

More than
500
as of
Thursday

THE RESTORED Burbank Post

FORECAST:
RAIN.

Issue 1 * Friday Morning, November 27, 1998 * Burbank, Reclaimed State of California, R.U.S.A.

Program Changes.

1:00 pm Fri, Celebration, *The Lego Panel*, Gary Louie, Charles Matheny, Jerome Scott, Dennis Cherry. Four obsessive compulsives trapped in a world of their own making.

2:00 pm Fri, Celebration, *Creating and Running a Web Site*, Chris Weber, Karen Willson. Planning, construction and implementation of the perfect website.

4:00 pm Fri, Gala, *VentureStar/X-33*, Jeff Laube. A look at another of our near-term options in reusable spacecraft.

Greg Barrett

Throwing a Party Tonight?

Please, *tell us right now*, even if you don't have your room number yet. Come to the Newsletter Desk, across from the Art Show, and tell us what you know so far.

Calling All Digital Pictures.

Do you have a digital camera? Do you have a computer with you, or whatever it takes to put your pictures on diskette? If so, we're accepting submissions of photos. TIF or JPG format is fine, just drop the diskette and a note explaining the captions for each picture at the Newsletter Desk.

Turkey Delight.

Thanks to Paul Turner who brought turkey to the Consuite to share with other early arrivals. It was happily gobbled up in the best of fannish Thanksgiving spirit.

Janis Olson

Second Annual B-5 Food Run.

Wild Thyme is a favourite hangout of the *Babylon 5* cast and crew! So now it's ours, too. Meet in Lobby of Hotel at 5:00 pm. (Some of us have no vehicles, so we need to arrange rides.) Wild Thyme Restaurant will limit to 50 people.

If you don't make the lobby meeting, you can get to Wild Thyme by 6:00 pm on your own.

The Hare

Deadline for the next issue of the *Restored Burbank Post*: 12:00 pm Friday.

Throwing a Party Tonight? Please, *tell us right now*, even if you don't have your room number yet. Come by the Newsletter Desk, please.

Just a Reminder.

Loscon can *always* use your help! Volunteer, have fun, volunteer again!

Ed Green

"Gorilla, My Dreams"

by David Brin
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Ikies

How strange that such an insignificant little world should matter so much.

It was a perplexity that bothered the Exemplary Cogitator of Expedient Action as she pondered a holographic image of the wolfing world... this Earth... which lay within sensor range but just out of reach. Oh, how she longed to give the command —

ATTACK!
SWOOP DOWN UPON THE NEST OF WOLFING HERETICS. END THEIR INSOLENCE, ONCE AND FOR ALL!

The Exemplary Cogitator restrained herself. For the present, her Calumnite battle fleets dared approach no closer than half a light year. The place was too well defended, and anyway, soon other armadas, representing dozens of rival clans and alliances would be arriving from all over the galaxy to fight each other over the right of conquest. Eventually, of course, the Calumnites would prevail, and finally come to possess what she and her galaxy-spanning race desired most.

The blue-green ball spun before her, swaddled in fleecy clouds, appearing ever so peaceful. Yet it was the home of those trouble-making humans and their uplifted clients — neo-dolphins and neo-chimpanzees — a tiny, parvenu clan which had managed in just a few lifespans to thoroughly upset the venerable society of the Five Galaxies.

But it didn't begin there. The Exemplary Cogitator mused. Who started all this? Someone must have secretly raised the humans up from animal pre-sentience, and designed them to be annoying. What sick race pulled such a vile trick on the established order?

It was a deeply disturbing quandary. And yet, while she contemplated the blue globe, a more immediate concern flowed upward from her vitals, fixating her thoughts closely upon the image. The Exemplary Cogitator unfurled a long, elegantly pedicured pseudopod to envelop the simulacrum, drawing the ersatz planet toward her, leaving a trail of imitation atmospheric haze and droplets of seawater, fizzing and evaporating into vacuum. Synthetic continents trembled, tectonic plates scraped and liquefied like melting pastry under her pseudopods, as she savored the aroma her kind coveted most... terror.

Ah, she mused, inhaling a steamy mist of dread that wafted from the little pseudo-world. Time for lunch.

Tf'Sheet

A short, round-shouldered figure entered the recreation dome wearing lederhosen, a halter top, and pince nez glasses. The bowlegged form sauntered across a stretch of plush, geniformed grass to the edge of the exercise pool and slapped the water's surface with a hairy palm.

Gary Louie

Pan-Galactic Publishing, the publisher of the Restored Burbank Post, is pleased to announce our new line of books, available at better Super Crown stores. We've just signed an exclusive forty-two book deal to print everything David Brin ever writes or edits, or anything about Mr. Brin. Our first title:

The Laughing Dolphin a collection of short stories by David Brin

Did you find the future of the Postman a bit grim? Are you still waiting for the Reader's Digest Condensed version of *Earth*? We have just the right book for you. Sit back and enjoy "Bubblegum Warriors," "Gorilla, My Dreams" (excerpt in this issue) and all of Brin's shorter pieces.

Loscon 25 Art Show Participants.

Alicia Austin
Scott Beckstead
Greg Bilan
Judith E. Bouma
Betsy Brown
Heather Bruton
Ray Capella
Dennis Cherry
Kristine Cherry
Michele K. Coleman
Robert Daniels
James Stanley Daugherty
Sue Dawe
Lela Dowling
Jacob Eickstaedt
Fan Gallery
Max Fellwalker
Dorothy C. Fontana
Kelly & Laura Freas
GAK
Steve Gallacci
Karen Gillmore
Susan "Arizona" Gleason
Eleanor Gunderson
Alan Gutierrez

Allison Hershey
Leslie D'Allesandro Hill
Mary Jane Jewell
Eleanor Johnson
K.A. Johnson
Angela Jones
Elizabeth Klein-Lebbink

Amber Knight
Ynhared Mangan
Theresa Mather
Juane Michaud
Ellisa Mitchell
Jeremy S. Morales
Liz Mortensen
Betsy Mott
Denise M. Parise
Pelz Collection
Luise Perenne
Selina Phanara
Gene & Ron Porter
Mary E. Powell
Judith Raufuss
Heather Riesen
Robert Ross
Denise Satter
Dennis Skotak
Cheryl L. Smith
Terrie Lee Smith
Cheryl Sparber
Steve Stiles
Patrick Tolen
James Wappel
James Weinrod
Woody Welch

Ronita Z. Williams
Noel Wolfman
Sharon A. Young
Glenna Zucman/Artboy

"Hey Fishie! I got 'nother one for ya. C'mon over an' hear it!"

Sound transmits differently on Triton, especially in a pressurized dome at the meeting of air and liquid, where surface tension makes the interface snap and bow like plucked tympani. TF'Sheet had been pleasantly occupied at the bottom, dismembering a hapless smelt with his teeth, when the booming racket sent him arching spasmodically, rocketing out of the basin in a thrashing of powerful flukes.

Unfortunately, his low-gravity descent was languid enough to give the chimpanzee time to get out of the way. When TF'Sheet hit water again, the splash missed Dierdre Cordwainer by several meters.

Rising back to the surface once more, TF'Sheet lifted his head so that one eye glared at the obnoxious little ape.

** In a springtime thaw
Sometimes rivers bring to sea
Odious corpses **

"Thanks. Very pretty pome, I'm sure." The chimmie dismissed TF'Sheet's elegantly phrased Trinary insult with a wave of one hand. "Now get this. There's this lifeboat, drifting through space, see? Onboard there's a Tymbrimi, a Gubru, and a rabbi, and they've got with them this wonderful pre-sentient creature that they're arguing over how to uplift, get it so far?"

TF'Sheet shook his glossy, bottle-nosed head and sputtered an elegant raspberry.

