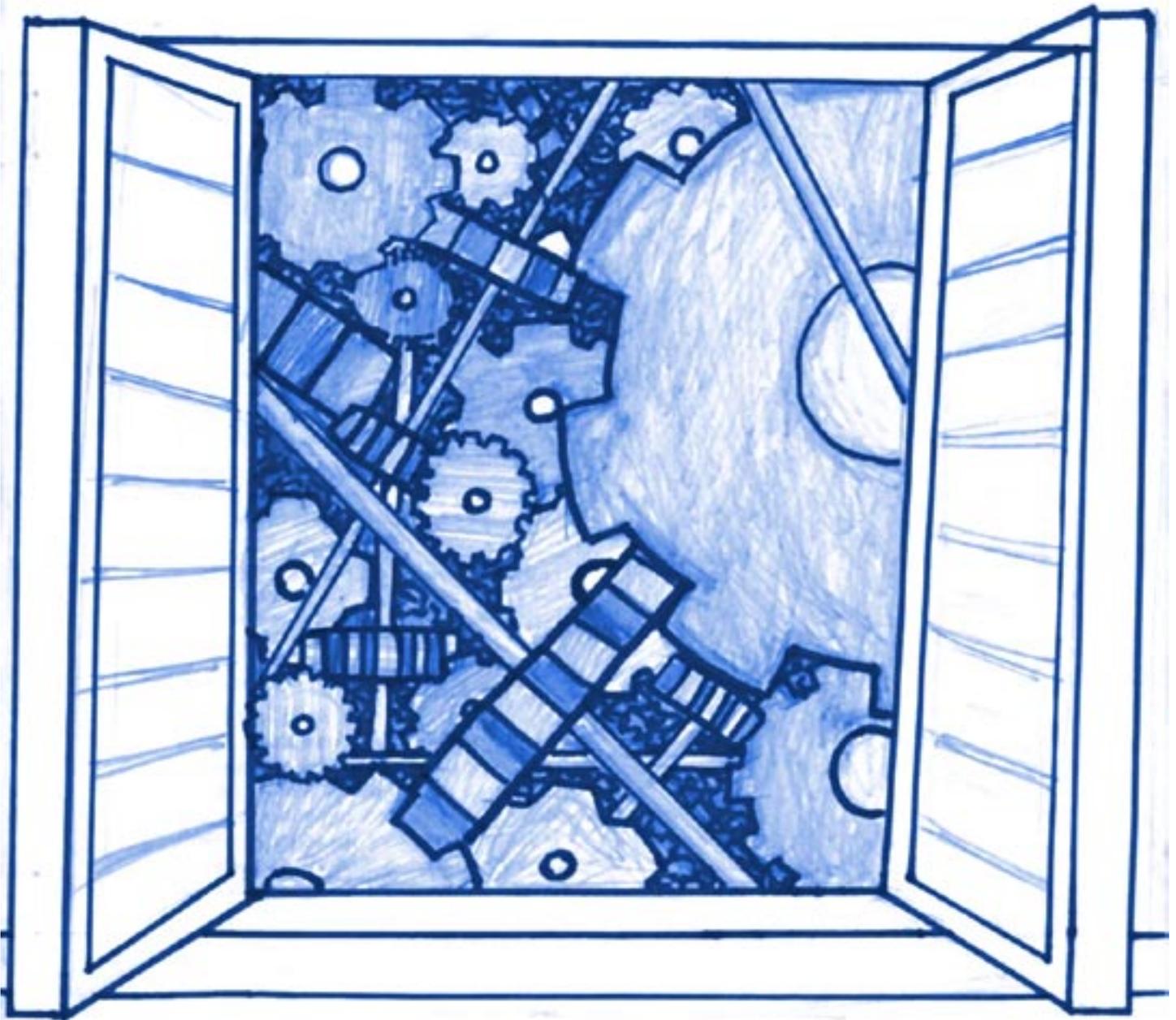


THE MINUTE SIXTY



The Fanzine in an Hour Fanzine Produced in an Hour by the Good People Lounging in the Fanzine Lounge at the Bay Area BayCon Convention

This issue of The Minute Sixty was written, conceived, prepared and done by Derek McCaw, Randy Smith, George and Vanessa Van Wagner, David Moyce, Natasha Levitan, Christopher J. Garcia, Jean P. Martin, and Jason Schachat. The issue was laid-out by Chris Garcia and the cover was done by Jason Schachat.

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Deadline Doom by Derek McCaw

It's 10:30 p.m. on Wednesday, May 24, 2006. Half an hour later on the West Coast, ABC will finish broadcasting the season finale of *Lost*. Two and a half hours earlier on the East Coast, hundreds of confused *Lost* fans hit the web, searching Yahoo! for websites that provide information on the show.

