

File 770 #162

FILE 770

162

File 770:162 is edited by Mike Glycer at 1507 1/2 S. Sixth Ave., Arcadia, CA 91006 **Telephone:** (626) 348-8474. **E-Mail:** Mikeglyer@cs.com

issues, air mail rate is \$2.50.

Art Credits

Marc Schirmeister: 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30,

File 770 is available for news, art, arranged trades, or by subscription: \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10

31, 32

Alan White: 2

Jay Kay Klein: (photos) 4, 12, 13

Andrew Porter: 17, (photos)

Brad Foster:

Steve Stiles: Back cover, 6

C. Ross Chamberlain: 3, 15

John King Tarpinian: (photo)

Grant Canfield: Cover

Keith Stokes: (photos) 8, 9

Atom: 16, 19, 33

Patti Kinlock: (photos) 5

Alexis Gilliland: 18

Readercon Bans Renè Walling

When author Genevieve Valentine came home from Readercon (July 13-15) she protested the harassment she'd experienced from a man at the con – repeated, unwanted touching – and described the discomfort she felt when he approached to apologize and remained in the vicinity of the *Clarkesworld* table she was staffing.

Particularly because Readercon has a published zero-tolerance policy towards harassment, fans were very interested to see how the complaint would be handled. Within two weeks Readercon's board of directors announced:

"We followed up those reports with interviews with the target of the harassment, various witnesses, and Rene Walling, the harasser. The information we collected and reviewed was consistent, consequently, we feel the facts of the incident are not in dispute.

"When we wrote our zero-tolerance policy in 2008 (in response to a previous incident), we were operating under the assumption that violators were either intent on their specific behaviors, clueless, or both. During the course of our conversation with Rene it became immediately apparent that he realized what he had done and was sincerely regretful of his actions. It was that recognition and regret that influenced our decision, not his status in the community. If, as a community, we wish to educate others about harassment, we must also allow for the possibility of reform. Our decision was suspension of his membership for at least two years."

The Readercon board's decision not to apply its policy of "permanent suspension of membership" evoked a storm of criticism and complaint.

Renè Walling is a high-profile fan — co-chair of the 2009 Worldcon, a writer for *Tor.com*, and *Arisia's* fan GoH in 2011. He was also on the Kansas City in 2016 bid committee, though is no longer named on its website.

Valentine was dissatisfied with the response to her complaint: "But if I go back [to next year's Readercon], I will go back knowing that some reports of harassment are more valid than others, and that if someone gets harassed there, they should be sure they are receiving the kind that falls under the con's sexual harassment policy. (You will need to brush up; I was told they are rewriting it for next year, for undisclosed reasons.)"

Nick Mamatas thought Readercon should have stuck to its guns: "Really, if a con or other organization wants flexibility in consequences for harassment, build it into the policy. Offering only one consequence—banned! for! life!—and then failing to follow through means that there either is no real policy, or that the policy only applies to special people."

Readercon's initial, lenient penalty resonated curiously with something Walling wrote in a 2009 post to the Convention Anti-Harassment Project. When someone else added a snarky opinion about a policy idea -- "yes, actually, because you are a woman I will give you the benefit of the doubt" – Walling agreed, "See, that's where I have to drop out of their idea. Because I'm a guy I don't get the benefit of the doubt? I don't think that's right. I am a decent person as are many other men. (note: I am NOT saying there are no indecent men)."

Lynne Thomas' disapproval of the 2-year ban was representative of many of the early responses: "This is the kind of experience that discourages women from attending conventions. *If I don't feel safe reporting harassment at a convention because you have an enforceable and enforced policy in place, then I don't feel safe being at your convention.* Period. Why, then, should I care enough about your convention to participate in it? Why would I volunteer to do panels? You're asking me to put myself out there without the assurance that it will be safe to do so."

Readercon's governing structure is a con committee of about 30 people that elects five of its members as a board of directors. With the board's inconsistent stance fueling hundreds of outraged comments online, the Readercon committee as a whole reconsidered the decision. By this time, Kate Kligman also had publicly complained she'd been harassed when she worked with Walling on the Hugo Award Marketing Committee.

The Readercon committee announced in early August Renè Walling's membership ban is now permanent. An apology was extended to Genevieve Valentine and Kate Kligman "for not taking appropriate action based on their reports of being harassed by Renè Walling" and to the convention membership for failing to apply Readercon's lifetime ban policy: "The conversation about the value of zero-tolerance policies and lifetime bans is ongoing, but the issue of the moment is this: Readercon's program participants, attendees, and volunteers came together with the understanding that a particular policy was in place, and that Readercon's concom and board would not hesitate to implement it; and yet, when a complaint was made, we failed to address it appropriately and in accordance with our own rules."

Readercon plans to update its anti-harassment policy "to better reflect the reality of how harassment happens at conventions," and will make other changes to facilitate reports of harassment, including an updated code of conduct "to encourage behavior that contributes to a safe and comfortable atmosphere, and to clearly describe the types of behaviors that are not welcome at Readercon."

All five members of the Readercon board have resigned.

News of Fandom

Gorra's Boffo Biography

Michael Gorra, who once upon a time in the Seventies published two fanzines named *Banshee* and *Random*, has now reached the apex of a career as a Professor of English at Smith College, distinguished by his critical biography *Portrait of a Novel: Henry James and the Making of an American Masterpiece*.

In the *London Review of Books* James Wood lavished praise on Gorra's work: "One of the many pleasures of Michael Gorra's book is that he too has loved this novel since he studied it in college, and wants to share his passion for it. He has also taught it for many years, at Smith College, and he has written the kind of patient, sensitive, acute study that gifted teachers should write but rarely do."

Earlier research by Gorra yielded a study of the postcolonial novel, *After Empire: Scott, Naipaul, Rushdie* (1997) and a travel book, *The Bells in Their Silence: Travels through Germany* (2004). He has edited volumes of *The Portable Conrad* and the Norton Critical Edition of Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*. He received the Balakian award from the National Book Critics Circle Award in 2001 for his work as a reviewer

Pass-Along Funds

Two Worldcons distributed pass-along funds last year but the good deed seems to have gone unpublicized. The pass-along policy is a commitment to distribute at least one-half of a Worldcon's surplus to the next three Worldcons that make the same promise.

Renovation, the 2011 Worldcon, gave \$20,000 each to LoneStarCon 3 and Chicon 7. John Lorentz says they have another \$20,000 in hand to give the 2014 site selection winner. And, adds John, "We expect that there will be a few thousand more for each of them once our final numbers are a little firmer later this spring."

AussieCon 4 also sent pass-along funds to LoneStarCon 3, another \$5,000 check on top of the amount already paid, making a total of \$8,400 given to LSC3 from the 2010 Worldcon surplus.

Then, Renovation chair Patty Wells revealed the 2011 Worldcon made its first donation of surplus funds besides the pass-along. They gave \$20,000 to the Susan C. Petrey Foundation to fund scholarships and fellowships to Clarion and Clarion West. The Petrey Foundation is celebrating its 30th anniversary this year.

2007 Loss Surprise

Although it had long been understood that Nippon 2007, the Worldcon in Japan, lost some amount of money, its financial report to the Chicon 7 Business Meeting shared (apparently for the first time) that the figure was huge. The convention suffered a net loss of \$116,384. The report also lists the total shortfall as over \$142,000, a number which I couldn't reconcile to the rest of the reported data. Whatever the case, the Nippon committee says \$84,005 of the deficit is still unpaid.

The 2006, 2009 and 2010 Worldcons have already contributed a combined \$15,500 from their post-con surpluses. Vincent Docherty, looking at the financial reports submitted by other past Worldcons, noted that they hold in aggregate enough surplus cash to retire the debt.

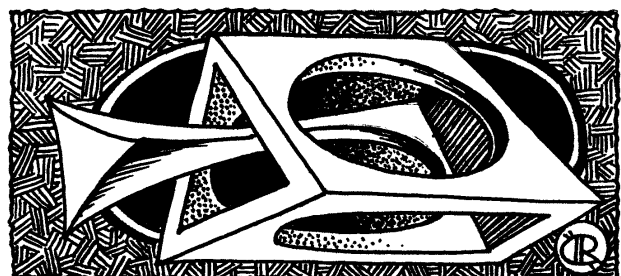


Australia's newest citizen, **Janice Gelb**, in a photo taken, "Just after receiving my spindly river bottlebrush plant and my Australian citizenship certificate from the resplendent mayor of Stonnington (note council emblem on his robes) with a volunteer brass band in the background and Queen Lizzie looking on in absentia."

The 2001 Philadelphia concom alone has over \$40,000.

There is much that is not understood in this situation about Japanese law and business customs, though it was stated that the convention chair is considered to owe the debts personally.

Once before the Worldcon-running community put together a plan to buy out and settle at a discounted rate the unpaid bills of the 1983 Worldcon, around \$35,000. However, that was in the U.S. where debt resolution techniques are comparatively well known to fans and there were no real communication barriers in the way.



THE YEAR IN SF AND FANTASY AWARDS

Van Vogt Award Created

The Winnipeg Science Fiction Association has created the A. E. Van Vogt Award to spotlight the best Canadian science fiction of past years.

The club intends for the award to (1) draw attention to Canadian Science Fiction, (2) demonstrate that Canada has been producing World class writers for some time, (3), cause more people to talk about Science Fiction, (4) promote better writing and (5) help discover more writers.

Van Vogt was born a century ago in Canada. While living in Winnipeg, he launched his pro sf career with the short story “Black Destroyer,” published in *Astounding* in 1939. There he also wrote the iconic “Slan.” He relocated from Winnipeg to Hollywood in 1944.

His career honors include SFWA’s Damon Knight Memorial Grand Master Award (1995) – the only Canadian-born recipient to date. It’s an ironic coincidence that the award’s namesake once panned Van Vogt’s novel *The World of Null-A* in a critical essay, and a testament to the power of his writing that Philip K. Dick came to his defense: “Damon feels that it’s bad artistry when you build those funky universes where people fall through the floor. It’s like he’s viewing a story the way a building inspector would when he’s building your house. But reality really is a mess, and yet it’s exciting. The basic thing is, how frightened are you of chaos? And how happy are you with order? Van Vogt influenced me so much because he made me appreciate a mysterious chaotic quality in the universe which is not to be feared.”

The Winnipeg Science Fiction Association is creating the award with the permission of

Van Vogt’s family. The award will consist of a presentation piece and monetary prize. It will be given for the first time in September 2012.

2012 Aurora Award Winners

Robert Sawyer won Best Novel honors for the third straight year at the Aurora Awards banquet on August 11 during When Words Collide in Calgary. All three novels in his WWW series — *Wonder*, *Wake* (2009) and *Watch* (2010) – have received Canada’s top SF award.

Best Novel – English: *Wonder* by Robert J. Sawyer, Penguin Canada;

Best Short Fiction – English: *The Needle’s Eye* by Suzanne Church, *Chilling Tales: Evil Did I Dwell; Lewd I Did Live*, EDGE;

Best Poem / Song – English: *Skeleton Leaves* by Helen Marshall, Kelp Queen Press;

Best Graphic Novel – English: *Goblins*, webcomic, created by Tarol Hunt;

Best Related Work – English: *On Spec*, published by the Copper Pig Writers’ Society;

Best Artist: Dan O’Driscoll;

Best Fan Publication: *Bourbon and Egg-nog* by Eileen Bell, Ryan McFadden, Billie Milholland and Randy McCharles, 10th Circle Project;

Best Fan Filk: Phil Mills, Body of Song-Writing Work including FAWM and 50/90;

Best Fan Organizational: Randy McCharles, founder and chair of When Words Collide (Calgary);

Best Fan Other: Peter Watts, “Reality: The Ultimate Mythology” lecture, Toronto SpecFic Colloquium.

The Aurora Awards are presented by the Canadian Science Fiction & Fantasy Association.

2012 Seiun Awards

Winners of the 2012 Seiun Awards, the Japanese equivalent to the Hugo Awards, were announced at Varicon 2012, the 51st Japanese national SF convention, held July 7-8, 2012 in Yubari City, Hokkaido, Japan.

Best Japanese Novel: *Ten-goku and Zigoku*, Yasumi Kobayashi (Hayakawa)

Best Japanese Short Story: “The Singing Submarine and Peer-Peer Douga”, Hosuke Nojiri (Hayakawa)

Best Translated Novel: *The Windup Girl*, Paolo Bacigalupi, translated by Kazue Tanaka & Hiroshi Kaneko (Hayakawa)

Best Translated Short Story: “The Lifecycle of Software Objects”, Ted Chiang, translated by Nozomi Ohmori (Hayakawa)

Best Dramatic Presentation: *Puella Magi Madoka Magica* (Shimbō Akiyuki/Shaft Inc.)

Best Comic: Gundam: The Origin, Yoshikazu Yasuhiko (Kadokawa Shoten)

Best Artist: Naohiro Washio

Best Non-fiction: Hideo Azuma Soutokushu [The Hideo Azuma Omnibus] (Kawade Shobo Shinsha)

Crook and Heinlein Awards Given at Balticon

The Compton Crook Award and Robert A. Heinlein Award were awarded during opening ceremonies at Balticon 46 on May 25.

The Compton Crook Award winner was T. C. McCarthy for his novel *Germline*.

The Robert A. Heinlein Award went to Stanley Schmidt, author and editor of *Analog*.

2012 Rebel, Phoenix Given

Traditional Southern fandom awards were presented at DeepSouthCon 50 in Huntsville, AL on June 17.

Phoenix Award: John Ringo

Rebel Award: Shelby Vick; and The Zielke Clan: Robert & Becky Zielke and Bill & Linda Zielke

Also this satirical award:

Rubble “Award”: SFPA OE Bob Jennings

The Rebel and Phoenix Awards are given by the con committee of each DSC, (in 2012, a supercommittee of Toni Weisskopf and Julie Wall) for the fan and pro who have contributed a great deal to Southern fandom. The Rubble is decided by a survey of previous Rubble winners administered by its founder, Gary Robe, and is for a person or entity (corporations have won) who has done much to Southern fandom.

2012 Mythopoeic Awards

The winners of the 2012 Mythopoeic Awards were announced August 5 at Mythcon XLIII in Berkeley, CA.

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Adult Literature: Lisa Goldstein, *The Uncertain Places* (Tachyon Publications)

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Children’s Literature: Delia Sherman, *The Freedom Maze* (Big Mouth House)

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Inklings Studies: Carl Phelpstead, *Tolkien and Wales: Language, Literature and Identity* (Univ. of Wales Press, 2011)

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Myth and Fantasy Studies: Jack Zipes, *The En-*



A. E. Van Vogt. Photo by Jay Kay Klein.

chanted Screen: The Unknown History of Fairy-Tale Films (Routledge, 2011)

Ghosts by Gaslight, edited by Jack Dann and Nick Gevers (Harper Voyager)

and *What Happened to Serenity?* by P.J. Sarah Collins.

2011 Nebula Award Winners

The Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of America (SFWA) announced the 2011 Nebula Award winners on May 19, 2012.

Novel: *Among Others*, Jo Walton (Tor)

Novella: "The Man Who Bridged the Mist," Kij Johnson, (*Asimov's Science Fiction*, October/November 2011)

Novellette: "What We Found," Geoff Ryman

Short Story: "The Paper Menagerie," Ken Liu, (*The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, March/April 2011)

Ray Bradbury Award for Outstanding Dramatic Presentation: *Doctor Who: "The Doctor's Wife,"* Neil Gaiman (writer), Richard Clark (director) (BBC Wales)

Andre Norton Award for Young Adult Science Fiction and Fantasy Book Winner: *The Freedom Maze*, Delia Sherman (Big Mouth House)

2011 Damon Knight Grand Master Award: Connie Willis

Solstice Award: Octavia Butler (posthumous) and John Clute

Note about the Solstice Awards: They "acknowledge members who have had a significant impact on the science fiction and fantasy landscape. It is especially meant for those who have made a consistent, positive, major difference in the genre."

Service to SFWA Award: Bud Webster

2011 Shirley Jackson Awards Winners

The winners of the 2011 Shirley Jackson Awards were announced at Readercon 23 on July 15, 2012.

Novel: *Witches on the Road Tonight*, Sheri Holman (Grove Press); **Novella:** "Near Zennor," Elizabeth Hand (*A Book of Horrors*, Jo Fletcher Books); **Novellette:** "The Summer People," Kelly Link (*Tin House 49/Steampunk! An Anthology of Fantastically Rich and Strange Stories*, Candlewick Press); **Short Fiction:** "The Corpse Painter's Masterpiece," M. Rickert (*The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, Sept/Oct, 2011); **Single-Author Collection:** *After the Apocalypse: Stories*, Maureen F. McHugh (Small Beer Press); **Edited Anthology:**

2012 First Fandom Award Nominees

First Fandom members voted this summer on candidates for these three awards:

First Fandom Hall of Fame Award: Ray Bradbury, Larry Farsace, Claude Held, Jack Robins. (Note: It is possible for all the nominees in this category to receive the award.)

First Fandom Posthumous Hall of Fame Award: Rusty Hevelin

Sam Moskowitz Archive Award: Donn Albright

Sidewise Awards for 2011 Work

Winners of the Sidewise Award for Alternate History (for works published in 2011) have been announced.

Short Form: Lisa Goldstein, "Paradise Is a Walled Garden" (*Asimov's*, 8/11);

Long Form: Ian R MacLeod, *Wake Up and Dream* (PS Publishing).

This year's judges were Stephen Baxter, Evelyn Leeper, Jim Rittenhouse, Stu Shiffman, Kurt Sidaway and Steven H Silver. The winners will be announced at Chicon 7.