** May autumn fungus
Flake the fur right off your skin
Like leaves from willows. **

"Whatever." Dierdre nodded eagerly. "Now stifle that jabber and let me finish." She sniggered and TF'Sheet noticed something green, like broccoli or spinach, lay stuck between two of the chim's giant incisors. "Okay, so the Gubru thinks they should start by teaching the pre-sentient to pilot a spaceship, 'cause naturally —"

TF'Sheet was busy calculating a trajectory, allowing for Triton's gravitational pull, that might allow him to bring his streamlined jaw around the chim's throat.

"... The Tymbrimi, on the other hand, suggests the little critter oughta be taught to cook, since eventually..."

TF'Sheet rationalized. After all, the ape was just another client-level being, like himself. One couldn't actually call it murder.

Too bad I'll never find out about the rabbi, the dolphin thought, preparing to spring.

At that moment, fate intervened. Both Dierdre's joke and TF'Sheet's opportunity were cut short by the entry of a floating globe, all covered with glittering lights, which hovered on a column of stressed gravity that had an effect on the lawn like a neutronium roto-tiller.

"Ah. I thought I'd find you two in the recreation dome," the machine announced in an anomalously querulous tone of voice. "Come on, up and at 'em! Follow the robot and meet me at the Testing Arena. I have a special job for you!"

Dierdre, the neo-chimpanzee, crossed her hairy arms and bowed. TF'Sheet lifted his head out of the water and nodded gravely, dolphin style. Then, when the floating drone had turned away, they shared a brief glance of commiseration.

** Some humans make one
contemplate realities
Where one stayed at sea **

The chimp snorted. "Damn straight, fishie.

Me, I'd rather be up a tree."

Not that either of them had much against humans, in general. But if there was anything the two agreed about, it was the Boss.

More Ickies

The sky opened in a most peculiar way.

The normal metric of spacetime had been minding its own business, stretching and expanding at the leisurely rate of a typical middle-aged universe, adjusting its girdle after a heavy meal, when an upstart force began tearing apart the stitching. In a small locale, about half a light year from a normal-looking G-type star, a layer of luminiferous ether began to separate from its lining of interspatial phlegm, spreading wide enough to show uneven basting and some frightfully careless needlework. Hasty alterations were in progress, same day, quick turnaround, no warrantees or returns.

In space there is no sound, yet psychic adepts for several parsecs in all directions felt a faint, profoundly irritating v-v-v-r-rip as a myriad sub-microscopic quantum hooks tore loose from their associated cosmic loops. Through this rent in the cosmic fabric, there spilled a throng of great, lambent ships, blazing extravagantly as their towering reality flanges spilled wave after wave of pent-up, excess improbability in all directions. (One side effect of this, on the nearest habitable planet, was a series of freak accidents. Every lottery ticket in the State of Texas won first prize. Expectant mothers gave birth to triplets, which emerged straight from the womb speaking fluent Hittite. After almost a century, another Democrat was finally elected to the White House. And the Oscar Awards Ceremony, held that very evening, was almost entertaining.)

Within the glistening, deadly flagship of the great black armada, a drama unfolded. The Grand Pilot-Navigator of the Tinic fleet bowed three of its seven-kneed forelegs before its master, a being of indescribable malevolence and a shape only vaguely hinted at by its name.

<The maneuver was successful, oh great Mantis.>

The Tinic leader turned to look downward at its subordinate with multifaceted eyes the color of deep space. Eyes which seemed to glitter with ancient, sage wisdom. Its attitude was one of sublime contemplation, befitting the product of aeons of genetic breeding by the Tinic race's long lost patrons, the herbivorous K'sh'Blebs. Bending close, the commander uttered approval through jaws that dripped formic acid.

<Thash gloo... I mean good... Um, I shay, would you be a good chap and wipe that up pleaseh?... Oh, shorry. Did shome of that get in your eye? It'sh a gosh-darned problem whenever I shpeak wordsh with lotsh of shibilantsh ... Oh... Shorry again. Look, would you rather I shwitch languagesh? We could try Galactic Sixshteen if you like.>

The pilot, its skin cratered and smoldering in several places, bowed quick assent, converting to the suggested dialect. That language utilized a syncopated ratcheting of the hind legs, combined with resonating the speaker's inflatable throat sac, while semaphoring the antennae in rhythm with precisely timed empathy glyphs transmitted on the fifth ectoplasmic band. Still, all in all, Galactic Sixteen was much preferable.

[Thank you, oh great Mantis. As I was saying. We appear to have made it through the

spacetime-fly with only minimal casualties. Just thirty thousand ships, give or take a few.]

The Mantis danced a two-step of joy with its hindlegs.

{Excellent! Only sixty million crew lost. I'll lay more eggs tonight. Meanwhile, we have arrived to lay seige to Earth in advance of any other alliance!}

The pilot cowered apologetically.

{Alas! I must report that the Calumnite League seems to have arrived just a little while before us, Oh Master.}

{What? But how? I had thought no other group possessed the Velcro Drive. It has not been used in the Five Galaxies for half a billion years!}

{True, oh great one. The Calumnites appear to have utilized different means, by successfully navigating the treacherous but speedy Ninth Level of hyperspace.}

{The Ninth level? Astonishing. Well, at least we're second, so we can prepare for the coming battle from a position of...}

{And the Obsequious Guild of Rightwing Extraterrestrials are here, as well. Tactics reports that they seem to have used an ancient method of wormhole tunnelling, which they must have found by researching deep within the venerable stacks of the Great Galactic Library.}

{Funny, I thought they had their card revoked several aeons ago.} The Mantis performed a dance of frustration with its left-front set of eighteen legs. {Oh, well, never mind. At least we're third, so we can —}

{And the Archaic Primeval Amalgamation of BEMS has taken battle position in the southern quadrant, challenging everyone else to ceremonial combat over the right to capture Earth. They used rockets to get here, travelling through normal space.}

{Really? Normal space! Then how, by the seven moons of slattern, did they arrive before us?}

{Um... well my lord Mantis... it appears they started out early. Got a head start.}

{They got a what?}

{Then there's the Galactic Inheritors Trust Society, which came by express mail...}

{But...}

{... And the Cosmic Order of Nano-intelligences seems to have hitched a ride by attaching their entire battle fleet to our own rear fender...}

{I don't...}

{Not to mention the Alliance of Software Sentients Believing In Transcendental Enlightenment, who faxed themselves to an excellent strategic site, just to the left of the United Federation of Pla...}

{Enough!} The Mantis danced a jig of sublime resignation, and sighed. {Are there any battle positions left in this free-for-all?}

The pilot used its one remaining vision-stalk to begin eyeing possible exits. A great slobbering ball of foam could be seen forming along the commander's giant mandibles.

{Oh great one, it appears... well...}

{Yes? Yes?} The Mantis stepped forward, slurping eagerly.

{Ahem... Well, sir...}

{Yes?}

{...it appears we've been asked to take a number.}

To be continued.

The RESTORED BURBANK POST is the daily newsletter of Loscon 25. Editors: Chaz Boston Baden, Colleen Crosby, K.V. Moffet, Mike Glycer. Pixel Pusher: Shawn Crosby. Staff: Pat Lawrence. Distribution: Lynn V. Boston. Office Manager: Kim Bergdahl. Press Gang: Jennifer Rich. Technical Support: Andrew Rich. Cub Reporters: Nola Frame-Gray, Shawna Fox, Rebecca Barber, Anastasia Hunter, Hare Hobbs.

