

#164

MIKE GLYER
Editor

FILE 770



Steve
Stiles

FILE 770

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Jose Sanchez: Bcover

File 770:164 is edited by Mike Glycer at 1507 1/2 S. Sixth Ave., Arcadia, CA 91006
Telephone: (626) 826-7737.
E-Mail: Mikeglyer@cs.com

Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer

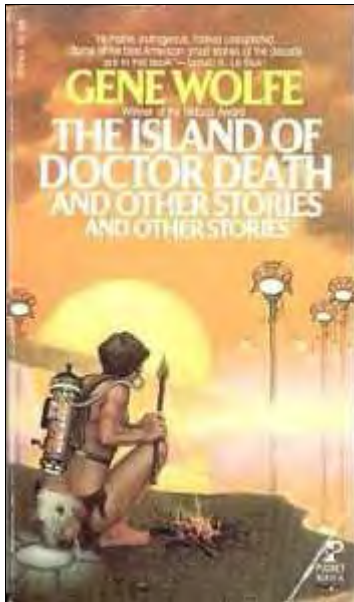
This year's paperzine edition of *File 770* begins with my own medical update. I'm doing far better than in March, when I complained to my doctor about shortness of breath and he dramatically asked, "Can you drive yourself to the hospital or should I call you an ambulance?"

I spent six days in the hospital after a CAT scan showed numerous blood clots in both lungs. These had broken free of a large clot in one leg. I was put on blood-thinners that kept new clots from forming while the body gradually disposed of the existing ones. I felt much better

within days, breathing became easier I have been increasing my activity ever since.

To date the changes have been visible in small ways – I registered 200 consecutive days posting to my blog after I got out of the hospital. I also had the energy to organize the program for Smofcon 32, held this December. There's still infinite room for improvement. Hopefully that's what I'll be reporting about next time.

Asimov Still Holds The Record



This past May a Nebula ceremony oversight – neglecting to call on Robin Wayne Bailey to give his tribute to Frank Robinson -- sent ripples in all directions. Even though SFWA President Steven Gould resolved it within hours, that was more than enough time for social media to replay every gaffe and grievance that ever happened at a Nebula Weekend.

However, nothing can rival Isaac Asimov's ghastly mistake at the 1971 Nebula Awards ceremony. Nor has any other gaffe worked out better for the injured party in the long run.

On Saturday, April 3, 1971 the leading science fiction professionals were seated around banquet tables in New York's Les Champs Restaurant watch-

ing Gene Wolfe, author of "The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories."

As Wolfe stood up a SFWA officer promptly whispered the correction to Asimov. Asimov went pale and said he'd made an error. There was "No Award" in the Short Story category. Wolfe sat back down.

Eyewitness Harlan Ellison (writing in *Again Dangerous Visions*) says everyone felt awful: "Around him everyone felt the rollercoaster nausea of stomachs dropping out of backsides. Had it been me, I would have fainted or screamed or punched Norbert Slepian of Scribner's, who was sitting next to me. Gene Wolfe just smiled faintly and tried to make us all feel at ease by a shrug and a gentle nod of his head."

Fortunately, the mistake was eventually redeemed. As the author explained: "A month or so after the banquet I was talking to Joe Hensley, and he joked that I should write 'The Death of Doctor Island,' saying that everyone felt so sorry for me that it was sure to win. I thought about that when I got home and decided to try, turning things inside out to achieve a different story."

He did, and his novella "The Death of Doctor Island" won a Nebula in 1974. Wolfe adds, "After that a hundred readers or so challenged me to write 'The Doctor of Death Island.'"

Which he also did. The story appeared in *Immortal*, Jack Dann's 1978 anthology. (Though no Nebula that year.)

Before long these stories were gathered in *The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories and Other Stories* (1980), that delightfully-named collection of Wolfe's best short fiction.

Nor was he done. Gene Wolfe would write a fourth iteration – "Death of the Island Doctor" – to be packaged with the previous "Island" stories for a specialty edition, *The Wolfe Archipelago* (1983).

In the end, oyster-like, Gene took a little irritant and turned it into a string of pearls...

ing Asimov hand out the Nebulas.

Asimov had been pressed into service at the last minute. While that was not a problem for anyone who loved an audience as much as the Good Doctor, it meant that he had little time to study the handwritten list of results. In those days the emcee was not only given the names of the winners, but the names of the runners-up, which he also announced.

When Asimov came to the Short Story category his eyes slipped over "No Award" and he read the first real name on the list — which

News of Fandom

How Healthy Is the Eaton Collection?

The estate of Jay Kay Klein has donated \$3.5 million to the Eaton Collection of Science Fiction and Fantasy. The gift, announced by UC Riverside officials on August 28, is the largest ever received by the UCR library and ranks among the top 25 donations campuswide.

Klein contributed his photo collection of 66,000 images of sf fandom and authors to the Eaton Collection prior to his death in 2012. The collection was valued at \$1.4 million.

Both gifts are credited to the relationship he established with Melissa Conway, the library's special collections director.

A cash donation of such magnitude might have appeared one more step in the triumphal march of the Eaton Collection's development were it not just three weeks earlier that Nalo Hopkinson, sf writer and teacher of creative writing at UC Riverside, fired off this SOS:

"I'm sad to have to report that new library administration doesn't seem to appreciate the value of the Eaton Collection or the expertise that goes into it. Since spring of this year, their accomplishments have included driving out staff members and pushing changes to collection policies that would reduce the Eaton's holdings, its value to researchers and as a repository of our community's history, and its standing as a world-class archive."

Hopkinson said she felt the faculty of the sf research cluster was in the alarming position of having to protect the collection from the new library administrator.

But Hopkinson followed that warning with this provisional good news just one week later:

"We three profs in the science fiction research cluster at UCR met with Dr. Stephen Cullenberg, the Dean of Humanities. He's the person who had the vision a few years ago to create a faculty research cluster to promote the Eaton. (I should be clear that the profs in the research cluster are not employees of the Eaton. Drs. Vint and Latham are in the English Department and I — not a Dr — am in Creative Writing.) Dr. Cullenberg told us that he's had a message from the new UCR library administrators. They're beginning to work on a few proposals aimed at addressing our concerns about the way they're managing the collection."

And Eaton's Dr. Rob Latham wrote about that meeting on Facebook in a tone of cautious optimism "We were apprised of recent, potentially positive news emanating from the li-



brary dean involving plans to establish a 'focused Eaton unit' with two full-time staff positions. There has also been movement toward creating an advisory body composed of faculty and administrators from both our college and the library whose charge would be to oversee the Eaton. We are cautiously optimistic about these initiatives and hope that they will lead to an enhancement, rather than a diminishment, of the value of the Collection.

Late in 2014 the university created a new position called the Jay Kay and Doris Klein Science Fiction Librarian in University Library at UC Riverside. The person hired will be "responsible for all aspects of the development, stewardship and promotion of the Eaton Collection of Science Fiction and Fantasy, housed in the University of California, Riverside Library's Special Collections & Archives."

The deadline for applications is January 19.

Archon 38 Cancels Bolgeo As Fan GoH

The Archon 38 committee revoked its invitation to Tim "Uncle Timmy" Bolgeo as the fan guest of honor after someone on Facebook identified only by an online handle posted a lengthy complaint characterizing Tim Bolgeo as a racist, providing examples of ethnic jokes and other remarks published in Bolgeo's zine

Revenge of the Hump Day,

The committee took its action on May 20. The author of the complaint said he originally e-mailed Archon's board about his concerns in March after reading issues of *Revenge* online. Not satisfied with the response, he repeated them at an open meeting of Archon organizers. When the board voted to keep Bolgeo as a guest, he resorted to social media in protest.

The committee promptly capitulated:

"The board of directors has heard the voices of our attendees. We have decided that it is in the best interest of Archon to withdraw the invitation to Mr. Bolgeo as Fan Guest. We did not make this decision lightly, however. This situation is a lose-lose for Archon, for Mr. Tim Bolgeo, and fans in the Midwest and South. When we asked Mr. Bolgeo to be our guest last year, we made a commitment we were forced to break. Repercussions from these discussions and the resulting decision will affect everyone for months to come. However, this convention is not for the Committee or the Staff, it is for the fans and you have spoken."

Bolgeo said he was completely taken aback by the complaint, and some of his friends are equal parts mystified and enraged. He set about trying to explain himself in this post, which says in part:

"I have really tried my best to be color blind all my life. I think what torques me off the most is that *The Revenge of Hump Day* was called a Racist Rag by that dude. He even put one of the jokes on the page but left out the 'Tacky Alert' point that I always put on something that is of a sensitive nature. Hell guys, I poke fun at Blacks, Whites, Indians, Baptists, Catholics, Italians, Irish, Jews, etc. I was raised with ethnic humor and I still enjoy it. He also cut and pasted all kinds of scandalous stuff from the *Revenge* only to leave out the headings on where it was or the complete article. I have always depended on the readership of the *Revenge* to keep me straight and balanced and I had thought that y'all had done a pretty good job of it. Yes, *The Revenge of Hump Day* is Politically Incorrect, but it is presented with tongue firmly planted in my cheek and hopefully will make people think about the ideas that are presented in it. A place where people can agree to disagree."

Times change. Archie Bunker got away with being an equal-opportunity-offender in 1971. That pose isn't as widely accepted in the age of social media.

THE YEAR IN SF AND FANTASY AWARDS

Nebula Award Winners

SFWA presented the 2013 Nebula Awards on May 17 in San Jose.

Best Novel

Ancillary Justice, Ann Leckie (Orbit US; Orbit UK)

Best Novella

“The Weight of the Sunrise,” Vylar Kaftan (*Asimov’s 2/13*)

Best Novelette

“The Waiting Stars,” Aliette de Bodard (*The Other Half of the Sky*)

Best Short Story

“If You Were a Dinosaur, My Love,” Rachel Swirsky (*Apex 3/13*)

Ray Bradbury Award for Outstanding Dramatic Presentation

Gravity (Alfonso Cuarón, director; Alfonso Cuarón & Jonás Cuarón, writers) (Warner Bros.)

Andre Norton Award for Young Adult Science Fiction and Fantasy

Sister Mine, Nalo Hopkinson (Grand Central)

2014 Arthur C. Clarke Award

Ann Leckie’s *Ancillary Justice* won the 2014 Arthur C. Clarke Award.

The news was announced at the SCI-FI LONDON Film Festival on May 1. Leckie received £2014 of prize money and a commemorative bookend.

The selection was made by a panel of judges composed of chair Andrew M. Butler, Duncan Lawie and Ian Whates for the British Science Fiction Association, Sarah Brown and Lesley Hall for the Science Fiction Foundation, and Georgie Knight for SCI-FI-LONDON. The awards director is Tom Hunter.

2014 SF Hall of Fame Inductees

This year’s additions to the Science Fiction Hall of Fame are:

Leigh Brackett
Frank Frazetta
Stanley Kubrick
Hayao Miyazaki
Olaf Stapledon

The Hall of Fame is now part of the Icons of Science Fiction exhibit at the Experience Music Project Museum in Seattle.

Founded in 1996, the Hall of Fame was relocated from the Gunn Center for the Study of Science Fiction at the University of Kansas to its permanent home at EMP in 2004.

Tiptree Award Winner

The 2013 Tiptree Award winner is *Rupetta* by N.A. Sulway of Queensland, Australia.



The 2013 Tiptree winner was selected by a panel of five jurors: Ellen Klages (chair), Christopher Barzak, Jayna Brown, Nene Ormes, and Gretchen Treu.

2014 Campbell and Sturgeon Award Winners

The Campbell Award for the Best SF Novel and the Sturgeon Award for Best Short Story were presented June 13 at the Campbell Conference in Lawrence, Kansas.

John W. Campbell Memorial Award
Strange Bodies, by Marcel Theroux

Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award
“In Joy, Knowing the Abyss,” by Sarah Pinsker

2014 Compton Crook Winner

Charles Gannon’s *Fire With Fire* (Baen) has been named the winner of the 2014 Compton Crook/Stephen Tall Award.

The Compton Crook Award is given by the Baltimore Science Fiction Society to the best first novel by an individual (no collaborations) published each year in the field of Science Fiction, Fantasy, or Horror. Selection is made by vote of the BSFS membership.

The Award is named for science fiction author Compton Crook (d. 1981), who wrote

under the *nom de plume* Stephen Tall. The award has been given since 1983.

DeepSouthCon 52 Awards

Three traditional Southern fan awards were presented at Contrails, DeepSouthCon 52, in Bristol, VA on May 17.

Rebel Award: Judy Bemis

Phoenix Award: Steve Jackson

Rubble Award: Gary Robe, for screwing up the SFPA ego boo poll

Congratulations to all — and a hat tip to Guy Lillian III for pointing out that this is the third time that Robe, founder of the satirical Rubble Award, has won his own creation....

2014 BSFA Award Winners

The British Science Fiction Association announced the winners of the 2014 BSFA Awards at Eastercon in Glasgow on April 20.

Best Non-Fiction

Wonderbook by Jeff Vandermeer.

Best Art

Cover of Tony Ballantyne’s *Dream London* by Joey Hi-Fi.

Best Short Fiction

Spin by Nina Allan

Best Novel

(tie) *Ack Ack Macaque* by Gareth L. Powell
(tie) *Ancillary Justice* by Ann Leckie

2014 Tolkien Society Awards

The winners of the inaugural Tolkien Society Awards were announced at the Tolkien Society’s Annual Dinner in Hay-on-Wye, UK on April 11.

Best Article

John Garth, “Tolkien and the boy who didn’t believe in fairies”

Best Artwork

Jenny Dolfen, “Eärendil the Mariner”

Best Book

Paul Simpson and Brian Robb, *Middle-Earth Envisioned*

Best Novel

J.R.R. Tolkien and Christopher Tolkien (ed.), *The Fall of Arthur*

Best Website

Emil Johansson, LOTR Project

Outstanding Contribution Award

Christopher Tolkien

2014 Philip K. Dick Award

The winner of the 2014 Philip K. Dick Award, announced at Norwescon 37, was *Countdown City* by Ben H. Winters (Quirk Books).

The award is given to “the distinguished

original science fiction paperback published for the first time during 2013 in the U.S.A.”

The judges also gave a Special Citation to *Self-Reference Engine*, by Toh EnJoe, translated by Terry Gallagher.

The Philip K. Dick Award is sponsored by the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society and the Philip K. Dick Trust

The 2014 judges were Elizabeth Bear (chair), Siobhan Carroll, Michael Kandel, Jamil Nasir, and Timothy Sullivan.

2014 Prometheus Awards

The Libertarian Futurist Society selections for the Prometheus Awards of 2014 are:

Best Novel

(tie)

Homeland by Cory Doctorow (TOR Books)

Nexus by Ramez Naam (Angry Robot Books)

Best Classic Fiction (Hall of Fame)

Falling Free, Lois McMaster Bujold

Special Prometheus Award

Leslie Fish, author-filksinger, for the combination of her 2013 novella, “Tower of Horses” and her filk song, *The Horsetamer’s Daughter*.

Author Vernor Vinge also received a **Special Prometheus Lifetime Achievement Award** in a separate ceremony at Conjecture/ConChord over the October 10-12 weekend.

2014 Sidewise Award Winners

The recipients of the 2014 Sidewise Awards for Alternate History were announced at Loncon 3 on August 16.

Short Form

“The Weight of the Sunrise” by Vylar Kaftan

Long Form

(tie)

The Windsor Faction, by D. J. Taylor

Surrounded by Enemies: What If Kennedy

Survived Dallas? by Bryce Zabel

2014 Mythopoeic Award Winners

The winners of the 2014 Mythopoeic Awards were announced at Mythcon 45 in Norton, MA, on August 10.

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Adult Literature

Helene Wecker, *The Golem and the Jinni* (Harper)

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Children’s Literature

Holly Black, *Doll Bones* (Margaret K. McElderry)

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Inklings Studies

Jason Fisher, ed., *Tolkien and the Study of His Sources: Critical Essays* (McFarland, 2011)

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Myth and Fantasy Studies

G. Ronald Murphy, *Tree of Salvation: Yggdrasil and the Cross in the North* (Oxford Univ. Press, 2013)



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2014 British Fantasy Award Winners

The winners of the 2014 British Fantasy Awards were announced September 7 at FantasyCon 2014 in York.

Best Fantasy Novel

(The Robert Holdstock Award)

A Stranger in Olondria by Sofia Samatar (Small Beer Press)

Best Horror Novel

(The August Derleth Award)

The Shining Girls by Lauren Beukes (HarperCollins)

Best Novella

Beauty by Sarah Pinborough (Gollancz)

Best Short Story

“Signs of the Times” by Carole Johnstone (Black Static #33)

Best Anthology

End of the Road, Jonathan Oliver (ed.) (Solaris)

Best Collection

Monsters in the Heart by Stephen Volk (Gray Friar Press)

Best Small Press

The Alchemy Press (Peter Coleborn)

Best Comic/Graphic Novel

Demeter by Becky Cloonan

Best Artist

Joey Hi-Fi

Best Non-fiction:

Speculative Fiction 2012, Justin Landon and Jared Shurin (eds) (Jurassic London)

Best Magazine/Periodical:

Clarkesworld, Neil Clarke, Sean Wallace and Kate Baker (ed.) (Wyrm Publishing)

Best Film/Television Episode

Game of Thrones: The Rains of Castamere, David Benioff and D.B. Weiss (HBO)

Best Newcomer

(The Sydney J. Bounds Award)

Ann Leckie, for *Ancillary Justice* (Orbit)

The British Fantasy Society Special Award

(The Karl Edward Wagner Award)

Farah Mendlesohn

Miscellaneous Awards Presented at Loncon 3

Special Committee Award: Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, in recognition of the first published appearance of *Superman*.

The Forrest J Ackerman Big Heart Award: Vincent Docherty.

First Fandom Hall of Fame: John Clute

First Fandom Posthumous Hall of Fame: John “Ted” Carnell and Walter H. Gillings

Sam Moskowitz Archive Award (for excellence in collecting): Mike Ashley

Fandom's Tangled Web

Tadao a Flat-Out Success at ConQuest 45

They couldn't bear to hold ConQuest 45 without Tadao Tomomatsu. Although the con's original choice for toastmaster was forced to cancel early this year because of family needs, fans found a way to let him preside over the weekend's events anyway. Now that's true love.

(Comparable tributes have been paid to popular fans from time to time. Friends of Vinç Clarke made a life-sized icon of him and took it to conventions in 1986.)

Furry Convention Evacuated After Chlorine Gas Release

Nineteen people were treated at local hospitals and thousands of guests evacuated from the Hyatt Regency O'Hare, including furies in costume present for MidWest Furfest, after chlorine gas was released in a stairwell early on Saturday, December 6.

The source of the gas was chlorine powder left in the 9th floor stairwell said the Rosemont Public Safety Department. Investigators believe the gas was created intentionally and are treating it as a criminal matter.

Toby Murono, chair of 2014 Midwest Furfest, announced online: "Our staff has assisted authorities in their inquiries to our fullest capabilities and we have encouraged our attendees to aid us in this process. At this point in time we are unable to comment further as this matter is a pending investigation by the appropriate law enforcement agencies."

People were allowed to return to the Hyatt about three-and-a-half hours after the incident began and the convention returned to "almost normal operations" by Sunday morning.

Early Science Fiction Clubs: Your Mileage May Vary

Several fanwriters celebrated December 11 as the anniversary of the first science fiction club meeting. Was it?

Eofan Allen Glasser made the claim that his New York club, the Scienceers, was "the first of all science fiction clubs" in an article for *First Fandom Magazine* #4 (1961):

"The exact date on which The Scienceers came into being was Dec. 11, 1929. The founding members, as I recall, were Warren



The real skinny on Tadao's appearance at the ConQuest 45 benefit auction. Top: Photo by Jn Mohning. Below: Photo by Ruth Lichtwardt.

Fitzgerald, Nathan Greenfeld, Philip Rosenblatt, Herbert Smith, Julius Unger, Louis Wentzler, and myself, Allen Glasser. With the exception of Fitzgerald, who was then about thirty, all the members were in their middle teens."

Glasser also reported the intriguing fact that the host and president of this pioneer club was an Afro-American living in Harlem: "During the early months of the Scienceers' existence — from its start in December 1929 through the spring of 1930 — our president was Warren Fitzgerald. As previously mentioned, Warren was about fifteen years older than the other members. He was a light-skinned Negro — amiable, cultured, and a fine gentleman in every sense of that word. With his gracious, darker-hued wife, Warren made our young members welcome to use his Harlem home for our meetings — an offer we gratefully accepted."

When I read that the Scienceers club was founded in 1929 I gave a sardonic little laugh, because I remembered any number of Westercons where I heard another eofan, Aubrey MacDermott, harp about the Oakland club he'd co-founded in 1928. At the time I had the young fan's tendency to scoff whenever some geezer fussed about fine points of ancient fanhistory. Now I'm no longer a young fan and I have to laugh because Aubrey managed to etch that 1928 date on my memory anyway.

MacDermott also did some fussing in a 1980 issue of *Asimov's* when he thought Darrell Schweitzer had slighted his contributions to history:

"I see by reading Darrell Schweitzer's article in the December 79 issue of *IASFM* that I founded an 'impure' Science Fiction club in Oakland in June 1928.

"We had over twelve 'impure' members to start. Among them were Clifton Amsbury, Lester Anderson, A. S. Bernal, Louis C. Smith, Ray and Margaret St. Clair, Fred Anger, Vincent Brown, and later Forrest J Ackerman. We had the imposing name of East Bay Scientific Association until Forrie joined. Then we changed the name to Golden Gate because Forrie lived in San Francisco. Since he was only twelve years old, his mother would not let him take the long trek across the Bay to East Oakland, by street car, ferry, red train and then again a street car. So we on occasion all went over to Forrie's Staple Street home.

"We read, discussed, traded magazines,

wrote letters to magazines and authors. We even put out a hectograph sheet each month for the members.

"I know only too well that at that time East Coast fans considered any activity more than 100 miles from New York to be non-existent. But surely not today. As a matter of fact Sam Moskowitz in his *Immortal Storm* mentions Clifton Ansbury, Lester Anderson, and myself."

Moskowitz' *Immortal Storm* testifies to both MacDermott and Glasser's Scienceers. "Aubrey MacDermott" is mentioned in connection with the Science Correspondence Club – which was in general, as its title states, a club that did all its activity by mail, begging the question of in-person meetings.

Fortunately, another historian has reconciled the international correspondence club and the in-person meetings of the Oakland chapter. John Cheng's *Astounding Wonder: Imagining Science and Science Fiction in Interwar America* says:

"In 1928 Aubrey Clements of Montgomery, Alabama formed what he called the "Science Correspondence Club," announcing the club in the pages of *Amazing* and gathering members as responses came in. In the same year, while corresponding among themselves, Walter Dennis and Sydney Gerson, c/o 4653 Addison, Chicago, Illinois, also set upon the idea of a correspondence club, which they also called the "Science Correspondence Club," to disseminate "science and scientific thought among the laymen of the world." They announced their idea in the pages of *Amazing Stories Quarterly* and by the next year their group claimed two dozen members



while Clements's had twenty-five members. Membership was not mutually exclusive and indeed overlapped. Although he was the founder of one SCC, Dennis was also the sixth person to join the other, where he served as chairman under Clements's presidency.

"...In 1928, Aubrey MacDemott, Clifton Amsbury, Lester Anderson and Louis C. Smith on the Berkeley-Oakland side of San Francisco Bay began meeting monthly as the Eastbay Science Correspondence Club (ESCC). Raymond Palmer, originally a Chicago SCC member, suggested a national merger between the various organizations. By late 1929 the two original SCCs and willing members of the ESCC, which had reorganized as the Eastbay Scientific Association, merged into one club under a constitution drafted by Dennis, Clements, and A.B. Maloire of Chealis, Washington."

Both the Scienceers and Eastbay Science Correspondence Club may have leaned more

towards science than sf (some of the Scienceers would be drawn away to join an amateur rocket group) but their members were part of the social network of earnest teenaged readers of Gernsbackian magazines, many of whom became inextricably linked to 1930s sf fandom. Glasser and MacDermott each claimed the club they helped found was the first sf club to meet regularly in-person — one in December 1929, the other in June 1928.

I learned Ned Brooks had scanned a photocopy of first issue of *The Planet*, published by the Scienceers in July 1930, and he kindly sent the images to me.

A squib on page 3 says the Scienceers published meeting notices every Friday in the New York *Evening World*, confirming Allan Glasser's memory about the weekly meeting schedule.

As for Aubrey MacDermott and the Eastbay Science Correspondence Club, several years ago Fred Patten had a conversation with Cliff Amsbury, one of the other members. "He said that, yeah, MacDermott and other S.F.-area teenage s-f fans often got together in 1928, so they were first. But those were all one-shot social meetings. They did not hold club meetings."

The Scienceers had more traits of the prototype sf club. Yet the Eastbay group identified itself as a club and met socially in 1928 more than once. Depending on your preferred criteria, either club could claim to be first. Which leaves things nicely unsettled, so we can have this argument again next December...

7 Against Chaos Signing at Blastoff Comics Draws Harlan Ellison

By John King Tarpinian: On January 18, Harlan Ellison, Paul Chadwick and Ken Steacy helped celebrate Blastoff Comics 2nd Anniversary by signing their graphic novel, *7 Against Chaos*.

Harlan was in good spirits as was the gaggle of fans lined up outside in the 85 degree California sunshine. The store made sure everybody was properly hydrated by passing out water, not to mention feeding the parking meters for customers.

Being that I am a collector of fountain pens I was pleased to see that Harlan bought his case of pens and ink to sign the books with. A class act indeed.

Since She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed decided we'd take the dogs on a hike from Ferndale Park to the Griffith Observatory, and having stood outside interacting with the attendees, I did not stick around much after that so this is a short-and-sweet report.

Blastoff Kids: Ken Steacy, Paul Chadwick and The Growler.





The Tetrachiliad

By John Hertz

The 4,000th meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society was held on Thursday, April 10, 2014.

Yes, “tetrachiliad” is Greek to me too (so its *ch* is like *chorus*). Writing it seemed the fannish thing to do.

The LASFS, my local s-f club, is I’m proud to say the oldest in the world. Most of us rhyme “LASFS” with *joss fuss* but Len Moffatt always rhymed it with *sass mass*. May yours live so long. I realize that’s something like “May you live in interesting times.” Ours have been.

From the name you’ll see we as long ago as 1934 were coppering our bets (to use an English Regency expression) with “science fantasy”. Technically science fiction and fantasy are distinct. Practically – well –

I saw Mike Glycer there. But Glycer keeps forgetting where he’s put his pen (see “Twice Times” in A.A. Milne’s *Now We Are Six*). So here I am.

The meeting hall in our current clubhouse, our third, was crowded. So were the social hall, the computer room, and the library, with members who didn’t care to attend the meeting. Some things never change.

On a table near the door was a display of historical photographs. Among refreshments in the social hall was a box of Cthulhu Peeps. I being among the few to rhyme “Cthulhu” in a limerick took one. It had no – heh heh.

President Eylat Poliner called us to order. Poetic license is part of life. She introduced former president David Gerrold who took the chair. In fact for decades we didn’t have a president, we had a director, but I’m leaving some things out.

We honored current and past officers and directors (either kind) present. Even this clubhouse couldn’t hold all our members, especially because Death Does Not Release You.

I brought greetings from Paul Turner, who’d invented our Building Fund, and from Roger Hill, one of the Cal Tech gang which included Ed Buchman our first president, and Dan Alderson the eponym of the space drive in *The Mote in God’s Eye*. Turner was in the desert. Hill was in Illinois. Buchman was present. Alderson was in After-Fandom.

June Moffatt having joined in 1947 was the longest-time member in attendance. Heedless of *Methuselah’s Children* neither Gerrold nor the rest of us put her into the chair.

We heard historical minutes from our first clubhouse, and a Forrest J Ackerman note of the first meeting there. Some things never change.

Jerry Pournelle said when Turner thought up the Building Fund, Pournelle had told him “You’re out of your mind”; Turner answered “Sure I am”; we should also remember Chuck Crayne and Bruce Pelz who made it happen. Up to then Pelz had shown no evidence of his ability to conjure money from stones.

Tom Locke announced the apparent discovery of magnetic monopoles. Larry Niven said *Shipstar* was out in hardback, showed a copy, and donated it to the library. Gerrold showed a precious hardback of *Mote* he’d had as a birthday present. He donated it to the library needling Niven and Pournelle to autograph it.

