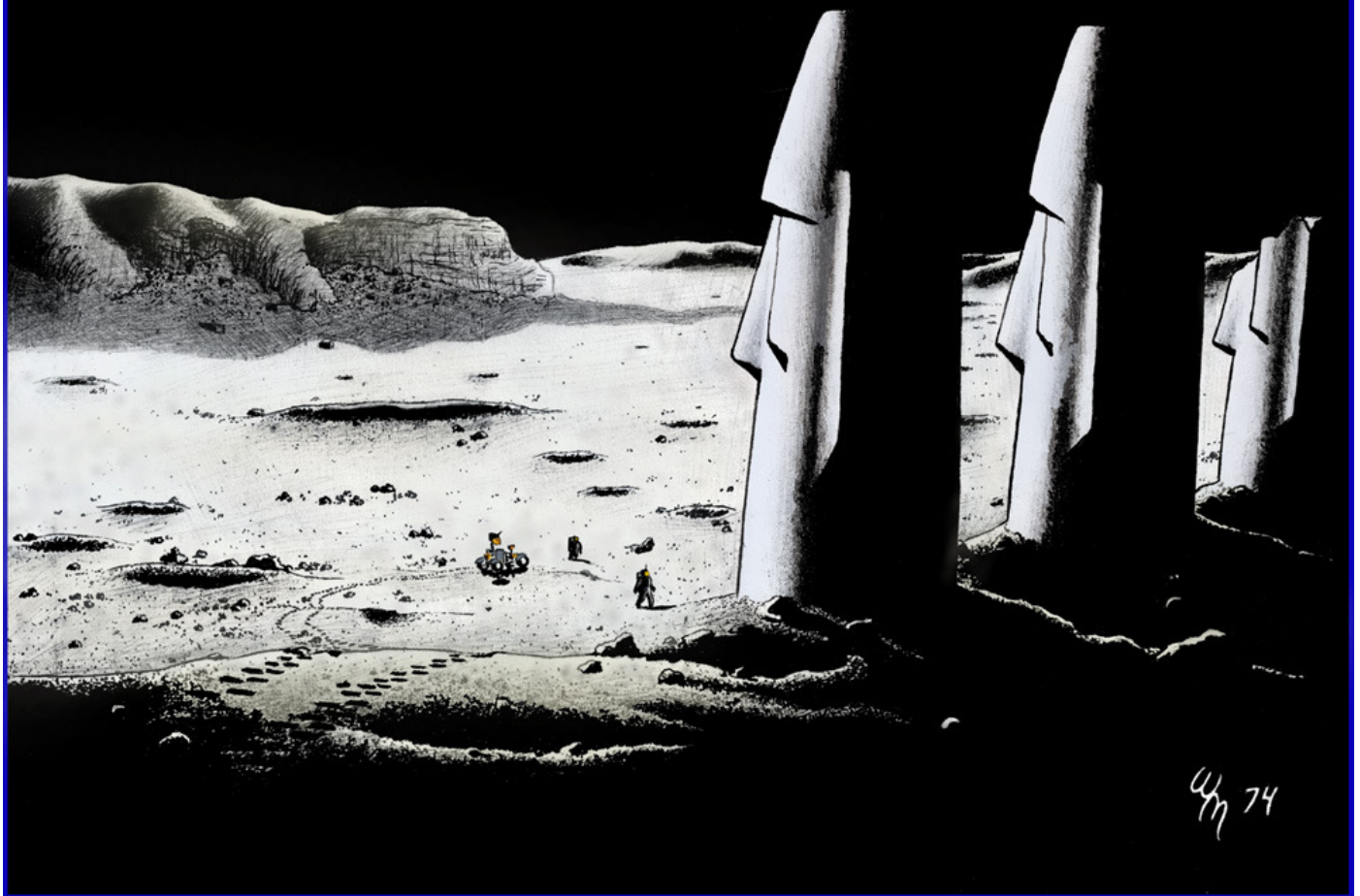


To Walk the Moon

The revised & expanded 2009 Worldcon report by
the Anticipation Fan Guest of Honour, Taral Wayne





To Walk the Moon

*A Convention Report For the 2009
Worldcon In Montréal, by FanGoH*

Taral Wayne

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Following the Footsteps
(Some Words About “To Walk the Moon” that first appeared in different form in Drink Tank 230)

There have probably been only four really long writing tasks I've set myself. The first was a piece of fan fiction called "The Miscarriage of Heaven and Hell." In an abridged version, it's the story of a fan who, as the result of a feud, is mistakenly sent post-mortem to Fan Hell. If he doesn't wish to remain there, he must find his way back to where he belongs in the Great Room Party

Upstairs. He passes through a number of alternate realities along the way. I published "The Miscarriage" myself, as the second half of my longer and more pretentious zines. It was written quite a long time ago, and I shudder to imagine the crudities that undoubtedly lay there to be rediscovered.

The second was another piece of fan fiction, called "Roach Motel," that I think holds up a little better. In this story we follow the career of a Milford Zunk, who is convinced he is one of the coming evolutionary supermen predicted by Science Fiction. Far from it, Zunk is a scrawny runt with an IQ no more impressive than any Joe Six-pack... and has

far less common sense. Zunk is also convinced that he is followed by Martians. They are out to eliminate the only Earthling who knows of their existence, and are laying traps that Zunk is far too clever to fall into. The ultimate trap that finally does catch the wary Übermensch is, of course, a *Science Fiction convention*.

We're still not talking publishable, or anything...

The third writing project I set myself remains unfinished. It's a lengthy study of science fiction fan artists. I have ambitions of revising and finishing it someday, but I'm in no rush. Who would want to read it? I realized some years ago that it was not only a rather specialized subject, but that it would inevitably reflect my own biases. As well, coming by information was difficult – in one case I was flatly refused any answers to questions, and was told I should not connect Mr. Professional Animator with fandom in any way. I suppose that when the time comes I will just have to *lie* about him.

At around 22,000 words, the fourth among my major opuses is another work of fiction,. It is also unfinished. I began "Under the Big Top" last year. It is a Dark Fantasy, and has a sponsor who has unusual tastes in reading. Apparently, he can only satisfy his tastes in stories about transformations by sponsoring someone to write them for him. I had already "sold" him a round half-dozen and he pays almost as well as Analog. The unfinished story involves a man attracted to a circus, who pays dearly for intruding into a place he had no business to be. He ends by joining the circus, but only as part of the menagerie. (Not a very unlike the Noir film, "Freaks.") The reader paid a little in advance, but if I'm going to receive the rest of the payment, I have to knuckle-down and finish the story. It may be half decent. And if "Under the Big Top" isn't too obsessive, it might possibly publishable in a real magazine at some later date.

As I write this, it has only been a few days since I put the finishing touches on "To Walk the Moon," my Worldcon report. I don't know if there's a record in fandom, but at over 28,100 words it must be a contender. I'm pretty sure it's the longest thing *I've* written, regardless. "Under the Big Top" will certainly be longer when finished, but I don't imagine anyone in fandom will be under any obligation to read it. Lucky you. I do expect everyone out there to read the con report, though.

I wrote "To Walk the Moon" for more than one reason. The most obvious was to put my unique view of Anticipation on permanent record. I doubt very many guests of honour at the Worldcon have – at least not at novella-length. Almost as important to me was a sense of obligation.. I took my duties to Anticipation seriously, and didn't think they were finished just because the con was over and I was back at home. Other reasons? I wanted something I could go back to and refresh my memory of the experience, for one. Another one is I like to see my name in print.

"To Walk the Moon" was published in File 770, issue 157 by Mike Glycer. Mike and I go way back... I think he published my first illo in something like 1974, and has been publishing my art and writing ever since. He wrote the introduction for me in the Worldcon program book. And he's been the Fan GoH at a Worldcon himself – by coincidence, it was at the 2003 Toronto Worldcon. (Unfortunately, I saw almost nothing of him at Torcon III. I guess they kept him pretty busy.)

F770 is the foremost "fannish" newszine in science fiction, of course. There used to be more like it – Fanac, Karass, even the early mimeographed issues of Locus – but today it stands alone. Other newszines are about the literature, the writers, the publishers, the films... and very little about the fans. Most other newszines these days are also web-sties, which stretches my definition of what a fanzine *is* just a little too far. Fanzines on

word docs – alright. Web sites are just a video game, though... or a kind of TV show.

Still, Mike had never published a single contribution that ran over 50 pages before. My con report runs to 28 pages, including all the bells and whistles. He could have economized by leaving out some of the photos, and might have used a smaller font in four columns instead of three, but no

matter what he did my contribution was still going to be a hefty piece of printed matter. Inasmuch as Mike had news to publish as well, the issue if File 770 with "To Walk the Moon" ran to 58 full pages! Maybe he should count that issue as an entire year's subscription?

For now, I have a far more serious question. What should I write next?

Part Un – Mercredi/Wednesday

A fan is Guest of Honour at a worldcon only once. It doesn't say so in the rules, so far as I know, but what are the odds of being chosen twice? In fact, the reality is that deserving fans far outnumber the select few who are actually honored. I joined an elite club of only three other Canadians. Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood in 1975, Robert Runté in 1993, and now *Tara Wayne* in 2009.

The story properly begins last year, when I received e-mail from the Montréal Worldcon bid asking if I was willing to be the Fan Guest of Honour if they won. I wasn't so burned out or disillusioned yet as to say "no," so I said "yes." The next few months were anxious ones, as I waited to learn whether the Worldcon would be held in Montréal or Kansas City, but for once the Ghods were acting on my behalf, and the voters chose another Canadian bid over the safe one.

By no means was this inevitable. I heard a lot of scuttlebutt before the voting, and it wasn't very reassuring. No one seemed terrifically enthusiastic about Kansas City, to be sure. But Canadian Worldcons are handicapped by a border that causes no end of petty hassles for dealers and artists trying to bring their material into the country. Worse, the border had been tightening up steadily since the destruction of the World Trade Center only two years before the 2003 Worldcon. American fans were faced with a possibility of having to have passports to enter Canada for the first time.

Worse, there had been a Canadian Worldcon not five years before. Torcon III had left few with fond memories, either. While short of a disaster, it was a lackluster performance by all accounts, and behind the scenes were an unusual number of ugly little stories about personality clashes, arrogance, naiveté, and possible malfeasance. My own experience was one of frustration and disappointment. Efforts to contribute art to Torcon publications were rebuffed utterly, much to my astonishment. Although encouraged by some members of the concom, there was no getting around the difficulty

of a publications head who had not the least interest. Instead, the con relied almost exclusively on the con chairman's wife for art. Would it be rubbing it in too much to mention that Torcon III's program book was the most primitive looking since at least the early 1970s?

As if that weren't bad enough, I had been working with a furry fan named Tom to organize a presence of anthropomorphic fandom at the Worldcon. After months of fruitless e-mail that Torcon mostly ignored, the con made an unexpected announcement. They had nominated a third party (who did not even live in Toronto) as their liaison with the furries. At that point, I was so bloody furious I left the entire mess in Tom's hands, and swore off having anything more to do with Torcon. Tom, it has to be said, handled the matter with patience, and if nothing else at least manned a table for anthropomorphic fandom throughout the con.

You might go so far as to say that my acceptance of Montréal's offer was in part an unsubtle form of revenge.

The next year or so after Montréal announced its guests was a busy one for me. I've also chronicled it in great detail, in a number of articles such as "Looting the Worldcon," and "The Countdown," that appeared in several fanzines (notably in Drink Tank). There's no need to go over it again. Instead, we'll skip ahead to early August, a few days before Anticipation.

A number of things had to be rushed to completion, not the least being a colour drawing. Ultimately it wasn't used, but I couldn't know that at the time. I had things to pack, art to frame, banking that had to be done, arrangements to be made with a neighbor to look after my cat, and a new internet service provider to close a deal with before I could leave. Not the least of my problems was that I would have a houseguest.

Anticipation allowed me to bring a guest to the con. I wasn't married and didn't have a significant other, so I offered the freebie to Marc Schirmeister.

Schirm and I go way back. We first met at Iggy in 1978, and for many years I was his guest in LA whenever I attended ConFurence. He stayed here in 2003, for Torcon. Aside from a fold-out bed, though, I hadn't much to offer him that time. This time I could offer him his own bed in the main con hotel, a free membership, and the extra cost of travel from T.O. to Montréal.

The problem was, Schirm was arriving only the day before we left for the Worldcon. I had to pick him up at Pearson International as a matter of courtesy. Since the transit authority had begun regular bus service right to the terminal, getting to the airport had been cheap and easy. I arrived on time, and so did Schirm's flight. I hadn't seen him for a while. Let's say we'd *both* aged a bit... but gracefully. He was wearing a funny sort of pork pie hat he'd found at Target for under ten bucks. I had to smile more at his

luggage. Wherever he'd found that grip, it had likely once been the pride and joy of some teenage girl in 1962. Apart from being small – manageable as Schirm might have put it – it was bright red plastic. "Why don't you get one of those new roller board cases?" I asked. "You just pull those, and don't have to carry them." "The wheels break," he said. So do handles and snap fasteners, I thought, but being eccentric is what makes Schirm *Schirm*.

Most times, this would only mean a tight schedule. But at times I suffer back trouble, and naturally that Wednesday had to be one of those times. I managed well enough up to a point. Then random chance reared its ugly head. I had no way to know that streetcar service had been interrupted by repair, and the route diverted. We were left on foot about a mile from home, and had to carry Schirm's luggage the whole way. Much as I enjoyed the time together, catching up on gossip and old times, the walk back nearly reduced me to a cripple. If it had been any other time, I would have rested the next day, spending my time off my feet, hanging around the apartment, and that would have done the trick.

But it wasn't any other time. Next day, *early*, we were meeting Alan Rosenthal, downtown.

Alan was my "minder" for the con. Like Schirm, he was an old, old friend. In fact, I knew Alan when I think he was literally a kid. We were friends while he went through university for his engineering degree, and we remained friends after he left Toronto for Seattle – to take up a well-paid job with Microsoft. Although I had an official liaison with Anticipation for most things, I wanted someone who would keep an eye at me at the con and remind me what I should be doing, and when I was supposed to do it. Alan was my choice.

He made all my travel arrangements as well. Our first plan was to take the train. It wasn't all that hard to get to the airport, since public transit extended service via "the airport rocket." Still, why spend an enormous amount of time in a terminal when I could catch a single streetcar on the corner, and go directly downtown to Union Station to catch the train? As well, the station in Montréal was just across the street from the Delta Centre Ville, my hotel. The train would be more convenient, more pleasant, and cheaper by far.

So naturally, a few days before the con, VIA Rail went on strike.

Alan pulled strings quickly, switching my travel arrangements to Porter Air. Porter was a commuter airline that flew out of the Toronto Island Airport. It was a dinky airfield, but then it was a dinky island as well.



The Toronto Islands were an archipelago that enclosed and created the harbor. Before the mid 19th century they hadn't even existed, but after a particularly violent storm, the sandbar across the Don River became a series of low, swampy islets. In time, plant growth solidified the sandbanks, and people moved to inhabit them. Most of the island chain was public parkland by the 1960s. Not only had there been a small town once, of which vestiges remained, but even a ball park. It was the original location for the old Maple Leafs team. Originally built in 1897, the grandstand was destroyed by fire and rebuilt several times. The 1910 stadium was officially Hanlan's Point Stadium, and known informally as the Island stadium. For the minor leagues, it was large and lavish. But its real claim to fame is that on September 5th, 1914, Babe Ruth hit his first home run there. Unfortunately, the Leafs team left the Island for their new Maple Leaf Stadium on the mainland in 1925, and the Island stadium came down for the last time two years later. In 1939 the site was chosen for the King George VI Airport, and used for training in WWII. It's been in constant use for civil aviation as the Toronto Island Airport ever since.

I'd never flown from the Island Airport before, nor on an inter-city commuter flight, so the change in plan wasn't unwelcome. It would even be a small adventure. So just as naturally as they went on strike, VIA Rail was back in service the same day Alan booked us all on the plane. We stuck with the plane.

Arrangements for flying were slightly more complicated though. Schirm and I had to meet Alan downtown, by the Royal York Hotel. Alan had his own guest, Jeanne Bowman, who I met for the first time. A shuttle bus stopped at the hotel and picked up passengers for the airport. It was a fairly short drive. Nevertheless, I thought we rode half way back the way we'd come before we finally pulled into a tiny ferry dock. The ferry itself was only a sort of floating bridge, with an open car deck below, and a one-room passenger deck above. It put out from the dock and crossed the 500-foot channel in about a minute.

From the ferry, we entered a lounge to wait for our flight. Waiting is waiting, but there was a whole world of difference between this, and the usual rows of not very comfortable seats and nothing to do at large airports. The Porter lounge was nicely carpeted, furnished with tables and

comfy chairs, and had a self-serve refreshment bar stocked with snacks, soft drinks, juices, and coffee. Alan, Jeanne, Schirm and I had checked our luggage on leaving the ferry, and enjoyed a leisurely brunch with conversation before our flight was called. This was air travel as it was meant to be – not the mean, cramped, suspicious experience it's become in recent years. I had an opportunity to get to know Jeanne, and quickly learned that she liked my jokes. I *loved* her.

The flight took about ninety minutes, as I recall. The weather was good and at 25,000 feet it was easy to pick out salient landmarks along the way. We passed over Rice Lake, Southern Ontario's largest center of Hopewell Indian culture. I had visited the mounds once, and tried to paddle a canoe on another occasion, though I hadn't the least idea

what I was doing. Next came a stretch of the Canadian Shield, identified by hundreds of tiny irregular lakes. The Shield passes under the St. Lawrence River, forming the Thousand Islands, and widens once more on the American side, where it is known as the Adirondack Mountains. Past the Shield, you could see a change in how land was surveyed. Instead of the more compact fields of Ontario, the farms in Quebec were laid out in long strips, a relic of seigniorial times. In those days, frontage on the river was life. Every farm had to front on the river, or it was cut off from transport and would not survive. So the riverbank was divided into narrow slivers, only a few hundred feet wide, but several times that lengthwise.

At last, Montréal. As if the urban build-up wasn't a dead give-away, the mountain itself hove into view. I could see other famous landmarks easily. The 1967 Olympic Stadium would be hard to miss. There was the St. Lawrence River too – a broad band of shallow

water that marked the upper limit of navigation, and was the *raison d'être* for the city until the opening of the Seaway in the 1950s. In the middle of the river were the islands that had been the site of the Montréal World's Fair – Expo 67.

Mont Royal gave the city its name, and stands over the city like a guardian. Before the French came, an Iroquois village named Hochelaga had rested in its shadow. Tall and as rugged as it may seem, the mountain is only a hill of some 750 feet at its highest point, but it is heavily wooded, and is protected as the city's crowning glory. In the 19th century, much of the mountain was designated a park. The trails and belvederes were designed by Frederick Law Olmsted, who had also been the genius behind Central Park in New York City.

Usually described as an extinct volcano, Mont Royal is in fact a remnant of a vast underground magma complex formed around 125,000,000 years ago. Clearly visible from its peak, or from any high

The strange appearance of the 1976 Olympic stadium was due to a unique design. Created by a French-born architect, and probably built by a Mafia-owned contractor, it looked like something from an expressionist SF movie. A weird crane loomed over the bowl of the stadium, and gathered cables from the roof. The notion was that when the stadium was to be opened, the cables would haul the fabric roof up toward the tip of the crane. It was a futuristic design, and would have impressed the world if it had ever worked. Unfortunately, it didn't. I think it only operated successfully a handful of times, ripped more than once, leading to repairs that cost in the millions of dollars, and more recently parts of the concrete structure have detached themselves from the main building and crashed to the ground, narrowly avoiding killing numbers of people. From the air, it looked like Space City, or something from the Thunderbirds' island. If *they* had been real, no doubt, they would have been every bit as much of a hit with image-conscious Montréalers as the 1967 Olympic Stadium. But at least Gerry Anderson's table-top rotating skyscrapers, and launch pads hidden beneath movable swimming pools worked!



building in the city, are a number of associated formations across the river. If anything, they are higher, more dramatic, and wilder than their urban sister. Looking out the window of the Bombardier, Schirm expressed a hope we could take a trip to the top. It was just what I was thinking. We would do it, but not until Tuesday following the con. Fortunately, too, we discovered that the Mont Royal Ave. bus drove through the park without so much as an extra fare.

