack Williamson, Author Guest of Honor Rusty Hevelin, Fan Guest of Honor Phil Foglio, Artist Guest of Honor	*It seemed like a good idea at the time*
Vernor Vinge, Author Guest of Honor Dr. Robert Forward, Science Guest of Honor Jody Lee, Artist Guest of Honor The Bhigg House, Fan Group Guest of Honor Glen Cook, Honored Guest	*Some Assembly Required or "Would You Like Fries With That?"*
Suzette Haden Elgin, Guest of Honor Ed Emshwiller, Memorial Artist Guest of Honor Joe Siclari and Edie Stern, Fan Guests of Honor David Ossman, Audio Guest of Honor James P. Hogan, Science Guest of Honor L.A. Taylor, Honored Guest	*Coming to a Galaxy Near You*

32	April 28-30, 1997		Radisson Hotel South, L'Hotel Sofitel, and Holiday Inn Airport 2 (Bloomington)
33	April 10-12, 1998	3,431	Radisson Hotel South, L'Hotel Sofitel, Holiday Inn Airport 2, and Wyndham Garden Hotel (Bloomington)
34	April 2-4, 1999	1,500	Hilton Minneapolis and Towers (Minneapolis)
35	April 21-23, 2000	850	Hilton Minneapolis and Towers (Minneapolis)
36	April 13-15, 2001	?	Hilton Minneapolis and Towers (Minneapolis)

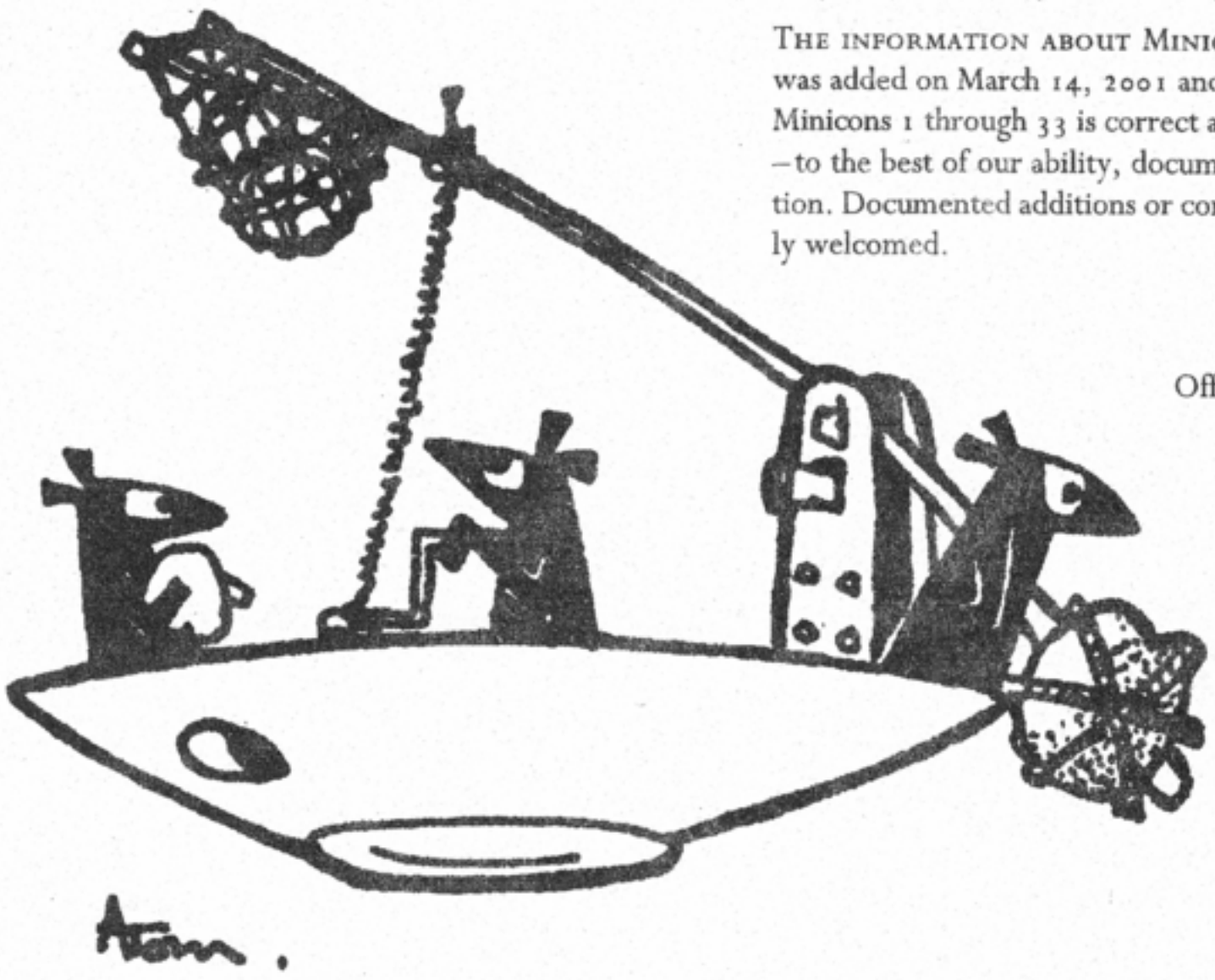
Notes

DATES: Yes, there were two years we had two Minicons – 1971 and 1974. And there are a few years for which we have yet to track down the exact dates. (No, it's not been Easter weekend every year, just *most* years....)

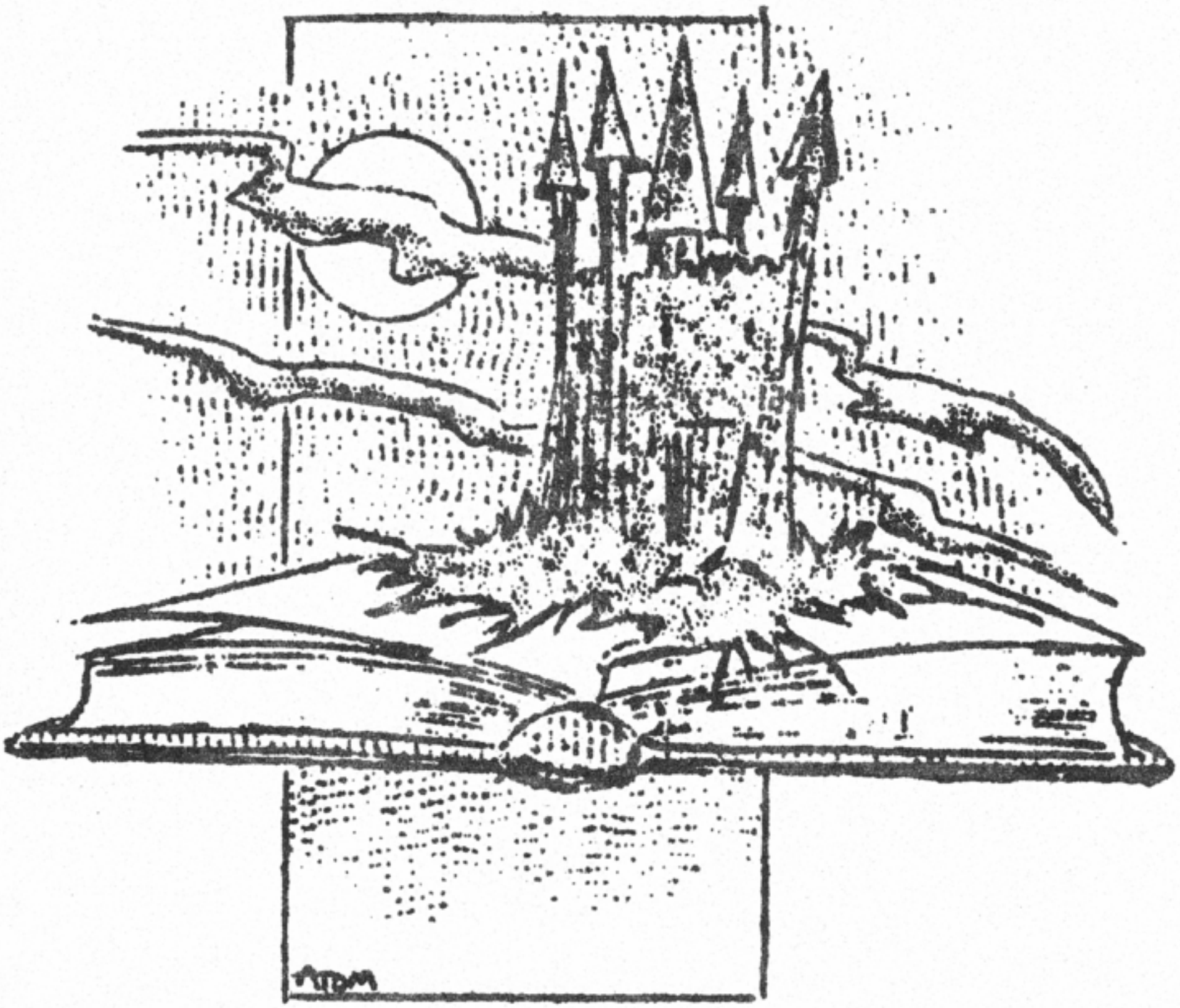
MINICON NUMBERING: Yes, we know the numbering was a bit non-sequential between 1978 and 1985. It's a long story, and really not that shaggy.

THE INFORMATION ABOUT MINICONS 34 THROUGH 36 was added on March 14, 2001 and the information about Minicons 1 through 33 is correct as of February 22, 1999 – to the best of our ability, documentation, and recollection. Documented additions or corrections will be warmly welcomed.

Fred A Levy Haskell
falh@qwest.net
Official Happy Deadwood
Minn-StF



Algis Budrys, Author Guest of Honor C.J. Cherryh, Author Guest of Honor Tom Doherty, Publisher Guest of Honor Tom Lopez, Audio Guest of Honor Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Editor Guest of Honor Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Editor Guest of Honor Michael Swanwick, Author Guest of Honor	*Even Chaos has a Pattern*
Gardner Dozois, Professional Guest of Honor Dave Langford, Fan Guest of Honor John M. Ford, Toastmaster Phil Proctor, Mark Time Award Presenter	*Heisenberg Probably Slept Here*
Octavia E. Bulter, Writer Guest of Honor Mark and Priscilla Olson, Fan Guests of Honor Dave Nee, Bookseller Guest of Honor	–
Maureen F. McHugh, Writer Guest of Honor Lenny Bailes, Fan Guest of Honor John Berkey, Artist Guest of Honor Orson & David Ossman, Mark Time Award Presenters	–
Ken MacLeod, Writer Guest of Honour Jo Walton, Fan Guest of Honour Leslie Fish, Musician Guest of Honor	–



Remembering Gordy Dickson
1923–2001

Minicon 36

GORDON R DICKSON

SHAI DORSAI

.THE CHILDE CYCLE.

Gordon R Dickson

A BATTLE FOR THE SOUL OF AMERICA IS UNDERWAY...

[THE BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *NEVERWHERE* RETURNS WITH HIS NEWEST MYSTICAL TALE.]

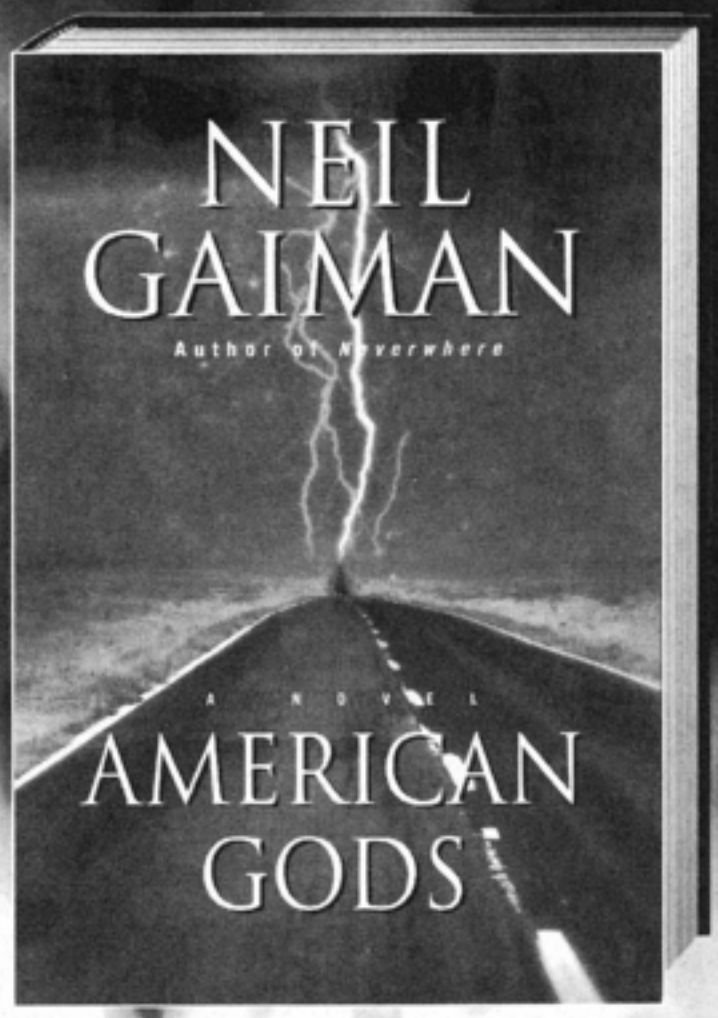
ON SALE JUNE 19

PRE-ORDER YOUR COPY NOW AT

WWW.AMERICANGODS.COM

"[GAIMAN] is, simply put, a treasure house of story, and we are lucky to have him."

STEPHEN KING



WILLIAM MORROW
75 YEARS OF PUBLISHING
An Imprint of HarperCollins*Publishers*
www.harpercollins.com

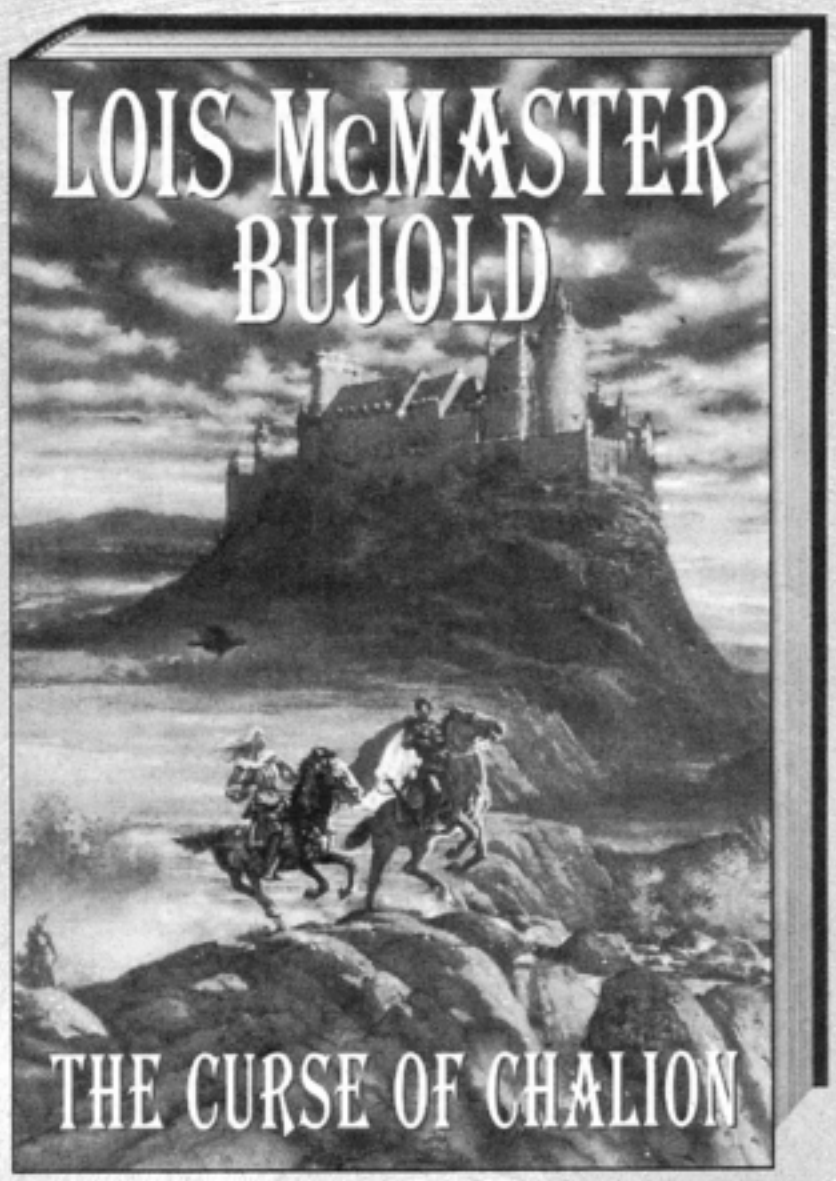
THIS AUGUST, look for Hugo and Nebula Award-winning author

Lois McMaster Bujold's

major new fantasy novel!

Beginning on March 1st, HarperCollins/Eos will post the first exciting eight chapters of *The Curse of Chalion* – a new chapter will appear every three weeks until publication.

Go to *www.eosbooks.com*



Eos
An Imprint of HarperCollins*Publishers*
www.eosbooks.com

Pros & Cons: The Minicon 10 Fan GoH Speech

Gordon R. Dickson, 1923–2001

Transcribed by Dave Wixon, Reprinted from Rune 45, 1975
Introductory comments by Lester del Rey omitted

It's very hard to agree with Lester.

However, in this case–because it *is* a great honor for me to be Fan Guest of Honor here–I must admit he's right. To begin with, fans already know that the Fan Guest of Honor outranks pros; which is why, when the committee approached me with this honor, I said: "You'd better be kidding! I'd pass up a chance like this?" And I didn't. And I'm here. Lester is quite right, about a great many things.

Lester is a very perceptive fellow. I like him very much. He has one bad effect on me.

As most of you know, I am the kind of person who can stay up very late at night and get up in the morning and still keep moving. Normally this doesn't bother me. However, about a year ago I was in New York, I think it was for the Nebula Awards week or whatever it was, and I woke up in the morning with a pain in my head. Now, as you can check with all my friends, I never have a pain; other people get pains in their head; I don't.

But this morning I had one. And again, the next trip, it happened again. The only common denominator I could find was that Lester has been involved in all the evenings before. I checked with my local physician, and he said: "There's something wrong here. I can't put my finger on it, but there's something definitely wrong. I have known you," (as he has), "for about thirty years. You've never had pains in your head and you shouldn't now. Other people have pains in their heads, you shouldn't."