Fred Patten didn’t mention his new book *Funny Animals and More*. He remains exemplary as a general-interest fan who happened to become a big name in his special interests. So does Lee Gold; we’d read her first-clubhouse minutes. We adjourned to the program, a panel of members who’d joined over the decades.

No one joining in the 1930s was present or admitted it so Charles Lee Jackson II answered for them. June Moffatt spoke for the 40s; Bill Ellern, the 50s; Milt Stevens, the 60s; Glycer, the 70s; Karl Lembke, the 80s; Cathy Beckstead, the 90s; Peter Santell, the 2000s; Mimi Miller, the 10s. Stevens learned of us while reading fan-news columns in the prozines. Santell learned of us while a seminary student but then worked hours that kept him from meetings for twenty years.

In the 50s we rented a room in the Prince Rupert Apartments, which still exist and now charge \$480 for what had cost us \$40, i.e. about the same.

Through the years we’d maintained our involvement with Westercons, started our local Loscon, and by virtue (look it up) of individual members had much to do with Worldcons, Bouchercons for detective fiction, and *Animé L.A.* Also collecting, costuming, fanzines, filksinging, gaming, pro writing and

illustrating, and things too fierce to mention.

We calculated when our pentachiliad would be and ended “See you there!”

Ellison and Pournelle Recovering From Strokes

Two of LA’s leading science fiction writers suffered strokes within months of one another. Both are mending well.

Harlan Ellison was hospitalized with a stroke on October 9. His right side was paralyzed. However, everyone who saw and spoke with him found his mind to be sharp as ever. As Josh Olson described a specialist’s visit with Harlan: “She’s checking for slurring and loss of memory, and he’s being quintessential Harlan – talking a mile a minute, and throwing out more obscure references per minute than anyone can possibly keep up with.”

After Ellison was allowed to go home, he caught up with reading everyone’s wishes for his recovery:

“Things here move on apace; no major inconveniences; Susan is a marvel of patience and adaptability; you and hundreds of other close friends, casual friends, acquaintances old and new, have been noted, smiled-back-upon, and appreciated. The remarkable Get-WellQuickly Gift Basket containing the Shroud of Turin was especially eye-opening and converted me on the spot to Russian Orthodox Catholicism.”

Jerry Pournelle experienced “a small stroke” on December 16. He is been making good progress, but was expected to remain in a long-term acute rehab assignment for speech/throat and physical therapy, at least through the holidays.

On December 26, Pournelle told readers of his blog: “I think my head is all right, and I am recovering. Alas I used to be a touch typist and I am now learning to be a two finger typist. At present I am a one finger typist. Call it 1.1 finger, but after today’s therapy, maybe 1.2; I am learning. I just made the Spock sign.”

Incidentally, when Harlan Ellison called to wish Jerry well, they discovered that Jerry had been put in exactly the same room at St. Joseph’s hospital that Harlan had occupied.

Seems like that room deserves a commemorative plaque.

Drink Tank’s Sunset Date

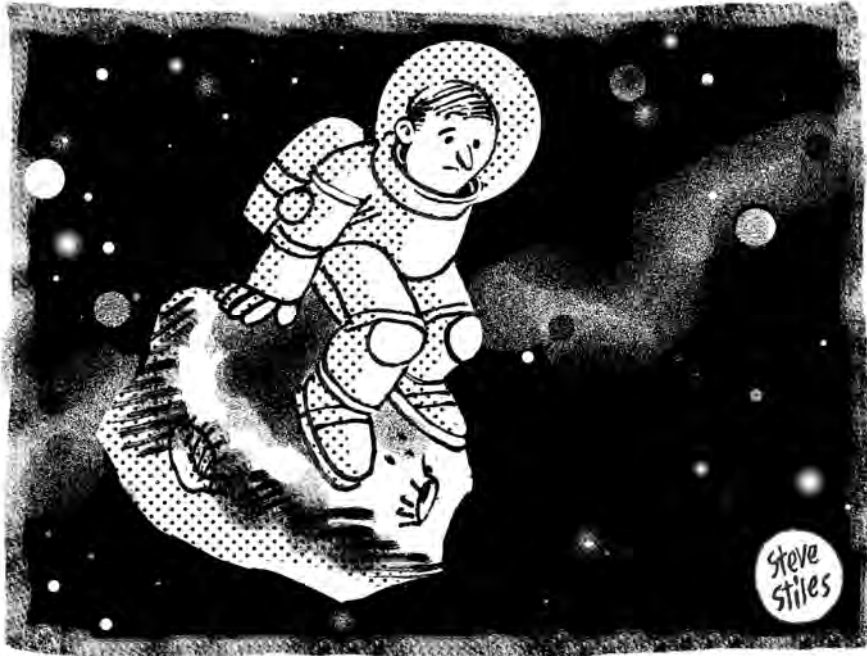
Chris Garcia and James Bacon will ring down the curtain on their Hugo-winning fanzine *The Drink Tank* on January 31, 2015.

They’ll keep doing *Journey Planet* and Chris will continue *Claims Department*, and *Exhibition Hall* and *Klaus at Gunpoint*. Which is to say, they’ll still keep eFanzines as busy as Chicago’s O’Hare International...

Lasting Impressions

News from the World of Fanzines

At times like this, Tom could only think of Amanda, alone--in Paris!



2014 FAAn Award Winners

The FAAn Awards were presented May 4 at Corflu 31 in Richmond, VA.

Best Genzine

Banana Wings, edited by Mark Plummer & Claire Brialey

Best Personal Fanzine

Flag, edited by Andy Hooper

Best Single Issue

Trap Door #30, edited by Robert Lichtman

Best Web-site

efanzines.com

Best Fanzine Cover

Inca 9 cover by Harry Bell

Best Fan Artist or Cartoonist

Steve Stiles

Best Fan Writer

Andy Hooper

Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award for Best Letterhack

Robert Lichtman

Lifetime Achievement Award

Ray Nelson

Other honors bestowed at this year's con –

Corflu 31 GoH

(picked from a hat as is traditional)
Gregg Trend

Past President of fwa

(by acclamation)
John Nielsen-Hall (Unc. Johnny)

Next year's con, Corflu 32, will be in Newcastle, England. Tynescon 3: The Corflu is scheduled for March 27-29, 2015, the weekend before Dysprosium, the 2015 Eastercon at London Heathrow.

Corflu Fifty Picks Geri Sullivan

Corflu Fifty administrators Rob Jackson and Rich Coad announced that Geri Sullivan is the group's selection to travel to Tynescon III: The Corflu in Newcastle in March 2015. She not only said yes, but told Coad, "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, oh my god, yes!"

Both Corflu Fifty members are invited to send their \$25 along. Those who are not members are invited to join or to contribute to support Geri's trip this coming year.

Mail checks made out to Rich Coad, at 2132 Berkeley Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95401; or PayPal to richcoad@gmail.com

For UK contributions, Rob Jackson, Chintay, Nightingale Lane, Hambrook, Chichester, West Sussex PO18 8UH, or by PayPal to jacksonshambrook@uwclub.net.

Hevelin Fanzines To Be Digitized

Over 10,000 fanzines in the Rusty Hevelin collection will be scanned and incorporated into the UI Libraries' DIY History interface.

Hevelin's collection was donated to the University of Iowa Libraries after his death in 2011.

Peter Balestrieri, curator of science fiction and popular culture collections, made the

announcement October 17. "We're starting with the earliest from the 1930s and going up to 1950. That gives us First Fandom and Golden Age plus post-war. And that's just the beginning. We're inviting a select group of fans (and I'm not sure yet who'll they'll be, that's something that you and File 770 might be able to help with) to help transcribe the text of these fanzines in an apa-style working group

"We are not placing full reproductions online; that way, we respect copyright and privacy. Instead, we're building a searchable database that will contain the full text of the zines."

The transcription will enable the UI Libraries to construct a full-text searchable fanzine resource, with links to authors, editors, and topics, while protecting privacy and copyright by limiting access to the full set of page images.

Balestrieri adds, "I'm very excited about it and very grateful to everyone that's made this happen, especially the University's Office of Research and Development and Library Administration, who originated the idea and were generous with funding to get it started. Please let folks know and I'll be in touch as Greg and I work out the details of how the transcription will happen."



REFLECTIONS ON *FIELD OF DREAMS*

By Mike Glycer. [Written in July 2004 under the inspiration of Ken Gire's "Reflections on the Movies".]

Walking through Chisholm, Minnesota under glistening streetlights, Ray Kinsella, played by Kevin Costner, a middle-aged hippie on a mission, hikes right back into 1972 and catches up with Doc Graham.

His rendezvous with Graham, played by grey eminence Burt Lancaster, is slightly surprising, because Costner and a traveling companion played by James Earl Jones have already verified that Graham died years before they arrived on the scene. Costner, however, is no longer a stranger to anachronism since pitching batting practice to the shade of Shoeless Joe Jackson on a diamond etched into the cornfields of his Iowa farm.

His experience has made him into a missionary for baseball immortality. Whatever spirit or force brought back Shoeless Joe has also dispatched Costner through time and space to testify to an anonymous small-town doctor who once had ambitions to play for the New York Giants.

Costner gets Doc Graham to describe his practically nonexistent big-league career, consisting of being dispatched by the legendary John McGraw to play the field in the last inning of a season-ending game. He never even got to bat. Costner assumes he's been sent to bring Graham back to his ball field in Iowa, and begins to bait the hook by asking about Graham's unfulfilled desire to compete with the big leaguers. Doc Graham looks him in the eye, asking, "And are you a man who could grant such a wish?" But it's a rhetorical question, because Graham obviously lacks that wellspring of discontent Costner was expecting, so Costner primes it by saying, to come so

close to your dream without ever realizing it, some men would call that a tragedy.

Doc Graham dismisses such sentimentality with disarming frankness, saying, "Now if I'd only been a doctor for five minutes, that would have been a tragedy."

That humorous line is the measure of a mature man. Doc Graham long ago laid down his selfish baseball dreams in favor of a "real job" that serves a community, and being faithful to his wife. Which ought to trouble Kevin Costner more than it seems to because so far in the movie choosing baseball has nearly destroyed his own livelihood and caused him to abandon his wife to their creditors and hostile relatives.

Soon thereafter the scene ends without Doc Graham agreeing to come with Costner, who leaves, bewildered by this disappointing outcome. Yet when Costner and James Earl Jones resume their road trip the next day, the teen-aged hitchhiker they pick up proves to be an aspiring minor leaguer named Archie Graham. It's a mystery that seems to leave the past and present in a tangled knot.

Assuming this turn of events represents God operating outside of time, what does the screenwriter intend for me to think about God's nature? That he's created a Heaven where virtuous people who have deferred their dreams are rewarded in the afterlife by having them fulfilled? Then does that imply that Doc Graham wasn't truly fulfilled by the choices he made? Ah, wait, and the screenwriter will answer that question.

Soon Archie Graham is in Iowa, ducking brushback pitches from one of the Chicago Black Sox, watched by Costner, his wife, his daughter. Also present is someone who is incapable of seeing these supernatural ball-

players, Costner's brother-in-law. In fact, the brother-in-law is ranting about foreclosing on the farm, which has become a money-losing proposition ever since a chunk of it was plowed under the build the baseball diamond. There's a ruckus, and Costner's daughter falls off the home-made grandstand. She lies unconscious on the ground, not breathing. Costner's wife is running to the phone in the farmhouse, but he shouts for her to stop. Time dilates as Costner waits to see if acting on intuition will save his daughter, or kill her.

Archie Graham hesitates, then steps across the baseline. At that moment, a close-up shows his sports shoes transforming back into the clunky, black dress shoes of a small-town doctor. The impossibly-old Doc Graham strides over, lifts the child half-upright, slaps her on the back, and helps her cough up the nearly lethal bit of hot dog that she'd been choking on. It's a type of salvation, and is purchased at a price. The crisis past, Kevin Costner makes a sudden connection and half tells, half asks Graham, "You can't go back!"

It's a touching moment, if much more so for Costner's character and for me, in the audience, than for Doc Graham, who seems well aware that he passed through this refiner's fire once before. He knows he will always choose to be a servant, and be satisfied and fulfilled in making that choice. He is honored for that choice, as well, starting with all the resurrected ballplayers on that field in Iowa. And at that point a certain truth begins to dawn on Costner, and on me as I identify with his character, that questing all over the country has taught him to value what's found in his very own backyard.

The movie's *leitmotif* question and answer – "Is this Heaven?" "No, it's Iowa." – ripples with possibilities. Does it merely typify the shallow expectation of "cultural Christians" that if you're a good person you go to Heaven, which will be like a National Park populated by our ancestors? Or is it just as ignorant to suppose that Heaven will be someplace utterly supernatural and alien, rather than the perfected image of a place God has tried to teach us to live in all our lives?

However, to obsess about the theological implications of *Field of Dreams* is to overlook its real message, compatible with nearly any religion – don't wait til Heaven. Take advantage of our chance right now to live with people as God would have us do.



My Short Career as a Chess Non-Prodigy By Rich Lynch



“What a *patzer!*”

Trash talk isn’t limited to professional basketball players. Chess players do it too. At least, in the early 1970s we did, back when I was part of the Clarkson College chess club in upstate New York.

A ‘patzer’ is an inept chess player, and that’s how I had played. The words had stung, but I probably deserved it. I had just made a particularly horrible move against someone ranked well below me, and it cost me the match. There had been several others in the club who had been hanging around and hovering over the action, such that it is in a slow-moving chess match, and I remember that it had all been more than a bit distracting. That, and I had been in too much of a hurry to get the match over with because I really needed to pee.

Truth be told, I was a far better chess player than a ‘patzer’, but I was never very close to being expert level. None of us in the club were that, and the only times we got to play against really superior competition were when we could scrape together enough funding to go to a tournament. I was one of the few people in the club who had a car, so for one event, a Thanksgiving weekend tourney down in New York City, I was elected to provide transportation. But New York was about a 700 mile round trip, some of it right through the middle of the Adirondacks, and it did not go well. Two breakdowns and one mountain snowstorm later, I decided that my car, a rusting-out 1963 Ford Falcon, needed a name. After that she was “Pauline”, because taking long-distance trips in her had turned out to be like the *Perils of Pauline*.

The most ambitious trip we ever took (but in someone else’s car) was also to the largest tournament we ever played in – the 1970 Pan-American Intercollegiate Team Chess Championship, held over Christmas recess that year. It was hosted by Northwestern University, north of Chicago, and it was the first time in my life I had been to another state. (Yes, northern New York was *that* isolated!) Our

team, as expected, did not do very well but it was still memorable because it was one of the first large tournaments where one of the players was a computer.

The machine was part of the Northwestern University team, and back then the playing strength of computers was really not that much greater than my level of play. It managed to win only one game and was the cause of much commotion. The computer terminal was located off in a computer lab somewhere, and there was a runner who would carry a piece of paper with the machine’s move into the tournament hall and then bring another piece of paper with the opponent’s move back to the computer lab. Tournament games are on the clock (each player has to make a certain number of moves in a prescribed time), so to preserve precious seconds the courier would sprint at top speed into and out of the tournament hall. This very nearly resulted in what would have been a spectacular wipeout of himself and a match-in-progress when he swerved to avoid someone who had unwittingly moved into his path.

We had enough players on our team where two of us could sit out each round. When it was my turn to be on the sideline I discovered that there was a local chess newsletter being published which listed results of Chicago-area tournaments and other things of interest. That’s when I found out that chess trash talk wasn’t just a northern New York phenomenon. The newsletter had no lack of it, quite a bit of which was directed at Northwestern’s best player, an expert-level graduate student with an instantly unforgettable name – George R.R. Martin.

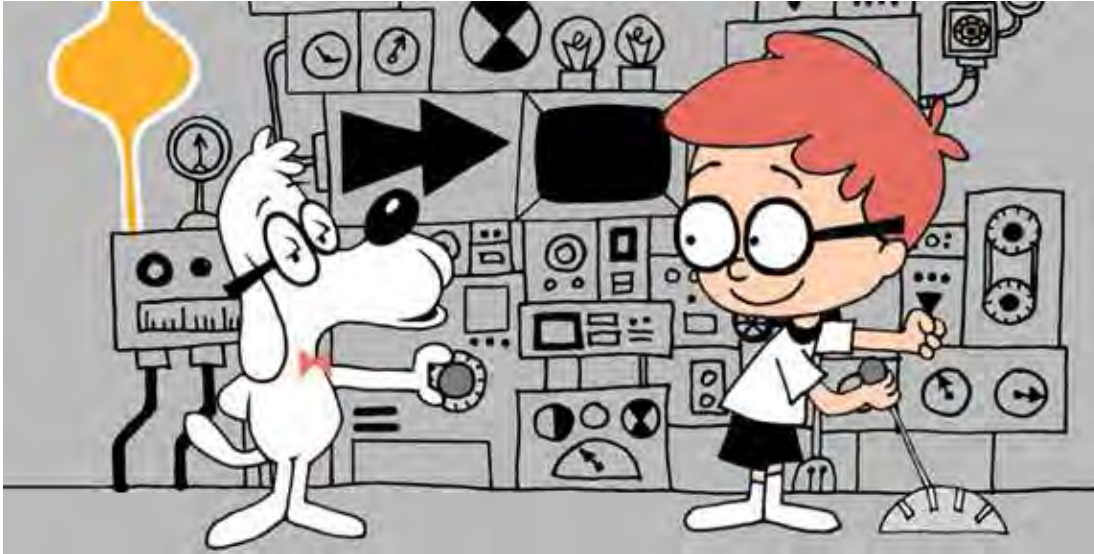
I wish I could claim to have played a match against Mr. Martin in the tournament, but that’s not what happened. The Clarkson team didn’t get paired against Northwestern, and even if we had I would have been jonesing to play against the computer, not him. I vaguely remember that he and I chatted briefly about

something, but details have long ago passed from my memory. But I’m sure he didn’t mention anything about writing science fiction – he had sold his first story earlier that year – because I *know* I would have remembered that.

My short career as a chess non-prodigy came to an end about a year after that. I became a graduate student at Clarkson, and the combination of some tough courses and part-time work as a research assistant to a taskmaster professor forced me to make some draconian choices on what extracurricular activities I had time for. But what *really* caused me to give up on chess was the aftermath of a tough tournament loss to a highly-ranked player. In the re-hash of the game, he allowed that my play had gotten his chess pieces into an inferior position, but he had turned the tables with a bold move that had caused me to go on the defensive. That it was actually a horrible play on his part and should have cost him the match was something that I had completely missed. You can’t play good chess if you’re that clueless. It was time to move on.

George R.R. Martin’s stories had started appearing in science fiction magazines about that same time, but it was a non-fiction article in a 1972 issue of *Analog* that made me a fan of him. He wrote an entertaining account of the early era of computer chess titled “The Computer Was a Fish” (in this context, ‘fish’ has similar meaning to ‘patzer’), which included mention of the 1970 Pan-American tourney. It was almost enough to make me rethink my decision to abandon chess. But by then I was seeing the light at the end of the tunnel, as far as finishing my Masters degree was concerned, and my mind was more on finding career employment than on games of strategy. Also, I had gotten involved in the local college radio station (I was, at times, the late-night and the early morning DJ), and it was there that I met my future wife, Nicki.

And that, most definitely, is another story.



among the more memorable features of the weekly, half-hour *Rocky & Bullwinkle* show, were the segments featuring Mr. Peabody, a small white dog with Buddy Holly glasses, a small red bow tie, and an IQ larger than the combined IQ of everyone in Texas. Peabody reasoned that if a boy can have a dog, there was no reason why a dog cannot have a boy, and so he adopted a

rambunctious, redheaded kid named Sherman. Sherman's implicit trust in his mentor was *never* misplaced.

A Switch In Time

Mr. Peabody & Sherman

Taral Wayne

The thing you have to realize about the original "Peabody's Improbable History" is that it was just a filler for Jay Ward's legendary *Rocky & Bullwinkle Shows*. Strangely enough, Ward was not even the genius who created the Improbable History – that honour belongs to cartoonist Ted Key. Ward was not even especially interested in animation, and almost fell into the business by accident. His real love was for cornball humour, bad puns and worse gags. When the studio was unable to sell subsequent television cartoon shows, Ward happily cobbled together a new program from old film clips and added a dubbed-over narrative that made little sense. For Ward and his cronies, the move was a positive one that rid them of the nuisance of having to animate. The public, however, didn't take to it, and *Fractured Flickers* barely lasted a single season.

It was *Rocky & Bullwinkle* who were destined to survive in popular memory ... at least more so than *George of the Jungle*, *Super Chicken* or even *Captain Crunch*. And

To further his charge's education, Mr. Peabody invented the WAYBAC ... a time machine to explore history as it had never been seen before. Famous painters would turn out to be plagiarists, world-renowned pianists suffered insomnia, inventors who were household names would not know the difference between a dipstick and a slipstick, and presidents thought they had been elected as animal control officers. History was bollocks! But no matter, Peabody (with a little enthusiastic support from Sherman) would always straighten it out the way we remember, and neatly round off the job with an agonizing pun.

While no doubt it was the potential for corny jokes and groan-worthy puns that amused Ward and his writers, the Peabody & Sherman segments had a persistent allure that went beyond most of the other features of *Rocky & Bullwinkle*. And the WAYBAC itself lodged into the popular culture as nothing else in the series did. In the cartoon show, it was a cludge of dials, meters, flashing bulbs, buttons and gears. Once adjusted to Mr. Peabody's satisfaction, he and Sherman stepped through a door into whatever year in which that day's lesson would take place.

This year, DreamWorks released a lavishly made, computer-animated feature titled *Mr. Peabody & Sherman*. I was certainly intrigued by the news of the production, but privately wondered if they could get it right. Previous attempts to bring the Ward touch to the big screen had already been failures – one of them the disastrously bad *Adventures of Rocky & Bullwinkle* (possibly the only film with an appearance by John Goodman that has nothing else to recommend it). The actor who played Boris Badenov was Jason Alexander, who actually apologized

on TV for having the bad judgment to appear in the film! A second film, *Boris and Natasha*, further lowered my low expectations. It was so desperately bad that I doubt you could find a copy off-line. As if anyone would want to...

On the other hand, when *Dudley Do-Right* and *George of the Jungle* were brought to the silver screen (both starring Brendan Fraser), they were the *relative* successes. I wanted to keep an open mind.

Mr. Peabody & Sherman manages to stay more or less faithful to the original material, while also updating it. The WABAC machine, for example, is no longer a mere sketch of some 1950s scientific gizmo, it's a gorgeous, state-of-the-art CGI wormhole navigator with user interfaces that make the *Enterprise-D* seem outdated.

Among subtler changes, the character of Peabody himself seems a little rounder, more three-dimensional. At first, I was troubled that he did not quite sound like himself. The brisk, clipped, dry patter of Bill Scott is replaced by a more nuanced voice by Ty Burrell. But on reflection, I think the change was a wise one – the warmer, more likable Mr. Peabody had to stand up through an entire 92 minutes, whereas the cooler, more superior Peabody had only to bear up for four or five.

In the original cartoons, a different cast joins Peabody and Sherman in every episode, depending on which era of history they visit. It might be Leonardo Da Vinci, Lucretia Borgia, Benjamin Franklin, Genghis Khan, Julius Caesar or Eric the Red ... the one thing that they all have in common is that you never see them in another episode. The only permanent cast is Peabody and Sherman. For a 92-minute film, this would obviously be inadequate. Other major characters had to be invented, and the film doesn't disappoint. Sherman begins his first day at public school by immediately meeting a bully – a girl named Penny. Worse is Ms. Grunion, who makes a crusade of separating a dog and his boy for the Child Welfare Department. Penny's parents cut notable figures also. But, with adept script magic, the time-trips are tied together in a single plot that permits figures from history, met along the way, to participate right until the end.

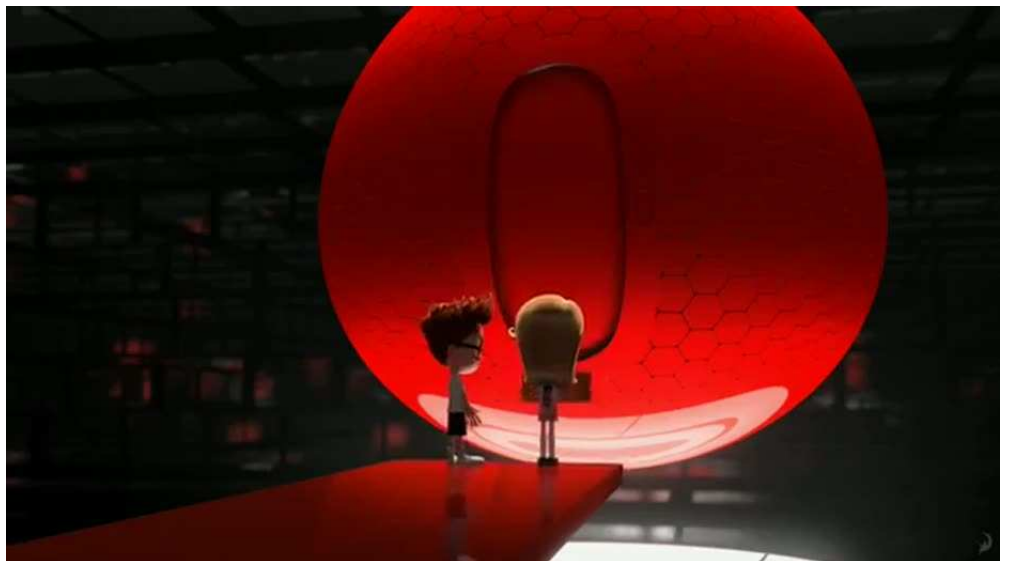
Not everyone will like the added backstory, or the greater development of Peabody and

Sherman's relationship, but I certainly thought it added interest. In the 1960s cartoon, they were little more than a gag – a dog and his boy, get it? The film treatment is much longer, of course, and there is plenty of time to show that Peabody's over-protective nature is doing Sherman as much harm as good. Moreover, his logical mind is far from cold, but Peabody is unable to say what he clearly feels. In the cleverest stroke of the scriptwriter's pen, Peabody reverts from parent to dog, throwing an entirely new light on their relationship. As I said, not all viewers will welcome such complications to the original formula, but I found them delightful.

As you might expect, there are a few plot holes and inconsistencies. Sherman is seven ... but only just starting public school? And isn't seven a bit early to begin showing interest in a girl? The WAYBAC – the initials stand for Wavelength Acceleration Bidirectional Asynchronous Controller, which isn't half as informative as "way back" – travels at a speed near that of light to escape a black hole, but later only reaches a leisurely 270 mph with the proverbial pedal to the metal. George Washington recites lines actually written by Thomas Jefferson. But this is mere nit picking, to which I refuse to stoop.

It is possible that the viewer will be put off by the sentimental elements in *Mr. Peabody and Sherman*, but I thought the writers struck a successful balance in mixing enough comedy to satisfy anyone, with a warm fuzzy feeling that a dog and his boy had been drawn more closely together through a better, mutual understanding ... and a pretty girl added as well.

I'd have killed to belong to that family, if you must know.



WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION 2014

HYATT REGENCY, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 6-9, 2014
BY MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER

This year's World Fantasy Convention fit the template of the other four I've been to. It was expensive, pleasant, and a good time. I'm happy it was held in Washington again and the convention committee did a competent job.

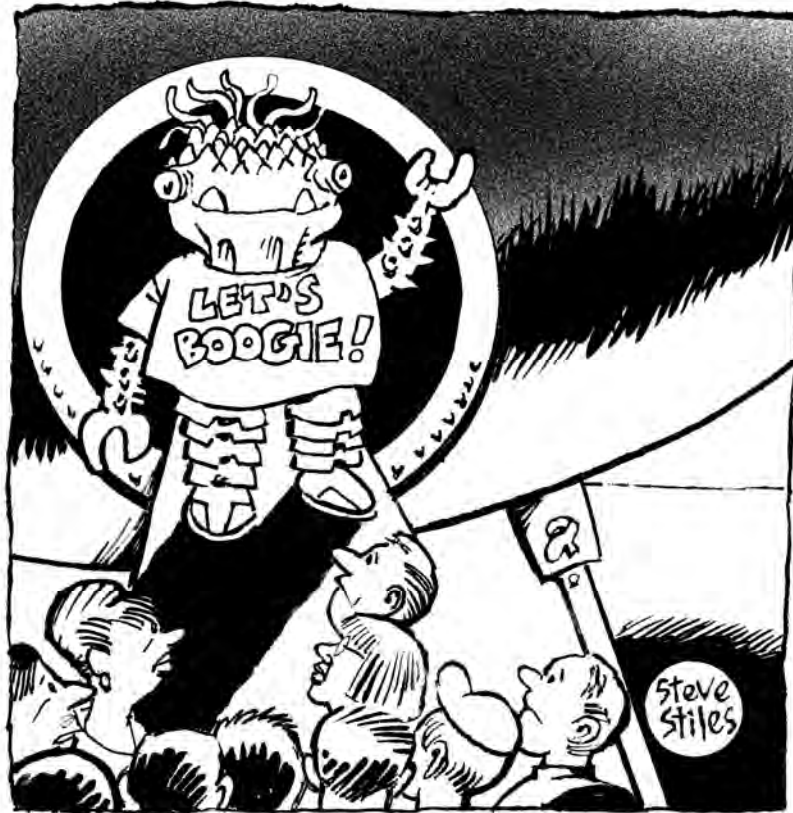
This year's theme was the start of World War I. Every fan received a souvenir cloth poppy for their badge; poppies are worn in Britain and Commonwealth countries to honor the memories of soldiers who sacrificed their lives in war. The opening ceremony included a moving reading of "In Flanders Fields" by two actors dressed in doughboy costumes. A fake silent film in which one guy wanders around with a giant pile of books until another actor dressed in Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp outfit shows up with a giant USB port and reveals the Miracle of Computers unfortunately followed this. The actor who played "Chaplin" was a woman.