2012 Monica Hughes Shortlist

Being presented for the first time this year is the Monica Hughes Award for Science Fiction and Fantasy. Sponsored by HarperCollins Canada, the \$5,000 prize is awarded annually to a Canadian author of an outstanding work of speculative fiction for young people. The 2012 nominees are: *Dreamline* by Nicole Luiken; *Hunted* by Cheryl Rainfield; *Peter Nimble and His Fantastic Eyes* by Jonathan Auxier; *Tempestuous* by Lesley Livingston;

2012 Endeavour Award Finalists

Five novels are finalists for the 2012 Endeavour Award, which honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection, created by a writer living in the Pacific Northwest: *Anna Dressed in Blood* by Kendare Blake; *City of Ruins* by Kristine Kathryn Rusch; *River Marked* by Patricia Briggs; *Robocalypse* by Daniel H. Wilson; and *When The Saints* by Dave Duncan.

The finalists were selected from entries read and scored by seven preliminary readers. The winning entry will be chosen by 2012 Endeavour judges Gregory Benford, Lawrence M. Schoen, and Susan Shwartz.

The award comes with a \$1,000 honorarium. The winner will be announced November 2 at OryCon, Oregon's major science fiction convention.

2011 Nova Winners

The 2011 Nova Awards for excellence in British and Irish fanzines were presented November 13 at Novacon 41 in Nottingham, England.

Best Fanzine

1. *Head*, edited by Doug Bell & Christina Lake
2. *A Meara For Observers*, edited by Mike Meara
3. *Banana Wings*, edited by Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer

Best Fanzine Writer

1. Claire Brialey
2. Yvonne Rowse
3. James Bacon and Mark Plummer (tie)



(Left) **2011 Compton Crook Award winner** T. C. McCarthy, James Knapp, Mark L. Van Name. (Right) **Robert A. Heinlein Award:** Ian Randal Strock accepts for Stanley Schmidt. Presenter is Heinlein Award Chairman Dr. Yoji Kondo. Photos by Patti Kinlock.

Best Fanzine Artist

1. Dave Hicks
2. Steve Green, Steve Jeffrey, Sue Mason and Alison Scott (tie)

2011 Prix Aurora Winners

The 2011 Aurora Awards were announced November 20 at SFCon-tario 2 (Convention 31).

Professional Awards**Best English Novel**

Watch, by Robert J. Sawyer, Penguin Canada

Best English Short Story

The Burden of Fire by Hayden Trenholm, Neo-Opsis #19

Best English Poem / Song

The ABCs of the End of the World by Carolyn Clink, *A Verdant Green*, The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box

Best English Graphic Novel

Goblins, Tarol Hunt, goblinscomic.com

Best English Related Work

The Dragon and the Stars, edited by Derwin Mak and Eric Choi, DAW

Best Artist (Professional and Amateur)

Erik Mohr, cover art for ChiZine Publications

Fan/ Amateur Awards**Best Fan Publications**

[No award given due insufficient eligible nominees]

Best Fan Filk

Dave Clement and Tom Jeffers of Dandelion Wine for "Face on Mars" CD

Best Fan Organizational

Helen Marshall and Sandra Kasturi, chairs of Toronto SpecFic Colloquium (Toronto)

Best Fan Other

John and Linda Ross Mansfield, Conception of the Aurora Nominee pins

Haywood-Cory Receives 2012 Red Dress Award

Heart attack survivor Laura Haywood-Cory didn't stop at boundaries of fandom in getting out the word about heart health through a thematic fanzine.

She and Katherine Leon approached and encouraged Mayo Clinic cardiologist Sharonne Hayes to study the rare heart condition called spontaneous coronary artery dis-



"Dammit, Farqx, this is Nebraska!!"

section (SCAD).

Those extended efforts were recognized by *Woman's Day* magazine with a 2012 Red Dress Award, presented at a ceremony on February 15.

Her award citation reads: "Laura Haywood-Cory is a graduate of the WomenHeart Science and Leadership Symposium (a *Women-Heart Champion*) at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. In 2009, she helped enroll women in the largest single-center study of patients who've suffered from spontaneous coronary artery dissection (SCAD) and heart attack.

"A devoted advocate for women with heart disease, Laura volunteers at health fairs and

Heart health activist **Laura Haywood-Cory.**



other events across the state [North Carolina] where she educates women about heart disease risks and prevention. She herself is a heart disease survivor, having suffered SCAD and a heart attack in 2009. She is active on the WomenHeart online support forum and has a blog, *A Change of Heart*, where she chronicles her post-heart attack life."

2011 Endeavour Award Winner

Cherie Priest of Washington State has won the 2011 Endeavour Award for her novel *Dread-*

nought. A \$1000 honorarium accompanies the award, now in its thirteenth year. The winner was announced over the weekend at OryCon.

The Endeavour Award honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection, created by a writer living in the Pacific Northwest. The other finalists were *A Cup of Normal* by Devon Monk; *The Bards of Bone Plain* by Patricia McKillip; *Black Prism* by Brent Weeks; and *Silver Borne* by Patricia Briggs.

The judges for the 2011 Award were Bud Sparhawk, John Joseph Adams, and Jo Walton.

Ibi Zoboi Wins 2011 Gulliver Grant

The Speculative Literature Foundation has awarded its 2011 Gulliver Travel Research Grant to author Ibi Zoboi. The \$800 grant will be used to help Zoboi travel to Haiti and the Dominican Republic to research her YA dystopian novel set in both countries.

She was born in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and loves the magical aspects of the Haitian literary tradition. She has been published in *Crossed Genres*, *Haiti Noir*, and *Dark Matter: Reading the Bones*.

The Travel Grant judges said of Zoboi's entry, "The sample story was provocative and haunting, and stayed with us for weeks after reading it. This, combined with the knowledgeable treatment of the subject and the compelling project idea, made it a clear winner."

Also shortlisted were: Tiffani Angus, Lillian Cohen-Moore, Hunter Liguore, Kirsty Logan, Valya Dudycz Lupescu, Sandra McDonald, Kate Milford, Trina Phillips, and Hilary Smith.

The Gulliver Travel Research Grant is awarded to assist a writer of speculative fic-

tion in his or her research. As in previous years, the 2011 grant of \$800 is to be used to cover airfare, lodging, and/or other expenses relating to the research for a project of speculative fiction.

Mascari Wins 2011 ISFiC

Writers Contest

Mary Mascari's short story "The Pod" has won the 2011 ISFiC Writers Contest. Her award was announced November 11 at Windycon, the Chicago area's longest running science fiction convention. She received a cash prize of \$300, plus membership and a room at Windycon, and her story was published in the program book.

Mascari won for the second year in a row, joining the ranks of other two-time winners Richard Chwedyk (1986 & 1988) and C.T. Fluhr (1993 & 1996). The award has been presented since 1986.

Honorable mentions went to Michael Unger for "Dawn Must Come" and Jeff Byrne for "The Un-usual Suspects." The honorable mention winners received a silver coin.

The judges for the 2011 Award were Bill Fawcett, Roland Green, and Elizabeth Anne Hull.

2012 SF&F Translation Awards

The Association for the Recognition of Excellence in SF & F Translation (ARESFFT) announced the winners of the 2012 Science Fiction and Fantasy Translation Awards at Finncon 2012 on July 21.

Long Form: *Zero* by Huang Fan, translated from the Chinese by John Balcom (Columbia University Press)

Short Form: "The Fish of Lijiang" by Chen Qiufan, translated from the Chinese by Ken Liu (*Clarkesworld* #59, August 2011)

The winning authors and their translators receive an inscribed plaque and a cash prize of \$350.

2011 Rotsler Award

D. West declined the 2011 Rotsler Award after being named the recipient. No other award will be made for the year.

2012 Hugos: Inside the Numbers

The 2012 Hugo statistics showed award-winner *Encyclopedia of SF* (eds. Clute, Nicholls, Langford and Sleight) would not even have made the final ballot if the next closest contender in the Best Related Work category, *Whedonistas* by Lynne M. Thomas and Deborah Stanish, had received three more nominations. Wow.



2012 Hugo Award Winners



2012 Hugo Award base designed by Deb Kosiba.

Best Novel

Among Others by Jo Walton

Best Novella

The Man Who Bridged the Mist by Kij Johnson

Best Novelette

"Six Months, Three Days" by Charlie Jane Anders

Best Short Story

"The Paper Menagerie" by Ken Liu

Best Related Work

The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, Third Edition, edited by John Clute, David Langford, Peter Nicholls, and Graham Sleight

Best Graphic Story

Digger by Ursula Vernon

Best Dramatic Presentation (Long Form)

Game of Thrones (Season 1)

Best Dramatic Presentation (Short Form)

"The Doctor's Wife" *Doctor Who* written by Neil Gaiman

Best Editor – Short Form

Sheila Williams

Best Editor – Long Form

Betsy Wollheim

Best Professional Artist

John Picacio

Best Semiprozine

Locus

Best Fanzine

SF Signal

Best Fancast

SF Squeecast

Best Fan Writer

Jim C. Hines

Best Fan Artist

Maurine Starkey

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer

E. Lily Yu

Special Committee Award

Robert Weinberg

Big Heart Award

Juanita Coulson

Chicon 7 Report by Keith Stokes



Chicon 7 was held at the Hyatt Regency on Wacker in Chicago, a 2,000 room hotel that is able to house the entire convention. It is the same place the convention was held in 2000.

Linda and I flew up Wednesday afternoon and back on Labor Day. Many of the KC area folks had gone up earlier in the week because they were on staff for the convention. Quite a few went by train.

The actual convention began at midday on Thursday and appeared to go very smoothly.

There were two parties on Wednesday night before the convention, one was hosted by Kansas City, the other party was one floor away and hosted largely by other people involved in the KC bid. The Christmas in Boston World-Con bid is a hoax bid, that is a good excuse for parties.

Chicon 7 was the official launch of the Kansas City bid to host the 2016 World Science Fiction Convention and there were large parties Thursday, Friday and Sunday nights. Thursday night was the only night where I worked the party, guarding the back door to our "Speak Easy" and talking about the bid.

My only official role at the convention was taking photographs for the *Bulletin* (SFWA's news magazine). They will be running three pages of photos from Chicon 7.

The Opening Ceremony on Thursday afternoon was in the form of a talk show. Toastmaster John Scalzi was the host and there was a backup band, desk and sofas for the celebrities who came out individually, were interviewed and then moved down the couch as the next guest was brought out. The first guest was Erle Korshak, who co-chaired the first Chicon in 1940. He was followed by the Guests of Honor. Kathy Morrill filled in for her sister, Artist Guest of Honor Rowena, who was unable to attend the convention because of health issues. It was very enter-

Opening Ceremonies: (Page 12) (Left) **John Scalzi** cues the band, Toyboat, for "punchy sounds." (Right) **Mike Resnick** agrees Scalzi has hit the spot where the stage manager rubbed his leg to signal directions when Resnick was blinded by stage lights during the Chicon V masquerade. (Below) **Kathy Morrill** looks on while Scalzi interviews **Jane Frank**. (Page 13) (Top to bottom:) **Erle Korshak, Kathy Morrill, Peggy Rae Sapienza** and **Sy Liebergot** take turns on the hot seat. Photos by Keith Stokes.





taining.

Another fun program item was a bit of an old standby - "The Secret History of SF" with old friends and big names Joe Haldeman, George R.R. Martin, Mike Resnick, Gardner Dozois, and Robert Silverberg. Many of the stories are familiar enough that I could tell them, but I enjoyed it a lot. They received a standing ovation from the packed enthusiastic crowd.

There was quite bit of science programming. I only made it to one of them, but it was a doozy - "Apollo 13: The Longest Hour." Sy Liebergot was a Flight Controller in Mission Control when the catastrophic failure occurred during the Apollo 13 mission. He told the details of the explosion from his point of view and how they learned what was happening.

In addition to panels, we spent a lot of time in the Dealers Room and Exhibit Hall. Those two rooms were the best place to run into old and new friends. Linda enjoyed playing the dozen or so classic video arcade games which had been brought in for the convention and were free.

For such a large convention, the masquerade was surprisingly small, just 25 entries, and there were no large groups like the ones which were show stoppers at past WorldCons. There were still a few impressive entries, particularly Margaret Gentile's "Mad Madame M's Marvelous Machine" which received three Journeyman awards, and Aurora Celeste's "Lady of the Lake" which won Best in Show for both presentation and workmanship. Aurora is a member of the KC in 2015 bid committee.

Although First Fandom was not permitted to present its awards before Hugo Ceremony, John Coker brought a nice display about First Fandom to the Exhibit Hall and I had a good conversation with him on Saturday. I also caught him, Erle Korshak, and Dave Kyle at "The 1939 World Science Fiction Convention and New York World's Fair" panel, though it was in a packed tiny room.

My favorite time at the convention was Stroll With the Stars, something I first saw four years ago in Denver. Each morning, a number of the celebrities were joined by whichever fans were interested and went on a one hour walk where there was an opportunity to speak at least briefly to each one. We went on the Sunday morning walk, where the "Stars" included Astronaut Story Musgrave, Joe and Gay Haldeman, John Scalzi, Lawrence M. Schoen and others. Beth Welsh and Barry Haldiman from Lenexa were also on the walk, so we had plenty of people to chat with. The stroll went through Millennium Park and everyone stopped for a large photo of the entire group at "The Bean."

Linda and I dressed up for the Hugo Awards Ceremony on Sunday night. Linda, in the lovely formal she was married in, looked fabulous. My press credentials earned us seats toward the front of house, but not nearly as close as recent years when I was a presenter or accepted an award for someone. John Scalzi presented every Hugo Award except the category in which he was nominated. The theory was that this would make the ceremony go faster, but it took longer than the last two which I had attended and it felt like the ceremony went on forever.

There seemed to be fewer parties than usual, but on the peak nights, there were still almost more than you could attend. Three groups in particular (Kansas City, assorted Minneapolis fan groups and the London in 2014 bid) had good parties night after night. I heard good things about the Barfleet party, but they wouldn't let me enter the suite carrying my camera and I wasn't going to battle the long waits for elevators just to return the camera to my room.

London was unopposed for hosting the 2014 WorldCon. Following their official selection, they announced that their Guests of Honor will be Iain M. Banks, John Clute, Chris Foss, Malcolm Edwards, Jeanne Gomoll, Robin Hobb, and Bryan Talbot.

Estimated Chicon 7 Attendance

The final membership statistics for Chicon 7 are not yet public. The last count published in the daily newzine was 4,776 members present and 5,133 attending memberships sold.

That is enough to make Chicon 7 the largest Worldcon since 2006, though it's not anywhere close to Chicon 2000's 5,794 warm bodies.

Access Issues at Chicon 7

Fans in mobile wheelchairs had a frustrating experience navigating the Hyatt Regency's two towers and using the elevators. Karen Moore's letter to Sasha Feather, who helps run Access at WisCon, compared the Worldcon unfavorably with WisCon. Publication of her letter online at *Sasha's Dream* prompted the committee to issue an

apology.

Moore's letter said in part: "As difficult as it is to juggle 1,000 convention members through the Concourse Hotel's [WisCon's event site] elevators, I have never seen a wheelchair or scooter user wait for 55 minutes to get onto an elevator at WisCon. I've seen that happen multiple times this weekend. It has never been necessary at WisCon to take one elevator to the ground floor, transfer to a second elevator to reach the below-ground floors, traverse a tunnel between two buildings to reach yet a third elevator in order to reach a different floor in the other building to go from one panel to the next. That is a frequent occurrence at WorldCon; in fact, one scooter user we spoke to had concluded that the best she could hope for was to be able to attend a panel in every other timeslot, because the lengthy waits at multiple elevators meant that it took her at least two full hours to navigate from one panel to the next one."

Another problem I witnessed myself was that the motion-sensor sliding door at the Hyatt's main exit didn't work -- I opened it for Linda Ross-Mansfield when she couldn't get out.

This is the fourth time the Worldcon has been held in the Hyatt Regency, however, mobile wheelchair use is much greater than in earlier years. Worldcons now rent mobis for up to several dozen people.

Moore's complaints also provided a rallying point for outraged fans — with and without disabilities — who were annoyed by Chicon's track of hoax programming listed in the nonexistent Stagg Field room but marked on pocket program maps as being in a space which was actually a wall between two other rooms, one of them the Gopher Den where volunteers fended off repeated complaints by fans searching for the scheduled items.

The Chicon 7 committee apologized for this, too, after a fashion: "Separately, we have also received complaints over the imaginary "Stagg Field" program track. This tradition of Chicago conventions was trailed in Progress Report 4, and designed to bring a touch of whimsy and local fandom to the program. However, we recognize that the presentation of the track — seamlessly integrated with the real program information — meant that some people did not realize that this was an artificial creation. Among these were mobility-impaired members who suffered discomfort looking for the Stagg Field room, and to them we particularly apologize."

"Chicon 7 deeply regrets the impact that these issues caused for some members. While the events cannot now be undone, we hope that members will accept our apology and our commitment to gather and collate feedback and share it with the upcoming Worldcons in San Antonio (2013) and London (2014)."



Future Worldcon and NASFiC Bidders

Here is a summary of ongoing bids for the Worldcon and NASFiC, with some Machiavellian speculation thrown in for seasoning.

2015: There are bids for Helsinki, Orlando and Spokane.

Helsinki, Finland: The recently announced bid for Helsinki in 2015 is chaired by Eemeli Aro, with a committee of (so far) Andrew Adams, Jukka Halmel, Lisa Hertel, Crystal Huff, Johan Jönsson, Kristoffer Lawson, Jeff Orth, Ann Marie Rudolph, Nicholas Shtzman, Heikki Sörum and Megan Totusek.