And I said, "Well, it's true," you know. "I have very sharp, piercing pains. It starts at the edges and spreads out."

He said, "Well, I don't know what to do," and sent me down to Rochester.

Now–you know the Mayo Clinic in Rochester? Very famous research place–they checked me out. And couldn't find a reason for it. However, about two weeks after I'd been checked out, I got a long-distance phone call from Rochester, from a doctor there who said, "I've had a marvelous idea; would you come back down?"

Well, I got back down there next weekend, and he checked me out. He used a large, mechanical, silver device with clamped sort of like this; and he checked me out. And he said, "Now I want you to come back after your next trip east, the next time you get the pain."

And I said, "All right." So I went east–I think it was about last October—came back, and went down to see him. He said, "Pains?" I said, "Yes." He put the silver thing on my head and said, "Just as I thought, pressure's up again." He checked my left ear. "Just as I thought. You're stopped up over here. We'll have to operate."

Well, to make a long story short, they did operate and removed forty-two strong del Rey opinions which had gotten into my head through my right ear and couldn't get out again. They tell me the team of specialists who did the operation were exhausted afterwards.

Now to the important talk of the evening. It's just that I had to settle Lester's hash before I got started here. I realize–we can go into it later on. . .are you hearing me? I seem to fade in and out, to my own ear. . . . {*laughter*} I have something to say about fans. It's fairly brief, but it's a heartfelt thing: there is a phenomenon known as science fiction, and there is nothing like it. Truthfully.

It's unusual in ways that go beyond this type of friendly gathering and things like this; because spelunkers get together, mystery writers and mystery fans get together, and so on and so forth. But there's a very peculiar thing about science fiction. And that is that we have what opera used to have, in certain areas of Italy: we have a claque that isn't a claque. But it is not an approving claque. (You know the whole business about the claque in classical opera? All right. Those who do can tell the rest of the audience. Very well.)

The point is, this particular claque does not simply sit there and applaud. It sits there and throws rocks. Which is very good for the field. Because, you may be a king to your publisher, you may be a king to your audience, you may be a king to the librarian, and to people who come trotting in–but boy! If your last book offended the fans, they will let you know! That's why it's nice to be a fan as well as a pro: I get to throw rocks along with everybody else.

Lester once said something that made me very proud of him at the time; I don't remember exactly what sparked him off, but somebody once said something up on the platform at a convention, and Lester answered him. You know Lester: he can talk from twenty rows back without a microphone and out-argue the man on the platform. At any rate, somebody on the *More...*

platform (I think it was somewhere on the West Coast, but I'm not sure) said something like: "This is what pros are meant for," you know, to be paid attention to, to have their expenses paid, so on and so forth. {*Voice in the background, probably Lester: "It was Harlan."*} So this person, whose name I shall not mention {laughter}, said, "This is what pros are for, they are different than fans."

And Lester stood up, forty-two rows back, and, drowning out the PA system, said: "But Harlan – I'm a fan!" {*Turning to Lester*} Am I right, sir? Okay.

Basic to science fiction, and you see it along the dog-gone row at the table here, there is nobody who is useful to the field (except in very recent years, when it has gotten to be a larger thing) who wasn't a fan to start out with: Don [Wollheim], you were a fan at one time right? Right. Poul [Anderson], Lester, myself, Cliff [Simak]: fans.

The point is that there was a good reason for it: you have to love what you're doing before you start to do something with it. You can't make good pots unless you say: "Oh boy! I can imagine a marvelous pot, nobody's made it yet, but I'm going to make it. It's going to look just like this." And you go putter-putter on your potter's wheel, and you think, "No, that isn't right, but next time I'll make the perfect pot." And you keep on turning out these things.

Soon someone comes by and says, "Hey, what're you doing with these pots?" And you say, you know, "I'm trying to make the perfect pot here, heh, and it's not coming out quite right." And he says, "Well, these aren't perfect, but you know, I kind of like them; may I buy this one?" You say, "Well... Okay," you know, "five sesterces." So he takes one away. Then someone else comes in and says, "I hear you're selling pots for five sesterces." And you say, "Well, there's only four of them left, you know. Maybe they have some value. Actually I hadn't planned to sell them at all, but since there's a market for them, I think I ought to sell them for at least seven." So he takes one away for seven sesterces.

And you're going on, and this time it really is a perfect pot – "Wow! Magnificent pot!" you say to yourself. "Yeah! This is superb! Some of this superbness must be in the other ones – that's why they wanted to buy them." So somebody comes in and says, "I hear you're selling your pots for seven sesterces." But now you say, "Ordinary pots, yes. But the point is, these have the mark of greatness about them. You see, I'm working on the perfect pot here. Fifteen sesterces at least." He says, "Nonsense! I won't pay more than twelve." "Sold!"

And this goes on and the price goes up.

Now, the great danger is that in falling in love with the perfect pot (which you never make -- nobody ever makes a perfect pot – and you keep upping your price on the ones that don't work out, your chest swelling along with the price) you say, "Boy! Am I a pot-maker!" They're now paying you fifty-seven sesterces...

...to the point where you lose sight of what you're dealing with. This is true in every field of art; it is a danger in every field of art. Unless you can get away from it. Now in every field of art, to get away involves going off and being very much a loner. Very much alone. And I look at the people around here who are professionals, who think this way, and who were fans to begin with — and I mentioned people along the panel: Phil, and ... both Phils are fans: Phil Farmer and Phil Klass — these people know, as I know, that writing is a very lonely business. Most of us speak of going away; somewhere....

So the one thing that saves you, in this lonely business, is having people who come by every so often and say, "You know, they aren't worth fifty-seven sesterces, but you're on the right track." And this is what sustains you. This is what fandom is good for, this is where it's useful, this is what it does.

This is what it does for those of us who are up the blinkin' spotlight; but this is only half of it, it does something else too. And I wish first off – is Bob Tucker still

here? {*"He's in the bar."*} {*laughter*} Okay. Stands to reason. Okay.

The point is that if Bob were here he'd back me up very strongly in this, because if there is any one of us who has been both pro and fan from the very beginning, it's Bob. He has done both simultaneously; he has been pro, fan – and he has been not merely pro science fiction, but pro science fiction and pro mystery writer at the same time. He knows this.

It is always a lonely trade: your work, you do alone. But the idea of people who will give you an honest, "You know, your pot is crooked," is great! Now, if you lived in an artificial world where nobody liked your pots, until this came along, and somebody said, "Your pot is crooked," you'd say, "Hey! Stupid idiot! What do you know?!" But if it's somebody you've known for a long time, and you know he likes straight pots, you say, "Eh? Nonsense!" But you go away saying, "Hmmm? Maybe it is crooked." And you look at it again.

The great advantage of writing science fiction is double. One is part of the technological revolution: the airplane and the long-distance telephone have put us in touch with each other. Stop and think: there never was – the old-world phrase was "a school of writers." Science fiction writers are not a school of writers: each one that is useful as a writer is markedly different from each of the others. They are not people who live in a small community and follow a common pattern at all. In fact, they operate generally at cross-purposes, in many ways.

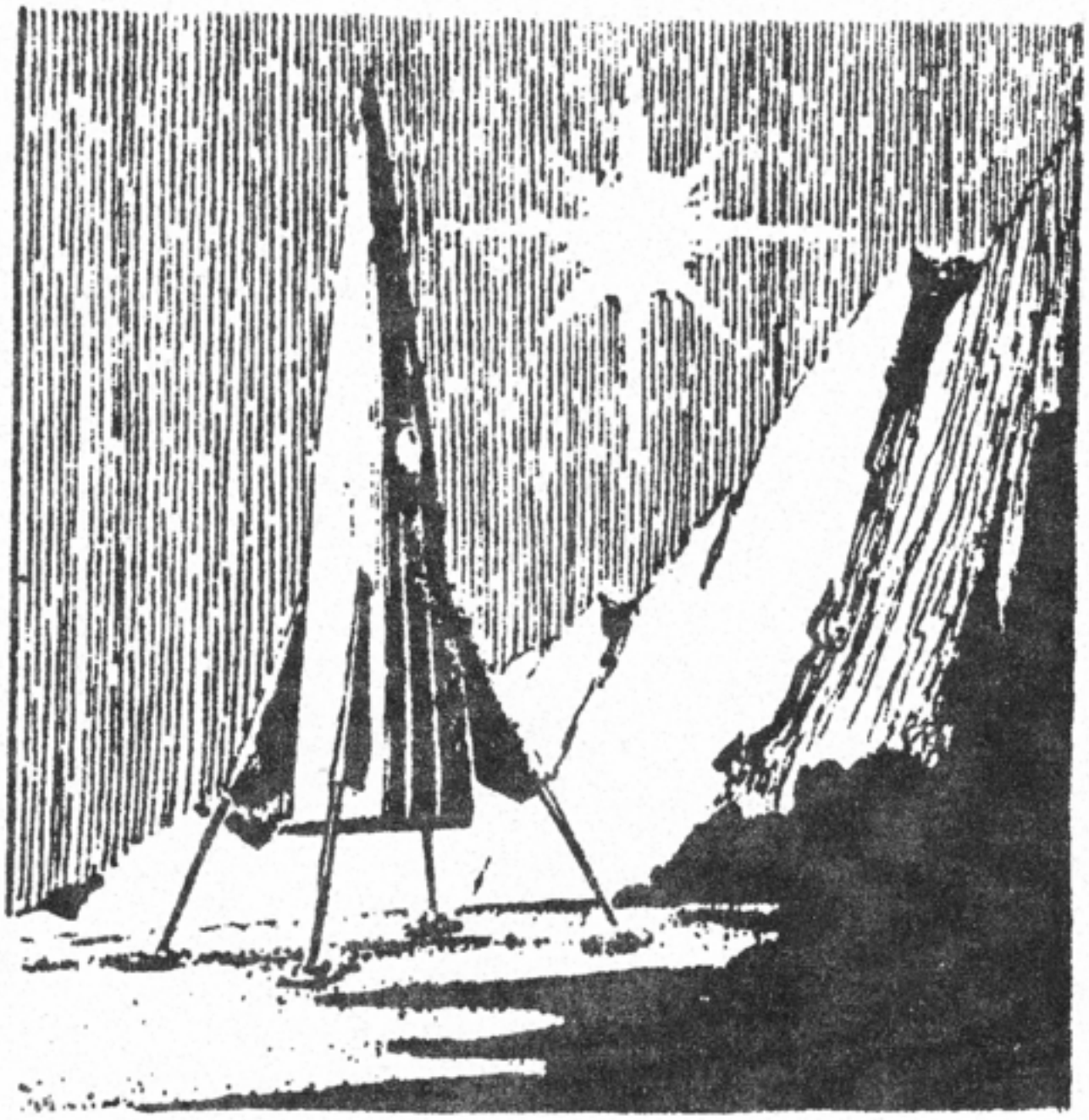
But the point is, they can survive and do this. And I quote you the words of Ted Cogswell (and they are historic words, particularly for a writer [but they're true for fans too, because fans are also highly-geared people who will chew each other up]), who said: "Writers should live at least five hundred miles apart, and see each other at every possible opportunity."

And this is what is possible, with jet planes.

Now, it costs you money, so you don't do it all the time; you don't always see the people you want. And when you do see them, you're in condition to take them for a three-day binge, which is what it amounts to. All of you fans – really! – don't all of you have a three-day binge on this kind of thing? You know, it's a high-gear deal: you're exchanging information, you're living on a high level. All the things I do myself: I find myself staying up until five in the morning, catching three hours sleep, and saying, "Oh boy! I've got to be here and there...."

And it isn't just because I'm on the program; it's because I don't want to miss a minute of it. These people I don't get a chance to talk with, except under these conditions.

Okay, the point is that this situation builds a community. The community has a fine critical effect on the writer; it enables the community to tell him what it doesn't like without destroying him. And the trouble with creative people – artists, painters, sculptors, composers, anyone – is that, very often if you tell them that what they're doing is wrong, you *More...*

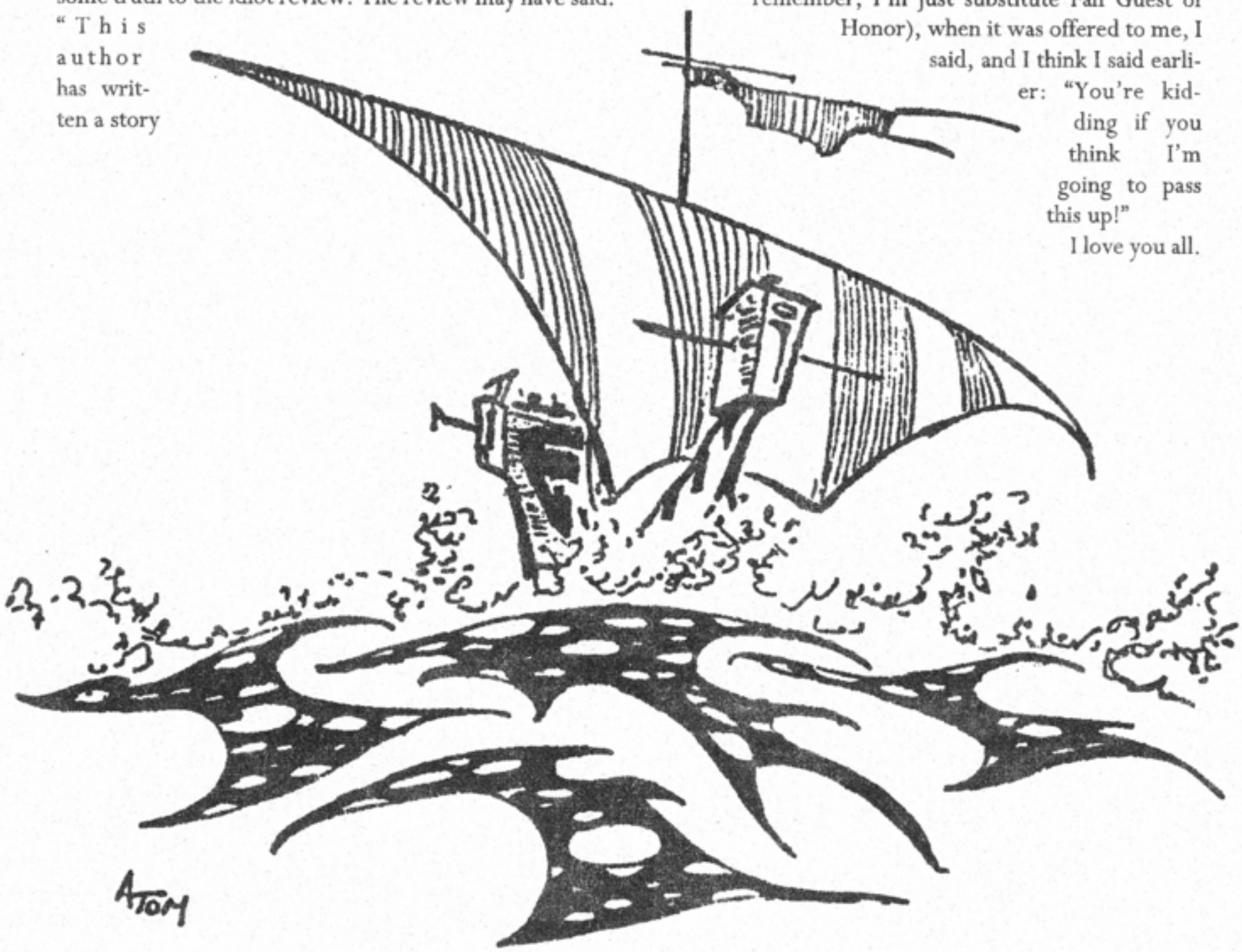


destroy them. There's a strong, almost visible umbilical cord between the writer and his novel, between the painter and his painting, between the composer and his score—all the way along the line. And it is awfully hard to get good feedback without somebody coming along with an axe and going *chop!* on this blinking umbilical cord. This is what you run into in commercial reviews generally – newspapers, book reviews – no matter how well meant.

The thing is, the writer who does not have this feedback, who does not have fan feedback, which—so help me God! – science fiction writers are very lucky to have; when he gets the review fed to him by a clipping service or by his publisher (because publishers are very nice and pass on reviews), he is likely to get something that will destroy him. For the next week, he's ruined. And not merely for a week, really, but for the rest of his life, damn near, he goes around thinking that maybe there was some truth to the idiot review. The review may have said: "This author has written a story about climbing a mountain, but apparently (and I checked) he has never been above five hundred feet; so what does he know about climbing a mountain? And since there is no obvious evidence he knows anything about climbing a mountain, his story can't be any damn good." And that man will feel destroyed, in spite of the fact that he may have been a cliff-climber for years. (There are banks of the St. Croix River out here eighty feet tall that mountain climbers actually come from Europe to try, simply because they are classical tests of skill. They are eighty-foot cliffs over a river—when you get to the top, it's a nice, green, you-walk-away type of situation.) Well, the point is, in spite of the fact that he knows better, he's going to be destroyed. Contrariwise, as the result of a gosh-wow good review he may be uplifted beyond reason, just as he may be destroyed beyond reason by the other kind.

Fandom in science fiction is proof of counterweight, all along the line; this is why I cherish it. This is why (and remember, I'm just substitute Fan Guest of Honor), when it was offered to me, I said, and I think I said earlier: "You're kidding if you think I'm going to pass this up!"

I love you all.



Phyllis Eisenstein

It was the early '70s, and I had published a handful of short stories in magazines & anthologies and was looking for a publisher for my first completed novel, **Shadow of Earth**. The book had, in fact, been to more than a dozen editors in the course of four or five years without even a nibble, and I was feeling pretty depressed about it. I thought it was a good book, the best I could write at the time, and all that rejection was beginning to make me feel like I couldn't judge my own work at all. So I looked around, wondering what established writer I dared approach whose work I respected and whose evaluation I trusted to be perceptive and honest.

I ran into Gordy at a con, and he was his usual friendly self, so I gathered up my courage and, somewhat hesitantly, asked if he would read a little of the book and tell me what he thought. He immediately asked if I had the manuscript with me, which I did, and he said to hand it over. He took it home with him, and at the next con we both attended (only a few weeks later, as I recall, though its identity eludes my memory — I went to a lot of cons back then), he asked me up to his room for a private chat (no, not **that** kind of chat). He had found time to read about half the 100,000-word novel, and he thought it was very good. He urged me not to give up, to keep marketing it. He told me — oh, how much I wanted to hear those words from a pro! — that I was a good writer. The tsunami of relief that swept over me is hard to describe. And I said to Gordy, How can I ever pay you back? And Gordy said to me, You can't. You can only pay forward. Do for someone else what I did for you.

