

Minicon 33

Heisenberg Probably Slept Here

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The Silence of the Langford
by **Steve Langford**

Minicon 33
Fan GoH

The Silence of the Langford is a four-story collection of NESFA's previous chapbook *Let's Hear It for the Deaf Man*. It includes more humour, more revulsion, and three Langford stories. Trade paperback, viii+278 pages, price \$15.

Minicon 33
Toastmaster

From the End of the Twentieth Century
by **John M. Ford**



From the End of the Twentieth Century is the 1997 Boskone book, including short fiction and poetry produced over a twenty-year period for magazines, anthologies, and the Liavek shared world, including several items previously released only in limited-edition printings, and a new story "How to Get My Baby Out of Jail," written expressly for this collection. Hardbound, 313 pages, dustjacket by [redacted]. Trade price \$21, boxed price \$33.



Frankenstein and Foreign Devils
by **Walter Jon Williams**

The 1998 Boskone book, *Frankenstein and Foreign Devils*, contains ten exceptional stories by Walter Jon Williams, including "Solip:Systems," "The Fall," "Soul-Craft," "Broadway Johnny," and two new stories: "The Bad Twin" and pre-*Wild Cards* story "The Party." Hardbound, 348 pages, dustjacket and interior illustrations by Omar Rayyan. Trade price \$23, boxed price \$33.

Dreamweaver's Dilemma
by **Lois McMaster Bujold**



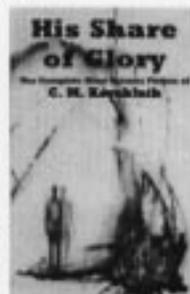
This trade paperback reprint of the 1996 Boskone Book contains "Dreamweaver's Dilemma," a previously unpublished novelette set early in LMB's universe, the first in the series "The Mountains of Mourning," a never-before-published Sherlock Holmes pastiche, an introduction by LMB, and Suford Lewis's Vorkosigan genealogy. Dustjacket by Bob Eggleton, 252 pages, trade price \$12.



The Armor of Light
by **Melanie S. and Lisa Barnett**

The Armor of Light is an alternate history set in Elizabethan England, with two of the most famous people of that era as the protagonists: Sidney and Mary. This volume is the latest entry in the NESFA's Choice series of neglected titles. Hardbound, 400 acid-free pages, dustjacket by Margaret Organ-Kean, price \$23.

His Share of Glory
The Complete Short Science Fiction of C.M. Kornbluth



His Share of Glory contains **all** the short science fiction written solely by Cyril M. Kornbluth. Many of the stories are SF "classics," such as "The Little Black Bag," "Two Dooms," "Gomez," "Thirteen O'Clock," "Shark Ship," and, of course, "That Share of Glory." There are fifty-six works of short SF, with original bibliographic details including pseudonymous by-lines. The introduction is by Frederik Pohl, noted SF writer and life-long friend and collaborator of C.M. Kornbluth. Hardbound, 670+xxiv acid-free pages, dustjacket by Richard Powers, price \$27.

Write to: NESFA Press, PO Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701 USA. For mail orders please add shipping cost of \$2 for one item, \$4 for multiple items; outside the US please add \$4 for one item, \$8 for multiple items. Massachusetts residents add 5% state sales tax. We accept checks, money orders, MasterCard, and Visa. Fax (617) 776-3243 (credit card orders only) or visit us at <http://www.nesfa.org> for a complete catalog.

Minicon 33

Heisenberg Probably Slept Here

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Minnesota Science
Fiction Society, Inc.



April 10th through 12th, 1998 • Radisson Hotel South, L'Hotel Sofitel,
Holiday Inn Airport 2 and Wyndham Garden Hotel • Bloomington, MN

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For further information about Minicon, the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (MN-StF), or any of our activities, write: P.O. Box 8297, Lake Street Station, Minneapolis, MN 55408-8297.

You may also call the MN-Stf Hotline at 612-824-5559 or the Minicon Voicemail at 612-333-7533.

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Come One, Come All,
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Beyond Compare!

Doors open at 6:30, Show at 7:00
Hosted by Corvian Blood

For tickets, reach the gate in the Great Hall East at 6:00 p.m. Tickets are available from 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. For more information, visit us at www.con.com or call the Vancouver Convention Centre at 604-681-2222.

PG-13

A VIEW FROM A DIFFERENT CORNER:

“The Minicon 33 Executive Committee...” —the Executive Committee for Minicon this year is Martin Schafer, Erik Baker, and Victor Raymond. We were appointed by the Board of Directors of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society to run Minicon 33. Like everyone else on the Minicon committee, we are volunteers. There’s no pay involved, no real perks, and a lot of hard work. We signed up to do it anyway, because we liked working on the convention, and had some ideas for improvements. We’ve been successful in some ways, and unsuccessful in others.

We are also not the Minicon 34 Executive Committee; that’s an entirely different group of people. Each year, for the past several years, the Board of Directors has invited people interested in running Minicon to express their interest in some fashion, ranging from simple announcements to submission of full-blown proposals. Rarely has there been more than one or two bids to choose from, which has caused some amount of concern. There has also been a great deal of turnover at the top of the convention¹, and that has made long-range planning difficult. What is important to remember, though, is that Minicon is run by **those who volunteer**.

“...would like to welcome you...” —and we (Martin, Erik, and Victor) do mean you. Each and every attendee of Minicon we want to have a good time. What that means may vary, from attending interesting panels, to listening to an author read from their work, or finding out just who sawed Courtney’s Boat, or watching the amazing creations of costumers in the Masquerade, or enjoying videos of favorite movies or television shows. Science fiction, fantasy and their related fandoms are the focus of the Minicon 33, in a marvelous variety of ways. All that we ask is that you don’t interfere in the fun of others, and to refrain from breaking anything.

In the future, however, you should expect things to change. Plans for Minicon 34 are quite different, and if that interests you, feel free to attend some of the programming where that will be explained and explored further. As a result of the change of direction announced by the Minicon 34 Executive Committee, other groups of science fiction fans began planning new conventions; you may see advertisements for them in this program book and elsewhere. But the important thing to keep in mind is that all of this lies in the future — right now, we want you to enjoy yourself and **have fun**.

The Minnesota Science Fiction Society itself is a non-profit literary and educational organization, and Minicon is its fund-raiser. What happens with those funds? The publication and free distribution of a monthly calendar of science fiction and science fiction related events, twice-monthly meetings and social gatherings, support for a semi-professional literary magazine called *Tales of the Unanticipated*, and a variety of other fannish activities. In order to become a member of MinnStF, all you need to do is attend a meeting and sign up in the attendance book. To vote for the Board of Directors, you need to attend a requisite number of meetings. What you need to know, though, is that the Minnesota Science Fiction Society is open to your participation; all you need to do is **show up**.

So, however you consider yourself a fan — as long as you **do** consider yourself a fan — we hope that you find something in Minicon 33 that excites, interests or intrigues you. Remember, if we aren’t having any fun, we’re not doing it right — so do the **right thing**, and **enjoy yourself**.

The Minicon 33 Executive Committee would like to welcome you to another convention of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society. In saying that, there is a real need to explain — from our perspective — about the context of Minicon as a science fiction convention, and where things stand for this year.