The World War I theme extended to the Hospitality Suite, whose staffers wore red crosses as if they were staffing a military canteen. You could get all your meals there if you wanted; I had two dinners there, and the baked chicken was very good.

The Hospitality Suite people, however, were the only people wearing garb at the convention. When I was at my first World Fantasy Convention, in 1980, the attendees wore suits and the hotel committee celebrated Halloween by wearing costumes. This year the people in the hotel who looked like fans were the Rolling Thunder clubs for veterans who liked riding motorcycles. The veteran bikers had an amazing number of patches on their jean jackets; my favorite said "FAT FREE" with the red circle and slash through it, signifying that the wearer presumably *liked* fats.

World Fantasy is also the convention where every attendee gets a bag of books. There was a thriving trade in books fans were eager to get rid of. Although there were several contenders, the novel fans were most eager to discard was *Lupus Rex*, by John Carter Cash, son of Johnny Cash and June

"Earth was the only place in the Universe
where Spa Fon felt truly at home!"



Carter. The consensus was that just because your parents were two great singers, it didn't mean that you could write a fantasy novel people would want to read.

The Dealers Room had many choice books, some of which I'll talk about in the book-collecting panel. Lots of small presses were there, including relatively recent ones such as Valancourt.

The art show featured an exhibit of Virgil Finlay art, assembled to celebrate Finlay's centennial. You could actually look at such great pieces as his 1937 tribute to H.P. Lovecraft. My favorite, however, was a 1953 cover from *Science Stories*, which featured a typically voluptuous Finlay nude woman with stars in her hair. What made this cover memorable, however, was that next to the woman were *seven* flying saucers.

Much of the pleasure of a World Fantasy Convention comes from random conversations. My favorite was the publisher who told

me about a new author who would be sure to sell because she was not only a "forensic psychic," but also a vampire.

And she wasn't just an ordinary vampire; but a *card-carrying* vampire, a member of the United States Vampire Association.

"Does she have red hair?" I asked. She did indeed.

The convention held two events for all the members. The Ice Cream Social, held after the opening ceremonies on Thursday, was fun but not very well organized. The mass autographing session was better planned, and was noteworthy for seeing writers famous in the 1970s and 1980s (who, out of charity, I won't name) with no lines. The only two writers with substantial lines were Guest of Honor Guy Gavriel Kay and Stephen R. Donaldson, who attends very few conventions.

When not getting their books signed, fans ducked into a lavish party for the DC in '17 Worldcon bid, which made many friends that night.

I went to five panels, which was quite a lot for me. Here are the highlights:

I only heard half of the talk by *Washington Post* columnist Michael Dirda and wish I could have heard more. Dirda is very interested in the storytellers who flourished between 1880 and 1920; his Edgar-winning *On Conan Doyle* is a piece of a larger project about the great writers of Victorian and Edwardian times. He said that people who were tired of steampunk should go back and read Verne and Wells; many odd Verne works have recently appeared in good translations, including *The Will of an Eccentric* where the U.S. is divided into gigantic squares like a colossal game and characters move themselves like game pieces across the entire country. Dirda also recommended the works of John Meade

Falkner, whose three novels, in his view, are understated masterpieces of horror, mystery, and adventure.

Ellen Datlow's guest of honor talk had her discussing her entire career. She is happy buying for Tor.com, because, unlike a monthly magazine, she can buy what she likes. Among her other pleasures is buying stories she could not purchase when she was fiction editor of *Omni* for her anthologies. Among these stories are Gardner Dozois and Jack Dann's "Down Among the Dead Men" and Connie Willis's "All My Darling Daughters." She also has many ideas for anthologies she'd love to compile; if you're a publisher who thinks *The Book of Shoes* would fit in your line, Ellen Datlow would love to talk to you.

A panel on archetypes in fiction was notable for the trenchant criticism of Laura Anne Gilman, who always has pertinent things to say. The panelists noted that the humor of Sir Terry Pratchett works because he takes well-worn fantasy archetypes (the tough cop, the wizard, the old witch) and has them doing things that archetypes would *never* do.

Panelists on the Robert Aickman centennial panel included Peter Straub, who could have met Aickman but didn't, and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, who did meet Aickman. The panelists all agreed that Aickman's stories were largely classics and that everyone should read — and re-read — them.

The most entertaining panel was one on book collecting, where such eminent collectors and dealers as Bob Brown, Stuart David Schiff, David Hartwell, Michael J. Walsh, Leslie Thomas, and (from the audience) Michael Dirda played the timeless game of "really collectible books I have that I got really cheap."

Apparently Robert Silverberg has declared, "It's not *really* a World Fantasy Convention unless there are copies of *The Outsider and Others* and *A Hornbook for Witches* for sale." There were indeed two copies of Lovecraft's *The Outsider* and one copy of Leah Bodine Drake's *A Hornbook for Witches* for sale. (Drake's *Hornbook*, a poetry collection, is the rarest Arkham House title.)

But those weren't the *really* rare titles. The most expensive book was a first edition in English in dust jacket of Yevgeny Zamyatin's *We*, which cost \$15,000. But David Hartwell argued that the rarest was a first edition from 1772 of Louis-Sebastien Mercier's *Memoirs of the Year Two Thousand Five Hundred*, which was selling for \$3,500. Hartwell noted that Mercier's novel is one of the first to be "set in the future" and "has a completely different political system" (there is no monarchy!) and is so rare that he has only seen five copies for sale in the past decade.

The panelists offered several handy tips. First trade editions are preferable to limited



Sofia Samatar mugs for the camera, holding her World Fantasy Award for Best Novel. She joked, "I discovered, with a horror I'm sure Lovecraft would share, that we look a lot alike."

editions, which don't appreciate in value very much. Galleys aren't that rare unless they were produced before 1980. You should get your books inscribed if you know the author and he or she can offer something personal. Otherwise, it's better to have your books simply signed rather than inscribed.

The World Fantasy Awards ceremony began with a presentation to the co-chairs, Peggy Rae Sapienza and Michael J. Walsh. Walsh took the box to his table, announced, "It's not ticking!" and discovered he had been given a copy of the newly published *The Art of Virgil Finlay*.

Mary Robinette Kowal was toastmaster and was very funny. She explained that she started as a singer, and gave a *bel canto* rendition of "Rubber Duckie" to prove it. Her talk was about how writers should avoid taking rejection personally. When not writing, Kowal is a puppeteer and theater directors don't give rejections; if you aren't called back, they don't want you. Her most traumatic moment was during a tryout for *Avenue Q*, the raunchy puppet musical, where she was called back three times, and the third try was the final one, where she only had two competitors. She trained so hard for the third audition that she lost her voice — and the gig. She recovered from that and has gone on to other parts. She urged her fellow writers to be as resilient as actors are about rejection.

Here are the winners of the 2014 World Fantasy Awards.

Life Achievement

Ellen Datlow; Chelsea Quinn Yarbro
Special Award (Non-Professional)
 Kate Baker, Neil Clarke, and Sean Wallace,
Clarkesworld

Special Award (Professional)

(tie) Irene Gallo, art director, Tor.com
 William K. Schafer, Subterranean Press

Collection

Caitlin R. Kiernan, *The Ape's Wife and Other Stories*

Artist

Charles Vess

Short Fiction

Caitlin R. Kiernan, "The Prayer of Ninety Cats" (*Subterranean Magazine*)

Novella

Andy Duncan and Ellen Klages, "Wakulla Springs" (Tor.com)

Novel

Sofia Samatar, *A Stranger in Olondria*

At the awards, Ellen Datlow explained that her parents owned a luncheonette and let her read all the comics they sold, including many issues of *Classics Illustrated*. Reading all those comics got her started on a lifetime passion for genre fiction. Ellen Klages dedicated her award to Maria Ouspenskaya, who was the Amazon Queen in the 1945 *Tarzan and the Amazons*. After seeing the movie, Klages became interested in Amazons, then in Tarzan, then in fantasy.

At the event, Gordon Van Gelder, speaking for the World Fantasy Convention board of directors, said the board had heard the controversy about whether or not the Howard Award should be renamed and had come to no consensus about what to do. However, Sofia Samatar, in accepting her prize, said, "It is awkward for me to accept an award with that image," but did not decline the award.

Next year's World Fantasy Convention will be in Saratoga Springs, New York. No decision has been made about where to hold the 2016 convention.



Remembering Science Fiction's 50th Anniversary Family Reunion

Noreascon 3
Boston, MA
September 3, 1989

By Mike Glycer



Noreascon Three marked the 50th Anniversary of the first World SF Convention, held in New York in 1939, by hosting a Sunday brunch that featured testimonials from every fannish generation, including from several people who had been to the original Worldcon (and one who had been thrown out of it!)

I asked Ellen Franklin of Noreascon Three's Extravaganza Division what she recalled about organizing the brunch. Ellen answered:

What I do remember is that my team and I tried to create memorable moments, events where people could share in a heart based way and feel they had a voice, that what they said truly mattered. I still feel that way when people gather together, the most important thing is to create a true sense of community.

As I recall speaking order was definitely arranged and the event was loosely scripted to create diversity of comments—we also had Arthur C. Clarke from Sri Lanka I believe on audio perhaps with a photo of him. Hard to remember if it were today we would have used Skype. Jim Hudson remembers we also wanted everyone from the old pros, to fans, and newbies to talk about what the World Con meant to them or how their lives had been influenced, etc. It was incredibly important to me that these be heart based and meaningful and not ego driven, and I found a way to politely ask this of people when they were invited to speak...and somehow it all worked.

Watching Noreascon's Sunday Brunch unfold I thought: there may be other days like this but there won't be many, and the ones we do have are to be cherished.

Isaac Asimov¹, an appropriate "first speaker," set the theme: "This is the fiftieth anniversary [of the first Worldcon] so this is a nostalgic brunch." Asimov attended the first one and sounded less embarrassed than proud that he had not been turned back at the door with six other Futurian rabble-rousers². Indeed, Asimov told the 1939 audience "I was the worst science fiction writer unhung." Asimov said he'd refreshed his memory of 1939 by reading the Panshins' *The World Beyond The Hill*, which chronicles the ascendancy of Campbell (and presumably Asimov) in the golden age of *Astounding*.

With the house lights down and Asimov standing in a spotlight, the barrage of flash photography may have helped record the golden moment for some at the expense of others seeing it at all. Though slow to come, an emphatic order against all flashes was crucial to the precious moments that followed. For the rest of the program attention moved around the room as spotlights focused on speakers at different tables, building emotional momentum as long-time pros and fans spoke about the impact of science fiction and

its Worldcons on their lives.

Asimov's spotlight flicked off and a second one found Dave Kyle³ at a nearby table. Said Kyle, "Science fiction has not changed my life – science fiction is my life." Kyle credited Forry Ackerman for his introduction to science fiction. As a 16-year-old Kyle sold his first sf story to Charles Hornig⁴, who at that moment was seated at Dave's table. (Hornig's magazine folded before the story saw print.) Kyle said, like Asimov, he also was admitted to the first Worldcon only because Sam Moskowitz didn't realize that the Futurians' controversial publications had been printed by him. When Kyle married, he bragged, he had 53 people on his honeymoon – a charter flight to the first Worldcon in London.

Jack Williamson

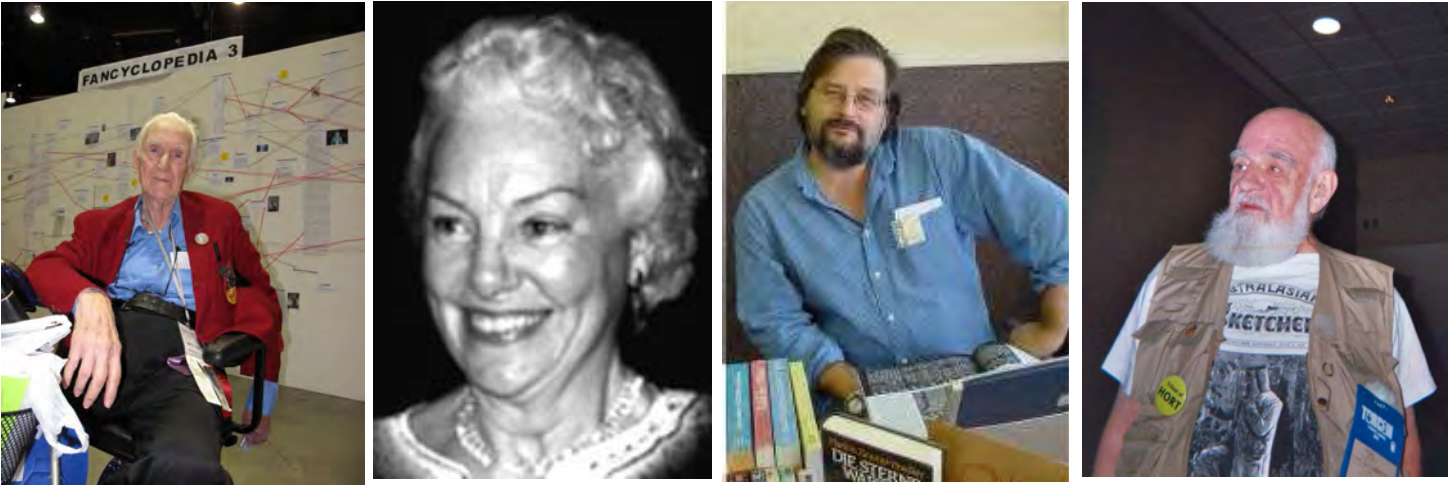
Betty Ballantine⁵ remembered as a child reading *Dracula* late at night in the jungle of India by lantern light with jackals howling and birds making weird sounds. As an adult she remembered the friendships she made in sf, working with the people she most admired.

Jack Williamson⁶ recalled, "In 1926 I was 18, had gotten out of a country high school with actually six years of schooling, had no job," but in 1926 he saw Gernsback's *Amazing Stories* and can still recite its table of contents. "I read that and I was born again." With a borrowed typewriter he started writing his own sf, and next year Gernsback began buying it.

Terry Pratchett⁷ recalled that at newsstands in Britain the good magazines were on the top shelf and sf was on the bottom shelf, from which he argued the shortness of old British sf fans was a matter of natural selection. More seriously, Pratchett said he learned from sf that mathematics was actually interesting, which no one else was telling him. "Good old sf – whenever I've needed you, you've always been there."

Andre Norton⁸ was wheeled from the brunch to a standing ovation. Then the spotlight picked out Kees Van Toorn⁹, 30-ish chairman of the 1990 Worldcon in Holland. Kees invoked the name of Mario Bosnyak, who brought the Worldcon to Heidelberg, its first and only time in mainland Europe [to that time], and Kees' own first Worldcon. Kees van Toorn. Photo by Vincent Docherty.

Gregory Benford¹⁰ also went to his first convention in Germany, but 14 years earlier, in 1956. Benford's father was in the Army and stationed there. Benford and his brother both had to learn a foreign language. "I had to learn English – because I'm from Alabama." Greg's first Worldcon was Pacificon II (1964) in Oakland. He also went to the next Bay Area Worldcon in 1968. "It's aptly been said that if you remember BayCon you weren't there." BayCon was held in the Claremont "where the rooms were so small we were told not to complain to the hotel management but to the hu-



Left to right: (1) Dave Kyle in 2011. (2) Betty Ballantine. (3) Kees Van Toorn. (4) Art Widner in 2003.

mane society.” Benford, a professor of physics, said, “It’s impossible to convey what it’s like to do science and write science fiction – great freedom of movement.”

Jane Yolen¹¹ cast her remarks in rhyming doggerel, one a couplet expressing her wish that “A fantasy book would at last win the Hugo.” Her wish was loudly applauded by everyone who has forgotten Jack Vance’s Hugo for *The Last Castle*.

Forrest J Ackerman¹² began to recount his life in science fiction at sufficient length and with so many examples present time seem to have lost all meaning for him until, with a gleam in his eye, Forry concluded, “You can see in my 50 years of science fiction I’ve accomplished about as much as in a lazy afternoon for Isaac Asimov.”

Mike Resnick’s¹³ implied comparison between the community he and Carol found at the 1963 Worldcon and the present was like a bolt of lightning. Attendance at Discon I was 600. Rooms were \$8 apiece. The banquet was held in the afternoon because nobody could afford the evening rates, and even so the \$3 charge almost caused a riot. The most expensive piece sold in the Art Show was a cover by Frazetta that went for \$70, a price so high fans doubted it would ever be equalled. The pros wrote and performed a play for the benefit for the fans. Writers thought they could make \$7,500 a year – if Robert Silverberg ever stopped selling 30 stories a month. The huckster room sold only books and magazines. Fans who read sf outnumbered those who didn’t. Resnick said that now he comes to the Worldcon mostly for business, but there is still that sense of community he found in 1963.

Japan’s Takumi Shibano¹⁴ published the fazine *Uchujin* (“space dust”), credited with the birth of Japanese fandom. He said, “Nationality doesn’t matter now. I just think of myself as a fan.” In 1939 when he read H.G. Wells’ *War of the Worlds* it recon-

structed his view of the world. “The idea that humanity might not be the lords of creation shocked this junior high school boy.”

Hal Clement¹⁵ was a fan who became a science teacher and aspired to write a sf story with no science errors. He’s been trying for 48 years, just like for 40 years he tried to write a chemistry test where all the students would interpret every question as he meant it.

Artist Richard Powers¹⁶ introduced himself tongue-in-cheek as “one of Betty Ballantine’s more recent inventions.” Powers styled himself a veteran of the “rack space wars” who worked at Hearst “wielding a baseball bat” when Ian Ballantine brought him over to their team of ruffians to work with Fred Pohl “who favored a length of lead pipe.”

Rather than a spotlight for Arthur C. Clarke¹⁷ there was a slide of his image beamed out at a large screen in front of the hall as he spoke in a recorded phone call from Sri Lanka. He began, “Science fiction didn’t affect my life, it created my life.” Clarke spoke fondly of the genre, but didn’t forget to needle Isaac Asimov. Michael Whelan in 2012.

Arthur C. Clarke receives Hugo Award from chairman Dave Kyle at the 1956 Worldcon, NyCon II.

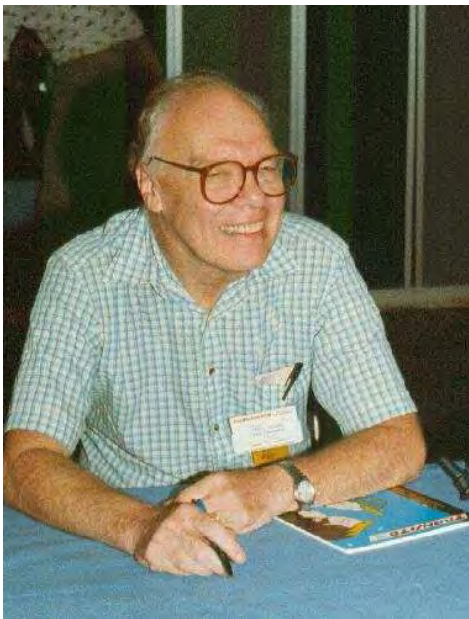
Michael Whelan’s¹⁸ painful shyness and self-effacement hindered his start in the genre. He would never have approached a Frazetta or a Freas for an appraisal of his work, “Even though it’s exactly what I needed at the time.” He didn’t respect the opinion of those “outside the business” while at the same time he assumed those in the business of fantasy art would be too busy, or his work would be too embarrassing. In 1974, Whelan’s casual discovery of a San Diego Comic-Con flyer moved him to show his work. When he came back at the end of the weekend, he was amazed to find all his work had sold – of course, the asking price was \$15. A volunteer agented his artwork at the 1974 Worldcon.

Anxiously he waited for the results and learned over the phone one painting had won Best SF – in the *professional* division! He soon had his first paperback cover assignment from DAW. It all happened in the space of a month-and-a-half.

Samuel Delany¹⁹ went by Greyhound to his first Worldcon in 1966, only \$36 in his pocket to get him through an entire weekend in Cleveland. He wound up in a room for \$4.50 a night. Delany remembers 3,000 people at the con (the record shows 850) emphasizing how lonely he felt among a crowd of people he didn’t know and didn’t know him. A 15-year-old who’d been to *three* cons took him in hand and introduced him to lots of folks. After four hours the kid asked Delany what he did for a living. “I write sf.” The kid was delighted, “Wow – you’re a pro! And here I am showing *you* around the convention.” Just last year the kid published Delany’s Hugo-winning nonfiction book.

Frederik Pohl²⁰ said, “Science fiction changed my life.... It gave me a profession. The best kind. I do all the things I like, that I would do for nothing – and people give me money for it.” As Pohl waxed nostalgic about the 1939 Worldcon one began to wonder which Futurians actually got excluded from the con. Pohl claimed even he got in – at least until Wil Sykora saw him and threw him out. Pohl claims that was no great loss. He went to the bar next door and found all the pros in there.

Emma Bull²¹ remembered as a college student she passed her time in a clinic waiting room by reading *Foundation*. Another girl asked, “Is that good? My boyfriend has been trying to get me to read it.” Emma knew, “She was really asking, ‘Is my boyfriend okay?’” Looking straight at Isaac Asimov, Emma repeated her answer: “I allowed as how the *Foundation* Trilogy was pretty good.” The audience gasped with laughter. The girl and



(Top) Takumi Shibano at Nolacon II in 1988. (Bottom) Hal Clement in 1990. Photo by Frank Olynyk.

her boyfriend visited Emma that very night. The boyfriend sat with Emma in front of the bookshelf comparing notes on what they'd read. The boyfriend was Will Shetterly, and borrowing a line Emma concluded, "Reader – I married him!"

Said Art Widner²², "Like so many fen, I was the Old Weird Harold on my block, carrying home those lurid pulp magazines with nubile bimbos on the cover wearing VW hub-cap bras – which was remarkable because Volkswagen hadn't been invented yet." Widner said like Voyager 2 after 10 years he had explored the local system, science fiction fandom, and went to see what lay beyond. "Thirty-five years later I came back to report: it's pretty lonely out there." He returned to fandom as an "eo-neo" and bumped into Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden "who knew who I was – or rather, had been."

The spotlight found the last speaker in the center aisle, diminutive Anita Raj²³, who told

her story: "This is my first Worldcon. A month ago I was a simple mundane and wandered into a work session for this convention." She collated, stapled and mailed, and wound up with a radio and a beeper in charge of a gang of teamsters during Hynes set-up. "Don't even try, because you can't get rid of me now."

Fans with longer memories than mine had probably identified with and been moved by all that had gone before, but for me it was Anita Raj who put the exclamation point at the end of the story and brought tears to *my* eyes.

Tears were probably in Isaac Asimov's eyes, too – for having to wait so long to top Arthur C. Clarke's dig at him. Payback time came during Asimov's closing remarks.

"About six weeks ago there was an airplane crash in an Iowa cornfield²⁴ which a hundred people survived. Others unfortunately died. Newspapers reported that one of the survivors was reading an Arthur C. Clarke novel before the crash. When Arthur saw that he immediately had 750 copies made, which he mailed to 750 friends, acquaintances and strangers." As a postscript to Asimov's copy Clarke wrote, "He should have been reading an Asimov novel: he would have slept through the whole thing." Asimov huffed, "I wrote back to Arthur that the reason he was reading a Clarke novel was so that if the plane crashed it would be a blessed relief!"

Notes

1. **Isaac Asimov** lived less than three more years, passing away in April 1992. Later that same year his story "Gold" won the Best Novelle Hugo. During his career he wrote or edited over 500 books. Paul Krugman, Nobel laureate in economics, credits Asimov's concept of psychohistory with inspiring him to become an economist.

2. **Futurian rabble-rousers**. An ironic description. The Futurians were at feud with the other New York fans who were the main organizers of the first Worldcon and refused to let them attend.

3. **Dave Kyle** is still with us. In *Mimosa* #17, "I Miss The Banquets," Kyle wrote: "A joyful revival of the banquet came at Noreason Three, in 1989, with a luncheon honoring Guest of Honor Andre Norton. She sat in her wheelchair between my wife Ruth and me, and received a standing applause of appreciation as she rolled out of the room in the glare of the spotlight. It was an excellent reminder of the tradition that had once been. With Isaac Asimov as toastmaster, the dozen brief speeches on the theme of what science fiction and fandom meant to each speaker was a powerful moment for a memorable convention."

4. **Charles Hornig** created one of the first fanzines in 1933, and became the teen-aged

managing editor of *Wonder Stories* from November 1933 to April 1936. He lived until 1999.

5. **Betty Ballantine**, born 1919, is still alive. She was given a World Fantasy Award for Life Achievement in 2007 and the Ballantines were both inducted by the Science Fiction Hall of Fame in 2008, with a shared citation.

6. **Jack Williamson** received a World Fantasy Award for Lifetime Achievement in 1994. He was part of the inaugural class of inductees to the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame in 1996. The Horror Writers Association gave him its Bram Stoker Award for Lifetime Achievement in 1998. The World Horror Convention elected him Grand Master in 2004. Jack died in 2006 at home in New Mexico at age 98. A great deal of his work remains in print thanks to the Haffner Press.

7. **Terry Pratchett** was knighted for his services to literature in the 2009 Queens' New Year Honours list. The title acknowledged not only his literary output — 36 novels in the Discworld series alone – but his service as a public spokesman for research into Alzheimer's since being diagnosed with the disease.

8. **Andre Norton**, despite her frailties, lived until 2005. She was the first woman to be Gandalf Grand Master of Fantasy (1977), first to be SFWA Grand Master (1984), and first inducted by the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame (1997).

9. **Van Toorn** chaired ConFiction the following year (1990), which was the second Worldcon held in mainland Europe. There hasn't been another yet.

10. **Gregory Benford**, a Professor Emeritus, Physics & Astronomy, of UC Irvine, two-time Nebula winner, writes frequently about science policy and cultural topics. His latest sf output includes two novels in collaboration with Larry Niven, *Bowl of Heaven* and *Shipstar*.

11. **Jane Yolen** has won two Nebulas since that afternoon (1998 and 1999), received a World Fantasy Award for Lifetime Achievement (2009) and been named a Grand Master Poet by the SF Poetry Association. She lives in Massachusetts. And despite my tart comment in 1989, these days I agree with everyone else that *The Last Castle* was sf. *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* was the first fantasy novel to win a Hugo (2001).

12. **Forrest J Ackerman** survived to celebrate his 92nd birthday, then passed away on December 4, 2008. Even minus the items sold separately to Paul Allen, the auction of collectibles remaining in his estate fetched over a quarter million dollars.

13. **Mike Resnick**, who won his first Hugo at Noreason Three, now has won a total of five. He's also won a raft of other awards (including a Nebula), one of them a Seiun for

the Japanese translation of the same story that won him his first Hugo – “Kirinyaga” (2000). He was Worldcon guest of honor in 2012.

14. **Takumi Shibano**, an internationally beloved fan, was twice Worldcon guest of honor: at L.A.con III (1996) and Nippon 2007. He passed away in 2010.

15. **Harry Stubbs, aka Hal Clement**, aka artist George Richard, was inducted to the SF Hall of Fame in 1998 and was named a SFWA Grand Master Award in 1999. He received a Retro Hugo Award in 1996 for his 1945 short story “Uncommon Sense.” He passed away in 2003.

16. **Richard Powers**, inducted by the Science Fiction Hall of Fame in 2008, also was Worldcon guest of honor at MagiCon (1992). He lived until 1996.