So Gordy Dickson was responsible for my becoming a writing teacher.

And editor number 26 bought the book.

written for Consonance

Mary Kay Kare

January 31 was a Wednesday this year. That's my day to volunteer at the local hospital. When I got home about 5:15, I took the mail in with me and sorted it. In that day's mail was an invitation to Dorsai Thing. We've missed quite a few and I was delighted to see that Steve had sent us a note as promised. I began making plans to go as I climbed the stairs to the office and downloaded my e-mail.

Shit.

Well, we're still going to Thing, but for an entirely different reason. A weekend of laughing, singing, eating, drinking, and gathering with his friends and ours seems a good way to say goodbye to Gordy Dickson.

After Gordy died, the mailing lists and newsgroups and electronic fora everywhere were full of tributes and elegies. Lynn Abbey wrote movingly about how Gordy's patient mentoring taught her not only how to write, but how to mentor in her turn. Fans of his books told how much those books meant to them and why they loved not only the books, but their progenitor as well. Steve Simmons told us how Gordy taught him what a gentleman really was.

But Consonance is a filk con and we have our own reasons for remembering Gordy Dickson. Filking began in the fannish Midwest, where Gordy lived and wrote. Many of the people involved in the early days of filk were fans of Gordy's Childe Cycle and wrote a great many songs about the Dorsai, the Friendlies and incidents set in that universe. "Seven Dorsai ballads and seven more to go." °

Gordy was one of the earliest filkers, singing with a soft high tenor. He not only wrote songs for filksings, he put songs in his books. Sometimes he set them to music; sometimes other filkers did. But he was always a gentle warm presence at those early filksings, singing, sipping scotch, having a good time, and smiling benevolently.

My memories of Gordy are all twisted up with filk, as so many of my memories of filk are all twisted up with Gordy. He was one of our elders and he has left us now in a greyer, less gentle world. So, this weekend, sing some of Gordy's songs, tell silly Gordy stories, have a scotch in his memory, and look to the future.

Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Gordy's editor at Tor, tells me Gordy was working on a Childe Cycle novel at his death.

° "Key Minors," Jordin Kare

One More from the Back of the Hall

by John M. Ford

Another glass is turned down at the high table, and the bards are holding their breath.

Of course, it might not be the high table; it could as easily be the subsalarian stool where us fools and jugglers park our particolored patoots, or anywhere else up or down the mead-hall, because that didn't matter to him. But this you know, or else you ought to.

It is the wrongness of his absence that is so hard to excuse. Gordy was supposed to be there when we get to Mars, proposing the first toast in a voice nearly too choked to speak (and too modest to take his proper share of the credit). There, I can see him; it isn't hard. However long one knew him (a little over twenty-five years for me, neither ancient nor modern), he simply became part of the natural order, like Orion in the summer sky.

He was a man quite extraordinarily loved, by an equally extraordinary range of people, and love is a fiercely individual emotion. I imagine we'll all agree that Gordy was merry company under whatever circumstances, able to find a topic of conversation, a joke, an open bar, or a melodic line in a wasteland, the best dinner companion in the world, and oh yes, one heck of a writer, just in case you are welcomed *very* late to the party. Still, what people felt for him was more than the sum of the responses to any or all those things. You had to be there, I guess, and I guess that is why just now we are all, like Lear, grieving and angry and not entirely in our right minds. We are eased by knowing that he died under his own roof, in possession of himself, but the howl will echo for a long time.

You will hear a lot about his skill as a story doctor, to which the answer is, yeah, but that ain't the half of it. To be sure, Gordy had story within him on the mitochondrial level; but what he could do was *not* tell you that the plot point oughta kick in on page thirty-eight and the hero notice the bad hombres sneakin' up at the end of Chapter Nine, but point a direction for you to take the thing on your own damn hook, and be enthusiastic enough (about what, let's be clear, was a slushpile floater when he read it) that you really began to think picking up the pieces and going back to the anvil was a thing worth doing.

Maybe later you noticed you were doing it in no small measure for him.

Out of all Gordy's work, the observation that is with me now is Corunna el Man's, from *Lost Dorsai*. He tells us that there is nothing of his beloved wife for him to mourn, since energy weapons leave only cooling plasma. He is not, we know, telling us all the truth (as honest folk often find themselves doing), but the truth we do get is critical: there is a limiting velocity to mourning. Set a warrior like el Man an objective, and all Hell may kill him on the mission but it will not prevail. But where there is nothing to conquer, the warrior knows (as, we keep being reminded, his leaders too often do not) there is only stalemate in the trenches.

In a couple of generations, when the living memory is gone and all that's left are the books and the lyrics and the fraying yarns, there's no guarantee that he won't be replaced by a culturally relevantized ikon and some textual deconstructions that would make even the staunchest Dorsai irregular. It happened to Plato and Jefferson and Freud, after all, and at least it probably won't happen to Dickson quite so bad.

But there's another side to that. The poet and essayist Frederick Turner noted that, despite the current technobleat about artificial realities, the technology to store human personality has been mature for a long, long time. We call it Art. Whenever the Ninth is played, or *Huckleberry Finn* is read, or Falstaff catechizes, Beethoven and Twain and Shakespeare are recreated. It is something less than having them across the dinner table from you, to be sure, but it is also something a good deal greater than death.

That is why you are seeing all these appreciations and remembrances and Let Me Tell You About the Time Whens. It's pure low-tau hyperthrust, an attempt to exceed the speed of grief and get out there where he never quit telling us we were destined to go, and *don't* you forget it, Babalooie.

We can't have back what we've lost.

But gone?

Gordy?

Never.

Gordy Dickson

by Ben Bova

I'm not going to tell you much about Gordon R. Dickson, the beloved and justly famous writer. I want to tell you about Gordy Dickson, my friend, one of the finest men I have ever had the privilege to know. When a dear friend dies you feel remorse, a terrible sadness, and sense of loss. And anger. I confess that I felt angry when Gordy Dickson died, angry that such a wonderful man and fine writer could die broke and in debt. He deserved better.

But then my darling wife, Barbara, who loved Gordy just as dearly as I did (and on occasion sang duets with him) pointed out that Gordy had lived his life on his own terms. He went his own way, and most of his 77 years were happy no, not merely happy, they were joyful.

Gordy decided to be a writer when he was a teenager. He became not just a writer, but a writer's writer, the kind of craftsman that other writers brought their problems to. Gordy was known as a story doctor. To me, he seemed more like a story neurosurgeon. I first met him at one of the early-Sixties Milford Writer's Conferences, back in the days when the conference was actually held in Milford, PA, in the home of Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm. When the workshop participants critiqued my story, they justly left very little standing: it was fire and destruction all afternoon. I was, to say the least, downcast. But afterwards Gordy took me aside and said something like, "Y'know, your story isn't all that bad. Problem is, it shouldn't be a short story. What you've got there is the basis for a novel."

So I wrote the novel, and Gordy and I were friends ever after.

Later that same year we bumped into each other at a World Science Fiction Convention. We were at a party in Judy Merril's room, and Charlie Brown—who was at odds with Judy at the time—wandered in. Icicles immediately began to descend from the ceiling, the chill got so intense.

Didn't bother Gordy. Turning to me he said, "This has become a sad and dreary place. Come, let us shake its dust from our boots!"

So we repaired to Gordy's hotel room, where he had a bottle of fine, aged scotch whisky waiting to be attended to. But first we needed some ice. So we stopped at the hotel's ice machine, out in the fire-emergency staircase. Neither of us had an ice bucket with us, so we just scooped up as much ice as we could carry in our bare hands. Now we had to open the fire door.

"Here we are," said Gordy, "two of the finest minds in science fiction and we can't turn a doorknob!"

How could you fail to love such a man?

Some of the best hours of my life were spent with Gordy, talking: About poetry, about stories, about writing, about women and the future and all the things that make life worth living. We laughed a lot, and sometimes we even sang songs. As mentioned above, Gordy and Barbara sang duets, usually love songs from Broadway shows. One lovely spring night, they did so on a Manhattan sidewalk, Gordy even going down on one knee to finish a Sigmund Romberg chorus. A young couple walking hand-in-hand up the street toward them apparently thought this was some clever ruse by sophisticated muggers. They turned one-eighty and fled the scene.

Another monumental evening Gordy and I finished in a Greek bar on Manhattan's Tenth Avenue. You can read the gist of what transpired in Chapter Eight of my novel, *Cyberbooks*.

More...

It was like that with Gordy. Bigger than life. And better. How many friends do you end up writing a song about? I composed "The Ballad of Gordy Dickson" during the darkest period of my life, when my first marriage had broken up and before I'd met Barbara. The man helped to keep me sane.

It's strange, when you stop to think about it, that I could consider Gordy my best friend. We never lived closer to each other than about a thousand miles, although we saw each other fairly often in New York, or at conventions or the Milford conferences. Gordy liked to quote some earlier writer who opined that writers should live close enough to one another so that they could see each other only with great difficulty. Otherwise they'd spend so much time palling around together that they'd never have time to write. Whenever we met, Gordy and I had great fun. While we were separated by distance we were linked by common interests, common attitudes, and – of course – the telephone. Many's the night we talked to each other for hours on end. Often we bemoaned the cruel fate that doomed us to be writers. If we really wanted to be rich and live respected, comfortable lives, we agreed, we would have become plumbers. A much easier life. But Gordy was a writer, and he would have it no other way.

He was one of the sweetest human beings who ever trod this Earth, literally a man without an enemy in the world. He was a fine, respected writer with a loyal following of fans and an even larger audience of devoted readers. Despite all the heroic tales of his feasting and drinking (usually at a publisher's happy expense), Gordy lived quietly and modestly, and worked every day he was healthy enough to type.

We–each and every one of us–are better for him: for his imagination and talent and craft, for the wonderful legacy of stories and novels he's left us, for the beautiful memory of his *joie de vivre,* his kindness, his generosity toward anyone and everyone who expressed an interest in writing.

One of his favorite writers was Rudyard Kipling, and we often toasted each other with lines from one of Kipling's poems: *So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan; You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man.*

Substitute the word "writin'" for "fightin'" and you've got the Gordy Dickson I knew. Here's to you, Gordy.

The Ballad of Gordy Dickson

By Ben Bova

To the tune of "My Darling Clementine"
(or Beethoven's Ninth, or....)

On the wagon, on the wagon,
On the wagon doing fine.
Till I met with Gordy Dickson,
And we drank a tun of wine.

Chorus Gordy Dickson, Gordy Dickson
Gordy Dickson is the one.
Science Fiction is his hobby,
But his main job's having fun.

Social drinker, social drinker,
Social drinker was my game.
Then I had some drinks with Gordy,
And I've never been the same.

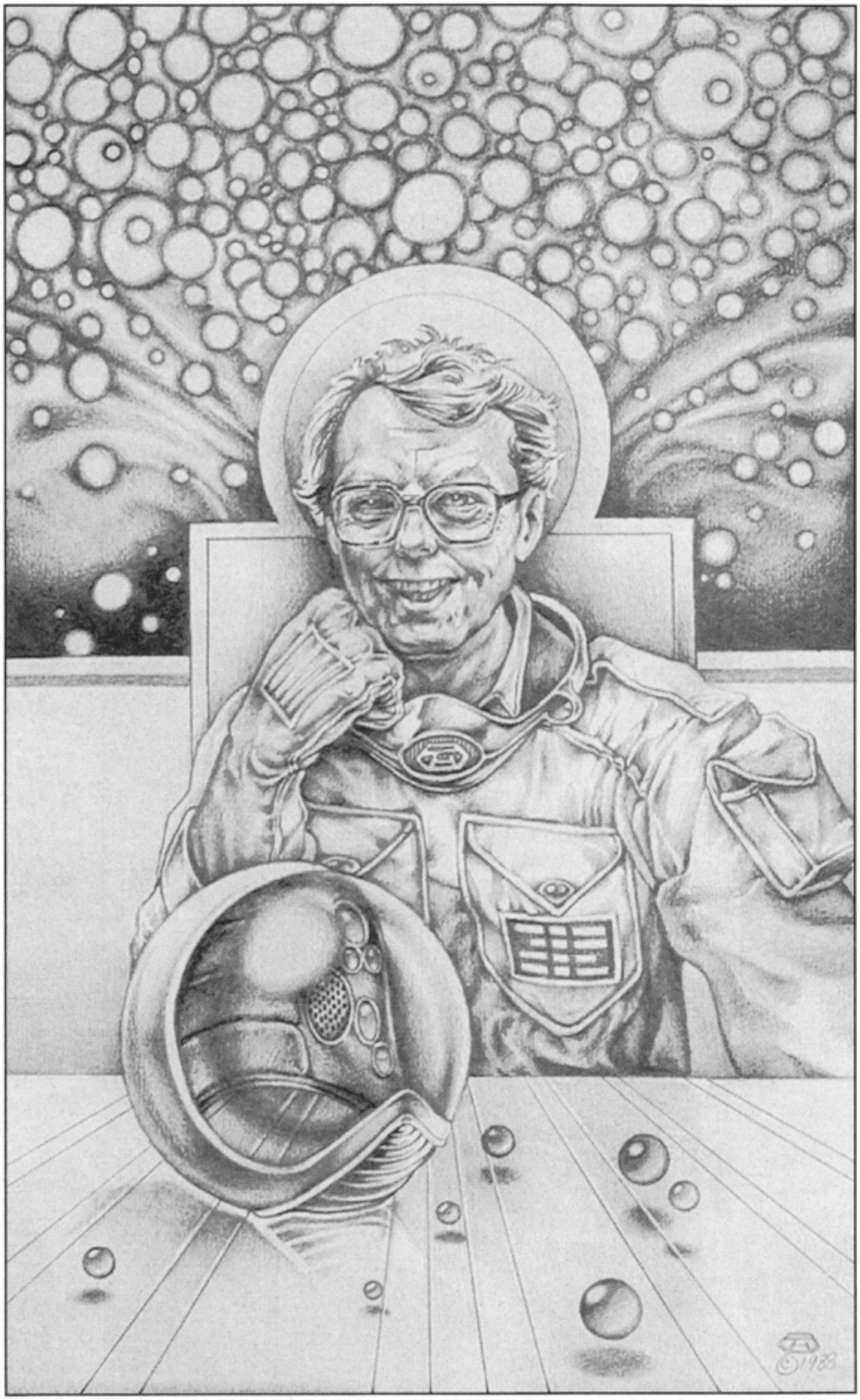
Couldn't see straight, couldn't stand straight,
Couldn't sit straight, not at all.
But dear Gordy kept on talking,
Laughing, joking, had a ball.

Woke up groggy, woke up aching,
Woke up woozy, woke up sick.
But I couldn't wake ol' Gordy,
Who was sleeping like a brick.

How he does it is a mystery,
Always chipper, always bright,
Always eating, always drinking.
When the hell does Gordy write?

A few words about "The Ballad of Gordy Dickson"

Although Gordy's enjoyment of good food, wine and company was legendary, this ditty that I wrote circa 1970 is not meant to be taken seriously. True, a dear friend of Gordy's once told me, "Gordon Dickson is to hangovers as Mary was to Typhoid: he doesn't get them, he gives them." But Gordy was – like most writers – something of a schizophrenic. He lived life to the fullest when he was "out on the town." When he was home writing, he worked. No one could produce the tremendous body of work that Gordy turned out if he spent all his time wining and dining. Still, he managed to create a legend. Not bad for a dedicated craftsman.



Y2K has come and gone... Is it safe?

'I have the greatest enthusiasm for this con"

BALTICON 35

The Maryland Regional Science Fiction Convention

May 25–28,2001 {Memorial Day Weekend}

Guest of Honor: **Hal Clement**

Art GOH: **Helen "Halla" Fleischer**

1st Fandom GOH: **Dave "...will you stop?" Kyle**

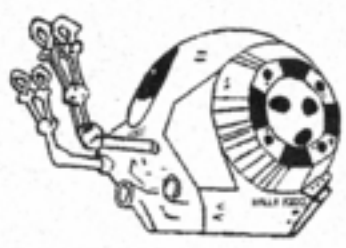
Filk GOH: **Frank Hayes**

Honorary Fan GOH: **[Robert Sacks]**

The 2000 Compton Crook Award Winner: **Stephen L. Burns**

Special Anime Guests: **Hara Dennison & Shawn the Touched of White Radish**

B35 Con Chair: **HAL 9000 [Hal Haag]**



Caches of guests: authors, publishers, editors, artists, scientists, musicians and over a thousand Fen for the area's largest & longest running con of it's kind!

Science Fiction & Fantasy Fandom in books, art, film, computers, costumes, games, music & more! Come see panel discussions, author readings, science briefings, our art show, masquerade, dealers room, "HAL's Hub"(computer room), concerts, anime, theater, a charity auction benefitting RIF, kid stuff, demonstrations &other special events

"Open the Hotel Doors!"

At the Wyndham Baltimore (formerly Omni) Inner Harbor Hotel

Hotel Rates:	Convention Rates:
$119+ tax	$40 until April. 30, 2001
per room	$45 at the door

Single double triple quad

Call 1-800-WYNDHAM or (410) 752-1100 for reservations

Special hotel room rates apply for convention members only.

BALTICON 35 PO Box 686 Baltimore, MD 21203–0686

Phone #(410) JOE-–BSFS (563–2737)

e-mail: bsfs@balticon.org web:http://www.balticon.org

Sponsored by the Baltimore Science Fiction Society

This years' theme: **Computers gone wrong!**

COLOSSUS

There is another convention"

Gordy Dickson

by Joel Rosenberg

Well, so now Gordy's gone.

There was a time—it doesn't feel so long ago—when you could easily say that most of what is important science fiction had been written by people who were still alive and still working, but then Heinlein died, and then Asimov and most recently Sprague, and by the time we got around to losing Gordy, that had long since stopped being true.

I guess we should be used to it by now. I'm not.

