

59 MINUTES OF



CONFUSION

A One-Hour, One-Shot Fanzine from ConFusion 31
2-3pm, January 22, 2005

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59 Minutes of ConFusion was created between 2 and 3 pm on Saturday, January 22, 2005, during the Fanzine in an Hour panel at ConFusion 31. Planning and post-panel production work by co-editors Jason Ahlquist, Lenny Bailes, and Geri Sullivan. A one-hour one-shot from SMOTHRA, members: FWA.

Scanning Jason Ahlquist
Design Jason Ahlquist and Geri Sullivan
Transcription . .Lenny Bailes
LayoutGeri Sullivan



With enthusiastic thanks to ConFusion 31, to Krysta December, the programming head who wanted a fanzine panel, and most of all to the 15 people who participated in the panel by contributing to what was, for most, their very first fanzine.

You all rock!

Soon to be available in PDF format for downloading from the ConFusion website; www.marsdust.com Adventures section; and www.efanzines.com



Diane

All photos I've taken at Confusion will be linked to from <http://www.livejournal.com/users/dlacey> by the end of the week, or earlier. A propos of absolutely nothing: is it a coincidence that you get to Big Beaver Road via Exit 69?



One-Hour One-Shot Photos
by Colin Hinz
(Geri & Anne during post-program layout during Saturday night music party)

Colin Hinz

A day or two ago, one of the fannish e-mail lists included a couple of amusing links to Microsoft's MapPoint website. This website will take a stab at providing sensible directions from Point A to Point B. One of the Swedes on the list noticed that the directions provided to get between two cities in Sweden were hilariously indirect; in one case, the route went via the Netherlands and Great Britain. In the other case, the route went past the destination, across the North Sea, and then back again.

On our way down yesterday, we followed the computer-generated directions provided via the hotel's website. These took us down I-94 close to downtown Detroit, to connect with I-75. The source of the directions? Turns out to be MapPoint. Ah, Microsoft.

Last night, I was loitering outside the consuite, looking at the displays of photos from ConFusions past. A couple of other fans were also doing this, and one of them commented, "1982? I wasn't even born then." I didn't bother commenting that I brought a photo album of my photos from the 1986 (Perpetual?) ConFusion. This album's a little cringeworthy to look over now, partly because I'd added commentary and captions to the photos themselves. As that was my third convention ever, and I'd just hit the advanced age of 21, the presentation shows enthusiasm but the neo-fannishness especially shows through. I'd be tempted to add a photo or two to this one-shot, but unless Geri can pull a scanner out of her pocket, you'll just have to imagine it all.

Confusion on the Run by Alex

The great thing about doing program operations at any convention is that you get to see three minutes of everything. The great thing about seeing programming at Confusion is the quality of the program. I've seen a lot of panels with ten or fifteen people in the audience where the conversations are very animated 45 minutes into the hour, or where, afterwards, people talk about their great conversation with whoever. I had to practically rip the LCD projector out of the hands of Christian Ready or Brother Guy because they had lots more slides. I only ended their presentation to make room for things by other guests of honor. There is a lot less bitching behind the scenes, here, than at other cons I've worked on. (And I've worked on a lot.) ConFusion remains my favorite local con, anywhere, and I'm glad that I was asked to help, this year.

(Best I can do in twelve minutes without preparation. Next time, give me half an hour and I'll come up with something more substantial.)



Editor's Note: Geri can pull a scanner out of her pocket...well, the pocket in her backpack, anyway. But there's just so much we could do in an hour. Even when the value of "hour" extends until the following morning of the convention. Hence, no scans of Colin's 1986 photos, just the digital images used elsewhere in this one-shot. Imagine away!

One-Hour One-Shot Photo
by Marisol

Confusion: A Second Chance by Amy Zrnich

My first Con-fusion was in 2004. We arrived on Saturday. A mistake never to be made again. I felt rushed to catch everything that I could, because it felt like we had missed so much. Also, with it being my first con I felt so very lost. I clung to the side of my prior and watched in total awe.

When we left last year I told my husband I'm never doing this again. So with a lot of convincing he talked me into coming again. He even convinced another couple to come with us who had never been.

I am very glad that I gave it a second chance. This year we arrived on Friday and I am enjoying it so much more. Within the first three hours here I caught the art tour, dealer room, a concert, room parties, and the chocolate ritual. Saturday has been pretty awesome, too.

In conclusion, I still wish there was more time to share in more things. I also learned that trying things a second time is always worthwhile. I've met a lot of new people, experienced new things, and I'm very glad to be here. See you next year.



D.N. Angel review by Cary

Anime, also manga. If you've read the manga...you'll hate this. If you've never seen anime, get it. This movie is about a boy who is in love on his 14th birthday. His DNA reaches to his love and turns him into the famous thief, Phantom Dark — except the girl he likes loves Phantom Dark. (Collector's box=\$28.00, Single = \$20.00)

Gill & Cary's First Confusion: Report on Fan/webzine seminar by Gill

- Learned the dif between fanzine, webzine, e-zine, & blog.
- Met Mike Glicksohn, who has been to every Confusion.
- Presenters were quick, concise, & helpful.
- It was fun.
- Left inspired to make one @ home.

Side note: we also went to the Advanced Paper Plane seminar by Catherine Herne & had a great time there, too!



One-Hour One-Shot Photos
by Marisol

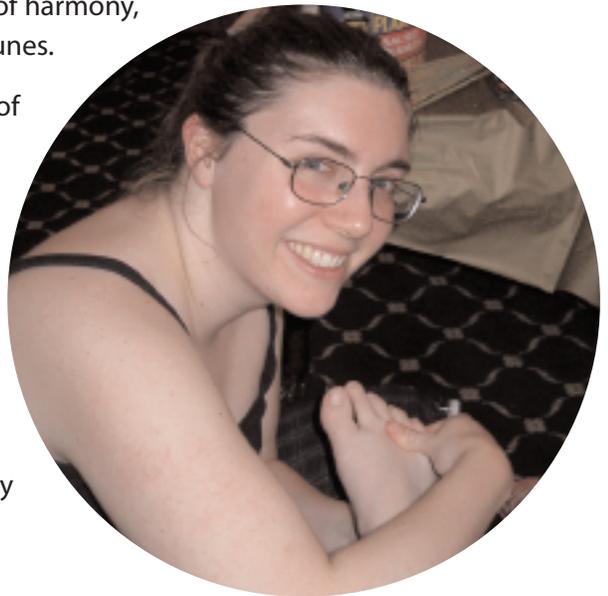
The Smoking Music Room Party begins (Confusion, Friday . . . around midnight, I think) by Anne K.G. Murphy

When I walk into the room, Lenny Bailes is sitting behind a chair that faces him, with an array of silent harmonicas laid out on it. There is an atmosphere of waiting. Steven Brust sits opposite Lenny at the front of the room, with a drum that he had explained earlier was called many things (Doubek is one I remember); this one was made in Egypt. It looked native to its place of origin and was tuned, he'd told me, to 'C.' They are waiting on a guitar from Susan Moerdyke.

Before Susan arrives Becca, and she loans her guitar to Steve, who starts the evening off with a Greg Brown song. Andrea Dale arrives with much music, sitting between Becca & Chaz. The music starts to flow around the circle, and I timidly follow Andrea's line of harmony, as Lenny's music boxes lift and fall & take turns adding touches to the tunes.

I am sitting on the floor. I am experiencing one of those rare moments of pure joy. I am the conchair. I am exhausted, honestly, and said at least four times that I was really going to bed now, but that was before I walked in the door.

More people have gathered in the audience, including Geri Sullivan. I smile at the mentor who taught me that running Sf conventions is first and foremost about having fun. I rise to give her a hug and she whispers "congratulations" in my ear. It's too much: tears come to my eyes but I smile as they are the happiest of tears, and they stay in my eyes, shining there, I'm sure, as I sit back down between Steve and Lenny and enjoy the music.