17. **Arthur C. Clarke** received a CBE in 1989 and was knighted in 2000. He died in 2008 and his legacy includes the award named for him that is given to the best British sf novel of the year, and the Arthur C. Clarke Center for the Human Imagination at UC San Diego.

18. At Noreascon 3, **Michael Whelan** tied Kelly Freas’ mark of 10 Best Professional Artist Hugos and to date he has won a total of 15. Whelan was inducted to the SF Hall of Fame in 2009.

19. **Samuel Delany** was inducted to the SF Hall of Fame in 2002 and was presented the SFWA Grand Master Award in 2014. He was Worldcon guest of honor at Intersection (1995). He is a Professor of English and Creative Writing at Temple University in Philadelphia.

20. **Frederik Pohl** was selected to the SF Hall of Fame in 1998 and was given the SFWA Grand Master Award in 1993. He came full circle, in a way, winning a Best Fan Writer Hugo in 2009 largely for his autobiographical posts on *The Way The Future Blogs*. He passed away in 2013.

21. **Emma Bull**’s credits include serving as Executive Producer and one of the writers for *Shadow Unit*. Bull and Shetterly live in Minneapolis.

22. **Art Widner**, who won a Big Heart Award at Noreascon Three, received the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award in 1992. Impressively, he is still an active fan today.

23. **Anita Raj** is on Facebook. I was not successful in getting a comment about the anniversary.

24. Asimov had in mind the crash landing of United Airlines Flight 232 in Sioux City six weeks earlier, where 111 died in the accident while 185 survived, their survival attributed to the outstanding manner in which the flight crew handled the emergency. The events later became a TV movie with Charlton Heston, James Coburn and Richard Thomas.

Sue Mason Wins 2014 Rotsler Award

Sue Mason from the United Kingdom has won the 2014 Rotsler Award, given for long-time artistic achievement in amateur publications of the science fiction community. Established in 1998, the award carries an honorarium of US\$300.

Mason is a widely-published pen-and-ink artist who is particularly well-known for her activity in the British fanzine *Plokta*. Her illustrations are whimsical, humorous and richly-detailed.

Some of her best artwork can be seen in the chapbook *I Want to Be a Celtic Death Goddess When I Grow Up*.

She is also accomplished at pyrography, the process of producing designs by burning them onto a surface, generally wood, leather or paper.

Mason is a two-time winner of the Best Fan Artist Hugo. She has won the Nova Award for Best Fan Artist seven times.

The Rotsler Award is sponsored by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests, a non-profit corporation, hosts of the 2006 Worldcon. The award is named for the late Bill Rotsler, a talented and prolific fanartist. Claire Brialey, Mike Glycer, and John Hertz served as this year’s judges.

The award was formally announced on Saturday, November 29, 2014 at Loscon 41. An exhibit honoring Mason’s work was displayed in the Art Show.



1964 Hugo Voting Stats Unearthed

Let us take you back to those thrilling days of yesteryear...when the Hugos were presented at Pacificon 2, the 1964 Worldcon. A memo containing that year’s Hugo voting statistics has been discovered by Tom Whitmore in the records of the late Alva Rogers.

Kevin Standlee has posted a copy on the official Hugo Award website.

Standlee notes that the 1964 awards were decided by a plurality of voters – *Way Station* won Best Novel with just 24% of the vote. Later the rules were changed to require ranked voting and an elimination runoff, insuring winners would have the support of a majority.

No wonder voter support was splintered all to hell that year – look at the nominees in the Best Novel category, listed in order of finish.

- *Here Gather the Stars* (alt: *Way Station*) by Clifford D. Simak
- *Glory Road* by Robert A. Heinlein
- *Witch World* by Andre Norton
- *Dune World* by Frank Herbert
- *Cat’s Cradle* by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

The winner, *Way Station*, has long been one of my favorite sf novels.

Herbert’s *Dune World*, defeated in 1964, was the version serialized in *Analog*; a longer fix-up novel incorporating this material would win the author a Hugo in 1966 and go on to be recognized as a classic in the field.

Despite the plethora of good work, 7 people voted No Award! Good grief, what were they waiting for?

NASFiC, MY NASFiC BY JOHN HERTZ

DETCON, THE 11TH NORTH AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION JULY 17-20, 2014; RENAISSANCE CENTER MARRIOTT HOTEL DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Author Guest of Honor, Steven Barnes; Graphic Artist, John Picacio; Fans, Bernadette Bosky, Arthur Hlavaty, Kevin Maroney; Robotist, Helen Greiner; Filkers, Brenda & Bill Sutton; Videogamer, Jon Davis; Young Adult Author, Nnedi Okorafor. Chair, Tammy Coxen. Chairs Emeriti, Fred Prophet, Roger Sims. Swell logograph with an automobile tire for the “o” and a highway into the clouds. Attendance 1,450. The FANTastic Detroit Fund provided 61 memberships.



Welcome to the SF Community: John Hertz, Joel Zakem, Pablo Vasquez, and Nicki Lynch at Detcon1. Photo by Rich Lynch.



Beginning in 1975 we've held a NASFiC when the World Science Fiction Convention was overseas. Ben Yalow says, and indeed it was printed in the Detcon newsletter, "Running a Worldcon is impossible. A NASFiC is harder." That's true.

Detroit has long had an active local fandom. It's the birthplace of the propeller beanie. It hosted Detention, the '59 Worldcon — chaired by Prophet and Sims (who's also

behind the title *File 770*, but that's a Nolacon I story) — a Worldcon reported in Harry Warner's history of 1950s fandom *A Wealth of Fable* (rev. 1992) — birthplace of the Big Heart Award, and apparently still unequalled for a panel discussion starting Sunday night, going strong with 60 people (total con attendance 371) at 3 a.m., finally ending about 4:30, about which Bjo Trimble says "After that they wouldn't let me moderate panels anymore."

But no Worldcon or NASFiC in Detroit since. So this was a renaissance.

The city itself, Motown, Motor City, was renescent. Its woes, exaggerated by the news media, had been bad enough without them. It resurged. The shining towering Renaissance Center held not only our Marriott, but the international headquarters of General Motors, who renovated the entire complex in 2005.

To the newsletter I wrote,
Time for a NASFiC
In sfnal towers of a
Detroit Renaissance.

Sfnal ("STEF-nal") is our old adjective from the word Hugo Gernsback wanted, scientification. But *haiku* aren't supposed to use enjambment. The Muses frowned.

Proving how right Yalow was, no schedule for me arrived, nor could I find one until after

I'd had to settle travel. The last time that happened my luck held, and after flying, baggaging, and taxiing I walked into the room for my first panel a minute before we were to start, beating another panelist who'd ridden the rails. This time I walked into a 4 p.m. Thursday panel at 4:30. It was an object lesson, maybe, for our topic, How to Enjoy the NASFiC.

Joel Zakem moderated Nicki Lynch, Pablo Vasquez, and me. I like doing this panel, I've done it often (How to Enjoy the Westercon, How to Enjoy the Worldcon), and it would be even better if more people came to it who didn't already know. The con had a Diversity Advisory Committee, which Vasquez was on. That was some help. No participant biographies in the big glossy-paper thing with handsome Picacio covers, I suppose a Souvenir Book (nothing said so), but if you knew where to look and could manage soft and hard ware, you could learn about Zakem, and me — but not Lynch — or Vasquez — or, for that matter, David Hartwell. We and our audience agreed the great merit of a general-interest con was cross-fertilization; you could meet people you didn't know you wanted to meet.

At 5, one space anticlockwise on the fifth-floor ring, a panel on apas, Hlavaty

moderating Jeanne Mealy, Lisa Padol, Donna Waltz, Zakem, me. The Schedule Book's putting amateur press associations in the past ("once thrived... Apahacks talk about why they *belonged*") failed to scare folks away. Actually the Publications chief was a fanziner and knew better. Yalow right again. Mealy ran *Stipple-Apa* (= "Mipple-stipple" = Minneapolis; founded for the *Minneapa* waiting list, surviving its *raison d'être*), and contributed to ANZAPA and others abroad;

It seems to me that teaching can only be satisfactory if it awakens some response in you. Mere information is no good.

Agatha Christie

Maroney from our audience said "Must Brazilians live in São Paulo?" Padol was in *Alarums & Excursions* (gaming; edited by first-rate fanwriter Lee Gold, she who for the '93 Worldcon did *Along Fantasy Way*, Tom Digby's Fan GoH book). Waltz was in WAPA ("W" Amateur Publishing Alliance). Vigorous as we were, still Hlavaty had to and did ask "What future for apas?" Padol answered the question with questions, "What's the medium? What's the audience?" Bosky from our audience said, "On-line, people link who don't know." Waltz said, "Celebrating a Ph.D. in ruminant nutrition I sent freeze-dried cow manure." Opening Ceremonies were at 8.

Geri Sullivan hosted the Fanzine Lounge, following our best format, which she may have invented. The Fanzine Lounge by Day was in the Exhibit Hall. She put up a banner showing all the NASFiCs; you could sign under each you'd attended, and get stickers for your name-badge accordingly. There were photos and fanzines and conversation. The Fanzine Lounge at Night was a suite on one of the party floors. This was a boon. Refreshments were easier to manage. Through its big open doors the knowledgeable and the ignorant, the good bad and ugly, wandered happily in and out. Sullivan called it the Slan Shack, in honor of the Slan Shack that stood in Battle Creek only 120 miles away, named in turn after Van Vogt's novel. A photo of that original Slan Shack looked familiar; at home I found it in Warner's history of 1940s fandom *All Our Yesterdays* (rev. 2004), credited to Sullivan.

To the Hospitality Suite, open 24 hours as is best. Paul Saka, who has a Ph.D. in linguistics and another in philosophy, agreed we could do with more s-f about quartermasters. Overheard, "It reminds me of a tract I recently read by a 19th Century anarchist." To the Boston for 2020 Worldcon hoax-bid party. They've declared they'll hold the con on December 25th. Helen Montgomery wore a Santa Claus hat. How



The Annals of Michifandom: (Above) Dick Smith, Rich Lynch, Carol Lynn, Cy Chauvin, Gregg Trend. (Below) Dick Smith, Rich Lynch, Roger Sims, Fred Prophet, Dean McLaughlin. Photos by Joel Zakem.



powerful that hat is, to wear one brings in Christmas. Sandy Manning said she lived north of the North Pole — the magnetic pole. In Carl Brandon's time people didn't tell you they were hoaxing you. Also all fandom plunged into war. To the DC for '17 Worldcon bid party. Although if they win they will presumably name the con Discon III, and at the '13 Worldcon I got a DC3 trial balloon on a string, there were no images of the epoch-making 1935 airplane. To sleep. Perchance to dream.

I was chief hall-costume judge. As Marjii Ellers taught years ago now, these are a different medium from stage costumes; meant to be met, in the halls, in the Dealers' Room, at a party; as she said, they're daily wear for alternative worlds. We award them rosettes or badges or flowers (at the '11 Worldcon we

went through all the yellow artificial roses Jill Eastlake had saved from '08) that go on the costume — not onto a name-badge: if worn with street clothes the token loses its exemplary effect. Of course the con gave me stick-on-a-badge ribbons. I got Steven Silver in the newsletter office to fill a sheet of paper

The road was thus obstructed and affording room for excuses.

JabIadhaqâni

with copies of the con logo. A photocopy shop ("not a *coffee* shop, I hope you'll help me find a nearby *copy* shop") was a few rail-stops away on the People Mover. I saw a sign "Greektown" and heroically did not cross out



Fanzines and Professional Writing: John Scalzi, Jim Hines, Steven H Silver, Roger Sims, and Nicki Lynch at Detcon1. Photo by Rich Lynch.

the “r”. Cardstock. Copying. Cutting. Safety pins. Back to the consite.

I got Prophet to sign the NASFiC banner. Jennifer Dye observed that, in this hundredth-anniversary year, the Great War had become obscure; I recommended Churchill’s own 1931 abridgement of his memoir *The World Crisis*. Pat & Roger Sims had won Zakem’s “Oldlyweds” game. In the Hospitality Suite, hosted that night by Sasquan (’15 Worldcon), Lisa Herrigan and Pierre Pettinger helped assemble cards and ribbons into hall-costume awards. Judging with me were James Bacon, Naomi Fisher, Sandy Pettinger. To the Helsinki for ’17 Worldcon bid party. Not only were there sea-buckthorn and cloudberry jams, but when I told one of the gang “You’re almost out of herring” two more pots came in a flash.

Art is a process of abstracting, of retaining only significant detail.
Lawrence Smith

A quarter to eleven Saturday morning, the Hospitality Suite. It too is renarescing at s-f cons. A black man talked of representation. He meant, he said, he wanted to see more blacks in films, on television, and like that. I agreed it would more resemble life in these United States, but offered another point of view; speaking only for myself, “Why should I care? Why should I look for anyone like me in fiction? And although I think it’s immaterial, do you suppose I feel that the white men I see in film and on television are like me in any meaningful way?” He said he’d have to think it over, such a perspective had never occurred to him. I hadn’t paid him to say that. About then I had to take leave and go do my book talk on “The Little Prince”. Some of the folks in the conversation showed up.

We all sat round a comfy table. I showed the Woods and the Howard translations. Mel. White said “Prince” (A. de Saint-Exupéry,

1943) could’ve been written any time. Another: its themes defy eras. Another: some characters do think of people besides themselves; the king’s orders, the tippler’s shame. I asked, is this a children’s book? does the narrator confess he’s misjudged women? does he commit suicide? Another: he has seven days’ water, there are seven visitations. Is it science fiction? never mind the planets, it turns on repairing the airplane and on water running out — and the body of the Prince is not to be found. At 2 p.m. half the two-hour “Annals of Michifandom” was left. Just then there were eight panelists; people took turns. The room was crammed.

Five o’clock, the Makers Demo Space; I moderated a hectography demonstration, Kurt Erichsen, Roger Sims, Dick Smith, Leah Zeldes. Zeldes & Smith, who’d built the fanhistory parts of the program, ingeniously called the demo “Slime Printing”; for that reason or otherwise, plenty of kids. We were arranging things. Sims hadn’t yet arrived. Smith said “He’s Roger Sims, he could be anywhere.” Sims promptly met this cue, a 1950 *Fantasy Scope* in his hand. Z & S brought trays of hecto gel, the antifreeze-based kind, and handed out a reprint of Mae Strelkov’s famous write-up. Erichsen drew on masters. Z & S explained how these were like and unlike spirit-duplicator masters. Sims drew on gel. Mundane artists have discovered hector can be cool and are doing it (you should pardon the expression) with whiteboard markers.

Strelkov had used aniline dye. Sims told how once leaving a tray of gel out to cool, he found it cut into squares by unwise family members, whom he stopped from serving it up as Jell-O and poisoning themselves. Rebels in jungles use hecto because it’s low tech and if they make the non-poisonous kind they can in emergency eat the evidence.

The Masquerade, like fanzines an artform we seem to have invented. Other folks publish, other folks costume, but here in the Imagi-Nation we have an unusual, perhaps unique touch. Manning was Masquerade Director; judges, Harrigan, Chris O’Halloran, me; workmanship judge,

Catherine Schaff-Stump. Best in Class, Novice (Re-Creation), was “And All She Saw Was Snow”, Liz Decolvenuere, Isaac Sheff (in fact resembling Kit Harrington as Jon Snow in the broadcast version of *A Dance With Dragons* — and at the ’03 Worldcon, where G.R.R. Martin was Author GoH, and “Winter is Coming” won Best Presentation (Journeyman), an Original entry then, who knew he was about to be a mass-media success?), well-made, simple, amplified by good choreography and characterization; it



Detcon1 Closing Ceremonies. Photo by Rich Lynch.

could have been called “The Red and the Black”.

Detcon offered a special award for Best Motown Entry, and this was “Angels Take Motown” (Journeyman, Re-Creation), Hal Bass, Sharon Bass, Janine Wardele; the Weeping Angels from “Blink” (*Doctor Who*; '08 Hugo for Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form), moving when you weren't looking, mixed it up with Motown songs. Best in Class, Master (Original), also winning a Workmanship Award, was “Conflict in the Court of Jewels”, Sandy & Pierre Pettinger, tall gleaming headdresses, robes, gems, majesty. Best in Show was “A Glamorous Evening of Galactic Domination” (Novice, Original), Jennifer Skwarski, also winning a Workmanship Award, a sleeveless petticoated dress with Dalek vambraces and helmet, neat, comical, hitting her marks, less ambitious than many but more perfect.

The con took no note of, and alas neither Publius nor I celebrated the Glorious 20th, this year both the Moon Landing and the 200th anniversary of the Longitude Act. At Closing Ceremonies, Okorafor said “I'm going to write a new story — about being lost.” Barnes said the best part of the weekend was ancillary conversations, thus ending as How to Enjoy the NASFiC began. Bosky said “I learned more than I taught.” Sharing the hotel with us had been a Netroots gathering. With an easel in the hotel lobby we'd offered them a discounted NASFiC membership. Dave Gallaher heard one say “I think I came to the wrong convention.”

HWA Announces Rocky Wood Memorial Scholarship

The Horror Writers Association (HWA) has created the Rocky Wood Memorial Scholarship in honor of the organization's late president, who passed away on December 1 as a result of complications from ALS, known as Lou Gehrig's Disease.

Wood, a two-time recipient of the Bram Stoker Award, was best known for his extensive work involving the writings of Stephen King.

The Rocky Wood Memorial Scholarship will focus on nonfiction. The new scholarship joins the existing Horror Writers Association and Mary Shelley Scholarships.

Succeeding Wood as HWA's President will be Lisa Morton. For the last two-and-a-half years, Morton served as Vice President.

Nancy Holder, who has been part of HWA for decades, will step in as Vice President.

Cadigan's Cancer Returns

Pat Cadigan, who had successful surgery to remove cancer in 2013, announced December 30, “My cancer is back. The form I have can't



Detcon1 “reading robot” award statuette by Jeremy Haney.

Detcon1 Awards

The Detcon1 Awards for Young Adult and Middle Grade Speculative fiction were presented July 20 at the NASFiC in Detroit.

Young Adult
Maggie Stiefvater
The Dream Thieves
(Scholastic Press)

Middle Grade
Merrie Haskell
Handbook for Dragon Slayers (HarperCollins)

The winners were chosen by popular vote of the members.

be eradicated or cured but only held at bay for a while by chemo. The specialist I saw today at the Macmillan Cancer Centre said ‘a while’ is usually about two years.”

But Cadigan continued --

“That’s okay—she only just met me today. She barely knows me.

“I have already ordered my first wig. For those who remember my old hair extensions, my wigs (yes, plural—I plan to have a wig wardrobe Gaga will envy) will be just as flamboyant, perhaps more. I also bought some beautiful new boots for kicking cancer in the balls. I'm ready.”

Pat Cadigan is a guest of honor of Midamericon 2, the 2016 Worldcon.

2014 Rhysling Awards

The winners of the 2014 Rhysling Awards have been announced by the Science Fiction Poetry Association. The recipients were selected by a vote of 57 SFPA members.

Short Poem Category

First Place

“Turning the Leaves” by Amal El-Mohtar (*Apex Magazine*, December 2013)

Second Place

“Rivers” by Geoffrey A. Landis (*Asimov's Science Fiction*, June 2013)

Third Place

“Music of the Stars” by Bruce Boston (*2013 Balticon Program Book*)

Long Poem Category

First Place

“Interregnum” by Mary Soon Lee (*Star*Line* 36.4)

Second Place

“Hungry Constellations” by Mike Allen (*Goblin Fruit* Fall 2013)

Third Place

“I will show you a single treasure from the treasures of Shah Niyaz” by Rose Lemberg (*Goblin Fruit*, Summer 2013)

Amal El-Mohtar is the first woman to win the Rhysling Award three times. She wrote her winning poem “Turning the Leaves” for Lynne M. Thomas on the eve of her leaving *Apex Magazine*.

WisCon Dogged By Controversy

Jim Frenkel, the subject of a harassment complaint at WisCon 37 in 2013, soon thereafter lost his position as a Tor editor. To the surprise of attendees he was back at WisCon 38 this past May, where he was even allowed to volunteer in the con suite.

The ensuing social media protest led WisCon to provisionally ban Frenkel for up to four years, however, criticism continued once people understood that meant Frenkel might be allowed back in the future. Foremost among the critics was Elise Matthesen, originator of the sexual harassment complaint, who went public on several sites in July about her dissatisfaction with “What Happened After I Reported” —

“Last year at WisCon 37, I told a Safety staffer that I had been treated by another attendee in a way that made me uncomfortable and that I believed to be sexual harassment. One big reason I did was that I understood from another source that he had reportedly harassed at least one other person at a convention. I learned that she didn’t report him formally, for a lot of reasons that aren’t mine to say. I was in a position where I felt confident I could take the hit from standing up and telling the truth. So I did.

“I didn’t expect, fourteen months later, to have to stand up and tell the truth about WisCon’s leadership as well.”

WisCon 37 and 38 committee members reviewed the decision and in August voted by an overwhelming majority to permanently ban Frenkel.

WisCon also posted the first of several apologies it would make throughout the summer: “We know that we have failed very significantly in how we followed up on a couple of incident reports from WisCon 36 and WisCon 37,” it began.

On September 30, WisCon’s parent organization SF3 publicly apologized for their mishandling of a second harassment complaint, filed in 2013 by Rose Lemberg about FJ Bergmann.

That apology said in part: “While this statement is being written per their request, the SF3 board would like to emphasize that it is genuinely sorry for Rose Lemberg’s pain being perpetuated by a seemingly unending tangle of bureaucratic lapses.”

The issues between the individuals preceded WisCon 36 (2012) but included the following incident, reported by Saira Ali:

“At WisCon 36, F.J. Bergmann read a very harassing poem, “Meet and Marry a Gorgeous Russian Queen,” at a poetry open mic that Rose Lemberg organized, to celebrate the publication of her collection of feminist specific poetry, *The Moment of Change*. The

hostility towards Rose was so evident that it generated a 100+ email thread on a mailing list of spec poets.”

After Lemberg and Bergmann found themselves on opposite sides of the Frenkel controversy, Lemberg elected to file a harassment report against Bergmann because of what occurred at WisCon 36.

Lemberg submitted her complaint in July 2013, and wrote again in December 2013 to ask why she’d heard nothing. Action was promised but in May 2014 her inquiries brought a response that suggested the barest beginning had been made at dealing with her report. As late as September 22, WisCon’s blog was inviting anyone with additional information about Lemberg’s report to submit it within the next week. No resolution has been published to date.

September was also the month of SF3’s annual meeting, which adopted a call for greater accountability of WisCon committee members to the organization’s statement of principles. As explained by the makers of the motion, “The undersigned propose to bring complaints of violations to the SF3 Board, which must then decide whether the member has indeed disregarded these ground rules, and if so, will select a consequence depending on frequency and severity of the transgression, including moderating that person’s emails to the wiscon-concom list, restricting participation in ConCom activities, restricting someone from volunteering in any capacity, and banning a person from WisCon entirely.”

Close to a dozen people have now resigned from the WisCon committee or SF3 — including people on both sides of the Frenkel harassment ban, some worn down by all the controversies, and some declining to state why they left. The number of departures was revealed but no names were publicized, although the best known casualty was Jeanne Gomol, who sent *File 770* a statement about her resignation. *File 770* also learned about changes in status of three other former WisCon chairs. The departure of one of them, Richard S. Russell, was involuntary.

Jim Leinweber is no longer chair of the 2015 WisCon. He reportedly is still a member of the committee and its parent organization SF3. The new chairs are Levi Sable and Mikki Kendall.

James Hudson, who chaired or co-chaired WisCon 21 (1997), WisCon 29 (2005) and WisCon 33 (2009), has voluntarily resigned from the WisCon committee and SF3 Board. Hudson told *File 770*: “My choice. Didn’t agree with some of the directions the committee was going and I was close to retiring anyway.”

Richard S. Russell, one of WisCon’s founders and chair of WisCon 9, was notified on October 24 by SF3 President Jackie Lee that he had been removed from the WisCon committee by the SF3 Board “due to his alienating current and prospective concom members, as well as WisCon as a whole” and for “behavior [that] violates WisCon’s Statement of Principles.”

Russell has worked on all 38 conventions in the series and had expected to continue serving —

“WisCon is always a stressful and exhausting experience, but that has been more than offset by the sense of satisfaction and accomplishment I’ve felt after each one. Despite having slowed down somewhat at the age of 70, I was very much looking forward to doing it all again next year for WisCon 39.

“Regrettably, however, WisCon has fallen under the control of a bunch of self-appointed commissars of political correctness with a low tolerance for differences of opinion on matters of policy, and they have in fact ousted me from the concom.”

Russell’s continuing expression of his views in committee channels about WisCon’s People of Color Safe Space and the Jim Frenkel harassment complaint was an issue, the parties disagreeing how that deserved to be characterized.

Russell sent *File 770* a copy of the letter requesting his removal from the committee, which says in part:

“We appreciate Richard’s extensive contributions as a volunteer, and we are not currently seeking a ban on his presence at WisCon. However, we feel that his continued presence on the concom is alienating and damaging to many concom members and potential members, and to Wiscon as a whole.

“We believe that Richard’s behavior is not in keeping with WisCon’s Statement of Principles, which the SF3 membership has now affirmed as a policy the SF3 board and WisCon concom members should adhere to.

Richard continues to protest the very existence of the established POC Safer Space at WisCon, and continues to insist that his interpretation of what is racist is more important than the lived experiences of people of color. (see addendum for quotes from 2009-present on this subject)

Richard’s characterization of the POC Safer Space as “racial segregation” and his refusal to drop the subject despite being told to stop, by fellow members and by several successive sets of chairs, has caused members of the concom to leave, and will continue to cause members of the concom to leave if he remains.

Suppressing his comments about the POC Safer Space, as has been done for the last four years, is not an adequate solution. He has threatened to bring up the issue at a concon meeting as recently as Wiscon 38 in 2014, and there is no mechanism to moderate his Basecamp comments.

Moderation as currently implemented requires the concon list moderator to be in the exposed, singular position having to decide which of his messages to let through, and to bear the brunt of his reaction. Richard has sent the moderator outraged emails over moderated messages (see addendum).

Richard's trivialization of harassment discussions as "angst and breast-beating" and his characterization of harassers as needing an incentive to not harass people ("Where's the incentive for anyone to clean up their act if they're just going to be discriminated against indefinitely based on a single accusation?") indicates that his presence on the concon during discussions of harassment will be disruptive and alienating to fellow members."*

The request was signed by Juliana Perry, Elliott Mason, Levi Sable, Jess Adams, Gabby Reed, Jackie M., Sandy Olson, Julia Starkey, and Kat Tanaka Okopnik.

Russell's own take is that he is upholding the Statement of Principles. "I support it enthusiastically and wholeheartedly. My main wish is that the concon as a whole would do likewise."

The expulsion letter's first bullet point is a reference to Russell's protest against the "People of Color Safe Space" established by WisCon several years ago, described by one proponent, N.K. Jemisin, as a place "away from the main traffic of the con; I've found it useful after a panel in which somebody said something highly problematic, to go somewhere and either cool down by myself or rant at other people who understood what I was feeling."

The pithiest of Russell's comments quoted by the letter (from a 2009 discussion) says:

"Any 'solution' that involves overt racial segregation is only one among many possible approaches to whatever the problem is. I have never seen a clear statement of the problem for which this "safer space" is supposed to be the solution, let alone any indication that anyone spent any serious amount of time considering alternative approaches."

The last bullet point in the expulsion letter objects to a comment he made in an online discussion about WisCon's reconsideration of the terms of the Frenkel ban (earlier in 2014):

"I preface this statement with an acknowledgement that I am far from impartial on the matter of how WisCon should treat Jim Fren-

kel, because Jim has been a personal friend of mine for 30+ years. I babysat his kids, attended Josh's bar mitzvah, worked with him on opening-ceremonies skits for Odyssey Con, traded books with him, served with him on panels at cons, used him as entree to conversations with Gardner Dozois and George R. R. Martin, and so on. He is a frequent guest at my house and I at his.

"So take whatever I have to say with the appropriate number of grains of salt.

"And what I have to say is this: The guy already lost his job over this incident. How many sticks do we have to beat him with before he's sufficiently bloody to satisfy everybody?"

"Where's the incentive for anyone to clean up their act [*even assuming Jim's act needed to be cleaned up, which is by no means a certainty] if they're just going to be discriminated against indefinitely based on a single accusation?"*

"Earlier in this thread, somebody said 'The matter was dealt with at the time, and now the case is closed.' IMHO, that's the way it should stay. Let's move on."