You can find *The Restored Burbank Post* at newsboards throughout the convention: near the Con Suite, Ops, Dealers Room, Art Show, Information/Registration, and Gaming. The Newsletter Desk is in the Convention Center Lobby, across from the Art Show. The morning edition shall be on the stands before daytime programming begins. Deadline for the morning issue is 6:00 pm the previous night. The evening edition shall be on the stands before evening programming begins. **Deadline for the evening edition is 12:00 noon.**

521

as of 1:30 pm
Friday

THE RESTORED Burbank Post

FORECAST:

SLEET

Issue 2 Friday Evening, November 27, 1998 Burbank, Reclaimed State of California, R.U.S.A.

Pan Galactic Publishing is proud to announce the long-awaited stirring sequel to the award-winning, blockbuster novel. Soon to be a major motion picture...

The Milkman

By David Brin



Ice Cream Social Tonight.

Come to the Ice Cream Social in the convention center lobby just outside the main ballroom! We'll have chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, chocolate chip, and butter pecan ice cream, as well as raspberry sherbet. Outside we will be demonstrating ;) green tea- and lemon-flavored ice creams using liquid nitrogen.

Meet special guests Bill and Beverly Warren. Bill is celebrating the 25th anniversary of receiving the Evans-Freehafer award.

Prizes will be awarded to those wearing the best costumes interpreting the celebration of Loscon's silver (25th) anniversary.

Kim Marks Brown

Tip the Maids.

Today's lesson in basic manners: Leave a tip for the hard-working housekeepers. Put a dollar per person on the pillow each morning before you leave. It's the best way to keep the hotel staff happy with us!

Polly & Esther

Field Trip.

Mike Stern is going to take the kids for a special viewing of the art show, Saturday from 11-12. Kids who want to attend should be at the Children's room by 10:45 am on Saturday.

Lucy & Alison Stern

Overheard in the newsroom: I don't have an iron; I have a gun. Either will get the job done.

Bing!

If you haven't bathed since the beginning of the convention, it is now time.

Deadline for the next issue of the *Restored Burbank Post*: 6:00 pm Friday.

Throwing a Party? Please, tell us right now, even if you don't have your room number yet.

Worldcon Bid News.

The Seattle in 2002 Worldcon bid deeply regrets to announce its withdrawal from the race due to severe hotel problems. Our congratulations and best wishes go to the San Francisco bid. See Becky Thompson at the ChiCon table if you would like further details on the Seattle situation.

Becky Thompson

Volunteers Needed.

LOSCON 25 needs you to volunteer to help us out! As a way to seduce you to the dark side (well, sorta...), we are pleased to announce that both NASFIC and WesterCon have donated memberships to the volunteer department.

The person who works the most hours overall will get the NASFIC membership. The drawing will be held for the WesterCon membership at the end of the Con. To be eligible for this WesterCon drawing, you must have worked a little bit (like one hour!). So, come on over and volunteer.

Ed Green

Classified Notices:

Roommate needed Fri & Sat night. Contact Monica Boyd. Leave a message on house phone.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!

Get your Loscon XXVI membership now. If you buy your membership before the end of Loscon XXV, it only costs \$20, and you will be entered into a drawing for cool prizes.

The theme for next year's Loscon is "It's the End of the World As We Know It, And We Feel Fine." The guests of honor are Connie Willis, Alex Ross, and Joe Siclari.

Attention Hitchhikers:

Don't Panic. Your reservations have been confirmed at Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe. Come to Academy 1 at 8:00 pm Saturday. Formal towel required.

Parties.

Friday

Room 453 - 8:23 pm, Christian Fandom. Christian Fandom is an inter-denominational fellowship of Christian fans of science fiction and fantasy. All are welcome at our party.

Ron Oakes

Room 455 - 9:00 pm, OASIS - Organization for the Advancement of Space Industrialization and Settlement.

Gail Bondi

Room 471 - 9:00 pm, Conolulu Westercon 53.

Kathryn Daugherty

Room tba, BAUDTOWN BBS hosts its first con party. We will be showcasing the new iMAC along with a treat of Baudtown BBS.

Sundance Bekinnie

Room tba, Arizona Conventions: LepreCon 25, DarkCon, HexaCon 9, CopperCon19, TusCon 26, and WesterCon 2002 Bid.

Pat Connors

Room tba, "No one lives forever." It's an Irish Wake Friday Night. Presented by AgamemCon3. Toast the recently departed John Sheridan and Babylon 5 in true Irish Wake fashion. Stop by the AgamemCon3 table for room number. Please drink responsibly.

Pam Buck

Saturday

BAUDTOWN BBS hosts its second con party. We will be showcasing the new iMAC along with a treat of Baudtown BBS.

Sundance Bekinnie

Blood Drive.

Check your watch. If it is before 6:30, it's not too late to save lives. The blood drive is happening in the Vine Room. One pint of your blood will be used to help four people.

If an idea can't be adequately conveyed in the first half of sentence, put it in writing.

Tom Digby

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770

as of 6 pm
Friday

THE RESTORED Burbank Post

FORECAST:

MUD.

Issue 3 * Saturday Morning, November 28, 1998 * Burbank, Reclaimed State of California, R.U.S.A.

Program Changes: Saturday.

10:00 am, Vine A/B, *VentureStar/X-33*, Jeff Laube. A look at another of our near-term options in reusable spacecraft.

11:00 am, Sunset A/B, *Animation: The Ultimate Fantasy?* John Grant, Pam Scoville, Gary Westfahl.

4:00 pm, Sunset A/B, *Always Look on the Dark Side of Life*. Exploring the dark side of fiction, the resurgence of vampires and the attraction of dark romance in modern horror. Nancy Taylor, Denise Dumars, Eric Hoffman.

3:00 pm, Celebration, *Madness, Rage & Abuse: The Ho Chi Min Trail to Writing for TV*, or How to get your foot in the door without having it severed. Harry Workman, Gabrielle Stanton, and Javier Brillo-Marxquch.

5:00 pm, Vine A/B, *Space Craft Anomalies*. Flight anomalies and other adventures. Steve Collins.

Christian McGuire

Program Changes: Sunday.

10:00 am, Celebration, *Color, Character & Costume*. Janet Wilson Anderson, Fran W. Evans, Zelda Gilbert, Kathy Sanders.

12:00 pm, Sunset A/B, *Love Long & Profit: The Making of "Free Enterprise."* Discussion and clips of the upcoming feature film *Free Enterprise*, winner of Best Picture and Screenplay at the AFI Film Festival. Mark A. Altman.

Christian McGuire

Brin Signs Books.

Contrary to popular belief, David Brin does not suffer from carpal tunnel syndrome. The malady he did suffer from has been 90% alleviated. (His agent is still suffering from the other 10%.) In other words, he is much better and will sign autographs from 1:00 pm to 2:00 pm on Saturday.

Hare Hobbs

Toy Drive Schedule.

Saturday 11am - 4pm, Sunday 12pm - 5pm
Nola Frame-Gray

Filkers Never Quit.

John and Mary Creasey are ill and cannot come to Loscon. However, the show will go on. Barry Gold and Frank Gasperik will lead the Beginning Guitar workshop on Sunday.

Heather Stern

Milliways Floor Show Tonight.

Tonight, for one night only, a time portal has been opened in Academy Ballroom One to Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe.

As it is a holiday weekend, the restaurant is closed for dinner. However, our Milliways liaison has been able to negotiate opening the portal for an after-dinner show.

The Milliways show is an extravaganza of dancing, singing, and flashy lights. Taste the world-famous **Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster** at our no-host bar. Meet the Dish-of-the-Day. Trade stories with Eccentrica Gallumbits. Hear the incomparable Max Quordlepleen as he hosts an evening of dance and song, and tonight for your listening pleasure, the long-awaited Disaster Area Reunion concert.

Babelfish will be available for our non-intergalactic guests. Formal towel requested but not required.