The ConFusion Curse: I have another theory... by Geri Sullivan

Larry Sanderson posited this morning that the ConFusion snow curse might be him rather than ConFusion. For evidence, he cites the joys of dealing with yesterday's snowfall in Minneapolis, where he is, compared to last year's Friday snow in Detroit, where he was then.

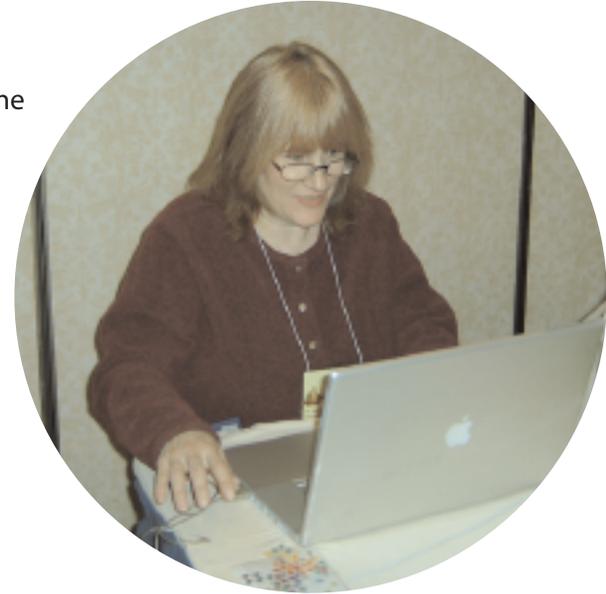
I have another theory, one that I think readers will agree more closely reflects the reality of the ConFusion curse. This year's blizzard spreads from Minnesota to New York specifically because Larry Sanderson and Ben Yalow are both at their respective homes, rather than here at ConFusion, where they were meant be. Were they both here, only the Detroit area would be getting socked by this storm.

As for me, if I'm going to be snowed in, I'd rather it be with a bunch of musicians who aren't afraid of playing until dawn or nearly so. And where some one else does the shoveling, like at a hotel. Hey, neat! And so I am....

ConFusion 30 Photo
by Geri Sullivan
foot by Geri, too

Claire

This is my very first Confusion (second Con) and I am enjoying myself completely. I decided to sit at an event called "Fanzine in an Hour" with the intention of observing only. However, Geri is very persuasive; therefore, here I am writing a "little blurb" for a fanzine. Our group is fun and the hosts are great. I am glad I came.



A One-Hour Book Signing for the New Authors by Jim C. Hines

"Hello?"

"Oh, you don't read fantasy?"

"No, it's not like Harry Potter."

"No, I don't know Asimov."

"Hello? Would you like — never mind, then."

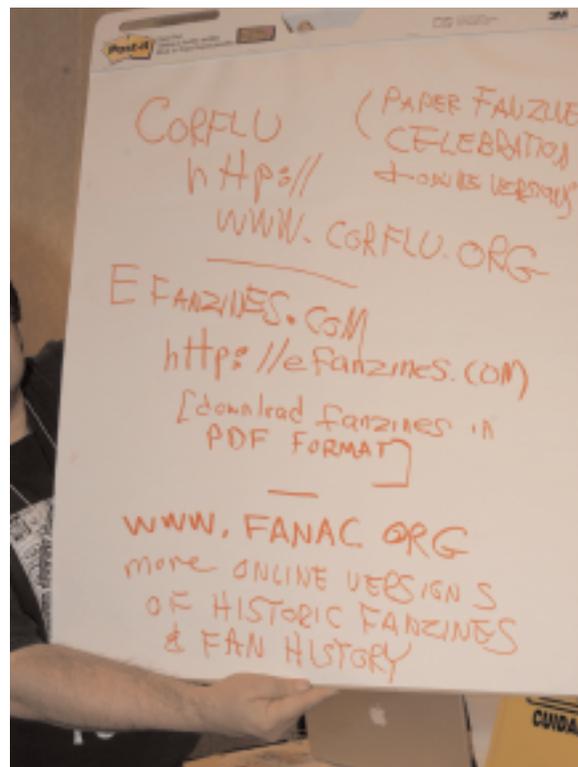
"No, the book won't make your children worship Satan."

"Hey, you made eye contact so you have to stop!"

"No, I'm not L. Ron Hubbard."

"Why yes, this one book has made me rich, & Spielberg is banging down my door for the movie rights."

"Well, one hour down, only one more to go"



One-Hour One-Shot Photo
of Claire by Diane Lacey

One-Hour One-Shot Photo of
Fanzine URLs by Marisol

My Non-History With One-Shots by Mike



In my 38 year involvement with fandom/fanzines including a pretty significant 25 year career as fandom's second greatest letterhack (so long, Harry) I rarely ever worked on a one-shot. (My "thing" was to get a fanzine and reply to it.) But there was a one-shot I was involved in and somewhere in the forty boxes of unsorted fanzines in my basement there must be a copy.

I was privileged to be Fan Guest of Honour at the 1975 Worldcon in Australia. A group of us flew from Los Angeles to Sydney and once we were in the air some inspired fan brought out a portable typewriter and a bunch of stencils and we passed it around and wrote about the upcoming experience. After landing in Oz we found some local fan with a mimeo and ran off enough copies for the people on the trip and a few extras.

Thirty years later I have no memory of what was in the fanzine but I imagine it had a few noteworthy contributions. If nothing else, I expect it's the only one-shot ever produced 35,000 feet above the ground!!

CONFUSION 31

It both delights and saddens me that I am now the only person to have attended all the CONFUSIONs as well as the precursor, the AA Relaxicon. Howard can't be here this weekend because of his recent health problems. He is missed and his thirty year involvement with CONFUSION is honoured. Amigo, I raise my glass to you and wish you well. May we meet again at CONFUSION 32!



One-Hour One-Shot Photo of Mike Glicksohn
by Diane Lacey

One-Hour One-Shot Photo of Larry Tucker
by Marisol

Cartoon by Larry Tucker

Poems by Sara

Though the multitudes gather
Though they seem quite excited
It's not the wise words of speakers
That they gathered here for

Gamers not for the faming
Vendors not for he vending
The hundreds of people
Want something more.

Not the music of minstrels
Not the company of con suites
Not the persistant partying
It all seems a bore

It's the four inch long ribbons
They live for the ribbons
The colorful ribbons
Are the ultimate score.



I sat:

In the smoking section
In a suite
In a skirt
As a "supervisor"

I was:

At Confusion
In a state of confusion
As a convirgin
Overwhelmed completely

I met:

A dirty old man
An interesting minor
A beautiful milf
And many more



One-Hour One-Shot Photos
by Marisol

Panel: What Makes a Good Book?

by Winifred McBeth

Steven Brust
Emma Bull
Will Shetterly
Jaqueline Carey

The panel had no moderator, so the discussion was more “free range.” The questions started with asking if there is a difference between “good” and “entertaining.” S. Brust emphatically said, “Yes,” acknowledging that there are authors who write well whose rhythm he “can’t dance to” (pointing out that Emma Bull writes rock ‘n’ roll in 4/4 time.)

Discussion drifted to what makes a bad book. The emotional response kept the discussion flowing. Answers included books that cheat the reader (having raised an issue and given it a facile solution) or having inherent contempt for the reader (with overexplanation). W. Shetterly wants a change to happen. (Paraphrase) “If you fight for a rock and successfully defend the rock, your feelings about that rock should change.”

There was a drift into whether “good” meant “moral.” There was overall acknowledgment that context of situation and society changes that meaning, with the example of Hawk in the Spencer series.

Summation: There are objective writing rules separate from subjective reactions (very strong reactions) with which to judge a book’s quality. However, the reader participates in the end effect of the story



Confusion 31 Photos
by Diane Lacey

Songs of the morning brain strike and other musings by Lenny Bailes

It's about 6AM on Saturday now, approximately one hour after the wrap-up of the marathon music party in Dennison IV. The Dennison party followed an all-star reunion of the Flash Girls (the fabulous Lorraine Garland and Emma Bull with Flash Boy irregulars Steven Brust and Patrick Nielsen Hayden). I first met Steve and Lorraine on an electronic conferencing system that's now far away in space and time. It was a conferencing system where great literary discussions, (and contests to write a poem that contained the word "frisket,") were occasionally interrupted by stampeding herds of ASCII cattle (some of which were created and posted to the message base by a fourteen-year old Cory Doctorow).