Russell further complains that when he was removed from the committee by decision of the SF3 executive board they "did not even do me the courtesy of notifying me that they were contemplating this action, let alone soliciting my reaction to it." Undeniably that would have made it a more transparent process, however, there appears to be nothing in SF3's Bylaws requiring notice.

The upheavals in the WisCon committee have prompted the Tiptree Award administrators to issue a statement clarifying that "as a registered 501(c)(3) corporation with its own 'motherboard,' the Tiptree Award does not have any official relationship to WisCon or SF3."

"The motherboard has arranged in the past and may arrange in the future to host award ceremonies at conventions other than WisCon; however, WisCon is uniquely situated in the center of the country, at a perfect time of year, and with a very supportive audience, so we anticipate coming back frequently even if not annually."

The 2015 Tiptree Auction will be at WisCon. And because next year is the 100th anniversary of Alice Sheldon's birth, the Tiptree motherboard will "work with WisCon's programming team to include appropriate recognitions and celebrations of this milestone in WisCon programming."

The members of the Tiptree Motherboard are *Karen Joy Fowler (ex officio), Jeanne Gomoll, Ellen Klages, Alexis Lothian, Pat Murphy, Debbie Notkin, and Jeffrey D. Smith.*

Jeanne Gomoll Resigns From WisCon and SF3

By Jeanne Gomoll: Mike, I rely on File 770 for news, but I so seldom send you any. Well here's a piece of news. I just posted this on WisCon's and my personal Facebook page:

I resigned from the WisCon planning committee and from the SF3 Board on October 5, 2014. To put it mildly, this has been a momentous decision for me. I am walking away from a project that has occupied a central part of my life for 38 years and leaving it has broken my heart. There were a couple years that I did less work on the convention than others. And other years, like those in which I chaired WisCon 20 and 30, it was a full-time job. WisCon populated my calendar and email inbox with work, meetings, ideas and focus, orchestrating the texture of my life.

2014 has been a strange year. In August I was honored by Loncon 3 as a guest of honor at the 72nd World Science Fiction Convention, in part for my work on WisCon's concon. But during the con, a part of me was thinking about the situation back home and sometimes I felt a bit as if I was attending worldcon using a secret identity.

Through the summer and early Fall of 2014 a complicated, painful, and very intense conversation raged about how we should deal with fellow members who caused damage to the con. A number of people resigned from the concon in the midst of the conversation, including three past chairs and several others who have held major responsibilities. The surviving concon has done a remarkable job recently in recruiting to fill open positions and I frankly regret that I will not get the chance to work with some of the new folks. But the loss of both experienced hands and institutional knowledge will make it a difficult year.

I will not engage in discussion about the substance of our disagreement here. I have always felt that in any volunteer organization, the people who do the work have the right to choose the process for that work. So I will leave the discussion to those who it most affects now. In brief, I disagreed with the process that was chosen by the majority of the concon and so I felt I had to resign.

Working on the concon is a very different thing than attending WisCon. The two are intimately connected of course. But my resignation from the concon does not affect my support of WisCon. I will be forever proud of my work on WisCon and for the space it offers the feminist science fiction community and its allies. I count myself lucky to have worked on WisCon for as long as I have, and hope that it continues for many more years. I plan to attend WisCon 39 in 2015 and many future WisCons.

BRIANNA WU FIGHTS ON



Frank and Brianna Wu

Brianna Wu and her husband Frank temporarily fled their home on October 10 after she received threats of sexual assault and death via Twitter. The last tweet published their address, prompting her to call the police, who came to her home.

Wu is the head of development at Giant Spacekat, designer of the game *Revolution 60*. Wu believes she received the threats in response to her online activism on behalf of women in the tech industry. She told a *Boston.com* writer that she is “harassed on a daily basis,” often receiving rape threats and unwanted pornographic images, but that Friday night’s messages “crossed a line to the point [she] felt scared.”

Brianna is well-known to *File 770* readers as the cover artist of *File 770 # 157* (2009), and an earlier cover collaboration with Frank Wu on *File 770 #154* (2008). I feel it’s a crime and an outrage that she is having to endure a terrible ordeal simply to work in her chosen field.

Brianna has been getting threatening messages for many months. Last July she opened her article for *Polygon*, “No skin thick enough: The daily harassment of women in the game industry”, with the grim statement:

“I haven’t been out to my car at night by myself since January 2nd.

“My name is Brianna Wu. I lead a development studio that makes games. Sometimes, I write about issues in the games industry that relate to the equality of women. My reward is that I regularly have men threatening to rape and commit acts of violence against me.”

Abuse reached a crescendo last week as a byproduct of her comments on GamerGate, a universe of social media messages with the #GamerGate hashtag. It is self-styled by proponents as an online movement criticizing journalistic ethics in the games industry, but the tag is frequently seen on traffic from people interested in justifying a predominantly male gamer identity or, in the worst cases, raining threats and abuse on specific women working in the industry such as Anita Sarkeesian.

As Wu told *Boston.com*: “I am a target. My entire agenda in the industry is to make it possible for more women to pursue a career in the field...and that simple goal scares the hell out of these people.”

Wu has been defending herself by making the threats as public as possible. She’s lined up podcast and cable news appearances. On October 13 she was on MSNBC’s *The Reid Report* with host Joy-Ann Reid, where she was preceded by Eric Johnson, a journalist for *Re/Code*. Johnson began by explaining that users of the GamerGate hashtag are calling for a reform of journalism ethics, then admitted “But it has originated as and continued to be about undermining women in the game community.”

Wu’s heightened media profile has also turned her into a magnet for further attacks by attention-seekers like Vox Day and actor Adam Baldwin.

Wu tweeted on October 14, “Actor @AdamBaldwin defamed my character, publicized a libelous video about me and sent an angry mob of 200k people after me.” They have exchanged several verbal salvos through Twitter. Baldwin is best remembered by fans as part of the TV series *Firefly* and its continuation film *Serenity*. He has done voice work in many games. And lately he’s appeared in TNT’s post-apocalyptic drama *The Last Ship*. On Twitter, he issues a steady stream of political opinions.

Wu’s situation has even spilled over into the *Wikipedia*. A Brianna Wu entry was created on October 13. Various people immediately attempted to make edits to spin the article to suit themselves, and someone now has recommended the entry for deletion.

Though he did not address Brianna Wu’s situation, Cory Doctorow had things to say about GamerGate during an interview about his new book *In Real Life*, published this week in the *LA Times*.

HC: “In *Real Life*” stars a young female gamer whose mother is worried about her getting too involved in a community that isn’t particularly kind to female gamers. What are your feelings on the current gamergate and how it reflects those gender dynamics in the gamer community?

CD: *It’s disheartening. My wife is a retired “Quake” player who played on the English national team, was a games professional. And I, because of her, have moved through a milieu where I’m surrounded by incredible women gamers. That kind of steamy, grotesque writhing underbelly of gamer culture — the rape threats and the violence and the reflexive hatred of Anita Sarkeesian — is really disheartening. And it’s not unique to gaming. I think it is an epiphenomenon of a wider social inequality. Gamers reflect that. [Gaming] is one of those places where it’s OK to say women get a [bad] deal. But even in the rest of the world where you’re no longer supposed to say that, it’s still OK to act like it.*

We still allow employers to get away with paying their women less than they pay their men. We still allow cops to get away with sexually discriminating against victims of sexual harassment and sexual assault. So long as they say, “I think it’s bad that women get discriminated against,” we let them actually practice discrimination. I have no apology and no excuse and no explanation for misogyny in culture, but if we were to make it socially acceptable to say, “You are a misogynist in gamer culture,” it would not be the end of our work. The important work is eliminating misogyny itself, not just the admission of misogyny.

FILE 770

Obituaries

Stu Shiffman

Stu Shiffman (1954-2014) died November 26, almost two-and-a-half years after suffering a stroke; he was 60. The renowned fan artist, who generously shared his talents in fanzines, apas and convention publications, received the Best Fan Artist Hugo Award in 1990 and the Rotsler Award in 2010.

Stu was a native New Yorker but moved to Seattle about 20 years ago with his partner Andi Shechter.

Stu always was fascinated by the traditions and in-references of science fiction fandom and loved to incorporate them in unexpected settings that might involve anything from cartoons of talking animals to intricately rendered Egyptian tomb art and hieroglyphs.

When he got into fandom in the 1970s mimeographed fanzines were still quite common. Taral Wayne admired that Stu “was as much a master of pen and ink as he was of stylus and stencil.”

Stu also had a special interest in drawing literary characters like Conan Doyle’s Sherlock Holmes and Burrough’s John Carter (interests which sometimes merged, as in his *ERBzine* contribution *Adventure of the Martian Hegira: fragments from the Barsoomian Reminiscences of Sherlock Holmes*.)

In fact, one of his earliest contributions to a fanzine appeared in the sword-and-sorcery oriented *Amra* (October 1975) — “Goric & Other Limericks” co-authored with NY fan John Boardman.

Stu’s own publications, such as *Raffles*, co-edited with Larry Carmody, began appearing around 1977.

He became a leader in New York’s faanish fandom when he hosted Fanoclasts. He also chaired the Flushing in ’80 hoax Worldcon bid committee composed of Moshe Feder, Joe Siclari, Gary Farber, Hank Davis, Elliot Shorter, and Jon Singer.

Stu’s soaring popularity led to him being voted the 1981 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegate. The following year he began his TAFF report, *A Raffles Lad Abroad or The Road to Yorcon*.

Stu ordinarily enjoyed his fannish accolades as much as anyone, but he did become frustrated that during the 1980s he established a record for the most fan Hugo nominations without winning. Everyone was gratified when he broke through at last in 1990.

All this productivity happened despite a medical condition Stu was coping with at the



time. The symptoms became apparent when he was invited by fellow artists Schirmeister and Taral to join them hiking on Mt. Wilson in 1984 and he had difficulty keeping up. Taral explained in *The Slan of Baker Street*, “Stu will have to forgive me if I relate this imperfectly, but he had an abnormal connection between the blood vessels of his brain that allowed venous blood to mingle with arterial blood. The intermixing robbed his bloodstream of oxygen, and he tired easily.” Doctors corrected this by performing brain surgery in 1985 – an operation lasting 12 hours according to *Ansible*.

Stu’s interest in mysteries was strong enough to fuel three fandoms with art and articles. He was a Sherlockian (Sound of the Baskervilles, Hounds of the Internet) who contributed to publications like *Baker Street Journal*, and a Wodehouse enthusiast who sent material to such journals as *Plum Lines* and *Wooster Sauce*. And Stu was just as likely to write something about them for an sf fanzine. For example, a 1999 issue of *Mainstream* featured his “Adventures of the Danzig Mien,” the script of a Sherlockian parody: Stu had a great time festooning a Conan Doyle-esque plot with ridiculous references and in-jokes.

He also produced some similarly-inspired short stories for an anthology series. In “The Milkman Cometh” (*Tales of the Shadowmen 5: Vampires of Paris*) Tevye meets Sherlock Holmes and confronts Boris Badenov. In “Grim Days” (*Tales of the Shadow-*

men 7) Lord Peter Wimsey and Colonel Haki meet in Istanbul.

He drew a backup feature for *Captain Confederacy*, the black-and-white comic produced by Will Shetterly and Vince Stone (published by Steeldragon Press), involving two steampunkish characters named Saks & Violet.

So it is not surprising that Stu was attracted to alternate history and for many years was a member of the judging panel for the Sidewise Award for Alternate History.

His convention guest of honor stints included Hexacon (1980), Minicon XX, Wiscon XII, Corflu 6 (1989) and Lunacon 2000.

At Corflu 5 (1988) he was named a Past President of Fan Writers of America (fwa).

He had a recipe in the Tiptree fundraiser *The Bakery Men Don’t See* (1991) — “Grandma Ethel Katz’s Noodle Kugel.” Stu co

Andi Shechter and Stu Shiffman at Corflu 6 in 1989. Photo by Rob Hansen.



-edited the 1986 issue of *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly* with the Nielsen Haydens and Lee Hoffman. He illustrated the 1991 edition of *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator...To the Enchanted Convention* by Walt Willis and James White.

On June 14, 2012 Stu suffered a stroke. Two brain surgeries followed. For several months he went back and forth between ICU and acute care, depending on his breathing and heartbeat. Eventually he was reported to be on a gradual upswing and thereafter, though he periodically had serious setbacks, Stu enjoyed sustained improvement.

Andi Shecter visited constantly. Tom Whitmore maintained a CaringBridge online journal that let Stu's friends keep abreast of important changes in his status.

In 2013 Andi and Stu, who had been together for 25 years, announced their engagement. On June 18, 2014 they married in a ceremony at University of Washington's Burke Museum with nearly 100 in attendance.

By October, Stu had recovered to the point that he'd been able to use a powered wheelchair for the first time since his stroke. However, only a week later, he had a fall and required surgery from which he did not regain consciousness.

Stu died November 26 after his heart stopped. Tom Whitmore explained: "Aides found him when they went to prepare him for a shower. He was given CPR and 911 was called. The EMTs were able to get a heartbeat and pulse back and he was being readied to go to Harborview Emergency Department when he heart stopped again. They were unable to get him back. They tried for about 40 minutes."

I am so sad that Stu wasn't able to make the recovery we all hoped he would have, and am very sorry for Andi's loss.

William H. Patterson Jr.

William H. "Bill" Patterson Jr., (1951-2014) Hugo-nominated Heinlein biographer, died April 21, only a month before the second and final volume of the biography was released.

With his passing, the sf field lost its best-known Heinlein biographer and fandom lost one of its most interesting raconteurs.

Bill's health problems dominated his Facebook page in his final days – he complained about a painful hiatal hernia on April 19, struck an ominous note about needing to "catch up enough oxygen" on April 20, and made a thoroughly alarming post on April 21: "Reaching some kind of transition — too little o2 in brain to function." Later that day he passed away.

Patterson was born in St. Louis in 1951 but grew up in Phoenix, where his family relocated in 1956. As a young man he attended Arizona State University for two years, majoring in history.



William H. Patterson, Jr.

In 1969 he joined a local science fiction club at the Phoenix Public Library. Before long he was also involved with the Phoenix chapter of the Tolkien Society where a very young Patrick Nielsen Hayden met him in 1971 – "Being twelve, I was mostly ignored by all, save for a large fellow named Bill Patterson who talked to me almost as if I were human.... When I showed up for the next meeting, I found they'd changed the location and not bothered to tell me. Well, I was twelve."

Within five years Patterson was one of many Phoenix fans working on a successful bid to bring the Worldcon to town – but only after their ambition to host the Westercon had been frustrated by an LA committee co-chaired by yours truly. Everyone was impressed with Bill's publications for the bid and the 1978 Worldcon. They looked super professional, the text prepared with a IBM compositor at a time when the rest of us were using typewriters.

Partly inspired by the collision between these two committees of college-age fans, Patterson wrote an 80,000-word history of Phoenix fandom titled *The Little Fandom That Could* in which I was not held up as a good example. However, nearly all of us reconciled sooner or later. Bill agreed to participate in the 2010 Loscon program which I organized. And at the 2011 Hugo nominees' reception I made sure to tell Bill how much I admired his work on *Robert A. Heinlein: In Dialogue with His Century, Volume 1 (1907-1948): Learning Curve*. I thought it was highly readable and a first-rate work of historianship. I respected his consistent decision to confine the narrative to things that could be established by documentation and testimony — bypassing the very many juicy opportunities for speculation and opinion-mongering, all of which were relegated to endnotes. (And they are fascinating endnotes!)

Because Patterson was Virginia Heinlein's choice for her husband's biographer some expected him to deliver a hagiography. He did

not. Besides, even a hagiography would have annoyed Heinlein. Those familiar with the Dean of SF know he would have been irate to see all of his personal activities publicly analyzed, no matter the tone. Patterson was as frank as he could possibly be with the sources available. And they were quite extensive. He said there were 75 million words of Heinlein material in the repository.

In the 1980s Bill moved to San Francisco and developed into a Heinlein scholar. He founded the *Heinlein Journal* in 1997 and co-founded the Heinlein Society with Virginia Heinlein in 1998. After she died in 2003, the newly-formed Heinlein Prize Trust asked Patterson to consult with the Robert A. Heinlein Archive of the University of California, Santa Cruz's McHenry Library to integrate new material she had donated. He was designated The Heinlein Scholar of the Heinlein Prize Trust.

Bill did a vast amount of work on the Trust's Virginia Edition of the Collected Works of Robert A. Heinlein, locating manuscripts and writing extensive endnotes for the books.

He also helped organize the Heinlein Centennial which took place in Kansas City in 2007.

Robert A. Heinlein: In Dialogue with His Century Volume 2: The Man Who Learned Better by William Patterson, Jr. appeared midyear 2014. Readyng the second volume for publication was not as straightforward as Bill had expected. Time was spent expanding the text and dividing the manuscript to make two volumes instead of one, an idea ultimately abandoned:

"Cutting a 1400+ page manuscript back to about 1000 pages is a time-consuming and finicky process involving several passes through the entire thing."

Almost 15 years after Bill started work on the biography, with the final volume on the verge of appearing, Bill died unexpectedly. I'm so sorry he will miss the accolades he deserved for finishing this epic task.

Scott Norton

San Diego fan Scott Norton passed away at home on January 1.

His expertise in several fanish specialties was well regarded. He was often assigned to moderate panel programming. He was a masquerade judge at the 2002 Westercon. As a role playing gamer he was respected for backgrounding his characters – even writing an original song for one that was a bard.

He participated in several of San Diego fandom's large group masquerade entries in the 1980s, as Dworkin in the Royal Family of Amber at Westercon in 1980, Sun-Toucher in the Elfquest group at the San Diego Comic-Con of 1981, and the High Priest in the Egyptian Gods group at Denvention 2 in 1981.



Bhub Stewart as a student.

In the 1980s he was contact person for the S.T.A.R./San Diego club and the Cair Paravel branch of the Mythopoeic Society.

In more recent years he was a director of San Diego Science Fiction Conventions, Inc.

Bhub Stewart

Artist, writer, editor and fanzine fan Bhub Stewart (1937-2014), died February 24. He was 76, and had struggled with emphysema for 35 years.

Stewart's *The EC Fan Bulletin* was one of the earliest comics fanzines, first appearing in 1953. He was art director for *Xero*, Dick and Pat Lupoff's Hugo-winning fanzine published from 1960-1963.

A few years ago Bhub explained for *File 770's* readers how he got the "h" in his first name –

"When I was in college I did a weekly cartoon for the campus newspaper. One day I decided to change my signature on the cartoons. I recalled the fannish "h" and added it in my signature. When I later did fanzine drawings in 1960, the NY fans just began using the signature as my name."

Stewart came from Kirbyville, Texas, and later lived in Missouri and New York.

Working in New York's comix scene in the late Sixties, Stewart succeeded Vaughn Bodé as co-editor of *Gothic Blimp Works*, beginning

with #3 which sported an R. Crumb cover.

And he is credited for coining the term "underground comics" while on a panel at a 1966 comics convention.

He wrote comics for Byron Preiss, Marvel, Warren, Charlton, and *Heavy Metal*, and edited and designed magazines *Castle of Frankenstein* and *Flashback*.

Bhub Stewart devised *Wacky Packages* and other humor products for Topps.

He wrote the book *Scream Queens* with Calvin Beck (1978). He helped Bill Gaines select stories for *The EC Horror Library of the 1950s* (1971), edited *Against the Grain: Mad Artist Wallace Wood* (2003) and the *Mad Style Guide* (1994).

From 2005 until late last year he posted regularly on his blog *Potrzenie* about his experiences in the field.

Blue Petal

Minneapolis fan Blue Petal (originally Louis Fallert) died February 16 from central nervous system lymphoma first diagnosed following his stroke on December 29.

Blue Petal joined Minn-Stf, the Minneapolis sf club, in the late Sixties.

He started *Lou's Apa* in 1968 – changed to *Blue's Apa* with the second distribution, after he renamed himself for the Vaughn Bodé character Blue Petal.

He transferred allegiance to *Minneapa* when it was founded in the early Seventies.

I was also a member of *Minneapa* in its early days, a mesmerizing window on Minneapolis faannishness. I learned about many things – such as Spiderism, the fannish religion originated by John Kusske, Al Kuhfeld, and Blue Petal. (As you know, Bob, The Great Spider eats peoples' souls when they die, unless they have bribed one of the priests of

the Great Spider.) They provided *Minneapans* with copies of a trifold brochure with a voracious spider on the front and contents explaining the faith, which they claimed to be handing to evangelists who came to their door. Fans were invited to order copies and follow their example.

Blue Petal provided leadership for two early Minicons. He chaired Minicon 5, the second Minicon in 1971 and a relaxacon-style convention (no GoH, less programming than Minicons held in the spring) and co-chaired Minicon 7 in 1973.

Local gamers revered him for initiating them to Dungeon-style games:

"In February of 1974, a Minneapolis science-fiction fan named Louis Fallert (better known as Blue Petal) began running a game called "Castle Keep" which he based on his experiences playing in dungeon adventures with the MMSA (Fallert wrote a blurb about this for *Alarums & Excursions* #3). While it seems likely that Fallert himself was vaguely aware of *Dungeons & Dragons*, he presented "Castle Keep" to local science-fiction fans as a game of his own invention. Much as Gygas ran *Blackmoor* with Arneson and then largely implemented his own rules from his experience, so did Fallert build a system for dungeoneering that followed his own subjective impressions as a player."

By the summer of 1974, the Minneapolis area featured 9 dungeon campaigns that traced their roots to his "Castle Keep" game.

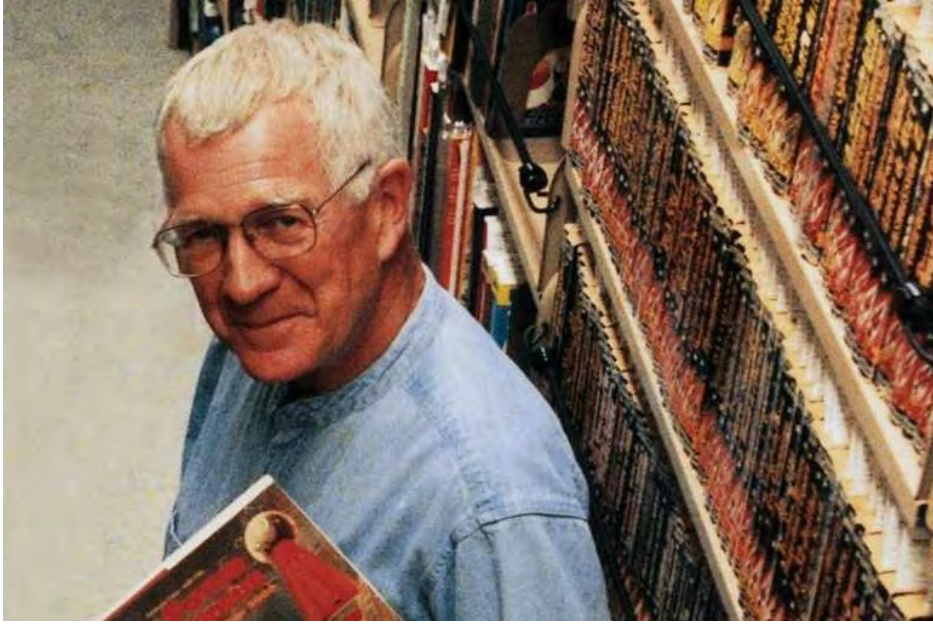
Blue Petal also was appreciated for his music and songwriting.

George Slusser

George Slusser (1939-2014), Professor Emeritus of Comparative Literature at UC Riverside, died at home November 4 of cancer. "He



(Left) **Blue Petal**. (Right) **Scott Norton** (top right) at the 1980 Westercon.



George Slusser standing amidst the Eaton Collection.

was a fine man, insightful critic, innovative educator, buoyant spirit. Founder of the Eaton Collection and much else,” said Gregory Benford.

Slusser wrote several author studies for the Borgo Press in the 1970s, including one of the earliest studies of Ray Bradbury’s work, *The Bradbury Chronicles* (1977), also *Robert A. Heinlein: Stranger in His Own Land* (1976), *The Farthest Shores of Ursula K. Le Guin* (1976), *Harlan Ellison: Unrepentant Harlequin* (1977), *The Delany Intersection: Samuel R. Delany Considered As a Writer of Semi-Precious Words* (1977) and *The Space Odysseys of Arthur C. Clarke* (1978).

He was a prolific scholar throughout his career. Slusser’s *Gregory Benford* was published earlier this year by the University of Illinois Press as part of its Modern Masters of Science Fiction series.

Slusser was the first Curator (Emeritus) of the J. Lloyd Eaton Collection of Science Fiction & Fantasy Utopian and Horror Literature and over 25 years he grew the collection from 4,000 to 135,000 hardcover and paperback books in 24 languages. It was always a battle, as he explained to Cristan Tamas who interviewed him for *Europa SF*:

“What I did is called “collection development,” and Eaton became a prime example of this. Of course, I had to adapt to personnel changes, unenlightened head librarians and such. But this is par for the course for any bootstraps operation within an established bureaucracy. Sometimes it felt we were running an underground operation. But I won a couple of large grants that allowed us to catalogue huge amounts of material, and we were on

our way.”

Slusser’s vision for the Eaton Collection, which originated with the donation of J. Lloyd Eaton’s 6,000 hardcover sf books, grew to encompass many topics, including fanhistory, augmented by the fanzine collections donated by the late Terry Carr, Rick Sneary, and Bruce Pelz. It is the most extensive fanzine collection available to researchers.

Slusser also pioneered the Eaton fanzine collection website. His original design can still be seen online via Wayback Machine. Its ingenious splash page displays the animated rocket of Fanac blazing across a background the color of faded Twiltone — complete with two rusty staples in the margin. Five icons link to the website’s main divisions — which also animate when you click on them.

The narrative portion of Slusser’s original website showed remarkable sensitivity to fanzine fandom’s nuances. And he was not immune to faannish outbursts of his own, such as the impatience he showed with the claims of teenaged faneditor Harlan Ellison: “[His fanzine’s] cover promises ‘Ponce de Leon’s Pants,’ a fantasy by Mack Reynolds, which is nowhere inside the covers. Why bother to copyright this stuff?”

Slusser coordinated 23 Eaton SF Conferences. During his career he also won appointment as a Harvard Traveling Fellow and a Fulbright Lecturer.

Michael Pell

LASFS member Michael Pell died unexpectedly February 6 while being driven home after a nighttime visit to the hospital.

Michael joined the club in 1999. He was

also active as a volunteer at local cons including Loscon and Animé Los Angeles.

Pell was employed as a clerk in the LAPD’s Records & Identification for nearly four decades. After his death he was eulogized in a message by the Chief of Police Charlie Beck, and the headquarters mail room was named after him.

Michael Sinclair

Louisville fan Michael Sinclair died March 14 after a long decline. His wife of 26 years, Christa Cook-Sinclair and son, Alex, were with him at the end.

Sinclair was an avid science fiction reader who got his first taste of fandom at the original RiverCon in 1975, having found out about it from an article in a Louisville paper. That weekend he met John Guidry for the first time — future chair of the 1988 New Orleans Worldcon won in large measure by Sinclair’s efforts as bid party host.

In Sinclair’s fannish memoir at *The Thunder Child* he claimed to have become involved working conventions as a result of a loc he wrote to *File 770* after the 1979 NASFiC:

“*File 770* (Mike Glycer’s science fiction fan newzine, reporting on fanzines, sf clubs, conventions, fan funds and fanac) [was] whining about something. I think it had to do with [a fan] huckstering out of his hotel room. In any event, I wrote a rebuttal letter to *File 770*, saying, ‘The last thing the fannish world needs is either a Con run by or and or/criticized by lawyers.’ Cliff Amos saw the letter and called me up to ask if I wanted to work on RiverCon. I said I would like to work on the film program, but would like to have a budget and not depend on library flicks.”

Sinclair surely knew the chuckle this would bring from the many friends he made hosting the string of Hurricane-themed bid parties that brought the 1988 Worldcon to New Orleans — a committee with a lawyer as chair (John Guidry) and three more lawyers in the leadership.

The New Orleans in 1988 bidders bankrolled the travel of the charismatic Sinclair all over the country to host room parties where he could dispense Southern charm and hospitality, and French Quarter well drinks. He greeted everyone, “Here, have a Hurricane!” and handed them a potent cup of vodka, rum, and fruit juices, mixed with enough grenadine to turn it fire engine red. This was extremely popular.

The Worldcon bidding system is in large measure a test to destruction. Fans want there to be lots of great bid parties anyway, but implicit in that demand is a test of the bid committee’s creative and logistical competence. Unless a group can put together a string of good bid parties, the thinking goes, you can rule out any chance of them coping with the challenge of an actual Worldcon.