"If you've done six impossible things this morning, why not round it off with breakfast at Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe?"

Art Show: Welcome to California.

The Art Show will be collecting 8.25% sales tax on all sales this year. Please keep this in mind when placing bids.

Fuzzy Pink Niven, Art Show Director

Ice Cream Social.

*Stir, stir, toil and trouble
Nitrogen fog and ice cream bubble.*

While most of the confection-deprived attendees gratified their sugar cravings with the usual flavors of vanilla, chocolate and butter pecan in the comfort of the grand hall, a few brave souls defied the impending moist elements outside to sample Green Tea Ice Cream and Lemon Ice Cream, made by Chris Marble and his lovely assistant Beth.

Chris poured liquid nitrogen into the bowl of creamy green tea and later the creamy lemon mixtures as Beth, outfitted in protective gloves, stirred. While Chris explained the physics behind his creation, the nitrogen fog oozed out of the bowl and then eddy and swirled across the table top: the amazed observers oohed and ahned. ¡Yo quiero ice cream!

Monalisa Ward

Pan-Galactic Publishing somewhat enthusiastically announces the movie novelization you've all been waiting for. From the king of sci-fi movie novelizations:

The Postman by Alan Dean Foster

Based on Kevin Costner's screenplay from an idea by David Brin. With an introduction by William Shatner, erstwhile author of Tekwar and other sci-fi classics.

IRS personnel give blood back!

Willard Stone of the IRS Appeals Division was one of the many fans donating to the Red Cross Blood Drive this afternoon. Yes, they're kinder and gentler now. What about you? Did you donate? Glen Olson, the fan with the red and white platelet-colored balloons orbiting above his head, spent the day proudly declaring to all in hearing: "I'm looking for people with too much blood!" He seems to have found plenty: Friday's donation total set a Loscon record.

Last year: 45 units taken, 48 attempted.

This year: 49 units.

Dennis Cherry, Kristine Cherry

Children's Programming Hours.

Children's Programming will open at 11:00 am Saturday, in Room 127 (on the way to the Con Suite).

Anonymous

Unclassified Notices.

Anyone want to play Mah-Jongg? Three willing Mah-Jongg players are looking for another *Mah-Jongg player who has a Mah-Jongg game board* who would like to play Mah-Jongg to meet at the game room Saturday afternoon, night or any time soon to play Mah-Jongg!

Carmental

Remember JohnnaLyhn "Kitten" Hall (now Lauricella)? Whell, she's looking for you...It has to do with a fire and rebuilding. (Everyone is, thank the gods, okay.) If you'd like to help me rebuild her phone book, please contact me: Lisa J. "Huggy" Taylor (in the Con Suite) or leave your name and room number on one of the posted flyers on the board(s) at the end of the Con Suite hall and I will contact you if I can... Thank you!

Panel Review: Creating and Running a Web Site

The "Creating and Running a Web Site" panel was a lot of fun. The panel was hosted by Karen Willson and Chris Weber.

The presentation could have been called, "How I created and started a web site for kids, become wildly popular, and got a mention in a national magazine."

What Karen wanted to do was have a web site that would be a safe place for young girls to hang out. Not only that, but as a science fiction fan, she wanted to push math and science... without being obvious about it.

To achieve this, she had to design her own software.

Her web site (www.agirlsworld.com) includes the following features:

* A chat room with entrance by password only.

* A "pen pal" club where each girl's last name, email address, and other information is kept confidential.

Running a web site isn't without its pitfalls. When a hacker got onto the site illegally, he/she did something he/she shouldn't and munged something, which meant no-one could log onto the site. Worse, each member of *A Girl's World* took the lockout personally. Karen got 800 emails. Each girl thought that she was the only one who was locked out.

Since the software didn't exist to fulfill the special needs of this site, Karen and her friends wound up writing their own software. This in turn led Karen into dabbling in the software market, as people emailed to ask her where they too could get such neat software packages, like those running *A Girl's World* chat room and pen pal programs.

Karen closed the panel by reminding people about two wonderful books: *How to Code Html* [HTML is the language used to create web sites], and David Siegel's *Creating Killer Sites*. She, like many others in the audience, felt that it was far better to learn and use HTML directly, rather than depend on any off-the-shelf software shortcuts.

All in all, it was a most enjoyable and informative panel, even for a non-webmaker like me.

Nola Frame-Gray

Panel Review: Movies We Love That Everybody Hated

This well-attended panel was in the Celebration room at 3:00 on Friday. Panelists were Jim Brooks (writer and sometime reviewer, with a *TNG* story credit), Hal O'Brien (he's "seen lots of movies"), Larry Ditillio (writer and panel moderator), and LASFS legend Ed Green.

The session got off to a quick start with a round-robin of the panelists naming genre films they enjoyed that were generally panned by the media and/or did poorly at the box office. Larry Ditillio started by mentioning *The Fifth Element* as a "romp, not meant to be taken seriously" with a good story. Another panelist mentioned that it featured Tiny Lister as, of all things, the President of Earth, and Chris Tucker in his best role to date.

Ed Green reversed the topic by bringing up *Stargate*, which was quite popular but he personally disliked it. He said it had great effects, no story, and terrible acting. Ed then went back on-topic with *Deep Impact*, which he characterized as attempting to show the mundane side of the End of the World. Jim Brooks called it "more interesting and more realistic" than the summer's other asteroid film, *Armageddon*. Another panelist related that when watching a scene where two people were standing on the shore watching the gigantic tidal wave approach, Larry Niven leaned over to Jerry Pournelle and whispered, "If she breaks out a surfboard, we sue."

The next film mentioned was *Tank Girl*, brought up by Hal O'Brien. He had predicted that film would go the way of *Blade Runner*, i.e. slow performance at theaters but quickly attaining modern cult classic status. Hal also enjoyed the strong female hero character, and the performance of Lori Petty.

Jim Brooks talked briefly about *They Live*, the John Carpenter movie starring wrestler Rowdy Roddy Piper. Brooks was a projectionist at the time the film was released and recalled turning on the sound in the projection booth every time he screened it. He said he wasn't usually a John Carpenter fan but really enjoyed this film. As a slightly off-topic aside, Hal brought up *Pass The Ammo*, which starred Tim Curry among others.

After the initial round-robin, the audience began to throw out films for discussion. Some of these were:

- *Johnny Mnemonic*
- *Last Action Hero*
- *The Rocketeer*
- *Death Becomes Her*

- *Tron*
- *Chronos*
- *Destiny Turns on The Radio*
- *The Postman* — an audience member observed that "it was not as bad as it was made out to be, but was probably too symbolic for the average reviewer, or general public, to really understand." Ed Green mentioned that a bad writer would tend to confuse genres, and that this movie ended up about 50-50 between SF and Western.
- *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* — apparently the screenplay was written by the same person responsible for the current sequel to *Babe*.
- *Return to Oz* — most viewers seemed to think it was too scary and were expecting something much akin to the classic *Wizard of Oz* rather than a stricter adherence to the Baum story.
- *The Shadow* — awful except for a few brief moments that, according to Ed Green, should have been the way the rest of the film was done.
- *The Phantom* — this one probably shouldn't have been pitched as a family/kids movie but stayed remarkably close to the source material.
- *Pleasantville* — set the new record for CGI shots in a movie as apparently every shot had to be individually color-composited.
- *Spaceballs* — a series of gags with no actual story, as opposed to other Mel Brooks classics such as *Young Frankenstein* and *Blazing Saddles*.
- *Gattaca* — noted as visually amazing. Something people may not have noticed is that the movie title itself is a DNA sequence! This film was Andrew Nichols' first script — his second was *The Truman Show*. One to watch, certainly.
- *Dark City* — this was definitely not for kids but was a wonderful blend of SF, Fantasy, and Horror.