Touchdown was at Dorval. We took a taxi direct to the hotel. Though there were cheaper means, my aching back convinced Alan that it was worth the expense. Through gritted teeth, I concurred. Check-in at the Delta Centre Ville was simple and easy; our bags were carried to our room by a porter who was spoiled something awful by the size of our tip.

The room itself was a bit of a surprise. I had been led to expect something like a suite when I was offered an “upgrade” to the 16th floor by the con. It was an averaged-size room, judging by those on whose floor I’d slept in past years. But since this time I had a bed to myself, I forgave the room its somewhat diminished proportions. What the room lacked in size, it did make up for in providing access to the top floor lounge, where free breakfast was offered from 8 to 10 every morning. It would have been wonderful if they had been “hot” breakfasts – bacon, eggs, toast, pancakes, sausages and the like – but as “cold” breakfasts go, I had no complaints. Different cereals, fruit, bagels, rolls, yogurt, coffee and juice, mainly. We made good use of it, despite the ungodly hours... Who gets up before 11 at a con?

We flew in a Bombardier Dash8/Q400, a twin turboprop, medium-range airliner, still in production. It seats 70 to 80 passengers and has a reputation for being the most economical-to-fly airliner in its class. Although built by the same parent company that invented the snowmobile, I failed to note either handlebars or a rubber tread. The turboprops were surprisingly quiet, considering.



A surprising number of people were already at the con Wednesday. There was quite a lot of activity, too, though none of it official. Priority number one was registering. There was already a line, and it wasn’t even dinnertime of the day before the con opened. As one of the Guests of Honour, I was escorted aside to be handed my badge and membership package right away, while Schirm, Alan, and Jeanne had to grit their teeth and join the end of the line.

This was the first time I saw the printed membership badges. Having done the art, I knew they were going to be gorgeous, but I couldn’t know just *how* gorgeous. I had suggested using the same artwork as had

appeared on the final progress report, but digitally subduing the background so that the con logo and names would be more legible. Lea Farr was in charge of the badges, and to my delight took me up on the idea. (As I’ve said before, what I mainly valued in

being a GoH was the opportunity to work, and have my work seen.) I had already done the work once, in creating the proposal, so doing it again was quick and easy. I was less happy, though, about the need to keep the appearance of the badge confidential before the con. It was a concern that the badges could be counterfeited if revealed in advance. Seeing it for the first time, it was a pleasure delayed, but a *great* pleasure nonetheless. The badge was hung around the neck, in a fabric protector – in the back of which I discovered zippered pockets. I was like a child with a new toy. Why didn't *everyone* wear one of these, all the time? Well, for the weekend, everyone at Anticipation would!

Gradually, Allan and the others worked their way through registration, and were free. We were admitted early into the exhibit area, where the dealers room, art show, and fanzine lounge were being set up – another perk of being a GoH. If I had been curious about the badge, I was still more curious how my “virtual” room was coming along. It was about half up, and standing in it could hardly have been more surreal.

The idea was initially Murray Moore's. Murray was my official liaison with the con, who looked after my needs in the abstract. (My accommodations, for instance.) He suggested that there be an exhibit of my interests at the con. We could pack up my books, videos, toys, collections, art from the walls, fanzines, and every sort of other colourful and absorbing clap-trap that set my place apart from the common run of habitation. The display would create a sort of “reproduction in the round” of the original room. Well, as an idea it was outstanding... but it had a number of very small flaws. First, it would take an enormous amount of work. Secondly, things would inevitably be broken, and some even lost – and many items, such as Hugo pins and hand sculpted figures, were irreplaceable. And thirdly, I said *no*. But I had another idea, based on vague memories of museums and interactive features on DVDs. Why not photograph my apartment, I said, and digitally enlarge the images to create a 3-D montage? This version of Murray's idea got a green light, and late in 2008 a friend came over to take the photos.



The photographer was Paul Wilson. I'd know Paul literally since he was a babe. He was the first son of Janet, and Robert Charles Wilson. While not an active fan, he grew up in an environment that could only be called fannish. Paul also had the job of digitally re-sizing and knitting together the resulting mosaic. Given how little space there is in my apartment, he did a great job. It was impossible to get more than a few feet back from anything without

backing up against the couch, or the TV or shelves along the other wall. Distortions were inevitable. So, if much was left to be desired, Paul got the best possible results under the circumstances.

The job of creating my “virtual apartment” next passed to a team in Montréal. Who was in charge I’m not sure, but I think it was ultimately John Mansfield. I can’t fault the industriousness I met when I walked into the partly built re-creation. At least four or five people were busy, buzzing around, cutting foam boards, fixing the huge printout strips to their backings with double-sided tape, and tying the prepared panels to a tube framework. It was unfinished, but the result was already surreal, even eerie.

The same cat appearing twice was a nice touch.

From the photos I took, it can even be hard to distinguish pictures of the real room from those of the “virtual room.” It takes a moment to notice things projecting into the room that in fact have no depth at all. Or things that point in impossible directions. Or other things that are out of scale, such as a small stack of “loonies.” (Canadian dollar coins) that are nearly the size of poker chips.

Around the back of the “room” was a workspace where several more strips lay on tables. Schirm took me to an unoccupied space, and pulled some rolled paper out of a tube. I hadn’t noticed him carrying it until then. While I held one end on which were depicted some curiously rendered feet, Schirm unrolled the other end, using a pair of scissors to hold down the top. It



Kevin Goodchuck in yellow. Bottom, far right, Alan Stewart and Alan Rosenthal discuss... what? The “virtual apartment?”

was the cartooniest-looking drawing of Saara Mar I'd seen... at least since the last time he took a crack at her. It was delightful. A couple of the guys working on the "apartment" came over and looked at "Saara" on the table. After talking among themselves for a minute, it was decided they could double-tape Schirm's drawing on a foam board too, and stand it up outside the entrance. Probably no-one understood what she meant by being there, but it was the Only Sane Thing to Do.

Now that Anticipation is over, the question inevitably comes up -- what became of my "apartment?" I don't know. People have told me they saw the walls being disassembled, but they knew nothing more than I do about what happened to them afterward. Here are some suggestions that occurred to me, to be used or ignored as Anticipation sees fit:

- 1) Save it for the next time I'm GoH anywhere.
- 2) Donate it to the Merrill Collection in Toronto... if they'll have anything that fannish.
- 3) Send it to Aussiecon for fans Down Under, where it might be assembled upside-down.
- 4) Auction pieces of it for TAFF and DUFF. Give a special discount on buying an entire room.
- 5) (This suggested to me by another party), set it up in an alley for some homeless fan.



Part Deux - Jeudi/Thursday

Having had a long, eventful day, Schirm and I went to bed early Wednesday night. After all... we wanted to be up to have that free breakfast that came with the room. The beds had lovely, firm mattresses, and I would have liked to have slept several more hours, if I could. But the breakfast buffet ended at 10 on weekdays, so I made do with the sleep I got.

The lounge was a crescent-shaped room on the top floor, all glass on one side, with a view over downtown Montréal, and the buffet on the other wall. We gave our attention to both. Nursing juice and coffee, and digging into Muesli with a mountain of raisins, we sat and watched the city below. The weather that day was lovely. It wouldn't remain that way, unfortunately, with thundershowers coming

and going the whole weekend. It's funny, but the only conversation I remember is one about spiders. We were something like 20 floors up. Outside the windows, though, spider webs furred like sails in a limpid tropical breeze. And there were plenty of spiders to go with them. How did they get there? Did they climb the entire 20 floors?

If so – why? How many flying insects were there for them to catch, so high above the ground?

Far off over the St. Lawrence River we saw blue-grey shapes of granite, like humpback whales on the horizon. They were the larger, sister mounts of Montréal's own.

The first time we saw the convention center, or Palais de Congres, was from a taxi on the day before. Thursday, we walked.

It was clear, by then, that the problems with my back weren't getting better. I needed at least 24 hours respite, in which I never walked farther than from the TV to the bathroom or kitchen, and back. But for the third or fourth straight day I was on my feet, and my back was getting worse, not better.

The convention center is a corner of an old city block, but unlike the Romanesque architecture around it, the center is a late-50s-looking cube of glass panels in bright prismatic colours. Although one side took up the whole block, the front seemed not much wider than your average urban supermarket. Even when inside, the floor space seemed inadequate. Little did I know that the old buildings on the street were only skin deep. The majority of the convention center lay behind them and took up the greater part of the block by far. The center was, in fact, deceptively, impressively enormous. Entering from Rue Saint Antoine, you are immediately bathed in gold, ruby, or emerald light from the glass walls around you. The whole of the visible ground floor is a concourse – a wide-open space where large numbers of people can gather and break up, in which the only feature was a massive escalator. (There was a small elevator around back, as I found out later.) Large as the concourse is, the true size of the center was concealed. At the back, it turned a corner and opened into a shopping mall that was still larger. That was only a preview of the way the entire convention center was laid out. Like a labyrinth, you would think you'd seen it all until you turned the next corner...

At the top of the escalator was another concourse. This was the first convention floor. Along the right side were several entrances to a much larger space, the main exhibition area. As seems increasingly common, there was no separate dealers' room, art show, and display space – they were all in one room, divided by movable partitions. If you stood in the entrance – blocking people coming in, by the way – you faced the dealer's area. It occupied the entire center and left side of the room. It had one small entry, more or less at the front. Right of that was the art show area. A little farther, in the corner was the fanzine lounge, laid out in the traditional way by the Penneys. A table for fanzines, including freebies. Some comfy chairs. A table. The mimeo itself was Colin Hinz's department. Paper, stencils and ink were available to create a one-shot, which was naturally run off on the last day of the con. The old custom of WOOF (Worldcon Order Of Fanzeditors) was also revived, though it weighed in with relatively

few contributions compared to issues at Worldcons long past. A small gopher's space was tucked out of sight behind curtains at the back of the fan lounge.

Between the main divisions of the room and the near wall were a few odd features. There was David Hartwell's display of neckties, for instance. Hundreds... maybe thousands of brightly coloured, garishly checkered, vigorously striped, outrageously figured cloth neck pendants. My search was a hasty one, but I was unable to find one with Fred Flintstone on it, nor one that played "Nine to Five" when poked, but it was a small mercy.

There was the (by now) customary display of fan photos, and another of sample art by notable fan artists. More unusual was the exhibition of phone cards, individually illustrated from SF series like Babylon 5, Star Wars, and so on. There were a few costumes on exhibit, and a display of "steam punk." At the far end from the fan lounge was a space set with tables for autograph sessions.

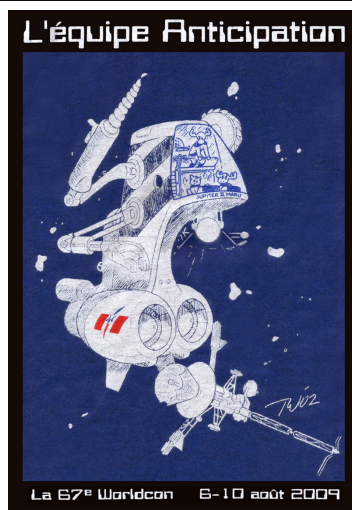
This lengthy space was also where my "virtual apartment" had been assembled. I gave an official tour of the room the next day. It had an embarrassingly small turnout, but, despite that, the "virtual" room seemed to be a hit. Later, I saw people going in and out of it on a constant basis. In fact, there were generally more people in it than when I gave the tour. I suspect it was curiosity that drew people in. No one had to be told what they saw – books, art, toys, figures, collectables of all sorts, computer, TV, and cat. Any fan must have instinctively understood it all.

One of my first thoughts was to see about the t-shirt I did for the con. I'd had a look at it the night before, but was unable to obtain samples. I had asked for three or four, and did eventually obtain four: one to wear, two for my collection, and one I wanted as a gift to give my friend Steven Baldassarra, who I usually and literally cannot do enough for. I would imagine that wearing it at the next Italian family wedding he attends, he can't fail to stand out. The actual printing and sales of the shirt were outsourced to OffWorld Designs, a deal I'm told is an advantage to the con and has become normal.

As well as the "official" Anticipation t-shirt, at the last minute I was asked for art for the con volunteers' shirt. A particular older piece had been picked out that I readily assented to. It was a simple job to touch it up as needed. Most of the work was done at Anticipation's end, though, and they did a better job than I had been led to expect. Instead of the traditional "red shirt," the design was against a blue background, on a black shirt, with the con logo picked out in red. I later obtained a couple of these for the collection also. By an exquisite irony, the art was a piece I had submitted to Torcon, which they had not bothered to use.

Perhaps this is a good time to summarize the work I did for the con. The Progress Report 3 cover is a good place to start – I'm particularly proud of that. The image of Saara on Mars evolved into the membership badge through the use of Photoshop. Then

there were the two t-shirts. I also revised an old black & white drawing of mine for the Hugo Ceremony Guide. It was altered for its new use by adding a large box of “one gross/une grosse Hugos.” The invitation card Pre-Hugo Reception also used a tiny cartoon of mine from years ago. I was surprised to discover that the original black and white drawing for the t-shirt had also been put to use on the Convention Guide cover. Naturally I approved. There had also been a very last-minute badge of some sort – a special pass for work, after the convention center closed for the night, I think. I finished colouring it only a few days before the con. This was apparently too late, though. Only the black and white original was used, although I haven’t actually *seen* one to be sure.



An aside here. Apparently it’s become common for Worldcons to outsource their t-shirts. I didn’t know this, and was somewhat surprised to find out that an outfit named Off Worlds had actually printed the shirt in a shared-profits scheme. I was half working for Off Worlds, in effect. There were also two other shirts I knew nothing of. One was designed by the owner-operator of Off Worlds, who was also an artist. The other was the same design that appeared as cover art on the con’s souvenir book. Had I know that full colour was an option, I would have finished the hockey player design I did in full colour as well. Unfortunately, I was thinking “cheap.” Fortunately, I don’t think it came out badly in only four colours – red, blue, black and white, against grey. Off Worlds had done a decent job as well with the Anticipation logo, and added a shadow below the players that was just about what I might have done myself. Off Worlds no longer seems to have the shirt for sale – I’ve been told the unsold shirts reverted to Anticipation, which has a *few* available yet.

There was, of course, a lavish amount of space given me in the progress reports. A couple of splendid little write-ups by Mike Glicksohn and Robert Charles Wilson, and a few of my illos appeared in the first report. The third PR ran a gallery of recent work, and more spot illos. And the gorgeous fourth, with the full-colour cover! I hope everyone saw it in colour, but the reality being what it is, the printed mail-out copies were in only in grey tones. To see Saara Mar stride the landscape of Mars (irreverently tossing away an Anticipation program book), you ought to download PR 4 from the Anticipation website.

Was the work done then? Happily, no! I was contacted for an interview for the Worldcon issue of Concordia University’s student newspaper, *The Link*. The interview with Chris Olson itself was not as exhaustive as one conducted previously by Janet Hetherington for a comics news website *The Pulse*, but with it came an interesting opportunity. Chris asked if I could do the cover of the paper for that issue. I was pressed for time, but together we came up

with a work-saver. I used a small portion of the background from the 4th progress

report cover, and created a new foreground of Saara reading a copy of *The Link*. By no coincidence, I used the “After the Space Age” issue.

The same art has been revised for an upcoming File 770. For Mike, I replaced the newspaper with an issue of F770. With more time to work with, I improved a few small points in the art. And instead of drawing a rough copy of the zine, I mapped an actual image of an issue into the art digitally.

The work didn’t end with only the art. I penned a new autobiography, “Better Than Life,” for the souvenir book and revamped an old fan article called “Burden of Gilt” that had originally appeared in Mike Glycer’s *Scientifrication*, years ago. My first submission had actually been “*The Last Mary Jane Story*,” but rather late in the day I was asked for a substitution. The con had become worried that a spoof of Star Trek might draw unwanted attention from Paramount. This was unfortunate, as I’d substantially rewritten it, and thought it funny as hell. Unfortunately, a Worldcon is large enough to be within the sights of dedicated legal departments looking for people to sue.

Mike Glycer also wrote a glowing tribute that I could not have written better myself, though you might almost think I had. The piece was thorough, not merely flattering.

My little ad for the Energumen CD also appeared in most PRs. It was an act of generosity I wish I could repay with better results. Unfortunately, about all the ad proved was that the 25 or 30 people who cared about fan history had already bought the disk. Exposure through the Worldcon might have been expected to reach a much wider audience than a notice in File 770, but in fact it sold Not One Single CD! So, if you have something fannish to sell... consider saving your money.

Mike obviously researched his subject, or simply knew me well enough from decades of interaction. I’d been a contributor to his numerous fanzines since the 70s. His tribute did not cost me a dime, either... though you may expect to find a serious increase in the number of articles I write for File 770 in future.

Maybe it seems odd to go on about what I did and what Anticipation published, but this is what I mainly valued about being the Worldcon Guest of Honour. Yes, the opportunity to stand in front of an audience, and hold forth like someone

momentarily important is *nice*. For some people, the chance to be the center of attention is the chief appeal of fandom. I recall a short conversation I had with Lloyd Penney just after we presented two of the Hugos, that illustrates the difference. I believe I’d said something like I had never especially sought to appear in public. I was happiest with the opportunity to do creative work. Lloyd, on the other hand, said that the chance to make an important public appearance, and do something as noteworthy as presenting a Hugo, was something he had looked forward to for years. To be clear about my motives, I *do* enjoy performing in public when I have a purpose and some idea of what I’m doing. I don’t think I do a half-bad job of it when I do, either. But to be frank, I’ve walked out on more than one panel, when it seemed it was a waste of everyone’s time. They aren’t ends in themselves. I’m less a people-person than I am an artist and writer,

and the chance to write and draw for a large number of readers was the *chief* honour of being Anticipation's Fan Guest of Honour.

Time for a digression, going back more than a year. Shortly after the announcement that Montréal had won its bid, I had a curious conversation over dinner. It was at a local Tibetan restaurant with Catherine Crockett and Terry Fong, who was in charge of fan program. The dinner was partly just to meet Terry, but also to discuss early details of being the Fan GoH. I mentioned that an Artist Guest of Honour hadn't been announced yet. Hoping to promote my special interests, I suggested a departure from custom. Instead of the usual cover artist, would Anticipation consider an animator? Terry waffled, saying it was an interesting idea, and dropped it. Oh, well, I thought. It had been worth a try. What I didn't know then was that the concom had already had the same bright idea, and had invited Ralph Bakshi. Later, Terry told me that he couldn't discuss it at that dinner because Bakshi hadn't accepted yet. He said it was only with great difficulty that he hadn't laughed out loud. Great minds do think alike, it seems, and so do fannish ones.

But no-one expected that, a year later, Ralph Bakshi would decline the honour, citing reasons of health. He cancelled his appearance at the San Diego Comics Con as well. While the con had hoped perhaps to honour Bakshi in absentia, nothing came of it, and the Artist Guest of Honour spot was quietly deleted from the website. I suppose it might have been a little tacky to have named a replacement, but I had two or three suggestions at hand had anyone asked. If any Worldcon is interested, drop me a line.

In a way, I benefited from the absence of an Artist Guest of Honour.

Ordinarily, an artist guest would have provided much of the con's illustrations, but this was one Worldcon without an "official" artist. Jean-Pierre Normand, a Quebec pro with impressive credentials in the field filled part of the void. I filled the rest.

