

The Fanzine Lounge at BayCon is an odd place. People come, people go, people sit around and chat about weird things for a while before heading off and finding new things to be interested in. Fen, if nothing else, have short attention spans and are well-suited to the kind of shiny Fanzine Lounge I am apt to run.

This issue will be a little scatter-brained, with people dropping in to write small snippets, a few longer pieces and art from all over the place. I'm starting off with this little chestnut about arriving at the Lounge for set-up.

I was checking my backpack for the *Yeah, I know Chris* ribbons. I was noticing an odd smell coming from my clothes. I knew that it reminded me of visiting my grandma's house, so I instantly knew that it was whiskey. I checked and sure enough, the cap on my KGB flask had slipped and whiskey had gotten all over half of my clothes.

Now, when in this situation, there's not too much that you can do. You can try and rinse them out and hang them, hoping that they'll dry and not smell too much like you started drinking at 8 am or you could just wear it with pride. I'm choosing a little from column A and a little from Column B. Yes, I can go both ways...like Olivia Newton-John.

Speaking of Both Ways, a lot of the art in this issue is from the art books from the Fanzine lounge as well

as from the Fanzine in an Hour Creators. You might recognise some of the art from *Poorly Conceived Awkward Silence*, and a lot of it is from folks you might not have heard of.

And now, on to the show!



A Few Complaints

by

Barbara Haddad-Johnson- Fanzine Lounge Second

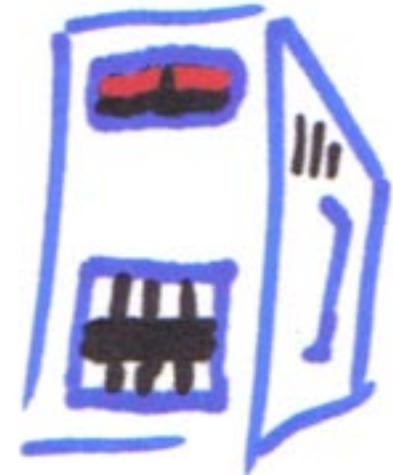
So, I've always - why are computer screens made in such a way that all sorts of muck can get on them, but that actually -cleaning- them is nigh unto impossible?

Why is it that computer keyboards are so designed as to likewise be a filth magnet? Dust, bits of paper, cat hair [even if you don't have a cat] and other assorted nastiness end up wedged between the keys. Why is there no easy way to clean a keyboard? There's also a mouse problem. Touchpads are wonderful, but every mouse I've interacted with acts as though it's on loan until it gets a better of-

fer. They skip, they take the cursor on a tour of the corners of the screen. Sometimes they disappear and very rarely do they reliably point to what I'm directing them to.

Then there are the 'also ran' complaints: complaints so minor that they are minor niggles of annoyance - like protective flaps and covers that snap off in a mild breeze, keys that stick for no perceptible reason, sound schemes that make tiny/faint embarrassed blips of noise, screen resolutions that mysteriously resize themselves and font sizes that are microscopic.

Or could it just be that I'm spending too much time on my computer?

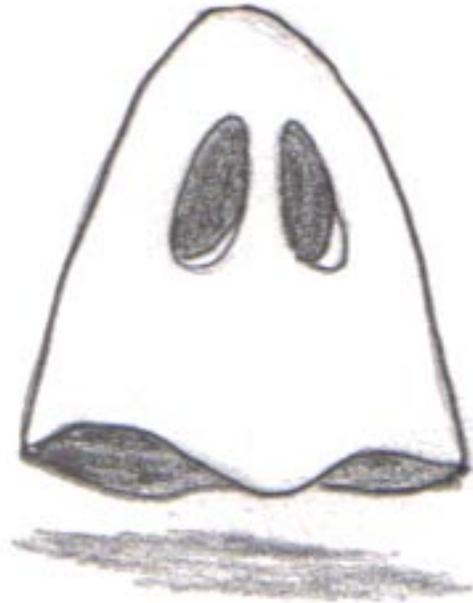


My Main Events: The BayCon Charity Casino and the Match Game SF

When I go to BayCon, I enjoy two things more than anything else. The first is the opening night Charity Casino and the next is the Match Game. This year, one was the typical success that we expect. The other was just getting good when we were cut short by the Banquet staff of the hotel wanting to set up. These things happen, but it makes the fact that we ended on a high note much more positive.