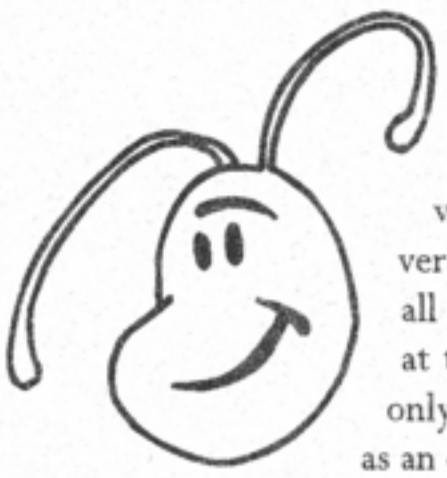
I grew up reading Gordy Dickson books. No, that's not quite true: I grew up reading books by Gordon R. Dickson. If you've ever been a 12-year-old kid trying to figure out how the world works and what your part in it is going to be, you'll have some idea of how much they meant to me.

One of the places I've learned about things like integrity and honor and gentleness was from Gordon R. Dickson books. A lot of us did.

It was a matter of some amusement and bemusement and a few unexplainable moments of something approaching fear to, in my thirties, find myself hanging out with one of my boyhood heroes. It must have been just about a dozen years ago that Gordy called me out of the blue one day, and asked if I was free for lunch later that week.

I tried to sound adult and mature. I said, "Sure, Gordy—let me check my calendar," while inside the 12-year-old boy that you never quite grow out of being said—silently, inside my head—"gee, Mr. Dickson, that would be *keen!*"

I did my best to keep that voice inside, until we went out to lunch, at Murray's, in downtown Minneapolis, and over a beer for me and one of those godawful gin Bloody Marys for him, I explained how fundamentally weird it was to be hanging out with somebody who had—unintentionally, granted, while only trying to make a living, also granted—helped me to get through my adolescence.



Gordy smiled. He was big on smiling. But he really didn't understand what all the fuss was about. Gordy took his writing very seriously, and worked at it very hard, but he took himself not at all seriously without having to work at that even a little. I'm hardly the only very junior colleague he treated as an equal.

In the long run, and bit by bit, his body started to betray him. By the time I met Gordy Dickson, the all night partying and singing and talking with friends had been something he had had to give up—not willingly, and not without dragging his feet every step of the way, but no matter how willing the spirit, the flesh is weak, after all. Weekend-long appearances at conventions had become a few hours in the afternoon and evening. Spring and summer were hard, and fall wasn't much easier—but once there was a nice blanket of snow to cover the ground, and freeze all that pollen that made his allergies agonizing, it was a lot easier, and he was able get out, now and then.

And he did, as much as he could.

But work came first. Gordy knew he didn't have time to finish it all—the end of the SF part of the Childe Cycle kept retreating every time he tried to approach it with a new book, like some sort of Xeno's series.

But there was no shame in that; it would have been shameful, though, not to try.

So he tried. And he worked. But he stayed in touch.

Mostly, he stayed in touch by phone. Gordy loved to talk with people, but Gordy absolutely hated the thought of imposing himself on anybody—and never quite got that there were dozens, hundreds of people who were more than happy to talk with him as long as he wanted to, and that it wasn't an imposition at all. I can't begin to count the number of phone calls that began with, "Hi, Joel, it's Gordy—do you have five minutes?" and ended a couple of hours later.

(For years, it was standard policy in my house that if I was called to the phone to talk to Gordy, I was to be brought the portable phone, as it would always be a long conversation, and I might need not to be tied to one place for as long as the call would likely last. I've changed a baby, let a dog in and out, given a subcutaneous injection of saline to a cat, cooked supper for my family, and a dozen other things while talking on the phone to Gordy, over the years.)

It wasn't just that Gordy didn't want to impose—it's that he didn't get that spending time talking with him was an unadulterated pleasure.

We didn't usually talk about the things I talk about with other folks—politics, for example. Well, that's not quite true—Gordy once went off on a very *More...*

long, and utterly fascinating, dissertation about the politics of the Roman Empire during the occupation of Judea and Samaria, and how the whole invention of Palestine was an attempt by Rome to wipe out Jewish identity. Still, I couldn't tell you who Gordy voted for or against in twentieth century Minnesota, or why–although I'd bet against him having voted for either Augustus or Tiberias, if he'd been around then.

What did we talk about? A lot; but neither Gordy nor I were talking for the record. You know: stuff. Publishing and editors; writers and writing; wolves; space travel; kids; the best steel to use in a working knife–stuff.

This is the part of the essay where I'd have to berate the SF world and SF fandom for having treated Gordy less than well, if that was the case. It wasn't. Gordy was loved by the fan and pro community–in word and deed–both for his work and himself. We did right by him.

As long as I've been involved in Minn-StF and Minicon – and it had apparently been in place for years before I was around–there's always been an understanding that Gordy was to have a barely semiofficial liaison at the convention, to make sure that he got a chance to see the people he wanted to. Peter Hentges, Sharon Kahn, Corwin Brust, Lynn Litterer, Felicia Herman, and others who escape my mind at the moment served that function at various times, and while Gordy always appreciated it, it always puzzled him.

"I don't see why you folks go to such trouble just for me," I once heard him say to Peter, who was arranging things for him at the time. It wasn't a complaint.

And now he's gone.

There was a funeral for Gordy a few days after he died. A priest, who quite forthrightly admitted he had never met Gordy and quite awkwardly demonstrated that he didn't know anything about Gordy's work, spoke in general terms about his – the priest's – own faith, and I think and hope it gave some comfort to Gordy's brother and his nephews and nieces. But we'll all have to muddle along as best we can.

Me, I'm going to muddle along, in part, by sitting in the bar on Minicon Saturday night for an hour or two, and drinking a couple of those godawful gin Bloody Marys, and thinking and talking about Gordy. Maybe I'll see you there.

The Other*Worlds*Cafe

A warm and friendly hostelry for
science fiction's weary online pilgrims
Varied nightly repasts of sf topic chats
Interactive author conferences
Well-informed moderators

The Other*Worlds*Cafe is America Online's oldest and largest science fiction discussion group. To visit the O*W*C on America Online use Keyword: OWC.

Non-AOL members can access archived log transcripts and member information at our website.
www.webmoose.com/owc/

Appreciating the Unique

by Dave Wixon

Gordon R. Dickson, for half a century a renowned author of science fiction and fantasy–among other things–passed away on January 31st of this year, in his home in a Minneapolis suburb. The news hit the Internet right away, and newspapers around the country picked up the reports, so perhaps you heard quickly.

As is usual when a famous writer dies, there has been a lengthy series of reports and obituaries of him – of Gordy. If you search among them, you'll be able to learn a lot of the factual data about the man, as well as something about his relationships with his friends and fans. And so here and now I'm going to try to tell you something different–something about how the man was inside himself.

Up at the beginning of this article, I called him by his full name, just so you would know who I was talking about. But if you were a friend of his, you knew him as "Gordy"–in fact, if you had only met him once, you knew him as "Gordy." He was that kind of guy.

No, I cannot possibly tell you about Gordy the man without frequent mention of Gordon the writer; I don't mean to suggest that that would be possible. Writing was what Gordy did, what he had always wanted to do; and it was linked to everything else he was or did. But what I want to do here is avoid the listing of his stories, his publishing accomplishments, in favor of telling you about sides of the man that never made his book jackets.

What Gordy was, was Interested.

He was interested in Life. In Ideas. In Art. And, when he met you, in *You!* He bounded–almost literally–into Life's various settings, eager as a puppy with the knowledge that there was something interesting to be found out there; he was always sure of it, and always right.

Gordy effervesced. When he went off to a science fiction convention, or a party, or a speech, he almost literally attacked the occasion, as if he could smell that Life and Ideas and Fun were out there to locate and explore. When he met some person who was new to him, he would find out what it was they knew or did or thought about, and then he would talk to them about it. When he met someone who qualified as an expert in some field, Gordy would focus in, virtually grilling the expert on his specialty. (Things he learned *might* turn up in a book eventually, but that wasn't the point: Gordy was just in love with ideas–almost any idea.)

But don't make the mistake of thinking that he was some sort of soulless learning machine. The truth was that he liked new ideas because new ideas were Fun!

Ben Bova wrote a song about Gordy and his propensity for Having Fun. And he did have fun! But the most accurate way to think of it is this: for Gordy, it was fun to explore the universe by using the opportunities he was given to live Life.

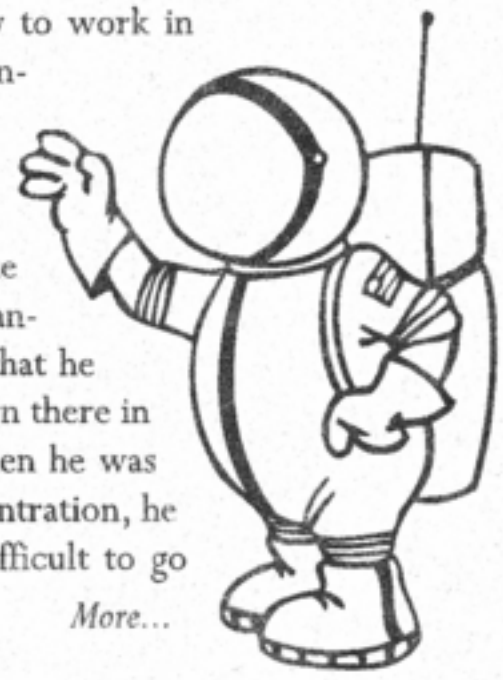
And so he did live Life, as fully as was possible for him. He enjoyed eating, drinking, talking, singing, learning, laughing. He liked to fly first-class and stay in good hotels; sometimes he couldn't afford it, but that's what he liked. Having said all that, I have perhaps given you some idea of Gordy in his most gregarious splendor. He was so prominent, at cons, for his singing and laughing and eating and drinking that some people thought he must be an alcoholic (he wasn't), and even his friends sometimes asked, "When the *hell* does Gordy write?"

When he went home, that's when.

The contrast between the two sides of his life could not have been more striking. Gordy came home from a weekend at a con, or a week spent in New York talking to editors and publishers, and dived into his writing like a hermit returning to his prayers. At cons he reveled in his contacts with fun and interesting people – and then he came home and wrote, in solitude and quiet.

Gordy wrote in a state of total concentration, looking at his pages through a kind of tunnel-vision so intense that we who worked around him felt that we ought to whisper and tip-toe–although he insisted that we could walk by him, talking, and it wouldn't bother him a bit; we were just part of his world, his cocoon, and anyway he was deep into his story.

But it takes energy to work in such a concentration-state, and he hated to be pulled out of it (one of the reasons I was there was to take the phone calls and handle the problems, so that he could keep going, down there in his story's world); when he was pulled out of his concentration, he sometimes found it difficult to go back in.



More...

But when he "came up for air," at the end of a day's writing, or broke off earlier for some reason, he felt released. Then he bubbled; he wanted to talk. He loved it when Ben or Poul [Anderson] or someone would visit from out of town, and he could take them to his club, or some good restaurant, and live it up! (Sometimes he wanted that so badly that – having no visiting fireman handy, he'd roust me out to go along to Celebrate, well, whatever – he just wanted a dose of the conviviality of a good meal in a good place with good company, to go along with the release from his Muse.)

He used to have a little screened gazebo in his back yard, under the boughs of the big maple tree, and until his asthma got too bad he loved to take visitors out there to talk and enjoy cool shade on a summer day. (He got to know the neighborhood squirrels well; a "crazy" one turned up twenty-five years later in a cameo role in a story Gordy was working on when he died.)

Gordy had friends in all sorts of places. He spent time with members of the Society for Creative Anachronism, for instance, and would take lessons from some of their swordfighters. He had his own helm, a chain-mail shirt, and a pair of armored gauntlets that were truly a magnificent piece of the armorer's art! Proud of his Scots ancestry, he also had his own set of kilts, in his clan (Fraser) tartan.

Down in Florida one day, he went deep-sea fishing with Joe and Gay Haldeman and came back with a beautiful sailfish. He had it mounted and hung on the wall of his den – but then he never went fishing again.

He had his own small wine cellar in the basement of his house. It wasn't major as such things go, but he was interested in knowing how and why people valued a wine. He would read books on the subject and converse with the wine stewards in good restaurants, getting their opinions and knowledge. It was not so much that Gordy like to drink wine as that he loved to explore the Art of it (until his allergies extended to red wines, and he backed away from that love).

Gordy had a membership at a social and sports club that had a pretty good restaurant, and he loved to take visitors over there – the people there knew him, knew how he liked things, and gave him good service that made the evening special for him.

He liked to go out to celebrate. For Celebrations, he liked rites – ceremony – because that kind of thing evoked emotions that he enjoyed. It was dressing up, conversation, toasts, making a production out of choosing from the wine list and then of the tasting when the bottle was opened – by the steward, naturally – and at a good restaurant he insisted that everyone order from the dessert cart, even if they weren't hungry and even though he really didn't have much of a sweet tooth himself.

Do I make Gordy sound like a sybarite? That's not right. He didn't do all those things for the physical pleasure they might give him – rather, he mined those areas of Life for mental pleasures.

Writing is considered one of the Arts, of course, and Gordon R. Dickson was a writer. But all the Arts drew his interest. Back in the '50s he went out to take classes in painting; you probably couldn't say he ever became good at painting, but he wanted to learn about it and know what artists thought and felt. And to the end of his days he had a couple of his own paintings hanging on his walls – whatever a critic might think of them, Gordy was proud of and happy with them.

Gordy's house came to look like a museum – or like the Theater of Memory he mentioned in one of his books: shelves everywhere, which, if not holding books, held *things* – usually things that he got on trips, or that friends and fans gave him (people were always giving him things) – all on display for him, so that he could notice them and recapture, for a moment, the fond memories. Art prints his father and mother had accumulated and passed down to him; a ragged piece of Irish currency; blow-ups of the covers of some of his books that publishers gave him; toy soldiers presented by fans; his Hugos and other awards; the books his older half-brother had written or published

Peter Hentges

I had the unforeseen and inestimable pleasure of acting as Gordy's liaison for last year's Minicon. I was looking forward to fulfilling that role once again and am greatly saddened that I'll miss that opportunity and the pleasure of his company.

What struck me most about Gordy was his enthusiasm, optimism, and work ethic. Though in fairly poor health, he took his commitment to giving a talk at Minicon very seriously and spent a good deal of time preparing for it. He also seemed genuinely excited about Minicon and hoped to see quite a few of his friends there.

I'm glad I was able to facilitate that and also to have the time alone with him driving back and forth from his home. We had lovely discussions about music, writing, fandom and life. I'll cherish those memories.

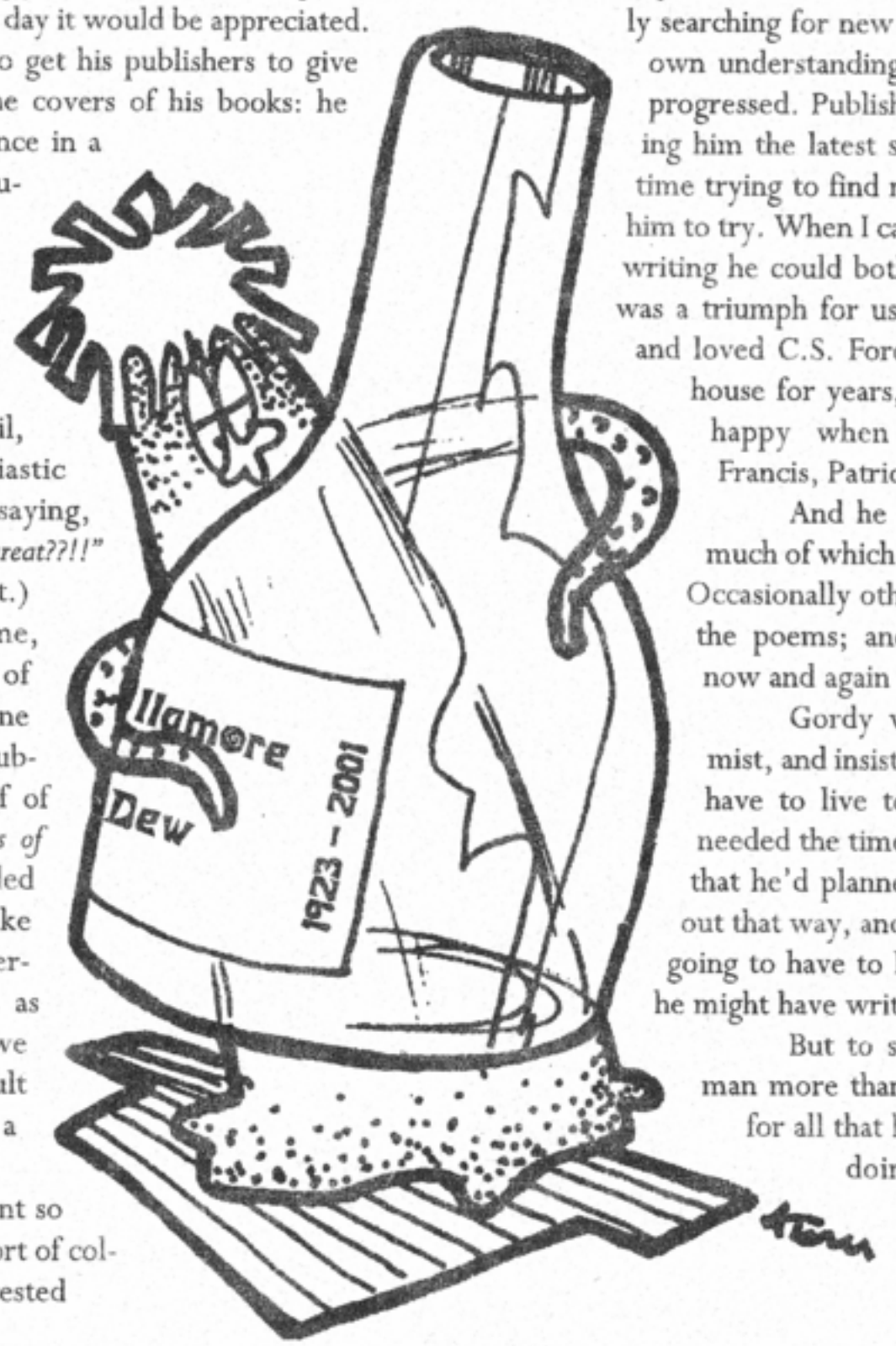
in London; a black panther stuffed toy; a sculpture of a unicorn that Darlene Coltrain once gave him; a helicopter beanie; a kukhri; a Mickey Mouse-ears cap from Disneyland; a needlepoint of *Om Mani Padme Hum* that Sandra Miesel did for him – the list goes on. . .original interior illos that Kelly Freas did for some of the Dorsai stories; a photo of one of the Apollo launches that he attended; every one of his convention name tags; and on and on. . . .