Anticipation's Opening Ceremonies were held Thursday night, and were the occasion for my first official act as Fan Guest of Honour. The last time I had attended the opening ceremonies of *any* Worldcon were... uh... actually never. If they held any such formalities back in the '70s, it had escaped my notice. Before 1980 I had stopped attending almost all programming, missing the growth of any number of new institutions. So when I was prompted for the Opening Ceremonies for Anticipation, it was total terror incognita. While I was instructed on more-or-less what to do, no-one realized I had to be told basic things like *sit in the front row*, or *leave the stage* after you've said your piece by *exiting the wings*.

Naturally, the only thing that came to mind to say when I faced the audience was, "I have never seen an Opening Ceremony before, much less have any idea what I'm supposed to do." After that I seem to recall saying that I was delighted to be here, and that I regarded it as a significant gesture between English and French Canada for a

Torontonian to speak as GoH to a Worldcon in Montréal. This was said only in English, which may have weakened my message somewhat.

It was actually fairly easy to do. I don't seem to be nervous in front of people as long as I know what the hell I want to say. And I'd managed to live long enough to learn to think about things before I go and do them. Consequently, I used the time sitting in the front row to work up something in my head. The strangest thing about facing a couple of thousand people and talking at them was that they were invisible. I could see the lectern in the bright light, and was conscious of the stage itself, lest I trip over some line of tape on the floor meant to guide me. I took care, also, to speak to the microphone at the right distance to be heard and not cause feedback. But the audience was almost lost in the glare. I gave *them* no thought at all.

The ceremony itself was impressive, given that I'd never attended one before and can't be much of a judge. I was particularly impressed that the con had as a speaker Marc Garneau, the Canadian shuttle astronaut. But I think the gymnastic dancer who followed stole most of my attention from the astronaut's well-meaning remarks. She came out dressed in what looked like no more than flames painted on her body, then proceeded to flow and ooze all over the stage. After warming up, she performed the most provocative contortions with a suspended hoop that I'd ever seen live. She would have gotten us all arrested in Maurice Duplessis' Quebec of the 1950s. Thank Gawd we live in The Future. It was a unique pleasure to be backstage while the guests were being presented, and to be able to congratulate her. Also to get a much closer look. The flames *weren't* painted on, unfortunately. It was a body stocking.



I suppose it was usual to have video cameras and big screen displays of the proceedings on stage. It was strange to me. I'd look at the real person, then at the video image, and feel a cognitive double-take that one was the same as the other. Perversely, I found myself watching the video more often than the person on stage. It seemed more "real" because I could see their face and expressions,

Once it was all over, I was annoyed that I had no idea *what I looked like* on those big screens – or even much recall of what I said.

I thought Julie Czerneda did a bang-up job as master of ceremonies. The elaborate horseplay between her and her translator seemed casual, but must have involved a lot of preparation, not to mention experience before a mike. I also learned, for the first time, how to pronounce "Czerneda" properly. I recall that Neil Gaiman spoke relatively few words, but that David Hartwell had a longer speech. All in all, I thought it was probably best that I hadn't prepared anything and made only a couple of brief comments onstage. After all... I was well versed enough in the ways of the larger circle

of fandom to know that the Fan Guest was rather low in the pecking order. These people were here mainly because they were *science fiction* fans, and not one in twenty people in the crowd was there to hear what I had to say.

René Walling and Robbie Bourget came onstage last of all, and declared Anticipation had *begun!*

I had only one other order of business on the first day. At 9 p.m. I was to give a talk and answer questions about my “private passion.” I don’t know who else may have given such talks, or what their passions were. Mine was collecting ancient coins, and I knew from experience that I could bore for hours about the silver content of first through third-century denarii, the problem of knowing the true names of Roman coins, and how to recognize various styles in depicting the Imperial bust. It didn’t matter a whit to me that only five or six people sat in the room to hear me pontificate. In fact, it served to draw them into the subject. I spoke for some time, and took a number of pertinent questions, particularly from an elderly gentleman and his *mother*. They were from Russia, I found out later. He wanted to know about counterfeiting ancient coins, giving me an excuse to talk for another fifteen minutes. A willing and engaged audience is always better than a merely large one.

There were parties Thursday night. Hell, there were parties Wednesday night, but they were nothing compared to Thursday and the rest of the weekend. The problem is that the parties are mainly a blur in my mind. I recall specific parties, particularly lavish spreads, and intense conversations, but ask me what night they were and I can only shrug my shoulders. I’ll tackle the subject of parties later, if no one minds. I’m impatient to get on to Friday.

Part Trois – Verdi/Friday

Free breakfast again, naturally.

I was scheduled for four appearances in the program Friday. The first, at 2 p.m., was “In Conversation with Taral Wayne,” a vague name to describe a live “interview” conducted by Alan Rosenthal. We had rehearsed elaborately that morning, with Alan taking notes. As with the talk on coins the day before, there were only a few in attendance, mainly people who knew me well. Alan repeated most of the questions from earlier, and I gave much the same answers, but I would still rate it as a fairly spontaneous demonstration of the gift of gab. I hadn’t made notes of my answers, after all, nor made any special effort to repeat what I’d said earlier. Why would I need to? It was my life, and none of it had changed in the course of a morning.

In more ways than one, my 3:30 was a last-minute call. Only shortly before the Worldcon, Phyllis Gotlieb died. She was more or less the godmother of Canadian SF writers, and on a first-name basis with a lot of people in the fandom, too. I had called

her a friend for a long time. Anticipation organized a last-minute panel as a tribute to Phyllis. They were understandably a little slow in realizing that I'd known Phyllis well, and put me on the panel last of all. Nothing of this is printed in any of the program schedules, unfortunately. Though for the record, the Hugo Guide is dedicated to Phyllis, and there is a full page obituary in the Program Guide. The main speakers were Robert Sawyer, who spoke eloquently of his feeling, and John Robert Colombo. John Robert is mainly known in Canadian literary circles, and has edited a number of books about the SF and fantasy genres. His was the centerpiece of the tribute, talking about the change in the "geography" of local science fiction. I had to chuckle when he came to the punch line, when Phyllis commented on his "geography." "John, that's bullshit, and you know it!" he quoted her. It wouldn't be the first time she'd said that... sadly, it was one of the last times. I kept my own remarks simple, mainly paraphrasing from a written piece that had appeared in Drink Tank the month before.

At four, I gave a guided tour of the "virtual apartment." Perhaps a half-dozen people turned up. I began explaining that the impressive armory on the wall was deceptive. Most were Japanese kits, a few were Airsoft guns that shot little yellow plastic balls, and the rest were cheap toys that I'd worked on, as a model builder, to make more realistic. "But there's real brass in some. No live ammo, but real spent brass." One or two people drifted away. I moved on the 1/24 scale fire engines under the firearms. "These were originally very expensive die-casts – the company's premium line. Seats lift to show hidden valves, fire hoses are made of real rubber, the ladders can be taken from their hooks and extended, there are fully detailed engines under the hood, completely detailed under-carriages, fire extinguishers that you can remove from their brackets, and one of the trucks has a rack of actual rubber boots! Usually I can't afford such things, but Wal-Mart had them on sale, you see..." A couple more people wandered off. I moved on to the DVD shelves and started talking. After a minute I noticed that only the elderly mother and son from my talk on ancient coins were left.

It seems no one really needed anything about the "virtual room" explained. That was all right with me, since the continual traffic in and out showed it titillated people's curiosity. It was a success in this, at least.

I wish I could say the same for my six o'clock. I was able to recall nothing of it until I consulted the program guide, and read that it was a "kaffeeklatsch." Then it all came flooding back, but there was *nothing* to recall! My minder, Alan, came with me. One or two other friends turned up for a coffee, but otherwise there was no audience at all. We chewed the fat for little while, in case anyone came late. After a quarter of an hour, or so, it was obvious there was no need to stay around.

At this point I began to suspect, there was a bit of a problem with how many people were attending my program events. Still, it was only Friday. And the kaffeeklatsch was a pretty kinky-dink program item, even for the Fan GoH.

Most of the rest of the time I was free to cruise around. “Cruise” was the appropriate word. I had complained steadily throughout Thursday about the state of my back. Whoever I was with at the time would cluck sympathetically, and then march off at a brisk pace, expecting me to follow. I’d been dragged to Chinatown, and I think Friday was the day I was dragged to another part of the city, to sample one of its best-known delicatessens. At least we went by car, and the amount of walking I had to do was minimal. Not zero, but at least much closer to my actual capacity. By Friday, though, I was in a state of near agony whenever I had to move much farther than arm’s reach. No amount of sitting or resting did much good – walk a hundred feet, and I was incapacitated again. A suggestion had been made Friday that I use one of the con’s electric scooters. I don’t have much pride about things like that, but I hesitated. Surely, someone needed the assistance more than I did? I wasn’t permanently disabled. But by Saturday I faced facts, and gave in.

It was a revelation. Once you get used to it, you realize you could *really* get used to it. With a scooter like this, who needed legs? You could outrace anyone walking, and it was no obstacle to getting as close as you liked to dealers’ tables. If I needed to sit down at a table, or bend over a display, I just stood up from the scooter and took a few steps. Okay, I wouldn’t be able to climb the trail up Mt. Whitney, or hike in Death Valley in one of these things, but the odds were that my days in the wilderness of desert California were long over anyway. Of course, backing up was tricky. People not only milled around me, as though I would never depart from moving in straight lines, they did worse – they distracted you by talking. Naturally, I ran over one or two unwary pedestrians. But I don’t recall permanently crippling any.

While speaking of eating out, I confess I didn’t indulge every day. The first meal out of the convention center was probably the day before, Thursday, because I still have the emotional scars from the walk to Chinatown on Friday. “Not far,” Alan or one of the others had said. By normal standards they were quite right. By my standards of that moment, it was like a hike over red-hot, waist-high boulders. I think it was Jeanne who noticed my lagging behind, and volunteered to stay with me whenever I found a convenient curb or step to sit on and take a necessary break.

From the outside, the restaurant seemed promising enough. Schirm and both the Stileses were with us, as well as a friendly guy named Brad, who I didn’t know. We ordered what we ordered, with some confusion over whether we were eating New York style (two teaspoons of everything), or ordering just for ourselves. The others ate New York



style, while Schirm and I ate our own choices. It was decent fare, but Schirm and I thought it nothing special.

What did stand out was being almost literally collared by the waiter after paying my bill, and his *demand* I tip him. The way he put it was “his service charge”, and I said “what?” He repeated himself. What the hell was a *service charge*, I wondered. After three or four repetitions, someone at the table said, “you *have* to leave a tip.” Maybe I was being cheap, but I wasn’t that impressed with either the food or the service, frankly. And I distinctly bridled at *having* to tip anyone. I do? Sez who? Is leaving a tip a gratuity for good service, or isn’t it? On another day I might have stalked out. But on this day I didn’t want to create a fuss, and, what the hell, I was on a daily stipend from the con anyway. So I left the minimum tip possible, counting out the pennies one by one like an offended Scotsman whose purse that hadn’t been opened since Jim Hawkins slept at the Benbow.

During the deli expedition, some of us ducked into a pharmacy for snacks or drinks to take back to the con. I picked up some interesting flavours of pop, and had the sudden notion to buy a Vachon “Jos. Louis.” The Jos. Louis is a Quebec-made, cream-filled chocolate cake confection about the size and shape of a hockey puck. Nothing, except maybe hockey itself, is more Canadian. Superficially similar to a Ding-Dong, it is as unlike the Hostess confection as maple syrup is to the table imitation. The calories in a Jos. Louis will kill you. But at least not preservatives, palm oil, or corn syrup. I hadn’t seen them around Toronto lately, and expected that in Montréal, of all places, I should have no trouble. Oddly... I couldn’t find one. Has anyone checked to see if the end of the world is nigh?



Friday was the day we made safari to a famous deli. Six or eight of us crammed into two cars and drove to who knows where – the Jewish part of town one imagines. I don’t remember the name of the place, but enthusiasts of smoked meat and bagels probably have it tattooed on their backsides, the place is that famous. According to Alan, and the clippings in the window, at least. We had to stand in line outside, so that was a good sign. Once in, we were naturally seated at a crowded table at the very back of the deli. The menu was limited to smoked meats, pickles, and a few side dishes like slaw or French fries. Most of my party ordered Montréal smoked meat and because I love good salami I dared to be different. I must admit – the sandwich was good. The smoked meat might have been better than the salami. Whether or not that was, I’ve had as good in Toronto in my

opinion. Either there’s some nuance I’m missing in the matter of smoked meats, or the ambiance counts for more in the minds of deli fans than it does to me. I’m glad for any excuse to stuff my face with good salami, though.

The dealers’ room wasn’t large by the standards of a Worldcon. It wasn’t large by the standards of many major regional cons I’ve been to, in fact. But the tables were

groaning with good books, leavened with enough trinkets and toys, and sufficiently interesting that you could focus your attention for hours on this or that. I made a point of scouring the dealers' room several times, finding some new point of interest each time.

It was while wandering around from table to table that I bumped into Andrew Porter. He was talking with Robert Silverberg. I was still all agog with the nametags and had the inspiration to photograph Andy and Silverberg together, wearing my art. The flash was a bad idea, apparently – my shot was disappointing. I had been fooling around with my digital camera for only a few months, and still couldn't claim any mastery over it. I turned off the flash and got one decent shot of Andy alone. It was almost the last photograph of the con I remembered to take, before I effectively forgot I was carrying the camera. Andy and I have known each other for many long years. I'm always glad to see him. This time I was happy to have more than one, more or less coherent conversation with him too. Often I feel I've missed a point somewhere, when talking with Andy.

Despite having a per-diem from the con, I was reluctant to buy very many books. You can easily spend \$75 a day in a dealers' room. Three hardcovers would be enough to run through the whole day's budget, and I had to eat with that money as well. Besides, most books I saw could be easily found at home. I don't live in a small town in a predominantly agricultural province or state. In fact, Bakka Books is not very far from where I live. Ironically, Bakka had a table at Anticipation – just about the only table I never bothered to look closely at, thinking I could see the store at any time.

Because Neil Gaiman was the Pro Guest of Honour, it entered my head that I ought to have him autograph some books for me. I'd read the Sandman stories, *Good Omens* (with Terry Pratchett), and quite enjoyed *American Gods*. When I saw the film version *Coraline*, I recognized a favourite. Of course I hadn't brought anything with me, but one of the tables had several editions of *Coraline*, so I bought a trade paperback edition and the graphic novel as well. I splurged and bought a paperback copy of *Stardust*, which had been adapted to another very enjoyable film.

At the NESFA table I bought the hardcover second edition of Harry Warner's *All Our Yesterdays*. In a talk with Joe Siclari, I learned that it was very little different from the first edition I owned. Harry wouldn't allow changes other than correcting typos and a couple of other trivial details. Joe said that his attitude was that the book was what it was, a moment in SF history that shouldn't be revised. "Why buy it, then?" I asked Joe. "There are many more photos added," he said. Fair enough. I got the last copy at the table that wasn't water stained.

Another table had an interesting selection of custom-made pewter pins. A number were shaped like classic spaceships. I bought one for \$10, that was based on a Von Braun design identical to a model kit I built as a kid. Another pin that caught my eye

was unusual because it used *two* pins and clasps. It was a finely done version of the submarine *Seaview*. I wasn't much of a fan of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* and its ludicrous seaweed monsters and insipid spy plots, but I had a fond spot for the sub. And the pin was only five bucks, half the price of the others.

Along the back of the dealers' room was the outfit that had printed the Anticipation t-shirts. They had a large assortment of their own designs also, but I only had eyes for my own artwork. Along with the regular shirt there was a variation without arms – I didn't press a point about having one of those for my collection too.

I resisted pretty much everything else the dealers had, barring one Smurf book in French. – and lucky thing that I bought it on a whim. It turned out to have an unknown petrification story in it that I had fun sharing with some other fans of statue spells.)

The dealer was named Denis, and his business was in collectable cards. He had some sports cards, but his display leaned toward TV series, movies and odd-ball stuff – the sort of things that interest me, in fact. I have no use for pictures of overpaid professional athletes. Looking over the table, I spotted a set of photographs of hot rods and racing cars that I remember having when I was twelve or so. It's surprising after all this time, how many sets I have clear memories of. These particular cards had pretty much defined for me what a hot rod was and was supposed to be – not the streamlined post-modern "Boydsters," or urban "dubs" of the modern day.)

I spotted a few other sets I remembered as well: Photo captions from crappy monster movies. Ugly cartoon faces. Stills from the *Batman* TV show. None I felt a great need to possess again, though.

I collected cards during the '60s and had quite a number of really curious sets. One was of jazz musicians. I didn't know jazz from 14th century motets, or Arapaho death chants, but I liked the gum. Most gum that came with cards was stale, flavorless, and brittle. It broke into little shards that lacerated your gums. But the gum with the jazz cards was actually fresh and tasty. You didn't bleed after chewing it. The cards themselves were a bit puzzling, but intriguing. I vividly recall one card with a photo of some bird named Lionel Hampton. It was probably twenty more years before I had any idea who he was. Sure wish I still had them, but so far I haven't encountered anyone who even remembers such cards ever existed. Cards like those, I would very much like to have again.

Another great set depicted the Indianapolis 500 winners. I could name each racing car from the painting without turning over the card. Hardly less favourite were Pirates of the Caribbean. Years later I managed to buy a few at high prices in California. As a kid I had owned the whole set – at only five cents for a pack of four or five.

Some cards came with boxes of tea-bags instead of gum. I was lucky enough to have kept those, and still have the complete collection of Brooke Bond's beautifully painted dinosaur cards, along with the album they were meant to be pasted into.

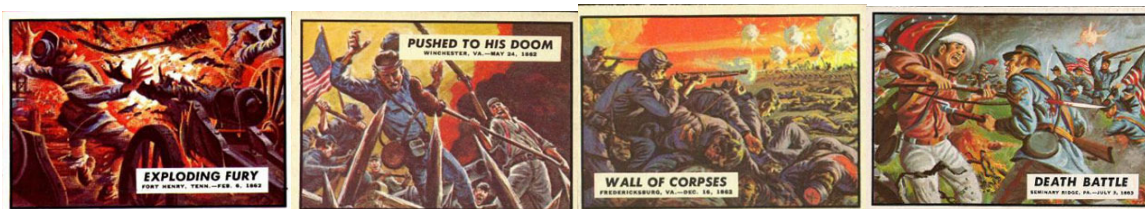
There were "Space Age" cards too, sometimes sold as "Target: Moon." Printed in the years right after Sputnik, they were nearly all pure speculation. In 1958 there had hardly been any man-made objects in space, and they were little more than tin-cans with radios, and one very unlucky dog as a passenger. The cards looked as though three or four different artists had rendered the paintings – several were clear rip-offs of Chesley Bonestell, in fact. Boy! Did I love those cards! Nothing can explain how I could ever have been bone-headed enough to have parted with them. Fortunately, sometime in the '80s I found a dealer at a con who sold me about three-quarters of a set for a reasonable amount. It didn't seem reasonable at the time, but, compared to present prices, it was. I had never managed to complete the set as a kid, so it didn't bother me *too much* that I still didn't own a full one.



But *one* set of cards on Denis's table caught my eye, and tormented me for the next two days. Even when I was far away and it was after hours, I could see those cards in my mind with painful clarity.

It's a real crying shame that I had ever parted with my complete set of *Civil War News* cards. I found no replacements for many years. There were 88 in the full set, and the paintings were every bit as gloriously bloodthirsty as the unfairly famous *Mars Attacks* set. By comparison, *Mars Attacks* was just gaudy crap, revived in an orgy of bad taste by '80s yuppies. The *Civil War News* cards were painted realistically and depicted genuine events in the War Between the States, not ridiculous stuff about living brains on a spree, blowing up school buses and disintegrating stray pooches. They showed John Brown's raid, the wall of corpses at Fredericksburg, the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, steamboats exploding, trains going off their rails, Indian irregulars scalping fallen Confederates, spies being hanged, and Lincoln being shot by the wretched John Wilkes Booth. To quote a letter I wrote to Mike Glycer, shortly after the con:

I won't mention what he wanted for it — the price was outrageous of course, but reasonable for what the market would bear. Nor will I go into how I raised the money. I did, and took home with me all 88 glorious pasteboard paintings of men being bayoneted, shot, blown up, impaled, burned to a crisp, and occasionally playing the harmonica.