The website explains, "We're an international crew of conrunners, with a Finnish core, and we're hoping to build the most international Worldcon yet."

Site selection is less than a year away, but the bid has not proposed a date for the con or identified its facilities.

In fact, fans feel obligated to begin a discussion of the new Helsinki in 2015 bid with mutual assurances that it is real. Not long ago the chair Eemeli Aro and two other top leaders were pushing Mariehamn, Finland in 2016, aka Wårldcon 2016. So far as the internet is aware, they still are.

Helsinki bidders made a presentation to the Chicon 7 business meeting and ran a bid table at the recent FenCon. Helsinki has always styled itself as a real bid, in contrast with the Bermuda Triangle committee which took awhile to become seduced by the possibility of actually winning the 1988 Worldcon. (They made a real race of it before losing to New Orleans.)

The Mariehamn bid's overarching advantage was that site selection voting for 2016

will be done at Loncon 3 in the UK. There is no better timing for a European bid that wants to win, as European membership in the current year's Worldcon will be at its peak. (Remember The Hague defeated the LA in '90 bid by a hefty margin at a site selection vote also held in the UK.)

Yet the serious Helsinki bid is sprinting toward an immediate up-or-down vote at a North American Worldcon against two bids for U.S. cities. Do they like their chances anyway?

If not, might this be a subtle way to party on with less risk of winning?

Or could there be an even deeper game involved? Does the committee have a contingency plan to roll over the Helsinki bid to the better year with the benefit of increased public awareness? In recent years several other bids have kept running after an initial defeat, Chicago victoriously, but KC and Columbus both losing the second time around.



Orlando, Florida: Adam Beaton chairs the Orlando bid committee. They propose to hold the con over Labor Day weekend, September 2-6 at Disney's Coronado Springs Resort at Walt Disney World.

Others on the Orlando committee in addition to Beaton are Mary Dumas, Robbie Bourget, John Harold, Eva Whitley, Lynda Manning-Schwartz, Charles Schwartz, Colette Fozard, Adam Ferraro, Pam Larson, Thomas Safer, Arthur Sanders, Katie Katz and Patricia McConnell.

The bid styles itself as a revolutionary approach to Worldcon running, committing to outreach, lowering Worldcon costs, and getting the next generation of fandom excited about Worldcon. These principles are discussed in detail in "The Orlando Manifesto".

Spokane, Washington: The bid is being run by Alex von Thorn. Bobbie DuFault and Sally Woehrlé are the prospective Worldcon



co-chairs if they win. Spokane's dates would be August 19-23.

They propose to use the Spokane Convention Center and nearby hotels, the largest being the Doubletree, Red Lion at the Park and the Red Lion River Inn.

The announced committee is: John Ammon, David Glenn-Anderson, Patricia Briggs, C.J. Cherryh, Bobbie DuFault (Convention Co-Chair), Jane Fancher, Bruce Farr, kT Fitzsimmons, Jerry Gieseke, Char Mac Kay, Randy Mac Kay, Tim Martin, Michael Nelson, Carole Parker, Pat Porter, Gerald Power, Rhiannon Power, Sharon Reynolds, Susan Robinson, Marah Searle-Kovacevic (Bid Vice-Chair), Chris Snell, Danielle Stephens, Bill Thomasson, Tom Veal, Alex Von Thorn (Bid Chair), Tracy Williams, Mike Willmoth (Hotel Negotiation), Sally Woehrl (Convention Co-Chair), Drew Wolfe, Kate Mulligan Wolfe, Chris Zach.

2016: There are bids for Kansas City, and with caveats, Mariehamn.

Kansas City, Missouri: KC in 2016 proposes to hold the con August 17-21 at Bartle Hall and the Kansas City Convention Center. They have signed a contract with the rights of first refusal with their proposed facilities.

Co-Chairs of the bid are Diane Lacey, Jeff Orth, and Ruth Lichtwardt. The committee is: Chaz Boston-Baden, Margene Bahm, Warren Buff, Aurora Celeste, Barry Haldiman, Sheril Harper, Parris McBride Martin, Tim Miller, James Murray, Paula Murray, Mark Olson, Priscilla Olson, Jesi Lipp Pershing, John Pershing II, John J. Platt IV, Keith Stokes, Beth Welsh, Ben Yalow, Jim Young. No longer named as part of the bid committee is René Walling.

Mariehamn, Finland in 2016, aka Wårldcon 2016: Eemeli Aro and Johan Jönsson are co-chairs, and Jukka Halme is vice chair. The bidders made a presentation at Smofcon last December and when challenged about facilities, Eemeli Aro raised the possibility of anchoring a cruiseliner in the harbor for the duration of the con.

2017: There are three bids in various early stages of activity, Montreal, New York, and Nippon.

Montreal, Canada: Originally announced as a 2019 bid at the 2011 Smofcon, the Montreal committee reportedly now is setting its sights on 2017, in competition with a declared Nippon bid and a possible NY bid.

The Montréal group would return the con to the Palais de Congrès, their 2009 facility. René Walling, who chaired that Wordcon, made Montreal's bid presentation at Smofcon.

New York: Mr. Shirt and his wife, Stacey Helton McConnell, have been considering making a run at hosting a Worldcon in New York for the first time since 1967. However, Stacey wrote online after Chicon 7: "While we would still love to bid, at the moment, it is not looking likely for us to bid for 2017. Unfortunately, the economy is still in the tank, and while we are decently paid, small or no raises for the past few years has been hurting. As a result, we are not as well off financially as we would need to be able to afford to run a bid properly and attend the sheer number of conventions we would need to."

Nippon: The official site for the bid, www.nippon2017.org, has no information, and an independent site, www.nippon2017.us, "dedicated to encourage and assist them in returning the Worldcon to Japan" has as little to say. Neither site lists committee members or a proposed date for the con.

Andrew Adams told fans at the 2011 Smofcon that the Japanese bid planned on using the same venue in Yokohama as the Nippon 2007 Worldcon. At Chicon 7 reports indicated the bidders are also looking at two sites in the greater Tokyo area, in Chiba, and Makuhari Messe in Saitama.

The Nippon in 2017 bid is immediately handicapped by questions about the huge loss incurred by Nippon 2007, whose full dimensions were only revealed this month. Bid spokespersons say funding for 2017 is separate. In a move to bolster their credibility they've added Vince Docherty to lead the finance division. A great deal more will need to be done to persuade voters that it is economically practical to hold another Worldcon in Japan.

2018: A New Orleans group is considering launching a bid.

The **New Orleans in 2018** Pre-Bid Committee is Raymond Boudreau (Chair), Michael Guerber, Cordelia (Colin) Murphy, Rebecca Smith, Stu Segal, Jessica Styons and Kendall Varnell.

2019: No bids.

2020: The one serious bid is for New Zea-

land.

New Zealand in 2020 is led by Norman Cates, a past DUFF delegate. The general committee members are New Zealanders Kevin Maclean, Maree Pavletich, Lynelle Howell, Malcolm Fletcher, Louise McCully, and Struan Judd. Also, Daphne Lawless, Andrew Ivamy, and James Shields.

The committee says it's an open question where they'd hold a Worldcon. There are said to be two facilities in Auckland and one in Wellington that could support a 1500-3000 member con.



2014 NASFiC Bids: With London having won the 2014 site selection, fans are now offered a choice between Detroit and Phoenix for the NASFiC.

Detroit, Michigan: Tammy Coxen's bid proposes to hold the NASFiC July 17-20, 2014 at the Detroit Renaissance Center Marriott. The Marriott has 1,200 rooms and 100,000 sq. ft. of function space. The site recently hosted a 10,000 member anime convention, Youmacon.

The Detroit bid committee includes Anne Gray, Kim Kofmel, Mark Hall, Lisa Garrison Ragsdale, Jeff Beeler and David Stein, and local conrunners, several who have helped run ConFusion and Penguincon.

Phoenix, Arizona: Mike Willmoth's bid wants to hold the con July 31-August 3, 2014 – dates chosen to avoid overlap with Loncon 3 or EuroCon.

The proposed facility is the Tempe Mission Palms Hotel in Tempe, Arizona (just outside Phoenix). The site has been used by the 2009 North American Discworld Convention, Westercon 62, the 2006 Nebula Awards Weekend, and World Fantasy 2004.

The bidders include: Len Berger, Mark Boniece, Warren Buff, Michael Contos, Oz Drummond, Bobbie Dufault, Kathy Duval, Bruce Farr, Jeff George, Jerry Gieseke, Glenn Glazer, Jean Goddin, Chris "Glug" Hensley, Charlene "Charlie" Harmon, Steve Harmon, Patti Hultstrand, Anastasia Hunter, Don Jacques, Jeff Jennings, Louise Kleba, Dina Krause, Bill Laubenheimer, Michael "Moebius" Markman, Pam Matthews, Sean McCoy, Tim Miller, Dawn Mullan, Cathy Mullican, Ron Oakes, Carole Parker, Nora Rankin, Heather Stern, Kathy Sullivan, Gary Swaty, Paul Tanton, Bill Thomasson, Adam Tilghman, Arlen Walker, Lee Whiteside, and Mike Willmoth.



FILE 770

Obituaries

Jay Kay Klein (1931-2012)

Jay Kay Klein spent his final days in hospice care with terminal oesophageal cancer, dying May 13. He was 80 years old.

Jay Kay and his camera documented decades of fanhistory. His four photo-filled Worldcon Memory Books (1960, 1962, 1963, 1966), are nostalgic monuments to an era most of us missed.

He was Fan Guest of Honor at Discon II, the 1974 Worldcon. He received the Big Heart Award in 1990, and just last year he was enshrined in the First Fandom Hall of Fame. Pros appreciated his work, too – he was awarded a SFWA Presidential Plaque for Extraordinary Photographs.

Jay Kay entered fandom in 1945 at a Philadelphia SF Society meeting. Within two years he also joined the Queens Science Fiction League Chapter in Astoria, Long Island, and the Eastern Science Fiction Assn. (ESFA) in Newark. He was part of two failed Syracuse Worldcon bids in the 1960s.

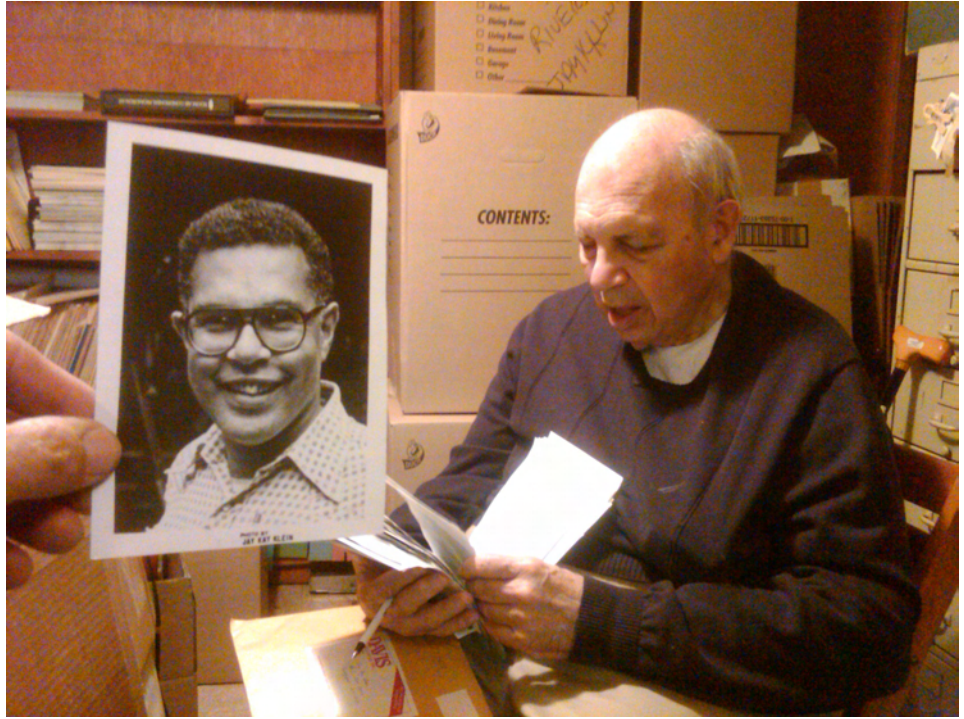
From 1977 to 2005 he wrote and supplied photos for the “Biolog” feature in *Analogue*.

As time went by Jay Kay showed considerable sensitivity when he felt overlooked. Sometimes he passed it off with humor. When MagiCon (1992) insisted fans show photo ID’s to register, Jay Kay claimed to have satisfied the requirement with an old photo from his portfolio showing himself on a con panel beside Robert Heinlein and Isaac Asimov.

Another time I found it easy to agree that it seemed unappreciative when staffers at a Worldcon tried to discourage him from roaming in front of the stage to take photos during major events. After all, he had made himself legendary taking photos in situations like that.

Jay Kay Klein By Craig Peterson

It amazes me how something as simple as a phone call can lay the ground work for future events that can impact one’s life in such a profound way. That phone call came to me as a young Plumbing Contractor nearly thirteen years ago when I received a phone call from a fellow who lived in Bridgeport, N.Y. that needed his bathtub faucet repaired. I personally responded to the customers’ needs, around that time my company was only three



Jay Kay Klein the Younger beside Jay Kay Klein the Elder. (Photo by Craig Peterson, via Jerry Pournelle.)

or four employees including myself still working in the field as a service technician. This fellow showed me to the bathroom, sat in a chair and watched me repair his bathtub faucet with what seemed to be admiration. I say this because I immediately observed that this was a smart fellow, most likely the “Rocket Scientist Type” that was a bit, shall we say mechanically impaired. That’s where I come in; sure my IQ is less significant than this fellow, but I can fix things that he cannot! On my travels back and forth through the narrow paths of the overstuffed house to get parts from my plumbing van for today’s repair, my exceptional peripheral vintage guitar vision detected something sitting in an instrument stand in the remaining open pocket of the living room. After completing the service call for my new customer who repeatedly commended me on my accomplishment of becoming a Master Plumber, I asked about the guitar. Want to play it my new customer asked? Absolutely I exclaimed! Two hours later after hearing various anecdotes and getting a lesson and index card on how to properly tune a guitar I was on my way, late for the rest of my scheduled appointments. But it did not matter, I was raised to have respect for my elders of which this fellow was, we hit it off this day, this man intrigued me, he left an impression on me immediately.

As the years passed I would return and service this customers plumbing always staying and chatting for a bit and of course I

would ask about the guitars as there were several. He told me that the guitars were fine but even though he could no longer play them he did not wish to sell them. We continuously teased each other about these instruments every time we spoke over the years. One afternoon my wife was in the front yard of our house when this fellow drove past our residence, recognized the plumbing company sign out front, turned around and introduced himself as the “guy with the guitars.”

Eventually through the years as my company grew, the required management time of running the business removed me from the capacity of making house calls. On many more occasions we returned to this fellow’s house and provided plumbing service. In the later part of 2010 my service technician Brian Murphy complained of servicing this particular customer indicating the house was becoming impassable. Brian new I was fond of the customer and told me I should go out and check on him, the living situation was deteriorating. I could not just “barge in” on somebody’s living situation but remained cognizant of his statement. Several weeks later this fellow called for service to unclog a bathtub drain. I could not remember the last time I actually climbed into a plumbing truck to go and perform a plumbing service call but today I did for a fellow named Jay Kay Klein. As he sat in the chair and watched me work, commenting, “That’s not a very lofty project for a Master Plumber, unclogging a bathtub drain”?

He did not realize it was a bit more of a reconnaissance mission. We chatted for quite some time, he spoke of his cancer, the pocket in the living room where I once played his guitar now plugged like his tub drain. Several days later, as I have in the past with other elderly customers in similar situations, I contacted the local Social Services Department of Aging and Youth and made them aware of the deteriorating situation and that they needed to keep an eye out for these folks.

Several weeks after these events my wife received a phone call from Jay Kay that was just bizarre to me, he told her he was putting me in his will and that if he felt his wife would not have what he thought was enough money to get by on as he felt he would predecease her, I could purchase the guitars at wholesale, if she did have enough money I could just have them. I remember calling Jay back and I must admit it was an awkward conversation but I told him his gesture blew me away and I thanked him. I also told him if he needed help with anything to call me. Jay was not bashful, he did, often!

Moving forward with this story in its condensed version, many things happened over the course of the next time span. The winter of 2010 – 2011 came barreling in with record snow and cold. I own an investment property not far from Jay Kay's house so all winter long when I plowed the driveway at my house I would swing up and plow out Jay's house. He had a difficult enough time getting into his car to get to his chemotherapy and radiation appointments much less having to shovel his driveway. When spring arrived Jay Kay called me and said I could have his guitar collection, come out and get them, of course I did, immediately. But that did not end it; I despise unearned entitlements and prefer to earn what I get in life. I had to help this guy. I spent several weekends getting a wide enough path through his front porch so EMT workers could actually access the house if they needed to which eventually they did for Jays wife Doris. I had initiated my promise to help Jay get his house organized a bit. (An understatement) I helped Jay place Doris who was rapidly deteriorating physically into an assisted living facility convenient to Jay so he could visit her often and he did. He would pick her up and take her to appointments and always mention how they were married for 57 years, Jay was proud of this. He spoke of one day when she was so mad at him she screamed at him and called him a "smarty pants", Jay chuckling about how that was as aggressive as she ever acted toward him.

In conversation Jay Kay had mentioned he was somewhat of a famous photographer, I recollect saying "sure you are buddy". He did spark my interest so I started Googling his name, seems his statement had some merit.