Gordy believed in Art, and especially in his Art. He not only wrote his stories, but tried to collaborate in designing the covers for his books, sometimes sending sketches of his ideas to editors (art directors were often less than enthusiastic). He also tried to suggest advertising campaigns to publishers, and sometimes ran his own, sending out mailings that featured news about him and his work, along with some Ken Fletcher artwork.

Gordy believed strongly in the value and importance of his work, and that one day it would be appreciated. He had always wanted to get his publishers to give him veto power over the covers of his books: he never got it, although once in a while he got a rather nebulous "right of approval." (It did not seem to mean very much; what usually happened would be that a finished cover would show up in the mail, along with an enthusiastic note from an editor saying, "Don't you think it's *great??!!*" You can't really fight that.)

At least one time, though. . . . He was out of town, so I had to phone him in horror when a publisher sent along a proof of the cover art for *Masters of Everon,* a book that included creatures somewhat like intelligent (but alien) sabertooth tigers – portrayed as Persian cats! *That* one we got fixed! The best result Gordy ever got on a protest.

His interest in art went so far as to lead him into a sort of collaboration with one interested publisher who was willing to try something different; and so for a while some of Gordy's books came out with lots of interior illustrations. It didn't seem to have much effect on sales, though, and so the experiment faded away.



And then there was Music. Gordy played the guitar and sang, everyone knows that – lots of fans have photos taken at conventions, showing Gordy playing and singing. But he also had bagpipes (no, he didn't play worth a lick), a harmonica, and flutes lying about the house. (He usually didn't have the breath for those instruments, what with the lifelong asthma that would eventually kill him.) He wrote his own filksongs, but he had a strong liking for old ballads; and other people wrote songs about him; and of course there are lots of songs about bits of his work, most notably the Dorsai songs.

Gordy loved poetry, too. Kipling was a favorite, but his shelves held dozens of other poets. He also loved to read the prose of other writers, and was constantly searching for new discoveries even as his own understanding of the Art of writing progressed. Publishers were always sending him the latest SF, and I spent a lot of time trying to find new non-SF authors for him to try. When I came up with one whose writing he could both admire and enjoy, it was a triumph for us both – he had known and loved C.S. Forester and P.G. Wodehouse for years, for instance, but was happy when I found him Dick Francis, Patrick O'Brian, and others.

And he wrote poetry himself, much of which made it into his books. Occasionally other people put tunes to the poems; and you can hear those now and again at conventions.

Gordy was a boundless optimist, and insisted that he was going to have to live to be 100, because he needed the time to write all the things that he'd planned. But it didn't work out that way, and now the rest of us are going to have to live without the books he might have written, if only. . . .

But to say that diminishes the man more than he deserves, because for all that he never got around to doing, few people will ever manage to get as much out of Life as Gordy did.

A Gordon R. Dickson Bibliography

by Dave Wixon

COMPILER'S NOTES: The following list makes no attempt to include every appearance of every story Gordon R. Dickson ever wrote; rather, it seeks only to indicate the various works in their first publications. Thus, appearances of stories in anthologies – Dickson's stories have shown up in scores of those – are not included here. Nor have I tried to indicate later printings or foreign editions/translations.

Also not included here are magazine appearances of serialized versions of the novels; many of Dickson's novels were serialized or excerpted in the SF magazines, generally within a short time before the book version appeared. It seemed redundant to reproduce those listings here... (Three exceptions to note: *Dorsai!* was so thoroughly shortened after its magazine serialization, in becoming its first book version as *The Genetic General,* that I felt the magazine version ought to have its own listing; and a shortened version of *Lost Dorsai,* done for *Destinies* magazine, and an excerpt from *Way of the Pilgrim* entitled "The Cloak and the Staff," done for *Analog Magazine,* are both included on my list, for the reason that they both won a Hugo Award in their shortened form – and in the same year! The version of *Soldier, Ask Not* that won a Hugo in 1965 was in fact an independent work, which only became a novel to Gordy's mind later.)

There's another thing that's not on this list: an unpublished story. Years ago Gordy wrote a story for Harlan Ellison to include in his ultimate anthology *The Last Dangerous Visions;* and as you may know, that anthology has never been published. The story was entitled "Love Song," and perhaps you'll see it one day....

Finally, this list does not attempt to include hundreds of writings that Dickson produced over the span of more than sixty years, in the form of fan magazine articles and stories, book reviews, nonfiction articles, introductions for books and convention program books, speeches, poems and songs, and radio plays.

Some of Gordy's poems can be found included within the text of certain novels, most notably *The Final Encyclopedia;* and I included a few others that I particularly liked when I put together a couple of the collections of short stories: they're in *Ends,* and *Beginnings.*

This is *my* list, so I made a few perhaps irrational choices, such as including "Ye Prentice and Ye Dragon" and "The Present State of Igneos Research," even though the first is a poem and the second a parody of a scientific article. I have also listed the various incarnations of the Hoka books among the novels, even though they are, I suppose, collections; my justification is primarily that they are stories involving the same characters, setting, and premise, and there is a certain progression within them – close enough to a novel, as far as I'm concerned .... (Besides, they're too good to not be listed right up front!)

Novels

Alien From Arcturus, 1956 (revised as *Arcturus Landing,* 1978)
Mankind On the Run, 1956 (later retitled *On The Run*)
Earthman's Burden, 1957 Co-author: Poul Anderson (the first collection of Hoka stories)
Dorsai!, 1959: magazine serial: *Astounding* (first book publication in shortened form as *The Genetic General,* 1960; uncut version appeared as *Dorsai!* in 1975, in omnibus *Three to Dorsai,* and in all paperback versions after that date)
Secret Under the Sea, 1960 (juvenile)
Time to Teleport, 1960
Delusion World, 1961
Spacial Delivery, 1961
Naked to the Stars, 1961
Necromancer, 1962 (also published as *No Room for Man*)
Secret Under Antarctica, 1963 (juvenile)
Secret Under the Caribbean, 1964 (juvenile)
The Alien Way, 1965
Mission to Universe, 1965
Space Winners, 1965
Planet Run, Co-author: Keith Laumer, 1967
The Space Swimmers, 1967 (sequel to "Home from the Shore")
Soldier, Ask Not, 1967 (enlargement of "Soldier, Ask Not")
None But Man, 1969 (sequel to "Hilifter")
Wolfling, 1969
Spacepaw, 1969 (sequel to *Spacial Delivery*)
Hour of the Horde, 1970

The Tactics of Mistake, 1971
Sleepwalker's World, 1971
The Outposter, 1972
The Pritcher Mass, 1972
Alien Art, 1973
The R-Master, 1973
Gremlins, Go Home!, 1974 Co-author: Ben Bova (juvenile)
Star Prince Charlie, 1975 Co-author: Poul Anderson
Three to Dorsai!, 1975 (omnibus containing *Necromancer, Tactics of Mistake,* and *Dorsai!,* with linking materials)
The Dragon and the George, 1976
The Lifeship, 1976 Co-author: Harry Harrison (also entitled *Lifeboat* in some editions)
Time Storm, 1977
The Far Call, 1978
Home From the Shore, 1978
Pro, 1978
Masters of Everon, 1979
Hoka! 1983 Co-author: Poul Anderson
Jamie the Red, 1984 Co-author: Roland Green
The Last Master, 1984 (expansion of *The R-Master*)
The Final Encyclopedia, 1984
The Forever Man, 1986
Way of the Pilgrim, 1987
The Chantry Guild, 1988
The Earth Lords, 1989
Wolf and Iron, 1990
The Dragon Knight, 1990
Young Bleys, 1991
The Dragon on the Border, 1992
The Dragon at War, 1992
Other, 1994
The Dragon, The Earl, and the Troll, 1994
The Magnificent Wilf, 1995
The Dragon and the Djinn, 1996
The Dragon and the Gnarly King, 1997
The Dragon in Lyonesse, 1998
Hoka! Hoka! Hoka!, 1998 (most of the short stories from *Earthman's Burden* and *Hoka!*)
Hokas Pokas!, 2000 (omnibus: *Star Prince Charlie* and two shorter stories)
The Dragon and the Fair Maid of Kent, 2000
The Right to Arm Bears, 2000 (omnibus: *Spacial Delivery, Spacepaw,* and "The Law-Twister Shorty")

Short Fiction

"Trespass!" Co-author: Poul Anderson – *Fantastic Story Quarterly,* Spring, 1950
"The Friendly Man"–*Astounding,* Feb., 1951
"Heroes Are Made" (Later: "Sheriff Of Canyon Gulch") Co-author: Poul Anderson–*Other Worlds,* May, 1951
"The Error Of Their Ways"– *Astounding,* July, 1951
"The Monkey Wrench"–*Astounding,* Aug., 1951
"Tommy Two-Gun"– *10 Story Western Magazine,* Aug., 1951
"The Star-Fool"–*Planet Stories,* Sept., 1951
"Steel Brother"–*Astounding,* Feb., 1952
"Richochet On Miza"–*Planet Stories,* March, 1952
"The Stranger"–*Imagination,* May, 1952
"Listen"–*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Aug., 1952
"The Mousetrap"–*Galaxy,* Sept., 1952
"The Invaders"–*Space Stories,* Oct., 1952
"Show Me The Way To Go Home"– *Startling Stories,* Dec., 1952
"Time Grabber"–*Imagination,* Dec., 1952
"No Shield From The Dead"–*Worlds Of If,* Jan., 1953
"The Bleak And Barren Land"–*Space Stories,* Feb., 1953
"Babes In The Wood"–*Other Worlds,* May, 1953
"The Three"–*Startling Stories,* May, 1953
"In Hoka Signo Vinces" Co-author: Poul Anderson – *Other Worlds,* June, 1953
"Graveyard"–*Future,* July, 1953
"The Man The Worlds Rejected"– *Planet Stories,* July, 1953
"Practice Makes Perfect"–*Texas Western,* July, 1953
"The Breaking Of Jerry Mccloud"–*Universe,* Sept., 1953
"Counter-Irritant"–*Future,* Nov., 1953
"The Adventure Of The Misplaced Hound" Co-author: Poul Anderson–*Universe,* Dec., 1953
"The Rebels"–*Fantastic Story Magazine,* Winter, 1954
"Lulungomeena"–*Galaxy,* Jan., 1954
"Black Charlie"–*Galaxy,* April, 1954
"Miss Prinks"–*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* June, 1954
"Rescue"–*Future,* June, 1954
"Itco's Strong Right Arm"–*Cosmos,* July, 1954
"Fellow Of The Bees"–*Orbit,* July-Aug., 1954
"Carry Me Home"–*Worlds Of If,* Nov., 1954
"The Queer Critter"–*Orbit,* Nov.-Dec., 1954
"A Case History"–*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Dec., 1954
"Turnabout"–*Worlds Of If,* Jan., 1955
"The Odd Ones"–*Worlds Of If,* Feb., 1955
"Yo Ho Hoka!" Co-author: Poul Anderson – *Fantasy & Science Fiction,* March, 1955
"James"–*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* May, 1955

"Moon, June, Spoon, Croon"—*Startling Stories,* Summer, 1955
"Perfectly Adjusted"—*Science Fiction Stories,* July, 1955
"Our First Death"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Aug., 1955
"The Tiddlywink Warriors" Co-author: Poul Anderson—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Aug., 1955
"No More Barriers"—*Original Science Fiction Stories,* Sept., 1955
"Joy In Mudville" Co-author: Poul Anderson—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Nov., 1955
"Of The People"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Dec., 1955
"The Underground"—*Imagination,* Dec., 1955
"Flat Tiger"—*Galaxy,* March, 1956
"Zeepsday"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Nov., 1956
"The Green Building"—*Satellite,* Dec., 1956
"Strictly Confidential"—*Fantastic Universe,* Dec., 1956
"Don Jones" Co-author: Poul Anderson—First Published in *Earthman's Burden,* 1957
"Rescue Mission"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Jan., 1957
"Friend For Life"—*Venture,* March, 1957
"Tempus Non Fugit"—*Original Science Fiction Stories,* March, 1957
"Act Of Creation"—*Satellite,* April, 1957
"Undiplomatic Immunity" Co-author: Poul Anderson—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* May, 1957
"Mx Knows Best"—*Saturn,* July, 1957
"Cloak And Stagger"—*Future,* Fall, 1957
"St. Dragon And The George"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Sept., 1957
"Full Pack (Hokas Wild)" Co-author: Poul Anderson—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Oct., 1957
"Robots Are Nice?"—*Galaxy,* Oct., 1957
"Fido"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Nov., 1957
"The General And The Axe"—*Infinity,* Nov., 1957
"Danger—Human!"—*Astounding,* Dec., 1957
"With Butter And Mustard"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Dec., 1957
"The Christmas Present"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Jan., 1958
"Rex And Mr. Rejilla"—*Galaxy,* Jan., 1958
"Fleegl Of Fleegl"—*Venture,* May, 1958
"A Matter Of Technique"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* May, 1958
"The Question"—*Astounding,* May, 1958
"Brother Charlie"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* July, 1958
"Last Voyage"—*Original Science Fiction Stories,* July, 1958
"The Girl Who Played Wolf"—*Fantastic,* Aug., 1958
"The Quarry"—*Astounding,* Sept., 1958
"Gifts"—*Astounding,* Nov., 1958
"The Dreamsman"—*Star Science Fiction No. 6,* 1959
"By New Hearth Fires"—*Astounding,* Jan., 1959
"The R Of A"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Jan., 1959
"After The Funeral"—*Fantastic,* April, 1959
"The Amulet"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* April, 1959
"The Catch"—*Astounding,* April, 1959
"The Man In The Mailbag"—*Galaxy,* April, 1959
"E Gubling Dow"—*Satellite,* May, 1959
"Homecoming"—*Worlds Of If,* Sept., 1959
"I've Been Trying To Tell You"—*Fantastic Universe,* Nov., 1959
"The Game Of Five"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* April, 1960
"It Hardly Seems Fair"—*Amazing,* April, 1960
"The Summer Visitors"—*Fantastic,* April, 1960
"One On Trial"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* May, 1960
"The Last Dream"—July, 1960
"The Case Of The Clumsy Cadaver"—*Keyhole Mystery,* Aug., 1960
"Button, Button"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Sept., 1960
"The Hours Are Good"—*Galaxy,* Oct., 1960
"The Seats Of Hell"—*Fantastic Stories Of The Imagination,* Oct., 1960
"Rehabilitated"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Jan., 1961
"An Honorable Death"—*Galaxy,* Feb., 1961
"Out Of The Darkness"—*Ellery Queen's Mystery,* Feb., 1961
"The Amateurs"—*Science Fiction Adventures,* March, 1961
"Minotaur"—*Worlds Of If,* March, 1961
"A Taste Of Tenure"—*Worlds Of If,* July, 1961
"Whatever Gods There Be"—*Amazing,* July, 1961
"The Haunted Village"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Aug., 1961
"Love Me True"—*Astounding,* Occt., 1961
"Sleight Of Wit"—*Astounding,* Dec., 1961
"Idiot Solvant"—*Astounding,* Jan., 1962
"Napoleon's Skullcap"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* May, 1962
"Three-Part Puzzle"—*Astounding,* June, 1962
"Salmanazar"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Aug., 1962
"And Then There Was Peace"—*Worlds Of If,* Sept., 1962
"Who Dares A Bulbur Eat?"—*Galaxy,* Oct., 1962
"Roofs Of Silver"—*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Dec., 1962
"The Hard Way"—*Astounding,* Jan., 1963
"Hilifter"—*Astounding,* Feb., 1963
"Home From The Shore—*Galaxy,* Feb., 1963
"The Faithful Wilf—*Galaxy,* June, 1963
"Dolphin's Way—*Astounding,* June, 1964
"The Man From Earth—*Galaxy,* June, 1964
"On Messenger Mountain"—*Worlds Of Tomorrow,* June, 1964

"Soldier, Ask Not"–*Galaxy,* Oct., 1964 (Hugo Award, 1965: Best Short Story)
"A Wobble In Wockii Futures"– *Galaxy,* April, 1965
"Soupstone"–*Astounding,* July, 1965
"The Immortal"–*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Aug., 1965
"Catch A Tartar"–*Worlds Of Tomorrow,* Sept., 1965
"Computers Don't Argue"–*Astounding,* Sept., 1965
"An Ounce Of Emotion"–*Worlds Of If,* Oct., 1965
"Tiger Green"–*Worlds Of If,* Nov., 1965
"Breakthrough Gang" – *Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Dec., 1965
"Warrior"–*Astounding,* Dec., 1965
"Call Him Lord" – *Astounding,* May, 1966 (Nebula Award, 1966: Best Novelette)
"In The Bone"–*Worlds Of If,* Oct., 1966
"Building On The Line"–*Galaxy,* Nov., 1968
"Jackal's Meal"–*Astounding,* June, 1969
"Ancient, My Enemy"–*Worlds Of If,* Dec., 1969
"Operation P-Button"–*Infinity One,* 1970
"Walker Between The Planes"–*Worlds Of Fantasy,* Feb., 1970 (Later, with textual changes, as "Maverick")
"Jean Dupres"–*Nova 1,* 1970
"The Law-Twister Shorty"– *The Many Worlds Of Science Fiction,* 1971
"Things Which Are Caesar's" – *The Day The Sun Stood Still,* 1972
"Powerway Emergency"– *Dimensions 1,* Spring, 1972
"Brothers" – *Astounding: John W. Campbell Memorial Anthology,* 1973
"Enter A Pilgrim"–*Astounding,* Aug., 1974
"Twig"–*Stellar 1,* 1974
"In Iron Years"–*Fantasy & Science Fiction,* Oct., 1974
"Pro"–*Astounding,* Sept., 1975
"The Present State Of Igneos Research"– *Analog,* Jan., 1975
"Ye Prentice And Ye Dragon"–*Analog,* Jan., 1975
"The Mortal And The Monster" – *Stellar Short Novels,* 1976 (Also later as "The Monster And The Maiden")
"Thank You, Beep. . .!" – *Hewlett-Packard Personal Calculator Digest,* 1979
"Amanda Morgan"–*The Spirit Of Dorsai,* 1979
"Lost Dorsai" – *Destinies 2,* Feb.-Mar., 1980 (Hugo Award, 1981: Best Novella)
"The Cloak And The Staff"–*Analog,* Aug., 1980 (Hugo Award, 1981: Best Novelette)
"God Bless Them"–*Best Of Omni Science Fiction,* 1982
"The Napoleon Crime" Co-author: Poul Anderson: – *Analog,* March, 1983

Collections of Short Stories

Danger–Human, 1970
Mutants, 1970
The Book of Gordon Dickson, 1973 (re-titling of *Danger–Human*)
The Star Road, 1973
Ancient, My Enemy, 1974
Gordon R. Dickson's SF Best, 1978
The Spirit of Dorsai, 1979
Lost Dorsai, 1980
In Iron Years, 1980
Love Not Human, 1981
The Man From Earth, 1983
Dickson!, 1984 (boxed)
Survival!, 1984
Forward!, 1985
Secrets of the Deep (omnibus: *Secret Under the Sea, Secret Under Antarctica,* and *Secret Under the Caribbean*), 1985 (juvenile)
Invaders!, 1985
Beyond the Dar al-Harb, 1985
Steel Brother, 1985
The Last Dream, 1986
The Dorsai Companion (omnibus: *Lost Dorsai* and *The Spirit of Dorsai*), 1986
Mindspan, 1986
The Man the Worlds Rejected, 1986
The Stranger, 1987
In the Bone, 1987
Guided Tour, 1988
Beginnings, 1988
Ends, 1988

Anthologies

Rod Serling's Triple W: Witches, Warlocks and Werewolves– 1963 (edited by GRD under Serling's name; includes Dickson story "The Amulet")
Rod Serling's Devils and Demons– 1967 (edited by GRD under Serling's name)
Combat SF– 1975 (includes Dickson story "Richochet on Miza")
Nebula Award Winners Twelve– 1978

©KenFletcher '86

—A PAID AD—

Minicon 36

Programming

Convention Information: Programming, Consuite, Art Show, Hucksters, Hotel, etc.