Indeed I did raise the money, thanks mainly to Alan Rosenthal, and in part due to the per-diem paid by Anticipation. I may yet mitigate the cost by selling back to the same dealers a few duplicates I had scraped together over the years. While I had never been able to replace the entire set I lost when I stupidly “grew up,” I did manage over the years to acquire about 35 of the entire 88. To find a complete set for sale, and moreover manage to *buy it*, made my entire Montréal experience even more special than it already was.

One reason I may have subsequently forgotten about my camera is that I ran out of memory just after taking the shots of Andy and Silverberg. I asked to have it



One thing I hadn't been able to find anywhere are the reproductions of Confederate paper money that came with every pack. Not until early 2010, when one tattered example turned up in a local coin shop among random genuine banknotes. The dealer was without a clue, of course.

There were seventeen different designs, ranging from \$1 to \$1,000, and they were authentic. Although only about $\frac{3}{4}$ the size of real Confederate bills, the detail was superb, better than most “archival” quality reproductions I’ve seen since. In fact, the paper money from the card sets might have been “better” than the real thing. I never found any of the Civil War News paper bills, but I did buy some real Confederate money a number of years ago. That was in the era when their price was still comparable to face value. The real McCoy was badly printed, cut from the sheet with scissors, and each one signed by a flunkey of the Secretary of the Treasury in India ink. The reverse sides were blank, and the paper exceedingly cheap.

downloaded to my USB drive by one of the staff in the art show, but it reminded me how quickly a 128-meg chip is filled when each shot is about one-and-a-half. Sixty shots? Forget it. Seemed more like forty. As well, I tended to be over-conscious about how quickly a digital camera eats batteries. I had rechargeables with me, and a recharger, but they were back in the hotel and no use to me if I ran out of juice during the day.

Which brings me to the subject of the art show. Odd as it seems, at least one person had trouble finding it. It wasn't quite *that* small, but it was probably no larger than the art show at Torcon III. That was small by Worldcon standards too. The reason for this is simple and frustrating, and it applies to the dealers' room as much as the art show.

The border between Canada and the United States was for many generations all but invisible. In just about one generation we've wiped out

that civilized arrangement, and erected highly impermeable barriers to the movement of people, goods, and services. The reasons are varied. Washington's policies appear to be based on a groundless fear that Canada is an open door to terrorists of every cant and colour. They fear, too, that Canadians are huddled up against the border, waiting for an opportunity to sneak in and take a job away from an honest, hard-working American. Although past administrations have shown complete indifference to Mexicans *actually* doing exactly that.

Ottawa, on the other hand, seems to believe that gun-crazy Americans are organizing mass shipments of illegal weapons into Canada. Also in their thinking, the underclass south of the border would quickly overwhelm our health care system if they could assail our hospitals. *Both* governments are deathly afraid of drugs – though just why anyone would bother to smuggle coke or meth into Canada from the U.S., or vice versa, I can't imagine. Both nations have unlimited national resources.

The bottom line is that taking a van-load of books, or a number of paintings across the border, *in either direction*, has become a serious hassle. There's paperwork, to start with. Then there are sales taxes and duties where applicable. I've heard of dealers and artists being forced to pay large sums in advance on possible sales. Refunds could only be applied for, later, after still more paperwork. Perhaps matters are not so dire as the positively prevent a border crossing with art or books. The perception that it is, though, likely accounts for small turnouts whenever the Worldcon is north of the border.

To return to cases, the art show *was* fairly small. I didn't recognize many of the artists, but among those I knew were Jean-Pierre Normand's paintings, Brianna Wu's coloured drawings, and a good selection of Steve Stiles' work. John Hertz had put up a somewhat hasty assortment of other fanartists. One of the more interesting displays was a huge cartographic study of an imaginary planet. A few hand-made starship models caught my eye – I always enjoy trying to identify what kits the various parts came from. But whatever else there might have been in the show has mostly escaped memory.

-size boards, and thought there was room for just about a dozen pieces. In the end, I brought 14, and it was barely enough to cover the space given me. The panels at the front of the exhibit area were huge, and I could have added another four without crowding the display in the least.

Showing an unusual amount of prescience for once, I framed only prints. Laziness was one reason. I didn't want to be bothered with removing the originals from their protective sleeves and zip binders, and then having to replace them all later. I could only have the other reason in the new century. Several pieces that I wanted to show had no originals. There were only a pencil sketches that I had enhanced and coloured digitally – and one print made at Kinko's was the same as any other. As it happens, I was fortunate I hadn't brought along such originals as there were. The luggage must have been bounced around in handling. A couple of the new frames I bought for a

dollar-and-a-half each – modern, all-glass designs – had broken. The prints were only slightly damaged, but imagine if they had been the original art! Worse, two more frames broke on the trip back, and another one just while unpacking them at home! The old-style plastic frames all survived. Guess which kind I intend to buy in future?

I found the art show staff particularly helpful. In the last few days before the con I was extremely pressed for time. While I had filled out the on-line bid sheets and control form, I had no opportunity to take them to a Kinko's for printing. I brought the paperwork with me on my USB drive, so that the staff was able to download the paperwork directly to their own computer. Printing ran into a snag, but the staff worker was persistent and eventually ironed out the difficulty.

The art I picked to bring was an assortment of humour, erotica, science fiction and fantasy. Among them were the various pieces created for *Anticipation*, a couple of covers for recent fanzines, and some comic pages. Ironically, no one challenged the hanging of the nudes. The same art taken to a furry con would have to be hung in a specially curtained-off area where no-one under 18 would be admitted. The same prints sold from a dealer's table would have to have red stickers placed in strategic spots so as not to warp young minds. At a science fiction Worldcon, though? No problem.

Now wait a minute! Isn't furry fandom supposed to be *obsessed* with pornography? Yet it seems that it's furry cons that are actually more prudish than SF cons. That's one way to be obsessive, I suppose. I had a very good laugh over that.

Although I hadn't marked any of the prints for sale, there was interest. I should probably have added a quick sale price. The only reason I didn't is that I never had an encouraging record of art show sales, and preferred to avoid the complications. As it happened, I made a sale anyway... to that Russian couple. The prints were mailed to them a week or so later. Even more unexpected, I walked into the art show the next day and found something new hung next to one of my pieces. A blue ribbon.

I'd never won an art show prize of any sort before.

That's not quite true... way back in 1972, I think, I entered a cardboard stand-up figure in the art show of a local comics con. Vaughan Bodé awarded me a prize as Judge's Choice. No ribbon – just a small check. I cashed it, of course, and kept a xerox. The prize at *Anticipation* was another Judge's Choice, and the first-ever actual ribbon. Now where shall I wear it?

It was likely that night that I had my third real meal. As before, it was in good company. I went with Schirm, Alan and Jeanne, and also Bob and Sharry Wilson to a steak restaurant not far from the Palais. Right off, I noticed the awning said (in French) "bring your own wine." I thought that particularly strange. Someone told me that it

was a normal policy in the wine-conscious province. We *didn't* bring our own bottle, but they showed us to seats anyway. I found the steaks were a little pricey, but not remarkably so. They were very, very good, though, and went a long way toward justifying the over-\$25 check. The all-you-can-eat chips were less satisfying, but what can you really do with a potato to make it worth more as much as a dollar more?. Despite the many times I declared I was through, I saved the bottle my Coke came in for Moshe Feder.

Following dinner we went our different ways – Schirm and I to the Delta, to dump our things and freshen up a bit before cruising for parties. As before, I won't try to deal with parties on their proper nights. They're a blur. I'll deal with them all together, later.

Part Quatre – Samedi/Saturday

By this time, I admit, I was getting a little tired of cold cereal and fruits, but I hadn't become disenchanted enough with a free meal that I'd pass one up. My first gig on Saturday took place at eleven. Not really early, but it didn't leave much time to dawdle over the granola. Schirm and I made a beeline for the convention center right after breakfast.

Chris Garcia was moderator. I'd met Chris a day or two earlier, and I found him to be completely as advertised. Who else could wear a Fred Flintstone shirt (with printed tie) and get away with it? The hair and beard only added to the effect of prehistoric vigour and enthusiasm. Ostensibly the program item was "Fanzine Cover in One Hour." In reality it was an underhanded effort to get several of fandom's best to produce several covers for Chris's upcoming issues of Drink Tank. Besides myself, the participants were Steve Stiles, Frank and Brianna Wu. Chris called for ideas from the audience, and some wise guy came up with "tentacles" and "dirigibles." No doubt he thought it would stump the artists. Far from it... I peeked to either side of me, and it looked as though we had all pretty much come up with the same idea. Check Chris's next issue to see if I was right.

At 3:30 I was penciled into a panel called "Ready, Set, Draw." It was to have included Schirm, Sue Mason, and Brianna Spacekat Wu as participants, and to have taken suggestions from the audience. Yet I'm nearly unable to remember anything like this. I have just a dim recollection of sitting at a table with Schirm near the art show. I don't believe Sue was there at all, or that I met her at any time. It's only an exercise in filling in the blanks, but what likely happened is that nobody turned up for "Ready, Set, Draw." Once the drawing was on the wall, so to speak, we left, and there *was* no such panel.

This is probably as good a time as any to discuss a problem with Anticipation that I had begun to recognize earlier, and was by now convinced of. For a Worldcon its size,

Anticipation it was ambitiously over-programmed. One rumour I heard was that there were around over 800 different program items scheduled. Around one for every four attending members! In any single hour, the program guide shows there were as many as 30 items listed, rarely fewer than 10. Once most of the attendees had been sequestered in major events featuring one of the pro guests or a topical subject, there were few warm bodies left over for minor events like “Ready, Set, Draw.” Typically, I saw only a few friends at any of my program items, and the largest audience I faced was likely no larger than the 25 or so I counted at “Fanzine Cover in One Hour.” I also came to certain conclusions about my place in the pecking order at the Worldcon. Regardless what the concom may have hoped for, there seemed little curiosity about the Fan GoH.

Fortunately, I found at least one party who took a lively interest. Sometime during Saturday, Schirm and I bumped into a TV journalist from the CBC. She asked a couple of questions, and when Schirm pointed out I was the Fan Guest at Anticipation, she got excited enough to call over her cameraman. I was interviewed on the spot. I likely didn’t cut a very dashing figure – what with one droopy eyelid, sitting in a scooter, and dressed in the customary fannish uniform of t-shirt, buttons, badges, and shorts, but at least I wasn’t wearing rubber ears or carrying a Bat’leth. I was able to discuss fandom in words of more than two syllables, though, and that seemed to be what the lady was after.

Her question was, “what made *science fiction* conventions different from other kinds?”

The answer I gave was that there was an organic relationship between the pros and fans, and a greater sense of participation in the con. I explained that, in the past, many prominent writers and editors had grown up in fandom, spoke the same language as fans, and kept many close ties with friends they made in fandom. In comics, Trek, or anime cons, this was much less so. Most pros had little or no contact with fandom before going to cons, and made ties with fans only after becoming celebrities. I also said that SF fans put on their own cons, and were as much a part of the program as the writers and editors.

At the time I said this, I probably believed it. I’ve had plenty of time to think about it since, though, and I’m less certain now that I was speaking the absolute truth. On the one hand, not all media conventions are run by studios or profit-making organizations. Many do still treat fans as consumers of entertainment, rather than participants in entertaining themselves. But some media cons are surely as fannish in their own way as ours.

Just as an aside, here’s a short list of SF pros I know in Toronto, who I can confidently identify as once being fans – Some of the names might surprise you. Robert J. Sawyer, Robert Charles Wilson, Tanya Huff, John Douglas, Patrick Nielson-Hayden, Gar Reeves-Stevens, Sheila Meier, and Steve Stirling. I also know a number of local pros who I *don’t* regard as ever being fans, but that’s a matter still waiting for an argument.

Another point I've reconsidered – how many pros in past decades *did* come up from fandom. Asimov, Ellison, Pohl, Dickson, Clarke and others are usually named. Look at them more closely, though. Ellison certainly passes scrutiny. His 1950s fanzines are proof enough. Pohl was a Futurian, and up to his elbows in fan politicking during the first Worldcon. That seems pretty genuine. Asimov attended early Futurian meetings before his first sales, but that seems to have been the limit of Asimov *the fan*. Dickson I can't say, but think he and Poul Anderson drank together in the early days of Minneapolis fandom. Clarke belonged to some fusty rocketeer group in London. You could say almost as much of Werner von Braun, if you substitute Berlin for London. Ray Bradbury also comes to mind, as an active member of the early LASFS. Clearly, it doesn't take much thought to produce a longer list. So there *is* some truth to the notion that pros emerge from fans. But are these examples the rule... or the exception?

Was R.A. Lafferty a fan? Thomas Disch, Roger Zelazny, Ursula K. LeGuin, Robert Heinlein, Orson Scott Card, Philip K. Dick, Leigh Brackett, Joanna Russ, Alfred Bester? Were Theodore Sturgeon, Philip José Farmer, Joan Vinge, John Varley, Larry Niven, Greg Bear, Brian Aldiss, James Tiptree, or Harry Turtledove ever fans? I suspect most weren't, but the final word would have to go to someone far more interested in SF biographies than I.

It may come down to who you call a fan, and why. Are you entitled to the status of fan if you took a course in journalism, and attended a couple of local cons? If you were a regular at the local writer's workshop? If you review books on your blog? How deep do fannish roots have to go before they produce the distinctive flower we know as a blooming fan?

The myth took another blow if I observed correctly at Anticipation.

Let me get to this indirectly.

I attended most of the parties on the 5th and 28th floors, at least briefly. (The con suite was on the 5th and fan room on the 28th.) I've said before they were largely a blur, but I can at least put a name to a number of them, even if I can't say when I was there, or in what order.

I was in the fan room many times. I met Sharee Carton there, Rich Coad, Bill Burns and a number of British fans including the TAFF delegate, Steve Green. The event that made the fan room truly indelible in my memory, though, was Steve Stiles' illustrated talk, "How to be a Cartoonist." It was very reminiscent of Mad Magazine in the Good Old Days, with all the classic twists and cynical turns. The jokes may not have been new, but the delivery was sincere. Steve had lived through most of the ironies and humorous situations he described. At one point he called me to the easel and charged me with performing an artistic exercise. I failed miserably, of course. (It was pre-arranged that no matter what I did, I'd fail. We both hammed it up hugely.)

There was a party thrown by a French-Canadian publisher. Another one by the Canadian small press. And a third by Japanese publishers. I can't possibly tote up the many parties run by cons wanting to sell memberships, nor others run to drum up support for their Worldcon bids. There was a Texas party that stood out for wonderful chili, and another I can only recall as the Smoked Meat party. (Must have been the Montréal fan group.) I confess that I wasn't entirely comfortable in the party for Gaylaxicon, though they assured me you didn't have to be gay to attend. (I just wasn't sure what the point of the con was, if you weren't.) I might or might not have gone slumming in a Tor party, as well. Possibly, I'm confusing that with the Worldcon Chairman's party – also off limits to most of the crowd.

I got in by pulling rank. Being a GoH has its privileges, I'm happy to say. Having seen the lavish spread, I know why Worldcon memberships these days cost \$200 and more. Not even the Hugo reception had free alcohol, but at the Con Runners' party I could drink as much as I asked for.

What I noticed about the parties was that, by and large, there seemed little presence of pros who I recognized. Exceptions there were. I saw George R.R. Martin several times, notably at the *Brotherhood Without Banners* party. Robert Sawyer and Carolyn Clink popped up at the Canadian writers' party. I saw John Douglas and Ginjer Buchanan here and there throughout the evenings. But... that's about as many as come to mind. Where were the other pros? Although I met Elisabeth Vonarberg once, I honestly don't think I would have recognized her a second time. But where was Bob Silverberg? I saw him by day, but not by night. Neil Gaiman, the main Guest of the con, was also conspicuously absent after hours. Robert Charles Wilson was conspicuous in programming. But I don't recall seeing him once the convention center closed for the night.

So *what* of this famous equalitarian relationship between fans and pros? Is it real or not?

Admittedly, I wouldn't recognize a great many writers and editors. There might have been Michael Swanwicks and Nancy Kresses and Greg Bears at every turn, wherever I went, and I likely wouldn't have a clue. "Collecting" pros was never a hobby of mine.

But offhand, I think not. Whether it was ever really so, older fans than I would have to answer. At present, it appears to me, that the pros are a sub-fandom of their own. They have their own interests and circles, and have little in common with everyday fans. From what Bob Wilson later told me, I imagine I might have been chowing down on corned beef on rye in the Montréal party, while Bob had dinner with his Hungarian translator. This may be more or less the general case. While I quizzed the TAFF winner about British fandom, perhaps Rob Sawyer was discussing with his editor the release date for his next two books. As I watched Steve Stiles' easel demonstration, maybe David Hartwell was having a tête-à-tête with Patrick Nielsen Hayden over budgets.

The pros have their own circle of cronies and their own shared interests. They're no different, in their way, from The Klingon Boarding Party or other special-interest groups in the erratic, amorphous body known as fandom. One could go out on a limb and say pros have even less common ground with fans than most other groups. Costumers often work on cons. Fanzine fans may also filk and love Star Trek. Comics fans game. Not too many pros would seem to have a hand in any fan activity, except perhaps a little writing for fanzines.

The main basis for claiming an easy and equal relationship between fans and pros is probably the common ground of science fiction. In that regard, we do speak the same language, and do share broad swathes of the same history. It's thin grounds, though. Fans and pros don't approach science fiction the same way. They write and sell books – we buy and read them. Do you feel you're on same basis with the man you bought your Toyota from as you are with the guys you bowl with? The Toyota salesman is friendly, to be sure. You wouldn't expect him to invite you home for dinner, though. Isn't he really just trying to sell you a car? Doesn't the writer just want you to buy his book?

No, not entirely. He'd happy to talk to you about his book. I doubt he would be quite as happy to listen to you talk about your fanzine. And while a hundred people can listen to him at the front of the room, he couldn't possibly listen to a hundred people individually. This gets to the core of the unequal relationship between fans and pros. We're there to see him, but he's not there to see any of us.

There have also been provocative on-line discussions that frankly owned up to there being fewer pros at the Worldcon. The contention of some pros is that it makes little sense to spend money to attend a *small* convention of a few thousand members, when giant media cons with 20,000, or even 100,000 members is more cost-effective. The argument is that if Worldcons are to attract any professional attention at all, they must make radical changes to grow to a size comparable to Dragon Con or SDCC. The contrary argument is that pros also come to the Worldcon for other reasons than business, and that such changes would be fatal to the Worldcon as we know it. My position is that we are nowhere near a crisis yet, and such concerns are premature. In the end, though, I think it would be preferable to let the Worldcon slowly die than alter it into something unrecognizable, that serves no-one's interests but a very few. Whose Worldcon is it, after all?

A professional writer may attend a con to promote a recent book. He may enjoy being popular. He may even feel he owes his readers a look at him, and a chance to speak to their favourite author. But there is a profound difference between a sense of noblesse oblige toward one's fans, and actually *being* a fan.

As they would say on Myth Busters, the myth of equality between fans and pros is mainly busted.

I wasn't going to try to explain any of that to the CBC interviewer. She wanted sound bites that were easily digested by the television viewer. By definition, a sound bite contains one

idea (or fewer) that is simple enough to grasp in ten seconds. Giving the viewers of the CBC News a little more credit than the average watcher of Fox News, maybe simple enough to grasp in *thirty* seconds. Whether or not the material made it to the air is another question. There was no sign of it in a couple of news stories that I saw on YouTube. It wouldn't be the first time I ended up on the cutting-room floor.

One of the film clips that did make it to the air, though, lingered long over some fan's badges, and the Anticipation name tag was gloriously visible for several entire seconds.