The Flash Girls concert was great, but I had even more fun playing in the 5-hour music jam that followed it. The jam stayed folkish for several hours. But when Fred Levy Haskell found his way in, it started to rock. Laura Jean Fish (now Schroth) sat patiently through a number of ballads and Canadian wonder tales. But eventually she pursed her lips and began chanting (alternately moaning) "monkey, monkey, monkey." Chas Somdahl eventually obliged her, playing a monkey rave-up in a key that allowed me to cut loose with a harmonica solo. "Chas knows how to shut me up," Laura said, after engaging in an appropriate interval of bopping and high-stepping" in her fashionable boots and miniskirt. At 5AM, as I packed up my harmonicas and prepared to go to bed, I casually told Fred Haskell that I was on a fanzine panel the next day and hadn't yet written anything for it. Unfortunately, I said this right in front of Geri Sullivan, who looked me in the eye and muttered "you'd better!"

Several hours before the concert started, my laptop's power brick began an ominous sequence of on-off blinks. When I told Geri that I'd had to call the Green Lantern Home World (referred to by some people as Dell Customer Service) to request a spare power battery — and that I was uncertain about the status of the ring, she didn't appear to be impressed. The power brick is lying on the floor, now, glowing green again, after some random wiggling of the power cable.

Sometimes I feel pretty old and silly with the metaphors that run through my head after my long life in science fiction fandom.

I don't know how it is for most of you, in the morning, before you've had your first cup of coffee. Me, I stand in line at my local coffeehouse and hear the radio — or watch a news rehash on the TV in a mom-and-pop grocery store. A number of quasi-sentient musings often float through my head at those times.



One-Hour One-Shot Photo
by Marisol

"Ch ch ch ch changelings.
Turn and face the Whorl

Time may change me
But I can't change time.

(Hm. Bruce Timm seems to have lifted his three-part Vandal Savage JLA episode from this issue of Action Comics that I just scored for 25 cents.)

The difference between me and a brilliant parodist (such as Kip Williams, http://www.livejournal.com/users/kip_w) is that the brilliant parodist probably hears David Bowie and autoparses, creating substitute adjectives, nouns, and verbs that naturally fall into coherent sentences. Me, I ponder strange relationships before that first cup of coffee, muzzing over yesterday's left-over neuron impressions.

Like this one:



The woman in the photo on the left is Laura Roslin, the actress who plays the Education Minister/ Colonial President-in-Exile on the new Battlestar Galactica TV series. The woman on the right is California Senator Barbara Boxer

— which, in the Lenny brain, suggests this:



"The World is Over!" (says the unphoto-shopped version of this Battlestar Galactica publicity ad). "The fight has just begun!"

(I need to get some sleep now. For more grownup reflections on the same phenomenon, I suggest that you all visit: <http://nielsenhayden.com/electrolite/archives/006024.html#006024>)

But come to the music party tonight, and forget about it for awhile!

Songs and Musings
by Lenny Bailes
(continued)

Ghetto

by Jason Prentice Ahlquist
MarsDust Editor-in-Chief

We all have one. Some railroad track in our heart that we walk across when we think about certain subjects. It's the place we go when we are afraid of the devil we don't know and would rather embrace the one we do know. It's a dark and negative place full of complaints, suspicions and insecurities. We can leave any time we choose to get up and mentally walk back to the other side of the tracks. I'd like to think that most of us don't choose to live in

our own inner ghettos, but we all seem get stuck there. And when someone on the outside points out what a shitty spot we're in - we get defensive and defend the ghetto as if it were the cradle of our very identities.



I've been there. I have my ghetto. I've also been in many ghettos across America - both as visitor and resident. Whether the metaphorical tracks are on 8 mile in Detroit, some bridge between islands in the Bahamas or in your mind, they have their uses...

"Son, I come from the Southside, so all I know is that people will steal from you or shoot you if you show any weakness. That's why I punched your best friend's mom."

"I come from the hills, we're just simple folk here. I don't know who this Xibit guy is, but that ain't the type of music we listen to around here."

"Honey, I grew up in a community where we never did things like this or had problems like this. It's all way too overwhelming and I don't think I can see you anymore."

"I work hard for my money and those lousy career welfare moms are spending all my tax dollars."

"I remember the day when being a science fiction fan meant something. It meant you were smart and idealistic - not some scantily clad bimbo prancing around a convention hall."

"Fuck, look at those losers dressed up like Star Trek dorks. I'd like to see one of them ever get a date - or even hold down a real job. Lets throw muffins at them."

Yeah, it's everywhere. Everyone has one. Even the amazingly open-minded fandom community it littered with ghettos. They sure do come in handy. Some of my ghettos make use of themselves before I even realize that I've called them up. And that's half the problem. We love our ghettos because we get to use them as an excuse after the fact. We do or say something shitty when we

ConFusion 31 Photo
by Marisol

encounter something strange that makes us uncomfortable. When someone calls us on our bad behavior and crappy attitude we can always claim that it's because we're from some sort of ghetto. It might be the "I'm an Adult Now Slums" or the "Intellectuals Ban Together to Judge Everyone Barrio," or the "I'm Pretty and You're Making the Convention Smell Like Feet Projects."

I've visited a few of those places and even built some of my own. I know you have too.

MarsDust is almost two years old. We've worked hard to try to get our bearings on the vast and twisted roads of fandom so that we might be able to become some at least a partially useful travel guide for the community. The task certainly has many challenges. Probably the largest one has been to find the boundaries of fandom. A regular cartographer would do one of two things when mapping out any territory. He would first consult the proper authorities for an official declaration of how things are divided up. If no such authority exists (such as in the fandom community), he'd go out and ask the locals.

We've been spending two years doing that. It's been like getting smart, well mannered Bloods and Cryps to agree on territory.

"Those media fandom people are just spectators. I'm sick of seeing them come to our literary conventions."

"Aren't there enough pictures of bimbos of the web? Do you have to show pictures of them on a fandom site?"

"The actual term is Masquerade. We're craftspeople. We don't 'play in costumes.'"

"Masquerade? No longer relevant. Cosplay is where it's at. What do you mean what's the difference? Isn't it obvious?"

"No, this book is science fiction. Your book (movie, show, cartoon) is just 'sci-fi.' It belongs on a lower place in the literature hierarchy."

"What are you talking about? CSI isn't a science fiction show. I don't care if they speculate on forensic science techniques that don't exist yet. Where are the robots and laser swords?"

"I'm tired of all the goth people running around our conventions, creating a disturbance, treating the place like a vampire pickup bar. What do they have to do with fandom anyway?"

"She doesn't attend conventions, collect the action figures or run a website. Even if she likes the movie and watches the dvd a lot, she's not a part of fandom."

If you've been in fandom for long enough you've probably heard them all and then some. There's a good chance you've promoted one in the name of your own ghetto. I have.



Recently MarsDust came under some controversy because of our Cover Model section, now known as "Fan Faces." We were under a year old and had posted just five episodes. Granted, the majority of the photoshoots had featured women - all related to fandom or a story we ran. Things were going along great and we were getting lots of positive feedback at conventions about the shoots. Lloyd Kauffman from Troma Films even lent us the Toxic Avenger and Kabukiman for one. That was at DragonCon last year. After we posted the shoot, posts on writer's blogs started to crop up accusing us of objectifying women (no one mentioned objectification of Kabukimen or toxic mutant janitors). This came kinda' as a shock. We'd been very careful to show the beautiful, sexy side of fandom - in all shapes, sizes and colors. Everything was tasteful and it had a very specific intent...

We were cleaning up a ghetto. A very nasty and mean ghetto at that.