Andrew Rich

Unclassified Notices.

Loscon XXVI is hosting a Nuclear Winter Party Saturday evening, in Room 466 at 9:30. In honor of the impending apocalypse, we will be serving snow cones with your choice of flavors: Blackout Banana, Duck N' Cover Cherry, Heavy Water Melon, Strontium Strawberry, Apocalyptic Orange and the fabulous Radioactive Sludge. If you buy your Loscon XXVI membership at our party, you will be entered in a special drawing, as well as our big drawing for pre-supporters taking place on Sunday. Come on up to 466 — where we bring you Doomsday, Everyday!

The RESTORED BURBANK POST is the daily newsletter of Loscon 25. **Editors:** Chaz Boston ("Tubby") Baden, Colleen ("Peaches") Crosby, K.V. Moffet, Mike Glycer. **Pixel Pusher:** Shawn ("Max") Crosby. **Ice Queen:** Pat Lawrence. **Distribution:** Lynn ("Stubby") Boston, James M. Briggs. **Desk Jockey:** Monalisa Ward. **Ice Princess:** Maria Elizabeth Rodriguez. **Office Manager:** Kim Bergdahl. **Press Gang:** Jennifer Rich. **Technical Support:** Andrew Rich. **Gruntled Postal Workers:** Nola Frame-Gray, Shawna Fox, Rebecca Barber, Hare Hobbs. **Late-Night Special Delivery:** Anastasia Hunter.

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867

warm bodies
as of 12 pm
Saturday

THE RESTORED Burbank Post

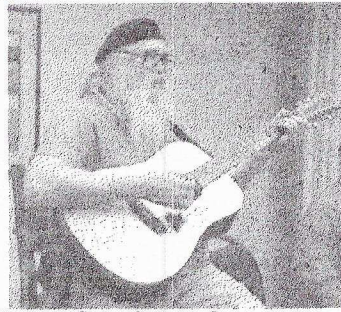
FORECAST:

WAR.

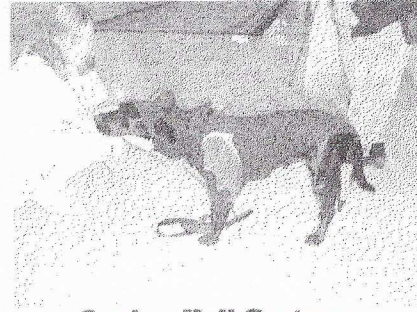
Issue 4 * Saturday Afternoon, November 28, 1998 * Burbank, Reclaimed State of California, R.U.S.A.



Lego maniac Jerome Scott convinces us that Legos are scientific tools... Yeah, right!



Jerry Garcia makes a rare folk appearance



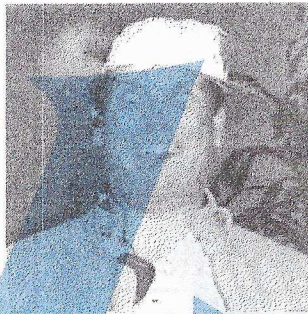
Canine Hall Costume Award winner Dragon Dog!



Wandering Orc-Roll D-10 to save!



Building a better web page on less than thirty Altairian dollars a day



Loscon Rovers- Saving humanity from the scum of the Universe!



Regency Dance Costume Ball



Dread Pirate Philistina and Medulla Oblongata



Hello, ladies... Let me show you Sanctuary!



Eleanor Gunderson models her lovely purple gown



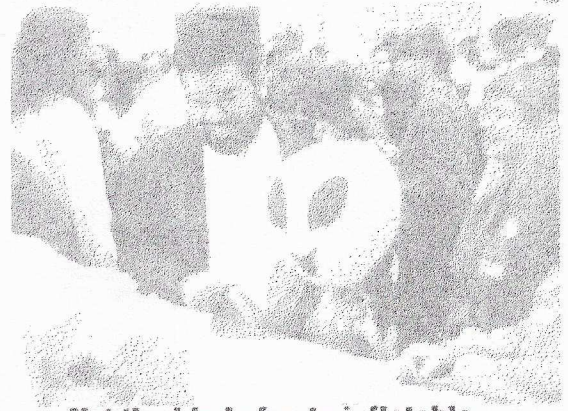
Ranger Andy and Ambassador David



Und zen ve add ze Nitrogen cooling agent to ze solution...

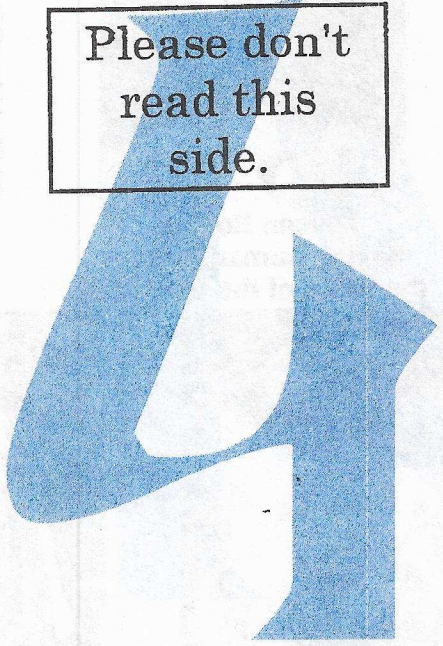


No shortage of hard-core fans or hard ice cream



Not the kind of cute inflatable companion we had in mind...

Please don't
read this
side.



867

as of noon
Saturday

THE RESTORED Burbank Post

FORECAST:
BLIGHT

Issue 5 Saturday Evening, November 28, 1998 Burbank, Reclaimed State of California, R.U.S.A.

Programming Changes.

11:00 am Sun, *David Brin's Autograph session*, moved from Saturday.

Selina Phanara

Hall Costume Awards.

Friday's Hall Costume awards went to:

Rob, "Dragon Dog"
Guy Thorpe, "Visitor" -- "V" series
Colleen Crosby, "Runner" -- Logan's Run
Dawn Pillsbury, "Regency Felinoid" -- C. J. Cherryh's Pride of Chanur
Andy Chelman, "Ranger" -- Babylon 5
David Scraggs, A Centauri nobleman - B5
Marji Ellers, ragtime gown -- Titanic
Susan Gleason, "Ice Warrior" -- Dr. Who
L/U Kai-Lin, "Banshee" inspired by the finale of Babylon 5.

Bruce Briant
Hall Costume Awards Director

Sucking Beyond Belief.

Yesterday the I.R.S. agents audited 21 people and collected 49 pints of blood. This is four more pints than the Lawyers did last year and much more than the Vampires ever did, proving conclusively the no one sucks like the I.R.S.!

The raffle for the blood drive prizes was held last night at the Ice Cream Social. Those who did not pick up their prizes there may do so during the Convention at the EarthDaughter Arts dealers table.

And the winners are:

Tin of popcorn: Michael Horgan #115
Barnes and Noble gift certificate: Dodi Cohen #52
LosCon 26 membership: Beth Rose Pizana #1535
LosCon 26 membership: Dorothy Trusion #370

Dennis and Kristine Cherry

Uncle Sam Says:

The Art Show will be collecting 8.25% sales tax on all sales this year.

Fuzzy Pink Niven
Art Show Director

Deadline for the next issue of the *Restored Burbank Post*: 6:00 pm Saturday.

Throwing a Party? It's too late to get it in the newsletter.

Green eggs and Spoo.

(With apologies to Dr. Seuss.)

I do not like green eggs and spoo.
Though Morden tells me that I do.

I do not like them near or far.
I do not like them with G'kar.
I do not like them in a cage.
Nor even with a Technomage.