The Meet The Guests reception was a good one, as I hear it. As usual, I ended up heading outside to the patio and enjoying a conversation with Christian McGuire and Elisa Sheets. They smoked, I chatted. I always learn a lot more about fandom and SMOFdom than I provide, but at least I can make things entertaining. After a while, I headed in and they were just about to start the Charity Casino. Jason Schachat, Ben Blake and I were sitting around and chatting, having a gay old time. Folks would come and go and we were still waiting. Everything was taking longer than we expected. There was a set-up problem with the cashiers and they weren't able to get the money in time. Set-up happened and we got our seats with Vikki.

Vikki Savo is the greatest BlackJack dealer in history. She's



fun, funny, sweet and cute as a bug in a rug. She went all shiny this year, which was cool. She was decked out as a pirate a few years ago, which was a great outfit and it's likely she'll either bring it back or come up with another Pirate piece because next year is a Pirate theme.

We sat down and immediately we were doin' alright. We were up a fair amount within the first half hour. Jean Martin, my SF/SF co-editor joined us for a few hands before she lost out. Then she was replaced by Mangcha, the Klingon form of SF/SF's own David Moyce. He was complete with his full Klingon tankard of beer (and spilt a little on the table at one point, but kept on playing and having a wonder-

ful time). We made some decent money and ramped up our bets at exactly the right moment.

While we were playing, there was the Swing dance going on, which was a nice touch. Diana Sherman, who had me watching her stuff, was cutting a mean rug with various folks, including massage guru Greg Daugherty. She's damn good and was wearing a corset which was very flattering. A lot of fun people were dancing, including the absolutely beautiful woman with the short blue hair who always makes me smile. It was a delightful time.

After an hour and a half, they had to move the tables to the outside so they could set-up for the Rocky Horror Picture Show. We took our money and I took a bathroom break, and when I returned some yahoo had taken my seat. He was loud and obnoxious, much like us only not nearly as funny. We played and ended up winning some big money. We got a bunch of raffle tickets, which allowed us to win a nice Space-themed book and a t-shirt that was a large and thus, not my size. I gave it to Jean Martin, who probably wears an ultra-small, so she could use the shirt as a tent or perhaps a car cover. Jason Schachat won the ultimate prize: the Criswell's predictions. Jean won a Marvin the Robot gun with one of her two tickets. It was a good haul.

We left for the parties and they

were wonderful. There are always good parties at BayCon.

The next big event followed the Masquerade. The Masq was a good time with a Little Pink Vader girl which was a delightful bit of comedy. The classic Project L-11, a series of Leia Organas singing a version of One Singular Sensation. It was a really good piece of work.

We then had a Jedi show that lasted about 20 minutes and then it was our turn for The Match Game. While we were setting up, I had to warm-up the audience. I explained the rules, did some jabber and then we went to work.

The Match Game relies on two things: funny panelists and snappy banter. Banter has to develop, so the first game is usually a throw-away and the second is better and the third is almost always the best. We were going to do three games, two before they announced the winners and one after. The panel we had was so strong that it might have been the best we've ever had. There was Tom Galloway opening things up, followed by the brilliantly comedic author Esther Friesner in the role of our Pro. The incredibly chesty Kirsten Berry followed playing in place of her husband, Doug, who had some health problems that meant he couldn't be on the panel. I didn't think of it until later, but that's how Britt

Sommers got her role when Jack Klugman (her husband) couldn't do the show. After that was the Mad Philosopher Martin Young, who gave the weirdest answers, and then me and pulling up the rear, the often-corseted Leigh Ann Hildebrand. We had a little bit of everything on the panel this time.

Things started out slow, with everyone kinda playing it safe. There were two early players who did OK, but it was the second round when we got flowing. The first question of the second round was "The Bug-Eyed Monsters landed and instead of asking to meet our leaders, they said 'Take me to your *blank*'" I asked the audience "Do you want smutty or political?" and their response was almost unanimously "Smutty!". Everyone else went Political (including Leigh Ann who said that they wanted to meet the rightfully elected President Al Gore. My answer: strippers.

That got the ball rolling. The next question was "Dumb Donald was so dumb...he went to the Dealer's Room looking for *blank*". I wrote that question and I had a dozen ideas



who answered various forms of drugs. My choice: Bolivian Prayer Hash. Go figure.

The last question I played was "Major Tom said 'That five year mission was nothing! I had a *blank*'. The contestant answer 'Personal electronic entertainment device', which is fancy talk for vibrator. Everyone used a DVD metaphor of some kind, but I got to use a reference I'd been saving for ages: a Farrah Fawcett poster. I got a decent laugh.

After that, we discovered that we were being cut off. It was annoying because Esther had just warmed up and Martin, who had some diffi-

culty with the rules early on, had come to making it work. Alas, we'll have to hope that Westercon lets us do it again (though Westercon 61 in Vegas has already asked!). It was entertainment in the highest degree!