As a result, Fanboy Planet's Wednesday night traffic is three times its normal size. In a panic, the startled editor emails his *Lost* critic and tells him he'd better be working on his review. Granted, both of them have to work in the morning, but hey, we're building a fanbase here!

Not having heard back, the desperate editor falls asleep. Sometime in the wee hours of the morning, that review makes its way into the editor's inbox. More impressively, though, it's halfway coherent.

It doesn't always work that way. Fanboy Planet tries to cover a lot of stuff, probably too much. But there are only so many hours in a day, and because the site runs on a volunteer basis, there's nothing to hold over a writer's head if they choose things like a job or family over the glory of being posted on the web.

Yet it's hard to build momentum if promised articles don't show up on time. A few loyal readers will check back with some patience, but the internet is like Janet Jackson, constantly asking what you have done for me lately.

So, apparently, is this experiment in 'zine writing in an hour. Right there in the topic are the constraints. We spitballed on a theme, assigned topics and now I sit here having to write an article on the peril of missing deadlines. If you're reading this, I didn't blow it.

Normally, I'm on the other end, stressing that that wrestling column might not show up, or wondering why that comics review isn't in my box yet. All I can do is twiddle my thumbs.

It's not good for my control issues. If a writer is late and doesn't respond to instant messages or emails or worse, refuses to let me have a cellphone number, I pace and wonder, should I just write the damned thing myself?

If I'm late, I only have myself to blame. (Or really, my day job, which pays me money. Sometimes I'll blame my kids, but then they look at me with those large eyes and I crumble

faster than a macaroon on Chris Garcia's beard.)

Blaming others isn't as fun as you might think. Again, Garcia won't leave a number, so I can't even have the cathartic moment of chewing him out. Right now, in fact, he's sitting to my left not noticing that I'm writing about him.

In a supreme irony, Garcia serves as editor for this 'zine, overseeing my writing about missed deadlines while I take shots about his missing deadlines. I think we're about to get caught in a moebius loop.

I do have sympathy for those running late. The closer that deadline looms, the easier it is to be distracted. Right now, I'm paying far more attention to side conversations than I should be, for example.

However, I've reached my word count and my deadline, setting an example for my writers. Unlike the Lost review, though, I'm making no claims to my own coherence.

Derek McCaw is the editor of FanboyPlanet.com and is a funny, funny man. Chris Garcia's mission is to annoy him.



Clash of Times – Mundane and Fannish By Randy Smith

It was LoneStarCon 2, and I had been drafted into becoming an Emergency Holographic Texan. Specifically, I was working in the Facilities Office, handing out keys and taking orders for supplies (“We need more masking tape in the Art Show! Aaarrrgh!”). Into the midst of all this, the mundane world came crashing in, disrupting the fine flow of fannish time.

Most of those who know me in fandom know that in the mundane world, I am a pastor. While this might seem odd to many fans, it works well for me. I figure that my life has had only two inevitabilities: being clergy and being a fan.

On Monday night, I arrived at my room following a round of visiting room parties after the Masquerade. Much to my surprise, the red message light on my telephone was ringing. I listened to the message. It was the pastor who was covering for me at my parish back home. One of my parishioners had had a heart attack and was in the hospital. It did not look good.

When I'm away at cons, I'm on vacation. Usually, this means that I don't worry about what's happening at the church back home. The whole point of having someone “covering” for me, is that they can deal with whatever pastoral emergencies that arise and I can spend my time working the con, tearing my hair out over the lack of masking tape to send to the Art Show staff who claim that they need it desperately and that the whole con depends on their having some an hour ago.

In this particular case, the other pastor made the decision to call me with the news because of the seriousness of the situation. This was his call, and if the situation had been reversed, I might well have called him. At certain times, people need contact with their own pastors, with whom they have had ongoing relationships.

I listened to the message and promised myself that I would call him back in the morning. I never got the chance. He called me first. The telephone rang just as I was groggily pulling myself out of bed.

The situation had grown more serious. My parishioner was being kept alive by a machine. His wife would be going to the hospital that morning, and needed to make a decision: Would she tell the doctor to unplug the machine?

I called the wife.

At this point, a digression is necessary. My

particular “Facilities Staff” function that morning was to go to Con Ops, retrieve a set of keys, and take them to the Convention Center before 9a.m. These were all of the keys that various con staff and committee members would be needing in order to run the con and included the keys to the treasury, the secure storage room, the press office, and other places important for the running of the con. Being at the convention center on time would mean that the convention could open on time and thousands of fans would not be getting mad at the committee.

It was 8:15a.m. I dialed the wife’s number. She answered. She had no idea that I was on a time crunch. I also knew that this conversation could not be rushed.