So as an audition for a New Orleans Worldcon, Sinclair's parties led to a ballot box triumph over three competing bids.

However, Sinclair had never intended to be part of running the Worldcon. Once New Orleans won he was done. Ever since then fandom has made sure to ask whether the folks running the impressive parties are the same ones who'll be running the con.

Before long the Sinclairs found they missed the fun of those bid parties. Casting about for inspiration, Christa and Mike

created a "Say Da to Moscow" Worldcon bid. Because their idea germinated in 1989, two years before the Soviet Union fell apart, they didn't have to worry about winning, only about having a good time. The bid theme was a satirical play on the idioms and symbols of the USSR's Communist Party. Led by "Mikhail Sinclair," Party Theoretician and General Secretary, the bid's Central Committee included the late Bruce Pelz, Hotel Liaison; Tony Ubelhor, Minister of Propaganda; Maureen Dorris, Minister of Defensive Camouflage; Jack Reed, Chronicler Emeritus; and miscellaneous Party Members and agents.

Bid parties were paid for by the sale of \$5 presupports, which came with a convincing looking passport with all kinds of stuff in Cyrillic lettering.

Christa and Mike soon shelved the party scene as their son Alexander came along in 1990.

As Mike wished, he was remembered with a wake at Midwestcon.

Jean Dunnington

By Martin Morse Wooster: Jean Dunnington (1950-2014), who was one of the founders of the Potomac River Science Fiction Society (PRSFS) in 1975 and who remained an active member of the club until her death, died on February 5. She had a very rare form of cancer.

Jeanie Dunnington worked as a cataloger at the Folger Shakespeare Library until her retirement in 1997. While at the library, she was one of four catalogers who helped produce the 1993 publication *Renaissance Animals*, which accompanied an exhibit at the library. She also kept the Folger staff apprised of sf and fantasy books that had Shakespearean elements.



(Left) Michael Pell shown in poster displayed in the LAPD headquarters mailroom dedicated in his name. (Right) Michael Sinclair and Christa Cook Sinclair.

As long as I knew Jeanie, for nearly 40 years, she had vision problems that gradually got worse throughout her life. She never let her eyesight slow her down. She regularly attended Balticons, Disclaves, and Capclaves, where she could be spotted wearing floppy hats and a giant pink button that said, 'I HAVE LOW VISION.' She very much enjoyed filk concerts at cons.

Jeanie was one of PRSFS's most avid readers. She started off as a major Andre Norton fan, but later branched out to read all sorts of books. At one point we had a discussion about who had read all 21 of Patrick O'Brian's Aubrey-Maturin novels. Jeanie had listened to all 21 books, and asked if that counted. Since she listened to unabridged audiobooks—which accounted for over 200 hours of listening — we said that of course that counted.

Jean Dunnington had many interests besides sf — so many, her sister Betty Thompson recalled at her memorial service, that she was known to her many friends as "the little engine that could." She was very active in her church, St. Bernadette's Catholic Church in Silver Spring, Maryland. In 2010, she was elected a vice-president of the National Capital Area Chapter of the American Council of the Blind, where she served two terms. In 2012, she was elected as secretary of the American Council of the Blind in Maryland. Jeanie was also active in advising the Montgomery County, Maryland Libraries on all sorts of issues that concerned disabled patrons: what's the best way to design entrances to make it comfortable for disabled patrons to enter and leave? How should libraries be designed to make it easy for the disabled to move around?

Jeanie extended her efforts for disabled people to sf conventions. Whenever she was at

a con, she always asked the hucksters why they didn't carry more audiobooks.

Despite her vision problems, Jeanie Dunnington traveled frequently, including trips to Ireland and Greece. In 2006, *New York Times* reporter Sarah Wheaton interviewed Jeanie in the queue of people lining up outside the Capitol at the funeral of Gerald R. Ford. "Despite vision problems that make getting around somewhat difficult," Wheaton reported, Dunnington spent two hours to get her chance to pay her respects. "I thought he deserves a proper showing," Jeanie said. "I respect the office no matter who's in it."

Jeanie Dunnington was one of the most pleasant people I have known in fandom, who always had intelligent things to say about the books she read. I never knew her to raise her voice or complain, even as she dealt with her failing eyes and her recovery from complicated surgeries. She had many friends in fandom — and no enemies.

Lucius Shepard

Celebrated sf writer Lucius Shepard (1943-2014) died in Portland (OR) March 18 at the age of 70. He reportedly suffered a stroke last year and had been in poor health for some time.

He won a Hugo and a Nebula, and a host of other awards, but the truest measure of his popularity in the sf genre may be the Locus Poll, where he registered eight wins between 1985 and 2001 — for seven pieces of fiction and a collection.

Shepard attended the Clarion Writers' Workshop at Michigan State University in 1980 and sold his first story, "Black Coral," in 1981 to *New Dimensions*, an anthology edited by Marta Randall.

Critics found in his work the influence of



(Left) **Fred and Cecilia Brammer** at Anticipation. Photo (c) 2009 by Scott Edelman. (Center) **Cal Cotton** attired as a Buffalo Soldier. (Right) **William C. Martin**.

his travels throughout Southeast Asia, Central and South America, and concern for impoverished third-world countries generally. During the early 1980s he worked as a freelance journalist covering the civil war in El Salvador. Thereafter he primarily wrote fiction. His first novel, *Green Eyes*, appeared in 1984.

Fans grouped him with the cyberpunk movement. In 1985 he won the John W. Campbell Award for best new writer. His novella "R&R," which won a Nebula in 1986, later became part of his novel *Life During Wartime* (1986). He won a Hugo for his novella "Barnacle Bill the Spacer" in 1993.

He was also an award-winning poet whose "White Trains" received a Rhysling Award in 1988.

Fred D. Brammer

First Fandom member Fred D. Brammer, 86, died of congestive heart failure on August 18, 2013 at home in McLean, VA. Although the *Washington Post* published an obituary in December, fandom just recently became aware of his passing.

One of Brammer's claims to fame is that he was instrumental in getting the pilot episode of *Star Trek* into the Smithsonian Museum, which led to a private tour for him and his family of the *Star Trek* set in 1968.

Andrew Porter remembers, "I first met him at my first Worldcon, Discon 1 in 1963, and I saw him at most Worldcons I attended down through the years — but he was conspicuously absent at LoneStarCon. Now I know why. Fred was a really nice guy and I will miss him."

Brammer was born in North Carolina. He served with the Army in the Pacific in World War II. After earning a degree in geology from the University of North Carolina he went to work for the federal government. During

his 37 years with the government he worked for the Army Map Service, then at the Federal Power Commission and finally at the Department of Energy.

He is survived by his wife, Cecilia, 84, and his son, Eric.

MyrnaSue Parmentier

MyrnaSue Parmentier, aka The Dragon Lady, passed away quietly overnight on April 26. Her husband, Gregg, made the announcement on Facebook.

She was a popular longtime fan who lived in St. Paul, MN. Over the years she was fan guest of honor at Demicon, Icon, ConQuest, Contraception and Malestrom.

Professionally she was a physical therapist. Outside of fandom her interests included aviation — she was a member of the Minnesota Chapter of The Ninety-Nines, the International Organization of Women Pilots.

Cal Cotton

Cal Cotton, aka "The Moor Tarik" The Black King, died of cancer April 16. He was a popular figure around Southern California's sf, Ren Faire and SCA fandoms.

He first connected with the Faire in 1968 while on home leave during the Vietnam War. He served his country as a Navy Seal.

At Faire, he participated over the years as a member of the Queen's Guard, the Black King in the epic Living Chess Game, a Sergeant in Stoddard's Company of Foot, as an assistant falconer, and finally the owner of the well-known Hornsmythe Booth.

He also participated in Civil War reenactments and other living history events. If the occasion didn't call for his Moorish attire, he was likely to be wearing his Buffalo Soldier hat.

He is survived by his wife, Theresa.

Mike Farren

By Lucy Huntzinger: Mike Farren (1949-2014), a long time Bay Area fan, died at 10:30 p.m. on May 22, 2014. His heart gave out, but he had other serious health issues and was in decline most of this year. He did not regain consciousness after the collapse that saw him admitted to the hospital last week, but those of us who kept him company there felt he was aware of our presence and knew he was not alone.

I have taken charge of his cat Millie as he requested earlier this year and she has a new fannish home where she will be greatly cherished. Mike loved her dearly as he loved all his cats.

He was estranged from his family, though I assume the county or state will eventually locate them. At this time I am liaising with his social worker to coordinate between the VA, the hospital, the coroner's office and his friends. There will be a funeral for him provided by the Veterans Administration. I will post the service information when it's available.

Jeff Canfield

Long-time fan Jeff Canfield (1958-2014) died April 9 at the age of 55.

Canfield became a well-known Northern California con runner in the 1990s. He chaired Sacramento's unsuccessful bid for the 1991 Westercon, in the process drawing Kevin Standlee into convention running — surely a fanhistorical contribution in its own right.

Canfield, Standlee and other members of the Sacramento Westercon bid were soon recruited onto the San Francisco in 1993 Worldcon bid committee. This time they were

victorious and Canfield served as one of Con-Francisco's deputy vice chairs.

It is also believed he produced the Con-Francisco Souvenir Book, based on this bit of detective work by the editors of the Internet Science Fiction Data Base:

"There is not a title page per se. The title is taken from the copyright statement. The editor is listed as "Dr. Evil" in convention staff list. Jeff Canfield is listed as the "Speaker to Doctor Evil" and thus is assumed to be the name behind the pseudonym."

Besides sf, his other activities included Formula Vee racing and photography. He drove a Formula Vee Viper race car and was an integral member of the San Francisco region of the Sports Car Club of America. He founded Jeff Canfield Photography.

Professionally, Canfield worked as a System Software Specialist at State Compensation Insurance Fund for 25 years.

Frank M. Robinson

Frank M. Robinson (1926-2014), best-selling fiction author, editor, collector and sf historian died June 30. He was 87. His health was known to be in decline, as he had been unable to participate in person as Special Guest at the 2014 SFWA Nebula Weekend.

Among his many novels, Robinson considered *The Dark Beyond The Stars* his best but said *Waiting* was the most popular. Several were made into movies: *The Power*, which starred George Hamilton and Michael Rennie, and two collaborations with Thomas N. Scortia, *The Glass Inferno*, produced as *The Towering Inferno* and starring everyone in Hollywood from Paul Newman to O.J. Simpson, and *The Gold Crew*, retitled *The Fifth Missile* for the screen.

Robinson received the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award in 2001, and was voted First Fandom's Moskowitz Archive Award for excellence in science fiction collecting in 2008. When he auctioned off his cherished pulp magazine collection in 2012 it fetched over a half million dollars.

He was an editor for *Family Weekly*, *Science Digest*, *Rogue*, *Cavalier*, *Playboy* (where he was responsible for "The Playboy Advisor") and *Censorship Today*.

He authored several coffee-table volumes including *Pulp Culture: The Art of Fiction Magazines* and the Hugo Award-winning *Science Fiction of the Twentieth Century: An Illustrated History*.

Robinson served as a Navy radar technician in World War II. After receiving his discharge he took a degree in Physics at Beloit College. He rejoined the Navy during the Korean War.

He had a bit part in *The Intruder*, which starred William Shatner years before he did *Star Trek*. He also made a cameo appearance in the feature film, *Milk*, for the excellent rea-

son that Robinson had worked as Harvey Milk's speechwriter and was one of his closest advisers. In 1977, Milk became the first openly gay person to be elected to public office in California.

Robinson explained that the connection happened practically by coincidence. He was in San Francisco on a writing assignment in 1973, when Milk, who owned a Castro Street camera shop, was preparing his second bid for city supervisor. Said Robinson — "I used to walk down to the Castro every morning for breakfast and pass the camera store. One day I fell into conversation with Harvey, and it came up that I was a writer. He said, 'Hey, why don't you be my speechwriter?'"

Carol Kabakjian

Carol Kabakjian (1954-2014), long-time member of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, passed away May 15 at the age of 59. She spent the last months of her life in hospice care after a four-and-a-half year battle with cancer.

Carol served as PSFS club Secretary (teamed with her husband Rich) and Archivist for a number of years. She worked on Philcons and ran the Con Suite for the Philadelphia Worldcon, Millennium Philcon, in 2001.

Filksinging was her greatest enthusiasm. She wrote many songs, and published a filk fanzine — *The Philly Philk Phlash*. And having been inspired by attending the 1988 ConChord, she decided to organize an East Coast filk convention. The first ConCerto was held in 1990 in Cherry Hill, NJ.

Carol is survived by her husband, Rich Kabakjian.



Frank M. Robinson

William C. Martin

By John L. Coker III: First Fandom member William C. Martin (1924-2014) passed away on June 22.

William Culbertson Martin, Ph.D., born 1924, was a World War II veteran, respected sociology professor, book collector, active member of the Democratic Party and a passionate advocate of civil and human rights. He not only led an extraordinary life but also touched and inspired many people across generations. Bill Martin was fondly known as "Atlanta's own Forry Ackerman" due to his fantastic collection of science fiction, fantasy, and horror books and space toys.

Dr. Martin was a living time capsule of information about the history of science fiction, fantasy, and horror. He was a member of First Fandom and the Science Fiction Research Association. Bill first became a member of a fan club around 1934. His pulp magazine collection went back to the first issue of *Amazing Stories*, and his book collection contained most important SF books published 1890-1960, as well as most major books published since.

An original *Buck Rogers* Solar Scout in the 1930s "Golden Age" of SF, he was excited to be the special guest at the Spook Show's presentation of the 1939 classic *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* serial during the Plaza Theatre's 70th anniversary celebration and received a standing ovation after sharing his memories.

He taught Honor Seminars in SF at Georgia State University and penned numerous professional papers on the development of science fiction as the Literature of the 20th Century.

Joe Bethancourt III

W.J. (Joe) Bethancourt (1946-2014), a professional bluegrass singer with roots in filk and the SCA, died August 29 after a long illness.

Bethancourt joined the Society of Creative Anachronism, probably at the 1969 Westcon, and was instrumental (pun intended) in founding Arizona's Kingdom of Atenveldt where he was known as Master Joseph of Locksely. He was one of the first to receive the kingdom's "Order of the Laurel," in April 1970. And he later held the office of Imperial Herald.

Bethancourt ran his own production company, White Tree Productions, and recorded solo, with noted filker Leslie Fish, and with the neo-Celtic band The Bringers. He taught acoustic instruments of all kinds out of Boogie Music in Phoenix.

He played 65 different instruments — banjo and 12-string guitar and the rest of a long list including 6-course Cittern, Celtic Harp, Lute, and Ozark Mouthbow.

His professional musical career included a stint as a studio musician in LA before return-

ing to Phoenix where he worked 17 years performing at the Funny Fellows restaurant, hosted a radio show on KDKB "Folk Music Occasional," appeared regularly on local TV on the "Wallace and Ladmo Show," and worked with children in the Arizona Commission for the Arts' "Artists in Education" program.

In March of 2013 he was inducted into the Arizona Music and Entertainment Hall Of Fame.

Bari Greenberg

Bari Greenberg died August 17 reports *SF Site News*. Greenberg co-founded the St. Louis filk band, The Unusual Suspects, along with his wife and songwriting partner, Cat Greenberg, Cat's daughter Valerie Ritchie, and their friend Mark Ewbank.

He worked professionally as an engineer and also was co-owner of Mountain Cat Media LLC, a recording and design studio.

The Unusual Suspects produced a CD, *Accidental Filk Band*, in 2012. Bari and Cat released a duet CD, *Romancing the Filk*, in 2013.

Greenberg also had been looking forward to making his debut as a fiction author in *Sword & Sorceress 29*.

Stanley C. Skirvin

By Bill Higgins: Stanley C. Skirvin (1927-2014), one-time Cincinnati fan, passed away March 28 in Scottsdale, Arizona at the age of 86.

Returning from Navy service in World War II, he found Cincy fandom. He claimed responsibility for persuading hometown fans to name themselves the Cincinnati Fantasy Group (CFG). Skirvin edited the 56-page program book for the Convention, the 1949 Worldcon, and edited a Memory Book afterward. He also attended Philcon in 1953 and Detention in 1959.

As an engineer for General Electric in the 1960s, Skirvin helped develop nuclear-powered aircraft engines, writing software that calculated airflow through hot reactors. Moving to Schenectady, NY, and finally settling in Scottsdale, he apparently gaffed, but CFG and other fans report some 21st-century e-mail contacts.

He was an avid fossil hunter and mountain climber. While a member of the Arizona Mountaineering Club Skirvin participated in a number of rescues. He was also a member of the Central Arizona Cactus and Succulent Society with his own cactus collection.

Skirvin is survived by his wife for more than 61 years, Joan, and his three children.

Randall Brunk

By Martin Morse Wooster: Randall Brunk (1955-2014), an active fan for over 35 years,



Bea Mahaffey, Hannes Bok, Deedee and Roy Lavender, and Stan Skirvin on a New York rooftop. From the Fanac.org site.

died on September 23. He committed suicide after being depressed for many years.

Randy Brunk was born on September 6, 1955 in Hyattsville, Maryland. I first met him in 1978 when I was attending meetings of the University of Maryland Science Fiction Society. (One friend recalled that Randy was president of the club, but I can't confirm this.) We immediately became friends because we were both libertarians and both liked many of the same television shows, particularly *SCTV*. When the DVDs of *SCTV* became available, Randy bought them all, and delighted in reminding me whenever I went to a soccer match that on the show Guy Caballero, evil owner of the *SCTV* network, thought the surest way to kill the station was to broadcast "four hours of football."

After graduating from the University of Maryland in 1978 with a computer science degree, Randy Brunk went to work for Peoples Supply Company, a plumbing and home supply company in Bladensburg, Maryland. When his father, Perry, died, Randy became president and CFO of the firm, where he supervised 40 people. He left Peoples Supply in 2004 and went back to school, earning an accounting degree from Strayer University and ultimately passing his CPA exams. This was a proud achievement for him; being an accountant is hard work, since you have to pass eight exams full of arcane accounting knowledge. But Randy Brunk only worked intermittently after getting his CPA, due to the tight job market.

As a reader, Randy Brunk was one of Gene Wolfe's biggest fans. Randy drifted in and out of fandom; he occasionally attended meetings

of the Potomac River Science Fiction Society, and hosted two of the club's fall picnics at his house. But he always kept buying Wolfe, and was proud of his first editions of Wolfe's novels. He also bought many of the North Atlantic Books editions of Theodore Sturgeon, vowing to finish the massive set someday when he had more time.

In the late 1980s, Randy married Elizabeth Firebaugh. When I first knew Randy, he was a secular humanist, but after his marriage he became a devout Catholic. They had three children, Emily, Katie, and David, all of whom survive him.

Randy Brunk was also a passionate sports fan. Nearly every time I saw him, he had the local sports talk radio station on in his car. He was devoted to the Washington Redskins and the Washington Nationals. We had a substantial difference of opinion on this, because while he supported the Nationals, I remained a Baltimore Orioles fan. We had endless banter about this, but went to two Nationals-Orioles games at Camden Yards together. The last time I heard from Randy was a week before his death, when he called me to congratulate me on the Orioles winning their division for the first time in 17 years.

Randy Brunk was a quiet, steady, reliable friend. I knew him for over 35 years, and he never shouted or became emotional. I wish, in hindsight, he had been more emotional; I knew very little about his inner life. But he was a smart guy who was always fun to be with.

I wish I had a better story about him, but this one will have to do. Balticon has an amateur film festival on Sunday nights. One year

the con featured a 100-minute space opera that was a Trek-oid pile of thud and blunder. The film was so bad that the con subsequently has imposed a 45-minute limit on films so that the crowd would not have to suffer through feature-length turkeys.

Randy Brunk sat next to me as we watched the thing. At the end, the credits rolled, concluding with “written and directed by James Norcross.” (I may have the name wrong.) I shouted, “Get a job, James Norcross!”

A voice came up from the front. “Why don’t you come up here and say it to my face like a man?”

The MC then announced that the lengthy post-film discussion with the cast and director had to be cancelled because one of the members had an emergency hangnail operation, or something.

The lights came up and Randy turned to me. “I’m not sure I want to see movies with you,” he said. “You’re *dangerous*.”

Randy Brunk was one of my oldest and dearest friends in fandom and I miss him.



Walt Lee

Walter W. Lee, Jr. (1931-2014), physicist, writer, and historian, passed away November 23 after a long battle with Alzheimer’s.

Walt Lee was born in Eugene, Oregon on August 16, 1931. He is best known for compiling the *Reference Guide to Fantastic Films*. The three-volume work published between 1972 and 1974 was the first major compilation of film scholarship for science fiction, fantasy and horror films.

Bill Warren shared Steve Lee’s call to send birthday cards to his father with *File 770* readers this past summer and Steve wrote afterwards, “I would also like to thank all of those who took the time to send birthday cards to my father on this last August. He enjoyed and cherished them all.”

Film critic Warren paid tribute to the *Reference Guide to Fantastic Films* and its author:

“It was the first truly major work of film scholarship in the area of science fiction, fantasy and horror. It wasn’t easy to do; while being a father and holding down a job, he researched that exhaustive book.

“This was long, long before the iMDB, long before most books on movie research. He spent hours upon hours in the files of the Motion Picture Academy, UCLA, USC, Forry Ackerman (a lifelong friend) and elsewhere. He corresponded with people all over the world — he was determined to make the book as inclusive as possible, and he did.”

Vijay deSelby-Bowen

Past TAFF winner Velma J. “Vijay” deSelby-Bowen died October 18 in Seattle after a long struggle against cancer.

As the 1999 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegate she attended Reconvene, the British Eastercon in Liverpool. While she never wrote a trip report, she definitely left her mark as the subject of photos taken at the con and published in *Hot Ansible Action*.

She was related to another TAFF delegate, Elliot Shorter (1970), her first cousin once removed.

Vijay discovered fandom in New York around 1982. She became active in Lunarians, serving as club secretary, and worked on Lunacons.

Her life adventures included modeling rubber and latex clothing which she described in an article for *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* titled “A Model Fan or, Your Ass Is on the Net.”

When she needed cancer surgery in 2013, her friends in fandom raised funds to help with her medical expenses.

She is survived by her longtime companion Soren (Scraps) deSelby.

In Passing

Ann Methe: Montreal fan Ann Methe succumbed to cancer October 5.

Leading Canadian sf writer Robert J. Sawyer saluted her on Twitter as “one of Canada’s great science-fiction convention runners.”

Methe was past chair of Con*Cept, formerly run by the MonS-FFA. She won an Aurora Award in 1999 for her work on Con*Cept and was nominated two other times.

She also worked on the 2009 Montreal Worldcon, Anticipation, as a hotel liaison.

She is survived by her husband, artist Jean-Pierre Normand.

Jon Bing: Norwegian SF writer Jon Bing (1944-2014) died January 14 at the age of 69.

Bing authored over 30 books, many in collaboration with Tor Åge Bringsværd. He

also translated American and British SF and co-edited around 20 anthologies.

He was a professor of law at the Norwegian Research Center for Computers and Law, and the University of Oslo.

While students at Oslo University in 1965, Bing and Oddvar Foss founded the Anira science fiction club, which is still going strong. In 1978 the first contingent of Norwegian fans went to the Worldcon.

Bing and Bringsværd are credited by John Henri-Holmberg with creating “the thriving Norwegian fandom of the last four-and-a-half decades.”

Martin Greenberg: Gnome Press co-publisher Martin Greenberg died in Medford, NY on October 20, 2013.

(Not the same person as anthologist Martin H. Greenberg, no relation, who died in 2011.)

He and Dave Kyle co-founded Gnome Press in 1948. Together they published dozens of volumes of classic sf in hardcover for the first time.

Gnome Press went under in 1962.

Andrew Porter recalls that after years away from the sf community Greenberg, then living on Long Island, returned to attend some SF conventions in the 1990s.

Preston Saul: New York costumer Preston Saul (1947-2014) passed away August 23 in a rehab facility from a heart attack. Saul was a regular attendee of Lunacon and Costume-Con.

Mark Rogers: *Samurai Cat* creator Mark Rogers (1952-2014) died February 2 of apparent heart failure while hiking.

Author and artist of six books in the satirical *Samurai Cat* series, Rogers also wrote stand-alone novels *The Dead*, *Zorachus*, and *The Nightmare of God*, plus two other series of books, *Blood of the Lamb* and *Zancharthus*.

Susan Kahn: Susan Kahn, who often ran registration at Lunacon with her husband, Richard Ferree, and the organized the Den at numerous Philcons, died June 9 after a year-long struggle with pancreatic cancer. She was 54.

Kahn practiced pediatrics for over 25 years. She also was president of the Sinai Free Synagogue, where her funeral service was held on June 11.

William Tienken: Sercon fanzine editor William Tienken (1960-2014) died February 17 in Topeka, KS. He was involved in Kansas City fandom, attending KaCSFFS meetings and local conventions. He also was a member of the Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol.

Between 1987 and 1997 Tienken published 500 issues of *Pulsar*, writing 2,500 reviews of sf and fantasy books. From 1997-2011 he produced 313 issues of its successor, an online zine titled *Bookview*, which covered nonfiction books of all types.

The Glicksohn Memorial Service ...and Other Memories of Mike

by Joel Zakem

[[Editorial Note: Joel Zakem sent his friends a version of this reminiscence. When I asked permission to reprint, he went above and beyond, revising and expanding his account for File 770.]]

According to Google Maps, it is a 10-1/2 hour drive from my apartment in Louisville, Kentucky, to 508 Windermere in Toronto. It is a longer drive than I usually like to make. However, last minute plane tickets were over \$800, and it was a journey that I wanted, perhaps needed, to make. Luckily, being retired, I was able to divide the drive over two days.

Earlier that week, upon hearing of the death of Michael David Glicksohn (and I do not remember if I ever knew that Mike and I shared the same middle name), I wrote the following, which was published as part of a slightly longer remembrance in the 277th issue of Chris Garcia's *The Drink Tank*:

"As you can imagine, throughout Millenicon, I could not stop thinking about Mike. For most of the people who have become part of my fannish family, I am able to provide at least an estimate of when our paths first crossed. Mike is an exception. It seems like he was always there--was always part of my life.

I do know that if it were not the times that I spent with Mike, especially at the several Mikecons I was privileged to attend, I would be a very different person. He was one of the good people, and I know I will feel his absence for a very long time."

Because of my feelings for Mike, I definitely wanted to attend the March 23 Memorial Service. I left Louisville late Tuesday morning, having made arrangements to stay with Kathe Koja and Rick Leider that night. Except for an unanticipated delay in Cincinnati caused by my forgetting one of my prescription medications, the trip to their home in Berkley, Michigan, was uneventful except for one fact. There was a very noticeable drop in temperature on my drive north -- from 77 degrees and sunny when I left Cincinnati at about 3:30 p.m. to 34 degrees and rainy when I arrived at Kathe and Rick's about 8:30 p.m. Perhaps, I should have realized that this was a portent of things to come.

I spent a pleasant evening with Kathe and Rick, unintentionally terrorizing the cats, who did not know what to do think about this new person in their realm.

The rain had stopped overnight and, other than it being a bit cold, the weather was fine when Rick and I left for Toronto at about 10:30 Wednesday morning. I drove the first leg of the trip, and the weather remained fine through an uneventful border crossing at Port Huron/Sarnia and during the first part of the Canadian trip. Near London, Ontario, we pulled into a Tim Horton's for a brief pit stop and to change drivers.

Once Rick took over the driving, the weather changed. There was a brief period of frozen rain, followed by snow. As we approached Toronto, the road conditions greatly deteriorated, and traffic slowed. We finally arrived at our hotel about 3:30 p.m., about an hour later than our planned arrival time. By the time the snow ended later that evening, Toronto had received about 4-5 inches of white stuff.

And I am very glad that Rick was the one driving through the snow, since he is much more experienced (and definitely better) than me in driving in winter conditions.

Hania Wojtowicz had made dinner reservations for some of the out-of-towners at an Italian restaurant near the church and Mike and



Mike Glicksohn accepting Susan Wood's 1981 Best Fan Writer Hugo, which she won posthumously.

Susan's house. Rick and I caught a ride with Don Wenzel and Anne Evans from Ypsilanti, who had arrived at the hotel about five minutes after Rick and I, and who had a four wheel drive vehicle. Also joining us for dinner were Maia Cowan from Detroit, Bruce Schneier and Karen Cooper from Minneapolis (who arrived late, after their scheduled 7:00 a.m. flight finally left Minneapolis at about 1:00 p.m.), Frank Johnson and Karen Kelley from Cincinnati (also late, because of the driving conditions), and Hania. Sue Bennett from Baltimore, who was staying with Hania, decided to skip dinner to help Susan Manchester, Mike's widow, and Michael Harper, who was probably Mike's best friend (except for Susan), get ready for the service.