¹ Executive Committees for previous years:

M32: Tom Juntunen
Cat Ocel

M31: Tom Juntunen
Glenn Tenhoff
Kay Drache

M30: Don Bailey

M29: Charles Piehl

M28: Polly Jo Peterson
Margo Bratton
Victor Raymond

M27: David Dyer-Bennet.

HOTEL INFORMATION:

Convention Policies

We have chosen these policies to help everyone have a good time. Minicon has a reputation for being fun, safe, and non-destructive, and we want to keep it that way.

Animal Policy

Sentient beings only. The exception is working animals like guide dogs. Please do not bring your animals to the convention. If you do, you will be asked to leave, without refund.

Adhesive Posts (Stickers) Policy

Neither the Radisson nor Minicon will tolerate the application of 'stickers' to hotel surfaces. Their removal is damaging to the hotel, and therefore considered unacceptable. Incidents of this kind will be treated as vandalism.

You can post non-adhesive signs with low-tack tape, like masking tape or gaffer's tape, on surfaces that won't be damaged by removal, such as tile and metal. If you don't have acceptable tape, come to the Bridge, we'll share ours.

Badge Policy

Your convention badge is necessary for your participation in the convention. It allows you access to the convention and indicates you are a member in good standing. However, Minicon reserves the right to revoke the membership of any member who breaks our house rules, or behaves in a manner deemed unsafe or unacceptable.

City, County, State and Federal Laws

Please remember: Whatever applies outside, still applies inside the hotel and the convention.

Litter

Please pick up after yourself. There are trash containers around the hotel. It makes a big difference if we try to keep things clean.

Radisson Parking

There is a lot of parking around the hotel but not always enough during peak hours, and we suggest planning accordingly. The shuttle will serve all three Minicon hotels, therefore you may wish to leave your car at your hotel and take the shuttle(craft) to the Radisson.

Radisson Elevators

We have always wanted to post signs in the elevators that say, "Absolutely, positively no more than SIX people over the weight limit of this elevator." This, however, would be wrong. Please be nice to the elevators and do not crowd them with too many people. In addition, PLEASE make room (i.e., get off the elevator if necessary) for fellow fans in wheelchairs — do NOT stand and stare. Be polite, and offer to help them.

Radisson Pool

Please note that in the Garden Court the pool is fenced off, and happy fronds and plants festoon the area. This means the closing times for the pool are no longer "fuzzy" — when the pool closes, so do the gates. Please be nice, and don't use the fences as a jungle gym.

Radisson Check-In/Out

The Radisson has asked us to inform you that, while you may be able to check in as early as 10:00 a.m., your room may not be available immediately. We have arranged late checkout for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

Saturday and Sunday late checkout is until 4 p.m.—as opposed to 12:00 noon. Monday late checkout is until 2 p.m. Please try to be out by checkout time. The Radisson is very nice to us, but may charge you if you are not out on time.

Overflow Hotels

Hotel Sofitel is Minicon's primary overflow hotel. It is located just across the south parking lot of the Radisson. The Hotel Sofitel front desk phone number: 835-1900.

The second overflow hotel, the **Holiday Inn Airport 2** (not 1), is located at 5401 Green Valley Drive, Bloomington, MN 55437, and the phone there is 831-8000. It is actually closer than the Wyndham Garden, and is just south of 494 and 100, on the west side of Normandale Blvd.

And last but not least... the **Wyndham Garden Hotel** is our number three overflow hotel. Located east of the Radisson, on the north side of 494, less than a mile from the Radisson. The phone number to the Wyndham front desk is 861-3131.

Shuttlecraft Service

We have arranged with **Medicine Lake Lines** to provide shuttle service between the Radisson, the Sofitel, and the Holiday Inn. The shuttle will be a standard passenger bus, and will be handicapped accessible. We hope to run the shuttle every twenty minutes during the peak hours, departing from the Radisson on the hour, and at 20 and 40 minutes past the hour.

See your Pocket Guide for shuttle service hours. Shuttle schedules will be updated to reflect demand, and an updated schedule will be available at the front desk of each hotel and at the InfoDesk.

Once again it's time for the good ship 'Minicon' to make a voyage. Join the Spirits of the Vasty Deep, as they explore M33 for signs of fannish life. Consider us your hosts and hostesses for the weekend. If you have a comment, compliment, question, or problem, we want to hear it. Contact us by dialing 7215 from any Radisson house phone, or come to the Bridge in Veranda 1, located at the junction of the Grand Ballroom Foyer, overlooking the Garden Court. Look for our banner and our posted signs, or query any Ranger you find wandering the convention. The Bridge is the center of the Operations Department, and the place to find the Spirits of the Vasty Deep; open 24 hours a day, beginning 8 a.m. Thursday, April 9th, thru 12 noon Monday, April 13th.

Here are some the ways we can help you ...

- **Obtain first aid.** We have excellent first aid just seconds away. Do not hesitate to come to the Bridge in Veranda 1 or Life Support in Suite 102, Garden Court. In case of emergency dial 7215 from any Radisson house phone.
- **Special health problems** or mobility needs. If you need special or express access to an elevator, come talk to us.
- **Questions, Comments, Unusual Problems?** Come talk to us. We're here to help.
- **Information Services.** We collate, collect and disburse information; yours for the asking.
- **Lost & Found.** Turn in lost things you have found, or possibly find things you have lost.
- **After-hours registration.** Yes! This is the place to join our mass experiment with the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. See a Bridge Officer; ID required.
- **Report and replace lost badges.** When Registration is closed, this is the place to replace lost badges. ID and fee required.
- **Volunteer to help do the convention!** Minicon always needs helpful people. Be a part of Minicon by helping to make it happen for everyone. The best way to know Minicon is to experience it, the best way to experience Minicon is to do it.
- **Contact Convention Staff.** We assist in providing communications to the concomm. Just remember: we may be able to tell either where they are, or how fast they're going.

Smoking

If you smoke please be considerate of other attendees, and use the public areas posted for smoking. Smoking is permitted indoors only in spaces clearly posted as a designated smoking area. Designated smoking areas include the hotel bar and lounge, designated rooms, parts of the Consuite, and other areas posted.

Remember: Ashtrays are provided at the elevators for you to snuff your combustibles.

Weapons Policy

We want everyone to have a safe and enjoyable time while at Minicon, so please leave your weapons in your quarters. Otherwise, please adhere to the following policy, or risk being 'uninvited' to the convention, without refund from the convention or the hotel.

1. Use good judgment. Even if it complies with the remaining rules, if it is unsafe or would reduce the enjoyment of others, please don't do it.
2. No projectile weapons. If it projects a solid, liquid, gas, or energy with enough force to annoy, it is a projectile weapon.
3. All weapons must be carried in a sheath, sling, or other container of some kind at all times.
4. Peace-bonding is required on all weapons. If you don't have it, we will. A 'peace-bonded' weapon is one tied into its sheath or container with a functional, but decorative binding. It prevents someone else from taking your weapon without permission, and it is a visible sign to everyone that you are a responsible person.
5. We define weapons to include real weapons (they do what they look like), facsimile weapons (they look real), anything actually used as a weapon (don't think about it, remember—you're on a cruise), and anything an otherwise ignorant being would surmise is a weapon.
6. Targeting anyone with a laser sighting device is annoying, and is considered assault.