As I continued to help Jay clean and organize (Actually while he sat in a chair and directed while I worked) I began to better understand his relevance to the Science Fiction World. I can recall sorting papers in the basement in this fashion: Jay, old newspaper? Toss it. Instructional manual for the blender you purchased in 1969? Toss it. What about this letter from Isaac Asimov? That goes to UCR Riverside. (And of course I realized that before asking him the question!) Eventually I was able to clear a wide enough path to the file cabinet that held the photographic negatives he spoke of. After seeing and understanding the contents and his meticulous indexing method I immediately realized that he had a piece of American History in his basement that needed to be preserved. Eventually I meticulously packed and shipped via overnight air these archives to UCR Riverside along with a whole bunch of other stuff as well. Reflecting on these events I must admit I feel as though I was a part of something significant and I am proud to have been able to accomplish it and happy to be involved with the other individuals, specifically Melissa Conway and the staff at UCR who were integral as well with assembling Jay Kay's collection. One event while sorting through stuff upstairs I have to mention. After boxing up over two thousand VHS tapes, only gaining a six foot long path into a spare bedroom I found a metal box that contained \$562,250 worth of GE paper stock and US Bonds in his wife's name that we liquidated into Jay Kay's bank account

as Doris had since passed away from heart failure. These guys lived of modest means, purchased used cars, Jay Kay's winter jacket was held together in places with duct tape! They were perfect examples of the millionaire next door.

Jay eventually began to deteriorate rapidly; I witnessed his mobility ability decline as well as his breathing becoming more labored. I could not convince him to get into an assisted living facility, he would say, "I'm not leaving this house until all of my Science Fiction material has been shipped to UCR Riverside!" At this point in time his breathing was so bad, we had to get Jay to the hospital and have fluid removed from his lungs and I took him to Saint Joseph's Hospital in Syracuse to admit him. In the hospital he found out his cancer was stage four, he became angry that all of the treatments he endured did not save him. A calculating man, he knew what was coming. Jay showed no fear of his pending fate, he knew at this time he had to leave his home; he wanted to go to a hospice. We had a meeting with the hospice people, Jay had several choices as where to be placed and we all agreed that the place known as Francis House in Syracuse NY was the best. Ironically considering Jay's religious beliefs, or lack thereof, an entity owned and run by Catholic Charities. Jay really wanted to go here and this is a limited bed facility. I hope my influence was helpful, my plumbing company provides service for this place and I made a few phone calls. Shortly after, Jay Kay was admitted to

Jay Kay with his iconic photo of Isaac Asimov. (Photo by Craig Peterson.)



Francis House.

I went to visit Jay at the hospice almost every weekday and many times on the weekends as well, it was sad to see the sign in sheet at the front desk, all of the patients seemed to have multiple visitors on a daily basis, Jay Kay only one, me. The hospice was having an Easter Dinner, the residents and their families were all invited. Jay was very excited about the Easter Dinner they were having and he asked if I and my wife would attend. He was really good this day but labored to get to the end of the hall where the great room and kitchen were located. He really enjoyed himself and the attention he got, we had fun. My wife Camille said he looked great and she felt he did not belong in a hospice. I knew better. Over the course of the next several weeks Jay became worse. Every time I visited, just before I left I would shake his hand and tell him to squeeze so I could assess his strength. When he did this I would fake scream and tell him to stop as he was crushing my hand, he got such a kick out of this and smiled from ear to ear. On Mother's day, Sunday May 13th, the Hospice called me at around 8:00 a.m. in the morning and said I needed to hurry along as Jay's breathing pattern had changed, at 8:10 they called me back and said they were sorry.

So people if you take anything away from this brief anecdote of an amazing man's journey in life and I am not talking about me, take this. All of the money, houses, guitars, cars and personal possessions we have in our brief blink of an eye on this planet have little relevance. Love is what matters. Of all the things in life Mr. Jay Kay Klein taught me, this was the one that was the most important. Relinquish in Pace my Friend.

New Zealand Post is issuing official legal tender commemorative coins to celebrate the trilogy of films based on *The Hobbit*. Bilbo Baggins is on a \$10 gold coin.



Mythbusting Bakka



Taral Wayne & Charlie McKee

According to Charlie McKee, who was the founder of Canada's first specialty SF bookstore, he's read many online stories of Bakka's origin that are full of errors. In a recent post to his Facebook group, he said, "I'd like to state right up front ... that unless they come from myself, or from the actual people involved, stories about the store should be considered outright conjecture, and should be corrected after consulting with either myself or, again, those folks who were actually involved." He was certain a conspiracy was at work, but added that, "Sooner or later all sources will be dealt the sword of truth."

Got a Band-aid ready?

The first, and seemingly most prevalent, myth that Charlie found on fan sites was that Bakka was founded *unintentionally*. In the myth, Charlie never wanted to open an SF bookstore at all. Here's the condensed version that Charlie gave:

How it all began. "Judith Merrill did not, repeat, *did not* suggest I open a mystery bookstore instead of a SF store."

Judith Merrill, a New York-born writer, was living in Toronto in the early 1970s, and befriended a number of people in the local SF community, including Charlie McKee. "Judy met with me in her apartment at the foot of Beverly St. at Queen West, in Toronto, where she lived at the time. This was the Spring of 1971." He explained to Judy his plan to open

a science fiction bookstore, and how he got the idea, then asked her what she thought. She must have approved, because she introduced him to Madge Alto, the head of the Spaced Out Library, who would prove a valuable reference in his efforts to start a business.

"Technically the idea came after my first wife, Kathleen Kuklinski, and I were blown away by a showing of *2001: A Space Odyssey* at the huge, new domed theater at the Toronto Waterfront. Because of my enthusiasm, Kathleen suggested I open a SF bookshop. I began research, and tracked down Judy, hoping the reigning Mom of SF – now residing in Canada – would have some words of advice and encouragement."

With Judy's endorsement, Charlie laid his plans, contacted a bank for a necessary business loan and talked with publishers about supplying the store with books. After that, Charlie – who was a carpenter – put in long hours in the empty storefront at 286 Queen Street West, building his own shelves. Finally, in the summer of 1972, Bakka opened its doors for the first time to welcome its first visitor ... who probably just looked around, sniffed, quipped, "an SF bookstore, imagine that," and left. But business picked up in the days to follow. In fact, business became so good that the store expanded from 286 Queen West into the next door properties at 282-284 as well.

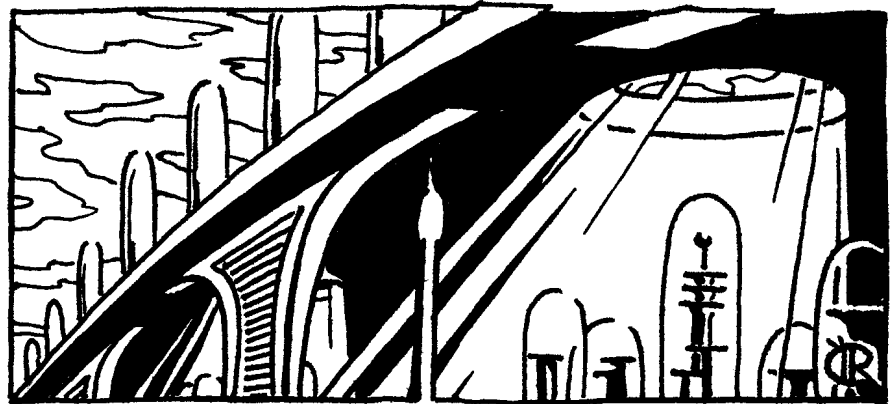
"So, in short," continues Charlie, "never
[Please turn to page 33 for conclusion.]

THE WORLDCON I SAW

BY JOHN HERTZ

**RENOVATION, THE 69TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION,
AUGUST 17-21, 2011; ATLANTIS, PEPPERMILL, MARRIOTT COURTYARD
HOTELS; CONVENTION CENTER; RENO, NEVADA**

Author Guest of Honor, Tim Powers; Graphic Artist, Boris Vallejo. Named with them, long-time S-F Book Club editor Ellen Asher, *Locus* editor Charles N. Brown (posthumous); named as special guests, the band Tricky Pixie and comics star Bill Willingham. Attendance 4,100; Art Show sales \$94,000 by 100 artists. Chair, Patty Wells.



Miracles do happen. I'd begged the con committee to send me my schedule, or at least the first thing on it; finally I phoned one of the Programming heads, who said "Nothing before your first Classics of S-F talk Thursday 1 p.m."; I booked a flight arriving on Wednesday at 3. Then a spy learned from the con Website that I had a panel discussion on Wednesday at 4. My flight arrived right on time; baggage at once; short trip by taxi; I waved good-bye to Ellen & Murray Moore, made my driver stop at the Peppermill while I handed bags to a bellman, and walked into "How to Watch a Masquerade" a minute before it started.

Our moderator Byron Connell was *en route* by rail from Albany. Julie Zetterberg pinch-hit. With us, Susan de Guardiola, John O'Halloran, Pierre Pettinger. Many in the audience had never seen a Masquerade. I explained the Original and Re-Creation divisions, the Novice – Journeyman – Master classes. O'Halloran said the Masquerade was like a variety show. Pettinger, like *haiku* theater. Zetterberg and de Guardiola, don't hesitate to volunteer. Or perhaps enter. Great fans have. From the audience, how does judging work? Pettinger said, we tailor awards to

what we see. Zetterberg explained workmanship judging. I said, there's usually "half time" entertainment while judges are out deliberating. The Masquerade is an artform the s-f community made, originally a dress-up party as its name suggests, by the 1960s an on-stage costume competition, inventive, illustrative, beautiful, impossible with our resources but we do it somehow.

On the right in the Exhibit Hall was the Fanzine Lounge, a bar and a snack stand next to it. The snack stand had in advance filled jugs with simple syrup, which keeps well; they used a lever-style machine and brought lemons: squeezed on demand. Lounge host Chris Garcia had been told to attach nothing to the walls. A dark curtain hung before them. The con sign-shop was a logjam. His computer printed F A N Z I N E S, one

Pieces of imagination, pictures of life,
and disquisitions of literature.

Johnson

letter to a page, which he attached to the curtain. The Art Show and Dealers' Room were at the far end of the hall, the

Dealers' Room with a gratifying proportion of books.

Tom Veal and Becky Thomson had mounted the Christine Valada Portrait Project, three hundred monochrome photographs mostly of s-f pros over twenty-five years, we depending on space exhibiting some; I edit the labels; the earlier pictures may be all the more valuable because, with time passed in the subject's life, one can see how acute the portrait was. Next to this was the Fan Gallery, curated by Chaz Baden and run along a different perspective, an attempt to represent important people using photographers as they came to hand rather than a single artist's work which did not undertake the question of importance.

Two other more or less standing exhibits, in the sense that at a Worldcon someone usually mounts them, were the Hugo Award trophies to date – the rocket ship is standard, each Worldcon designs its own base – and tokens of past Worldcons and the adventures of bidding for the privilege of producing one.

Glass cases held historic paperbacks from the collection of Donald Gray. One was *The Pocket Book of Science Fiction*, first ever. Among Ace Doubles, *The Big*



Time, Leiber's first Hugo-winning novel. Book-movie pairs put a book next to its movie's publicity image. On the other side of these, the Japan table. Help with relief from the March earthquake and tsunami was on all our minds. Throughout the hall big Vallejo banners hung overhead. So did the proud World S-F Society banner.

I'd bought a fresh copy of *On Stranger Tides*, but Jim Mann's book talk was also on Wednesday at 4. Later he said double the crowd he'd expected showed up, then when he explained Powers wouldn't be there, half left. I was glad so many people wanted to meet Powers. In the Fanzine Lounge bar were Randy Byers, Carl Juarez, Mark Plummer. David Cake the Down Under Fan Fund delegate arrived. Juarez talked of playing "mash-ups" for people who didn't know the underlying music; respect for the beginner mind. We

Studied everything, as a skillful comedian does.

Dumas

all talked of fanart and raising new crops. I try to do a Rotsler Award exhibit at Worldcons, and the Website <www.scifiinc.org/rotsler> with Baden,

partly for people who don't already know.

In the Peppermill lobby around midnight Anton Lien said he could follow *Vanamonde*. He had no news of a Scandinavia party. Game machines were everywhere. Their flashing lights and electronic sounds recalled the Penny Palace in Van Vogt's *Weapon Shops of Isher*. Greg Benford said, in *The World of Null-A* the Machine is a test of intellect, these are the opposite. Are they nevertheless a triumph of s-f? In the Terrace Bar a man asked about my hat. "An s-f con here! Really!" I found the con Website with his electronic thingummy when he couldn't, and answered his questions when it didn't. Laurie Mann said "I died on stage." It was Music Night.

Godson had been reprised from Boskone, a musical (based on the '94 short story) whose manuscript Chris Kovacs found while compiling the NESFA Press *Collected Zelazny*. David Grubbs was Death. I heard more from David Bratman at the San Antonio for 2013 Worldcon party in the Atlantis. IBC, Kemper, and Virgil's root beer were gone, A&W was left, I drank that. Tom Becker and James Shields discussed baseball. As with the Masquerade, Becker and I agreed, when

the tech to show close-ups was added it created a new medium; the close-ups' attraction, though they were valuable, tended to distract from a sense of the whole.

Marjii Ellers used to say hall costumes, the imaginative garb some build to stroll the halls at a con, are daily wear for alternative worlds. They're designed to be met; no good on stage. Prowling judges pin rosettes on. I was the chief at Renovation. The con gave me name-badge ribbons. No good: the award has to go on the costume, or it loses its *Exemplary!* effect. After daylight on Thursday I got some help and brought back likely-looking supplies from a Michael's art & craft shop. No good: the veeblefetzers wouldn't fit the potrzebie. Jill Eastlake arrived with leftover Denvention III yellow silk roses. These inspired Becker. The photo in *File 770 160* shows me working to his successful design. I set up an assembly team and went to lead my book talk.

The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet has strangeness and charm. I pointed out its note on indexing, the Wise Men's records which could only be used by reading through a whole scroll. From the audience: it catches the feeling of building a space ship from Christmas lights. Another: I first read it as a boy,

Isn't the writing of good prose an emotional excitement?

Helen de Vine

now I've been a space engineer thirty-four years. Another saw our room was half women. Another: what about "You must never doubt"? We looked at where and how that came in. Another: the prose, and the science stuff, are shining, effortless. See, if you like, my own comments at *Collecting Science Fiction Books* <www.collectingsf.com> under "A Fan's View".

Todd Dashoff the Exhibits head had told me to bring ten pegboard panels' worth of Rotsler Award. Something went wrong; he still hadn't resolved it; would I take one panel, double-size? The Moores helped me shrink to the occasion. I somehow worked in one sample for each winner since we began with Steve Stiles in '98. Into the Fanzine Lounge came Vivian Perry, gowned to the nines. I introduced her to awed men, whom she told

Camaro stories. She'd bought her latest on E-bay. Shiny spots on the flywheel showed the previous owner hadn't clutched well. Her joy at high-tech driving and car innards was sparkle to her Champagne. Across the hall a barebellied woman in bat wings posed for Bob Eggleton, Winona Nelson, Anthony Palumbo, Martina Pilcerova, and Fairlane Vincente to make five different paintings. Eggleton's palette was a paper plate. It was Art Night.

I led my Art Show tour. I didn't have to include the spectacular exhibit from Ken Moore's collection because Naomi Fisher was giving tours of that. Peggy Rae Sapienza and Art Show chief Elayne Pelz somehow worked in panels of Japanese art for earthquake relief. The Japanese knew European images better than we know *The Tale of Genji* or *The Forty-Seven Rōnin*. Frank Lurz among his astronomicals showed a machine like George Pal's *War of the Worlds* hovering in Earth sky; we see no force beams, only explosion bursts; a larger and thus nearer craft above. An Arlin Robins bronze flying horse touched its rock with one wing. In Pilcerova's acrylic & oil "Secrets" a guitarist lounged on an airboat whose bat-sail, and jet engine ready below, drew a taut chain just above water past two steel ships and a slice of light.

Mark Olson reprised "Who's That Artist?" from L.A.con IV. As he and I saw when I hosted in '06 the moderator, showing an image, at the most fruitful coaxes from experts not only their guess of who the artist was, but why they thought so. With *The Wanderer* on my

mind, I was struck by Ron Walotsky's cover for the '86 Tor reprint, the saucer a strong diagonal, the Wanderer its gold and blue background. In the Atlantis, a

The bright beings who store their
honey in the cells of our hearts.

Yeats

combined party by the seated Seattle ('12) and Olive Country ('13) Westerns, and the Utah for '14 bid. The London for '14 Worldcon bid served orange barley-water. At the San Antonio party Kurt Baty said "We've defeated fandom. It's 1:30 and we have food left." Paula Lieberman said "Last time you bid, you ran out."

Friday 11 a.m., Jane Frank's Art Show tour. Carved Balinese-style dragons by Laura & Paul Bernier had signs stating the material used, hibiscus, rosewood; I later learned they made their own tools and in '08 had won Best in Show at – yes – Dragon*Con. Vincent Villafranca casts his own bronze. We talked of displaying art at home. Frank knew a lot about that, also about Vallejo and his collaboration with Julie Bell. Teresa Nielsen Hayden and Ctein's tour, 2 p.m. Ctein was impressed by Richard Man's photos, from this source high praise. We talked of composition; he showed what difference it made how a picture was cropped. We saw how Stiles, with his cartoonist's eye, got the expression of a face in five lines.