My final program event for Saturday was "The Tools of the Trade" at five o'clock. My guess is that the item was created for Alan Beck, who was the little-known final nominee for the Best Fanartist this year. I say "little-known," but he is evidently well enough known to have gotten whatever number of nominations it takes to appear on the ballot in that category. (I'd say about fifty, possibly forty.) In any case, I had no idea who he was when I first heard the name. This led to a Google search to discover that Beck was a freelancer who specialized in cute animal renderings of famous paintings. He sold them as posters, coffee mugs, and calendars. I came to the panel expecting to talk about my pens and pencils, since I use little else. Alan came with a lap top, and a complete PowerPoint presentation that took a considerable time to show. His main point was that no amount of preparation was too much, and he proceeded to show about twenty steps in the construction of one of his book cover paintings. One of the other artists came similarly prepared, and followed much the same line. In one of only a couple of opportunities to speak, I subverted the entire message by stating I only needed a pencil, pen, paper, and sometimes a ruler to do my work. In my opinion, tools were far less important than the idea... and knowing how to put it across. This didn't seem to fit the party line very well, and I could see I didn't really belong there. I made the excuse of a conflicting program item - we had already gone over an hour and no end was in sight - then hurried away.

Part Can - Demarche/Sunday

It was likely on Sunday that we went to the egg place for brunch. Finally, Schirm and I started a day with something hot and savory, not rich in fiber and good for us. The restaurant was named something like "Eggs-actly" or "Eggs-istential" and served only hen fruit in one fashion or another. I was a bit skeptical about this, but it turned out that my ham & eggs on bagels were eggs-cellent.

At 12:30 I had to be in a certain room without knowing why. That was the theory behind the "roast" prepared for me. In practice, I knew all about it. Originally scheduled for Monday afternoon, it turned out that only one of the participants of "The Life & Times of Taral Wayne" would still be in Montréal on Monday afternoon. The single survivor of the remorseless need for people to catch trains and planes going home was Robert J. Sawyer. Rob and I have known each other for quite a number of years - longer than he's been a published writer, in fact. But we could hardly say we

were close, and there was some doubt he could conduct a proper “roast” on his lonesome. It became necessary to tell me about it. I asked if “The Life & Times” could be rescheduled. Laurie Mann was good about this, and managed to reschedule early Thursday. We ran into the same problem. One of the panelists would be on hand, but the rest weren’t expected until Friday. Finally Laurie squeezed “The Life & Times” into Sunday, when Rob Sawyer, Bob Wilson, Alan Rosenthal, Catherine Crockett and Schirm were all present and accounted for. The necessary change came so late, though, you unfortunately won’t find any mention of my roast in the program guide.

It was one of the better-attended events I was part of... excepting the opening, and closing ceremonies, of course, and the Hugo presentations. Twenty-five or thirty bodies sat through the whole hour, as we reminisced, joked and kidded around. While not strictly a “roast” – I took my turn embellishing old stories – it seemed to keep our modest audience entertained. I wondered where other people were. The Stileses for example. Or Guy Lillian. But the last minute scheduling ran afoul of other program events. Steve, I later learned, was giving a tour of the Rotsler winners exhibit with Sue Mason at exactly the same time my “Life & Times.” I would have liked Steve to be there, and for that matter (as a past Rotsler winner) I would have liked to have been one of the guides myself.

To be honest, I saw *no-one else’s* program appearances. I was so busy over the five days of the con that it never even entered my head to look through the lengthy program guide to find if there was anything I wanted to see. Likely as not, there would have been schedule conflicts in many cases. Or I might have had to skip more meals. But mainly I just didn’t *think* of it, and this I deeply regret.

I also missed all of the Canvention events, and the presentation of the Canadian Aurora awards. I can’t say I regret *this* very much.

It may seem odd to most of fandom that I’ve been nominated for Best Fanartist 8 times so far, won the Rotsler award, run for TAFF and DUFF, been toastmaster at one Corflu, and was Fan Guest of Honour at the Worldcon – but I’ve not once been nominated in any fan category for the Aurora Awards. I think it speaks volumes for the provincial outlook of most Canadian fans – pun unavoidable.

Sunday was the day for big-ticket program events. It was the day of the announcement of next year’s Worldcon, when the new Worldcon logo would be revealed and, of course, the day for the Hugo ceremonies. At 2 o’clock I joined the elite in the main program room for the rehearsal. I was mainly baffled. Remember, the last time I would have seen the Hugos presented it

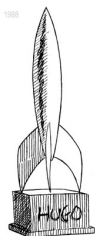
was at a banquet (of the traditional rubber chicken) in the early 1970s. Some special instructions had to be given to keep me off my feet as much as possible, complicated by the unusual circumstance that, immediately after presenting the Hugo for best fanzine, I might win one of the awards myself. Instead of leaving the stage entirely, I was directed to wait in the wings in the event I was called back. So far, so good.

At 3.30 I gave a tutorial on drawing. The tutorial was based on an article I wrote, a few years ago, called “Pencil Points.” It was the result of quite a long period of thought in response to a friend asking me if I could help him with his drawing. I felt that the usual approach – drawing stick figures and circles – wasn’t very helpful. The real issue as an artist isn’t hand-and-eye coordination so much as observation, and judgment, which no amount of geometrical exercise will teach. So, when I finally came to giving my friend lessons, I took a different approach. Instead of pencil exercises, I asked him to act out a number of scenarios. The purpose of this was to force him to discover the essentials of a scene, and then organize them in the most effective way on paper. Never mind that the draftsmanship might be wretched. Can you identify what makes an elephant an elephant, and not a camel? Can you communicate an angry expression that doesn’t look like an evil grin? The lessons seemed to satisfy my friend, and later I wrote a successful article about the experiment.

I had hoped to repeat the experiment on a larger scale at Torcon. But as usual, no-one was interested in my suggestions. Anticipation was a different matter, and the “Pencil Point” article made the translation to “Drawing Seminar with Taral Wayne.”

It drew a fair crowd, measured by any other program event I’d been on so far. They were all prepared to sketch, which was a good sign also. In the course of the seminar I challenged the participants to act out a double-take, climbing a ladder, an angry encounter with sailors goofing-off and other scenarios that would awaken them to how the face and body moves. In pursuit of relevant but sufficient detail, I also asked them to draw Spanish galleons, fruit stands and other distinctive subjects. Then I walked around the group to see the results. Where I could, I showed how the drawing might have been better staged. I pointed out when too much detail was distracting, and when necessary details were lacking. Whether or not anyone gained from my tutorial I can’t say. But it kept the participants concentrating on their sketch pads, and they seemed content.

The printed invitation used a tiny excerpt from an old drawing of mine. Catherine Crocket asked if I had ever drawn any Hugos that she could use. Wracking my memory came up only with a couple. A third was wholly unusable. Of the two, Catherine had picked one that was from a pastiche of cartoonist George Herriman. Looks like a hood ornament on a corned beef tin, doesn’t it?



The big event began at 6 o’clock with the pre-Hugo reception. You needed a printed invitation for this, and could bring one guest with you. I brought Steven Baldassarra, since it was bound to be a once-in-a-lifetime event for him. For that matter it was a once-in-a-lifetime event for me this time. In spite of seven previous Hugo nominations, I had never been able to attend a Worldcon for the occasion. I’d never been to a Hugo reception either, so it was just as novel to me as to Steven.

It was a bit of a disappointment too, really.

The room the reception was held in could have been a hanger for the B2 Bomber, and enjoyed a view of the city from the all-glass back wall. A small bar was set up in one corner, and each guest was issued a single ticket. No hard liquor or any liqueurs were available, just white wine or red. Fortunately, there was plenty of coffee from a self-serve table. From time to time a vested busboy walked by with a tray of whaddayacallums... hors d'oeuvres? Appetizers? Pricey snack food. To tell the truth, I had no idea who most of the other nominees were. Many were formally dressed to one degree or another, but a few were casual enough for the gym. I ran into Karl Schroeder, who I knew from a few years ago in Toronto. He was up for the Hugo in Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form. (The award's *name* is sure long enough.) I'm pretty sure I saw David Hartwell, one of the nominees for best editor. Chris Garcia was there, of course. I heard that John Scalzi was schmoozing somewhere, but wouldn't have recognized him on sight anyway. Somehow I met one of the nominees for Best Graphic Story, and spoke a while about his hopes. Not Phil Foglio. I would know Foglio. He would have spit in my eye, from what I've been told. This man I didn't know, and I'm embarrassed to say I've already forgotten his name. And there was the energetic Frank Wu.

Frank I had met earlier in the con, of course. Or more accurately, he met me, since I recall my name being called from behind, and Frank introducing himself. I have to admit, Frank is the second-most-friendly guy I met at the Worldcon. Chris Garcia just nudges him from first place. But Frank's a bit unnerving when you don't know him. He high-fived me, bounced off the walls, and performed fellowship rituals too arcane for me to recognize while I was still making up my mind to answer "hello." He introduced his wife, Brianna, somewhere between that and my next word, and then was off again. Frank must have found the pre-Hugos intoxicating. He shifted from what passes with Frank as cruising mode to *high energy*. Before I knew it, I was being pushed and pulled and prodded into photo ops, outdrawing each other like gunslingers. "*Outdrawing*, get it?" It sank in, but Frank was off on another trajectory by then. I don't know what he was having, but I could have used a little.

After a while, a table was wheeled into the middle of the room. An announcement was made. This was the first unveiling of Anticipation's take on the Hugo award – as Beautiful People, we got to see it first. It was a moment of truth. Whatever lay beneath the white sheet might be mine in an hour's time. Would it be a figure of grace and dignity? Or would it be a hideous piece of claptrap like the Nippon Hugo – a pairing of the traditional rocket and Ultra Man that was so cheesy you didn't know whether it was enough to push it behind the bowling trophies, or such an outright embarrassment you could only stick it under the bed.

I think you could hear every breath in the room being let out. The Hugo was gorgeous. For the first time, I realized I *wanted* this one. The silver rocket was mounted on a piece of silvery granite representing an asteroid. The top of the stone base was polished flat, and looking down the boresight you saw a "blast pit" whose flames were Autumn-

coloured maple leaves. Around the circumference of the base was a metal strip that reminded me of Jeordi La Forge's visor, with the name of Anticipation engraved on it. A little bit like Jeordi's visor, it also tended to fall off at awkward moments. Nevertheless, it was not merely attractive, it was stunning.



Not long after the unveiling came the photo session. Groups were formed of nominees in each category. In Best Fanartist, Frank did the gunslinger shtick again. If you can't tell, I found it a little embarrassing to draw attention that way. Get it? Draw.

It was soon time to leave for the Hugo Presentation itself.

Up to then, I had seen nothing of the Guest of Honour, Neil Gaiman, except for a few minutes at the opening ceremonies. I see 17 listed program items Neil Gaiman took part in. Kept busy with my own schedule, I missed them all. I have no idea where he was the rest of the time, so there were no casual encounters. The way it looked, he just about missed the pre-Hugo reception. Gaiman arrived five minutes before everyone was formed up to move to the main program area for the award ceremonies. I was beginning to suspect I would not have the chance to speak to him at all. It wasn't that I was a sworn fan, but I did like his writing and thought that under the circumstances it would be appropriate to at least meet him.

As at the opening ceremonies, I was a bit bewildered by the Hugos. I had a better grasp of what to expect, thanks to the rehearsal earlier, but it was nothing like the last time I had seen the awards given out... likely 1976, when I heard a misanthropic Heinlein booed from the audience. But in 1976 I didn't have to actually hand someone a rocket from the stage. I thought it unlikely I'd mess up so badly, that *I'd* be booed, but it was a distinct possibility.

One thing that was definitely in my favour was my shirt. Unlike David Harwell and his technicolour ensembles of stylishly mismatching off-the-rack shirt, tie, pants, socks and

underpants, I wore a custom-made garment. My original intentions were unpretentious. When asked by Catherine Crockett what I'd wear at the ceremonies, I said I hadn't thought about it, but probably the same t-shirt and short pants I wore the rest of the time. What else did I own? Some years ago, though, Catherine had made a couple of custom shirts for me that I often wore to conventions. They technically still fit – but not well. She offered to make another along the same lines. Having now thought about it, it seemed like a good idea. The shirt she made was a dark, twilight blue, the colour of the clear sky before night begins to fall in earnest, with black facings. Instead of buttoning or zipping, it was tied in kimono fashion, and had short sleeves. Catherine fitted it only days before both us left for the convention, managing to finish it just in time. The fit was great, and I really loved how it turned out. Paired with ordinary black cotton pants, at least no-one would boo how I was dressed.

The place was packed, and the lights turned low just as the opening ceremonies had been. The video screens lit up and Julie Czerneda appeared on stage with her translator. The show had begun. One by one, they went through the warm-ups. Andy Porter was presented with the Big Heart award. I clapped hard for that one. Next came the First Fandom award. The new official logo for the Hugos was shown for the first time. I have to admit I couldn't have designed better – it was perfectly simple and simply perfect. Then the actual Hugo for 2009 was revealed to the public. Finally, the site selected for the 2011 Worldcon was announced – Reno. Better work out your right arm, if you're planning to go. Those slot machines will be in the dealers' room if I know Nevada, and the Hugos will probably have a handle. With the John W. Campbell award, the preliminaries were over.

The Penneys were up first, to present the Hugo for the Best Fanwriter to Cheryl Morgan.

Then came the cue for me to climb the stage. As before, I really couldn't see much of the audience, only the brightly lit stage and the few people on it. Someone handed me an envelope. I think Julie pushed me up to the mike. Then I spoke off the top of my head.

Okay, I haven't got a transcript, nor did I make any notes, but it's unlikely I'll ever forget what I said.

I said that I had *published* fanzines, I had *written* for fanzines, I had *drawn* in fanzines, and on occasion I had *bled* on fanzines when I cut myself on the staples, so I *knew* it was an artform. Then I opened up the envelope, read the nominees – *Argentus*, edited by Steven Silver; *Banana Wings*, edited by Claire Briailey and Mark Plummer; *Challenger*, edited by Guy Lillian III; *The Drink Tank*, edited by Chris Garcia; *Electric Velocipede*, edited by John Klima; and *File 770*, edited by Mike Glycer. Then I said, "interesting."

My first thought was “damn,” actually. I knew who’d I’d voted for, and would have been quite content if Banana Wings, Drink Tank, Challenger, or File 770 had won. But who the heck was John Klima? I read out the name of the zine I’d never heard of. I wasn’t to learn it was a fan-fiction website, of all things, until later.

Someone held the Hugo out so I could take it and pass it to the winner. For about five seconds, I actually held the bloody thing – and I can’t remember those five seconds at all! Did the base feel rough? Was it cold? Was it heavy? No shred of the experience survives. I should have left the stage at that point. Since I was a nominee in the next category, I retired behind the wings. And there I waited. For me, the next few minutes were the most nerve-wracking of the whole affair.

The Hugo for Best fanartist was presented by the trio of fan-fund winners – Steve Green for TAFF, Emma Hawkes for DUFF, and LeAmber Kensley for CUFF. The nominees must be pretty familiar by now: Brad Foster, Sue Mason, Frank Wu, and yours truly. The newcomer to the group was Alan Beck.

I met the somewhat obscure Alan A. Beck briefly at the pre-awards reception. Until the nominees were revealed in the summer, I’m guessing not too many people had heard of him. Google directed me to Alan’s website, where I quickly learned that he was a freelance artist who appeared to specialize in animal renditions of famous paintings. “American Gothic” with mouse heads, for example. He sold these by mail as t-shirts, calendars, coffee mugs and other such perennially favourite media in shopping mall culture. Like any enterprising freelancer, he evidently also takes his work to SF conventions. Naturally, he had a display of his prints at Anticipation. Sometimes I have balls of brass, so I had to ask Alan why he thought he was on the Hugo ballot as best *fanartist*. By his answer, I assume he was almost as puzzled by it as I was. He told me he had no idea.

From a practical standpoint, the only answer was “because Steve Stiles had withdrawn his name.”

The contest was basically down to Frank, Sue, and me. Frank had won three times before. Sue twice. This year seemed to be the one in which I held my strongest hand, since I was a GoH at the same year’s Worldcon, enjoyed its backing in numerous ways, and had had a number of showy things published in fanzines in the previous couple of years. If I could not win in 2009, it stood to reason that I couldn’t win at all, no



Frank’s Victory Dance. A more complete dialog between Frank, Brianna and I about the Fanart Hugo can be found in Drink Tank 223, and downloaded from Bill Burns’ website, eFanzines.

matter what I did. The moment the envelope was torn open, my belief in work and effort was hanging in the balance.

Well, there is *no* reward for hard work, and effort does *no* good. Horatio Alger's boys-who-made-good were just the figment of a lying writer's imagination. Good fortune comes to no one simply because they deserve it.

Putting it another way, Frank won his 4th Hugo. I guess I can't blame him for being elated, but I took his victory dance rather badly. He swooped around the stage, playing with his Hugo as though it were a toy rocket, raising more than one eyebrow among the other winners who preferred more reserved expressions of satisfaction. I merely started breathing again. The stage helpers didn't shoo the other nominees away, but drew the winners apart for the photo op. I've seen one shot of the winners in which you can see a bit of me at back, and off to one side. It must have been a little while after that, when things were breaking up, that I decided I didn't need my newly-written acceptance speech. Lacking anything better to do with it, I gave it to Frank. I felt he had everything else. Why not have that, too? In time, I regained some perspective and put away the sore-loser face. After all, I was a Guest of Honour at a Worldcon, wasn't I? I had been blessed with any amount of egoboo over the previous year or two, including an introduction written by Mike Glyer that I couldn't have been improved if I had dictated it. I'd have a ton of stuff published, which is what fanac is supposed to be all about. I'd won the Rotsler last year. And eight nominations for the Hugo is nothing to sneeze at, either. A lot of people would give an eye-tooth for *one*. So I had the whole cake except for one slice, and had no good cause to complain. But it was *such* a beautiful Hugo...

No, I have no complaints... except for one thing. If not this year, can it be *any* year? To repeat a question posed by Chris Garcia in a recent issue of Drink Tank, "what does it take to win a Hugo?" If not work, then what? I certainly can't compete for popularity when I attend no conventions and have little personal contact with other fans. It would seem as though the fan Hugos measure those virtues more than any others.

As for the professional Hugo categories, I paid little attention. I'm not very interested in that minor-league stuff. Surely Mike will have the details somewhere in this issue of File 770 – if not, try Locus. I hear they've even won an award for that sort of thing.

Still, I wonder where the Hugos are going. At worst, I fear the distinction between the SF genre and the outside world is breaking down as we watch. Two of the fan Hugos were taken, not by traditional fanac, but by their internet offspring. Best fanzine was a website. Best fanwriter was Cheryl Morgan, by virtue of her blog. John Scalzi took home another rocket in the category of Best Related Book– not for his blog this time, but for a collection of his blog writing. Best Short Dramatic Presentation was some media production on a blog called "Dr. Horrible's Sing-Along," that conjures up the

truly horrible question of whether the “Dancing Baby” could have been a nominee a few years ago.

The problem I foresee is not the new medium itself. The internet is a tool, and I use it myself. But the internet potentially reaches millions, where the print media reaches thousands. And the twiltone medium reaches several dozens. At the same time, many of the plots and symbols of science fiction are diffusing into the mainstream culture. Chances are that anyone under the age of 40 knows what a Vulcan nerve pinch is, or a faster-than-light drive. They understand the time-paradox because they saw it on an episode of *Third Rock From the Sun*. And they know A.I. made their Toyota, because they saw one transform into a battle robot on a television ad. If everyone understands SF, and anyone can access the internet, what difference will there be between fandom and the mundane world in the future? What sense of “community” will there be? Could a digitally animated Captain Crunch commercial win a Hugo for Best Short Dramatic Presentation someday?