I've been able to hear others talk about this particular ghetto in their lives. I've experienced it personally. When I started going to conventions, I really started to wonder why so many of us believed it about ourselves. You know the neighborhood I'm talking about. It's just on the corner of Loser Street and Socially Degraded Boulevard.

How many times were you told by your childhood peers that liking science (and being really good at understanding it) automatically meant you were bad at sports? How many years did you believe that bullshit? Do you still believe it to this day?

How many times did you hide your rabid love of Star Trek because you were a girl and really loving "guy stuff" like that was just a little too butch for boys to be interested in you? How many of your girl friends "outside" of the fandom borders are still afraid to get into detailed discussions about Farscape despite the fact that they watched it religiously and were crushed to see it go?

Remember that MTV special about the teenage kid who was embarrassed to be around his dad because he was a rabid, idealistic Star Wars fan? MTV seemed to be trying to make that guy look like a real loser. Why? Because they are going with the social momentum. Catering to the lowest common denominator.

But it's bullshit momentum and we should all know that.

If you would for a moment, prepare yourself to take a bus out of any ghetto you might unknowingly be residing in. Call up a mental image of yourself as the fandom dork. Don't just invent one, think about all of the specific jibes and insults you've encountered when expressing your enthusiasm for something in science fiction or fantasy entertainment that had uplifted you or inspired you. When you were criticized for it, was your first reaction to break apart the logic of it? Did making that Xena outfit automatically make you a lesbian? If you are a lesbian, did that automatically make you a Xena fan? I doubt it. So why was the insult flung in the first place? You can't get into the perpetrator's mind, so you will never know for sure. It may not even matter.



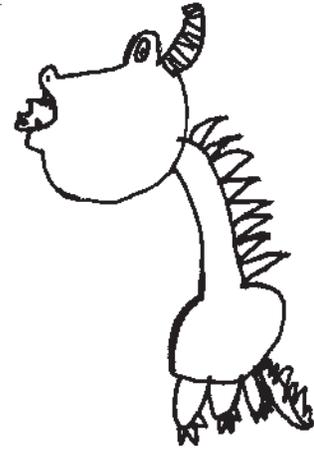
What does matter is enthusiasm and inspiration were turned into shame. In my mind, that formula is the most evil machine invented.

Ghetto
(continued)

It's a machine that erects ghettos in the soul. It makes them out of fallacies and pain.

Once I became active in the fandom community I got yanked out of that ghetto. Sure there are lots of shy people at cons. Many of them appear outwardly to fit the social misfit image. But two things became evident to me:

1. Most of the so-called nerds in fandom are actually brilliant, beautiful and vibrant people.
2. A lot of the actual "social misfits" are actually brilliant, beautiful and vibrant people who were talked into believing they were outcasts because they had a deeply felt enthusiasm something that somebody was threatened in some way by. They were handed a plate of crap by people that were in their own ghettos. Because ghettos make you mean.



The Cover Model section was intended to show the lies in certain aspects of this ghetto. It was designed to show that the Fen are vibrant and beautiful. Every photo that appeared then and now appears in Fan Faces is a salvo of truth shot at the ghetto machine. MarsDust wants to destroy that ghetto. I believe that active fandom wants to help.

Fandom is important. All of it. Look at the fen you know. I don't care if the pvc they wear is in the form of a corset or a pocket protector. The unifying principle of fandom is that we are all drawn together by enthusiasm for ideas and ideals that challenge our limitations. Science Fiction is about tinkering with the future and facing its challenges. Fantasy is about believing (at least on some level) in magic and miracles. Horror is about challenging our aversion to being afraid. Fandom is not just escapism. I can't stand the fact everyone seems to focus on that. Fandom is "embracism." You do not get involved in fandom if you are afraid of ideas that challenge your place in the universe. Everyone brings their own revolutionary, transformative energy to this community and when we all get together and share, I believe amazing things can happen. If we can leave our ghettos behind us when we gather at conventions, in book groups or on the Internet we are more comfortable exploring the diversity of perspectives in fandom. We can better learn from one-another. If we can recognize that the deeply felt enthusiasm for speculative creations is more important than how we dress or what our size is, we can all be rap stars transcending their ghettos.



Monster DrawingS
by Peter Hartwell



I'm trying to figure it out now. Sitting here at my iMac, thinking about Neil and how I can capture him and bottle him up in this text jar. I'm surrounded by all the magic things I have collected over the years, trying to cast a journalistic spell on the elusive and clever Mr. Gaiman:

The cat skull from the field in back, the foundation stone I pilfered from the Thoreau house excavation site at Walden Pond, the signed portrait I did for Kurt Vonnegut, the Swamp Thing I painted on a chunk of leather torn from a jacket once owned by 9-11 Commissioner Slade Gorton. On the table behind me are piles of Neil's work. Little voodoo dolls that I have been sticking probes into in hopes of extracting some sample of his Atman — the vital principle fans and critics recognize applaud.

Nothing will come loose.

It's not that I hadn't gathered my intelligence. Before the interview at Penguicon 2.0, I had scoured the web, gathered and examined his works. I had whispered into the ears of those who had met him before and tried to seduce secrets from them.

And it's not that I did not have a strategy for stealing his essence at the convention. I came armed with piles of his works to keep in my head, two photographers – my own Cain and Abel (one seductive and piercing, and the other puckish and glib). They came equipped with the finest soul-stealing equipment money could buy (and lighting and a velvet backdrop – just in case). And I had an appointment.

But to paraphrase another great story artist, no wizard arrives on the schedule of others. There had been some misadventure on the way from his home in Minnesota to Novi, Mich., and he was unable to keep our appointment. So I was left to scramble for information and opportunity, dissipating the considerable numina I had built up.

Eventually, I ended up in the green room where all the convention luminaries chill out and there he was – obviously exhausted, but still skillfully entertaining the small crowd of supplicants that he is known to attract.

"So," Neil said as I sat at the table, "would you like to do that interview now?"

With Seductive and Piercing in tow (Glib and Puckish was at a drumming circle) I pulled notes and whatnots from my bag – preparing for complex auguries.

As I fumbled about with this, Neil vanished into the suite adjoining the green room and re-emerged with a plastic container of grocery store sushi. He sat and began to pick questioningly at the octopus. I let the magic begin!

Ummm... so what's new Neil?

"I won the Nebula for *Coraline* last night," he chimed up forgetting the tentacles in front of him, "which is sort of funny because it's a story I've been working on sporadically for about ten years."

Ten years? That seemed like a long time to work on a novella.

He read my mind and continued, "I don't believe in writer's block you know, but I do believe in getting stuck on things. When that would happen, I would work on *Coraline*. In fact most of it was written while I was stuck on *American Gods*. Had I known it would be received so well, I would have been a bit more industrious."

Coraline has been industrious for Neil though, the Nebula just the cherry on a whole sundae of critical acclaim the short, dark children's tale has earned in addition to a Bram Stoker Award and a Locus Award for Young Adult Novel.

With the 2003 publication of *Wolves in the Walls*, Neil is shaping up to earn a big spot in children's literature almost as assuredly as he has garnered consistent attention writing comics and novels.

The sushi didn't seem to be disappearing very quickly off Neil's platter. I couldn't tell if he was just too tired to eat or had smelled what I had smelled coming from it.

By now a larger crowd had gathered around us. Photographers I'd never met began distracting me with flashes.

I had become the magician's lovely assistant.

I struggled through the distraction long enough to get out something like:

Umm... so what else is new?

"Well, *Mirrorsmask*, the movie I'm doing with Dave McKean is progressing very well. Principal shooting has been completed and we are in post-production. Of course, with a project like *Mirrorsmask*, post-production is about 80% of the job."

"And the movie of *Death: The Time of Your Life* is moving as well. We've got a solid script and should get approval from the studio this weekend. I can't tell you which studio yet. Check my website and I'll post the info as soon as I can in the journal section."

MarsDust will update readers as soon as more information becomes available

I remembered that he'd moved to America back in 1992. I asked him what made him decide to become a Yankee.