Numbers to Remember:

7 2 1 5

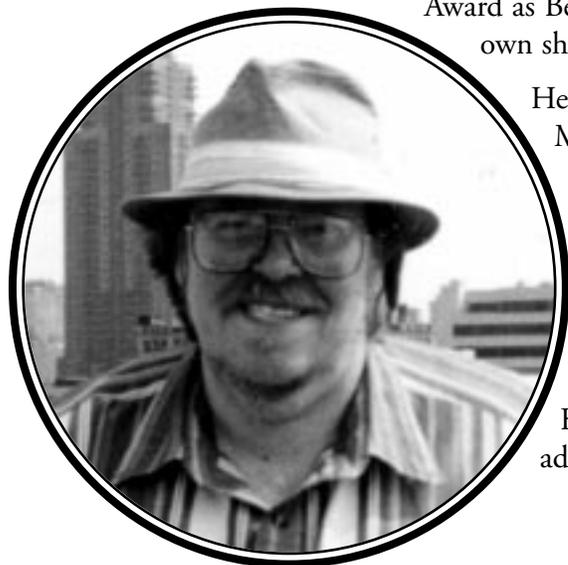
M33 Operations Bridge

5 5

**Emergency assistance
dial from any Radisson house phone.**

PROFESSIONAL GUEST OF HONOR: Gardner Dozois

Gardner Dozois was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and now lives in Philadelphia. He is the editor of *Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, and also the editor of the annual anthology series *The Year's Best Science Fiction*, now up to its Fifteenth Annual Collection. He's won the Hugo Award nine times as the year's Best Editor, won the Locus Award as Best Editor ten times in a row, and has won the Nebula Award twice for his own short fiction.



He is the author or editor of over fifty books, the most recent of which are Modern Classics of Fantasy, *Dying For It*, an anthology of erotic ghost stories, *Isaac Asimov's Moons*—he is the only one who thinks this title is funny—edited with Sheila Williams, and *Timegates*, *Hackers*, and *Clones*, all edited with Jack Dann. Coming up are two anthologies of adventure SF, *The Good Old Stuff* and *The Good New Stuff*. His own short fiction was most recently collected in *Geodesic Dreams: The Best Short Fiction of Gardner Dozois*.

He is fat. He is old. He still dares to eat a peach, however, although he must admit that that never seemed all that scary to him in the first place.

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF SAINT DOZOIS:

by Michael Swanwick

Did you know that Paul McCartney used to be in a different rock band before Wings? Okay, maybe that was too easy. Here's another. Did you know that Gardner Dozois is a better writer than he is an editor? No, really, listen:

Did y'ever hear the one about the old man and the sea?

Halt a minute, lordling; stop and listen. It's a fine story, full of balance and point and social pith; short and direct. It's not mine. Mine are long and rambling and parenthetical and they corrode the moral fiber right out of a man. Come to think, I won't tell you that one after all. A man of my age has a right to prefer his own material, and let the critics be damned. I've a prejudice now for webs of my own weaving.

Those two paragraphs immediately above, with their sudden irruption into wit and color, social pith and vinegar, are the opening lines to "A Special Kind of Morning," in which Gardner squanders enough ideas to fuel a standard trilogy of SF novels on one fast story-within-a-story that's ostensibly about a rebellion against a tyranny so absolute that no price is too great for liberty and a war so terrible that by its end those fighting it no longer care for victory. But really it's about life and love, valor and compassion and freedom and all those things that really matter. The two central events of the story, in fact—the lordling's first experience of physical love, and the death of the ancient storyteller—take place just before and after the story itself. And it's explicit that these events are forever recurrent, always happening, that it's always (somewhere, for somebody) a special kind of morning. Even on the day that you die.

Special thanks to Susan Casper for the photo of Gardner Dozois.

So can you picture it now? Not a tenth of it.

Nor can you appreciate the high regard in which Gardner is held by his fellow writers unless you've actually read "Machines of Loving Grace" and "Chains of the Sea" and "Morning Child" and the scant few dozen other stories he's produced over the decades, most of which can be found in his two solo collections, *The Visible Man* and *Geodesic Dreams*, and his collaborative collection, *Slow Dancing Through Time*. He's picked up two Nebulas for his stories (they gleam demurely from amid the thicket of vulgar "best editor" Hugos on his trophy table), but so what? Awards are only important when you don't have any. What truly matters is the work itself, and to appreciate that you'll simply have to dig through used book stores to find his collections and his sad, beautiful novel, *Strangers*. It won't be easy. It'll be worth the effort.

So if this guy's so good, then what (I rhetorically posit that you might reasonably ask) is he doing working as an editor? I might claim simple economics. Everybody knows that nobody can make a living writing short fiction in this field, but even if you could make a living writing short fiction, you couldn't make a living writing it at the pace Gardner does. He's a craftsman and an artist. The craftsman will write no story before its time. The artist takes his orders from the hindbrain. If his hindbrain doesn't care to give him any material to work with this month, then tough. The unconscious knows nothing about the price of groceries.

When you write like that, you'd better have a day job.

But the connections are not so simple as that. Because Gardner's day job happens to be editing *Asimov's*, a position which he inherited from Shawna McCarthy who in turn inherited it from George Scithers. Quite frankly Shawna and George were tough acts to follow. Both are capable and popular editors who published a lot of top-flight stories in *Asimov's* and established it as the single most important magazine in the field. Yet I believe that it is Gardner Dozois who will be forever associated with the magazine, much as Campbell is with *Analog* and Ross with the *New Yorker*, regardless how able those who follow him may be.

Again, why?

Bear with me, while I engage in a touch of circumlocution. I first met Gardner twenty-umpty-some years ago at a Philcon. He was sitting in a hallway, surrounded by fans, giving a dramatic reading of Robert Heinlein's *Time Enough for Love*, in order to demonstrate that sections of it had the same cadence as Longfellow's "Hiawatha." (Go ahead, try it for yourself. Chapter XI: "Stand with me on man's old planet,/gazing north when sky has darkened... Here is life or here is dying;/only sin is lack of trying./Grab your picks and grab your shovels;/dig latrines and build your hovels—" And so on.) He was a one-man carnival. Later that night, as one by one the parties closed down around our merry band, he led the survivors up and down the halls for hours looking for the mythical Last Party that must be surely out there somewhere.

Since then, I've hung out with Gardner a lot. I've seen him in extreme poverty and relative affluence. I was around when, almost totally blind, he checked into the hospital, expecting never to leave. I've co-written stories with him, one of which, a three-way with Jack Dann called "The Gods of Mars," made it onto the Nebula ballot, and another, "The City of God," which contains some of the finest prose (his) I've ever had the pleasure to muck about with. For the past several years I've been working on an interview

in which I ask him detailed questions about every story he's ever had published. (It's currently up to 45,000 words and counting). So I know a lot about the man. I even know, as not many can claim to, about the time when he was five years old and his mother took him to the seashore at the height of a hurricane to watch the moon crash into the Earth.

But that's not what you want to hear about. You want a simple, lucid explanation of Gardner Dozois. For which, let's go back to the early 1970s.

Back then he used to visit Manhattan regularly to make the round of editors. While he was pitching and selling the occasional anthology to help keep body and soul together, he dropped praise in unreceptive editorial ears for new and talented writers like Gene Wolfe and Howard Waldrop, people whose work was considered too weird, too literary, just plain too good for science fiction. He was a one-man unpaid publicity service for stories now considered classics but back then so far out on the edge that they were in serious danger of going unpublished.