The food was good, and it was great to be able to catch up with others before the service. Afterwards, we walked two blocks through the snow to Windermere United Church (and I remember someone, but not who, remarking during the walk that the weather conditions were probably Mike's way of getting back at us for making a fuss over his passing). We arrived just before a good, though very loud (for that space) piper began to play. On File770.com, Taral Wayne estimated that there were about 275 people in attendance, and that sounds about right.

Though a bit more religious than I was expecting (Susan said, I think correctly, that Mike would have hated it) I found the service itself to be very moving. In addition, the remarks of the primary speakers, Susan, Manning Glicksohn (Mike's Brother), Harper, Rob Sawyer, and even the minister, were mixed with humor.

Susan spoke on how she and Mike had first met and how, on their honeymoon in Wales, a naked (and, of course, very hairy) Mike had

Remembering the “Dean” of 1950s Fandom By Rich Lynch



Dean Grennell.

Back in April, the ten year anniversary of the death of one of science fiction fandom’s best writers passed by totally unnoticed.

Dean A. Grennell was truly a giant in the microcosm that was 1950s science fiction fandom. Harry Warner, Jr. described him as “the closest thing that the universe came to creating a new Bob Tucker” and that’s probably true. Grennell, like Tucker, was a humorist and had the ability to amuse and entertain his readers, first in letters of comment to fanzines and then as publisher of his own fanzine, *Grue*.

Warner also stated that Grennell was “curiously unknown to later generations of fans” and

that’s *certainly* true. Reprints of his writings are difficult to find and his fanwriting output dramatically diminished after the end of the 1950s. About then he began a long career as a professional writer and expert on firearms, eventually becoming managing editor of *Gun World* magazine. He was more than just a writer, though – he was a tinkerer and an inventor, coming up with ideas on new types of ammunition cartridges for small arms, and he built the desk on which his friend Robert Bloch wrote the famous suspense novel *Psycho*.

In addition to all this, Dean Grennell was also a skilled photographer and that’s how I eventually met him. At the beginning of the 1990s, I was editor for Harry Warner’s history of the 1950s, *A Wealth of Fable* (SCIFI Press, 1992). During the late stages of the project, Dean answered my call for loan of 1950s-era images and I ultimately used 21 of his photos in the book. This developed into an exchange of correspondence, and he became a recipient of *Mimosa*, a fanzine devoted to fan-history that my wife Nicki and I were editing back then.

Dean eventually wrote an article for *Mimosa*, a remembrance of Robert Bloch which appeared in the 17th issue back in 1995. But before that, I had my only in-person meeting with him. It was in 1992, out in Los Angeles at the Corflu fanzine fans’ convention, and he was only at the convention for a short while. I remember that we talked for only a few minutes as he had another commitment to attend to, and we didn’t really delve much into his recollections of the 1950s. And worst of all, I didn’t even get the one keepsake that I would have really treasured – a photo of me and him.

That may have been his last appearance at a science fiction convention. He returned to his life outside fandom and after his death in April 2004 there was not even a mention of his passing in any fan publication.

I’ve been unable to write a good ending for this essay, so instead I’ll paraphrase the one that Dean Grennell wrote about Robert Bloch: he was an inveterate humorist, a great writer, and a good friend.

And yes, I am missing him a lot.



confronted a group of “jabbering” Asian tourists at 5 a.m. Manning, who I had never met, reminisced about their early life and how they both became teachers (and how one confused student asked Mike, who taught mathematics, if he used to be bald and teach French).

Harper, who noticeably broke up several times during the speech, spoke of the long friendship he had with Mike, including several years in which he lived at 508 Windermere. He also explained how his then two year old daughter, Raisa, had given Mike his “honey” nickname after overhearing one side of a phone conversation between Mike and Susan while they were courting.

Rob talked about attending the same high school as Mike, 15 years later, and how, after becoming Mike’s friends, he named the human race in his novel *Hominids* “Gliksins,” because Mike possessed many of the best qualities of humanity.

After the primary speakers finished, a microphone was passed around for others to provide brief reminisces of Mike. Fellow teachers talked about the dedication

Mike showed for his students and, Susan’s uncle, I believe, told the famous Toronto Blue Jays’ story.

Several years ago, Mike attended what turned out to be, at 22 innings, one of the longest major league baseball game in history. And Mike, of course, was one of the few who stayed for the entire game. As the camera panned the sparse remaining crowd towards the end of the game, it stopped on Mike, long haired and bearded, and the announcer said that “this gentleman was clean-shaven when the game started.”

I remembered Mike showing me a video tape of that portion of the broadcast (which he had taped from a highlight show) at one of the final Mikecons.

After the service, the majority of the audience walked the 3 or so blocks through the snow, to 508 Windermere. The small house was packed, but, much like a Mikecon tinged with sadness, food was plentiful and beer and wine flowed freely (though, in the chaos, a bottle of Laugavulin -- Mike’s favorite scotch -- that I had brought with me was not opened. I left it for Susan, Harper, and others to enjoy later).

Karen Kelley provided a memorable moment by, sometime during the evening, changing into her Mikecon 21 t-shirt (of course, she was probably one of the few people there who could still fit into their shirts). Unfortunately, I had forgotten to grab my camera when we left the hotel.

I was able to speak briefly with Susan upon arrival, giving her my best wishes as well as those from several others who were unable to attend and, after the crowd had thinned a bit, we were able to have a longer conversation (where I was brought to tears, and not for the first time that night, when she told me how Mike had valued me as a friend). Soon afterwards, Rick, Don Anne and I left for the ride back to the hotel.

Another memorable moment at 508 Windermere is also stuck in my mind. When I gave Susan regards from Geri Sullivan, as Geri had requested, Susan took the time to tell me and others about how grateful she was to Geri, who took her under her wing at the first Worldcon Mike took her to.

Thursday was clear after a not so good (because of the food, not the company) breakfast at the hotel with Bruce and Karen, Hania and (briefly) Frank and Karen, Rick and I checked out of the hotel and started back to Berkley. This time, the weather cooperated and the roads were clear. There was no problem at the border and we made it back to Berkley at about 4:00 p.m. Because of the stress of the events, I decided (after waffling a bit), to relax at Kathe and Rick’s prior to heading south. Rick had scored some passes to a preview of a new film of *Jane Eyre* and, since Kathe had a few meetings, Rick and I went.

I left Berkley Friday morning and drove to Ann Arbor for some brief CD (at Encore) and book (at Dawn Treader) shopping, before meeting Anne Gray and baby Rosie for lunch (at Asian Legend). Afterwards I hit the road and headed back home, making brief stops at the Half Price Bookstores in Beavercreek (Dayton) and Hamilton, Ohio.

The Most Valuable Hugo



When Ray Bradbury's 2004 Retro Hugo brought \$28,734 in an estate auction in September that made me wonder — What individual Hugo Award is worth the most money?

There wasn't much reason to wonder before. In all the other transactions I knew about the Hugo sold for \$2,000 or less. Forry Ackerman's Retro Hugo, part of a lot of six awards, auctioned for \$1,500 in 2009. Emsh's 1961 Best Professional Artist Hugo sold for \$1,075 in 2011. And Harry Warner Jr.'s 1972 Best Fan Writer Hugo, offered together with copies of his books, was part of a lot that went for \$2,000 in 2012.

Why did Bradbury's Hugo command a much higher price? For three main reasons.

- It is associated with a great sf writer who is also a media celebrity.
- It was given for his most iconic work, *Fahrenheit 451*.
- And the award is pretty, too: the wooden base is shaped to remind one of a tricorn hat, with 13 stars on one side, reflecting that the 2004 Worldcon was hosted in Boston, the cradle of American independence.

Are there Hugos that might fetch a price even higher than Bradbury's?

I think people who bid on a Hugo Award have an affinity for the sf field and know why the award is important. With that in mind, it could be argued that Robert Silverberg's 1956 Hugo for Most Promising New Author should be one of the most valuable, not just for his literary output, but because he's repeatedly made that award the turning point of a funny comment while emceeding or presenting at Hugo ceremonies over the years. Unfortunately, the fanhistory we cherish rarely translates into cash value (or we'd all be rich!)

What about Hugos won by the sf writers with the biggest reputations, Robert A. Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, and Arthur C. Clarke?

Heinlein's 1961 Best Novel Hugo for *Stranger In A Strange Land* must be worth a pretty penny — an enduringly popular book widely read outside of fandom that became embedded in Sixties popular culture. Or there is his 1960 Best Novel Hugo for *Starship Troopers* (1960) — a veteran or military sf fan with deep pockets might bid that up (and in that case, the bug-hunting movie based on it makes it all the more attractive, despite how bad the film actually was.)

In Isaac Asimov's case, the 1966 Hugo given to *Foundation* as Best All-Time Series is probably his most valuable — voted in recognition of his most iconic work, the series whose concept of psychohistory is credited by Nobel laureate Paul Krugman for sparking his interest in economics. Asimov also enjoys an enduring celebrity as witnessed by the attachment of his name to Microsoft's recently-announced computer telemetry system.

The Arthur C. Clarke Hugo I expect collectors would pay the most for, by far, is his 1969 Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo for *2001: A Space Odyssey* — always assuming he received a rocket for that in the first place, as I tend to expect he would have based on how the official Hugo Awards site credits the movie:

[Paramount] Directed by Stanley Kubrick; Screenplay by Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick; based on the story "The Sentinel" by Arthur C. Clarke

Beyond the Big Three, it would be a mistake to overlook the media appeal of Philip K. Dick and the potential market for his 1963 Best Novel Hugo for *The Man In The High Castle*. PKD's name is frequently invoked by the critics of our dystopian present, and his works have been turned into movies like *Bladerunner*, *Total Recall* and *Minority Report* featuring some of Hollywood's most bankable stars.

All the Hugos I have mentioned so far follow the standard rocket-on

-a-wooden-base design, so the artistry of the award isn't a factor that would enhance their value. (Maybe just the reverse in the case of Arthur C. Clarke's 1956 Hugo for the Best Short Story, "The Star," which was made with an Oldsmobile Rocket 88 hood ornament...)

But over the past 30 years most Worldcons have commissioned Hugo bases that depart from the cliché plinth-and-rocket. They all have their advocates and among my favorites are:

- 1992: Phil Tororici's hand-painted base with the rocket on a scrap of orange grid from a Cape Canaveral launch platform.
- 2004: The first successful representation of the rocket rising on a column of flame, designed by Scott Lefton.
- 2007: The controversial Ultraman Hugo base designed by Takashi Kinoshita.
- 2013 Vincent Villafranca's bronze casting of a globe supporting the reclining figures of a spaceman and B.E.M., both reading.

However, my absolute favorite is Tim Kirk's base for the 1976 Hugo, co-designed with Ken Keller, a cold-cast resin base wreathed with a dragon. Tragically, there isn't a good image of it online. (After looking at the photo on the official site you'll be questioning my sanity: "That's the most beautiful Hugo base? It looks like a rocket on an oil can!") But I've seen one up close many times at Larry Niven's home. I think it's quite beautiful.

So looking at who won the Hugos of 1976, one prospect jumped out as having the perfect combination of attributes to bring a good price at auction.

Best Dramatic Presentation

A Boy and His Dog (1975) [LQ/
JAF] Directed by L. Q. Jones;
Screenplay by L. Q. Jones and
Wayne Cruseturner; Story by
Harlan Ellison

The question, as with *2001: A Space Odyssey*, is whether Ellison got a copy of the rocket, but for purposes of this discussion I'll assume he did. Ellison enjoys the celebrity built on a long career of writing sf, fantasy and horror in all media – print, TV, movies, comics, as a Grammy-nominated voice actor. He's even been in a commercial or two — remember "Harlan Ellison, Noted Futurist" plugging Geo Metros? "A Boy and His Dog" is one of his best-known stories. And there is a legion of Ellison collectors snapping up everything he produces. Just imagine the market for an Ellison Hugo?

So unless somebody can talk me out of it, I nominate the Clarke *2001* and Ellison *A Boy and His Dog* Hugos as the most valuable out there.

2014 Hugo Award Winners

BEST NOVEL

Ancillary Justice by Ann Leckie
(Orbit US / Orbit UK)

Littlehead; Television 360;
Startling Television and Generator
Productions)

BEST NOVELLA

"Equoid" by Charles Stross
(*Tor.com*, 09-2013)

**BEST EDITOR
SHORT FORM**
Ellen Datlow

BEST NOVELETTE

"The Lady Astronaut of Mars" by
Mary Robinette Kowal
(maryrobinettekowal.com /
Tor.com, 09-2013)

**BEST EDITOR
LONG FORM**
Ginjer Buchanan

BEST SHORT STORY

"The Water That Falls on You
from Nowhere" by John Chu
(*Tor.com*, 02-2013)

**BEST PROFESSIONAL
ARTIST**
Julie Dillon

BEST SEMIPROZINE

Lightspeed Magazine edited by
John Joseph Adams, Rich Horton,
and Stefan Rudnicki

BEST RELATED WORK

"We Have Always Fought:
Challenging the Women, Cattle
and Slaves Narrative" by Kameron
Hurley (A Dribble of Ink)

BEST FANZINE

A Dribble of Ink
edited by Aidan Moher

BEST GRAPHIC STORY

"Time" by Randall Munroe
(XKCD)

BEST FANCAST

SF Signal Podcast Patrick Hester

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

LONG FORM

Gravity written by Alfonso Cuarón
& Jonás Cuarón, directed by
Alfonso Cuarón (Esperanto
Filmoj; Heyday Films; Warner
Bros.)

BEST FAN WRITER

Kameron Hurley

BEST FAN ARTIST

Sarah Webb

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD FOR BEST NEW WRITER

Sofia Samatar

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

SHORT FORM

*Game of Thrones: "The Rains of
Castamere"* written by David
Benioff & D.B. Weiss, directed by
David Nutter (HBO Entertainment
in association with Bighead,



Geeks! The Musical Review By David Bratman

File 770 sent me to the theater, so I ought to owe it a review.

Back in May, Mike blogged about an upcoming production in San Diego of a show called *Geeks!: The Musical*. Hey, I thought, Berni and I plan to be in San Diego while this is on, it might be fun to go.

Finding tickets was not the easiest thing. Mike's main link was to a casting call on the site of the theater company that was hosting the show but not producing it, so they posted no further information. Fortunately the show had a separate website which was eventually updated with a ticket-purchase link to the San Diego production.

We knew we were in for a low-rent job when we could hardly find the tiny theater, tucked behind a dry cleaner in the Hillcrest District, and when the door didn't open to the waiting ticketholders until the supposed showtime, despite the flood of production personnel and cast members rushing in and out. On the other hand, once the door opened the show then got started in ten minutes, which you can do in a sixty-seat theater on a slow Thursday when it's only half-full.

Let's say what we can for it. The music, by LASFS's own Ruth Judkowitz, was lively and tuneful. The accompaniment, prerecorded on keyboard by one of the cast members, worked functionally – there was only one minor production slipup in this performance – but it was over-loud and sometimes drowned out the singers. The script and lyrics, by Thomas J. Misuraca, were very clever and often tickled my fancy.

The story takes place over several days at a Comic-Con, though it could be any large generic media-oriented SF con – the coincidence of running into somebody and the difficulty of finding them when you're looking for them plays some role in the plot. It's the story of three pairs of friends who come to the convention, one set specifically in hopes of selling the avant-garde comic they're working on, the others to buy collectibles or to attend programming or just to people-watch. They interact, and romantic pairings, both straight and gay, ensue.

There's lots and lots of references to media favorites, frequently in the form of metaphors, so even if you don't know the referent you'll probably get the point. But I got almost all the referents, so I've no doubt that most *F770* readers minded to go will have no trouble. There's a whole song in which one enthusiast tries to teach the rest of the characters the sequence of Doctors Who, but the rest of the songs are not quite that doggedly educational.

I was particularly caught by a couple of true geekish interactions in songs. One character makes a reference to Harry Potter's cape and another actually interrupts the song to point out that it was a cloak, to which the first snaps, "Poetic license." In another song, two characters are trading names of shows and authors to see if they have any mutual likes; when Tolkien comes up, the exchange is "Have you ever actually read him?" "No, but I saw the movies." I've previously come across the claim that *The Lord of the Rings* is too hard a book to read, and I'd like

to know to what extent that assumption is actually a thing in geek culture.

Berni was particularly pleased with a song in which the two female characters, a fangirl played by Sarah LeClair and a goth wanna-be writer played by Lorina Alfaro, extol female heroes. (That there aren't a lot of women at the con is one aspect of the plot that's perhaps a little unrealistic today.) I was equally taken by the solo song from a flamboyantly gay snob, played by James P. Darvas, whose refrain was "I Hate It" – "it" being just about any work you could mention. As a snooty critic myself, I could identify with that part. Many of the songs were appealing, though we could have done with less blatantly in-your-face declarations of sexuality.

Cast quality was mixed. LeClair as the romantic female lead was a good singer and a perky actress; she was also responsible for the pre-recorded accompaniment. Darvas is a very strong actor and dominated the stage whenever he was on. Probably the best in both singing and acting was the oldest member of the cast, Ed Hollingsworth as the seventh main character, a washed-up actor who'd once starred in a popular SF tv show decades ago, and who's come to the con to make a few bucks selling autographs and in hopes of finding that he still has a few fans. His duet with LeClair was the most professional number. Unfortunately it's not a good sign for a show when the male romantic lead is the worst singer, not even ready for a high-school show, let alone prime time, so let's just pass over him anonymously.

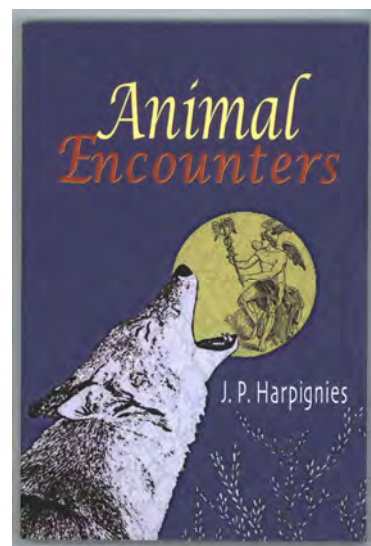
So there were places where we winced, but a lot was also enjoyable. Thumb down from Berni, but thumb up from me as long as you expect what you're getting.

Animals He Has Known Review By Tim Marion

Animal Encounters by
J.P. Harpignies, 140
pages, 2014 trade paper-
back published by Cool
Grove Press, \$10

Renowned world-traveler and Tai Chi expert J.P. Harpignies has herewith peerlessly presented us with a powerfully poignant and perspicacious collection of personal reminiscences regarding both wild and domestic animals with whom he has come into contact. Although he is quick to admit that he's never had any pets of his own, somehow he still finds himself in positions where he feels both emotionally and responsibly attached to various animals during different periods in his life. As he says on page 91: "Back to the cat: I really grew to love that little animal. I have never owned a cat or dog or any pet, but I've bonded with a number of them." Nevertheless, he found himself in positions where he ended up responsibly caring for some of them.

Apart from and a part of his recollections are anecdotes regarding his psychedelic experiences and resultant snake visions. I would like to recommend this book to readers of *File 770* as it reads like one long (really, not-so-long), candid personalzine about the author's experiences with cats (several stories) and other animals.



Jabba and Racism



LEGO



The People's Court of the Internet is now in session, the Honorable Judge 770 presiding! You may be seated... Bailiff, read the charges.

The Turkish Cultural Community of Austria accuses the toymaker Lego of perpetuating racism and prejudice against Muslims among children by making its Jabba's Palace set look like a mosque.

People sent me several copies of this story last year but I put off writing about it because I momentarily expected *Snopes.com* to announce the complaint was a hoax, and the organization possibly nonexistent. Unexpectedly, a *Snopes.com* message board identified a genuine-looking website for the Türkische Kulturgemeinde Österreich (Turkish Cultural Community of Austria), adorned by recent clippings of its director's quotes from *Spiegel Online Panorama* (rendered in English by Google Translate) –

General Secretary Melissa Gunes: “We want to first of all have peace in our own home. This peace is endangered by war toys such as LEGOs ‘Jabba’s Palace.’ Peace at home, peace in the country, peace in the world. This is our motto! I hope that LEGO is helping to make this world.

“Lego means in Danish ‘Good game.’ Stars Wars in English means ‘Star Wars,’ and the culture-racist toy ‘Jabba’s Palace’ is molded in plastic clichés and prejudices that give us no feeling of ‘play good,’ but rather of ‘evil.’”

The internet's let's-you-and-him-fight media loved this story because it made both sides look bad and when there are two losing sides the *cognoscenti* can enjoy themselves twice as much.

Lego looks bad because there is an undeniable grain of truth in the complaint. *Star Wars'* Jabba the Hutt looks like *Casablanca's* Signor Ferrari (Sidney Greenstreet) reincarnated as a mutant sea slug. Both characters control crime syndicates in desert cities. But Ferrari's *Casablanca* existed only on a sound stage while the exteriors for *Star Wars'* Mos Eisley were actually shot on location in Tunisia, imagery Lego extrapolated into a grandiose headquarters for a villain that arguably resembles the Hagia Sophia in Istanbul. Are we supposed to pretend that it doesn't?

On the other hand, the protestors' complaint has a kind of easy-to-criticize, past-sale-date quality. Jabba's palace was shown in *The Return of the Jedi* in 1983 without any known fuss. Starting one now?

The story intrigued me because I've been inside the Hagia Sophia. I was fortunate to travel to Turkey and see some of its greatest historical and archeological sites in 2004 — although that was not the most auspicious time for an American to be traveling there, just three weeks after the Abu Gharib photos were published. No, indeed. Our Turkish tour

guide felt the urge to take the microphone a couple of times and air his opinion of the Bush administration. Otherwise, things went pretty smoothly. Well, except the afternoon I was ripped-off by an Istanbul cabbie who realized I was ignorant of the exchange rate and bilked me out of US\$75 in Turkish currency for a six block ride. A more serene individual would have been thrilled by this authentic connection to tourist traditions reaching back to the founding of Constantinople. Not me.

Kramer Tries To Overturn Plea Bargain

Does this pass the smell test? Dragon*Con founder Ed Kramer spent 13 years avoiding trial on child molestation charges, then took a plea-bargain when trial was imminent in December 2013, but now his new attorney is trying to get that conviction thrown out so Kramer can have “a fair trial to demonstrate his innocence, which he has steadfastly maintained.”

His attorney has already succeeded in having District Attorney Danny Porter disqualified from handling Kramer's habeas corpus petition on the state's behalf because Porter might be called as a witness in any related hearings. A motion has also been submitted to disqualify the judge who had jurisdiction over his case.

The Gwinnett (GA) Daily Post reported in October: “In the 21-page habeas corpus document, Reba, the ninth defense attorney Kramer has retained over the years, claims that his client's plea was ill-gotten for a number of reasons.

“Among them is the allegation that Porter, the district attorney, and Gwinnett County Superior Court Judge Karen Beyers essentially colluded to ‘disappear’ a 2009 ruling that, due to Kramer's numerous medical ailments, placed the ability to initial trial proceedings in the hands of Kramer and his attorneys. That came into play in 2011, when Porter fought to have Kramer extradited from Connecticut after he was allegedly caught alone in a hotel room with a teenage boy.

“Further allegations claim that Beyers and Porter did not provide medical accommodations that would have allowed Kramer to stand trial. That, the recent filings claim, forced Kramer to enter his Alford plea — which is legally a guilty plea but allows the defendant to maintain innocence — on Dec. 2, 2013, the day jury selection was scheduled to begin in his trial.”

Kramer is accused of sexually assaulting three teenage boys, each of whom approved Kramer's 2013 plea deal and were awarded \$100,000 restitution. Since pleading guilty in December, Kramer has been serving his time at home under house arrest.

The Fanivore

Jerry Kaufman

The cover by Taral is sexy - such smooth curves and graceful wings. The fairy creature in the foreground is pretty nice, too, except that her tail appears to be emerging from her hip.

About the backcover, I can say it's interesting. I assume it's a digital collage. I've seen A.B. Kynock's work here and in *The Reluctant Famulus*, enough that I'm beginning to wonder who he or she is - where does Kynock live, how did he/she come into contact with fandom and fanzines, what do they do for a living (it could be a partnership or a collective)?

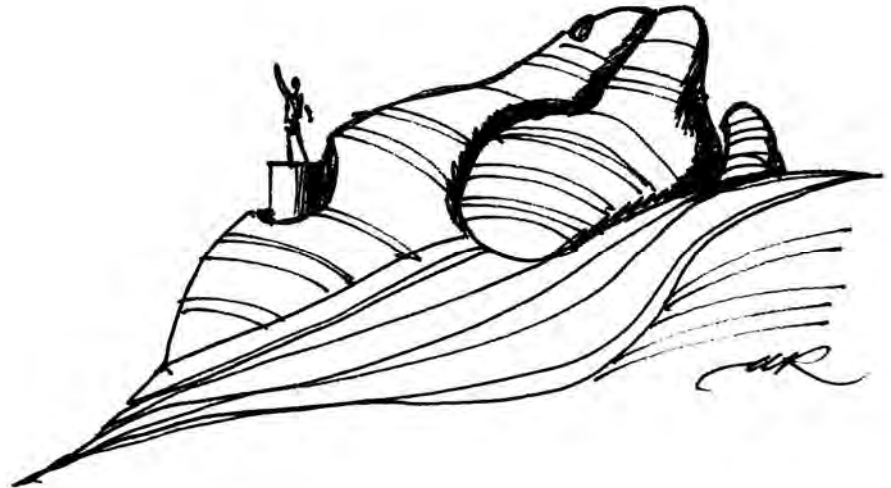
I had no idea Edie Stern was so brilliant - I'm very impressed. I already knew she is a terrific person in many other ways.

In the Elliot Shorter obituary, several people remember the big movie screen incident at St. Louiscon; I was there, too, but remember the screen-ripping differently. My memory says the clumsy culprit was costumed as Good Ol' Charlie Brown of *Peanuts*, and he stumbled off the back of the stage, through the screen. This stayed with me clearly because it was so in character. I also remember reading or hearing later that he was a New Orleans fan who was a major part of the city's Worldcon bid committee, but I wouldn't depend on this being right.

I also remember many an expedition to Chuan Hong, a Szechuan restaurant near Columbia University, that featured Eliot eating hot chili peppers. He did like to show off sometimes. (The rest of the group typically included Suzle, Janet and Ricky Kagan, Eli Cohen, David Emerson - in case anyone's interested. If any current readers were also part of these expeditions - Moshe Feder, perhaps - feel free to use up Mike's column inches by adding your names.)

In addition to the many accomplishments Andy Porter describes in his obit of Frank Dietz, Frank also published fanzines like *Luna* and *Luna Monthly*. I vaguely remember them as sercon zines with news and book reviews. We probably have some issues of these in our fanzine boxes, but it's too hard to go dig through said boxes to confirm their contents. I had to go to a listing in Fancyclopedia 3 just to confirm the titles.

Tim Marion's comments to you about your separation made me squirm. For a fellow who was trying not to be intrusive or to speculate about "your situation," he was awfully detailed about the temptations of "tender, young willing flesh."



Taral, Dan Steffan, and Steve Stiles are my top three "should win a Hugo" choices. I will be a good fan citizen this year and nominate them all. I'm still muttering to myself over my fourth and fifth picks. (Even though Brad Foster has won a time or two already, I will probably nominate him because his work continues to be top notch; D. West too. But then there's Teddy Harvia, back from gafia, and every moment I think of someone else.)

Martin Morse Wooster

According to Billee J. Stallings and Jo-An J. Evans's *Murray Leinster: The Life and Works*, Michael Shoemaker is wrong about both the start and the finish of Murray Leinster's career. Murray Leinster's first sf story was indeed "The Runaway Skyscraper" in the February 22, 1919. But his first story (I'm not counting sketches) was three years earlier, in the July 1916 *Smart Set*. His last sf novel was the *Land of the Giants* novelizations *The Hot Spot* and *Unknown Danger*, both of which were published in 1969.

I didn't realize that Michael Shoemaker was one of the founders of the Silver Spring Science Fiction Society. The group did indeed begin in the Wheaton, Maryland library. I attended the first three meetings and then went to college. While I was in college the club went through a crisis and turned into its current form thanks to Paul Parsons and Aly Parsons. Meetings were held at the Parsons's house (aka "The Parsonage") for many years, but are now held in a variety of members

homes in the Maryland suburbs of Washington.