“Well, I’m not quite a Yank yet. We’re still waiting for everything to become official. My wife is American, so that had a great deal to do with it. Aside from that, the reasons were mainly financial. Most of my income is freelance from America. With fluxuating currencies, I found it to my advantage to live in America where I can better spend American money. So we bought a 130-year-old ‘Adams Family’ house and live there quite happily.”

I asked if he got back to England enough to curb homesickness.

“Never,” he replied resolutely, “I always miss England, every moment of every day.”

America has become a special attraction in the Neil Gaiman circus. His big-show novel, *American Gods* exemplifies this. The book swept up scads of awards and came close to eclipsing the recognition level he had received for his *Sandman* comic books – or even the persistent mention he gets in Tori Amos lyrics.

In fact, during my research, I had sensed hidden patterns between *American Gods* and Tori Amos’ *Scarlet’s Walk*, which were written around the same time. Both chronicled epic journeys across the American landscape – Tori had even mentioned Neil in some lyrics. Was Tori in *American Gods*? Or was I just falling pray to speculation?

“No you’re not imagining that. Tori was one of the main ‘beater readers’ for the book. I can trust her to tell me the truth about my writing. In fact, the first third of *American Gods* was written in Tori’s house. Hell, the farmhouse in the book is that house.

“There were a lot of corollaries like that between our world and Shadow’s world. Some of them were weird. Some of them went from weird to fucking weird. For instance, the hotel at the center of America was something that I had just made up. Later on, to my astonishment, I found out there actually was an abandoned hotel near the geographical center of America – just like I had concocted. Fucking weird.”

After that, the sushi platter was pushed aside, the octopus still intact.

There was fascination and love in Neil’s voice as he spoke of America – almost as much love as he had previously expressed for England. It was seemingly more than just a tourist’s fascination. There was something there – I smelled one of those soul-bits I had sought to capture. Perhaps this excitement came through best when he spoke of his involvement with the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund.

I’ve been involved with the CBLDF for nearly twelve years – since I moved to America. I thought it was important for me to be involved because in England we didn’t have anything like the First Amendment.

“Not many Americans realize it, but you can’t just go and print or broadcast what you want to in England. They have an Official Secrets Act, while America has a Freedom of Information Act. Book banning in America is rare, but in England there are many things you just can’t read. I remember always wanting to read *The One-Hundred Days of Sodom*, but couldn’t because the Marquis De Sade was on the list of prohibited authors.

“So it seemed to me that if you have something as wonderful as the First Amendment, it’s something you should be manning the ramparts for – be willing to die for. Working with the CBLDF seemed like the least I could do after suddenly being given such freedom read and learn and grow.”

So did the current crackdown by the Federal Communications Commission raise more concerns for the safety of these liberties?

“I think they’re all twits. They’re going way overboard with their efforts. In fact, it’s a bit comical that the bill to clarify what is ‘profane’ has to be the filthiest worded bit of legislation in history.

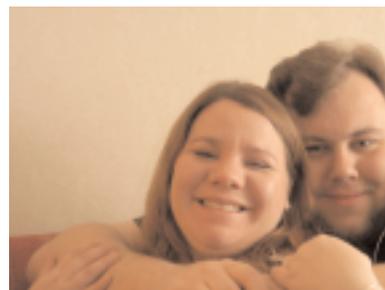
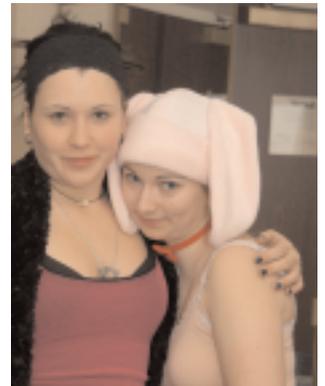
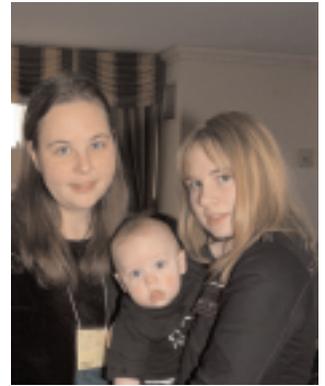
So did he think the Janet Jackson incident at the Superbowl was handled poorly?

“Personally I was scarred by that nipple – horribly, psychically scarred.

Laughter erupted from the peanut gallery.

“No, actually I think the whole thing was overblown. I don’t think anyone really knew what they had seen until the media played it back for them over and over.”

With that, Neil said he was very tired and concluded the interview. It was nearly fifteen minutes before he could make it through the onlookers with requests and cameras. Eventually he vanished back into sanctuary, leaving me with my story – which could possibly be a little bit of his soul...



ConFusion 31 Photos
by Marisol

The Third ConFusion

Reprinted from Of Camelot (Or Again Dangerous Minneapazine)

by Fred A Levy Haskell

The con is now over (it is 6:40pm, EST, January 31 (Monday)), and even the deadest of the dead dogs have left. Rusty Hevelin left at two o'clock, and Bill Bowers, Ric Bergman, Diane Drutowski, and I went over to Bimbos for lunch. Ben Zuhl dropped in, chatted a while, and then caught a cab for Suzi's. We ate and talked, and then Bill and Ric left – Bill was going to drop Ric off at the airport in Detroit and then continue on home. Diane and I talked for a couple of hours more (while I consumed a lot of coffee and smoked a lot of cigarettes), and then finally called the con to an end by walking back to Morrison, and driving out of the parking ramp behind the hotel. I dropped Diane off at her dorm, and then called Jim Hansen (I want the chance to talk photos with him, my parents are forwarding a check to me there, and I hope to crash there tonight). He was still at work, but he has phone transferring, so I got to talk with him anyway. He said he'd be working another hour or so, and suggested we meet at the Doggy Diner (really the Fleetwood Diner (quite good and quite inexpensive – I ate there a lot during the con)), and so here I am, waiting for Jim. Now to wind the calendar back, and tell you about the journey, and perhaps even about the con....



Well, lessee. I "left off" while I was still sitting at home last Monday night waiting for my hair to dry and watching to see if the snow would let up. As I was sitting there, Mark Riley called. He wanted to chat, and asked what I had planned for the weekend of the twenty-eighth through thirtieth. When I told him I was going to Confusion, he said he was also going and asked when I was leaving. I said I was planning to leave shortly, and it occurred to him that he might enjoy both leaving early (i.e. arriving early) and riding with me. This sounded fine to me also. There were a number of arrangements which had to be made for this to be possible, but they were finally taken care of, and we left Minneapolis around 1 am Tuesday.

Shortly after crossing the Minnesota-Wisconsin border, the roads turned extremely slick, so we ended up having to drive at 35-40 mph. Had I been in a "hurry-hurry" mood, I might have felt tempted to drive somewhat faster, which would have been white-knuckle driving, but I knew there was no rush, and was able to drive at a reasonably comfortable speed. The road conditions remained poor to Black River Falls, where we stopped for coffee and some food (and mostly for the break). The road out of Black River Falls was much improved, and we were able to maintain a more normal pace until we hit the Wisconsin-Illinois border. There the roads turned slick again. (I find it interesting that the Wisconsin freeways were well sanded, whereas the Illinois Toll Road was still quite slick. Or maybe it was differing weather conditions, and I'm unjustly accusing the Sovereign State of Illinois....)

ConFusion 31 Photo
by Geri Sullivan

We hit Chicago around 10am, and again proved the saying that every hour is rush hour in Chicago. The road was jammed and the moving slow and nervous through the city. Oh well, we eventually made it around the city, and the traffic cleared. We stopped in Indiana for lunch and a couple of cartons of cheap cigarettes. I was starting to get a bit exhausted, and would have liked to have turned the driving over to Mark, but the roads were again slick, and I didn't want Mark to have to cope with slick roads in a vehicle he had never before driven. So we pushed on. In Benton Harbor, Michigan, we stopped for gas, and I was finally able to let Mark drive. I was then immediately able to catch an hour or so of much-needed sleep. Mark drove to the outskirts of Ann Arbor, where we stopped to call around to find him a place to stay until the con. Nobody we tried was home, so we drove into downtown Ann Arbor and found a place to eat (Bimbos, as a matter of fact).