Regency Dancing was scheduled against the Masquerade. People groaned to me, but this year I had nothing to do

with arranging or teaching it. Since I was no judge or Master of Ceremonies in the Masquerade either, if the show was short I might catch some of each. With no holiday weekend, and the Masquerade on Friday night, it might be. Directors Kevin Roche & Andrew Trembley had printed a program. Wells in a glorious Sue Renhard gown introduced the show. She said she had the power to chase men who had the heads of donkeys (like *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), not hard to find at a Worldcon. Kaja & Phil Foglio were M.C.s; Toni Lay, Mary Miller, John O'Halloran, judges; Karen Dick, Lindsay Tallman, workmanship judges. Man was Official Photographer.

I liked the scrappy – sorry, bad pun – Tin Woman in "Wizard of Oz" (Original; Best Workmanship, Journeyman): Kathryn and Zachary Brant; Theresa Costanzo; Ann, Ellie, Mark Ezell; Thor Halbert; Barbara Hoffert; Sandi King. What a difference a D makes. The wings of "Phoenix" (Original; Persistence of Vision Award, Novice; Best Workmanship in Class), Elizabeth Mittman, sparkled in main light, in dark glowed gold. Vicki Glover made "Nothing to Wear" (Original; Best Journeyman) on

The spirit of poetry which breathes
through all their extravagance.

Jeffrey

site, crowned, a dragon robe lined with stars. Karen McWilliams' "Undine" (Original; Most Elegant, Master; Best Dyework in Class) danced splendidly, bronze flashing in blue, rods dou-



bling her body length overhead, she rising from and returning to the flat stage. Lance Ikegawa's "Blue Meanie Blues" (Re-Creation; Most Nostalgic, Master; Best Transformation of Materials) won the audience, his mask and claws fine. In "Music of the Spheres" (Original; Best Workmanship, Master), Sandy & Pierre Pettinger, Randy Smith, two gowned helmed faceless figures brought Things to a black and white man; roundels on the two breastplates lit; the man opened flowers into a globe. It had a sense of event. It read at the back of the hall.

I ducked "half time" and saw the awards in the newsletter next day. Backstage, Roche with everything on his hands was expecting me. When Alan Winston at Westercon LXIV had added a second night of Regency Dancing, I didn't want to steal his thunder so borrowing a Roche costume dressed as Vanamonde van Mekkhan from *Girl Genius*. When Renovation gave Winston the whole thunder, I decided to reprise. I kept the beanie; Phil Foglio looked askance; I said I loved espresso, and beat it. The Peppermill was a labyrinth, but I was used to it by then, and indeed it wasn't so bad for any of us who knew the Klein Bottle Hotel from Lunacons. I took Larry Niven with me. We arrived about a third before the end. Ulrika O'Brien and Janice Gelb were in Regency gowns. Gelb had been too busy at Aussiecon IV; I danced with her.

Saturday 1 p.m., *From the Earth to the Moon*. As promised I brought for a visual aid the 1978 Walter J. Miller annotated translation (haven't seen the 1995 edi-

tion). In the context of Verne's day the science is remarkably good. His people's engagement with it operates his story. His style treats by implication what some authors bring onstage. From the audience: what pacing. Another: the dry humor, not only the Gun Club, but the end of the duel. Another: how well set up is Ardan's entrance. To me his "I will not return" is one of the great lines. His conversion of Nicholls is like Pericles' (in *The Peloponnesian War*) "I could tell you a long story about what is to be gained, but I prefer

Fans are people who can take a perfectly nice conversation and turn it into a discussion of theology or lasers.
Debbie Notkin

that you fall in love."

The DUFF and TAFF (Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund) Reception was in the Fanzine Lounge. Anne & Brian Gray the North America TAFF Administrators made paper crowns, "TAFF" for James Coxon, "DUFF" for Cake; I donated fixings from the hall-costume awards, whose making and replenishing indeed went on all weekend. Judging with me were Connell, Lay, Suford Lewis, experts; Kelly Buehler; Tom Whitmore, who has done everything, bless him; Sandra Childress and Flick, new to it and saying it was a blast. Meanwhile Byers had been collating WOOFF (World Organization Of Faneditors, the yearly amateur publishing ass'n invented by Bruce Pelz, done at Worldcons). I had duly brought Roger Hill's zine. Byers attracted a swell gang

of contributors and even got a Stu Shiffman cover. We trooped over to the stage for the TAFF-DUFF auction, Liz Zitzow auctioneer. A Tuckerization (like e.g. Bobby Bloch in *The Lincoln Hunters*; more recently authors have helped fundraising by letting one be auctioned) in the forthcoming Niven-Benford collaboration – their first – went to Chris Marble, the con Dockmaster, beating Joe Siclari. The Grays keeping the tally told me we raised \$2,700.

White tie for Hugo Night. In the Japan video was Takayuki Karahashi, one of the best '07 Worldcon interpreters, who was at the Unit One reactor when the *tsunami* struck. Dave Kyle in his red blazer gave the Big Heart to Gay Haldeman; ovation. Seanan McGuire in green satin gave the Campbell to Lev Grossman, who knelt for his tiara. Shiffman gave the Best Fanartist Hugo to Brad Foster, Scott Bobo accepting. Coxon giving Best Fanwriter to Claire Brialey said "I told you." Cake gave Best Fanzine to *The Drink Tank*; Garcia and co-editor James Bacon managed to reach the stage; Garcia melted. He threw off his coat uncovering the Fred Flintstone T-shirt, sat, helplessly let Bacon talk, finally spoke. Robert Silverberg giving Best Novella said "I am not a cruel man.... the very first time I was a nominee.... and I vowed I would never put anyone through that. Connie, on the other hand.... Cordelia is a Shakespearean name.... *King Lear* ... he had three daughters.... I was never very much interested in having children...." after which Powers gave Best Novel to *Blackout / All Clear* and Willis thanked Iago Silverberg. It was 2 a.m. when Brialey got to the Fanzine Lounge by Night, in the Atlantis. We burst into cheers.

Supreme and on the whole only moderately irritable.

Andrew Gurr

San Antonio won unopposed, to be Lonestarcon III. Stiles at 11 a.m. gave a Rotsler Award slide show (in fact probably PowerPoint or something). He kindly acknowledged me in the audience – my co-judges Mike Glyer and Brialey being at the con but variously unable to attend – and used several of the images I'd picked for the Website. In a sense the Award

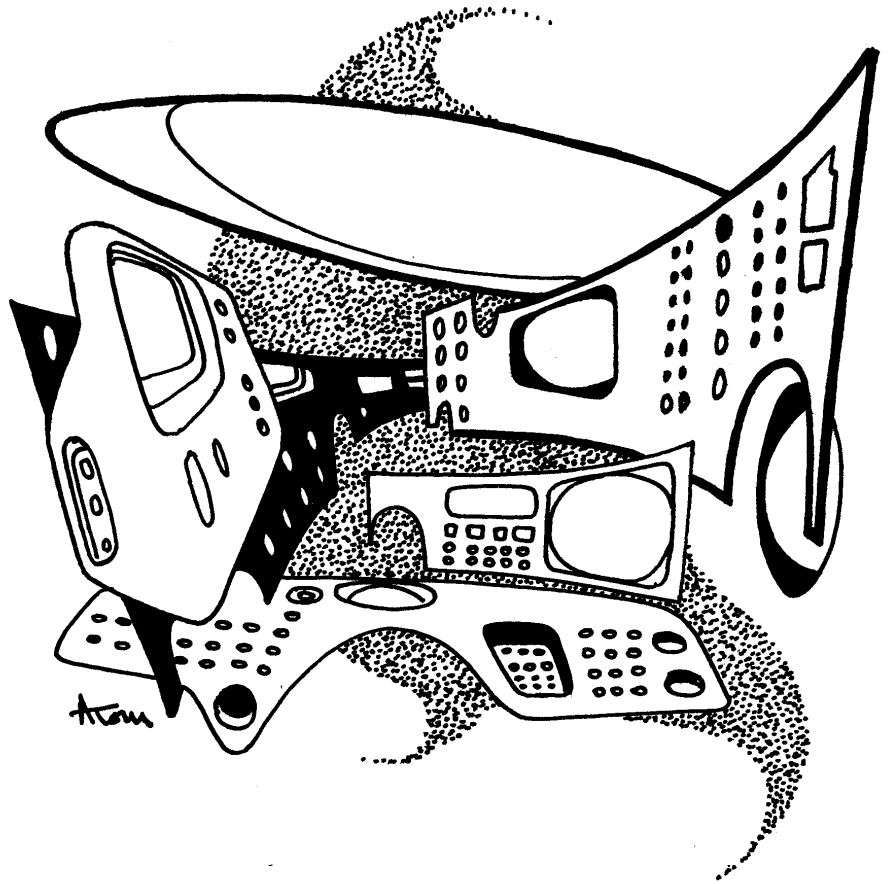


belongs to its winners and its sponsor; in a sense to Rotsler, though he never imagined it and one can only guess what he may think if he perceives it now; fanart, to its authors and readers (not limiting such terms to art in words): in a wider sense, both to our community; and perhaps, like other art, to anyone. There is art too in finding among the particulars of s-f, and of fandom, a universal.

The Wanderer. From the audience: is it dated? timeless? It's certainly full of ironies and questionable narrators. Another: how "hard s-f" it is. Another: from a man we hold a fantasy author. All the more striking in this book which is so romantic – and anti-romantic – and emotional – and critical (not mere fault-finding) of emotions – and whose emotions? Another: how advanced can Tiger-ishka be if she thinks an Earth cat is sapient? Nor did only she among the Wanderer's catfolk; and the Wanderer proves to be a multitude of sapient species. Paul Cook in the audience said he listened to an audio version on his Stairmaster. Another: how often have we been shown a wandering planet? Another: compare *Lucifer's Hammer*. Or the poetry to Bradbury's. As with *Lolita* it is helpful that the scathing of men's sex fantasy is written by a man. Another: could the police be the good guys?

I found myself talking with Greg Manchess, who's painted for *National Geographic* and U.S. postage stamps and Louis L'Amour covers and Tor. With Irene Gallo standing by I thanked her again for her part in the Hugo Award logograph. I tried to compare the Ken Moore exhibit with our Art Show. Manchess said "Once, we were classically trained." This brought to mind A.J. Budrys' *There are now no editors, only talent scouts with "Editor" on the door* and my own *Why wait to be taught?* Jane & Scott Dennis agreed it had something to do with clarity and focus. Perhaps we flee these thinking them cookie cutters.

Strictly speaking none of this had been the Worldcon. Wells at Opening Ceremonies had omitted to open it. She finally did so at Closing Ceremonies five minutes before closing. Perhaps the dates before August 21 mentioned above should be deleted. The Hugos. The site selection. I may never have to give a legal opinion.



The Hospitality Suite was an Atlantis ballroom. Both edges of this sword bit. A Dead Dog Party (until the last dog is –) in such a room may have to end early. Closed parties I mostly don't mention in my reports, but I hereby invoke the favor of the fannish god Roscoe upon Lise Eisenberg & Moshe Feder; Keith Kato; the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, renowned

I who was given in a dream the brush
of many colors
Wish to write on petals a message to
the clouds of morning.

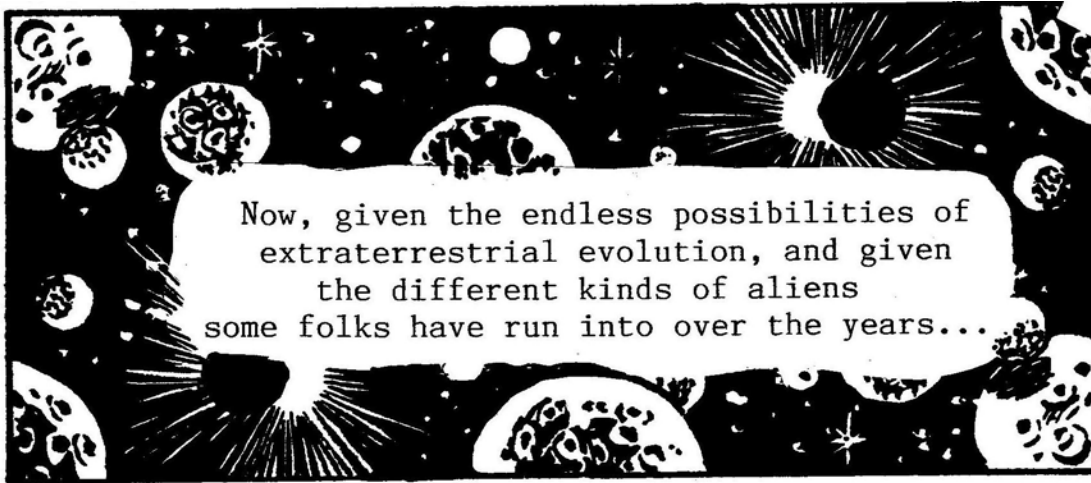
Li Shang-yin

for good fellowship whether winds blow hot or cold. Eisenberg said her first directions at Reno had been given by a Klingon and interpreted by a human. In the Fanzine Lounge by Night, Bill Taylor, Mark Richards, and I, joined by hosting Colin Hinz when he could, argued whether art was extra or of the essence.

Fisher met me for Monday brunch. I'd hoped to learn more about the Moore

collection. To others Moore showed the clown – he gave people the Bird – but Fisher saw the man who crawled into a culvert to rescue a kitten, who won the respect of Kelly Freas, Ed Emshwiller, Richard Powers. She had given a tour a day of the exhibit, two on Art Night. That the exhibit appeared at all had been one of those s-f con miracles, with disaster, resilience, solitude and help taking turns. Roche & Trembley arrived. The con had been generous to them too. Most of a con may be a miracle.

The Fanivore



Erwin S. (Filthy Pierre) Strauss

In *File 770:160* Taral Wayne's article "The Little Engine That Wanted to Be Big" talks about the problem of clubs (specifically, SF clubs) formed for a particular purpose, losing their focus. But he addresses only one side of the issue: lose of focus as new members drift away from that focus. But that problem, in itself, is relatively easy to deal with: require that new members be voted in by current members; or set some objective test for membership.

But the other side of the coin is that many activities – maintaining a clubhouse; holding conventions; or just having worthwhile meetings, meetings that are more than just a couple or three people sitting around – require a certain critical mass of manpower. And as fads and fashions – and technology – change over the years and decades, it gets harder and harder to find new members interested in the original focus. Thus a balance must be struck.

At one extreme is an organization like First Fandom, which is limited to people active in SF fandom prior to the first Worldcon in 1939. At one point, I heard talk of changing the criterion to involvement in fandom for fifty years; or forming an auxiliary of younger fans who could take on some of the tasks the First Fandomites were too old or too few to do. But as I understand it, they've settled on being a "last-man" club (given

their era, I wouldn't be surprised if there's a bottle of cognac somewhere, to be drunk as a toast by the last two survivors.)

A similar issue has been faced by ham radio enthusiasts. A few years back, there was a kerfuffle over whether the requirement that hams know Morse code as a condition of their license should be dropped. The small-tent (as Taral might put it) faction wanted it kept, the big-tent faction dropped. In the end, it was dropped; but the hobby has continued to face a precipitous decline: after all, when you can whip out a cell phone and call anywhere in the



1947

world at minimal cost – well, the thrill of ham radio is greatly diminished, isn't it?

(In a related matter, when I was touring Australia after AussieCon 3 in 1999, at a stop in the outback, much was made of the romance of the short-wave schooling program: stringing the wires in the tree, and listening to the radio crackle with the day's lesson. But even then, that was obsolete in the face of the Internet.)

Getting back to SF, NESFA (the New England SF Association), like many SF clubs, has adopted a hierarchy of membership classes, with full, voting "regular" membership limited to those who have demonstrated a commitment to the club's traditional core values. But that has meant that NESFA's Boskone convention is a fraction of its former size, and likely only to grow smaller. But NESFA is down with that; that's the decision they've made.

By contrast, staying in Boston, the Arisia convention is now about the size of the old Boskones, as a result of a policy of being relatively open to diverse interests. As a result, their conventions – while they still have literary and fannish programming – are increasingly oriented to latter-day interests, like gaming, anime and the Internet. That's their choice.

So I don't see the situation as hopeless, the way Taral seems to. But hard choices do have to be made.

Gregory Benford

Taral's insightful piece on fandom's provinces and provincialisms aroused me to view my own feeling about a fandom I entered in 1954 and never left.

I still feel that fmz fandom is the core I like and understand best. I learned to write there. Bradbury said to me once he thought a writer had to write about a million lousy words before writing many good ones. I immediately figured with 29 issues of *Void* and *FAPA*zines and innumerable articles and letter in fmz, I'd reached that number by

age 23, when in grad school at UCSD (though it was UCLJ then; a hard sf digression) I sold a short story to *F&SF*.

But that doesn't explain why I download daily fms from eFanzines and read them and still belong to an APA I joined in 1967, Lilapa. Half of its members have died by now, if not more; there are only 15 of us.

But I have another role as an sf pro and worldcons especially are the venue where these come into play so differently. Pros still know that core fandom is important, but most fans don't. The pros know so because, still, so many came from it. SF fandom is the sole author of the intricate, intimate dance between pros and fans, which has informed the genre so differently than the knockoff fandoms of mystery, romance, etc. They don't have our dance. That's why fandom is still important. It shapes the genre still, beyond the blunt caress of movies, TV and internet worlds.

Eric Mayer

Another excellent issue of *File 770*. Living out in the galactic arm of fandom, I am happy to have a glimpse of what's going on at the center. (Hmmm...considering earth is in the galactic arm and there's a blackhole in the middle of the Milky Way that's probably not a very good metaphor. But you probably know what I mean.)