I do not like them here or there.
I do not like them with Sinclair.
I do not like them there or here.
I do not like them with Lennier.

I do not like green eggs and spoo.
Though our Morden tells me that I do.

You will like green eggs and spoo.
Because our Morden tells you to.

You will like them in your bath.
You will like them with N'Grath.
You will like them in the shops.
You will like them with Psi-Cops.

I like, I love green eggs and spoo,
Because our Morden told me to.
O course I'll eat them in the bar.
I'll eat them with the Pak-ma-ra.

I will eat them on Centauri Prime.
I will eat them all the time.

I like, I love green eggs and spoo,
And Morden tells me you do, too.

Keith Kissel

Nuclear Winter.

Loscon XXVI is hosting a Nuclear Winter Party Saturday evening, in Room 466 at 9:30. In honor of the impending apocalypse, we will be serving snow cones with your choice of flavors: Blackout Banana, Duck N' Cover Cherry, Heavy Water Melon, Strontium Strawberry, Apocalyptic Orange and the fabulous Radioactive Sludge. If you buy your Loscon XXVI membership at our party, you will be entered in a special drawing, as well as our big drawing for pre-supporters taking place on Sunday. Come on up to 466 - where we bring you Doomsday, everyday! (or join for \$20 payable to Loscon XXVI, c/o LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood 91601.)

Bing! Bing!

If you haven't bathed since the beginning of the convention, it is now *really* time.

Parties.

Saturday

Room 452 - 9:00 pm - ConDor 1999.

Room 464 - 9:00 pm, AgamemCon 3's 3rd Annual Babylon 5 Drinking Game Party. Pre-register for AgamemCon 3 and be entered into a drawing for fabulous gifts & prizes. Check out our table for even more information.

Room 466 - 9:30 pm, Loscon XXVI is hosting a Nuclear Winter Party.

Room 468 - 9:30 pm, Empire Con: Westercon 52 in Spokane, WA. Microbrew and Maroon Madness. Wear your Toga!

Room 469 - 8:30 pm, Baudtown BBS hosts its second con party. We will be showcasing the new iMAC along with a treat of Baudtown BBS.

Room 470 - 9:00 pm, Arizona Conventions: LepreCon 25, DarkCon, HexaCon 9, CopperCon19, TusCon 26 and WesterCon 2002 Bid.

Room 471 -- 9:00 pm, Bid Party San Francisco in 2002.

Room 571 - 8:00 pm, Planet Lambda "Flamingo Lounge" room party. Gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered fans and their friends are welcome.

Sunday

Room 865 - 11:00 am, Live the Dream Alternative Lifestyles: Join us for Fruit, Bagels, Juice and Talk.

Room 453 - Christian Fandom Party fun, food, fellowship, chocolate.

Mysterious visitor.

Rather early on Friday morning, in other words before noon, a delightfully youthful lady was sighted near the Con Suite. She was exquisitely, huggably, colorfully garbed, and she was carrying chocolate - thirty pounds of Ghirardelli chocolate, to be exact. And to be even more exact, she was Marjii Ellers. The chocolate briefly went into hiding only to re-emerge and be consumed. Thank you, Marjii, for both your wonderful sweetness and your tasty chocolate.



Overheard in the hallway: "He's talking to his shoulder. What's even worse, his shoulder is talking back."

The Friday Party Floor...

This intrepid reporter, after flying through LOSCON by day, decided to check out the night life on the East Tower's fourth floor.

The Friday Night Babylon 5 wake was in full force. Loud happy fen filled the room from wall to wall. There was even a surprise appearance by Captain "Johnnie" Sheridan, colorfully decked out in what we Terran locals call "a Hawaiian shirt." Since Capt. Sheridan was looking as flat and card-board as this reporter felt, she left.

The next party was Empire Con--no relation to the soirees held in the past by Emperor Charles Lee Jackson the II. It will be next year's Westercon in Spokane, Washington. The party had two good things to recommend it--good people and yummy, fresh-cut vegetables.

Room 470 had wonders to behold: Brownies and liqueurs. Newszine reporter sampled a brownie and pronounced it great.

At Baudtown BBS, several green car headlights, cleverly disguised as computers, were on display, logged onto a local bulletin board. As we discussed (or should that be "dissed?") pros and cons of PCs vs. iMACs, someone warned about the poor heat exchange inherent in a hard plastic case. "Plastic will not radiate heat as efficiently as metal," said Ky. The warm air around the monitor was a wonder to behold. Ye reporter followed the discussion with more than the usual inattention.

The East Tower Fourth Party Floor is a place worth checking out.

Nola Frame-Gray

AgamemCon3's Irish Wake Friday night, held to guarantee John Sheridan's entrance to beyond the rim, certainly accomplished its purpose. Noisy scores of revelers reminisced and bemoaned B5's beloved President Sheridan's passing with fine spirits and plentiful edibles. However, these mourners have one comfort; Sheridan may have passed beyond the rim, but he will truly live on in the homemade tape libraries of the many grieving devotees.

Monalisa Ward

Toasts were made with each new arrival, and food was plentiful as party goers shared their thoughts on the last episode of Babylon Five. It was a monster crush and the most successful party of the evening. Conversation ranged from online communities to which point in the final episode did one start crying. Whiskey flowed and dancing soon followed.

"Here's health and prosperity to you and all your posterity, and them that doesn't drink with sincerity that they may be damned for all eternity." Be sure to stop by the AgamemCon table and sign up for next year's B5 convention. These people know how to party.

Patricia Flood

Declassified.

For sale: Magic Cards and Spellfire Cards! \$150 or best offer gets everything. Call Tom Teske (805) 241-0879.)

Skytoll of Earthdome is looking for a partner in the Babylon 5 card game. Will be at Gaming Room.

Virginia "Ginger" Wetherby would like to know the name of the person who made the diagram of the stealth fighter paper post-it notes at the Con held in Long Beach.

Ice Cream Fatalities.

To all those who had too much nitrogen in the Green Tea Ice Cream Friday night and suffered a bad case of the bends--

Doctor Elliot Weinstein will straighten you out, using only natural herbs and unnatural herbangelists.

Fanzine Lounge Not Missing.

John Hertz, unable to find the fanzine lounge, did find the chair of Loscon 25 who reassured him that he hadn't missed it - there isn't one. John was more reassured when he found out that next year's committee has already enlisted someone to run a fanzine lounge at Loscon 26.

Milliways.

Tonight, for one night only, Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe is appearing in Academy Ballroom One. Don't miss the gambling, the galaxy-famous **Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters**, the babelfish dispenser, the Total Perspective Vortex, the dancing Towelettes, and the Reunion Concert of the one and only Disaster Area.

Nero Fiddles While Stan Burns.

Stan Burns was seen Friday afternoon at the Newsletter desk demanding the return of the negatives from L.A.con III. Read tomorrow's issue and see what develops. [He was actually very nice about it, considering that they've been sitting on a shelf in my closet for two years. -Chaz]

"When you own your own business, you might as well be on welfare."

Dave Doering.

Tip the Maids.

Today's lesson in basic manners: Leave a tip for the hard-working housekeepers. Put a dollar per person on the pillow each morning before you leave. It's the best way to keep the hotel staff happy with us!

The Evil Dacron

Get Enriched Quick! Pan Galactic Publishing is pleased to announce the zenith in erudite vocabulary builders.

The Brin Companion Dictionary

Don't have time to read books with big words? Get our cassettes to pop in your deck for those long commutes:

Conversational Brin Power Brin

Send your first easy installment of
\$29.95 today.