After eating, we got in touch with Jim Hansen, who was willing to put Mark up until the con. So I dropped Mark off and drove off to East Lansing to visit Barbara Jones and Ken Josenhans.

{{Jim came in, and I broke this off. It is now 7:35pm, February 1, 1977. I got a chance to look through some of Jim's slides last night, and when his roommate came in, we looked at the first tray of my Song and Slide Show slides. It got to be 2:30-3:00, and we all went off to sleep. I awoke around 5 pm (I had needed sleep), and drank some coffee and looked through some of Jim's magazines. I am depressed for some reason – possibly post-con depression, but there seems to be large elements of worry about whether I can make my whole crazy dream work – I'm still very much afraid of hustling for money, even though I discovered some places where I might be able to get gigs here in Ann Arbor and in East Lansing. Oh well, forward into the past....}}

I guess not too much to talk about what happened while I was in East Lansing. I might well mention that Ken and Barbara are both NICE people, and that I got a chance to meet Ken's roommate John; and Pat Mueller, both of whom also seemed worth knowing (Pat is in AZAPA, and both seem to be somewhere between protofen and neofan). I also met Barbara's roommate, who is not-a-fan; she too seems nice enough, though communication with here was limited at best (probably because of her non-fannishness, but also because of, well, nevermind....).

Despite blizzard warnings and high winds, I set out for Ann Arbor around 12:30 Friday afternoon. Though the winds were blowing snow across the roads, fortunately the snow was powder and wasn't sticking. So the roads were dry and clear, and I made it in pretty good time, only having to slow occasionally when the visibility got poor. (I should mention that between East Lansing and Ann Arbor it wasn't actually snowing – there were just strong winds which blew already-fallen snow around.)

{{already it's 5:30am, EST, February 5. How time flies. Been doing some interesting things, but will save that until I reach them in my chronicle. I will mention that I'm still staying at Jim Hansen's, and that the money's running low....}}

Arrived at the con hotel, and found very few fen. I saw a fellow in a business suit walking out of the hotel office and holding a CONFUSION programme book, and asked him, "Can you tell me where the science fiction convention registration area is?" He turned out to be Larry Ward,

the con co-chairman, and directed me to the bar on the eleventh floor (of course! I should have known!), saying that registration had not yet opened, but that fen were there. (I felt a bit silly, but would have felt sillier if I had asked in where all the fans were and he had turned out to be the hotel manager.)

Sure enough, I found fen in the bar, all clustered around the fan GoH, Ro Lutz-Nagey. I knew the other fen only vaguely, but since I know Ro (only somewhat better), I sat down and entered the conversation. The topic of the roads came up (there was speculation all of Friday about how much effect the weather would have on con attendance, and who in fact might be unable to make it), and I added my seven-and-a-half cents worth concerning the road condition between East Lansing and Ann Arbor. It then occurred to me to call Barbara and tell her the same, since I knew she was planning to leave East Lansing around four and would be concerned about the road conditions. This was good, as it turned out that the radio was making things sound worse than the really were (at least for that stretch).

I went back to the bar, and we all chatted more, with some changes in people present. Randy Bathurst showed up, which gave me a twinge of wishing that I was still editing RUNE, so that I could have hit him up for some artwork. Oh well.

Rusty Hevelin and Gay Haldeman then arrived, and after everyone else left, we three sat around for a while and talked about my career plans and about DUFF. (By the way, the Official Fred Haskell DUFF Sample Ballot reads "1 Fred Haskell, 3 Bill Rotsler, 2 Bob Vardeman," Fred Haskell for DUFF! Bob Vardeman for Second Place! Oot Greet!)

I went back to the second floor registration and milling-about area, and spent the next few hours greeting and chatting with various old friends and acquaintances, among whom were Robin White, Jerry Kaufman, Diane Drutowski, Sally Sellers, Ben Zuhl, Suzie Tiffany, Bill Bowers, Suzi Stefl, and others. Barbara and Ken eventually arrived, and she agreed that the road wasn't bad. On the other hand, we were constantly told of airport and train station closings, and of fen stuck on the road or turning back or never even leaving home. Gary Farber called later in the evening to say he was stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again in a bus terminal in Cleveland or somesuch.

Jerry Kaufman and I decided we were hungry, and made what turned out for me to be one of many trips to the Doggy Diner (well, the Fleetwood Diner). Reasonable food, large portions, and low prices were the main attractions of this eatery, which was four blocks from the con hotel. I'd guess it turned out to be one of the Official Con Eateries (possibly surpassed only by the Hanging Athenian Gardens, which was directly across the street from the hotel's back door and open 24 hours a day). It was nice to snatch a chat with Jerry, who was nice enough to pick up my check for me (thanks, Jerry!).

Shortly after returning, Barbara and I decided to do photos, but ended up being frustrated at every turn. By the time we located Cat and Mark so I could get my cameras out of their room, we were no longer interested in doing photos. But we stored the cameras in Barbara's room anyway, figuring that we'd be able to try again later.

I don't remember much until later, when I decided to sing and play. I checked out the situation in the "NOCRES-Con Party Suite" (actually Dana Siegal's room, "loaned" to the NOCRES-Con people for that purpose) to make sure it was okay to play there, and went around to the other parties to notify those people who I thought might be interested. I turned out to be somewhat out of practice, which hurt both my voice and my guitar playing (not to mention my fingers) but it didn't seem to matter much – we all had a pretty good time anyway. After not too long, Mike Wood showed up and we did some pass the guitar. Eventually Phyllis Eisenstein, Joe Haldeman and Barbara Jones showed up and joined the guitar passing circle. George Laskowski also showed up and did a number or two. None of us were in top form, but everyone had a good time, which is what is important. Shortly before the party broke up, Joe developed a case of the hiccoughs, and proclaimed that the only way he could cure them was by standing on his head while everyone sung "Dixie." Which he and we did. (I discovered later in the week that this method actually works – and you don't even need to have everyone present singing "Dixie" (I suspect that part is to make everyone present feel involved and important).)

Eventually, I decided to crash. Some bizarre events transpired in the room where I was crashing, and when I told Robin White about it the next day (discreetly withholding names), she said it was such a classic case that I should write it up. When I mentioned this to one of the involved parties, she agreed, so here it is, with names discreetly withheld.

Since letters are not sex-specific, I'll mention that A and C are women, and B and D are men. A and B are old friends of mine (I like them both a lot), and C and D are recent acquaintances. It seems like I entered the room with A and B, with C and D already there, but D might well have been with us. C and D sacked out on the bed nearest the door (I am, by the way, uncertain of the nature of their relationship), and B crawled into the other bed (A and B were to be sharing that bed, and I know that they have had a long and recently difficult relationship), and I went to sleep on the floor between the beds. I presumed at the time that A was either sitting in the chair at the foot of the bed or getting undressed for bed. I was wrong, but more in a minute.

I was awakened by a hollow-metallic crash, followed by loud sobbing. I crawled over to see what was wrong, and found A sobbing on the floor next to the radiator (at the foot of the bed and away from the door). I asked her what was wrong, and she said she had hit her head on the radiator, and that nobody cared. When I said that I cared, she said something to the effect that I was the wrong person (she obviously wanted B to care and nobody else really mattered to her right then). I said I understood, but that if I could help she knew where I was, and crawled back between the beds, to allow B a chance to do his thing. He finally did a "What's wrong?...Come to bed...I do care...Come to bed" thing. When she remained on the floor, he got up, talked with her briefly, then returned to bed, urging her to do the same.