I saw Gardner only a day or two after he got the *Asimov's* gig, and I am here to testify that what he was ecstatic about was not the money or the influence or the status of the thing, but the chance to place some of those stories in print.

Sometimes I drop by when Gardner's working on his annual juggernaut of contemporary literature, *The Year's Best Science Fiction* (can we really be coming up on its sixteenth year?), agonizingly searching for a sufficient number of top-grade stories from other people's publications to make it clear that the volume is more than just this year's Best of *Asimov's*. And I am here to testify that every such story he finds in *F&SF* or *Omni Online* or Mike Resnick's *Alternate Dental Hygienists* is a spiritual pain to him. It grinces Gardner that somebody else got to publish them first.

It is this desire to find and publish "the good stuff" that drives and defines Gardner Dozois. He loves science fiction with an intensity that that very few can match.

Odin gave an eye for wisdom. Gardner paid for his editorship with his own fiction. Serious editing takes the same kind of creative energy as does serious writing. John W. Campbell was a highly-regarded writer before he took over *Astounding*. He lived to see that contribution almost forgotten. So too with Gardner Dozois. These days he writes maybe one story a year. Sometimes it's a light one. Sometimes not.

I had a dream the other night. I fell asleep reading Dumas, and it seemed to me that I was a Musketeer. In defense of the Queen's honor, I had quite handily killed several of Richelieu's men. At last, however, I was captured and brought before the vengeful Cardinal himself. Things were not looking good for me. But fortunately I had upon my person a most valuable parchment, which I presented to Richelieu with a flourish.

What has been done, it read, was done in my name and for the good of science fiction.

It was signed (of course) by Gardner Dozois.

Minicon 33 Publications would like to give a special thanks to Michael Swanwick for providing this Appreciation piece to us.

TORONTO!



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for 2003

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party during
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FAN GUEST OF HONOUR: DAVE LANGFORD

by Chris Priest

I first met Dave Langford a quarter of a century ago when he and a crowd of other students from Oxford University descended on one of the monthly London sf meetings at the Globe.



The early 1970s in the Globe were a time of peaceful fannish pursuits. We liked nothing more than to flash sunray lamps surreptitiously at John Brosnan, to see if his nose would drop off, or start a rumour that Gollancz needed an editorial director, and watch Malcolm Edwards run down the road waving his copy of *Vector*. When we wanted a drink we stood next to John Jarrold and looked thirsty. Every now and then Mike Moorcock would drop by and tell us how many Elric novels he'd written that week. John Brunner was always at the Globe cracking puns in Hungarian. (We think it was Hungarian; they weren't funny, anyway.) None of us was very brainy, but we got by. Suddenly into this pleasant backwater entered a large, cheerful and dauntingly noisy band of brainy young Oxford students with funny haircuts. Dave Langford stood out in this crowd: he's always been taller and brainier than everyone else, and his haircut, even in that decade of funny haircuts, was ... funny. We quickly informed Langford and his pals of the house rules: (1) You buy drinks for us, unless (2) John Jarrold is there, when he'll buy drinks for us, and (3) after three months you get to stand next to John Jarrold.

They started publishing fanzines, and they passed them around. They were full of jokes and parodies, and some of them were even pretty good. Good jokes were a bit of a novelty in those days, unless you were maybe Hungarian.

Not long after this, Dave invited me to give a talk one evening at OUSFS: Oxford University something-or-other Society. (I can never remember what acronyms stand for.) I drove down to Oxford with my carefully prepared speech, which as I recall made out the case that the Nixon Watergate tape transcript was actually a science fiction novel, and ought to be nominated for a Nebula. I arrived at Dave's room close to Brasenose College. The first thing that happened was that Dave pulled up most of the floorboards to reveal an incredible arsenal of explosives. He satirically referred to them as 'fireworks'. Until then, my concept of a firework was a cardboard tube wrapped in coloured paper with a paper fuse sticking out of the top. It would be called something reassuring, like 'Golden Rain' or 'Roman Candle', and the instructions usually warned cautiously about lighting the blue touch paper and standing back. Dave's fireworks were the size of footballs, they were wrapped in stiff brown paper, had wire fuses and anti-tamper devices. The only thing missing was instructions saying: 'Set the electronic timer to 15 minutes, then call a newspaper and quote the following password.'

He led me to a steak house, where a group of about twelve brainy students with funny haircuts were waiting. We had a most enjoyable meal: at Dave's subversive urging I came out with all the best gossip about familiar topics of horror, such as John Brosnan's nose, Peter Nicholls's pot-belly and Malcolm Edwards's career, cracked a few Hungarian puns, gave a witty dissertation on current science fiction, and mounted the definitive argument that the Watergate tapes were really sf. Half an hour later, in a bleak lecture hall, I discovered that I had just eaten dinner with my entire audience, who were now waiting politely for my talk.

A couple of years later Dave left Oxford, was recruited by the Ministry of Defence, and went to work for something called AWRE. This place is so highly secret that I'm not allowed to reveal what the initials mean. All I can tell you is that AWRE is in Aldermaston, a village in Berkshire, England, where people regularly go to protest against the local research establishment interested in atomic weapons.

You might think this appointment was ultimately connected with the sort of things he kept under his floorboards. But no; Dave's real talents were quickly spotted. For the best part of five years he served on two policy committees, where he was appointed to take the minutes. His main qualification for this was, of course, that of all the people present he was the only one who was deaf.

Now then. We are touching on something that strikes at the heart of the Langford Paradox. Dave is a rather amiable and harmless-looking man. At any fan gathering he will spend the evening cupping his ear hopefully in all the wrong directions, but then later will be found to have overheard *only those things that were not meant to be overheard*. Thus is derived much of the material for *Ansible*, the legendary scandal sheet of British fandom, published regularly once a month, and a frequent winner of the Best Fanzine Hugo.

Together with his own Hugos for his uniquely funny fanwriting—recently collected by NESFA Press as *The Silence of the Langford*—Dave has won more Hugos than all other Brits combined. Indeed, it is sometimes said that Reading, Dave's home town, has on average more Hugos per head of population than anywhere else in the world.

So, what is he like, this giant of fandom? Well, physically he's pretty large. He's also fast. Dave Langford is the fastest person I've ever met. He reads, types, writes, walks, eats (and all sorts of other activities, about which I can only speculate) more quickly than anyone else I know. For instance, I'm fairly tall myself and can walk quickly ... but whenever I've had to walk with Dave (for five years Dave and I regularly went down the road in the traditional fannish search for a pub lunch) I've found myself trotting in his wake, yelling breathlessly at the deaf twit to slow down a bit, trying to trip him up on corners, and other pathetic attempts to keep up. He also talks quickly; if you get a chance to talk to him, listen carefully. The words flow fast, and he never says anything you expect to hear. Listening to Dave can be a revelation.

Well, I left him a couple of paragraphs ago at AWRE. He quit that place as human conscience and the need for a living wage grew in him, and he became a full-time writer. (This tells you how badly paid you are if you work for the Ministry of Defence.) He promptly wrote a scurrilous book about AWRE: *The Leaky Establishment* is high comedy in the Kingsley Amis tradition, and is now a rare item, eagerly sought by book collectors. Other books followed quickly, notably *The Space Eater* (which makes *Starship Troopers* look like something Robert A. Heinlein might have written), and one of my own favourites, the punchily titled *An Account of a Meeting with Denizens of Another World, 1871*.