Growth can be a good thing, but it’s not always equally good for everyone. A select few may benefit enormously, while everyone else sinks to the level of the mass consumer. So far as I know, the limiting factor in the growth of the Hugos is the cost of a Worldcon membership. It’s already higher than many old-time fans will pay just for the right to vote. The Hugo in the foreseeable future is almost certain to be defined by the few thousand people who will pay for the privilege. It already is. But who will those people be, one wonders.

After the Hugo ceremonies I stumbled down to the post-awards reception with Steven.

Steven didn’t want to stay long. I can’t say I blame him – he’d already seen the genre’s royalty at the pre-award ceremonies, and wasn’t too enthusiastic about seeing them again. Nor was the ambiance, created by dim lights and a crowded room, as friendly. Tables were well-stocked with canapés, but unless you anted up at the cash bar there was only water to drink. I had water. Yet I had a couple of lively conversations that I recall as enjoyable. One with John Hertz, about the Hugo rules, was largely in confidence. Another was with John Douglas. I’d known John since he edited OSFiC newsletters, more than 35 years ago. Oddly enough, I think I grew to know and like John more after he moved to New York and began to edit professionally. We talked about the Best Editor category. My point was that the award was certainly deserved, but that it was too much to expect of most readers to be very aware of what editors do. John added that most editors unfortunately do fly under the readers’ radar, and that the Hugo tended to go to certain names that were highly visible. Gardner Dozois’ *The Year’s Best Science Fiction*, for example, or Terry Carr’s *Ace Specials*. I think we both shook our heads, then, and conceded there was nothing to be done about it.

I also spoke with the René Walling, the con chairman- for a little while. I wanted to thank him (and the committee) for a wonderful experience, and a well run convention.

Timed almost like a comic turn, Patrick Nielsen Hayden picked that moment to come bristling up to René. He complained in a very loud voice that it was a *badly* run con, one of the worst he had ever seen. I'd known Patrick pretty well during the mid-'70s, after he had suddenly moved into Toronto, and then I largely fell out of touch when he almost as suddenly moved away. He had always been excitable, and had a Puckish sense of humour that was sometimes hard to distinguish from his straight delivery. So at first I thought he was pulling René's leg. But Patrick had had a quick temper when I had known him, too, and eventually it sunk in that he was dead serious.

The gist of his complaints was about the elevators, and limits to people's moving to and from the upper floors. There had also been complaints about noise, causing the SFWA party to be moved. After dismissing the Delta as a totally unsuitable choice, and ranking Anticipation as one of the worst-run Worldcons he'd seen, Patrick bristled away again. It's good when people let their minds be known. But, like a lightning strike on the last green, there was no time for an apology *or* a rebuttal.

The elevators had, in fact, been slow. There were line-ups. I've heard, too, that a pronouncement of the fire marshal had kept some people from reaching the party floors. I saw nothing of this myself, but the expedient of keeping some elevators free for use of guests going to and from their rooms may have had uncertain results. Did it help the movement of people, or hinder it? I can't say. But I seem to recall that most conventions I'd been to in the past have had problems with inadequate elevator service, so what's new?

Then, there were the closed parties. Although the con had arranged two party floors, evidently noise carried through to the floors above and below. It was possible to relocate the SWFA party at least, but how well it carried on afterward is not for me to say. All of this I learned later. It seems to me, too, that this wasn't in the least foreseeable.

What Worldcon hasn't made mistakes? As far as it went, there were adequate reasons for complaint. But to publicly tongue-lash the chairman like some gold-bricking employee seemed more like a bit from some sitcom. René seemed to shrug it off in true Gallic fashion, though. I had to admire him. A little later, Teresa came over and made soothing noises. I don't recall what she said, but she seemed concerned that a faux pas had been committed and it needed to be set right.

While circling the room, I noticed several people were carrying an odd-looking box, about the size of a CD case. After a time I noticed a table where someone was minding a stack of them. I assumed it was more of the same disks, and paid them no mind. Next day, one of the concom asked if I had gotten my Hugo nominee's gift from Aussiecon. Not that I noticed, I said. What was it? Apparently those "CDs" I saw the night before were limited-edition, bone china dishes. The designs were based on an Aboriginal painting by an artist named Ruth Napaljarri Stewart. They are handsome –

I'll give them that. And the Australian connection is obvious. But I'm not at all sure why a dish. Except for the card pasted on the box, it might be a souvenir brought back by a tourist. I gave Aussies A for taste, but I'm forced to mark them lower for relevance. Thanks for thinking of me, though.

As it happens, I also received a small gift from Anticipation. It was a small, wooden, faux-Japanese box. You might wonder at the relevance of that, but "Anticipation, Worldcon 2009" had been painted by brush inside. And there were five glorious maple syrup candies! The only thing more Canadian than maple syrup candy is Tim Hortons donuts.

"Tim Hortons" is the correct name of the eponymous chain of donut stores. It used to be Tim Horton's Donuts, but in Quebec that contravened the notorious law known as Bill 101. It is illegal to advertise on a sign or in a store window using English. The possessive apostrophe is forbidden. So Tim Horton's became simply Tim Hortons.

I bet even Hazel Langford didn't know that.

And of course, I didn't share a single one. They were my precioussssss.

One of the more popular parties with the cool crowd was the fan lounge. It was well stocked by Catherine Crockett, and seemed to be the preferred hangout of British fans. It's probably worth mentioning the odd layout of party rooms at the Delta Centre Ville. There were basically

two floor plans, and square was not an option. The larger rooms were at the ends of the building, and were shaped somewhat like a croissant, with the door to the hall in the middle. The other sort was split-level - a small and cramped lower area, stairs, and an upper level bedroom with bath. The fan lounge was one of the second sort. The downstairs area was just large enough for a sofa and chair, and much of the action took place upstairs. The Worldcon one-shot was, in fact, mainly typed in a closet nook across from the bathroom, while the bed provided space for loungers. Crowded though it was, Steve set up his easel for his "How to be a cartoonist" talk in one corner downstairs, and somehow packed them in.

By comparison, the con suite was large, fairly rectangular for a change, and had a full bedroom on the same level. I recall spending a good deal of time there on more than one occasion, but particularly one late night with Steve Stiles, Andy Porter, and Steve Green. Andy was doodling fake Rotslers on a marker board, while Stiles and I discussed our discovery of a wonderful light fixture based on a drawing by Ken



Illumination by Ken Fletcher

Fletcher. No party could rival the Montréal and Texas parties, though. Mounds of savory smoked meat and rye bread competed with vats of spicy beef-or-chicken chili.

I mentioned the Con Chairman's party earlier, though not perhaps the long and astute conversation about American politics I had with Kevin Standlee's wife. In the other room, Joe Siclari and a few others tried to

think of anyone who had earned a hat-trick by having been a Worldcon Chairman, Worldcon Guest of Honour, *and* a major fan fund winner. No names emerged, though plenty in fandom had managed two out of three.

There were more than two dozen parties running at any one time, I'm sure. Some I probably never set foot in, there were so many. Concentrating them on two floors seems to have worked well – almost as well as having those floors one above the other would have worked. I wonder why there were twenty-one floors between them?

Part Six – Lundi/Monday

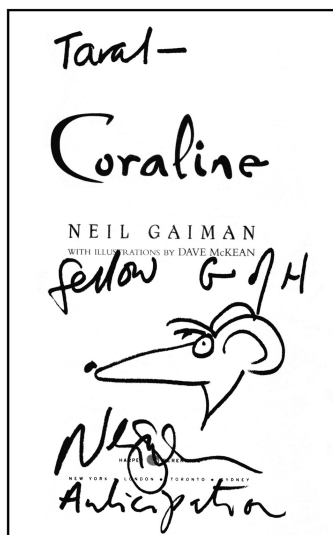
Monday was a time of winding down. Almost of leftovers. I don't even have a clear recollection of what I did most of the day. Perhaps Monday was when I watched John D. Berry and Steve Stiles meet on the lower concourse? Otherwise I wouldn't have known Berry had even been at Anticipation. There were others at the con that I never saw either – such as Lise Eisenberg, who I was only later told had been there. It was likely Monday, too, when a small number of my friends found an agreeable Chinese restaurant for dinner. It was less pretentious than where we dined on the first day. This one was a hole in the wall in Chinatown, not far from the Palais. We ordered from shabby menus and were quickly served on a plastic tablecloth. But the food was as good as at the classier joint, and cheaper to boot. Nobody put a hammerlock on me for a tip, either, so I left one willingly.

Monday was also the last day there was any possibility of getting Neil Gaiman to autograph books for me. Normally, I don't collect autographs. I do have any number of books signed or inscribed by writers I know well – Robert Charles Wilson for one, Phyllis Gotlieb for another. And I would make exceptions for writers I don't know if I admired them tremendously. But your run-of-the-mill Clarke, Asimov, or Heinlein – no thank you. On the other hand, one doesn't share billing with a name like Neil Gaiman's every day, so I was willing to make an exception. I had asked just before the Hugo ceremony, but this was ruled out. If Gaiman started to sign a book there in front of thousands of people, thousands of people would be also swarm him to ask for autographs. The ceremonies might end up starting an hour or two late.

It was Monday or never, then. There was a table set up for autograph sessions just in front of the curtain separating the dealers' area from the rest of the main exhibit room. Gaiman wasn't there yet, but about two hundred people were already lined up. While perhaps I should have just taken my place at the end of the line, I really couldn't justify tying myself up for however long it might take to work to the front of the line. Not to put too fine a point on it, I was the Fan Guest of Honour. So, for the first time, I actually took advantage of my status, and asked to be jumped to the head of the line. The staff person in charge saw no problem with it, so I motored my scooter right up to the table and in front of someone who found out he was now only *second* in line. I waited. Gaiman was due in about ten minutes. He arrived in about fifteen. We had a few

words and he signed my three freshly purchased books. The copy of *Coraline* he inscribed "Taral - Fellow G of H, Neil, Anticipation," just as I was nervy enough to ask him to. It wasn't a first edition, but where would I get one of those? Honour had at least been satisfied.

Title page from my copy of *Coraline*.



As it was the final day of the Worldcon, I also had to return the scooter that afternoon. By then it had nearly grown to be a part of me. It was second nature to hop on and off, plug it in whenever I was stopped for any length of time, and back up without running over too many toes. I had had an interesting encounter once with another scooter that reminds me of that old story about the only two cars in some Midwest state back in the early 20th century. Despite having the whole state to avoid each other in, they still managed to collide.

Steve Stiles had been having problems with his legs at work, and was seeing a therapist for them. He had many questions to ask me about the scooter – had it taken long to get used to, did I find it useful,

how agile was it? If his therapy didn't begin working better than it had so far, he said, he might needing one himself. Then again, he also said that the amount of walking he'd been doing throughout the con seemed to have done more good for him than the therapy. Before I turned the scooter in and bade it a sad farewell, I let Schirm have a go. He zipped up and down the hall outside the main exhibition area, trying for an indoor land speed record. I let him drive it into the scooter park enclosure. Thinking it was his scooter, they began to bill him for the rental. Fortunately I was there to step to explain, and the rental was waived. I really could use one of those around my Parkdale neighborhood. But unless my back actually gives out for good, it'll be quite a few more years before it comes to that.

I also ran into Lea Farr, who had one last present for me – a box about the size of a car battery, with the last of the membership badges in it. She had promised me the leftovers, to use as I wished. I had no idea how many that was. Two stacks of cards filled most of the bottom of the box. The label outside read 6,000. Each of the three layers must have originally held 2,000, so my Mk. I eyeball gauged the remainder to be at least 1,500! I could give these out on street corners for a week, if I wanted.

I had no programming to do Monday, except to attend the closing ceremonies.

As before, the ceremonies were held in the huge, main program hall. As before, I had never witnessed a modern closing ceremony at a Worldcon. And once again, I had prepared nothing to say. There was one difference, though. This third and final time I

faced the audience, I was really conscious of them being there. I looked at them on purpose and told them it had been such a unique experience to be the Fan Guest of Honour at a Worldcon, that I was tempted to move into my virtual “apartment” here, and never leave. Why not stay too? I asked the assembled members of Anticipation.

Pity I had to go home, but that’s how it is.

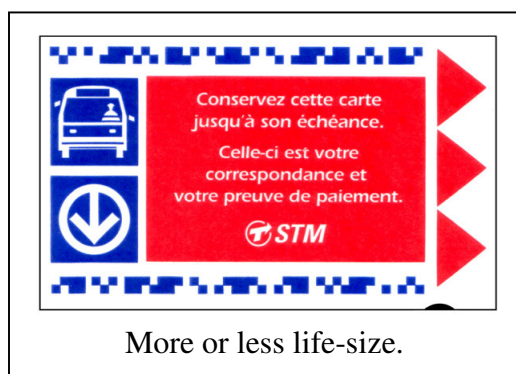
Sept – Mardi/Tuesday

It was astonishing how fast everything came down after the ceremonies on Sunday. Even if I had been serious about camping in my virtual apartment, it was already too late. Disassembly probably began even before everyone had left the program area. By Tuesday morning, it was as though the Worldcon had never happened. Schirm and I walked over to the convention center and found no sign of it. Now and then, we encountered another sole survivor, or a couple of fans who hadn’t left yet. There were a surprising number, really. But compared to the kaleidoscopic emptiness of the Palais, a handful of fans were only a few half-deflated balloons bobbing in the wake of a circus parade. Schirm and I had little idea what to do, but we were determined to do something with our last full day in Montréal.

It was Schirm who suggested there was a Métro stop nearby. He reminded me that we both wanted to see Mont Royal, if we found a way to get there. I hazarded an obvious guess that getting off at the Mont Royal Avenue stop would most likely get us where we wanted to go. Some of the smartest ideas I have are that obvious.

The subways, or Métro, in Montréal are unlike any I know in the world, that I know of. Where the cars in Toronto, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, or Seattle all run on steel rails, the cars here ran on rubber wheels! The experience of riding them is unique, too. Instead of a jolting, rocking ride, you swayed back and forth. The Métro differed in one other respect as well. We had decided to buy six fares for the discount, and I would save the two we didn’t need for Moshe Feder’s collection of subway tokens. When we bought the fares, though, all we got were six cheap little red and white cards with magnetic strips. I was quite irritated on Moshe’s behalf, but even so the six were cheaper than buying four.

We arrived at Mont Royal Avenue station after only a ten-or-fifteen minute ride, and at street level found ourselves in a small plaza. We could walk east or west, but which way was the mount? The first passer-by spoke perfect English and directed us west. From where we were it wasn’t obvious there was a rise, but we trusted the natives to know the lay of the land. Mount Royal was a main street – not the



commercial center of the city by any means, but both sides of the avenue were lined with interesting stores all along the way. We noticed a bus go by a minute later. We'd probably need it, I guessed.

My back had grown considerably stronger since I have begun using the scooter, but it was far from strong yet. As long as I took it easy, I managed well enough. It helped that we were in and out of little stores. I was fine as long as we didn't march in a straight line without stops.

We spent some time in an art supply store where we picked up a couple of mechanical pencils, and not much else, then moved along. For some reason everything of real interest seemed to be on the other side of the street. Schirm spotted a place that advertised poutine, for instance. He was feeling a little peckish and wanted to try it. He wasn't hungry enough to start criss-crossing the road, though.

We wanted to get to the mountain straight away, and consigned the other side of the street to the walk on the way back. For now, we caught a bus headed west. The cheap little cards showed their worth then – we were instructed by the driver to insert the tickets into a fare box and wait until they popped back out. Apparently the cards were good on any line for two or three hours. We hadn't far to ride – in only two or three minutes, we were at the foot of the mount.

I said much earlier that Mont Royal is only about 750 feet high. From a distance it's hardly noticeable from the ground, but from close up you just thank your lucky stars you aren't riding a bicycle up. The mount is a rocky, craggy knob, and heavily wooded. Mont Royal Avenue snakes up it in lazy S curves. All thought of urban development halted the moment the grade grew too steep for a street bum to sleep and not roll down the grade. We asked the driver for the first stop with a good view out over the city.

That turned out to be about half way to the top, and gave a very good view of downtown Montréal from the Olympic Stadium in the east, the old French city to the south, the distant granite mounts flung across the horizon over the river, and the International district to the west. It spoiled the atmosphere somewhat that some advertising agency was shooting a lottery commercial. Actors and snazzy cars cluttered the parking lot behind us. After a few minutes we caught the next bus to come along, and rode the rest of the way to the top.

The summit was rather more of a swale, a gentle basin and an open area where the road divided. There was a tourist building built of stone that had evidently been a home at one time, a glass bus shelter, a profusion of sign posts, and several foot paths. We picked one to "The Pavilion," with its grand overlook of the city. Except for constant complaints from my back, the slope we climbed was gentle, and wound through well manicured parklands and forest, arriving after about a quarter of a mile at a much larger stone building, built in a European château style. It was hard to believe it hadn't

been a dance hall, or, if not that precisely, then surely the architect had some other definite purpose in mind. I asked an attendant, but I was wrong. The Pavilion seemed to have been built for no more reason than to give tourists shelter from the weather. And a damned good thing it was. We'd be needing it, presently.

We admired the city from a flagstone terrace spacious enough to drill a Scottish regiment. It was the same city as before, but from a greater elevation and a somewhat different angle. I noticed that dark clouds that had been far in the north before, were now nearly overhead, and quite threatening. Sure enough, thunder echoed among the moving towers and battlements of sullen cumulus. In moments, the front was racing over us and across the city. We headed for the Pavilion with little delay, reaching shelter just in time. The rain pelted the flagstones so violently it raised a spray from the ground that Schirm called "water smoke." (I never heard the expression, myself.) It went on that way for about half an hour, while a hundred or so tourists huddled under the pavilion eaves, or stood inside, fascinated by the passing storm.

It was a spectacle that Schirm enjoyed immensely, coming from a city where rain is a winter affair of nothing better than drizzle and gloom, and genuine storms a rarity. Living in Toronto, I saw my share of storms every year, and so I mainly wondered how long we'd be stuck there.

It's probably worth mentioning that it rained several times during the Worldcon. By far, Monday was the worst. But it had come down in buckets for a quarter of an hour one afternoon, and there had been short periods of light rain on several other occasions. For that matter, a terrific thunderstorm and shower hit Toronto a few days after the con, driving through chinks around my air conditioner, to puddle on the floor and soak my telephone jacks!

But at that point in time, I needn't have been too concerned. The rain slackened, gradually diminished to spitting, and after an hour stopped entirely. There was only the water dripping out of the trees to gripe about while we hiked our way back down the trail to the bus stop.

Later, I discovered on a map we had driven about halfway through the Mont Royal park.

We left the bus, as planned, and walked the other side of the street on the return. Limiting ourselves to the short distance from store to store, my back eased up considerably from the stress put on it by the hike. For some reason, the south side of the street was the more interesting. We poked into one costume shop, where I examined stage money and plastic swords, but sensibly passed up frivolous purchases. We spent more time in a couple of places that sold used CDs and vinyl. One was more hip by far, but too hip for me to find any music I wanted to buy. Very little on CD was older than a few years. The décor was a little of the country general store, and a little

from *Forbidden Planet*. The cash register sat on a counter, with four maroon-coloured leatherette-topped bar stools in front. The second store was much the smaller of the two. Records and CDs nearly crowded the customer out. It was simply a makeshift box with racks and shelves that you walked into, and lacked the carefully contrived élan of the other place. Fortunately, however, it was more indiscriminate in its taste – I quickly found three used CDs of Gentle Giant that I had been wanting for some time. A little farther down the street we dropped into an unpromising gift shop, just on a whim. At first there was nothing of interest, but then I noticed a rack of “wall hangers.” These were imitation samurai swords – the sort stamped out of stainless steel that won’t hold an edge. They’re assembled by thoroughly untraditional methods, but if you don’t know any better they look authentic on the wall.



The perfect toy sword is a real toy sword!