After a few minutes, A got up, grabbed some keys, and left the room. She left the door ajar, and I heard what sounded like the stairway door (but which turned out to be the ice-machine door) slamming. I waited a moment, then said to B "alright, are you going after her, or do I have to?" and also pointed out that since she took some keys she might have been heading for the car. He asked if I was dressed, and when I said yes, he asked if I would go, and said that he would be along after he got dressed.

Zoltan

Here is the code.

Release the girl.

– K

I found A in the hallway, holding ice to her head and crying. She explained that she had been standing in the corner, got faint, and fell over, hitting her head on the radiator. I did what I could to get her to feel better (which wasn't much since she was really only interested in whether B cared), but I have this nasty habit of caring a lot about people, and therefore had to try. Fortunately, B came out shortly, and I returned to the room, and settled down in the chair to wait and make sure they both came back (I wasn't sure they would, and I figured I'd have to go running after whichever one didn't – like I said about caring about people).

After another short interval, C got up and announced that she was going down to read, and left. D then got up, and sat down in the other chair. I said "It's really none of my business, but I can only see three possibilities – C really is just going down to read, she wants to see how A and B are doing, or something is wrong with her; and since I don't really know her, I don't know which it is." D said it was probably the first, and I accepted that, but pointed out that if she wasn't back in fifteen minutes or so that it might be wise for him to find her and see how she was doing. He seemed to agree.

We sat there for a while. I smoked, tried to work on Minneapa a bit, and reminisced aloud about my marriage, since elements of the situation reminded me of some of the things that happened between Karen and me. Finally, D got up and went off to find C. After another short period of time, A and B returned to the room. I asked if I should stay there or get lost for a while, and B replied that it didn't matter to him; and A said she preferred that I stay there.

What ensued was a discussion fairly typical of couples who are trying to work out differences of expectations about the relationship. B was tired and wanted to get to sleep, but wanted to mollify A first, and A was convinced that B had been doing her wrong and refused to find value in what he was saying (examples: "So what does it really mean when you say you care about me," and "Yeah, you always say you're sorry, but you keep doing it"). I frankly felt much in coming with both points of view, and felt sad that they had to go through this. It's painful. (Did I mention remembering arguments between Karen and me before? Well, by now the situation was really bringing back memories....)

This went on for some time, and finally seemed to be settling down, though not actually resolving, when C returned alone. I asked her where D was, and she said she had seen him, and that he'd be back shortly. I asked how he was, and she said fine. "Here we go again," thought I. "If he's not back in about fifteen minutes I'll have to go and see how he is." (As I said, worry is the price of caring.) C then went to bed.

Then somebody said "Fred." I thought it was A, but wasn't sure, and in fact, wasn't even sure that was what was said. So I waited a minute, and said "Yes?" No reply. Then I asked "A, did you call me?" She said yes. I asked what she wanted, and got no reply, so I went over and sat down on the floor next to the bed, and she reached out her hand. So I took it, and we held and stroked hands. It felt very nice to be noticed and to feel at least somewhat significant.

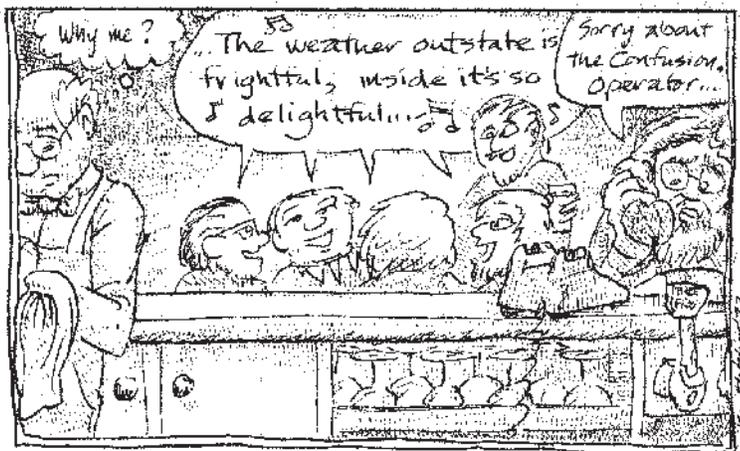
This went on for awhile, and then I started to worry in earnest. D wasn't back yet, and I knew that I'd have to go find him soon, but I didn't want to leave A while there was some chance that I was doing her some good. Or more to the point, I started wondering which of them "needed me more" (vanity, I know. But consider "How is A doing? Am I helping? How would she feel if I went off to find D? How is D feeling? Will things be alright if I don't go and find him? How would he feel about it being me and not C? Should I wake C and try to get her to go? What's going on?" And so on.) Thankfully, D came back about then, and I said to him, "I'm glad you're back. You realize, don't you, that in about another five minutes I would have had to go and find you." I also apologized in case this sounded ridiculous, but said that since I care about people, I tend to worry a lot. He said he was alright, and went to bed.

A then told me that she would be okay, and that I should go to sleep. I said I wouldn't until I was sure of that, and that she too should get some sleep. We went around that for a few minutes, and she finally said she would try to get some sleep (though things weren't entirely alright), so I laid down. And of course, waited until it sounded like she was asleep and/or wasn't going to get up again and do something stupid before I could go to sleep. Sigh.

Saturday was spent drifting around and talking with people. Barbara and I finally got around to doing some photos (and Ken dropped in for a while and probably unintentionally got himself on film also). I also ran into Candice Massey and set up a photo session for the following Wednesday. Gary Farber arrived as did Michaels Glicksohn and Harper (who had Stories to Tell about being trapped by the snow in a small Canadian town). Also discovered Lynnette Parks had arrived, and was much delighted to see and talk with here. She showed me a pornographic puppet slide she had done. Neat!

The day passed pleasantly, and in the evening I dragged out my MAC proofs (to show Gary) and my portfolio (to show Ken's roommate John). I somehow ended up doing this at a party, and for the next few hours found myself surrounded by people looking through my MAC proofs and portfolio. It was a real treat, as they seemed to be really getting off on it, particularly Denise Mattingly. I ended up taking orders for copies of three portfolio prints from her, and for a number of MAC prints from others.

When this was over, I got my guitars and played again. This night nobody joined me, but it was alright, as I was in better form. After playing a few hours (in the midst of which I was violated by Q-tip Fandom) I decided I was all out, and after a brief visit to a quiet party with Joe Haldeman, Ro and Lynn Lutz-Nagey, Cat and Mark, Ben Zuhl, Mike Glicksohn, and, for a time, Barbara Jones (there may have been one or two others as well, but memory fogs), I went and sacked. Whew. (I should mention



that I had a chance to talk with a lot of good people and had a very good day on Saturday, and that no one should feel slighted if I don't mention them.)

{{Now it's 7:00am, February 6. Still at Jim's, still not accomplishing much other than visiting. Oh well...}}

The mid-afternoon of Sunday was taken up with wandering around and chatting, and with saying farewell to a large number of people. For a while I went dashing around obtaining signatures for a "wish you were here" postcard for Susan. Also went out and played some pinball (two games per quarter, five balls per game!) with Mark and Ben and Joe (I've never seen anyone who could bang and shake a machine without tilting it like Joe can), and then with Joel and Candice and Mike. Finally went back to the hotel, and settled into a conversation with Larry Downes, Diane Drutowski, and Gary Farber. This conversation lasted for hours, and covered a large variety of topics including sex, pop-tarts, and and The Early Days of various Fan Groups. Eventually we went across the street to the Hanging Athenian Gardens, presumably to get me some coffee, although I foolishly ended up eating something as well. Around 2 am, Diane decided that she was definitely getting flakey and went off to crash. Gary, Larry, and I continued relentlessly on. In another half-hour or so we went back to the hotel, and conversed in the mezzanine. Around 3, Larry decided he had to crash, and went off to Bill Bowers' room (which was where Diane had gone earlier for similar reasons). Gary went along so as to bring back the key so he could crash there when it came to that. Gary returned, and we talked until about five about fanzines and sealing way and whether pigs have wings.