My World Gets Smaller

I wholly expect to run into computer people at con. There's Phil and Kathe Gust who are museum volunteers who are also fantastic costumers. Michael Siladi, frequent chairman of BayCon, is a computer dude. Lunatic d'Essex used to work for General Magic. Jerry Pournelle and Ray Nelson both worked on the IBM 650. Richard Lupoff worked for IBM for years (including in their Film Department), Arnie Katz and Bill Kunkel were in the video game industry. Allen Baum was there at the beginning of Apple. Craig Howlett worked with an old Burroughs machine. Howeird, Rick Bretschneider, Janice Gelb, you name 'em, they prob-

ably work or worked in the computer industry to some degree. It's gotten to the point where it's almost as likely as not that I'll run into someone important at any given con.

This year, I expected one guy. Lee Felsenstein is a legend in the microcomputing realm. He's the designer of the Sol-20, the Osborne-1 and many, many more. He has been a judge at the Vintage Computer Festival for years and I got to be a part of his judging team a couple of times. He's a solid guy and one that will always give you a good panel. I was on a couple with him at WorldCon in 2002. I saw that he was on the sched and I was certain that I'd make it to at least one panel he was on. Sadly, I totally failed.

During the Meet the Guests event, I was walking out to get some air, figuring at least one person would be out there to chat with. As I was walking, I saw James Hogan coming towards me with another guy. I short, white-haired fellow who I recognized quite easily. His name was John McCarthy and he was a stunner.

In the 1950s, John McCarthy, along with Marvin Minsky and concepts borrowed from Norbert Wiener, started the field of Artificial Intelligence. McCarthy was at MIT for a while and then headed off to the Stanford Artificial Intelligence Laboratory (SAIL) and did some break-through work there with folks

like Stephen Russell (designer of SpaceWar!), Don Knuth (The Art of Computer Programming), and Les Earnest. These folks were responsible for a great deal of the AI work in the 1970s and 80s.

And there was Dr. McCarthy, standing right in front of my.

Now, he didn't tell anyone he was coming, so when I mentioned it to Mr. Siladi and Tony Cratz, they were shocked. If they'd have known, they would have tried to get him on panels. Instead, Dr. McCarthy sat down with Hogan and some other folks and talked and talked and talked. I ran into him several times throughout the con.

So, my world gets smaller, and will probably continue to do so until everyone in fandom is a computer history figure.



BayCon Fanzine Lounge Notes from Trey Haddad

This is the place where all convention members can come and practice their literary bent and typing skills upon an as-yet undetermined audience. The advantages inherent in this are manifold, but among them is the fact that, by the time this 'zine comes out, the con will be over. So, you can speak, uninhibited, without fear that your fellow convention members may take offense or look at you askance. By the time you read these words, I will have already made my escape. ^_^

So, welcome to the memories of the 25th BayCon. I think I'll fondly recall being ambushed in the hall for lots of hugs by hordes of scantily-clad anime cosplayers. It didn't actually happen, but why let that little fact stand in the way of a good memory? Hope you enjoyed the con at least as much as I did.



BayCon as a place to tell and hear Stories

Jason Schachat and I love to hear a good story. It's one of the reasons we love Charlie Cockey so much at Cinequest. The guy can tell a great story. The party floor and the Fanzine Lounge turned out to be the two best places to hear some good tales.

On Saturday at the BASFA party, I was slightly shaky after the amount I had consumed. It was nearly midnight and I wandered in and had chatted with Mangcha' and folks and we were about to leave when we came across James Hogan sitting down with Ed and his Top Hat. We basically chatted and he mentioned that he loved BayCon because it had a huge sense of humor. He then told us a story about the year they made him some sort of Special Guest and had delivered beers and such to his room. He was happy to have it all and thought that BayCon had taken remarkably good care of him (a sentiment I can echo having received it when I was Toastmaster). A girl gopher was sent to him to ask if everything was good. He said yes, but that the Tall Kinky Redhead was missing. When the gopher asked what he meant, he said that he had been promised a Tall, Kinky Redhead as a part of his attendance package. The gopher went off, somewhat confused.

Later in the evening, the gopher

caught up to Mr. Hogan. She had spoken with the Chairman and had returned with the last piece of Mr. Hogan's gift package. Somewhat taken aback, James followed her and she led him to a pillar on the far side of the hotel.

"Here's your Tall, Kinky Redhead, Mr. Hogan." She said.

James looked up and saw a very tall, very redheaded gentleman standing there. He smiled and James realised that he'd been had!