Chip Hitchcock

Robert Lichtman's puzzlement about the SCA settlement shows a (probably common) lack of knowledge about the differences between the SCA and fandom. Your story in *F:770 161* shows that there is something central in the SCA to sue, and that it can call on all its subgroups to contribute equitably. (Compare to the small number of sometimes-reluctant contributors, and the huge amount of work undertaken by a few people after the 1983 Worldcon went in the hole.) However, the SCA is rather larger than traditional SF fandom:

- the Pennsic War (largest single event) runs for two weeks, with total attendance around twice that of the average Worldcon.

- there are *many* active subgroups to draw on; e.g., I'm occasionally involved with the Boston group but have also visited four other groups within about an hour's drive. Outside of Boston the nearest vaguely-traditional SF conventions are a couple of hours away; there are huge gaming and anime conventions in Boston, but the crossover between them and SF fandom seems minimal.

I doubt there are many in fandom interested in reviving "WSFS Inc.," but the SCA's structure is probably not the only reason they've had a lot more success than fandom in bringing in new members, particularly (though hardly exclusively) children of existing members. This is hardly universal -- all of the college-based subgroups of the Boston group are

currently inactive -- but it's certainly a factor in how big the SCA is.

Gregory Benford

Thanks for the piece on viruses. Main point is that there's no claim for earlier origin, and nothing in print. A professor at USC made a claim years ago but admitted when he saw *The Scarred Man* that it was 6 years earlier.

The Creeper virus on ARPANET was several years later, probably inspired by the one I sent in 1969. Creeper gained access via the ARPANET and copied itself to the remote system where "I'm the creeper, catch me if you can!" was displayed. The *Reaper* program was created to delete Creeper. Nothing more appeared until a DOS virus in 1982. Wikipedia says, "In 1984 Fred Cohen from the University of Southern California wrote his paper 'Computer Viruses - Theory and Experiments.' It was the first paper to explicitly call a self-reproducing program a virus." The first academic paper, but my story invented the term and even a counter-virus program called Vaccine--which was an actual such code 15 or so later.

Brad Foster

Awright, looks like you got *File 770 #163* in just under the wire to have a 2013 issue! Spending all that time updating your blog, just pleased you do still want to put out a more traditional zine as well. I'd love to see more issues more often, of course, but an annual publication is still good.

A truly knock-out cover from Taral for this issue, hitting the high points of all of his skills in design, composition, execution, color. And I love love LOVE that glittering water affect!

Excellent choices for the last two Rotsler awards as noted this issue, C. Ross Chamberlain and Jim Barker. I hope the award committee might consider Steve Fox for an upcoming award. Not only for the wealth of fantastic art pieces he contributed to zines for years, but, for my own sake, I would hope you might be able to track him down now, something I have been unable to do.

Always too many names in the obituary section of the zine. When it came out more often, not quite as depressing unlike a full years worth. Losing too many. (I did like Murray Moore's take on checking out the obituaries each issue: "Twenty-six obituaries, none of me, so that's good." That's keeping a positive attitude!)

I'm not gone yet as well, though some of the hardware breakdown seems to be starting. Had a torn retina sewed back together last spring, followed by cataract surgery on the

same eye about five months later. Spent most of the summer wearing an eye patch and playing a pirate, to the vast amusement of many young children who would see me out in public. Been a couple of months now since the final surgery, still some odd problems with the eye adjusting to light, and the focus is not all it could be. Losing all that time made 2013 one of the lowest for the amount of artwork I was able to complete, as well as the number of books I was able to read. But, I AM now able to read and draw again, if for shorter periods of time, which beats the heck out of having no eye at all to work with, and I will try to be more productive in 2014.

Oh, and a note to Michael Shoemaker, who mentioned still holding on to some "sentimental favorite" comic books from his youth, including Magnus, *Robot Fighter*. I had all of my Russ Manning Issues of the Magnus series bound together in hardback years ago, to keep them on the shelf and in good shape. Screw collectability, I want them to read again and again.

Alexis Gilliland

Thank you for *File 770 #163* that arrived awhile back in the middle of a snowstorm. As I look out the window, it is snowing again, as our miserable winter hangs on like grim death. Despite all the snow, to date only five inches less than Buffalo, we have not had any power outages. A fact which reflects well on the efforts of the local power companies to prune the local branches of the local trees in anticipation of such an event.



Taral's cover was well composed and beautifully executed, except for the tail of the elf-maiden, which appears to be an afterthought. Tails are usually an extension of the spine, but not this tail, which appears to sprout from the left elbow.

It is nice -- which is to say I am in full agreement that the Rotsler Award went to Ross Chamberlain in 2012 and Jim Barker in 2013.

Alas, I skimmed Martin Morse Wooster's report of Readercon and John Hertz's report of Lonestarcon 3, mainly because my enthusiasm for going to cons is not what it used to be, and reading about conventions I didn't attend is tedious.

I did enjoy the several tributes to Ray Bradbury, most particularly Harlan's recollection that when he and Ray were having dinner with Leigh Brackett and Edmond Hamilton, Ray told him that they were brothers, and that across the table were their parents.

Of a dozen obituaries, I knew nine, and counted several as friends. Sigh.

Joy V. Smith

When JFK was assassinated, I was in class, and my English teacher still made us take our test. Other teachers let their students out. A friend called us to tell us to turn on the TV to see the Challenger disaster. And another friend called us to turn on the TV so we got to see the 9/11 tragedy in real time. It still seems unbelievable... And now everything is history.

Thank you for the Fandom historical tidbits; and I bet Bill Higgins had fun starring in the Google Earth Street Views. (I'm often impressed with what people accomplish 'cause most of those things never occur to me.) Thanks too for the Fandom and awards updates. I always enjoy the con reports also--and the photos and illos. Sparky the Pyro Fairy was cute. Thanks to Taral Wayne for sharing his experiences as an artist. Our paths resemble mazes sometimes.

I'm glad you included tributes and photos of Ray Bradbury; I especially enjoyed his Martian stories. Btw, Whortleberry Press recently published a Ray Bradbury tribute anthology: *Dandelions of Mars*. I learned lots more in the LOCs, including your separation/marital problems. So sorry to hear that! Lots of love to Sierra and best wishes to you all.

Thanks to everyone for their contributions to *File 770*, and that photo on the back cover is fantastic. Hmm. Is it on Pinterest?

Joseph T. Major

Where was I at that time on November 22, 1963? Asleep, if not soundly, just having had

eight molars removed; my first and so far only time under total anesthesia. Very busy week for us, as that Friday we were going down to Hopkinsville to see my grandparents. We were therefore somewhat out of touch during that weekend.

At the Challenger explosion, I was at work at the Naval Ordnance Station in Louisville, and one of the other programmers, who by an odd pair of diverse coincidences was from Hopkinsville and was named James Jones, was listening on the radio and heard what was going on. On 9/11, I had just come back from Worldcon and was catching up on back work when one of the supervisors went on the intercom and made the announcement.

And so two of Fandom's legal cases stagger towards an end, though such is the legal process that the transition may be continually delayed. Kramer has more money than Gehartsreiter and so can keep it up, perhaps forever.

I remember *Mad 3 Party* very fondly. It was quite a well-done fanzine and it was unfortunate that it was so associated with the bid and con that it really had no reason for being after the con. The Hugo was well and truly deserved.

The Frankfort Public Library had a number of Robert Benchley books, and somewhat after LeeH I became an admirer of his tales of his hapless struggle against the complications of life. I wonder what she thought of his *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, or *David Copperfield*.

Joel's plaint about the Decline of Midwestcon does hearken back to those earlier days when LeeH was a BNF, doing *Quandry*. (It's all connected!) Back in those glory days, Midwestcon was where prospective Worldcon bids went to make a case to the Secret Masters of Fandom. Now, they don't go there anymore, the SMOF go to Smofcon if at all, and we end up with bids for cities where there doesn't seem to be any fandom and the air is unbreathable. And Westercon also seems to be not doing well. It's a sad time, as indicated by the long set of memorials which follow.

Sam Long: It's not the obituaries for fans who are younger than you that are the shockers. It's the obituaries for fans' parents who are younger than you! (In my case, again, Chris Garcia's late father, born a year after me.)

Well, it looks as if Chicago is really and truly planning a bid of 2022. My cousin Dana's two nice little children will be big



enough to go and enjoy themselves by then. Dana was just blown away by the art show, but she is an artist herself.

As for Kelly, Kentucky, every year on the weekend closest to the anniversary there is Little Green Men Day. What with the eclipse, that would make Hopkinsville a viable site for a con bid.

I recall reading Robert Bloch writing of his ever-dashed hopes that H. P. Lovecraft would win the Pulitzer Prize. Looking at the incredibly obscure books that *did* win during his writing career, one can argue that Bloch had a point.

Lloyd Penney

I am falling behind again...I got this zine from you at the end of 2013, and here it is February 2014 already. Time to catch up, and trim the pile o' zines down. Comments on File 770 163 start here...

We all marked the 50th anniversary of JFK's assassination this past November, and now, it's the 50th of the Beatles' arrival in North America. All I will say is that when JFK was shot, I was 4 years old. In comparison, Yvonne was in the audience for the Beatles' only performance in Toronto.

I was not a member of the 2013 Smofcon in Toronto...simply couldn't afford the memberships, but we did go down to the Royal York Hotel to meet with some people, and pick up some goods that Sherri Benoun forwarded to us via Bobbi Armbruster. Thanks to both Sherri and Bobbi for getting us the café di olla Yvonne likes so much.

It's become awards season again...local publisher ChiZine Press was quite pleased, as were all local fans, to see that its work received three British Fantasy Awards. Now to see how they do with the Auroras; the nomi-

nation period for those awards has also started.

I hope that when all of The Mad 3 Party goes digital, it will also include the two parody issues. I always had a good time with those zines, and I responded to each issue, setting myself up for a good skewering in both the parodies.

There's yet another Worldcon I wish we could have gone to. Yvonne and I do have plans to go to Worldcon, but I am still not working, and some of our savings for London may have to go to paying the rent. We don't go to out of town cons any more,

and if we can't go to London, well, that's it for Worldcons for us, too. Even local cons are getting expensive. We seem to have reinvented ourselves as steampunk vendors, with the hope that our sales will overcome our expenditures.

Re 2017 bidders...the Montréal bidders now have a rudimentary website at www.montrealin2017.ca. I know Dave Langford gets upset with a huge contingent of people in his monthly RIP list in Ansible, and I keep seeing more and more friends there. And now, there's Marty Gear. I was looking forward to seeing Marty at CostumeCon in Toronto in April. I think our earliest bit of international fanac was when we assisted Marty in running masquerade registration at the 1983 Worldcon in Baltimore.

My loc...the episodes of Murdoch Mysteries (now available on Ovation in the US under the name The Artful Detective) that Yvonne was in were indeed broadcast, and have been released, along with the rest of Season 6, on DVD.

Just made the page, and I guess I am done. Local fandom has changed so much, I barely recognize it. With that, I am truly out of the loop, and if there is any news happening here, I probably don't know about it. All I can really do now is respond to what I read here. Sigh... Anyway, take care, stay dry.

M. Lee Rogers

Of course I remember the Kennedy assassination. I was 7 going on 8, so it was probably 2nd grade. The school leaders sent us home. I especially remember that we had a substitute teacher that day. Her name was Mrs. Kennedy. I watched as much of the coverage as I could. Even at that age, ever the geek, I was trying to keep up with the world around me.

I have attended a Jewish funeral (Irvin Koch) but never a Jewish wedding. *Mazel tov* to the brides and grooms.

Has there been any follow-up on the Ed Kramer case? I have not seen any in the mundane press. Also the Gerhartsreiter conviction.

Edie Stern did not tell us about her prodigal academic career when we talked during the planning for ConFederation. We knew she was extremely intelligent. Mucho congrats on the honor from FAU.

Nice to know that Harlan Ellison has no mouth and is still screaming. Some things never change.

This letter is being written during the time of SMOFCon. Maybe I will get to one of those conventions someday. It would have cost too much and I have no desire to mess with the American air transport system in its current form. Hope the con went well.

Is the *Ansible* site being blocked? Seems unnecessary and rather bizarre. As a great American once said, "What an ultramaroon!"

One of the problems facing Midwestcon is competition from other conventions. Chattanooga's Libertycon ran on the same weekend in 2014 and drew well over 500 attendance. Some of those fans might have gone to Cincinnati in the past. I went to one years ago and had a good time but never went back. Wish the CFG well and will be interested to hear their decision about the future.

I will probably never get to a Readercon, but noticed that Ms. McHugh wants to avoid writing only screenplays. You can hardly blame a professional writer for writing work that can be sold for reasonable moolah. One should fit in the real stuff when one can, but do not feel bad about supporting yourself and family.

About time for Jack Lewis to be put in Poets' Corner. I would not use the King James Version/Authorized Version for study but believe it to be the *ne plus ultra* for public reading and worship. I sometimes wonder if other languages have a situation where the popular translation of the Bible dates back to a different era. Of course the Koran and Indian religious texts go back much farther than Elizabethan times.

Given the aging of science fiction fandom, a Westercon that can draw 900 is still hanging in there. Does not sound like it is dying. No one has ever asked me to run a daily newszine for a con. It would be an interesting challenge. Then again, I am too busy as it is and do **not** need another project.

This is a large obit section. Did not know any of these luminaries personally, but one hopes the stress of running a Worldcon did not contribute to Ms. DuFault's demise.

Taral, you should have showed a couple of your book illos to the editor before going any further with the project. But you all moved on. Sometimes life works out and sometimes it

does not.

Wish I had had the chance to meet Bradbury at ConFederation. Legendary Southern fan (and husband of the Co-Chair) Meade H. Frierson III got the assignment of shepherding Ray around the con. He wrote a piece about the experience, but I am not sure where it ran -- perhaps in an *Southern Fandom Con-federation Bulletin*.

Rotsler was so good -- he should have been much better known in the mundane world.

By the way, thanks for mentioning my articles about the nerd life from the beginning of 2014 on the web site. Nothing came from them, but that's the chance you take. I would like to start a Facebook group but time is hard to come by along with church duties and a little Deep South Con to run in 2016. We have our list of potential Guests of Honor down to three people and will try to get the guest list out by year-end.

Arthur D. Hlavaty

File 770 received and enjoyed. The cartoon on p.6 reminds me of one I saw in the 60s in a book of cartoons called *But That's Upritable*: Two archeologists looking very interested at a wall of hieroglyphics. Caption: This must have been their restroom!

Tim Marion

[Tim wrote several locs catching up on back issues of File 770.]

In #158, thank you for telling that famous Jim Harmon/Harlan Ellison story; definitely one of the most famous stories in fandom. With this mention you filled in details I didn't know. When I came into fandom, Jim Harmon was into his radio fandom big time; that's how I heard of him. Altho I can understand the inter-

est, I never got involved in that (maybe it would be different if I had been born 20 years earlier). (And you remind me that, shamefully, I have never read my copy of *A Wealth of Fable*.)

I believe it was William Tenn, or at least someone with a similar name, who was a guest of honor at a DisClave in the 1970s. Unusually, as I was always into socializing with my friends and rarely ever attended official functions, I happened to be wondering by while he was giving his speech, and since it was funny, I came in to listen. Tenn told a story about how he had been selected as a guest of honor before at a convention but arrived late. He was surprised that no one gave him any attention when he finally arrived, but came to give his speech at the appropriate time and place. There, he found someone who called himself "William Tenn" was already giving a guest-of-honor speech which, the real Tenn said, he found full of funny, amusing anecdotes; so much so that he didn't care to interrupt. Afterwards, a number of women hung around, the real Tenn said, waiting for the faux Tenn to choose one of them. The real Tenn said he never revealed himself because, he claimed, he didn't want to ruin the ambience. He eventually went home mystified. I'm sure it was all an apocryphal story on his part, but sounds more like the sort of thing Philip K. Dick might have come up with.

DisClaves used to be my favorite convention, so this probably happened at a DisClave also. Some schmuck, a mundane who wasn't even a part of the convention, invaded our party and eventually fell asleep on the bed (probably too much free booze from the con suite across the hall). At one point, he woke up and went back across the hall, presumably for more free beer or booze, and at that point, I put his shoes outside the door and closed the door, thinking he would take the hint. Instead, he knocked on the door, and when it was opened by Stu, this schmuck got in Stu's face and started loudly lambasting him for putting





his shoes outside the door, indignantly protesting that if he didn't want him there, he should say so to his face and explain why (shyeah, like that would have worked). Mike, I should have stood up for Stu and told the schmuck, *I* was the one who had done it. But I didn't. I was too chickenshit. Mark Owings seized the moment by suddenly striding over and getting between the schmuck and Stu, and started yelling at him to shut up and leave. Schmuck was definitely intimidated and took the uh, hint. Mark Owings was a hero, I was a coward, and schmuck was a schmuck; but thankfully, a departing schmuck. And I really let Stu down there. I guess I really should give up all my (later) hard feelings toward Stu; surely both he and I have paid for our sins many times over already.

I can sing *The Beverly Hillbillies* theme and *The Addams Family* and *Rawhide*, but can't remember all the words to *The Brady Bunch*, thank Ghod. But did you know there were *words* to the *Star Trek* theme? I think it begins with, "To sail beyond the farthest star..." Blech. And agree with you on *Time Tunnel* and *Lost in Space*. *Car 54* also had the actor who played Grandpa on the *Munsters* (Al Lewis), who had a show here on WBAI for years. I recall the short-lived superhero comedies, *Mr. Terrific* and *Captain Nice*. Also, being a kid, I thought *Love American Style* was ineffably Cool. I can probably sing the themes to *Petticoat Junction* and *Green Acres*, but not *The Partridge Family*.

Just excavated #159 from April 2011. If I ever thought the obituaries in *File 770* were a downer, they certainly achieved an all-time low in this issue (which is certainly not your fault, I hasten to add). In this issue we have Len Moffatt, Mike Glicksohn, Glen Good-Knight and George Scithers all eulogized. Mighod, Mike, those were some really big

movers and shakers in fandom at one point or more in their lives! (And Jerry Weist in comics fandom.)

And, of course, just received #163. Thanks so much for your thoughtfulness in once again sending me a hard copy. I had wondered what was happening with Elliot Shorter, Fred Pohl and Dick Geis; thanks for telling us, unfortunate news tho it is.

I actually knew Elliot pretty well there for a period stretching from 1978 to 1979. I lived on the east side of The Bronx, while he lived in the middle in a "bad" neighborhood. Despite that, I actually drove over to his apartment at least twice, but only during the day. I remember

my cats were descended from his. I gave him rides to conventions in my car but he was always very insistent that we avoid one particular section of the New Jersey Turnpike because, he said, he had previously had a bad dream about it. I admit that at first I thought this was foolish and I was not going to honor his request, but then I felt that since, at least on occasion, I was superstitious also, I should probably respect his superstition. Elliot seemed to breathe a lot easier after I capitulated to his reasonable request. During this time we also worked in the same large office, albeit across the floor and doing different tasks, we were still visible to each other — he was keeping records of some sort, and I was the Typing Demon for the office. I believe it was sometime around the end of this period that he moved to Providence, Rhode Island, and became a book dealer.

I was shocked shotglassless when I read Bill Warren writing about the late Bill Rotsler, "...enough color art to fill the entire back area of our SUV; I donated it to the Eaton collection at UC Riverside, and there it remains." Ouch! I acknowledge Warren's authority in this matter as Rotsler's friend and unofficial executor, but does that mean we're never going to see this art unless we go to Eaton? If I were still a faneditor, I would have loved to print some of that color Rotsler art as a front or back cover. And you certainly could have used it to good effect as well. Too good for mortal fen, I guess.

You have told me later in personal correspondence that this wasn't fan art (i.e., cartoons) that Warren was describing but experimental art. Still, I think faneds would be glad to use it. If nothing else, unless the material was unexpectedly unappealing, it should be collected in some sort of deluxe, color art-book. Surely there is interest!

One of my childhood fannish dreams, once

I decided I enjoyed writing anecdotal convention reports, was to attend first MidWestCon and then, the next weekend, WesterCon, and to write con/trip reports about both. I finally got to fulfill my dream of attending a Mid-WestCon in 2000 and definitely enjoyed it, but didn't find it to be quite as much fun as I thought I would. Still, that was enough ambition for the moment, as I was just getting back into fandom after more than a decade of keeping mostly to myself. Now, ironically enough, I read that both conventions are struggling and are considering closing their doors. I have been out of work for years so doubt that I would be able to go to either this year even if I were told they were each holding their last convention. For whatever it's worth, I wish them luck. Hang in there! I'll get there yet. (He said, trying to convince himself more than anyone else.)

I always enjoy Martin Morse Wooster's reportage as he gives me a real sense of being there. He is not at all impersonal, but definitely focuses more on the convention than on himself. Good show.

And yet another great, long and informative letter from Michael T. Shoemaker. I won't complain about the larger, darker typeface used only on my letter as it makes my words look more distinctive...

I've been reading fanzines so little (which is to say, not at all) that I've been carrying #157 around with me for months, reading bits and pieces of it. Right now, as I start this letter, I've read everything that you and Taral have written, as well as some of the letters. I found your own "Sowing Dragon's Teeth" to be very humorous in its intentional irony. Don't really have any strong feelings about anything you've said, other than general agreement and to think that you made a right-on observation that attendance at Worldcons has almost certainly deteriorated due to the sagging economy. Mike Glicksohn also says something that hadn't occurred to me — that fanzine fans, for the most part, don't really pay for Worldcon memberships or vote on the Hugos. Why that never occurred to me before, I don't know.

For my part, even tho I was making significant money for a while (1997-2009), I found that I wasn't attending WorldCons, even the ones on the East Coast, because I had spent so much money either producing elaborate fanzines (which died with little lament) and taking so many cats to expensive vets. Not to mention the fact that the one WorldCon I went to (the one in Chicago in 2000?), I hardly saw anyone there I knew. Altho I was told you were there, I never saw you. (That's almost an argument right there not to increase the size of WorldCons.)

The cover by Brianna Spacekat Wu (with whom I was previously unfamiliar) is brilliant — so nice to see a colorful cover that isn't by

Taral for a change! I never dislike Taral's work, but it mostly leaves me unaffected. I was so impressed by the brilliance and sharpness of the lines of this cover that I have only just now read every word balloon and realized it was a sequential narrative regarding breaking out of the oppression of one's day job. It shouldn't have taken me this long, but I have also just now gone to your website and printed out the first two pages (including this fabulous cover) in color and stapled the whole mass (not mess!) together (along with the Vince Docherty insert) with three staples on the side.

I noted Gary Farber's letter each time I perused the issue and was turned off because, at least initially, it seemed to me as tho he was excessively nit-picky in correcting Taral (who, admittedly, often deserves a lot of correction). I only just now read thru the entire letter and read him writing, "Gee, you have a loc by Tim Marion where the last section starts off 'And the rest of this is not to be printed,' and then you print it. I kinda wonder how Tim feels about that." Not only have I just now noticed that someone in *File 770* has actually noticed *my* locs, but I never noticed before that you printed a DNQ by me. That's pretty funny, really. (Altho I hope you don't do it again...) Since I never noticed it, I must not have said anything too inflammatory. (Better luck next time, huh?)

Just thought I'd write and tell you that I've been reading Taral's Renovation report in #161 and I think it's both one of the best, and longest, con reports I've read in many years. Which perhaps isn't saying much, as they may be a dying art. But it's obvious that Taral has been bucking for a Fan *Writing* Hugo in the last few years.

Someone once said, "The mark of a good writer is to be able to write interestingly regarding subjects in which the reader has very little interest." As a matter of fact, maybe that person was you writing to me about my own writing. But Taral is surely able to infect the reader with his own interests, and his photographs of scenery, etc., also add a lot of verisimilitude to his report. And of course, some of Taral's interests are my own interests, too. He definitely has my envy getting that complete set of ReBoot.

Ironic that Taral should mention that lazy muscle syndrome that has caused a drooped eyelid on him; I just saw the same thing manifested on Michael J. Fox's face during an advert for his latest sitcom. (And I would have thought of Fox as being a young fella, too.) Also ironic that Michael Shoemaker should talk about the death of Paul Walker and how he had the same name as the young movie star, since the latter also died recently.



Sheryl Birkhead

[[Sheryl does some catching-up, too.]]

Okay, I have three issues (unforgivably and unforgiving) sitting here and no truly valid excuses. At the very least – the laptop is consenting to do what it is laptops do and it has been a long time since that has been the case. #161 and #162 have nifty Canfield covers. I never get tired of looking at his work. If I had to guess, I'd say that the cover on #162 is vintage – now I'll see if there are any comments within.

[[All Canfield art I publish is vintage – but it's a very fine vintage!]]

Whew – so far out of date. Seeing *Carey's* stroke... Carotid artery disease (unsuspected) is what was the ultimate cause of my mother's death. Once I knew about it, I spoke with my GP about being tested and she said no. So, out of my own pocket I paid for the *el cheapo* version of several tests that are offered by numerous mobile services. Even with the results in hand my GP didn't think it worth pursuing – until she heard a heart murmur. Wow, that referral to a cardiologist arrived *fast!* The cardiologist actually heard three separate heart murmurs and a mild blockage in the left carotid and mild to moderate in the right. That has been a few years now and everything is still the same, except now insurance *does* pay for the monitoring.

Wow, all the obituaries --- call up ghod memories. I find it hard to believe that it has been that long since *Bob Sabella* died unexpectedly. Being very lazy, I still have boxes of zines to file and I know some *Visions* are in the varied piles. I, periodically, catch myself wondering why it has been so long since... and *then* I remember.

Reading *Taral's* Worldcon trip reminds me that I am still hoping to be able to afford one of the t-shirts listed on LonCon 3's site. (Yeah – you all got to go to...and all I got was this lousy...) That may or may not happen, but I am looking.

There were many years in which I thought Jay Kay Klein as an integral and omnipresent fan at any/all conventions. I think, upon occasion, that I have a softbound book somewhere of a collection of his SF luminaries. I have no idea what the title is and I am far too lazy to go hunt for it. I keep one file cabinet reserved for classics and things I *really really* like. I suspect it is safely lodged in there somewhere...at least I hope it is.

I think that is the first close-up image I have seen of the Hugo base from LoneStarCon 3—quite nice.

The Berrian work reminds me (only slightly of course) of wrapping balloons with string soaked in liquid starch, allowed to dry, then puncture and remove the balloon. It leaves behind a skeletal image of the...well,

you get the idea.

The question arises in the lettercol about trading cards. Bruce Pelz had the Tarot set – then went on to ask fanartists to pick a tile for a Mah Jongg set. I have poked around a bit twice to see if anyone knows where the original art went (presuming it went no further than that and I am not sure how many of the tiles even go to that stage). I sent a query to Elayne but still have no idea what the status is or ever was! Hmmm, I *think* I have a photocopy of one of the versions I sent – wonder if I really do and can find it in all the mess?

Dale Nelson

I've been looking at 'zines posted at efanzines.com and happened to see the March 2008 issue. On page 35 there's a photo of a TAPS fanzine who was unidentified. It may be my old friend Kurt Erichsen, who was a member of TAPS around that time and certainly looked like that circa 1976. The photo may have been identified before now; but if you need a good guess, there's mine.

WAHF: James Bacon, Ron Salomon

Contributors' Addresses

Gregory Benford, E-mail:

xbenford@gmail.com

Sheryl Birkhead, 25509 Jonnie Court,
Gaithersburg, MD 20882

Brad W Foster, P.O. Box 165246, Irving, TX
75016; E-mail: bwfoster@juno.com

Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th Street South,
Arlington VA 22204

Chip Hitchcock,

E-mail: cjhi@newcastle2.com

Arthur D. Hlavaty,

E-mail: [hstavaty@panix.com](mailto:hlavaty@panix.com)

Jerry Kaufman,

E-mail: JAKaufman@aol.com

Joseph T Major, 1409 Christy Avenue,
Louisville, KY 40204-2040;

E-mail: jtmajor@iglou.com

Tim C. Marion, c/o Kleinbard, 266 E.

Broadway, #1201B, New York, NY 10002

Dale Nelson, E-mail: extollager@gmail.com

Lloyd Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke,
ON CANADA M9C 2B2

M. Lee Rogers, E-mail: mleerog@epbf.com

Ron Salomon, E-mail: fanboy@rcn.com

Joy V. Smith, E-mail: Pagadan@aol.com

Martin Morse Wooster,

E-mail: mmwooster@yahoo.com



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