We talked about her husband’s heart attack. We talked about the decision that she was facing at that time. It was hard. She knew that there was nothing that could be done for her husband. She knew that she would have to go to the hospital that morning to tell the doctor that the machine keeping her husband alive could be disconnected. Believing that this was the right thing to do did not make it easier.

As we talked, I kept glancing at the clock next to the bed. It progressed on to 8:30, 8:35, 8:40, and 8:45. I also knew that it was important to her for me to give her as much time as she needed. Some part of me grew anxious as I looked at the clock and remembered that morning’s con responsibility. Another part of me reached the decision that this woman’s emotional needs outweighed the needs of the con. If I was late with the keys and failed in my responsibilities to allow staff and committee to open doors, that would have to be okay. This decision allowed me to focus on her and not worry so much about the clock. This was a good thing.

Finally, we finished our conversation and we prayed. I hung up the phone and looked at the clock. Ten minutes until nine.

My roommate, John Day said, “I will be your gofer.”

He knew I was stressed. It was an offer to help. It was much appreciated.

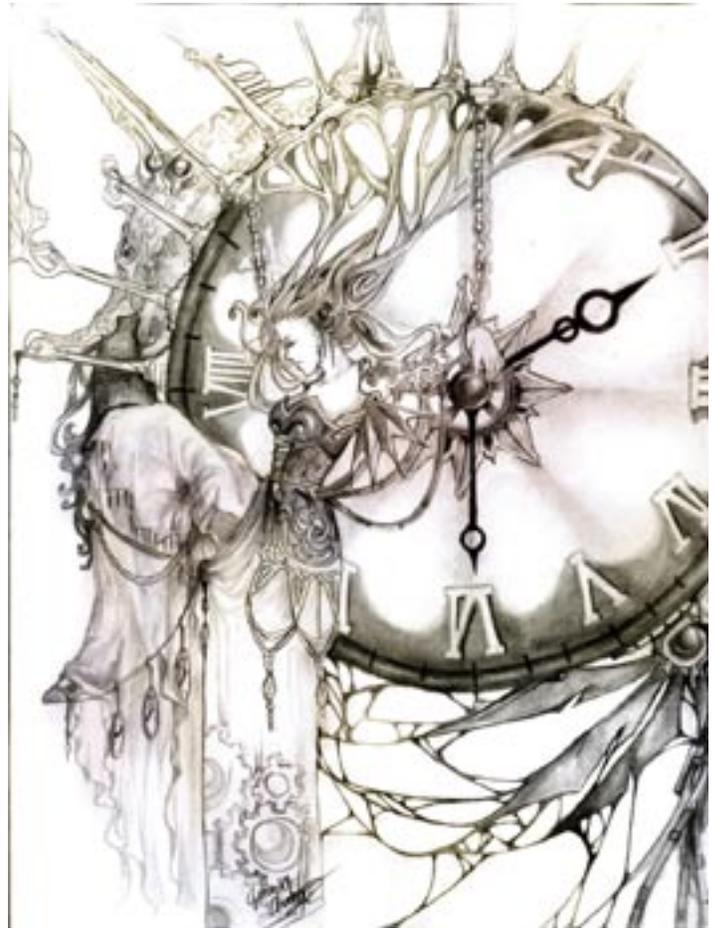
I was staying in The Other Hotel. We walked across the street. I bought a breakfast burrito. We walked to the main hotel, I went upstairs to ConOps. Then back down the stairs and across the other street to the convention center. The Door Dragon, impressed with my Committee Ribbon was perfectly willing to let me in; John had no such ribbon. I carefully explained that he was a gofer who was helping me, and should be allowed in. This was only a brief delay.

Once inside the convention center, I navigated the hallways, opened the door to Treasury, went through the connecting door, opened the Facilities Office door, and sat down just in time for Laurie Mann to come in, looking for the key to the Press Relations Office. I signed it out to her. As she left, I looked at my watch.

9:01.

The Mundane Versus Fannish Time Crunch had been averted. I relaxed and ate my burrito.

Randy Smith is in the room...try not to startle him!



Why Doesn't Life Have Time Music

by

Christopher J. Garcia

I love game shows. I really really really love game shows. The best thing about them has to be the music they play when they're buying time or having to make an episode fit a full thirty minutes.

Kinda like this piece of writing.

Infrequently Asked Questions
compiled by
George and Vanessa Wagner

-Does my zine look fat in these pants?

No, honey, it looks wonderful.

-What's that thing on your head?

Are you referring to the implant that allows me to see you naked or the one that allows me to read your thoughts...pervert?

-Honey, do we need two or three of these?

Three, if they're small

-What does it mean when your urine tastes salty?

Add sugar and herbs, simmer longer.

-Why ask me?

There are many reasons to ask us many things, but mostly it allows us to fill this last little space!