That was the best story we'd heard until the next afternoon. We were working on the Fanzine in an Hour and had discovered that Ed Green, that stand-up guy who I think is one of the best writers that no one seems to know about, has one of the greatest stories ever told. It stars him and a miniature schnauzer taking on a crazy drunk with the power of mental manipulation. I'm not going to tell it, but let's say that Green's yippee, schnauzer dog saved his life. Maybe we can get him to write it up for some zine someday. The interesting thing was hearing about Ed's time on the bomb squad and the fact that they used Bomb sniffing dogs other than German Shepards (including schnauzers and other dogs with good scenting ability). Everyone in the Lounge during the Fanzine in an Hour panel seemed enraptured by the story and that was very good since there was only the one

computer and that meant everyone had to wait around. No one seemed to mind much when you were getting fantastic amounts of entertainment from the Good Man himself.

There are great storytellers in fandom, and thought we recently lost one (Gerry Perkins) we do still have some of the best. I can't wait for Westercon where even more will come this way!



Derek Meets David

You sometimes meet people you have a lot in common with at cons. Hell, I'd go so far as to say you usually meet folks who have nearly the same interests as you do at these things. It's not rare to find an SF fan who is into wrestling as an example. One of the best conversations I ever had was with Cynan at the old Coffee Garden talking about The Undertaker and so on. Fandom is lousy with comic book fans, movie nuts, Bond fiends, Godfather addicts, and absinthe users, all things that figure muchly in my little dream world.

Those simple fancies are nothing compared to the bond that those who have been through the trenches together share. Sharing a burden or a terror is stronger bond than almost anything I can think of. Those who have the same pain are naturally going to instantly understand each other. Such was the matter at BayCon this year when David met Derek.

Back in 2002, I started writing for FanboyPlanet.com. I'd do columns on wrestling, movies, comics, you name it. In 2003, I started my regular weekly column called Falls Count Anywhere. Derek McCaw, who was my trainer when I was a High School League ComedySportz, runs FanboyPlanet and is the Editor-in-Chief. I send him my articles and he

edits them and then posts them.

David Moyce is also known as Mangcha' when he's in full Klingon garb. He's a really nice guy and as good a proof-reader as you could ask for. He's been a part of SF/SF since about issue 15 or so and he's really good at it. A lot of the strength of SF/SF's writing when compared to The Drink Tank is David's doing (not to mention the fact that Warren and Eva are both far better lay-out people than I'll ever be) and he makes the zine shine.

Now, you may notice that I am known to make the occasional spelling or grammar error in my writings. This is a fact that can't change. My motto, much like that disgusting pig of a Cable Guy, is get it written. 90% of all writing is getting it on the page and the other 10% is finishing what's on that page. At least that's the way I see it. I write and finish a lot of stuff, but to do that, I don't necessarily go back over and correct. I just write. Almost everything I do is first draft because I'd never finish if I kept revising and reworking. Such is my lot.

So you see, Derek and David share a burden: my writing.

At con, David was sitting around the Fanzine Lounge on Saturday when Derek walked in. I briefly introduced them and we all chatted. After a while, it came up that David was the SF/SF proof-reader. Derek looked upon David

and it started to feel like a guy's first time in the VA hospital. They had both fought the good fight against my reckless disregard for proper spelling and grammar.

"You poor, poor man." Derek said. There was a deep and sorry sound, as if he had most a leg battling my use of the word 'he' with total disregard for where it appeared in a paragraph.

"Once you get past the British spellings, it's all easy." David said.

We went off to dinner and we

all chatted some more. It seems that's what we're good at. The subject of the interesting word usements I structure came up and Derek and David compared horror stories.

And so, David Moyce and Derek McCaw share a secret pain and now, when they are wading through all the *tehs* and *adns* and trying to figure out what that pesky pronoun refers to, they can look up and realize they are not alone under these heavy cloud of mediocrity.



My Thank Yous

Every time I go to a con, I write a series of Thank Yous. Why should I stop now? I mean, I had a great time and one should give props to those who made it possible. There was a lot of fun to be had and a lot of thankfulness to pass around, especially since so many people helped me out personally and for that I am so grateful.

Here now are my Thank Yous. If you are not listed, trust me, you're here somewhere!

Thanks to Trey Haddad and Barbara Haddad-Johnson. There's no way the Fanzine Lounge would have run without you. You were there when I couldn't be and you were the glue of the entire thing. I am so lucky I got to have y'all workin' with me!

Thanks to Jason Schachat for sarcasm, comedy, great art (including the exceptional cover of *Poorly Conceived Awkward Silence*) and general good company. Always good to have Jason around.