Convention Hours

Art Show

Minneapolis Ballroom, Salon D

Thursday Setup	5:30 PM – 2 PM
Friday Hours	2 PM – 6 PM
Saturday	10 AM – 5 PM
Sunday	11 AM – 3 PM
Auction	Saturday, 6 PM – 8 PM

Bridge (Convention Services)

Directors Row 2

Continuous from Thursday evening setup through Sunday evening teardown, 24 hours per day

Children's Programming

Friday	3 PM – 8 PM
Saturday	1:30 AM – 11:30 PM
Sunday	10 AM – 3:30 PM

Consuite (Hospitality)

Duluth Room (non-smoking)

Grand Ballroom Salon G (smoking)

Presidential Suite (24th Floor/non-smoking)

Friday and Saturday

Relocation	Sunday, 2 PM – 4 PM

Secret Hideout (non-smoking)

Sunday

Continuous from Thursday evening setup through Sunday evening teardown, 24 hours per day

Hucksters Room

Minneapolis Ballroom, Salon D

Friday Setup	12 PM – 2 PM
Friday Hours	2 PM – 6 PM
Saturday	10 AM – 5 PM
Sunday	11 AM – 3 PM

Does this consuite go to Duluth?

by Geri Sullivan

The Minicon consuite has a tradition of going most anywhere fans decide to take it. That could get downright interesting this year, given that we're starting by building a Rocket Garden in the 3rd Floor Foyer.

The Rocket Garden is in honor of Yuri's Night, the worldwide space party celebrating the 40th anniversary of Yuri Gagarin's flight and the 20th anniversary of the first shuttle launch on Thursday, April 12th. Build your favorite rocket out of milk cartons, K'NEX, Mylar balloons, and the other materials we have on hand in Salon F, the Vehicle Assembly Building.

You'll find puzzles and games as well as rockets and lots of comfy seating in the foyer. Games host Richard Tatge is once again bringing a box of his favorites to play at Minicon. No experience necessary for most games; players of all skill levels are welcome to join in.

The non-smoking consuite is in the Duluth Room, so yes: this consuite goes to Duluth. It also goes to Salon G, where smoking is welcome, as is smoking music. And it goes up to the Presidential Suite on the 24th floor, home of the non-smoking music circle, after-hours bheer, and other temptations.(If the musicians play the right song, the consuite will even go "beep-beep." But not too often, we hope.)

Please note that on Sunday afternoon the consuite will move to a secret location, to be announced as soon as we know where it is. . . .

Minicon hospitality will offer a variety of drinks and comestibles throughout the weekend. We plan to have everything clearly labeled, including the elderberry drink and other oddities that actually are consumable, as well as some that aren't. But if you find yourself wondering about something, please ask.

That goes for many more things as well. If we can help you enjoy the consuite better in any way, please let us know. If there's something you'd like, but don't see, add it to the shopping list that will be posted in the Duluth Room. We've received several suggestions(portion control cups for diabetics, for example) but if we've missed something that's important to you, please ask, or lend a helping hand to make it happen.

Bringing it all together

Like the rest of Minicon, the consuite runs on volunteer energy. You can add to everyone's fun (including your own) by helping out in the consuite, formally or informally. Badgers, gophers, twinkies, and rocket scientists especially welcome.

Please stop by the consuite anytime for conversation, refreshments, comfort, and silliness. Please also come to any or all of the following special events happening in the consuite this year:

Minicon thanks...

Lynn Anderson, transport
DreamHaven Books, rocket
Dan Fitzgerald & Bill Crane, jigsaw puzzles
Gedney Pickles, pickle hats
Marilee Layman, mask-on-a-stick design
Glenn Tenhoff, When Weirds Collide artwork
Alien Chefs Rick Gellman & Tony Von Krag, When Weirds Collide Gumbo
Jeff Schalles, When Weirds Collide signboard, sparkle paper, rocket tubes, & other delights

---

Programming

Third Floor (see daily grids and maps)

Friday	3:30 PM – 11 PM
Saturday	9:30 AM – 11 PM
Sunday	11 AM – 4:30 PM

Program Prep

Board Room 1

Open during programming hours; other times *ad libitum*.

Registration

Coat Room (Third Floor)

Thursday	8 PM – 10 PM (pick up preregistrations only)
Friday	10 AM – 10 PM
Saturday	10 AM – 2 PM
After Hours	Bridge

Volunteers

Bridge

Operations

The basics of Minicon's convention policies. Please take a moment to read them.

Reality Policy

- Minicon complies with all federal, state, and local laws.
- Minicon encourages our members to do the same.

Badge Policy

- Minicon uses badges to identify our members.
- Without your badge, you may be denied the benefits of your membership; please keep it with you at all times while at Minicon.
- If you find a lost badge, please bring it to the Bridge (Directors Row 2).
- If you lose your badge, please come to the Bridge. If we have your badge, we'll return it to you once we've verified that it's yours. If we don't have it, for $25 we'll issue you a replacement.
- Minicon reserves the right to revoke any membership as we deem necessary, most likely in cases of extreme misbehavior.

Weapons Policy

- Use common sense.
- Actual firearms, class 3 or 4 lasers, and projectile throwing toys are not permitted at Minicon.
- For everything else, have a sheath, sling, or other container for it, and keep it secured when you're in a public place.
- The above notwithstanding, Minicon reserves the right to prohibit any prop or weapon at the sole discretion of Minicon.
- You kill it, you eat it.

Signage Policy

- Signs may be posted only on the signboards. Please do not attach any signs to hotel walls, doors, windows, etc.
- Only one sign per board per event.
- Signboards will be in the open area on the 3rd floor, and outside the consuite on the 24th floor. There may be signboards on each of the party floors.

Smoking Policy

- In accordance with the Minnesota Clean Indoor Air Act, smoking is permitted only in designated smoking areas. Elevators, stairwells, and hallways, including those on floors with smoking sleeping rooms, are non-smoking.
- The Minicon smoking consuite is on the 3rd floor in Salon G. The area just outside Salon G is also a designated smoking area.

Hotel Highlights

Late Check-out

Room check-out time has been extended to 4PM on Sunday and Monday. Check-out time is 12 noon on all other days.

Extended pool hours

The swimming pool is open until 2:30 am during Minicon. No glass or alcohol in the health club/pool area, please.

Our third floor consuites

The Hilton asks that we keep all beverages and munchies from the Minicon consuites in convention space, and not carry any of our drinks or other consumables down to the rst oor of the hotel. Thanks for remembering this!

Minneapolis liquor laws apply to the function space on the second and third oors, which means Minicon has to stop serving on the third oor and remove all open containers of alcohol (including empty containers) before 1:00 AM each night. We plan to have bheer in the Presidential Suite on the 24th oor after hours.

In-out parking privileges

Hotel guests who charge parking to their rooms have in-out privileges for the parking garage underneath the hotel. Ask about this at the front desk.

A friendly reminder

Minicon encourages members to generously tip the maids and other hotel service workers.

Programming Information & Participants

Participants

Eleanor Arnason
Mike Bently
Alice Bently
Kent Bloom
Janice Bogstad
Seth Breidbart
Corwin Brust
Steven Brust
Karen Cooper
David Owen-Cruise
Kara Dalkey
Howard Davidson
Pamela Dean
Catharine Doyle
Linda Dunn
David Dyer-Bennet
Lisa Eisenberg
Doug Faunt
Moshe Feder
Leslie Fish
John M. Ford
Jim Frenkel
Beth Friedman
Dean Galhon
Terry Garey
Martin Helgesen
Peter Hentges
Eric Heidleman
Bill Higgins
John Houghton
Scott Imes
Sharon Kahn
Mary Kay Kare
Jordin Kare
Phil Kaveny
Peg Kerr
Greg Ketter
Elspeth Kovar
Laurel Krahn
John Ladwig
Denny Lien
Russel Letson
Michael Levy
Fred A. Levy Haskell
Susan Levy Haskell
Suford Lewis
Anthony Lewis
Julia Lee
Christopher Li
Sylvia Li
Eileen Lufkin
Hank Luttrell
Ken MacLeod
Jim Mann
Elise Matthesen
Lois McMaster Bujold
C. J. Mills
Heather Anne Nicoll
Teresa Nielsen Hayden
Patrick Nielsen Hayden
Emmet O'Brien
Mark L. Olson
Erik V. Olson
Priscillia Olson
Melanie Orphen
Mike Pins
Nick Pollatta
Scott Raun
Katya Reimann
Joel Rosenberg
Kathy Routliffe
Graydon Saunders
Sharon Sbarsky
Bruce Schneier
Steven H. Silver
Jon Singer
Susan Smith
Geri Sullivan
Jack Targanski
Jo Walton
Bob Webber
Tom Whitmore
Kip Williams
Laurel Winter
David Wixon
Tom Womack
Jane Yolen
Jim Young

Program Prep

Open during programming hours; other times *ad libitum*.

Board Room 1 is Program Prep. This room combines both the functions of green room and programming operations in one room. This is the place to go to:

- Pick up your programming packet. Your packet will have your individual schedule, a label with a short version of the schedule that you can stick on the back of your badge, and anything we think of between now and then.
- Check with Programming if there's something you need to let us know about. If you have a conflict with or question about a panel, this is the place to go.
- Check in before a panel. It's often a good idea to show up 10 minutes or so before your program item begins to meet briefly with your fellow panelists.

Programming Hours

Friday 3PM to 11PM, with a dinner break from 7PM to 8PM
Saturday 10AM to 11PM, with a dinner break from 6PM to 8PM
Sunday 10AM to 3:30PM

Author's Roundtables

Here's your chance to spend some quality time with the author or authors of your choice!

How it works: There will be sign-up sheets on the Bridge. Sign up for an hour with the authors you choose. If you sign up for a slot, you are making a commitment. There are only 18 chairs in Director's Room 1, so only 17 places are available for each roundtable. To encourage people to sign up for early slots, coffee and tea will be available in the room.

More authors may be having roundtables, so keep an eye on the Bridge and the *Bozo Bus Tribune!*

Programming Index

Ask Dr. Mike	Friday	9:00 PM	*Salon C*
Bedtime Stories, with Milk and Cookies.	Saturday	9:00 PM	*Board Room 2*
Breaking Out of the Pack: When Just Being Published Isn't Enough Any More	Saturday	9:30 AM	*Salon B*
British SF and Fantasy You Haven't Read (and Should)	Sunday	11:00 AM	*Salon B*
Closing Ceremonies	Sunday	3:30 PM	*Salon C*
Concert: Leslie Fish	Saturday	9:00 PM	*Salon E*
Convention Fears and Fantasies: The Rich Inner Life of Fandom	Saturday	11:00 AM	*Board Room 3*
Fannish Ethics: Who Sets the Standards of Our Community?	Saturday	12:30 PM	*Board Room 2*
Fantasy: The Long and Short of it	Friday	5:00 PM	*Salon A*
Filking	Friday	10:30 PM	*Salon E*
Fraud on the Internet	Saturday	2:00 PM	*Salon B*
Good Story, Bad Ending	Saturday	12:30 PM	*Board Room 3*
Gordy's Proposition	Friday	3:30 PM	*Salon C*
"History is the Trade Secret of Science Fiction"– Ken MacLeod	Saturday	5:00 PM	*Board Room 3*
How e-text Won't Change Publishing –	Saturday	3:30 PM	*Board Room 3*
Interview: Jo Walton	Sunday	2:00 PM	*Salon C*
Interview: Ken MacLeod	Sunday	12:30 PM	*Salon C*
Interview: Leslie Fish	Sunday	11:00 AM	*Salon C*
Intimate with 433 Eros: First Contact with an Asteroid	Saturday	8:00 PM	*Salon A*
Junkbox Wars	Saturday	2:00 PM	*Salon E*
Lady Poetesses From Hell	Sunday	11:00 AM	*Board Room 2*
Minicon 37 Kickoff Meeting	Sunday	2:00 PM	*Salon A*
Mistakes I Made When I Was a Neo	Friday	5:00 PM	*Salon B*
More Filking	Saturday	10:30 PM	*Salon E*
My Crackpot Theory	Friday	10:30 PM	*Salon B*
Opening Ceremonies	Friday	8:00 PM	*Salon C*
Reading: Jane Yolen	Friday	6:30 PM	*Board Room 2*
Reading: Jo Walton	Saturday	5:00 PM	*Salon C*
Reading: John M. Ford	Sunday	12:30 PM	*Board Room 2*
Reading: Katya Reimann	Saturday	3:30 PM	*Board Room 2*
Reading: Ken MacLeod	Saturday	3:30 PM	*Salon C*
Reading: Laurel Winter	Friday	5:00 PM	*Board Room 2*
Reading: Pamela Dean	Saturday	2:00 PM	*Board Room 2*
Reading: Steven Brust	Saturday	8:00 PM	*Board Room 3*
Remembering Gordon R. Dickson 1923-2001	Saturday	5:00 PM	*Salon A*
Rocky Mountain Horrible Picture Show	Saturday	2:00 PM	*Salon A*
Round Robin Poetry Reading	Saturday	9:30 AM	*Board Room 2*
Roundtable: Moderating Program Items	Saturday	3:30 PM	*Director's Room 1*
Roundtable: SF and Henry James	Saturday	2:00 PM	*Director's Room 1*
Six Degrees of Fandom Handshaking Party	Friday	10:00 PM	*Consuite*
Slugger's Cocktail Party	Friday	6:30 PM	*Consuite*

Tam Lin, by "William Shakespeare," as considered canonical on Barrayar: A play by Jo Walton, with specific reference to the works of Pamela Dean and Lois McMaster Bujold (who cooperated) and William Shakespeare (who didn't).	Saturday	11:00 AM	*Salon C*
Ten Things Computers Shouldn't Be Used For	Saturday	5:00 PM	*Board Room 2*
The Celtic Fringe, Now and Tomorrow: Everything You Know Is Wrong	Saturday	2:00 PM	*Salon C*
The Civil War: Is It Over Yet?	Saturday	3:30 PM	*Salon B*
The Return Of Kids, Don't Try This At Home	Saturday	10:00 PM	*Salon C*
The Works of Ken MacLeod	Saturday	12:30 PM	*Salon B*
The Year In Science, Part I (Physics and Astronomy)	Saturday	11:00 AM	*Salon A*
The Year In Science, Part II (Biosciences)	Saturday	3:30 PM	*Salon A*
Trivia Bowl	Saturday	8:00 PM	*Salon C*
War Stories: Conrunner Tales	Sunday	11:00 AM	*Salon A*
What Should I Read Next?	Sunday	12:30 PM	*Salon B*
What the Heck Is the Matter with the Comics Industry?	Saturday	5:00 PM	*Salon B*
When Weirds Collide	Saturday	8:00 PM	*Consuite*

Make it an <u>electric</u> duper, and <u>six</u> reams of paper, and I'll sign.

Gordy's Proposition

FRIDAY 3:30 PM SALON C

At Minicon 35, Gordon R. Dickson observed (or proposed, or hypothesized) that SF will be a different place when the last person dies who remembers what it was like to live in a world in which there was no science fiction. Does he have a point? How is Our Beloved Genre changed by no longer being an arcane and frequently solitary passion?

Scott Imes (M), Denny Lien, Fred Levy Haskell, Jim Young

Reading: Laurel Winter

FRIDAY 5:00 PM BOARD ROOM 2

Laurel Winter

Mistakes I Made When I Was a Neo

FRIDAY 5:00 PM SALON B

Panelists swap stories about their more interesting mistakes when they first came into fandom. The question is, if you had it all to do over again, would you do something different? Or would you make all the same mistakes, only sooner and more frequently?

Karen Cooper, Laurel Krahn (M), Jim Young

Fantasy: The Long and Short of it

FRIDAY 5:00 PM SALON A

Is there some reason fantasy novels—especially series novels—keep getting larger? Is there some logic to their progression from bullet-stoppers and bugcrushers to cinderblocks and household appliances? What are the benefits and the drawbacks of writing at such length?

Jim Frenkel, Lois McMaster Bujold (M), Tom Whitmore

Reading: Jane Yolen

FRIDAY 6:30 PM BOARD ROOM 2

Jane Yolen

Slugger's Cocktail Party

FRIDAY 6:30 PM CONSUITE

With bartender Jack Targonski, blogmaster Peter Hentges, and a special appearance by the Minicon Grenadine.

Opening Ceremonies

FRIDAY 8:00 PM SALON C

It's an opening ceremony. We all know what happens. You see the guests of honor, the chair makes a speech, yadda yadda. You're all just waiting for Ask Dr. Mike anyway. Enjoy.