Although I am not qualified to say much about most of the material, I will venture the opinion that Brad Foster's cover is brilliant. What striking use of color! I also particularly liked Steve Stiles' Mount Rushmore of outer space. There's a story there! Not sure it ends well, though.

James Bacon's article on comics was interesting, despite it being years since I've paid much attention to them. In the late 80s -- during the period when, as James notes, there were something like twelve comics distributors -- I got interested in the indie titles people were producing. A lot of them were wildly inventive.

With all the distributors and comic book specialty shops around at the time, creators could reach a decent sized audience. One b&w title I scripted for a friend's small publishing company sold several thousand copies. He did a sort of *File 770* news zine for the small press community that regularly sold 6,000 copies. But then Diamond, as I recall (or one of the big distributors at any rate) began to chow down on the small distributors and pretty soon that was that.

I abandoned comics before the crash, because I just couldn't afford to buy them. Keeping up with even a few titles could quickly become expensive and I was in bad financial straits right then. Back when I read Superman and Batman in the fifties, the comics were

what? Twelve cents each? I could find that much just by scavenging for returnable soda bottles people had tossed along the road.

Looking in from some distance, as I necessarily must, I agree with Taral's description of the manner in which fandom has evolved and what it has become. What to make of it, or what the state of fandom means to me, if anything, is hard to say. Like Taral, I have always been most attracted to the fanzine aspect. I became involved in fanzine fandom in 1972 and I share his view -- as I read it -- that fanzines seemed a much larger

part of fandom during that era. Was that merely my perspective? Was I simply so immersed in fanzine fandom that I didn't notice that it was merely a small puddle at the edge of the big pond?

Coincidentally, in *E-Ditto 16* which went up on eFanzines almost the same day as this *File 770* #160, I wrote about my dismay at reading *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator* by Walt Willis and James White. I had not until recently been aware the work existed, which probably shows how unqualified I am to talk about fandom. I'm sorry I read it. The conclusion is that, contrary to what we were led to believe in *The Enchanted Duplicator*, Trufandom is not the realm of the Enchanted Duplicator but rather can be found at the Ultimate Convention.

For a fanzine fan like me, that's a pretty tough thing to hear from perhaps the greatest fanwriter and faneditor of all. However, it did confirm my feeling that a "fan" today is defined largely as someone who attends conventions. A fan may publish fanzines -- and in some small faanish circles pubbing one's ish is still laudable -- but publishing a fanzine does not, by itself, qualify anyone as a fan. A person who attends conventions and engages in costuming, or filksinging, or because of an interest in Doctor Who is more likely to be considered a fan than someone who publishes a zine but does not attend cons. As Taral more or less indicates, "fanzine fans" have fallen far away from the center of fandom which they once occupied.

Should that matter to anyone? In a way, no. There are always subgroups in larger groups. People always seek out those with whom they are most compatible, no matter what the activ-



1952

ity. That there are still plenty of fans interested in fanzines is evident from Bill Burns ever expanding eFanzines site. So long those of us still interested in fanzines can publish for each other what difference does it make that we are practically invisible to the larger fandom encompassed by the Worldcon?

I think Taral gives a good reason why it makes a difference at the end of his article. He asks, "What use is fandom to me? What use am I to it?" Most of us like to feel we are part of some community or communities, or family if you prefer. A family -- let's call it -- will give us the opportunity to be ourselves moreso than the outside world, including the opportunity to exercise our talents. In that way the family is of "use" to us. But don't we also want to feel we are of some use to the family? That we have something to offer that the others value?

Is that is what is lacking for "fanzine fans" in today's big, mostly media oriented fandom? The feeling that what we have to offer is not valued? Why persist in participating in a group to which you have nothing to offer?

Clearly -- to me -- Taral isn't just talking about awards. He's been nominated for the Hugo multiple times and was GoH at a Worldcon. He has had tons of official recognition, but he obviously feels somewhat alienated from big tent fandom.

I suspect that big tent fandom is far too large to serve as anyone's community, let alone family -- just as the outside world is. Just as one finds a place within the outside world where there are like-minded people, a fan has to find a similar niche within this era's overgrown fandom. Maybe it would help to imagine the Worldcon as a yearly gathering of

the tribes and present a separate slate of awards for every interest.

Well, I have rambled on too long, particularly since I have no idea where I'm going!

Anyway, thank you, Mike, for whisking me back to 1975 when I was a young man prone to thinking out loud at great length in LoCs. Now I must return to 2011 when I am considerably older and should know better, but will press the "send" button anyway.

Marie Rengstorff

I have almost done it. Five days left on my escrow. The new house is three houses behind the Wailea fire station. From there, almost anywhere I go takes me through the beautiful landscaping of Wailea. For a while, even if I can take a shortcut through Kihei, I will probably drive the extra half-block through Wailea.

Real estate is so expensive in Hawaii in general and Maui in particular that I thought I would never be able to buy a nice house in a nice neighborhood. I am not functioning well these last five days of escrow. I am buying a bank-owned home and banks can renege anytime until the deal is closed. Nerves, lip-biting, panic, etc.

So instead of editing a story or novel I would like to sell, I am writing letters. I always make a fool of myself in letters, so I can't do much new harm.

As I write this, I keep thinking of the SF fans I wish I could share this with. Marcene Mallett, Terry Carr, and Carl Dunah did not live to see my first stories in *Analog*. Now, I will have a special place to share and they cannot come to visit. Outliving peers is very frustrating. Which reminds me, is Terry Jeeves in Queen Margaret's nursing home?

[[Regrettably, Terry passed away last year.]]

I immediately noticed two things about my new (I hope) home on Maui – other friendly cats and at least three nearby houses with “widow's walks.” I am going to have a roof lanai built immediately. Yes, I already have two small views at sunset on the sea if I stand on the lanai; one view shows Molokini Island and the other shows the West Maui shoreline. But I am going to have a roof-high lanai built with just space enough for two chairs and a tiny tea table. I will probably be found there every sunset, except when visiting couples are up there instead. I don't have to use it every night. Please come test it out for me. Children welcome.

My cat and I took a walk this morning in Arizona. I love walking with cats. They see the world in totally mysterious ways. Dogs see with their noses. We humans can watch and wonder about stinky spots, but we can see the gist of their concerns and interests. And, if we

walk a dog regularly, we see the other dogs who stop, sniff, and leave a message. We can learn the dogs' secrets.

Not so with a cat on a walk. She might chase a bird or lizard out of hiding showing us the interest of the moment, but most of a cat's secrets remain secret from beginning to end of the walk. Besides, a half a block is okay with a cat. I am no longer good for four-mile walks, although I have had to do several of them these last two weeks. I do not have a car in AZ. Everyday somebody wanted me to send a fax, email or an overnight package, get a notary, buy and send a check or money order. Some of that trotting down to the strip mall, especially to the UPS store or bank, was to sell my condo. Some of those forced walks were to buy the house. And some of those hikes were to arrange for Pukiki, my cat, to return to Maui with me.

On pets to Hawaii: One can get a cat or a dog into the islands without a quarantine of more than 15 minutes, but do one thing wrong and the whole system falls apart. This is my fourth trip into the islands with a small pet, but I still make errors. I swear that getting a Ph.D. in neuro-genetics was easier.

This morning, I only walked a block. I think I have done everything to complete all the contracts and now I only have to clean this condo and catch the planes.

In the middle of my regular Prescott condo walk with cat, I need to cross the street and check my mailbox in the rural route post box bank. Wisely, Pukiki does not cross with me. She ducks under a bush and disappears until I come back. Then, when I return, she dashes by me from a different direction every morning. I have no idea where she goes while I check the mail. She has favorite other doors to check out, especially those with cats. She has many low bushes to hide under. She simply reappears.

If the temperature is warm, she says a quick hello to me as I start up the steps and then she runs down into the arroyo, leaving me to climb up to the condo alone. If it is cold, she continues her dash and beats me to our door.

This morning it was cold.

She has been looking for “the doorway into summer” for at least two weeks. But this afternoon will be 63 degrees. That is reasonable. She has just requested to go back out. She enjoys the company of a large, fluffy charcoal and

silver cat, but she hates the young male who is a darker shade of her own orange. That nasty, cheerful orange boy tries to rape her. He is a stray, but I had him fixed by the local Friends of the Animals. Despite his less aggressive current condition, he still swats at Pukiki trying to get her to “assume the position.” I can't help but like him, Leo Montana (mountain lion), because he is friendly and is built like a cartoon character – huge ears, giant feet, long thin legs, and a skinny red tail.

I have lots of commercial writing to do but and too nervous. Five more days of Escrow. The house is bank-owned. A bank can renege at any time until closing. I feel like I can't breathe every time I think about that wait.

This is my third real estate buy from a bank. Such homes always have damage. This house has no appliances and electrical damage where fans and light fixtures have been torn out. There is a hot water heater. I hope it works. I can survive cold showers in Hawaii for awhile. I have faced worse. This will be the fifth time I have turned “unlivable” into a nice home. The second time was on the lake/keys in California (Lake Tahoe). That was a big house with high ceilings, in need of paint, carpets, walls, and to have the deck and boat dock rebuilt. I could not do that level of building again.

The condo in Maui, the one I just sold in good condition, was in horrid condition when I bought it, but that condo was small. Repair was within my abilities. The two weeks of using the swimming pool toilets and showers was, however, a pain in the ass (while my kitchen, bath and pipes were rebuilt.)

This time I can survive with half the light fixtures taped off to avoid being electrocuted. I hope the water heater puts out at least warm water. I will, immediately, buy a microwave from Habitat for Humanity, a hibachi and rolling ice box from Wal-Mart, and hit Lowe's for the “Major Appliances” as soon as I can.

Most of us who live in Hawaii for long



1954



1955

periods have done with less – like the week without electricity at my Kihei condo due to flooding. I finished my ice cream, ate pies and canned fruit and sandwiches. A Spam and canned chicken supply has logic. I had enough supplies to share my goodies with visitors who were too old or too naïve to take care of themselves. My fridge kept drinks cool the whole time. But by the end, I was flushing with floodwater.

My house on the big island was totally self-contained. To heck with electricity, water supply and sewers. I had my own power, water, sewer and fruit. I gave fruit to neighbors and they gave me fish and veggies. I don't remember any emergencies, although roads were closed from time to time. I had a pantry bigger than my walk-in closets here in AZ. We were all real pioneers.

We were aware that the 1950 lava flow that surrounded our big island south shore community (cool and growing plants by the time I moved in) could happen again at any time (from Mauna Loa) and we would be cut off from civilization until helicoptered out. We were about 100 miles from either town, Kona or Hilo. Most of us would still be there is the meth-driven violent crime had not become serious. To try to express the seriousness, I will simply say that the island and the closest neighbor island ran out of my kind of locks. I still did not give up my place until my last friends from the neighborhood loaded their moving van and drove away. Friends mean more to me than broken locks and petty theft.

At Lake Tahoe we were without electricity and gas for a month in Jan./Feb. We used fireplaces to keep warm and showered at

places (such as my office at work) that had propane tanks.

In other words, missing major appliances for awhile will not ruin my days. I was raised in early Hawaii and in logging camps by my grandfathers. Both grandfathers taught me to repair things. One of them built houses as a hobby. That was helpful. The other built trains to bring the logs out of the woods. I'm not sure that gave me any insights except tolerance of big broken things. He was good at building campfires (shrug). I like BBQ.

Now I am shutting down this condo in Prescott. I have to

cook two packages of meat and ten eggs. After that, I will not use the stove here. I will make the stove shiny for renters. It's new. I want it to look like it is.

After I shone up the stove, the microwave will have to suffice for me. I do like twice-baked microwave potatoes. The microwave also makes good cheese sauce for those potatoes. Microwave cream of wheat makes me happy. I have three Stouffer's microwave meals in the freezer. I think I should close and make a microwave cooking list in case I need to buy something.

Brad Foster

Wow, I feel I have to apologize now for sending you that color piece for the cover. After seeing it in actual print here, it's not so much the -color- part, but the huge amount of black ink that this sucker took up! Must have drained a lot of ink cartridges to get that one to come out! I'll have to remember, when looking at things on the computer screen, just what it will take to actually print them if I send them to fanzines.

Wonderful news on the return of *Amazing* - the magazine that will not die! I was lucky enough to get to do some illustrations for them back in the late '80s, maybe I'll get a chance to pick it up again!

All the deely-boppers (sp?) over the heads of all the past Worldcon chairs made it look like this was some sort of motion-capture shot taken by ILM for the next Pixar short!

Some interesting stats on a few of the Hugo

results this year. Personally, I think the numbers for Fan Artist show that people didn't so much vote me the award, as they voted *not* to give it to Randall. I personally really enjoy his work, but can see the controversy about pro/fan/amateur throwing all into confusion yet again. We'll have to see what names end up on the ballot next year for sure after this!

So sorry to read of the passing of Bill Kunkel. Like so many names in here, these notices come as an extra surprise, as I see most of these folks as still young and vibrant in my head. The years are passing, and we're all keeping busy, and sometimes it's a shock to find that others have aged as well. 61 years old is actually 61 years young in my mind, much to early to leave the party.

Oh, and since this issue has now been out for a while, I can report that my attempt to corrupt the honest citizens of fandom into following my blog, whether they really want to or not, is pretty much a bust. DAMN the honest integrity of fans! DAMN my lack of any interesting content in my blog!

Speaking of content and creative stuff, maybe I should go do some of that now. The trouble with internet is that it -seems- like it should be considered as work, even when you're not really getting anything done.

Tara Wayne

Even while I eagerly await the new issue in the mail, I'm reading a download from eFanzines. The thought might cross your mind -- "why bother publishing on paper at all" – but please continue. Crap on my hard drive can vanish in an instant, while paper in my collection will molder somewhere for decades to come...

First things first, I read the various creeps about the quiz and notice that a few of them were issues that I had already fixed. The unintended confusion between "ream" and "quire" for instance, cannot be found in my most recent manuscript. Others were about mainly the addition of more detail – but almost any fannish story can be expanded to a seven book trilogy *ala* Lord of the Rings, and my answers had to be limited to a line or two. For instance, was Isaac Asimov a member of the Futurians? In his book, "The Futurians", Damon Knight talks about the young Asimov as though he was. He attended meetings for a year or two, as I recall. He was regarded as something of an outsider, though, as he was younger than the others and terribly naive by their lofty, 21-year-old standards. Then Asimov made his first sale and grew too busy with school or his part time job, and he drifted away from the Futurians. There were never any membership fees or cards or anything that officially *made* one a Futurian, though, past or present. Most other members regarded you as



1957

one, or not. Asimov's position was somewhat ambiguous and so there is no clear answer.

Brian Earl Brown used a dot matrix printer to cut stencils. I think I recall seeing the characteristically ugly and illegible font used in other zines as well. So far as I know, I was the only one using a daisy wheel to cut stencils with a legible font. It would be hard to tell if I was wrong, though, since the result looks like any other stencil cut with an IBM "golf ball."

[[Lots of issues of File 770 up until about #89 were published using stencils cut with a dot-matrix printer, too.]]

Unfortunately – while I had corrected the MS whenever a problem was brought to my attention – it doesn't follow that I necessarily brought you up to date with the latest version. I *thought* I had sent you at least *some* of the corrections. But, we needn't go into the many ways that changes may never have found their way into the final text that was published.

One question was especially tricky -- the longest interval between issues. Roger Simms wishes to claim the honour, taking it from Robert Lichtman and Art Widner. My cavil is that both Robert and Art published several issues *before* and *after* the interval, whereas Roger only published one issue before the interval. For all I know, he may only have published one issue of *Science Fiction Generic Title* after the interval, as well. If we count that, we open the door to all those fanzines that have been published only once, at least 42 years ago, and are still waiting for a second issue. Even *I've* been around long enough to have published one of those.

You may recall we had a brief discussion (by e-mail, of course) about this. I proposed that I publish a third issue of my first fanzine, and set the bar higher still. Wisely, you counseled against this. If *I* did it, so might anyone. We might see some old geezer produce a second issue of some newssheet that first saw the light of day in 1939. Let's see anyone top 72 years between issues! Assuming, of course, that anyone in fandom would be so supremely

egotistical as to do it, just for the sake of a record... Is that *all* likely?

I dread the task, but I'm going to have to reread my *Fan Noir* column. Of all the articles I've written in the last few years, this was in many ways the hardest, because it was the one in which I was least clear about what I wanted to say. A huge part in the middle was deleted before the final draft,

and completely rewritten, yet I was still not entirely happy. I believe the trouble stems from an attempt to examine fandom from *one* point of view, even though I actually discuss the subject from *two*. Switching from one point of view to the other generated confusions and iterations of confusion that resulted in an unsatisfying analysis. Really, "The Little Engine that Wanted to be Big" ought to have been two separate columns – one on fandom as it is, and one on fandom for what it meant to me.

As it is, I'm not prepared to *fully* defend "The Little Engine That Wanted to be Big." I'll do my best, but any discussion that follows will inevitably sink into a morass of contradictions. There might as well be a signpost reading "abandon all rope who enter here."

Your name on Mars! I slightly envy you. Of course, you're quite right that nobody will ever retrieve the chip or try to read what's on it. Even if it is ever possible for someone to reach "Curiosity" it will be illegal to tamper with it, I'm sure. It would be like sawing into the head in the Lincoln Memorial to see if it was stuffed with candy corn. (Obscure reference to a Ren & Stimpy cartoon.)

However, a few years ago I was astonished to find "Taral" in a list of names on a chip aboard some other space probe. I don't recall putting it there.