Thanks to Derek McCaw, Rick, Lon and the rest of the FanboyPlanet.com crew for showing up and joining in the good time.

Many thanks to the incredible woman with the kickin' body and the short blue hair. I'll always admire you from afar...

Thanks to Frank Wu for NOT

going to Wiscon, for stopping by the con a few times to hang out, for doing some of the best drawings you'll ever see and generally being a great guy. It just doesn't feel like BayCon without Frank around.

Thanks to Today Tomamatsu for being one of the funniest people I've ever met and doing me three solids. The guy's a nut.

Thanks so much to Saber. This year was the hardest ever. There was no comfort zone and even though there were rough spots, some of them incredibly rough, you were the perfect Chair for the task.

Thanks to Bob Hole. Another of the great artists and conversationalists who made BayCon's Fanzine Lounge livable! Also a wonderful associate producer for The Match Game. Sometime we've gotta get him on the panel...

To Kevin Standlee for The Match Game. I know how much work you put into the thing and I'm also proud to be on the panel or announcing. Anytime you need me for it, I'll be there!

To Genevieve and Natasha. Gen's always kept her distance from my FANAC, but here she did a wonderful art piece for Poorly Conceived Awkward Silence. Thanks much!

To Michael Siladi, James Stanley Daugherty, Christian McGuire and various others for the solidification of the idea...



To my Fanzine in an Hour people for giving such great material. Randy Smith, Ed Green, Jason, Bob, Sarah (who last name I don't know), Moshe, that one girl on the chair, David, Jean, etc. Go take a look at <http://efanzines.com/BayCon/index.htm> for the result.

To The SF/SF crew for good times. It was a lovely (and quite long) dinner we all shared. It's amazing how seldom we see each other (except for Espana who seems to be everywhere I go).

To the Party hosts I raise my glass! Howieird, Doug Berry, Kevin and Andy, A.C.R.O.N.Y.M., the various cons, Ed and BASFA and all the

others. Good people who put on fine parties. The League and the Black Hole were my two faves, even when they were crowded.

To our dealer Vikki: You are our favorite EVAR!!! We love you so.

Thank you, Kitty for being a damn fine Fan Guest of Honor. Same to you, Seanan McGuire (or is it McGwire) for your Toastmastering. Great stuff all around.

To Peter Sullivan for sending the Fanzine Review for Poorly Conceived Awkward Silence. All the way from England!

Thanks to John Purcell for keeping in touch with phone calls and text messages. Gotta love Johnny P!



There is a lot of Thankfulness to be given to Mr. Dr. Noe. He's a good guy and he did a ton for the con. You can't argue that he's Teh Awesumness!

To the incredibly hot and short chick. I shall worship you from afar with no less vigor than I do Blue-haired girl.

To the girl Natasha who I met on the steps late on Sunday night. It was lovely chatting with you. You had a truly magnificent collection of ribbons.

To the Marriott Waitstaff. Y'all were a fine bunch and I was happy to be served by the likes of you!

Thanks much to ConOps. I was helped every time I looked for something. Those guys rock. It's yet another Con job I could never pull off.

To Johanna, thanks for the sniff of the Absinthes you brought. They smelled of Heaven itself!

Thanks to Howeird for all of the phototakery and the magnificent Dark Chocolate fountain!

Thanks to Project L-11. Great stuff.

Thanks to the DJ on Sunday. It was a good selection of stuff, though I could have used a shot of Welcome to the Jungle.

Thanks to Diana Sherman, the ever-lovely and always entertaining. You're funny when a corset is cutting off blood to your brain!

Thanks to the Gusts. Costumers extraordinaire and Computer History supporters! Huzzah!

To Misty Marshall: it was a delight to finally get to meet you. And to the other lass whose name I've forgotten: same to you!

To Radar, who didn't have a PING ribbon when I really wanted one, thanks for actually sharing the enthusiasm for the Bodies exhibit. It was good, wasn't it?

Thanks, Espana. You were very tall in those freaky boots. I also loved that SteamPunky outfit you wore on Friday night. Your outfit-fu is strong.

To the BayCon ConComm: thanks a million for letting me have my Lounge. I know that last year was a test and I have to thank y'all for all you did to let me have the Lounge that I would have loved to have had last year.

And to fandom in general I say this: I love you one and all!



***That's all for this issue!
More BayCon next time and maybe even more after that! There'll be a shocking announcement in an upcoming issue as well.***

Art this issue is from Sarah Harder, Jane Mailander, Robert Hole, Jason Schachat and ?.