An Account is a straight-faced send-up of the 'alien encounter' genre, which almost immediately entered the literature of these things. To Dave's ill-concealed delight it has been solemnly adduced as Proving Things by many people who really ought to know better, including the famous (and, as it turned out, the rather gullible and latterly extremely cross) Whitley Strieber.

Gentle subversiveness is the essence of Dave Langford. The first stuff of his I read in fanzines was mostly in the form of parodies of rotten science fiction, and although there are fewer parodies these days, he has an enviable ear for the false note, the lousy story, the corny joke, the overrated success, which he will report on in the mildest of tones but with the most amusing effect.

For years Dave and I ran a little software company together: a rather dire and discouraging thing to do, we eventually found. In the long hours of dealing with obdurately stupid customers, or endlessly recompiling programs, or printing dozens of manuals, or answering litigious letters from lawyers retained by the WordPerfect Corporation, the one thing that kept us going was the fact that we were laughing ourselves silly all the time. Our manuals were scattered with in-jokes, many of them of fannish origin and type, and therefore invisible to the obdurate. Most of the programs we sold were fairly serious as utilities, but silliness kept breaking out. No room here for details; maybe Dave will tell you about *Menace*, or *FontRot*, or *Drivel*....

No room here, indeed, for any more. Let me close by reminding you that in British fandom Dave Langford is regarded as a national treasure. We are loaning him to you for a few days. Take good care of him, and please let us have him back.

2001: The Millennium Philcon®

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Train-Arrive at 30th Street Station and show your Amtrak ticket for a free ride on the local train to the Marriott Hotel.

Boat-Take the Carnival Line to the cruise ship dock at historic Penn's Landing.

OUR FRIENDLY COMMITTEE

Philadelphia is the home of the oldest continuously active SF club in the world - the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, founded in 1935. Most of our committee are long-time members and officers. One of us is a third-generation PSFSan!

PSFS is also the group that runs Philcon, a 2000+ person, regional SF convention held since 1986 in the Adam's Mark Hotel in Philadelphia. All of the Bid Committee have worked at Philcon, and many have been Department Heads and Chairpersons.

Philcon's success and growth, and our long-term contract with the Adam's Mark testifies to our committee's experience and competence.

The Philadelphia regional area is home to many other fan groups and smaller conventions, from filk to gaming to a relaxacon. In 1999 Philly Fandom will host CostumeCon, again with considerable overlap with our Bid Committee.

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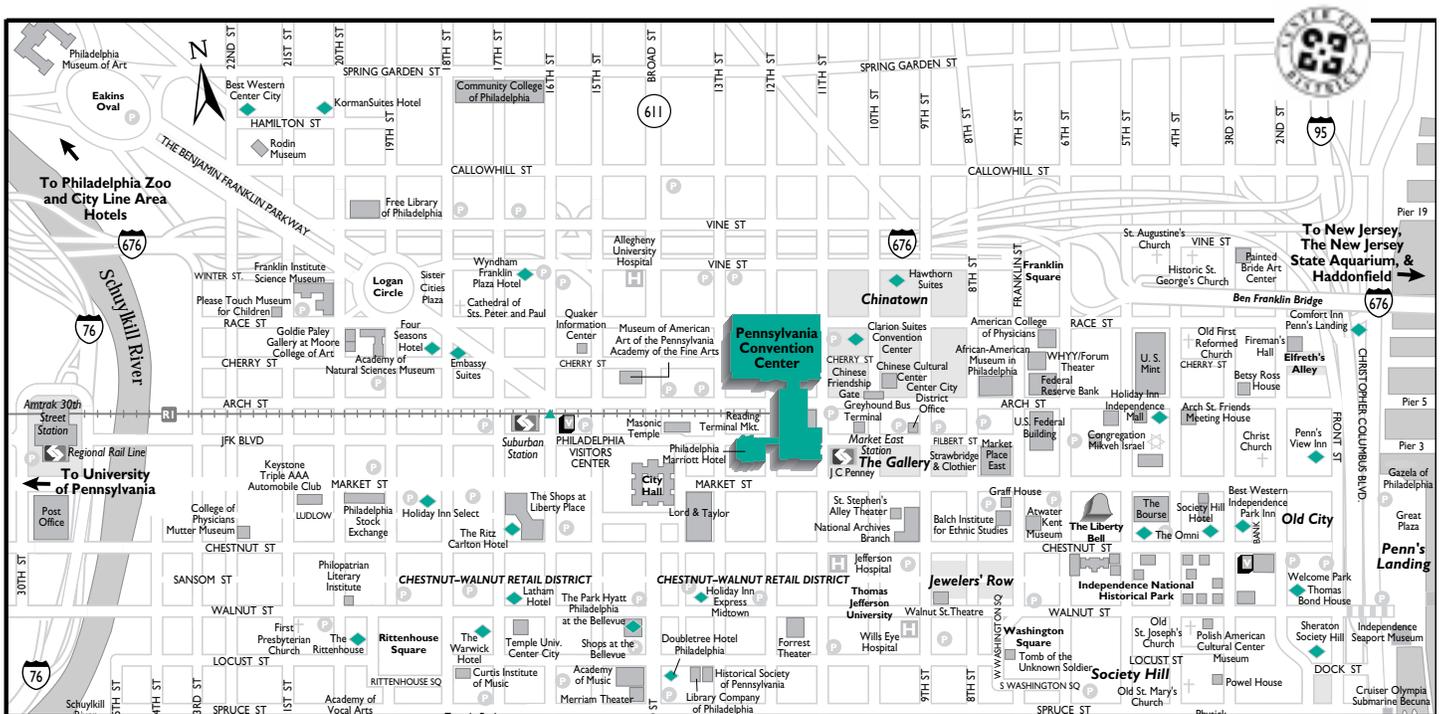
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Philadelphia is a vibrant, living city - a place where people live, not just work; a place that doesn't close at night. A city of ethnic neighborhoods, outdoor markets, magnificent architecture, museums, theatres, parks, music, dance, sports, nightlife and layer upon layer of history. It's a *real* place - a place that was *grown*, not *built*. And you don't have to pay to get in.

It's also a place where you can leave your car in the garage. All of Center City, with every

conceivable amenity, is within walking distance of the Convention Center. The most historic square mile in the United States is five blocks away. Every attraction in the city is easily reachable by public transit. The downtown visitor loop bus (an all-day ticket is \$3.00) stops at the Marriott. Visitors can tour the city in vehicles ranging from historic trolley cars to horse-drawn carriages, or sightsee on the Delaware River from cruise ships.



The World Outside the Worldcon

• Historical District

If not for the events that occurred here, there would be no United States. Independence Hall; The Liberty Bell; Betsy Ross House; and other sites.

• Waterfront

Penn's Landing Park; Independence Seaport Museum; the tall ships *Gazella* and *Moshulu* (now a floating restaurant); ferry to the NJ State Aquarium.

• Franklin Institute Science Museum

Planetarium, interactive Futures Center, four-story IMAX Omniverse theatre.