Are there many "Tarals" who go by only the one name? There is a Taral Hicks, a young, black woman, R&B vocalist, who is frequently confused for me... for obvious reasons, *ahem*. And there is Fred Taral, a famous American jockey, 1867 to 1925. "Taral" is also a common name in Hindi, and means "flower petal" or something like that, and is usually followed by a 12 syllable name like "Nahasapeemapetilon" (as in The Simpsons' favourite Kwikie-Mart manager, Apu).

So, I imagine the name on its way out of the solar system is mine. I even think I have a *vague* memory of someone telling me they had put it there. But I can remember nothing

certain and had never mentioned it until now lest I be wrong. Now that I've brought it up, no doubt someone will correct me. The actual "Taral" on its way to Alpha Centauri or Cygnus B will be the name of an alcoholic Irish poet who wrote lyrics for "The Paddies" between bouts of the DTs in the 1950s.

"However, I suspect the whole notion of a 'Dean of Science Fiction,' which was never more than of anecdotal significance, is fading from fannish awareness too rapidly for a real sense of injustice to take hold." This may well be for the best. Whatever influence either writer had in his day, contemporary science fiction writers likely owe Heinlein and Leinster little more than a spiritual acknowledgement of their place in genre history. Actual influence on today's writers is likely to be as widespread as Elmore Leonard, Doris Lessing, Oliver Optic and Salman Rushdie. I don't fancy giving them all nicknames like "the demi-grandmother-in-law of science fiction pretending to be something else."

Robert Kennedy

So, you are banned in the grossly misnamed People's Republic of China. That should be a point of pride. You should add it to your heading.

As indicated to you at Loscon 38, I am in complete agreement with you about the 36 votes that went to *Starship Sofa* when *File 770* was eliminated. Not understandable. Personally, in my voting my 5th choice was No Award and no vote was cast for *Starship Sofa*.

Watching Chris Garcia's acceptance for Best Fanzine was the highlight of the Hugo Ceremonies. Joe Major has suggested that Chris be nominated for Best Dramatic Presentation – Short Form. I read the rules and they would seem to make him eligible. So, I urge everyone who is nominating next year to nominate Best Dramatic Presentation – Short Form—"Acceptance for Best Fanzine Hugo by Christopher J. Garcia."

[[Time having passed, you know they did – though like many other nominees in the category, Chris and James weren't able to overcome Doctor Who.]]

I read Martin Morse Wooster's commentary on Terry Pratchett in his report on Capclave 2011. I attended the First North American Discworld Convention in Tempe, Arizona from September 4-7, 2009. It was very pleasurable and Pratchett was there. He had been asked if such a convention was held would he attend and he said yes. Pratchett is great with his fans and it is my understanding that he paid his own way to the Convention. An outstanding banquet was held with Pratchett obviously the Guest of Honor. Martin mentions that Pratchett's Assistant did all the reading. The same occurred at the Discworld Conven-

tion. What is happening to Pratchett is terrible. I just recently read his latest book, *Snuff* (2011), thanks to the SFBC and it was most enjoyable.

Patricia Rogers mentions the existence of The Storage Dimension. My thanks to her as I now know where so many things go. But, looking around my house it appears that The Storage Dimension is of limited space or more of my books and other items would have transferred to it.

Joseph T. Major

Science fiction is subversive. Or maybe not, given that apparently there is a big SF market there. I remember F. Gwynplaine Macintyre's re-translation of "The Wizards of Peng-Shi Angle" (Fred Pohl's "The Wizard of Pung's Corners") which made me wonder about some of the translations I've read.

Alas, I can no longer enjoy Schirm's presented variety of sodas. Most of them have high fructose corn syrup or its occasional replacement, sugar. (That has to do with the American sugar industry, which by energetic defense of its profits has managed to price itself out of profitability.) Did they have Double Cola? Maybe some Ale 8-1?

I suppose I owe Ken Keller some thanks, as KC in '76, MidAmeriCon, was my first WorldCon. I still remember the Trek controversy, which I doubt he thinks of with any fondness. Or the non-allergenic wristband membership badges, and the rash I got from mine.

With the Carrs in 1966: I thought you got a black eye in fannish circles for *doing* a TAFF report.

Renovation: That Iron Throne looks like an Australian Forces badge done as a chair-back.

And so the 2014 WorldCon will be in San Antonio — the site of *Lisa's* first WorldCon. We have already been making our plans. You will be hearing about the Kiowa, and the woman vaccinated with a phonograph needle. And Vicksburg, the USS *Kidd*, and other sights.

Kansas City actually looks very promising. Though I doubt we'll go driving there in one day, the way we did back in 1976. And the Kansas Cosmosphere is not that far off, with the Liberty Bell 7 capsule. Now there's sci-fi for you! Even back in '76 could we imagine it would ever see the light of day again?

If Martin Morse Wooster doesn't pose the question, I will for him. Is there anyone who read both *Robert A. Heinlein: In Dialogue with His Century Volume 1*, the first part of a biography of one of the most significant figures of SF, and *Chicks Dig Time Lords: A Celebration of Doctor Who By the Women Who Love It*, and can say that the latter book

was superior to the former?

Nice book title by Catherynne Valente. I suppose calling the book *Eggplant* would have been too prosaic. Or is that the title in the UK?

Personally, I prefer to consider the question of the Senior Writer of SF. Which was for the longest time Murray Leinster, then Jack Williamson, and now is Frederik Pohl. No one alive has to have published a story before the SWSF published his (yes, someday it might be a her) first story. This idea was first proposed by Robert Sabella, so get that down right. Who will fall heir to the title when Öred passes on? (Technology at work. When that fannish name was first used, they had to improvise the "phi" with an overstrike, like this: O/ , or this: oI.)

The Little Engine That Wanted To Be Big: It's rather interesting that this well-written article, addressing a very real problem, shares an issue with a con report on CapClave, a convention that came about in part because of a similar course of events that, quite literally, washed out its predecessor. But the people who fill the train club have many other arguments. It's a big tent, they say. The more the merrier, they say. Taral may no longer be a fan, but he has two very good pieces in the December issue of *Alexiad*, and I hope for more.

Lloyd Penney: Yes, we are learning about terabytes. I have one in my computer case: the portable hard drive, filled with movie files. All these movies and none I feel like watching. And I remember the days when the movies I wanted so to watch were always on at 2 a.m. on a school night.

Marie Rengstorff

I don't know where to begin. I have almost finished reading both recently-arrived copies of *File 770*. I noticed that you had been rabbit-punched smack into your fanzine heart and gave up writing for awhile.

My first thought was: I really hope I was not the one to make the dumb, insensitive statement. *[[You certainly weren't. No problem there.]]* I stick my foot in my mouth all the time. I have said that before, and I mean it. I have chronic athlete's tongue.

I have tried to act like the good role-models I observe but I chronically fail. I have watched Connie Willis take on life and people. She is marvelous. I want to be like her, kind and considerate, going out of her way to do and say the right things. But I chronically fall flat on my face. For example, the Moon issue.

I have never read or heard what Moon said to raise so many hackles. But every time I think about the Mosque near Ground Zero all kind of things go through my mind, arguments on both sides or on no sides but the side of human nature. For example, I think, "That must be difficult for some of the sensitive Islamic individuals who will walk there and receive verbal abuse all along the route." Then I worry about the feelings of the victims of the attacks. I do not see any happy ending.

Mostly, when I think about a Mosque being the center of controversy, I remember being in Sudan. I spent a night in jail there, real protective custody under the authority of the Islamic government, and I mean true protective custody, sleeping on the prison grounds (more like failing to sleep) with a high wall all around me. Beside me, also failing to sleep on the cement (between the outer walls of the prison and the inner walls where the real inmates were incarcerated) was an African Christian man from the south. His town was in the center of the war to the south below us (now the nation of South Sudan). At the time he had reason to be a little nervous. (But we shared snacks and tea all night. I would say we share pupu, but that is Hawaiian and could be misunderstood.)

This prison town where we sat and talked was in a zone between two wars. To the east were the Ethiopian anti-American rebels, and believe me, they had huge reasons to be anti-



1963

American. To the south was the fighting between the two factions of the Sudanese, the Arab Muslims and the African Christians.

Ironically, I was a sympathetic, but really ignorant pagan. I spent the night talking to the African Christian from the south, the Islamic guards, and the prison nurse (I suspect she was pagan like me, but trained by Christian missionaries so did not add anything about her religion to the discussions. Neither did I. The Christians and the Muslims were explosive enough without throwing in the pagan view.)

My husband kept glaring at me. He was a specialist in Arab political history and knew all the nasty corners and tornados I was capable of crashing into or stirring up. He would, from time to time, point out my ignorance with comments starting with, "Don't Chew Know...?" By morning, I did know.

Despite my athlete's tongue tendencies, everyone I talked with that night ended up liking each other. They had all listened to each other and I was honestly interested in everything they had to say. But believe me, I had said some really dumb things in my attempts to understand.

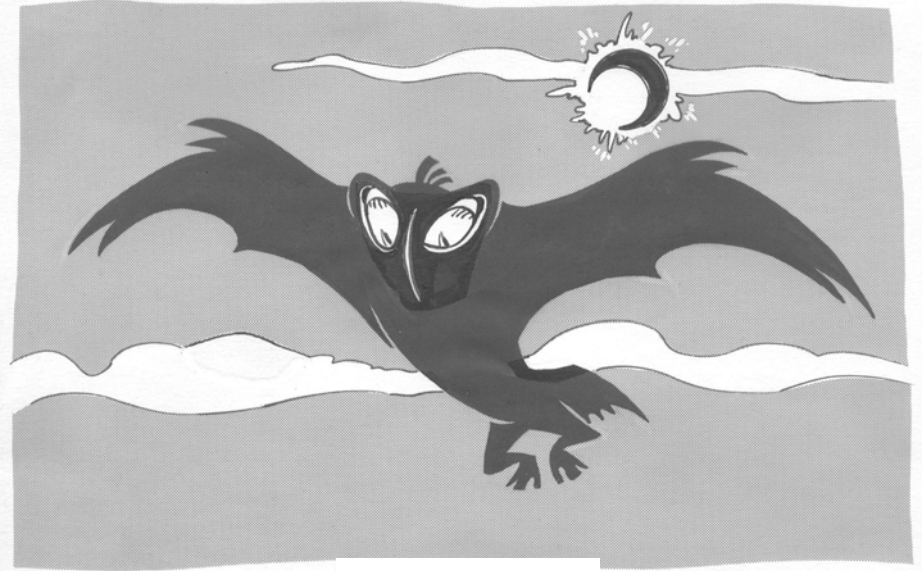
With first light, my husband and I were taken to see the local chief to ask permission to travel eastward. We spiraled in towards the chief's house through the wicker-walled circular passages to his boma, always staying a half-turn behind the prison guard/prince who was leading the way. The prince must have given him a good report on us, because we were invited to the edge of the Chief's Courtyard to face him. He gave us permission to proceed across the Sudanese border into Ethiopia. (We could have been given permission to continue without seeing the chief. His "sayer" could have called out the answer, or the prince could have relayed the message, but we were treated as special guests, encouraged to talk to the chief face-to-face.)

The point is, I frequently say the wrong thing. Sometimes it really helps and sometimes it causes terrible hurt.

My husband never stopped telling me to shut up, but I never learned that skill. He was the politician.

One of my degrees is in anthropology. Many of us early anthropologists were taught that even negative behaviors have positive functions or humans would not keep doing them. I want to know all about what drives people, so I say my view or I ask even when I know I should not.

One of my degrees is in psychology so I repeat back what I think I heard, even if the statement is emotionally loaded. That usually keeps the discussion going. Either they try to correct me or add to my half-baked concept. Usually, only my husband was upset when I got it wrong the first try, but I have shattered a few other people's sense of decency along the sands of my life.



1966

So, if I were the source, forgive me. I give myself an F- in political cool. Actually, I give myself a Q-, eleven letters lower than an F-, but few understand a Q-.

Speaking of UnKool, I must ask: when Moon made her comments, was she sympathetic to the hurts and angers on both sides? I am still catching up, not having any SF fanzines for almost a year. I noticed that Sheryl Birkhead says, "I see both sides (ahem --) pro and con. I think it unfortunate on many levels." I really do not know anything about Moon's comments or involvements, but I, also, find the situation deeply "unfortunate on many levels."

NEW HOUSE

Since moving into my new house, I have almost avoided my computer. First, I had to get a printer that spoke 2012 computer jabber. Other things besides writing took priority, such as leaking pipes, a leaking toilet, a leaking bathroom sink, and a kitchen plumbing system that threw water three feet into the air when I used the dishwasher. To make matters worse, I had a handyman who did not speak computer and all my appliances are run by very modern digital systems. He would check out an appliance, such as the dishwasher, with the water turned off, and tell me it ran perfectly. I would tell him he was seeing strong evidence of major functional failure (gunk and water marks where they did not belong.)

He insisted all was well.

With courage in hand, I turned on the water pipe under the sink, loaded the dishwasher, and turned it on. I soaked the kitchen and myself big time. The spray went at least three feet into the air. Happily, kitchens and humans are very washable. (It turned out the handyman thought that pipe was to the refrigerator ice maker.)

The extent of the problems in need of re-

pair require time and money. The fun of writing is not a priority. I had to snorkel, whale-watch, pay the plumber and gardener (who brought a team of four to cut the jungle back so I could find the ground and plant food sources.)

I used my no-longer-young-and-fit body to fix all the small stuff that I could; not the kitchen plumbing, bathtubs or bathtub doors. I did not try to pull up the toilet to repair below it. Those heavy activities were beyond me. I tackled the non-jungle parts of the yard, plus the broken doors and shelves, bad-tempered sprinkler heads, rotten light fixtures, and then started the errands. I got a new bank account, potting soil, tomato plants, a grapefruit tree. Each day I planted the seeds out of half the food I ate. I might have home-grown papaya before I sell another story.

Speaking of no longer young bodies and such, I did a double take on the recent picture of Ruth Kyle. I look just like that picture. Our upper lips are slightly different and I have tons of hair that was always blond (different shades according to the sun, the season and my mood), but we look enough alike to fool relatives. I have heard her name mentioned to me. Now I think I know why. I will try to find out a bunch more about her. Potsdam, NY sounds like a place for the northern Dutch, Germans and probably has a few Scandinavians. Dave Kyle is a name that sounds very Irish, but I believe the word Kyle has a Swedish root (as do many Irish people), something about "descended from" or "related to." I don't quite remember. Perhaps a Kyle is a cousin.

And then there is Ann Cecil. I would have loved having her help me with my writing. I love to give that kind of help. Few give it well. Most "help" by parroting concepts we all know and try to do. We do not need to hear

the old aphorisms repeated again and again.

The “helper” says something we all need to do such as, “show, don’t tell,” without pointing out where we botched it, without marking the specific spot where our “telling” sets in. “They” tell us what to do without making a recommendation on a good action idea to resolve the problem. I have experienced an epidemic of such platitudes over the last 20 years. I call it “chicken.”

Critique groups are currently being taught to stick to the generalities so that the “criticism” is always correct and no one gets upset.

I’m upset. I find such evasions sickening like sour pabulum with NutraSweet. I used to have a rule at faculty meetings (before I took up planting papaya seeds), point out the error precisely and give a suggestion to fix it or think longer. Don’t worry. You will get another chance to gripe. The administration will call another meeting in a month or less (as do critique groups.)

Margaret Vartanoff sounds like another person I missed out on and would have enjoyed. Too many obituaries. How could I have missed such nice people?

Chris Garcia

Love the art this issue, and since I usually skip over all the non-essentials (i.e. anything in a

table of contents or colophon) imagine my surprise coming across a Grant Canfeld piece! I don’t see much of his art these days and I was so happy when I got to the last page and there was his work. The one on page 3 was good too! In general I loved the art in this one, including the photo of me accepting the Hugo looking as if I’m about to run amok and start eating everyone in the ballroom! The Steve Stiles stuff is wonderful too.

Taral brings up a touchy subject, as he often does (and I think often it’s stuff that we need to talk about but won’t), and here he and I are totally different. I like the crowded room, the chaotic nature of a widely-expanded base of interest. To me, the perfect WorldCon is 20,000 people bustling from here to there, sitting and chatting at intervals and generally being amidst the fun. To me, it’s not Bigger is Better, it’s bigger allows for more: more talking, more fun, more different things going on, more awesome. I know, I sound like an endlessly naive neo-fan, which I guess is what I am, really. I do agree with Taral on a few points, like Stiles (and Taral himself) deserving Hugos for the work they’ve done! They’re great, and yeah, in this climate for fandom with the Internet being the hottest area for interaction and zines meaning less and less, we could see them go their whole lives without winning, but I really think that if this year’s Hugos proved anything, it’s that there are folks who will vote based on the Voter Packet and if you’ve got great work in there, you’re gonna do well.

Great piece from my man John Hertz on Westercon, though I think we downplayed what I called SMOFpolypse! The Business Meeting was contentious, well-managed, and utterly mind-blowing. The work that Kevin and Andy put into the thing was amazing, and I was along for the ride. At Reno, I had a lot of conversations with folks who were still very unhappy with how things went down, saying that the administrators never should have let it go down as it did, but I can’t think of a way in which they went wrong. It was a great con from where I was, especially having the magnificent Unwoman playing to a small crowd in the Fanzine Lounge!

I had hoped to make it to the opening of the new Clubhouse, which I have internally nicknamed 2.0! Looks like a good place. I’ll make my way out at some point. I’m thinking

that a trip out would be just the thing since I haven’t really encountered much of LA fandom in the last couple of years because of my changed work schedule.

Good to see they’ve finally got Kramer and that he’ll get tried. I’ve heard stories of him enjoying his life greatly without oxygen, though he’s usually with the cane.