David Dyer-Bennet (M), Leslie Fish, Ken MacLeod, Jo Walton

Ask Dr. Mike

FRIDAY 9:00 PM SALON C

Once again, Dr. Mike answers your question on how the Universe works.

John M. Ford

Six Degrees of Fandom Handshaking Party

FRIDAY 10:00 PM CONSUITE

You've hugged your fellow fen. You've shared elevators and even hotel rooms with them. But have you shaken their hands? Come to this party and formalize your links to the rest of fandom and to the rest of the world.

Filking

FRIDAY 10:30 PM SALON E

My Crackpot Theory

FRIDAY 10:30 PM SALON B

Fans want to understand how the world works, and they tend to draw their own conclusions. Come and hear about theories that sounded good at the time. Bring some of your own to share. True believers attend at their own risk.

Karen Cooper (M), Dean Gahlon, Sharon Kahn, Jon Singer

Round Robin Poetry Reading

SATURDAY 9:30 AM BOARD ROOM 2

Breaking Out of the Pack: When Just Being Published Isn't Enough Any More

SATURDAY 9:30 AM SALON B

Making the jump from low-paying, low-circulation publications to venues with bigger audiences and deeper pockets can be as hard as getting published in the first place. "Writing better" is always the answer; but our panelists will discuss techniques for playing to your strengths, and differentiating your work from the default-level "passable and publishable, but so what" submissions.

Eleanor Arnason (M), Moshe Feder, Jim Frenkel, Katya Reimann

Convention Fears and Fantasies: The Rich Inner Life of Fandom

SATURDAY 11:00 AM BOARD ROOM 3

Do you have recurrent dreams in which you're attending a convention? If so, what happens in them? Have you ever seen a concom member develop strange stress-related delusions? Was that concom member you? And where do you imagine your friends are, and what do you imagine they're doing, during those disheartening stretches when you've trudged all over the convention but can't find anyone you know?

Corwin Brust, Catharine Doyle (M), Suford Lewis, Julia Lee, Heather Anne Nicoll

The Year In Science, Part I (Physics and Astronomy)

SATURDAY 11:00 AM SALON A

Keeping the science in science fiction – in this case, Physics and Astronomy. Come hear a mix of professionals and laypersons tell what's new.

John Houghton, Jordin Kare, Anthony Lewis, Mark L. Olson (M), Jon Singer, Bob Webber

Tam Lin, by "William Shakespeare," as considered canonical on Barrayar: A play by Jo Walton, with specific reference to the works of Pamela Dean and Lois McMaster Bujold (who cooperated) and William Shakespeare (who didn't).

SATURDAY 11:00 AM SALON C

A group reading.

Pamela Dean, John M. Ford, Terry Garey, Peg Kerr, Elise Matthesen, Graydon Saunders, Jon Singer, Jo Walton, Laurel Winter

Fannish Ethics: Who Sets the Standards of Our Community?

SATURDAY 12:30 PM BOARD ROOM 2

Are manners more important than rules? Who oppresses whom in fandom? And other interesting questions.

Kent Bloom, Beth Friedman, Elspeth Kovar, Eileen Lufkin (M), Scott Raun

The Works of Ken MacLeod

SATURDAY 12:30 PM SALON B

A discussion of the works of Ken MacLeod

Steven Brust, David Dyer-Bennet, Michael Levy, Patrick Nielsen Hayden (M), Jo Walton

Good Story, Bad Ending

SATURDAY 12:30 PM BOARD ROOM 3

There's no story so good that you can't wreck it by sticking on the wrong ending – bringing in a *deus ex machina*, telling too much or too little, tieing up plot threads that don't match, tacking on an unrelated moral, or revealing that it's all been a dream. Panelists rant about their least favorite botches, and tell us what *should* have happened.

Lisa Eisenberg, Leslie Fish, Denny Lien (M), Christopher Li, Jim Mann

Junkbox Wars

SATURDAY 2:00 PM SALON E

It's *Junkyard Wars* (or *Scrapheap Challenge*) writ small! Teams will compete to build an assigned device in 90 minutes, using only the materials they can find in our junk heap. When their time is up, they'll compete to see whose machine rules. Emcee and Junkmaster: Jordin Kare. (Note: Come a bit early if you can.)

Jordin Kare

The Celtic Fringe, Now and Tomorrow: Everything You Know Is Wrong

SATURDAY 2:00 PM SALON C

Scotland, Ireland, Wales: the so-called "Celtic Fringe" is the setting, or the basis, for endless imaginative tales. But they're also real places in the modern world, far more interesting the the products of twee fantasizing, and they'll be real places in the world of centuries hence. What problems are they actually facing, where are they actually going, what genuine skiffy speculations do their situations inspire?

Ken MacLeod, Emmet Obrien, Jo Walton (M), Jane Yolen

Reading: Pamela Dean

SATURDAY 2:00 PM BOARD ROOM 2

Pamela Dean

Fraud on the Internet

SATURDAY 2:00 PM SALON B

MAKE MONEY FAST!!! Tales of scam literary agents in league with fake publishers, Nigerian "Spanish Prisoner" swindles, fabulous dotcom startups, pieces of the True Cross for sale on eBay, and a host of other opportunities too good to be true. Has the Internet ushered in a new golden age of confidence games, or is it merely the old brazen age in a new gilt coating?

Alice Bentley, Doug Faunt, Phil Kaveny, John Ladwig (M), Melanie Orphen

Rocky Mountain Horrible Picture Show

SATURDAY 2:00 PM SALON A

A compelling narrative of invasion, betrayal, conflict, and more invasion. The Truth that "They" don't want you to know. I'd tell you more, but "They" are everywhere. Taken from the discarded slides of the National Forest Service.

Kip Williams

Roundtable: SF and Henry James.

SATURDAY 2:00 PM DIRECTOR'S ROOM 1

Phil Kaveny

How e-text Won't Change Publishing –

SATURDAY 3:30 PM BOARD ROOM 3

– Though it will have some interesting effects. But don't be disappointed; you've probably missed noticing the previous two or three revolutions in publishing. Come and hear about those too.

Dean Gahlon, Patrick Nielsen Hayden (M), Jane Yolen

The Year In Science, Part II (Biosciences)

SATURDAY 3:30 PM SALON A

Still keeping the science in science fiction – in this case, the glamorous, fast-moving and often controversial field of Biology. Come and hear all the hot new science and the equally hot ethics questions that are under debate.

Priscillia Olson (M), Jon Singer, Susan Smith

Reading: Ken MacLeod

SATURDAY 3:30 PM SALON C

Ken MacLeod

Reading: Katya Reimann

SATURDAY 3:30 PM BOARD ROOM 2

Katya Reimann

Roundtable: Moderating Program Items

SATURDAY 3:30 PM DIRECTOR'S ROOM 1

Tom Whitmore

The Civil War: Is It Over Yet?

SATURDAY 3:30 PM SALON B

It can't be over; it's still a hot topic. Panelists discuss the real underlying issues of the war – the ones which were settled, and the ones which remain.

Steven Brust (M), Peg Kerr, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Erik V. Olson, Kathy Routliffe

"History is the Trade Secret of Science Fiction" — Ken MacLeod

SATURDAY 5:00 PM BOARD ROOM 3

From Doc Smith's sentimental *Romanitas* and Asimov's Spenglerian *Foundation* series to the current cutting edge of the field, SF writers have plundered history to build their futures. Is it possible that history is the actual subject matter of the genre, and its "Science Fiction" orientation was a function of events and developments taking place at the time SF was broken out as a commercial category? And what theories and assumptions about causality, human nature, and other issues have the field's writers picked up along with their history?

Peg Kerr, Ken MacLeod (M), Lois McMaster Bujold, Graydon Saunders, Steven H. Silver

Reading: Jo Walton

SATURDAY 5:00 PM SALON C

Jo Walton

Remembering Gordon R. Dickson 1923-2001

SATURDAY 5:00 PM SALON A

Writer, fan, performer, friend of Minicon, and a legend of the field. Come and help us remember him.

John M. Ford, Peter Hentges, Joel Rosenberg, David Wixon (M)

What the Heck Is the Matter with the Comics Industry?

SATURDAY 5:00 PM SALON B

People haven't stopped wanting to read, write, draw, ink, letter, color, distribute, sell, or collect comics. So why is the comics industry in such terrible shape?

Peter Hentges, Sharon Kahn, Greg Ketter (M), Kathy Routliffe

Ten Things Computers Shouldn't Be Used For

SATURDAY 5:00 PM BOARD ROOM 2

To a man with a hammer, all problems look like nails. Our favorite new tool of choice is the computer, and we're using it for everything. While computers are frequently nifty to have around, there are times when they're not the answer. While it's true that we can print today's weather forecast onto our toast, that doesn't means we should do it. Our panelists discuss the serious and silly applications of computer technology, in theory and in practice.

Seth Breidbart, Mark L. Olson (M), Mike Pins, Sharon Sbarsky

Reading: Steven Brust

SATURDAY 8:00 PM BOARD ROOM 3

Steven Brust

Trivia Bowl

SATURDAY 8:00 PM SALON C

It's fun, it's fast, it's ballistic. To enter, just walk in the door. Our panel of master trivialists asks the questions; the first person to call out the correct answer gets a piece of chocolate thrown at them. When it's all over, the one with largest uneaten stack of chocolate wins.

Priscillia Olson, Mark L. Olson

Intimate with 433 Eros: First Contact with an Asteroid

SATURDAY 8:00 PM SALON A

The first spacecraft ever to orbit an asteroid, NASA's Near Earth Asteroid Rendezvous/Shoemaker spacecraft ended its mission on a spectacular note by touching down on Eros. After a year in orbit gathering data, its "landing" provided additional extreme close-up picture and on-the-spot measurements of soil composition.

Jordin Kare

When Weirds Collide

SATURDAY 8:00 PM CONSUITE

Mardi Gras meets the Minnesota State Fair at Minicon. Pickle hats, masks-on-a-stick, butter sculpting, beads, floats that float, sparkly pig ears, DavE Romm's zydeco kazoo band, numbered ducks, and a Richard Tatge lightshow. Dean Gahlon will mix drinks you'll wish you'd never heard of but may enjoy anyway. Peeps-on-a-stick and perhaps even Peeps jousting (in Somebody Else's Microwave, of course). Prize ribbons for weird-colliding costumes, winning horticulture, crafts, and fine art exhibits, and for other participatory events.

Concert: Leslie Fish

SATURDAY 9:00 PM SALON E

Leslie Fish

Bedtime Stories, with Milk and Cookies.

SATURDAY 9:00 PM BOARD ROOM 2

Jane Yolen. Milk. Cookies. Stories. Need we say more?

Jane Yolen

The Return Of Kids, Don't Try This At Home

SATURDAY 10:00 PM SALON C

Even more tales of tennis-ball cannons, balloon-powered chaise lounges, magnesium bonfires, and other experiments that'll never make it into the respectable textbooks. This year's panel of expert reprobates take "do as I say, not as I do" to explosive new heights, discussing high-yield science projects which you can build at home with just a few simple ingredients, but which you probably shouldn't try at all.

Mike Pins (M), Jon Singer

More Filking

SATURDAY 10:30 PM SALON E

War Stories: Conrunner Tales

SUNDAY 11:00 AM SALON A

Just in case you thought running conventions was dull. Hear tales of the ones that got away, the ones you wish would go away, the bizarre circumstances and improbable saves. Learn the true inner meaning of "SMOF".

Janice Bogstad, Leslie Fish, Anthony Lewis, Steven H Silver, Tom Whitmore (M)

Interview: Leslie Fish

SUNDAY 11:00 AM SALON C

Lisa Eisenberg, Leslie Fish

British SF and Fantasy You Haven't Read (and Should)

SUNDAY 11:00 AM SALON B

Once stigmatized as a gentle eddy of pastoral dystopias and "bracing gloom," British SF is now the white-hot center of the field. Neotraditionalist and edgy all at once, writers ranging from Stephen Baxter and Ken MacLeod to Alastair Reynolds and China Mieville are writing powerful, clangorous, challenging SF of scope and rigor, works that are suddenly at the top of many American readers' lists. Why is this? And what should you be reading, new guys and otherwise?

Denny Lien, Ken MacLeod, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Jo Walton, Tom Whitmore (M)

Lady Poetesses From Hell

SUNDAY 11:00 AM BOARD ROOM 2

Once more, the Lady Poetesses From Hell don their best hats, buff up their best manners, and read their exceedingly unladylike poems.

Terry Garey, Laurel Winter, Elise Matthesen, Jane Yolen

Interview: Ken MacLeod

SUNDAY 12:30 PM SALON C

Ken MacLeod, Patrick Nielsen Hayden

Reading: John M. Ford

SUNDAY 12:30 PM BOARD ROOM 2

John M. Ford

What Should I Read Next?

SUNDAY 12:30 PM SALON B

Our *very* expert panelists help you find the good stuff.

Eric Heideman, Scott Imes (M), Mary Kay Kare, Russel Letson, Michael Levy

Birds of a Feather: Using the Minn-StF mailing lists to improve communications

SUNDAY 12:30 PM DIRECTOR'S ROOM 1

Minn-StF's e-mail lists have been up for a little over a year. Let's review: How well do they serve the club? Do we need or want more from our communications? Can we stop the cross-posting? List members encouraged to attend. Curious bystanders and communications junkies welcome

Interview: Jo Walton

SUNDAY 2:00 PM SALON C

Graydon Saunders, Jo Walton

Minicon 37 Kickoff Meeting

SUNDAY 2:00 PM SALON A

We're looking forward. Meet the chair of Minicon 37, and find out his plans for the next Minicon.

Erik Baker, Corwin Brust

Closing Ceremonies

SUNDAY 3:30 PM SALON C

The traditional way to end the convention. See the president get executed. Hear dramatic speeches. Smell the ideas burning for Minicon 37. Say goodbye, and we'll see you next year.

David Dyer-Bennet (M), Leslie Fish, Ken MacLeod, Jo Walton

"What this club needs is some action".

Children's Programming

Friday

Creating A Space Station 3:00 PM – 4:30 PM

We will briefly discuss what a space station is and brainstorm about the different structures and equipment we might need to be in space. Then, with the help of creative adult volunteers, we will construct a cardboard space station and decorate it.

The People At The Space Station 5:50 PM – 6:30 PM

Children will discuss the different jobs at the space station and some of the people there who perform those jobs. Then they will draw titles out of a dish and take turns playing different roles. Afterwards, we will come back together as a group and discuss what it was like to be charge of different areas.

Sun Collage 7:00 PM – 8:00 PM

A discussion about the importance of the sun, followed by a cooperative collage of the sun and the things that depend on it.

Saturday

Astronaut Training Minicamp

Sign up today and you can become a certified child astronaut. After completing our challenging Run From The Sun training course you will be ready to join our space crew and head out to explore the universe. Certificates will be awarded to those who survive.

Spaceware & Earth Pops

Come and create your own designer space gear. Everything from helmets, eyewear, oxygen tanks, and protective vests to walkie-talkies.

Earth Pops 1:30 PM – 3:00 PM

What is inside the Earth? Find out and make your own tasty treat, an edible model of the Earth's inside layers.

Recycled Robots 3:00 PM – 4:00 PM

Come and talk about what robots are and what they can do. Then we will get into small groups and create our own robots out of recycled materials. When our robots are done we will talk about what our robots talents are.

Freeplay In Space 4:00 PM – 5:00 PM

Come and play in the space station.

Big Bang 7:00 PM – 8:00 PM

Celebrate the existence of the universe at this radical space age party. Wear your new space gear, glow-in-the-dark clothes or other strange and cool duds. Get your face painted, learn to juggle, and dance to space age music. All ages welcome, but bring the kids inside.

Dungeons And Dragons 8:00 PM – 11:30 PM

Role playing games for kids. Gaming for kids will be conveniently located outside the Rochester room. Your child must be able to read but no gaming experience is required. This is for the absolute beginner to intermediate level. Hosted by Michael Kauper and Woody Olson.

Sunday

Egg Hunt 10:00 AM – 11:00 AM

Help uncover clues to the ancient civilization of the Moon people. Search for mysterious egg-like capsules hidden in a crater on the moon hundreds of years ago to preserve their treasures. Searchers get to keep what they find. Hosted by Laura Jean Fish and Rachel Fish.

Celestial Constellation Viewer 11:30 AM – 12:30 PM

Create and decorate your very own viewer with as many as six different and changeable constellations.

Blast Off 1:00 PM – 2:00 PM

Using balloons, we will demonstrate that air takes up space and has mass. Following this we will show how multistage rockets work.

Meteor Shower 2:30 PM – 3:30 PM

Help destroy our space station by being a meteor in our meteor shower!

Unless otherwise noted, the Childcare staff hosts each program. Volunteers are welcome and will be appreciated.

Hucksters List

Bill Roper	Dodeka Records Ltd.	Filk and folk
Elise Matthesen	Lioness	Handmade necklaces and jewelry
Darlene P. Coltrain	Darlene P. Coltrain	Fine art jewelry, hand-dyed & hand-painted silk in SF & fantasy themes
Art Vaughan	Art Vaughan's Used Books	Used SF/fantasy/horror books
Ray & Barbara Vantilburg	Offworld Designs	T-shirts
Philip Kaveny	HedgeHog & Otter	Books
Carol Stenstrom	Kyril's Cavern	Handmade stuffed dragons
Melissa Barnard	Wizard of Odd LTD-Adornment	Tools and supplies for costuming and pagans – athames, swords, jewelry, belly dancing stuff, glassware, gemstones, headpieces
Steve "Felix" Hynnek	Felix Needleworthy	Fine Renaissance and fannish costumes
Greg Ketter	DreamHaven Books & Comics	Books (new)
Leo C. Watrin	Leo Watrin	SF/fantasy paperbacks, magazines, comics, and collectibles
Mark Abbott/Mary O'Rourke	MO'R Designs	Meteorites, antiquities, crystals, carvings
Steve Salaba	Soft Wear Toys & Tees	Lois Bujold merchandise, mad scientist lab coats, T-shirts, Folkman's puppets
Sam Bromet	The Wizard's Wagon	Bumper stickers, anime, role playing games and supplies, collectable card games, puppets, stuffed animals, movie posters, statuary
Michael Z. Williamson	Cloak and Dagger	Knives, swords, cutlery, other fantasy, SF and historical weapons, some costumes and sick T-shirts.
Butch Honeck	Honeck Sculpture	Fantastical sculpture

DreamHaven
Books & Comics

LynLake
912 W. Lake St., Mpls.
612-823-6161

New, used, and rare SF, fantasy, and horror

New and back-issue comics

TV & film books & magazines

Erotic art, comics and fiction

Free parking behind our store

Dinkytown
1309 4th St. SE, Mpls.
612-379-8924

New SF, fantasy, and horror

New and back-issue comics

TV & film books & magazines

Role-playing games & CCGs

One hour free parking at the Dinkytown Parking Facility

We do mail order all over the planet -
call 612-823-6070 for a free monthly book catalog

Visit our website at www.dreamhavenbooks.com
or email us at dream@dreamhavenbooks.com

Visit our tables in the dealers room!