• Academy of Natural Sciences

One of the nation's finest dinosaur halls (featuring Bob Walters artwork), living butterfly exhibit, dioramas, and special exhibits.

• Philadelphia Museum of Art

A World-famous art museum, home to Van Gogh's "Sunflowers", other impressionist masterpieces, Medieval gallery, much more.

• Other Museums

Rodin Museum (the "Thinker" is here); Balch Institute for Ethnic Studies; African-American Historical and Cultural Museum; Mummers' Museum, Norman Rockwell Museum; National Museum of American Jewish History; Mutter Museum (medical oddities); University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology (a magnificent Egyptian collection); and a lot more.

• The Philadelphia Zoo

America's first zoo, now extensively modernized, with natural-habitat enclosures; and an amazingly beautiful Hummingbird House.

• Night Life

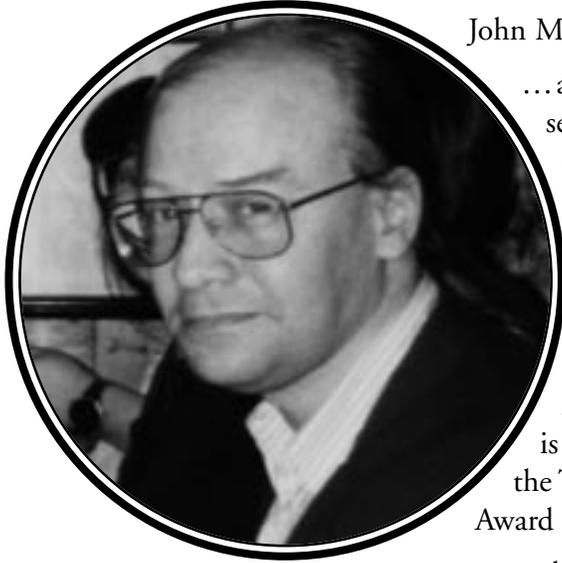
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TOASTMASTER

John M. Ford

by Victor Raymond

Knowing where to start when talking about John M. Ford is not easy. He's a man of many talents, only one of which is his writing, and even more interests, if such a thing were possible. He is one of the leading lights of the science fiction community of the Twin Cities, and this is his second time as a Guest of Honor of Minicon.



John M. Ford...

... as a science fiction author, he's written a multitude of short stories, and several novels. *Growing Up Weightless* many consider to be the best coming-of-age SF novel written in a long time—or *Web of Angels* which envisioned some of what we now consider “cyberpunk” long before Bruce Bethke coined the term—or *Fugue State*, a story that still has me waking up at night, wondering if I'll find the same world as when I went to sleep. (I'll get to the Star Trek novels in a minute—and, yes, they are science fiction, too.)

... as a fantasy author, he's been no less successful. *The Dragon Waiting* is an ensorcelling novel about a Richard III who never was and Princes in the Tower that should never have been. For that, he won the World Fantasy Award (the other World Fantasy Award I'll get to shortly).

... as a poet, his work is not as well known, but that does not diminish its luster. “Winter Solstice, Camelot Station” appeared in *Timesteps*, a publication of Rune Press and in *Invitation to Camelot* (ed. Parke Godwin)—and won another World Fantasy Award. Merely mentioning the credits does it no justice, however. Read it, and you may find the Siege Perilous in the saloon car of a well-appointed train (but not the Orient Express), all gleaming leather and brass and carved oak, awaiting a knight-errant of true virtue to guide the locomotive out of the station and into imagination. And his other work is no less luminous.

How Much for Just the Planet? and *The Final Reflection* are his contributions to Star Trek—the latter, a deep delving into the psyche of the Warrior Race, the Klingons, and the former a comedic lark. If you have ever wondered what breakfast is like aboard the USS Enterprise (NCC-1701 or whatever), read *How Much for Just the Planet?*—personally, I couldn't stomach what Spock considers a healthy way to start the day.

But you really cannot stop there with John M. Ford. Oh, no...

He's been a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism—a herald, to be precise. Be careful, or you could find him blazoning your t-shirt and buttons. *Gules, in chief a Federation sigil Or*—and you might check the charge on your phaser. It'll do you no good anyway.

He's a model railroad enthusiast, with all that this entails. In order to get the backdrop right on his layout, he walked out to the middle of the Stone Arch Bridge here in Minneapolis and took the photo himself. It is spectacular, and it is another sign of his attention to detail and Getting Things Right.

Mr. Ford is also a role-player, miniatures gamer, and board gameplayer (do these distinctions make sense? Ask him). Back in 1974 just after Dungeons and Dragons first appeared, he was likely to have been the first person to have brought it to a group of gamers in one part of the country, and he soon after hooked up with Game Designers Workshop, and wrote for Traveller, a science fiction role-playing game. But we can't stop there; *The Yellow Clearance Black Box Blues* is extremely funny simply to read as an adventure for Paranoia—but that would mean I've read past my security clearance, Friend Computer, and uh, oh...

And then there is the extensive video library, the almost encyclopedic knowledge of film and video (he probably knows George MacDonald Fraser's *Hollywood History of the World* better than Mr. Fraser), the easy familiarity with the great cities of Europe and the rest of the world, and a deep devotion to theatre.

And I've barely scratched the surface. Oh, Neil Gaiman did this all better in his intro to *From the End of the Twentieth Century*, a collection of John M. Ford's writing, available from NESFA Press—go check it out. It's one of the few places where you can find many of his short stories, and discover a bit of what makes this amazing man tick.

There is one last thing worth mentioning about John M. Ford. Aside from all of his marvelous contributions to science fiction and elsewhere, he's still human. In particular, he's had more than his fair share of slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. From juvenile onset diabetes to a host of other medical conditions, John M. Ford has never let himself be slowed down or let any of it get in his way, despite the lack of health insurance (he's a writer, see?). He's been an example to me and to others of how to live life fully, without pause or undue self-pity.

Whether you've been to a "Ask Doctor Mike" session, or had a chance to speak with him in the convention hotel bar, remember all of this, and treat him kindly. He's a real gem, and we're lucky to have him.

Contributions to the John M. Ford Medical Trust with Firststar Bank of Minnesota are welcome, and may be made in the following way: send a check or money order to:

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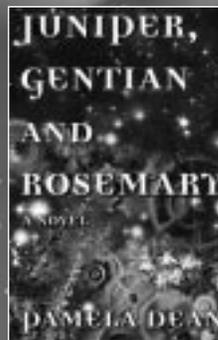
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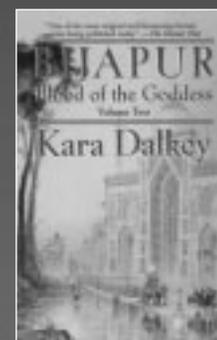
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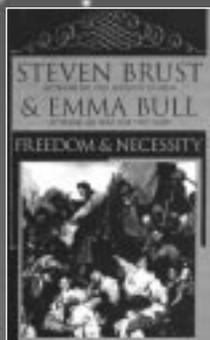
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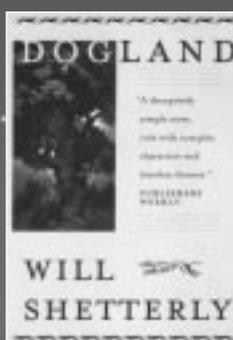
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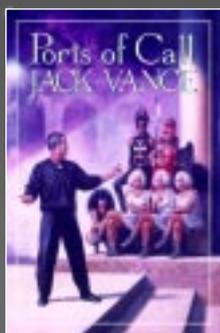
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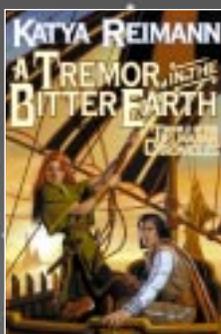