Though I had forgotten to make arrangements, I was reasonably certain that Bill wouldn't mind finding me sleeping on the floor in the morning (for two reasons – he was extremely kind about putting me up in the past, and he was allowing a number of people to crash there that night). So I went along with Gary and fell over. Around six, Larry, Gary, and Leah got up for the return to Detroit (Larry and Leah home and Gary to the bus station), and I woke briefly from the proceedings, though returning to sleep was no problem.

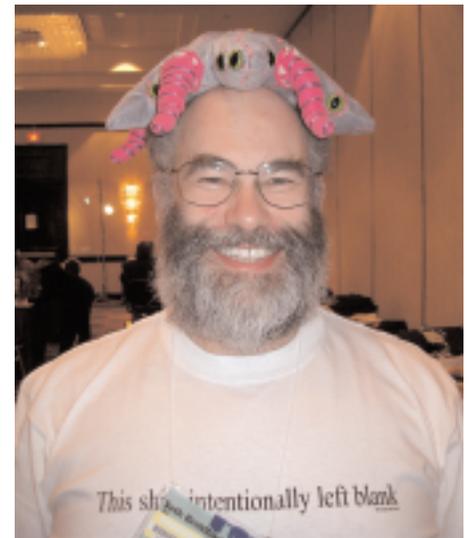
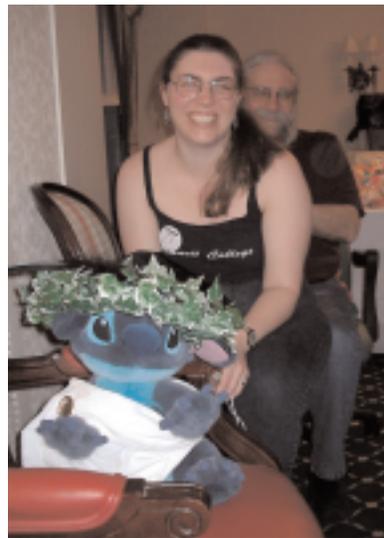
Shortly before eight, we were all rudely awakened by the fire alarm. Ahh yes. We were the picture of calm. Bill stuck his head out the door to see what was going on, and I followed. Didn't seem like much. We returned to the room to discuss a course of action. I suggested that we call the desk to find out what was going on, which Bill did. The desk clerk said that they thought it was a false alarm, but that we should probably take the stairs down to the lobby, just in case. Bill, Diane, and Ric Bergman (who were the only other people in the room) started getting dressed and collecting their Important Things and I went off to the bathroom to take a piss. I came out and grabbed all my stuff (my coat, purse, and the bound volumes of Love & Cheap Thrills and RUNE Volume Seven (which I had gotten out of Morrison the preceding evening to show Gary)). Bill took his photo albums and he and Ric grabbed bottles of Coke. We all went down the stairs to the lobby.

In the lobby were quite a few sleepy steward and pilots, and the remaining few (Joe and Gay Haldeman, Rusty Hevelin, Cat and Mark, and maybe one or two others, I'm not sure). The fire trucks were arriving as we got to the lobby, so we were quickly joined by firemen, who also milled around. It took them about fifteen minutes to give the all-clear, and we all went back to our rooms.

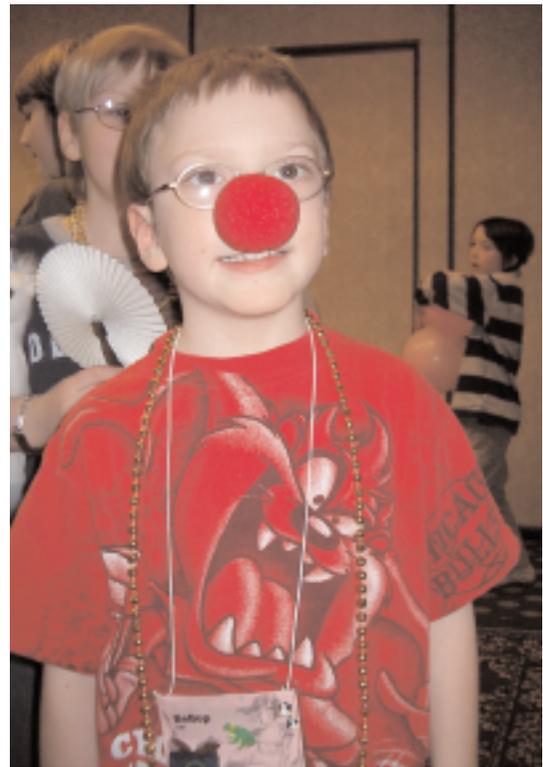
Of course, the assholes who turned in the false alarm waited long enough for everyone to get back to sleep, and then did it again. We debated staying in the room, but decided that somebody stupid enough to turn in a false alarm might be stupid enough to start a fire, so we went down to the lobby again. This time in the elevator (we weren't really convinced that it was a serious matter. We were right). This time there were fewer people in the lobby, and the all-clear was given sooner.

Diane went back to sleep, But Bill, Ric, and I stayed up and talked. My intentions were to wait for a while before returning to sleep to make sure I wouldn't again be interrupted, and that may well have been Bill and Ric's intentions also. In any case, the conversation was so interesting that we ended up talking through until the one o'clock check-out time.

This of course brings us up to the point where we came in, so I'll end the detailed account.



Confusion 30 Photos
by Geri Sullivan

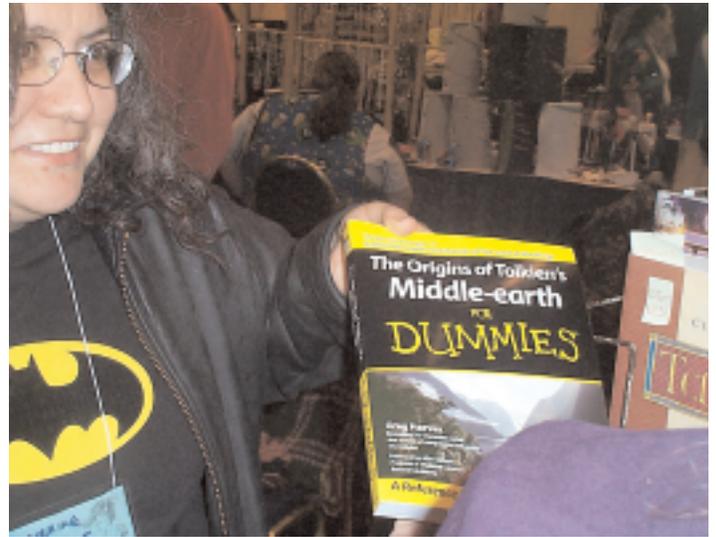
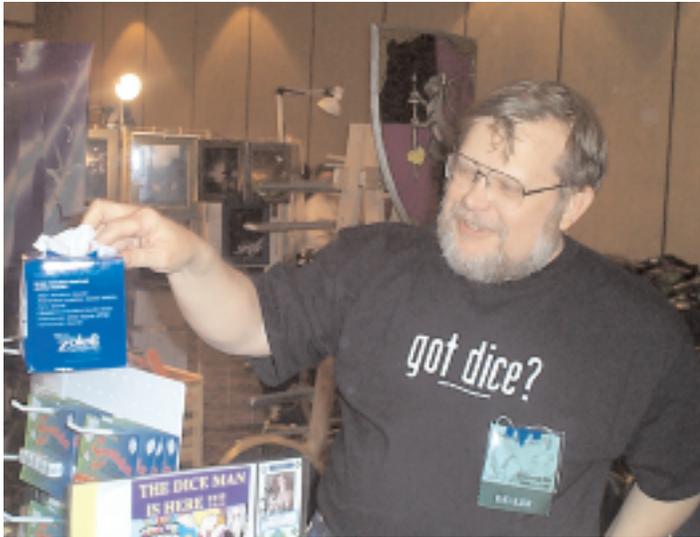


ConFusion 30 Photos
by Geri Sullivan

ConFusion 30

High Weirdness Tour of the Dealer's Room

Photos by Colin Hinz



More ConFusion 30 Photos by Colin Hinz