Most were \$35 or \$40, which is cheap as these sorts of things go. As well, a 20% discount applied. I looked at two or three overly-ornate blades, but one sword particularly caught my eye. It was only \$25 to start, and with the discount it would be cheaper still. It was sheathed in a gold-lacquered scabbard that was battered and chipped. The sword hilt was missing the finial

cap. Otherwise the scabbard was solid and the blade unscratched. Considering that I had examined a plastic stage sword not half an hour before that cost just as much, I made the decision to buy it. What else are per-diems for, I reassured myself. I carried my new samurai sword back to the subway wrapped in paper.

It wasn’t a *katana*, as the full length Japanese sword is commonly known, but a *wakizashi* or *shoto*. These are the shorter “companion” swords, typically around 20 inches long, that a samurai wore through life. Of the two, it was the wakizashi that was handier for beheading a prisoner. Also called the “honour sword,” it was sometimes used in committing seppuku – ritual suicide. To show he was unarmed, a samurai removed the larger sword of a *daisho* (pair) when he entered a home. But he never removed the wakizashi. He didn’t go *that* unarmed, ever. While my shabby “wall hanger” would never impress a true warrior or even a true collector, it felt like the perfect toy sword in my hand. And what the hell... if I pushed hard enough, I could still kill someone with it.

We never did find that poutine place we had noticed earlier from the north side of the street. As a result, we went without dinner until we got back to the hotel. We discovered a few lingering fannish types in the Delta lobby and introduced ourselves. It grew slowly dark as we chatted. After a while I decided to go up to the room, and read a while. I left Schirm behind in the lobby, too absorbed by gab to leave. When he came up about an hour later, I said I needed to eat, and we went out again to see what

was open. All we could find at that hour, though, was a Tim Hortons. A mini-sub and a couple of cream-cheese on bagels hit the spot dead on, even if it wasn't exactly Montréal hospitality at its best. Schirm and I didn't have a full day on Tuesday. So we turned in early.

Part Huit – Mercredi/Wednesday

It had been a long week, and we needed a full eight hours sleep that night... or even longer, but eight hours was what we got. We had packing to do in the morning, as well, so the ten o'clock closing of the free breakfast never entered our minds. Instead, we found a fast food court in the underground. There was an unremarkable choice of Chinese stir-fry, sub sandwiches, McDonalds, Thai noodles, donuts, Greek kabobs and fried chicken. I had an unremarkable but filling falafel from a Middle Eastern place.

If the food was pretty much the same fare as anywhere in St. Louis, New York or Toronto, the underground wasn't. Some wag once remarked that Toronto was built on clay, so naturally it grew upward – but Montréal was built on granite, so naturally they grew downward. It's almost true. Montréal does have an extensive network of underground tunnels, connecting most of the downtown buildings so that you never have to resort to street level. In Montréal winter, that's a godsend. We found they were not especially wheelchair-or-scooter-friendly, though. One route from the Palais to the Delta failed us mid-way when we finally came to an escalator down, with no provision for the disabled. We plotted another route on the map, but found it ended a couple of blocks short of the hotel. We were forced to use an elevator to street level, and emerged into a light rain to finish the trip.

Toronto has an underground as well, though far less extensive. It too connects downtown buildings. But the space to either side of the tunnel is leased commercially. You can shop in an Indigo bookstore, buy fresh fruit and vegetables from a carriage trade grocer, have your clothes dry-cleaned, buy a radio-controlled toy Hummer, pick up a chocolate bar from a newspaper stand, or enjoy a piping hot cheese croissant. Not in Montréal. Not in the Centre Ville section that Schirm and I explored, at least. Instead, the long tunnels were vacant, alienated spaces that echoed with the footsteps of people hurrying through. The Krell left behind warmer, more welcoming tunnels than the Centre Ville district of Montréal. We finally found one short section of tunnel between two insurance towers with a small number of shops. But it was so insular that it was the one place I actually found it difficult to make myself understood in English when I asked for directions.

A note about the use of language. Although I had been slightly concerned, it turned out that almost anyone an English-speaking tourist is likely to encounter in Montréal will answer your enquiries in English. Some of it, spoken by taxi drivers, may be a little colourful, but it is completely intelligible. I tried to sprinkle in the little bit of French I knew – mainly “merci” and “pardon” – and only once found it necessary to try “je ne

parlez Français pas.” When I did, the bookstore clerk came back with perfect English. Considering how bad my “ne parlez” must have sounded, I felt like a bit of a fool. But I understand that most Montréalers are pleased you made the effort. They know *they* can do better...

One thing I have to say about French language bookstores – they have fabulous sections on French comics – *Lucky Luke*, *Asterix*, *Tin Tin*, *Spirou*... even *Les Schtroumpfs*. (*Smurfs*, to the Anglophone.) Unfortunately I can hardly read kindergarten-level French, and at something like \$16 each, looking at the pictures wasn’t value for the money. At least all the *Asterix* and *Tin Tin* volumes are translated into English, and I have read them many times. With *Lucky Luke* I’ve hardly been as lucky. I know of only a handful of the more than sixty adventures of the French “poor lonesome cowboy” in English editions. *Spirou* I hardly know at all, but for one translated volume.

More properly, Ben Wa balls are called Bao Ding balls. Ben Wa are for a more delicate exercise than that of the hand muscles...



We spent a little more time in Chinatown on our final Wednesday. You enter through a Manchu-style gate, to find yourself in a narrow pedestrian alley with the usual medley of restaurants and gift shops. Most had about what you would expect in Chinatown anywhere – vases, Ben Wa balls, chimes, incense sticks, more tableware and cookware than you can shake an incense stick at, paper fans, gimcrackery of every kind, fake jade, and very little of actual value. There were one or two modern Chinese shops as well, stuffed to bursting with plastic anime toys and Taiwanese manga. I bought a cheap figure of Sailor Mercury, who I’ve always liked because of her blue page-boy hair. The day had to be cut short, though. Our train pulled out of Montréal at 5.30 – dinnertime.

Fortunately, the station was practically across the street from the Delta. We had already checked out. All we had to do was retrieve our baggage from the concierge and pay yet another tip.

Although we had flown from Toronto to Montréal, we retained our return tickets for passage on the train. We had “business class” seats, which entitled us to more leg-room, hot meals, and uninterrupted service. We settled leisurely into spacious seats, our baggage already checked, and pulled out of Montréal Central Station more-or-less on time. The seats were very comfortable and adjusted in at least three dimensions. Slowly the station fell behind us, then the city, then the suburbs and we were gliding comfortably through the countryside. We had our first round of drinks – coffee, juice, or pop the hostess asked, leaving a packaged snack to work up a thirst. Menus followed moments after the last salted peanut disappeared. While not exactly in the five-star class, the chicken (or the trout Schirm ordered) wasn’t too shabby. After dinner we were offered coffee, juice, or *liqueur*. I didn’t hesitate to require all of the

above... and more than once. If there was a limit, I didn't reach it. I remember when flying was this civilized. If ever you have the choice of air or rail, and don't mind paying a little more, I strongly advise taking the train and going first class.

While the daylight lasted we saw a number of ominous-looking islands of cumulonimbus drifting East as we sped West. I guessed there was more bad weather in store for Montréal in the coming day or two, but at the moment their billowing crowns, gilded by a setting sun, were Dutch Masters falling slowly behind us. Gradually it became dusk. We caught glimpses of Lake Ontario past the Thousand Islands stretch, but mist and the deepening darkness made it hard to discern where lake ended and sky began. Then it was black altogether. We pulled into Toronto's Union Station around 10:30. We were not so much tired as languid. The five-hour ride had been neither too long, nor an uncomfortable ordeal, but a restful pause between the Worldcon and arriving home at last.

There was a streetcar line virtually at the station exit, and it would have taken us right to my street, a block from my apartment. But rather than wrestle with our baggage and spend another hour in travel, we took a taxi. Once home, I didn't quite pull the fold-away bed from the couch and turn out the light on Schirm – I compulsively checked my e-mail – but that's near enough. Schirm was staying a few more days in Toronto and there was plenty of time for a good night's sleep first.

Part Neuf – Jeudi/Thursday

Little of the next few days until Schirm was booked to fly home are properly part of a con report. But, in one respect, Thursday really did continue from Anticipation.

The next afternoon we spent puttering around my neighborhood. First brunch at the nearby Skyline Restaurant, an early-60s-style sit-down grill, with leather benches, Formica tables and menus that featured cheeseburgers and minute steaks. The Breakfast Special every morning was a good deal. Despite a total absence of pretension, the Skyline was a well-known institution in Parkdale.

Having eaten, we poked into a the local furniture shops. Schirm had surprised me with a "mattress fund." He'd begun collecting for it when it became obvious during the con that my back was still troubling me, and I'd remarked that the very firm mattresses in the Delta were a great relief. My own mattress, new only ten years ago, was already beginning to sag and wear through. Though I hadn't given it any thought, it obviously needed to be replaced. Schirm collected damn nearly \$400 that he presented to me at the end of the con, more than enough for a new mattress. Now all I had to do was make up my mind whether I wanted springs, or perhaps even a futon.

Later that evening we had an invitation to drop in on Steve Green. He was this year's English delegate for TAFF, and was passing through Toronto. Steve was at Catherine

Crockett's and Colin Hinz's place for the one day, then leaving on Friday. Schirm and I promised to drop by, and spend a few hours in an attempt to represent the local fandom honorably. I had spoken with Steve a couple of times at the Worldcon. The word "garrulous" was made to describe Steve Green. He simply loved to tell long stories, so that it was a bit hard to get a word in edgewise. I remember asking him to explain Plokta and the Plokta cabal to me. Were they part of British fandom or not? Apparently only sort of. The explanation was somewhat tortuous, but I think I finally got the gist of it. "So Plokta is like an off-Broadway show, and the rest of British fandom is the audience and only gets to applaud?" I don't recall his answer to that.

When Schirm and I arrived, we found Steve quite at home. He and Catherine had gotten quite mellow beforehand, enough said. I believe Colin arrived from work a little later, and something Thai or Chinese was ordered in for the lot of us. Schirm got along with Colin well, a little to my surprise. Schirm is raucous, but Colin rather reticent of speech. Once Schirm had a good look at the old pulps shelvesd along two walls of the dining room, though, they seemed to find plenty to talk about. We sat in what was ostensibly the dining room. Catherine's drums took up too much of the living room for company to sit. Switching from pulps to cartoons, Schirm carried on an animated conversation with Steve as well. In fact, there seemed rather a lot of talk about science fiction, too. What is fandom coming to?

I don't remember much of the evening very clearly, though. I assume I held up my end of the conversation, but sadly it was a bit of a strain. Likely, I was crashing from the weeklong con and stay in Montréal. Normally I spend one week to the next with little contact with anyone, except by e-mail or telephone. Once it began to grow decently late, I suggested calling it a night. Schirm was having a great time, but I was afraid we might hang on until we were both exhausted, and only then realize we still had an hour's travel by streetcar to get home and to bed.

The remainder of the week, well... this and that, but since the second Thursday truly marked the end of Anticipation, I'll pass over the rest in silence. I had a good time and hated to see Schirm go. Then again, it was nice to return to my usual peaceful existence with only a cat and my computer for company.

Part Dix – Réflexions/Afterthoughts

Regrets? I have a few.

For one, I was so busy that I only realized when the Worldcon was over how little I saw of Anticipation. Other than programming that I was part of, I saw no panels, attended no seminars, listened to no talks, saw no presentations, and missed a number of significant events such as Elisabeth Vonarberg's birthday, the Aurora awards, and the fan funds auction. There were several fannish panels I would loved to have been on instead of my abortive kaffeeklatch, or the "Tools of the Trade" panel that I clearly

didn't belong on. I would almost give money to know if my name had been brought up by anyone discussing "fanwriters," or to have sat on the fanhistory panel. But in many cases, even if I had known, my own schedule would have precluded it.

On the other side of the same coin, many people that I missed seeing during my panels were busy with their own. Or else they had been tempted away to other program events. I was sometimes competing with name pros or one of the other Guests, and it takes little imagination to guess how that worked out.

The conclusion is inescapable. There *is* too much of a good thing, when nearly a thousand program items compete with each other for warm bodies.

I regret that I didn't take more photos. The camera was with me all the time. But after the first day, I seemed to forget I had it. The habit of noticing photo opportunities is one I never formed. I moved through crowds or watched events happen, totally lost in the moment, and no thought formed in my head that I should reach for the camera. Not until I returned home did I ever realize how many opportunities to save a photo record of my experiences had been lost. Anyway, even if I *had* thought of it, how in the world could I have photographed myself presenting a Hugo, or a giving a talk to an audience?

Once I had time on my hands again, I began to search the internet for photographs.

The Hugo Presentations – Best Fanzine



Photo credit – Christine Mak, (pxlbarrel)

My first searches were frustrating. Most photos were of friends over dinner, or writers at panels. There was understandable interest in Neil Gaiman and the other Guests of Honour. But, so far as I could tell, there were more photos taken of the Dave Hartwell's ties than there were of the Fan Guest of Honour. Eventually the situation improved. Friends gave me addresses on FlickrR and FaceBook, where I finally found what I was looking for. No matter how creaky my memory may become, someday, I have the means now to remind myself of my moment in the limelight.

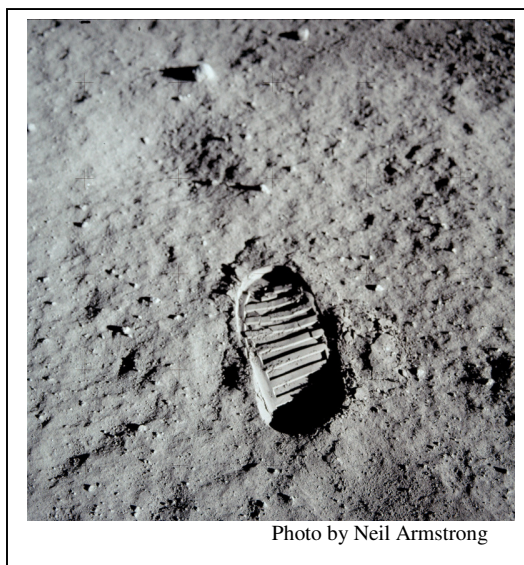
A very big regret was that I never really met any of my fellow Guests. I spoke to Julie Czerneda as well as Elisabeth Vonarberg for the first and only time while on the stage. Gaiman I had a few words over the matter of having my books signed, and then I only saw him again when he actually signed them.

I expected more, for some reason. A dinner with the committee and other Guests, perhaps? Or at least one panel with all the Guests together. It was too much to hope that the Pro Guests would show any interest in the Fan Guest, probably. But *might* it be that *they* were as curious about me as I was about them? It may be as well if I never know. I suffer profoundly egalitarian feelings.

My biggest regret by far, though, was that more of my old friends and acquaintances in fandom couldn't have been at the con. It was my biggest moment, but it seems that only a few of the people who mattered to me in fandom were there. Where were you Moshe Feder, Ken Fletcher, Linda and Ron Bushyager, Stu Shiffman, Jerry Kaufman, Avedon Carol, Ted White, Dan Steffan, Don D'Amassa, Dave Langford, Marty Cantor, Arnie Katz, Robert Lichtman, Edd Vick, Victoria Vayne, Bob Webber, Dick and Leah Zeldes-Smith, Eric Mayer, Art Widner... the list is disappointingly long. (Where, for that matter, were *you*, Mike Glycer?) But then I have to stop and smell the coffee. Travel costs a lot. Hotels cost more. Worldcon memberships aren't exactly pocket change, either. What all those people did over the Worldcon weekend was, unfortunately, what I do over almost every Worldcon weekend. They stayed at home.

But this year I didn't have to stay at home over the Anticipation weekend. Instead, I had an awesome experience that was like no other, that I had never expected, and that I'll never experience the like of again. It's a thought that fills me with pride... and then I'm brought down to a terrible realization. Having lived through an epiphany and arrived sober on the other side, I'm in very good company.

After years of preparation, a spidery claw of tubes and foil reached down to the surface of the Moon on June 20, 1969. It was a near thing. With only seconds of fuel left, the Apollo 11 lander touched down in a cloud of dust that hadn't been disturbed in a hundred million years. Two men emerged and spent a precious two-and-a-half hours on the Moon's surface. And then they left - forever. After returning to Earth, astronaut Buzz Aldrin had trouble adjusting to the fact that he had nothing more to do with his life that will ever be that important again. He had walked on the Moon, and he had no more goals.



Like Aldrin, I too have walked on the moon. Now what do I do with the rest of *my* life that could possibly equal the experiences of the 6th through 10th of August, 2009?

Perhaps nothing can match the five days I spent in Montréal this summer. Perhaps something greater and unguessable lies ahead. But whatever goals I set for the future,

whatever I accomplish, one thing will never change. The footprint I left behind on the industrial carpeting of the Palais de Congres will always be there, and I wouldn't have missed my moonwalk for the world.

Finis

What If?

(The Hugo Acceptance Speech I Never Made)

It says here, "Best Fanartist" – a minor category.

All the same, there's no such thing as a "minor" Hugo. It is still the supreme recognition fandom can confer on anyone in the field.

Although I have been nominated several times, this is the first and only occasion that I've been able to be present for the award ceremony, win or lose. So it is special (with a capital S) that I am actually here to receive the rocket with my own hands.

As if the Hugo wasn't enough, I'm also a Guest of Honour at a Worldcon – the other great honour fandom confers. If I weren't a rather phlegmatic s.o.b. I'd be dazzled.

For a long time I've thought that, if I did win a Hugo, it would bring closure to more than 30 years of fanac. But oddly enough, I don't feel that I'm at the end of anything at all. Instead, my best work may well be ahead of me.

If I work at it a little, I may even be able to break into a grin.

I've been lucky. Every year there are many richly deserving fans who might be nominated for the Hugo, but never are. I've wondered for years why some of the most creative, yet under-appreciated artists in fandom haven't been given one of these nifty paperweights for their own. Among them I number Marc Schirmeister, Ken Fletcher, and (perhaps most of all) Steve Stiles.

I'd happily step aside next year for one of these old friends, or for any of many unrecognized fanartists.

After all... I'm certainly not going to Australia.

Thank you.