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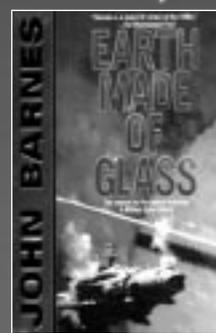


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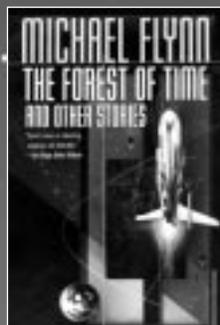
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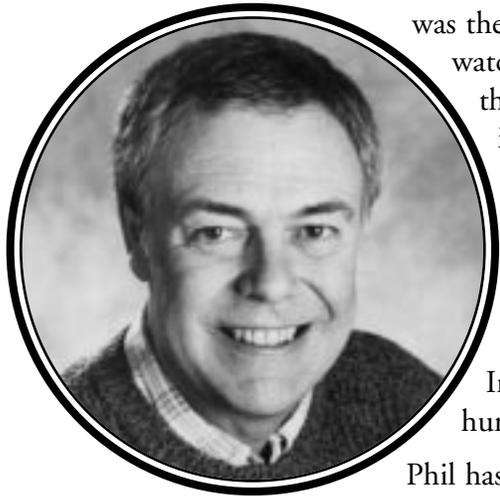


MARK TIME AWARD PRESENTER:

Phil Proctor

by Jerry Stearns

Listen to this. Phil Proctor wants to tell you something. That's what it all comes down to.



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1989—Producer, Kevin Singer for his "Sci-Fi Radio" series. Story by James Tiptree, Jr.

War of the Worlds — 50th Anniversary Production

1988—Producers, Randy Thom, Judith Walcutt and David Ossman, OtherworldMedia. Original script by Howard Koch.

When the Firesign Theatre was doing their avant-garde improv radioshow, *Dear Friends*, on KPFK in Los Angeles (1970), he was the one (of the four members) who always brought in some book or article that he wanted everyone to know about. Once it was Charles Reich's *Greening of America*, which he read from, inspiring sound effects and much diversion from the topic.

I first met Phil at the 1995 Midwest Radio Theater Workshop, in Columbia, MO. He was there to MC their annual broadcast and as an acting coach. He sat in the theater watching as we began to run through the short pieces we were to do as "continuity," the program that comes between the plays. But he could not resist getting involved, to help these inexperienced college student actors to find the comedy and meaning in their scripts. They learned more in a few minutes of coaching than in a full semester of acting classes. The show was much funnier and smoother for his assistance.

Recently Phil has been publishing *Planet Proctor*, an E-mailing list of news and comic writing, social and political commentary, and what he's been up to lately. In the past few months the column has been picked up by *Funny Times* monthly humor newspaper. He just has to tell you something.

Phil has the tools to tell us something, too. As an actor his gift for languages goes way beyond doing dialects. He is the one speaking precise Russian in the elevator on the Firesign Theatre album, *How Can You Be In Two Places At Once, When You're Not Anywhere At All*. In 1997 Phil wrote and hosted (in French and English) the prestigious MILIA Interactive Awards on the stage of the Film Festival Palace in Cannes, France, which attracted 10,000 participants from 51 countries. He's also fluent in Spanish and Norwegian, and is convincing in German, Italian, and Japanese.

Phil's skill with language is quite phenomenal. In the Firesign Theatre he created the character of Principal Poop whose speeches are full of misplaced words and unintended meanings that still make a disturbingly different kind of sense. As a writer he has collaborated with Peter Bergman on radio (*Power* for NPR's *Heat* program), films (*Americathon* and *Zachariah* (a *Firesignproject*)), a touring comedy act that once played the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis (live albums *Give Us A Break* and *What This Country Needs Is a Good 5-cent Joke*), and a studio comedy album called "TV or Not TV." He also wrote for and appeared in Bergman's *MYST* parody CD-ROM, *PYST*.

He works regularly in Hollywood as a voice actor, and on stage and television. You've heard his voice in most of the Disney animated films of the past ten years. He has the regular role of Howard on Nickelodeon's *Rugrats* program (soon to be a movie), and often appears on other animated shows such as *The Tick* and *Spiderman*. He will be the voice of the drunken French monkey in the upcoming Dr. Doolittle film. I will not give you the long, long list of his acting credits. Let us just say that if you go to movies or watch TV you have heard his voice or seen his face, without knowing who he was. We hope you'll take the opportunity to get to know him at Minicon. Phil is easy to approach and engage in conversation. But if you don't approach him, he'll probably come up to you, because he has something to tell you. And he has a lot to say.

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— David Ossman, Minicon 32

Minicon is proud to continue its support of the Mark Time Award for Best Science Fiction Audio production of the year. It is the only award in the country strictly for audio drama; that is, the only award that doesn’t have categories for other genres of audio production.

Minicon recognizes that correlation between reading SF and listening to SF Audio, in that the writer or producer uses the medium to present the story and characters and settings, but the reader/listener uses imagination to fill in the details, create the mental images, and ultimately determine the meaning of the experience. The listener participates in making the story come alive, just as the reader does. There is some medical evidence that reading and listening to radio theater stimulate the same parts of the brain in similar ways.

Judges for the award are the founders of ASFSFA, the American Association for Science Fiction Audio — David Ossman, Richard Fish and Jerry Stearns, and the presenter of the award as hosted by Minicon 33, Philip Proctor, voice actor, writer and producer. The association can be reached at its Web site at:

<http://www.mtn.org/~jstearns/MarkTime.html>

Criteria for judging the productions:

1. The degree to which the production fits the subjective description “science fiction,” as against “horror” or “fantasy.”
2. Use of the medium — sound design, location recording, “audio art” (Not a simple reading of a work.)
3. Writing — storyline, characterizations, dialogue.
4. Performances.
5. Direction.
6. Technical production.

Mark Time's SF Audio Hall of Fame (continued)

Spaxter

1984 — Produced and written by Jeff Green.

By His Bootstraps

1984 — Produced by Yuri Rasovski. Story by Robert Heinlein.

Ruby, the Galactic Gumshoe

1982 — Producer, Thomas M. Lopez, ZBS Media.

Star Wars

1981 — Executive Producer for Lucasfilm, Carol Titelman. Scripts by Brian Daley.

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy

1978 — Producer, Geoffrey Perkins for the BBC. Written by Douglas Adams.

How Time Flies

1973 — Producer, Steve Gillmor. Written by David Ossman.

I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus

1971 — Producer, The Firesign Theatre.

Mars Is Heaven

1950 — from Dimension X, NBC. Adapted by Ernest Kinoy. Story by Ray Bradbury.