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1046

warm bodies
as of 6 pm
Saturday

THE RESTORED Burbank Post

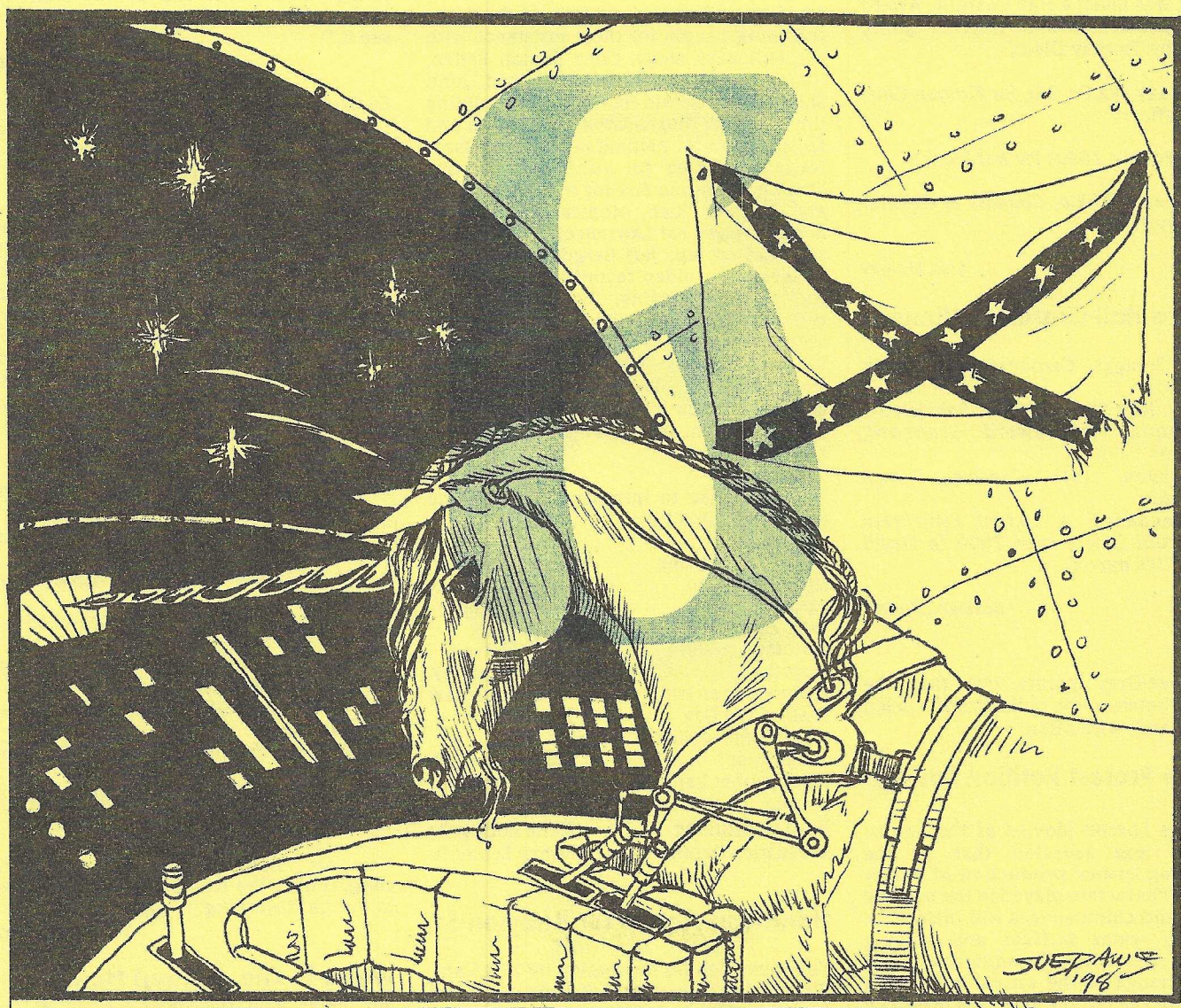
Issue 6 * Sunday Morning, November 29, 1998 * Burbank, Reclaimed State of California, R.U.S.A.

FORECAST:
BANDITS.

From the creative minds of David Brin and a hundred dozen whole bunch of his fellow authors, comes the fantasy event of the decade: a new shared-world original anthology series.

Tales of the Uplifted Unicorn

edited by David Brin, illustrated by Sue Dawe



Unicorns of the South • The Man-Unicorn Wars • Unicorn Abides • Falkenberg's Unicorns
Unicorn the Barbarian • The Unicorn Chronicles • A Boy And His Unicorn • Unicorns Strictly Cash
Unicorns of Pern • Foundation and Unicorns • Interview with the Unicorn • Unicorns of Isher
Alas, Unicorn • Across the Sea of Unicorns • The Wind from a Burning Unicorn

Had enough? If not, look for Mike Resnick's upcoming original anthology, "Alternate Unicorns."

Join Loscon 26.

It may be the end of the world, or the next best thing. In any event, next year Loscon will be right here, November 26-28, 1999, with guests of honor Connie Willis, Alex Ross, and Joe Siclari. If you join this week, it's just \$20. Go to the Loscon XXVI table, or send a check to Loscon 26, c/o LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood CA 91601.

The Clothes Have No Emperor Dept.

More Hall Costume Winners.

A hall costume award was given — actually, demanded — by Barracuda d'Morte (Amy Weyand) for her striking *pirate regalia*.

At the Regency Dance, the beautiful Dana Ginsburg was given a Hall Costume Award for her spectacular blue *Regency gown*, designed by Tammy Olsen

Bill Esterhazy aka Dr. Bill, for *Klingon Chief Medical Officer*

Barabara Podell: *1680s Pie Rat Wench*.

Kat Hedges as "*Nokia, Goddess of Cellular Technology*."

Lisa Malory

Still More Hall Costume Winners.

David W. Scraggs, *Centauri Ambassador, Babylon 5*

Ron Gluck, *New Style Uniform, Babylon 5*

Scott Jaqua, *for Sword Scabbard, Highlander*

Sandra Jagua, *13th Century French Houpland*

Regina Reynante- *A 10,000 Point Nun Target*, from *Death Race 2000* (a David Caradine 70's movie)

Barbara Podell

GIGO.

Louis Elver-Grey points out that the dumpster between the buildings is labeled "IRS." File early and often.

Sign the Protest Petition Today!

During the Loscon Movies of the Future panel, it was revealed that in the forthcoming Disney production of *Starline Rising*, the characters played in the book by dolphins and chimpanzees will instead be played by water buffalo and singing squirrels. Fans in the audience urged another change to the script, in which a human chucked out the airlock is played by Michael Eisner.

Mike Glycer

Filk Happens.

Saturday afternoon's "Fannish Politics" segued into a few "fannish horror stories." Bruce Pelz told the audience about the 1966 Westercon at the Stardust Hotel in San Diego, a con so disastrous it inspired two immortal filksongs, "Bouncing Potatoes" and "What Can You Do With A Hotel Manager?" Last year's Disclave also inspired two filk songs, when fans were flooded out of their rooms as the result of someone's discovery that his companion's weight could not be suspended from the sprinkler pipe. As yet, there have been no reports of any filksongs inspired by this year's Loscon. But the weekend is yet young....

Mike Glycer

Milliways: The End of the Restaurant.

The Enigma Players would like to thank the following people for their assistance with the Milliways show: Chaz Boston Baden, Nancy Casanova, Daniel St. James, John Skinner, and Gerald Hammond for building the Babelfish dispenser; Kim Bergdahl and Kelly Bryson for helping us to get dressed; Maria Rodriguez for running numerous errands; Shawna Fox for making sure we ate; Jennifer Rich, Monica Eiland, Beth Bradshaw and Pat Lawrence for helping to sew and set up; Jeff Bergdahl and Blake Patterson for video recording; Judy Adler for running the music; Brian Reynolds and the other person who ran the spotlight; Andrew Rich and Blars Blarson for technical assistance; the Time Meddlers for the casino; Charles Metheny and Mary Jane Jewell for tech; and the Phils for being our roadies.