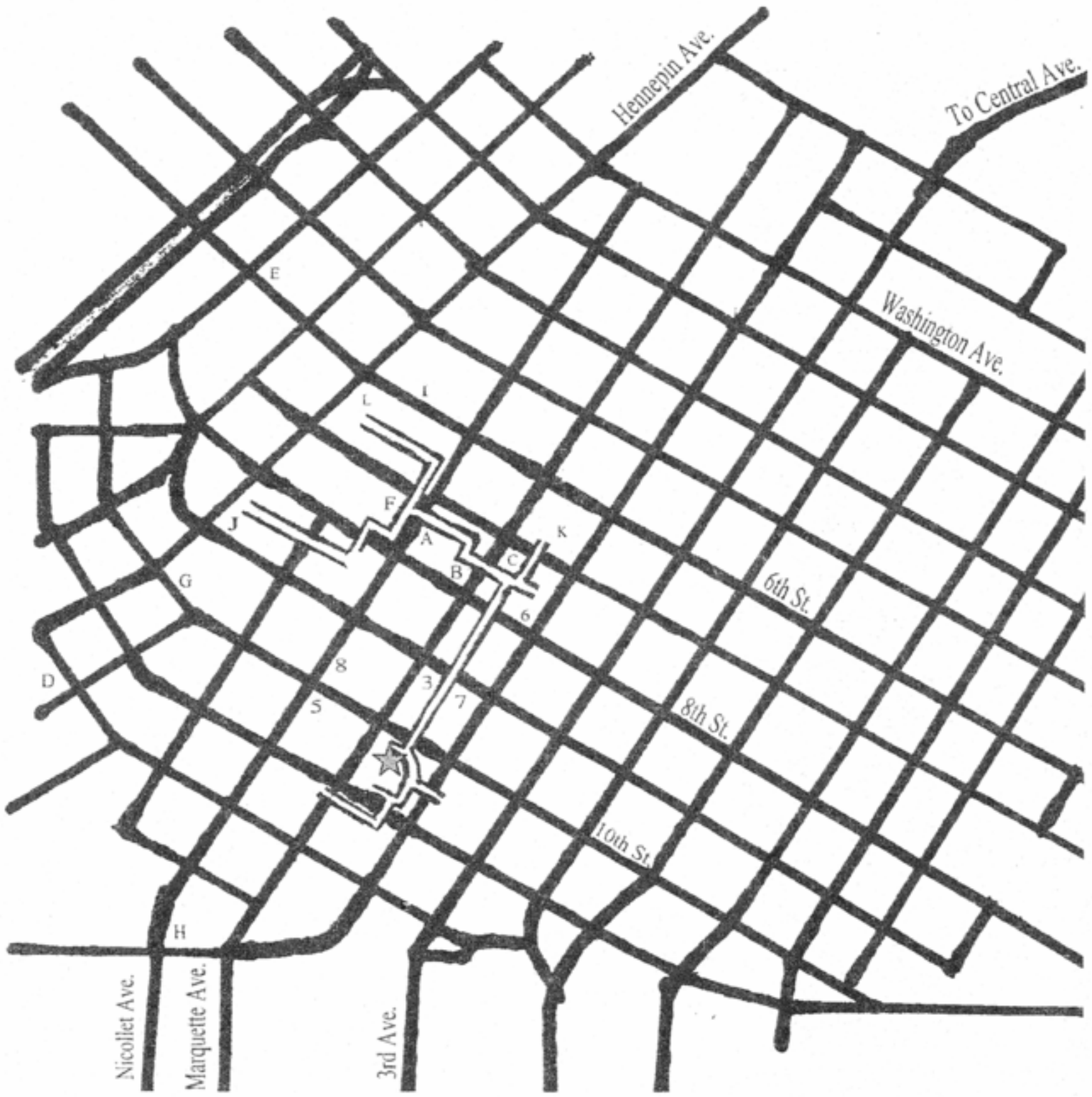
Minicon 36
Restaurant Guide

(For budgets of all sizes.)

Please note that this is Easter weekend, and thus not all restaurants may be open for their normal weekend hours. We have listed regular hours where we know them, but if you have your heart set on a particular restaurant, it's wise to call ahead and make sure they'll be open. For that reason, we have included phone numbers in this list.

Quick guide to Map:

- The gray star marks the location of the hotel.
- Dark lines correspond to streets. Most streets are numbered; major named streets are shown for reference.
- The lighter double lines denote skyway paths. The skyway system in Minneapolis is quite extensive; only those paths leading to restaurants listed on back are shown. A serious skyway map can be found on page 89.
- Numbers generally correspond to closer places, and are listed under "Up Close and Personal".
- Lettered locales generally require an appetite-building stroll, and are listed under "Take a Hike".



Can't leave the Hotel?

Carver's Restaurant and Harmony's, in the Hotel - Check 'em out yourself. Not for those on a tight budget.

Pizza Luce, 119 N 4th St. - They will deliver to the hotel; open till 3am. Closed Sunday. 612-333-7359.

Up Close and Personal:

1. Brit's Pub, 1110 Nicollet Ave. - British-themed restaurant. 11-1 Fr & Sa; 11-midnight Su. 612-332-3908.

2. Brasserie Zinc, 1010 Nicollet Ave. - French restaurant with moderate-to high-end prices. 11-9 Fr & Sa. 612-904-1010.

3. Café LiteSpa, NE corner of 9th and Marquette - Healthy sandwiches, vegetarian food available. 612-333-0300.

4. McCormick & Schmick's, 900 Nicollet Ave. - Wonderful seafood restaurant if you're feeling spendy. 612-338-3300.

5. Key's Restaurant, 1007 Nicollet Ave. - Good for breakfast. 612-339-6399.

6. Peter's Grill, 114 S. 8th St. - Good American food in a 40's atmosphere. 7am-7:45pm Fr; 8am-2:45pm Sa. 612-331-1981.

7. Ruth's Chris Steak House, 920 2nd Ave. S. Dinner only; expensive. 5-10:30 Fr; Closed Sa; 4-9 Su (Easter hours). 612-672-9000.

8. The Local, 931 Nicollet Mall - Inspired by Irish pubs. Dinner: 5:30-11 Fr & Sa; Pub: 11:30am-1:00am; Closed Sundays. 612-904-1000

Take a Hike:

A. Au Bon Pain Restaurant, 601 2nd Ave. S. (IDS Crystal Court) - French Sandwich Shop, good scones. 612-332-6285

B. Basil's Restaurant, 710 Marquette Ave. - Fancy restaurant in the IDS center; very expensive, but worth it if you have money to spend. Special Easter Brunch available, call for reservations. 612-376-7404.

C. Brothers Deli, 607 Marquette Ave. - 612-341-8007.

D. Buca di Beppo, 1204 Harmon Place - Italian food served family-style. Good for large groups. 612-638-2225.

E. D'Amico Cucina, 100 North 6th St. (Butler Square) - Live Jazz on the weekends, moderate to expensive prices. Dinner only. 5:30-11 Fr & Sa; 5-9 Su. 612-338-2401.

F. Dayton's Under the Mall, 700 Nicollet Mall - A deli and a Leeann Chin's are in the lower level of Dayton's.

G. Dujour's Casual Cafe, 89 S 10th St. - 612-333-1855.

H. Ichiban Japanese Steak House, 1333 Nicollet Ave. - Japanese restaurant. 612-339-0540.

I. Murray's Steak House, 26 S 6th St. - A local legend! 612-339-0909.

J. Rock Bottom Brewery, 825 Hennepin Ave. - Moderately priced, with food as well as beer. 612-332-2739.

K. Rosewood Room, 618 2nd Ave. S., 7th Floor - Mediterranean restaurant in the Crowne Plaza Northstar Hotel. 612-338-2288.

L. TGI Friday's, 615 Hennepin Ave. - In the City Center. 612-305-1915.

Or Get Lost:

Try "Eat Street"
(South on Nicollet by car, or take any southbound #18 bus.)

Black Forest Inn, 1 E. 26th St. (Nicollet & 26th St.) - German food. 612-872-0812.

Christos Greek Restaurant, 2632 Nicollet Ave. S. - Greek food. 612-871-2111.

Jerusalem's Restaurant, 1518 Nicollet Ave. S. - Middle Eastern and Mediterranean. 612-871-8883.

Little Tijuana, 17 E. 26th St. - Mexican, open until 2:30 am daily. 612-872-0578.

Market Bar-B-Que, 1414 Nicollet Ave. S. - Open until 2:30am. 612-872-1111.

Phuong Café, 2424 Nicollet Ave. S. - Vietnamese. (Any Vietnamese restaurant on Nicollet.) 612-871-7116.

Ping's Szechuan Bar & Grill, 1401 Nicollet Ave. S. - 612-874-9404.

Rainbow Chinese Restaurant, 2739 Nicollet Ave. S. 612-870-7084.

Taco Morelos, 14 W. 26th St. - 612-870-0053.

Or Go North on Central
(Take 3rd Street across the river, where it turns into Central Ave., or hop onto any northbound #10 bus.)

Abol Café, 2505 Central Ave - Café serving Ethiopian food. 612-781-6547.

Holy Land Deli, 2513 Central Ave - Where else can you get a gyros big enough to feed two for $8? 612-781-2627.

Jang Won, 4920 Central Ave - Extensive Chinese and Korean menu. (Use a 10H, 10N, or 10U.) 612-572-8535.

Lee's Buffet, 4027 Central Ave - Inexpensive all-you-can-eat Chinese buffet. 612-781-8797.

Quick note: Catch buses on Nicollet Ave.

Minicon 36 Ground & Flight Crew

Art Show
Neil Belsky
Steve Bond
Doug Wickstrom

Bookkeeping
Peer Dudda
Irene Raun

Chair
David Dyer-Bennet

Child Care
Laura Jean Fish

Guests
Lydia Nickerson (liaison & chapbook)
Beth Friedman, (liaison & chapbook)
David Dyer-Bennet (chapbooks)

Hotel
Scott Raun
Mitch Pockrandt

Hucksters Room
Beth Friedman

Insurance
Kay Drache

Official Happy Deadwood
Fred A. Levy Haskell

Operations
Martin Schafer
Corwin Brust
Erik Baker
Reen Brust
Carolyn Brust
Aliera Brust
Tony Brust
Karen Cooper
Bruce Schneier
John Stanley

Registration
Carol Kennedy (pre-con)
Larry Sanderson (at-con)
Andrew Bertke (badges)

SMOF
Ben Yalow

Programming
Teresa Nielsen Hayden (co-head)
Erik Olson (co-head)
Laura Jean Fish (children's programming)
Patrick Nielsen Hayden
Cally Soukup
Martin Maney
Jordin Kare
Mary Kay Kare
Beth Friedman
Kim Kindya
Jim Mann
Vicki Rosenzweig
Sharon Sbarsky
Steven Silver

Publications
Rachael Lininger (department head)
Pamela Dean Dyer-Bennet (Grammarian)
Priscilla Olson (BBT editor)
Jeff Schalles (BBT tech)
David Dyer-Bennet
Beth Friedman
Peer Dudda
Mark Richards (collation)

Web
Laurel Krahn
Erik Olson

Hospitality
Geri Sullivan (department head)
Slugger
Gary Agin
Catherine Crockett
Charlie Horne
Catherine Crockett
Charlie Horne
Peter Hentges
Dai Innes
Ericka Johnson
Karen Johnson
Marilee J. Layman
Susan Levy Haskell
John McKana
Neil Rest (Dr. Whoopie)
Mark Richards (K'NEX)
Patric Stene
Jack Targonski
Richard Tatge (games & lightshow)
Greg Williams
Tom Womack

DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS

Skyways
Check with concierge for skyway hours
Minneapolis Information & Visitors Center
Presented by American Express
Mississippi River
St Anthony Falls Heritage Trail
Riverplace
CHUTE SQUARE PARK
MAIN STREET PARK
Stone Arch Bridge
GATEWAY PARK
Warehouse District
Target Center
City Center
HHH Metrodome
Minneapolis Convention Center
(1301 Second Avenue South)
ELLIOT PARK
35W
394
94
GRANT ST W
GRANT ST E
14TH ST E
14TH ST W
TO I-94
Federal Reserve Bank
Post Office Main Branch
Milwaukee Road Depot
YMCA
Mpls Public Library
Hennepin County Government Center
Orpheum Theatre
State Theatre
Pantages Theatre
Gallery Plaza
Fire Channel
Riverplace Plaza
Lourdes Pl
Meriam St
Bidwell St
Power St
Central Ave SE
Chicago Ave
Park Ave
Portland Ave
Marquette Ave
2nd Ave S
3rd Ave S
4th Ave S
5th Ave S
10th Ave S
11th Ave S
Washington Ave
Currie Ave
Hennepin Ave
Nicollet Mall
Harmon Pl
Spruce Pl
Yale Pl
Groveland Ter
Grant St
Elliot Park
Mpls Sculpture Garden
Walker Art Center
Guthrie Theater
Children's Theatre
Target Center Plaza
Target Center Garage
Gateway Park
Milwaukee Road Depot
Federal Reserve Bank

For your note-taking convenience....

CONGRATULATIONS TO
MINICON 36 GUEST OF HONOR

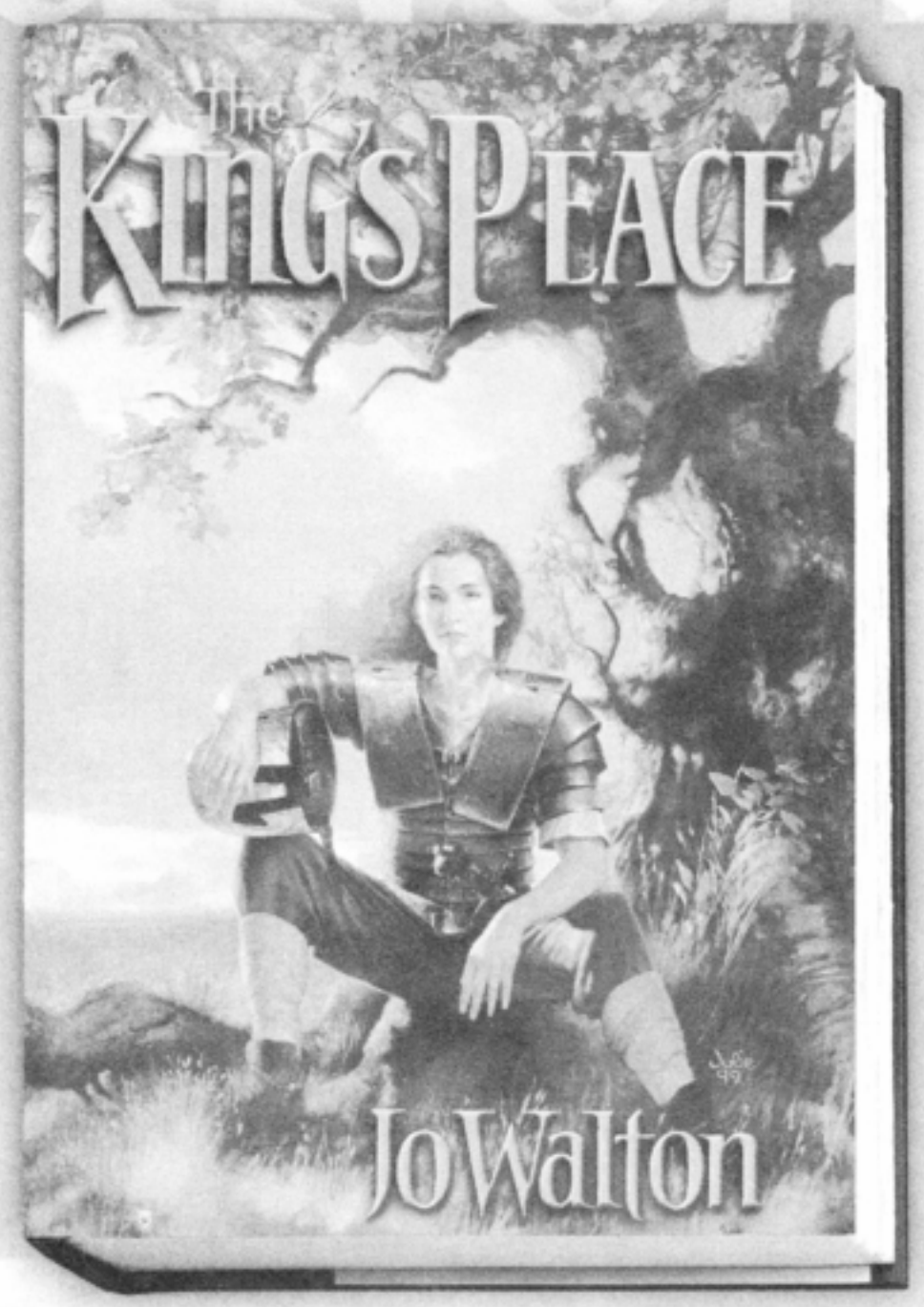
Jo Walton

The King's Peace

"*The King's Peace* beautifully and thought-provokingly tells a story set in a world and history almost like ours, but different enough to be in itself a kind of elvenland. It's good to know that there will be more."
—Poul Anderson

"Head and shoulders and sword-arm above most fantasy.... It reads like a lost memoir from the Dark Ages of a subtly different history, tough and unsentimental and all the more touching for that."
—Ken MacLeod

"An incredible book and its heroine, Sulien ap Gwien, is one amazing woman.... I'm hooked."
—*Interzone*



0-312-87229-1 • $26.95/$38.95 Can.

An epic of real heroism, real loyalty, and real love of country

AVAILABLE NOW

Visit us on the web at www.tor.com

TOR®

In memory of

GORDON R. DICKSON

1923-2001

from his friends
at Tor Books