The Undecided Molecule

1945 — Produced and written by Norman Corwin

Donovan's Brain

1944 — from Suspense, CBS. Adapted by Robert Richards. Novel by Curt Siodmak

The War of the Worlds

1938 — Producers, John Houseman & Orson Welles. Script (*Invasion from Mars*) by Howard Koch. Story by H.G. Wells

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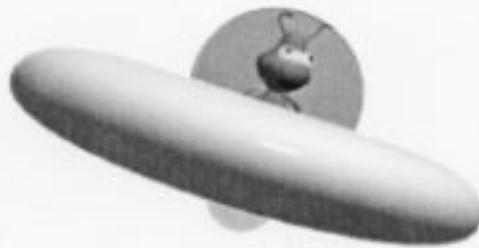
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Fan:
Mark and Priscilla Olson

A dynamic duo of fannish energy. Mark (who is secretly from Minnesota) chaired the 1989 Worldcon; these days he's a mainstay of NESFA Press, a leading fan-run SF specialty publisher. Priscilla Olson has overseen programming at two different Worldcons and several Boskones, and in her Copious Free Time is a gardener, fannish sociologist, and Legion of Superheroes fan. Each has (separately) chaired a Boskone. Together or apart, they're well-informed, approachable all-around fans with a great range of interests.

Bookseller:
David Nee

A fount of knowledge about SF and bookselling. Dave has been a co-owner since 1977, and manager since 1988, of The Other Change of Hobbit bookstore in Berkeley, California: one of the oldest and most influential SF and fantasy bookstores in the world. Booksellers hold up half the sky, and we hope to hear more about the business (and lore) of SF from Dave's perspective at Minicon 34.

Registration and Hotel

Registration rates will not be set until Minicon 33 wraps up its accounting. That means we won't be selling Minicon 34 memberships at Minicon 33. Both registration rates and hotel information will be announced in our first Progress Report, which in June of 1998 will be sent to everyone who registered for Minicon 33, and also to as many past Minicon members as we have addresses for. If you want to make sure you're on the mailing list, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to our PO box. Or send email to registration@minicon34.mnstf.org.

Insert your own memorial Ed Cox doodle here:

Miscellaneous Useful Bits

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To join our infrequent Official Announcements mailing list: send email to minicon-announce-subscribe@mnstf.org

Interested in volunteering to help with Minicons 34 and onward? Write to us at the PO box or send email to volunteers@minicon34.mnstf.org

Minicon's web page: <http://www.mnstf.org/minicon/>



Minicon 34 will be different

"You can't step in the same Minicon twice; but then, you never could."

Minicon is a wonderful convention. Minicon is going to go on being a wonderful convention. But the way it's run is going to have to change, because Minicon has problems. Here's one: last year's Minicon lost over \$5,000. Here's another: for years now, the convention has been burning out way too many of the people who run it. Minn-StF, the science fiction club that puts on Minicon, once had the sense to bid for the 1973 Worldcon in 1974. Now it's running a convention half the size of the Worldcon every year. This is not a sustainable strategy.

These problems aren't new. Over six years ago Minn-StF chartered a "Long Range Task Force" to consider whether Minicon's size and complexity was becoming a problem. The task force unanimously agreed that it was, and the club chose to pursue "The Big Minicon" model for five years. Those years have now passed, and, unfortunately, the situation has gotten worse.

It's time to rebuild Minicon in sustainable form. You may have heard rumors about this. Contrary to some reports, we are not banning media fans, costumes, alcohol, or fun. (Criminently! Who thought *that* one up?) On the other hand, we really are doing away with the formal Masquerade, the drum jam, the in-hotel Minicon TV channel, and the Minneapolis in '73 Suite; and "Stonehenge" is definitely off the playlist.

(A word about the Masquerade, since there's been so much fuss raised: It's the single most complex and expensive event at Minicon. It costs the convention over \$10,000, requires the exclusive use of our largest programming space for most of Saturday, and eats up a huge number of volunteer-hours. See that big red target painted on its back? Run, Masquerade, run!)

Does dropping the Masquerade mean we don't want costume fans at Minicon? Nope. We're costume-positive, and we're already discussing alternate events for

costumers. (Masquerade ball? Costume-encouraged reception? Fancy-dress parties? Hall costume awards? Interesting and challenging costume-related panels? Lots of options there, all of them fun.) A joyful freedom of dress is part of Minicon, and that's all there is to it.

In general, convention events and habits that require lots of people-time, lots of money, or both, are being carefully re-evaluated. Some will be dropped completely; others will be morphed into new and intriguing forms. But the unique things that make Minicon wonderful? Those we're keeping.



Minicon 34 will be the same

"We're the best there is at what we do. And what we do best is fun."

The Minicon we're planning will still be big and shaggy and full of fun and weirdness; it'll just be *manageably* big, shaggy, fun, and weird. There won't be a Minneapolis in '73 Suite, but there will be parties, and we're still bidding for '73. There won't be a drum jam, but there will be music. There may or may not be an official dance, but people will surely dance.

We'll have an art show, and art programming to go with it, and a terrific art auction. The hucksters' room will be selling all the books you can eat, plus a wide range of those trinkets and numinous artifacts so necessary to skiffy technogeek life. We'll be giving out the unique Mark Time Award for best audio SF of the year. Silly things will happen during (and between) the opening and closing ceremonies. There'll be blog songs in the corridors, parties in the suites, post-panel discussions in the corners, inscrutable signs in the elevators, traffic in the stairwells, and munchies and beer and conversation and music in the consuite. In short, it will be Minicon.

The Minicon 34 council:

Alice Bentley, Steven Brust, Liz Cooper,
David Dyer-Bennet, Beth Friedman,
Laurel Krahn, Fred A. Levy Haskell,
Susan B. Levy Haskell, Lydia Nickerson,
Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Teresa Nielsen
Hayden, and Geri Sullivan.



Minicon 34 will be fun

"The best special effects are the ones inside your head."

—David Ossman, Minicon 32

We're in favor of real live fun, not institutionalized fun. And we're going to bring it back out into the open where everyone can find it.

We want our programming to *rock*. We'll be emphasizing fandom and written SF and fantasy, though not to the exclusion of other interesting forms. That gives us a variety of stuff to play with: all kinds of SF and fantasy, from literary SF to interesting movies and TV, from fanzine fandom to arcane conrunning theory to the craft of costumery, with perhaps a trivia bowl thrown in. Whatever the subject, we want its manifestations to be intense, rigorous, weird, and prone to creative silliness and silly creativity.

We're going to build a good bit of the program around our Guests of Honor, their works and strengths and interests. We want to emphasize participatory events: enough of this business of being divided into performers and audience; let's all go back to having fun together and entertaining each other like the friends we are. And we expect that Minicon will continue to spout strange spontaneous eruptions of grass-roots creativity — quite possibly yours.

Fandom has always played more than one game with itself, and encompassed any number of subgroups: fanzine fans, sercon fans, media fans, con fans, and fans of years' standing who claim they're not fans; young fans, old fans, and neo-fans of all ages. But whoever saw a fan who was just one of those things? Too often, these labels have become barriers that keep us apart. At Minicon 34, we'd like to focus not on our differences, but on what we hold in common.

We want you: your input, your programming suggestions, your vision of how to make Minicon even better over the coming years. We hope you'll join us — by suggesting new ideas, by volunteering to help, by showing up and having a great time. Because if our hearts aren't in it, what's the use? And if they are, what happens will be something wonderful.

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