We would like to introduce the Genuine People Personalities:

Max Quordlepleen	Shawn Crosby
Sassy Solfeggio	Colleen Kennedy
Arthur Dent	Mike Donahue
Jack Thruster	Pat Manion
Hotblack Desiato	Michael Reed
Dorothy Labartfast	Colleen Crosby
Arthritic Poet Jeltz	Andy Bradshaw
Dish of the Day	John Bryson
Garkbit the waiter	Ian Fagan
Babelsitter	Karena Kliefoth
The Prophet Zarquon	Greg Hemsath
Marvin	Scott Martin
Bowl of Petunias	Maria Rodriguez
Eccentrica Galumbits	Nancy Schmidt

Handicap Access for Babylon 5.

You must sign up for seating by 11:15 am. Please check the whiteboard for time and location to line up. Late comers risk losing their seats.

Lee Wygand

Oldest Living Confederate Loscon Chairman.

Some number of past Loscon chairs gathered on Saturday afternoon at 5 p.m. at the "All The Living Chairpersons" panel. Uncounted numbers of dead Loscon chairs joined them....

Mike Glycer

Overhead at Loscon.

First person, "I had 18 people for Thanksgiving."

Second person, "How interesting, I only had a turkey."

"Civilization! I don't want to build things on the computer, I want to kill them!"

Ky Moffet

When asked what he would like on the background of his stamp, Ray Bradbury replied, "I'll be damned if I have to die to see it."

Mike Glycer

Ed Green is people.

The Total Perspective Vortex

Art Show Awards.

Our fearless panel of Distinguished Judges, John Hertz, Kim Mark Brown, Bob Schuette, Allan Rothstein and Joyce Sperling all deliberated for over 90 minutes, trying to determine just five Art Show Award winners from all the wonderful works on display. They couldn't do it! The quality of the work in this year's show was so astounding that they had to award eight works of art awards!

Here are the winners:

1. Body of Work: Teresa Mather, *Acrylic on Feathers*
2. Best Black and White: Kelly Freas, *Catgirl from a Distant Soil*
3. Most Humorous: *Bead Xena*, Glenn Zucmann
4. Judges' Award: *En Route*, Selina Phanara
5. Best 3-D Textile: *Cyberware #1*, Dennis and Kristine Cherry
6. Best 3-D Textile: *Autumn Elf*, Judy Rauchfuss
7. Best 3-D Textile: *Nap Time*, Mary Jane Jewel
8. Honorable Mention: Body of Work, Dennis Skotak

The Art Show Staff would like to congratulate the winners and give thanks to our hard working judges.

Selina Phanara

We're In The (Funny) Money.

Bill Slater won the most money at the casino Saturday night.

Some Time Meddler standing in the hall

The RESTORED BURBANK POST is the daily newsletter of Loscon 25. Editors: Chaz Boston Baden, Colleen Crosby, K.V. Moffet, Mike Glycer. Pixel Pusher: Shawn Crosby. Zen Garden: Pat Lawrence. Distribution: Lynn V. Boston, James M. Briggs. Office Manager: Kim Bergdahl. Press Gang: Jennifer Rich. Technical Support: Andrew Rich. Photographer: Shawna Fox. Desk Jockeys: Anastasia Hunter, Monalisa Ward, Patricia Flood, Maria Elizabeth Rodriguez. Cub Reporter: Hare Hobbs. Cover Artist: Sue Dawe. If our cover gives you a headache, take a couple Aspirin and go to bed.

1046

warm bodies
as of 6 pm
Saturday

THE RESTORED Burbank Post

Issue 7 * Sunday Afternoon, November 29, 1998 * Burbank, Reclaimed State of California, R.U.S.A.

FORECAST:
DARKEST
NIGHT.

Department of Corrections.

No Christian Fandom Party on Sunday in Room 453. Host will be at home and someone else will have the room. Flyers from the wrong Con was posted by mistake. Sorry for the confusion. So, please do not wake up the new tenants.

Ron Oakes

Mr. Niven Regrets He's Unable to Sign Today.

Larry Niven is not feeling well and didn't make it to his autographing session. Mrs. Niven let programming know that he would not make his panels, but did not get separate word to autographing. Mrs. Niven apologies to those who waited in line for Larry's non-appearance.

Lost and Found.

Lost: 1 pip belonging to a Starfleet uniform — gold-painted resin. If found contact Jim Terry, Rm.418

Unclassified Notices.

Ray Bradbury's signing, after his talk, went so smoothly, that I am astounded anew at the quality of science fiction fandom. Thanks you all for making his brief visit to Loscon 25 so pleasant. You are wonderful! Hope you are having fun!

David Lathram, Autographs Dept.

Uncomyn Gifts ("The Babylon 5 Shop"), in the Dealers Room, will close during JMS' Talk on Sunday. Most items will be 30% off on reopening after the Talk.

Bruce Ritter.

Confidential to Michael Pell: It always rains at Loscon. Last year, it rained at night, but we did experience precipitation.

Hazel the Bear

Legos — The Panel.

You remember Legos. Brightly colored rectangles with six raised circles on one side, six depressions on the other. Blocks which all fit together in whatever shape you want...just as long as it's rectangular. Nice, little rectangles. And now's there's a panel about them.

What on earth could they find to talk about?

Plenty.

Lego trains...with their own track, orange Lego which was released for Halloween, chess Lego, and Legos for building model cars. There are even Lego sets with large-sized pieces so your little nephew can play without your worrying about him swallowing pieces. There's even software so that you can program Lego robots not to roll off the edge of the table.

Lego is a privately owned company with no public stock. This lets them experiment, such as a Lego set for girls which comes with special pink blocks. The company tries to appeal to two groups of customers — complex stuff for people who grew up with Lego and those are discovering Lego for the first time.

More Lego trivia you can't live without:

- The company has discontinued the pirate line. Last year it was the monorail. Now there's Shuttle Launch stuff.
- There's a whole new series of pieces which let you make Japanese-type robots, complete with ball and socket joints.
- MIT has been using Lego robots to teach engineers and inspire them to new feats of creativity.
- Pic 'n Save and the neighborhood garage sale are good places to find Lego at a discount.

Upcoming plans include:

- Star Wars Lego which will coincide with the release of the new movie. Alas, no plans for a Death Star Lego. It would take too many pieces.
- March 21, 1999 will herald the opening of Legoland in Carlsbad, near San Diego.

Today Lego--tomorrow the world. So much for thinking of them as mere interchangeable blocks.

Nola Frame-Gray

Party Etiquette Tips.

Just because you are still awake, don't assume that a party will still be going on at four in the morning.

Bing! Bing! Bing!

Three bings? You're out.

Stop the Presses.

Our deal with Super Crown to print and distribute a line of David Brin books has fallen through, due to sluggish advance sales. See page 37 for the full story.

Habitrails To You...

The Pan-Galactic Publishing/*Restored Burbank Post* crew would like to thank David Brin, for being such a good sport about being roasted slowly over an open newsletter; Marjii Ellers, for being so good to L.A. fandom; and Sue Dawe, for drawing cover art so readily and allowing us to make her our queen.

Also I'd like to thank the con chair, Kim Brown, for allowing us to publish this newszine; my hard-working crew, for cheerfully doing so much work, even if it did seem lighter than last time; and my lovely wife, who helped schlepp ice, once upon a time.

Chaz Boston Baden

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"Through sleet, through mud, through war, through blight, through bandits and through darkest night..."
The Postman, page 39 (Bantam, hardcover, November 1985)