A LIST OF PEOPLE that I had the pleasure of working with during Anticipation that I wish to thank, in no particular order:

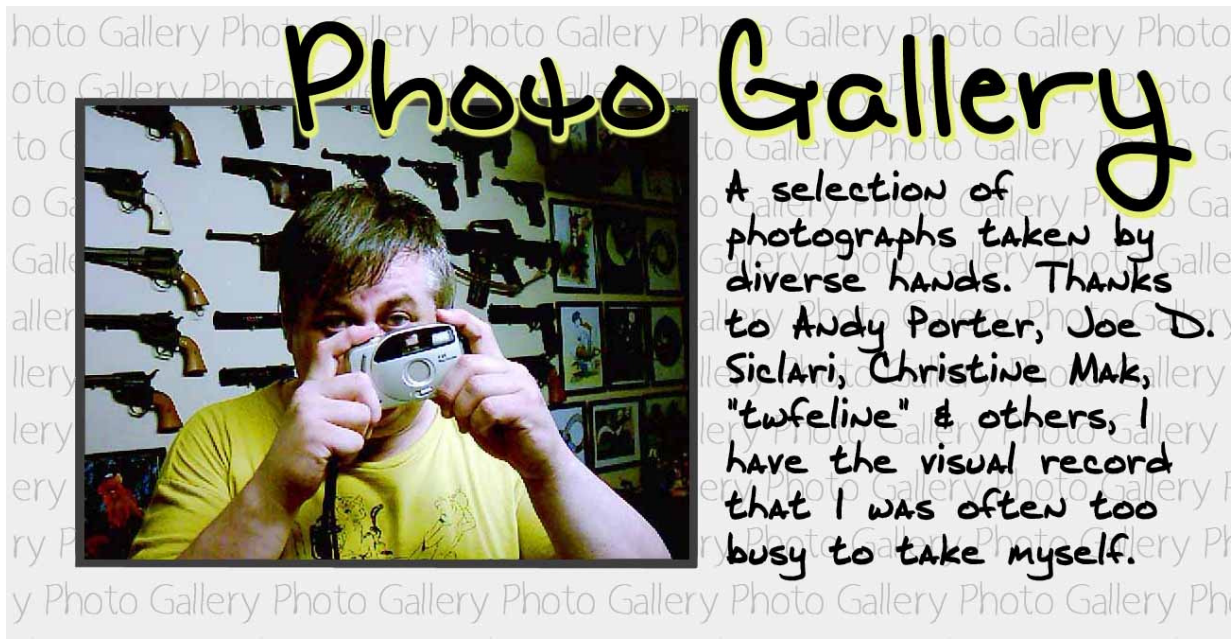
René Walling,
Ian Stockdale,
Terry Fong,
Laurie Mann,
Kevin Goodchuck

Robbie Bourget,
Louise Alain,
Farah Mendlesohn,
Catharine Crockett,
Mark Olson

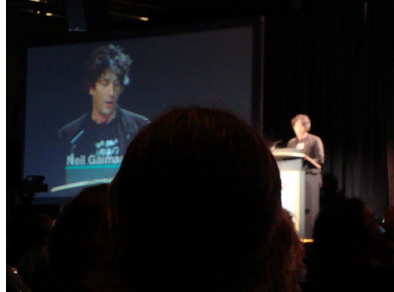
Eugene Heller,
Murray Moore,
John Mansfield,
Lloyd & Yvonne Penney
Offworld Designs

Lea Farr,
Paul Selkirk,
Diane Lacey,
Alan Rosenthal
Ponsonby Britt

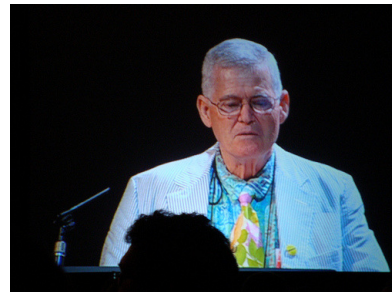
Doubtless I've missed many people who assisted me or dealt with my unreasonable demands with great forbearance. I never knew the names of every one, and moreover I have a bad memory for people I meet in moments of frenetic activity. I often recall the faces, but placing a name to them I cannot do. Those people also deserve my thanks.



Julie Czerneda at Opening Ceremonies



Neil Gaimon at Opening Ceremo



David Hartwell on the Big Screen



Elizabeth Vonarburg on the Big Screen



Never Even Been at This Event Before...



But I'm Adaptable



Canada's 1st Astronaut, Marc Garneau



The Most Amazing Gymnast



Giving One Away is As Close as I Get



Andy Porter's Well-Deserved Big Heart



Neil Gaiman Surprises No-one



Dave Hartwell's Rocket



Cheryl Morgan Wins the Big One



It Was THIS Big...



Closing Ceremonies



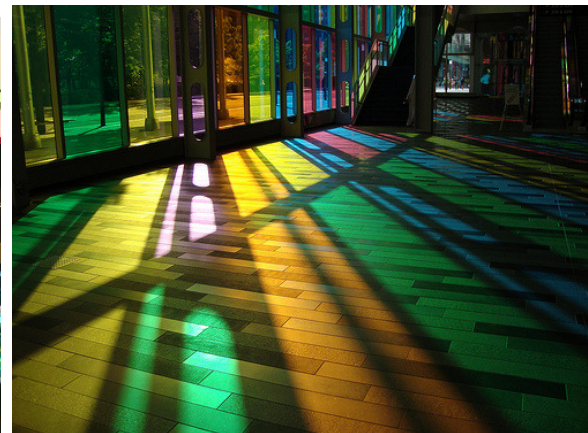
Palais de Congress - Convention Center



Dave Hartwell... Going Up!



Stairway to Heaven



Kaleidoscopic Lobby



Registration



Outside Con Display Area



The Main Crowd



Art Show Set-Up



Dealer's Room



Outside Program Rooms



Lower Concouse of the Palais



Rocket Science



Hartwell is Fit to be Tied



Fanzine Area



Fanzine in Progress



TAFF Winner & Kibbitzer



GoH Lying Down on the Job



Well, Well, Well, What's in Here?



The Fanzine & Comic Collection



Planes, Trains & Automobiles



Books? A few



Before CD and DVD



Couch & Couch Potato



What's Out There?



The Master's Voice



A One-Sided Art Show



The Other Side



China Town Gate



First Day Dinner Party With Marc Schirmeister, Alan Rosenthal, Jeanne Bowman, Elaine and Steve Stiles



Explaining the Creative Urge



Schirm Working on the Fan Lounge One-Shot



I Never Got Tired of Seeing These



Home With the Loot



A Place of Honour



New Playthings



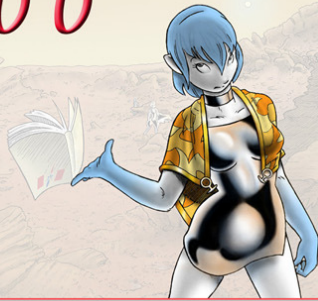
And Some Egoboo

Whether they know it or not, I'm beholden to a number of people for these photographs. I took only a handful myself, and have not stopped kicking myself since. Several were taken by **Joe D. Siclari** and **Andy Porter**. Some were posted on-line by **Christine Mak** (pxlbarrel) and **twfeline** – who made their photos available as long as it was properly credited. Unfortunately, many of the photos that I found on-line I'm unable to identify. Hopefully, if and when I learn who took them, I'll be able to give them credit due as Well, by updating this document.

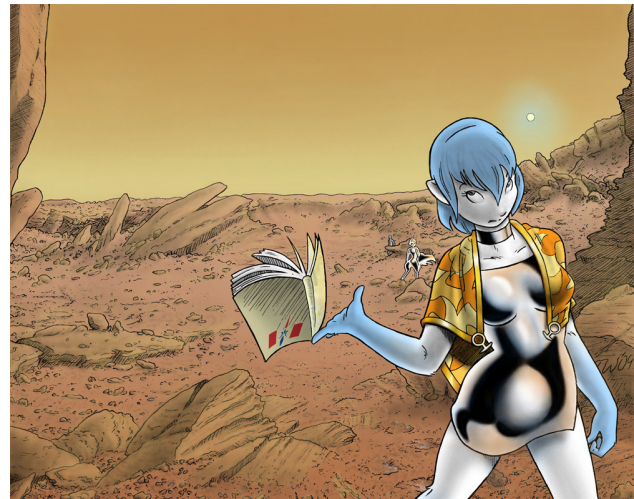
Toss Offs

Did you ever notice that whenever you put something together, whether it be a TV set or a fanzine, there are always some parts left over. Same with me.

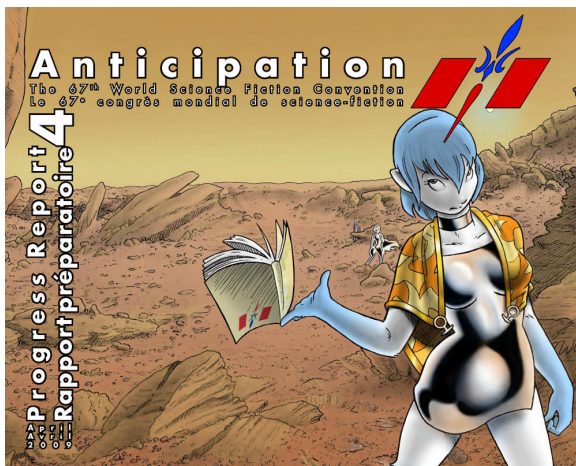
Here are the parts left over that I've tossed in.



Original Black & White drawing



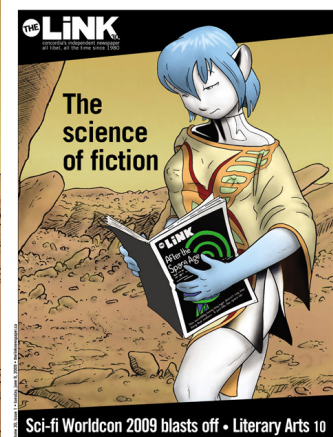
Digitally Coloured Final Art



Progress Report 4 Cover

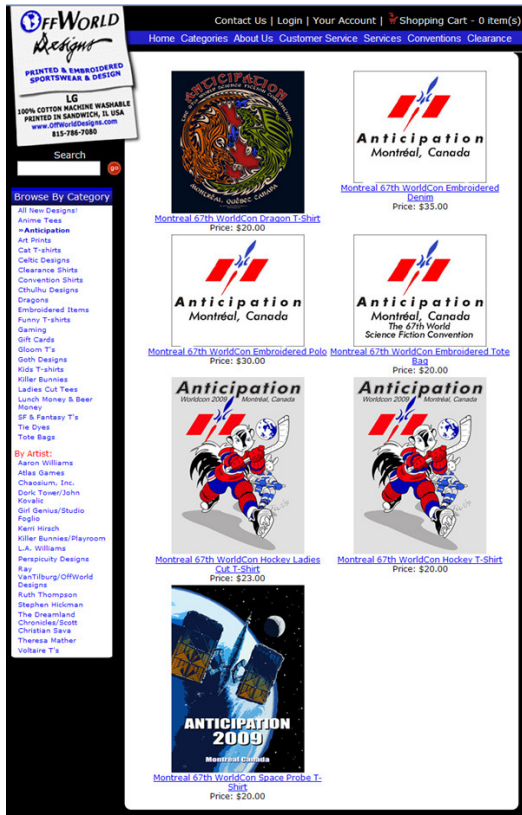


Paste-Up in Photoshop



Finished Cover

The Link was a student newspaper, published by Montréal's Concordia University. This issue ran a Number of very short interviews with Anticipation Guests, including You-Know-Who. The reporter asked If I was interested in doing that issue's cover as well as being interviewed. Short of time as the con approached, I hit on a shortcut, using part of the background from the PR 4 cover. It worked out so well that I later modified the art again, substituting a File 770 cover for The Link. It appeared on F770 158.



The on-line ad for all of Anticipation's t-shirts.



The pencil sketch for the t-shirt I designed, showing original logo.



Unfortunately, the concom decided it was not a good idea to adapt the famous "Habs" symbol, despite the alteration.



Convention Guide
Guide du congrès


In actual use on both the t-shirt and the Program Guide, the con's official logo was substituted.



Front of an XL t-shirt, in four colours.

And matching back.


Le 67^e
Congrès mondial de science-fiction
6 - 10 août 2009



Anticipation

The 67th
World Science Fiction Convention
6 - 10 August 2009

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Anticipation Hugo Awards Ceremony

Anticipation, the 67th World Science Fiction Convention, held the awards ceremony for the 56th Hugo Awards on Sunday, August 9, 2009. This is the live recording of the presentation.

The Hugos are nominated and voted on by the members of the World Science Fiction Society (the attendee's of Worldcons) and honor the best in Science Fiction writing, editing, short and long form presentations.

Awards include non Hugo awards: Forrest J Ackerman Big Heart Award, First Fandom Awards, and the John W. Campbell Award for best new writer.

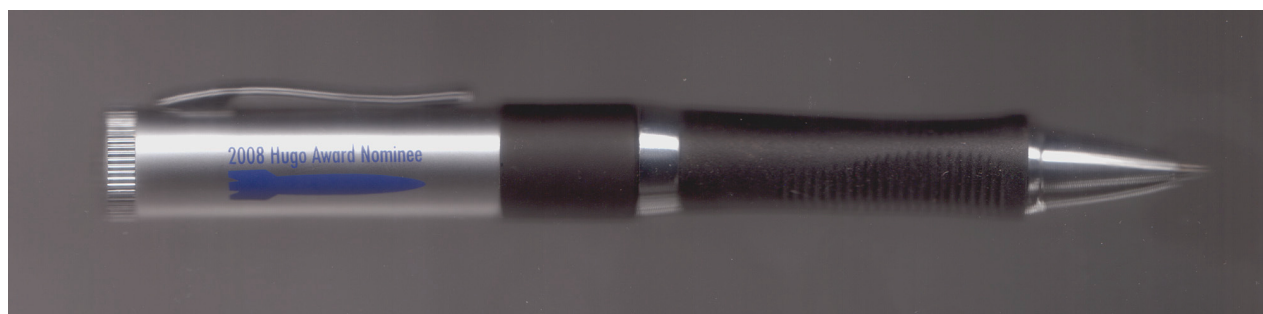
The Hugos consist of: Best Fan Writer, Best Fan Artist, Best Fanzine, Best Semi-Prozine, Best Related Book, Best Dramatic Presentation-Long Form, Best Dramatic Presentation-Short Form, Best Editor-Long Form, Best Editor-Short Form, Best Graphic Story, Best Professional Artist, Best Short Story, Best Novelette, Best Novella and Best Novel.

Cast:
MC: Julie Czerneda, Yves Meynard
Title #277684
Format: DVD-R

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The on-line ad for the DVD produced from the Hugo Ceremonies,

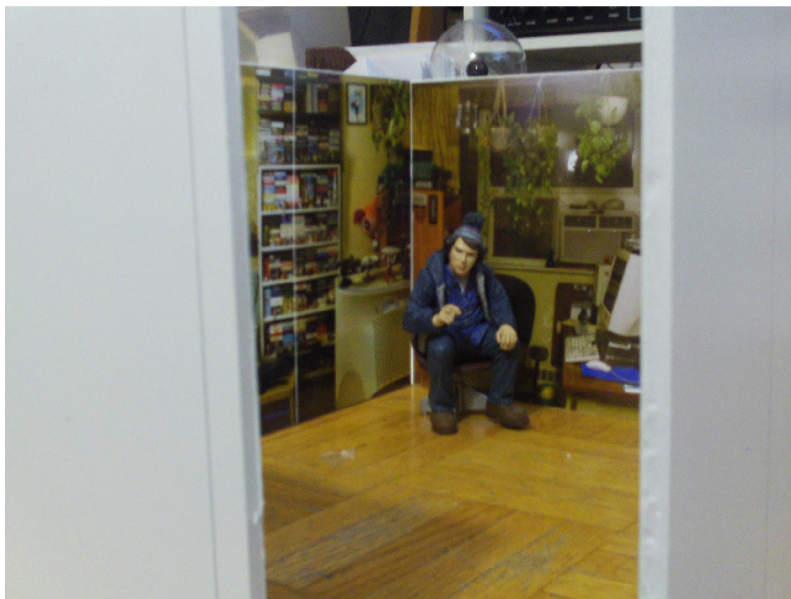




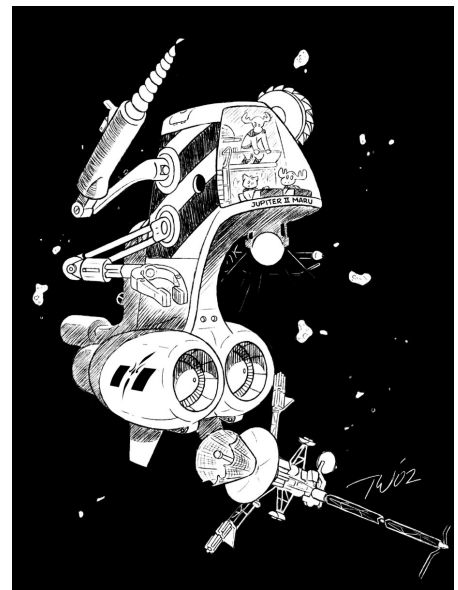
The Hugo loot has added up over the years. Anticipation added a new pin to the haul, as well as the hand-made wooden box (that held delicious maple sugar candies), and the hand-some dish from the Aussiecon bid.



After taking the photographs, Paul Wilson constructed this miniature model of how the full-size "Virtual Apartment" would look when put together.



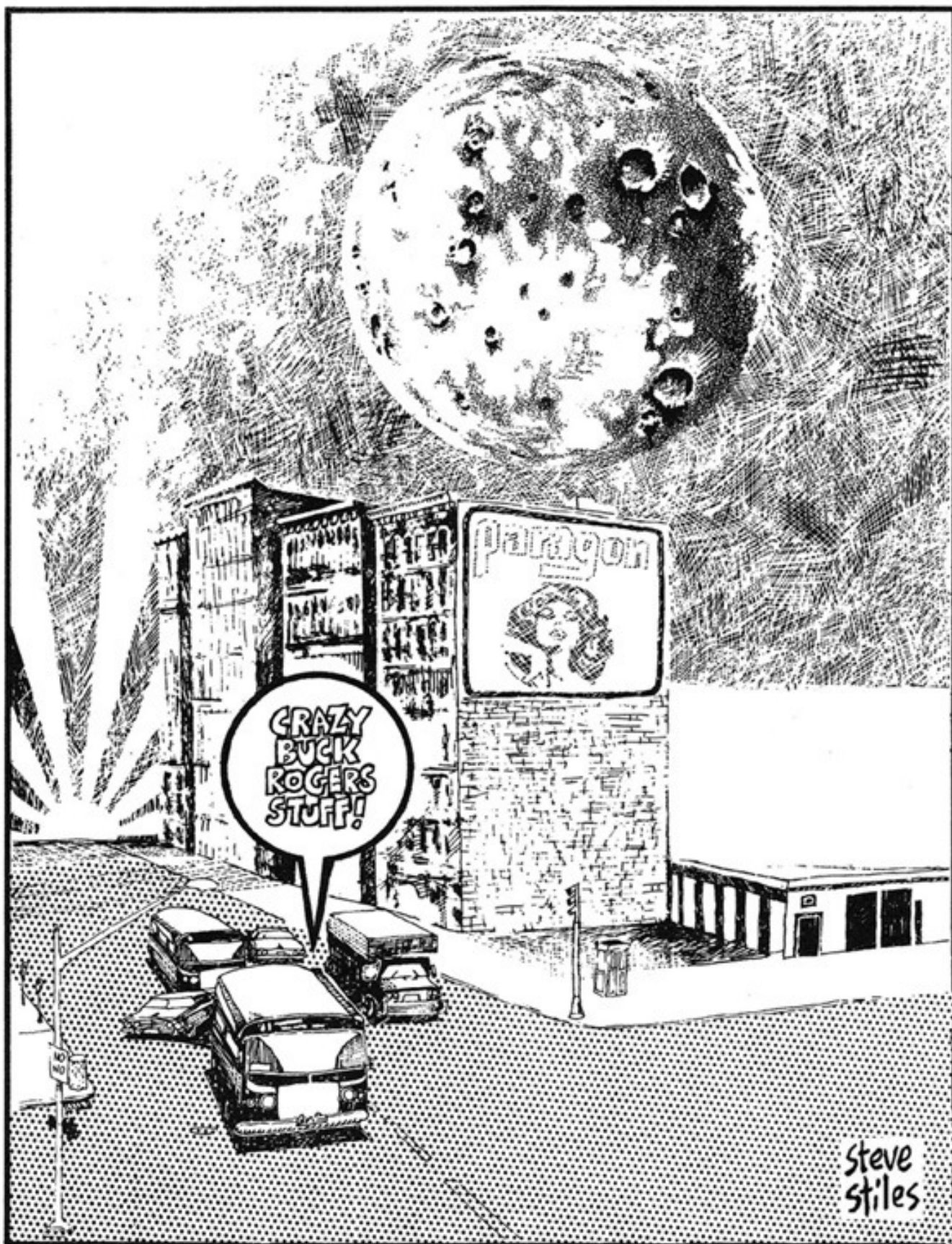
Paul also took this photo of the model from floor level, to simulate a view from the door. No, Rick Moranis didn't drop in for the photo session. It appears to be a picture of a 1/12 figurine (made by McFarlane Toys) that Paul Photoshopped in.



The black & white art used for the t-shirts worn by Anticipation's "gofers."

This has been the revised and enlarged To Walk the Moon, a Worldcon report by Taral Wayne. First published in in basic form in File 770 157 by Mike Glycer, December 2009, the new edition has been produced as a download from Bill Burns' eFanzines.

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Taral@teksavvy.com



TO WALK THE MOON BACOVER ART - STILES 1973