I can’t wait to get into the Sturgeon papers. I’ve been wanting to write a couple of things about Sturgeon for a while and now I have a single place I can make requests to! That makes me happy!

I’d always heard Williamson called The Dean of Science Fiction. Actually, I probably heard Heinlein called the Dean far more often, but my belief that Heinlein is the worst author who ever lived probably caused a noise-cancellation whenever the words were said! I know I’ve heard Leinster often referred to with the Dean tag, and as I’ve been reading more and more Leinster of late, I think he best deserves it!

James Bacon gives DC the treatment, and sadly, this morning I just learned about the death of Les Daniels, one of the most important of all Comic non-fictionators. I love DC, though I haven’t been reading in recent years. I do love Zatanna, and I understand they are collecting all of those appearances into a single book in teh near. I love that!

Tim Marion

I wanted to mention, by the way, that I was totally fascinated by the archival photos — the Carrs and Deindorfer on the NYC subway in 1966 and the photo of Kunkel, Steffan and Lunney (*not* a fannish law firm!) circa 1971. Fascinating news about some of the fans and the things they’re involved in — not just fannish projects, but actual *crimes* in some cases! Just think — 40 years ago, we were thinking bad thoughts about George Senda! His antics seem like the flight of a cherub by comparison with some of the stuff I’m reading here.

James Bacon’s article, “All Change in the World of DC Comics,” appealed to the inner (and maybe even the outer) comics fan in me. Even though I’m buying something like 1-5 comicbooks a week, I don’t feel like I understand everything that’s going on there, so it was nice of Bacon to explain it to me. That may sound a little facetious, and it is; but it’s also the truth. When I look at the *five nominees* for the 2011 Hugo Award “Best Graphic Story” you listed, I see that I am only vaguely familiar with *one* of them.

Also appreciated Bacon’s breakdown and analyses of sales figures for comics over the years, something I had been curious about but had never looked up.

I could make some minor corrections on spellings, which only means that I should have



1970

proofread the article for you (and James). The British artist Simon, to whom James refers, spells his last name "Bisley," not "Bizley," although when he does his biznizz (so to speak), he signs his art "Biz." Likewise, that's *Charlton Comics*, not *Carlton*, which could have been a simple typo. Also, I really should mention that there are several run-on sentences in this article which could have used some editing. If a sentence goes on too long, with too many different elements, by the time it's finished the point could be well lost in the reader's head.

I share some of Bacon's complaints about the multi-book epics that run through different comic books, and never really cared for DC's *Crisis on Infinite Earths*. Although the art was nice, to say the least, the entire point of the miniseries was to collapse all of DC's different universes and parallel realities into one. But I, and probably many other fans, *liked* all those alternative realities! They made a lot more sense than suddenly changing the world(s) around and redefining entire origins for various heroes just because they weren't born on the "correct" Earth. And the end result of this series was that they seemed to have killed off a lot of their most attractive (and scantily dressed) superheroines (including Supergirl).

In any case, it doesn't really pay off, in terms of reader enjoyment, to buy into these multi-book epics anymore (if it ever did). What we're seeing happen nowadays is poor coordination between the editors and writers of various books — a hero can be killed in one segment of the story in one title, but in the next segment and another title, she or he is still alive. Other dramatic changes characters go thru seem to be neglected or forgotten in a subsequent title. And if something actually happens to "stick" thru the course of the miniseries, like the loss of "life" of a real money-bringer, why, when the crisis/miniseries is over, just bring her or him back to life, why not. Remember, DC brought back a "Supergirl" not once but *several times* after her "death" in *Crisis*.

Enjoyed reading what new comicbooks Bacon may decide to follow, even though his tastes and mine differ. (Which is a good thing, otherwise there wouldn't be so many different titles.) However, since I buy comicbooks mainly on the basis of whether or not I like the artist's work, it would have been helpful if Bacon had, in many cases, either said something about the artist's work or at least mentioned who the planned artist would be. He might also have mentioned that one of the books he plans to get, *Justice League Dark*, is obviously inspired by Marvel's comic *Dark Avengers*. Indeed, DC seems to be trying to spin-off numerous titles from Justice League the way Marvel seems to have done with the Avengers. Which, to my observation, has been the way of it thru the years — Marvel and DC

have imitated each other like crazy. If one does something right (i.e., they make lots of money with a particular project), why then, the other has to do it too. It's just as obvious as "monkey see, monkey do."

One last comment is to note Bacon's complaint about the "exploitational covers" on Powergirl's comics but implies that Supergirl is a bit more demurely covered. In Bacon's exploration and discovery of old comics, he may not have come across the Supergirl comics of the early 1970s, especially considering they were not really all that noteworthy. Those were the days when it was the fashion for all young women to wear "hot pants" and some nice, saucy, red hot pants were a part of Supergirl's outfit too as designed (from readers' suggestions) by artist Bob Oksner (now deceased), along with a blue, V-cut top. Her outfit was scanty enough that the yellow "S" insignia had to be shrunk down to less than a quarter of its original size. This was actually my favorite Supergirl outfit (for obvious reasons) which I have rarely seen since those days. I guess you could call Supergirl the "good girl" (very mild cheesecake) book for that era. I will try to include a couple of my favorite "exploitational" covers to give you an example of what I mean of this depiction of her long, bare legs. (It would be great if you could print one of these.)

Excellent coverage on the WorldCon, though I might have appreciated a more personal point of view. I'm not saying you should write an ego-crazy con report that basically says "Look how famous I am" (sure hope I'm not talking about myself!), but rather, a more subjective point of view — what restaurants you ate at, what the city was like, what were your favorite events, who were the people you had the most fun seeing, what were best parties, etc. Some of us (yes, me!) could be so out of the WorldCon circuit that we can't remember (if we ever knew in the first place) where Renovation even was. One tiny, niggling criticism: it looks like you lost a few bullet points when listing out the "Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form" nominees. But, as I said,



1973

that's just a nitpick. Thanks for all the information!

I would tend to think of Murray Leinster, rather than Robert Heinlein, as the "dean" of science fiction, whatever that is, since I've never really been all that familiar with Heinlein's fiction (please, put down that rock, Mike!) and because Leinster, or Jenkins, was kind enough to have this little kid in his house (age 13) who wasn't even that familiar with his own fiction at the time. Two years before that I had several chances to order and read his first "Time Tunnel" book (which, as it turned out, had nothing to do with the TV series), but didn't, for some reason. Don't know why; perhaps I was just too busy buying and/or reading other books. Only recently (last year) have read that first Time Tunnel book. Sure seemed to me, at the time, as tho that man got a raw deal from his relatives, but who am I to judge?

Also, I wanted to thank you for that page plug on *So It Goes* that you put on your website. I asked, indeed, practically *begged*, several people to mention I had extra copies for sale, and apparently you are the only one to do it. Thanks; I really appreciate it. Now if only someone actually felt inspired to order some copies! Oh well, I don't have any more of those stiff cardboard envelopes (to mail them out in) anyway.

M. Lee Rogers

Thanks for sending the most recent issue of *File 770*. There is a lot going on in fandom these days, so let's go to the videotape.

Congrats to LASFS for acquiring the new

clubhouse. So few clubs can even think about having a place of their own. It is a real accomplishment to make it happen. Was there a desire to stay in the San Fernando Valley or did it just work out that way?

[[Before the club bought its first clubhouse in the '70s a lot of members lived on the west side of LA – and a surprising number kept driving to meetings when the club settled in the Valley. The membership has churned since then and so many active members live in the Valley (and nearby Glendale or Hollywood) that I doubt a move to anywhere else would have been considered.]]

It certainly sounds like Ed Kramer has been running a major con (game) for a long time now. Please forgive if I have no sympathy for him. The gay part does not bother me and 14 years old is probably old enough to know what you are doing, but...the whole thing still sounds mega creepy. Wonder when the trial is scheduled.

Seeing the past Worldcon Chairmen's photo makes me wish it were possible to get Penny Frierson and Ron Zukowski to a future con to get in the photo. It will probably never happen, but a guy can dream. I was crogged that the Business Meeting showed a relative amount of common sense in dealing with the Best Fanzine mess. Let us fervently hope that the unwarranted bout of intelligence stays around long enough to get the rules changes ratified at Chicago.

Until I read the article, I had never ever

wondered who was the "Dean of Science Fiction." And even if I had, Murray Leinster would not have been the first choice that popped into my labored noggin. One of the Trinity would have come to mind first, then maybe Jack Williamson or someone of that era.

As for changes of address, I may put my house on the market. Depends on whether I can at least break even. One realtor last summer seemed to think it was possible. If not, I'll stay in this rather bland subdivision (except for being on the side of a high ridge, which can get interesting in the wintertime).

The back cover is just w-e-i-r-d. At first I thought someone was choking the chicken, so to speak. Don't think we'll be showing that one to the folks back at church.

And now to Taral's article about fandom, which I wanted to save for a good reply. Most of his analogy to model train fandom I would consider true but irrelevant. It's a fine article about a very real problem. On the other hand, Taral points out that fans can be nerdy and geeky. That is what many of us are. I certainly plead guilty. In fairness, the local artist Julia Scott once said I was one of the most normal fans she had ever met.

All seriousness aside (schmuck schmuck!), most SF/fantasy fans have a certain amount of trouble functioning in the everyday world. It is part of our curse. As for being ignored, I am totally accustomed to being ignored and forgotten. It happens all the time. It happened just a few days ago in an unexpected setting. It always hurts, but you work through it and keep going. Or not, if that is your bag.

The bottom line for almost any non-work activity is: do you still enjoy it? Do you get pleasure from being involved with it? If you do, keep doing it. If not, feel free to drop it.

Personally, I hope Taral hangs around. I enjoy reading his work and viewing his art, even if I wish he would branch out a bit in his choice of artistic subject matter. But he is the only one who knows how he feels, as is true for all of us. Life's a bitch and then you die. Truer words were never spoken.

On that cheery note, let me thank you for the effort you put into putting this zine together. It means a lot to a guy on the edge of fandom.

Lloyd Penney

It's a-chillin' here in southern Ontario, and there's time to finally get a letter of comment on the go here for *File 770 160*. Comments here and

there, no promises, the usual, right? Here we go...

Steve Davidson seems to be amassing a small empire...now that he's gotten his hands on *Amazing Stories*, he now has obtained the *SF Awards Watch* website from Cheryl Morgan and Kevin Standlee. Watch him go! I'd be interested to see what happens when he's got both operating.

You probably know by now that Yvonne and I will be FanGoHs at Loscon 39 next year, so we are hoping to come and visit the new club house in Van Nuys. Yvonne's prepared to sign up with the club...she's got two visits on her green card. I've got one, but I may sign up anyway.

Graeme Cameron's Faned Awards were wonderful to receive...well, I haven't received the actual trophy yet, that's to come. I hope this award takes off, and some new names can win it.

Renovation...a great time. I wish I'd been able to get to the Faneds' Feast, but otherwise, so much to do, so many old friends and friends I hadn't met yet. Chris Garcia was a force at the convention, and he may wind up having a companion silver rocket or two come Chicon 7. I have been told about another Worldcon bid for Montreal in 2019. When that year comes around, I will be 60, and I hope I shall still be mobile. I wish Rene and group luck, vitality and youth, for they will all need it to bid successfully again.

I remember us having a conversation about how *File 770* wouldn't become an obitazine if you could help it. I understand your frustrations, but seeing that our group of friends who attend Worldcon is ageing and gray, there isn't much we can do about it. So many familiar names in the obituaries feature, and we all know in our hearts that list isn't going to get any shorter.

TAFF...well, we all got the news that Jacq Monahan will be the 2012 TAFF delegate, and will be heading to Britain for a Novacon, I expect. Shame about Jan Stinson leaving the co-editorship of *Steam Engine Time*, but time, money and health allow us to do only so much.

My loc...well, I didn't win the Aurora Award I was nominated for, but that's okay, John Mansfield and Linda Ross-Mansfield are very deserving winners. I never did get a chance to take a picture of the Aurora/Casper Awards display we put together...I should pester Clint Budd to see if he has any.

Joy. V. Smith

The cover design and artwork by Brad Foster is beautiful. I love the way it flows. I always enjoy reading the news and finding out what's happening all over, including the LASFS clubhouse move. (I know about selling and buy-



1977

ing, so I appreciated the way their move worked out, and more room is good! Pity about the limited parking though.) The Galco's Soda Pop Stop sounds like fun. I've never been anywhere with even a teensy bit of their stock. Free books at Wondercon was such a great idea! (I give books to kids and people whenever I can. You can never tell what might trigger the desire for more books.)

Great photo selection, including the Iron Throne (from *Game of Thrones*). That is impressive. I enjoyed the illos too, especially the Ellis Island arrivals; Data Dump is clever; and the CUFF logo is nice!. Btw, there's a group trying to restore Ellis Island. (I donated and got a tote, and I think my name is now in a book at the museum. I think I'm on the mailing lists for most of this country's parks, etc.)

I also enjoyed the convention and reunion reports and your look at the "deans" of science fiction in various categories. Thanks to James Bacon for the comics update. I wasn't aware of those changes or most of the background. Crossovers in various media and brands I've always liked. Wow! What a lot of research! Again, I enjoy the photos; they add so much to the articles. And I intend to check out Brad Foster's blog. (Wish I had a link.) I also enjoyed the letters and the vampire fang twist cartoon. Thanks for all the work and news you put into *File 770*; I was so glad to see another issue.

John Thiel

Mike: Saw *File 770:160* now that I have my e-reader installed. I noted of James Bacon's DC article that he shows a development in the art in comic books existing that is much like the development of a fanzine. The first issue of Superman that he showed, regardless of its present worth, looked like amateur art, which is surprising to me, because unlike a fanzine editor's first attempt, a printed comic book is supposed to have well-developed professional art in it from its outset, as it is being distributed and sold commercially. The most recent issues of Superman that I've seen have reverted to artistic chaos, but there is still high-quality drawing found central to some of the art, mostly surrounded by flying trash that may be a pleasing sight to some, but are rather imperfect from the artistic point of view.

Speaking of comic art, Grant Canfield's final page drawing looked absolutely like something by the Mad Comics artist Basil Wolverton; I wonder if Canfield was imitating this style intentionally?

Something more on the topic of the art in the issue, I am wondering why so much Rotzler art is appearing in fanzines this long after his departure from this world? Did he leave all the art he had left to fandom in his will?

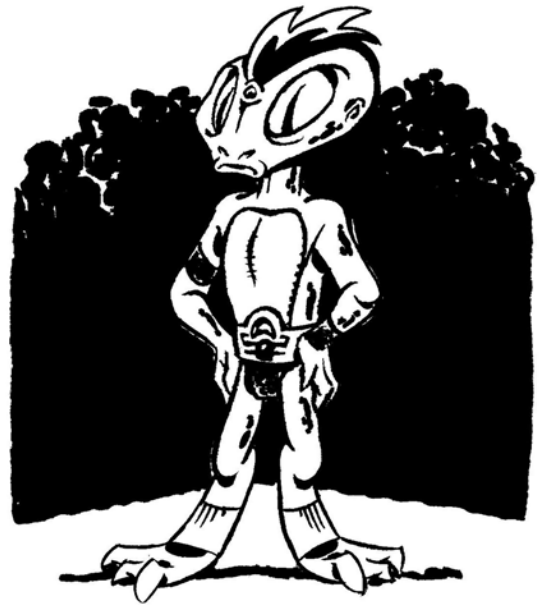
Michael T. Shoemaker

I hope you are still walking the world in good health. I say this because of a rather eerie phenomenon over the last two years. I've reached the age where every time I tinker with an old friend, after many years of silence, I coincidentally discover they have died. (Coincidental because the discovery is never the result of my attempted communication – this means you are probably safe from the "curse" – I have to interject some levity, as this is such a sad subject.)

Back in May of 2009, I was thinking that I should call an old friend, John Michell, with whom I had been out of touch for about 10 years. John was a superb British author of esoteric books, most notably *Eccentric Lives and Peculiar Notions*, *Simulacra*, and *Twelve-Tribe Nations*. Shortly after getting this idea, I ran across a recent book of his, *Confessions of a Radical Traditionalist* (a superb collection of very short essays), at my local used book store. He would have loved the coincidence. Unfortunately, I failed to act. I had a bad case of bronchitis about this time and then took my dad (now 83) down to Demorest, Georgia, where his father and grandparents are buried. Just as I was gearing up to make the phone call, word came from a mutual friend that John had died of lung cancer in early July.

This started me thinking about people I should contact again, and one of the first names that came to mind was Ben Indick, one of my favorite correspondents from the *Title* days. I met Ben and his wife once, back in 1979 I think it was. I made a trip to New Jersey, where I visited with Paul Walker for a couple of days, and then I drove over to see Ben who lived nearby. Ben and his wife graciously put me up for the night, and like a traveling minstrel I played some Bach suites for them on my cello. This was a delightful experience, one of my golden memories. It was Ben, I think, who published, in a short-lived fanzine he did, a sonnet that Paul and I had co-written (in alternating lines) during my visit. Not a bad production if I may say so. Yes, I was about to call Ben, when I read in *File 770 #157* (the first you sent) that he had died a few months before.

Then I was shocked to read, in *File 770 #158*, of the death of Mark Owings at a much too young age. His was another name that had crossed my mind, though I didn't seriously consider contacting him again as we had been



1983

out of touch since the late 70s. He was, I think, the first person I met at my first WSFA meeting in 1969, which I suppose means that he was the first active fan that I ever met. In those days I especially appreciated Mark because he was one of the few fans who actually talked about SF. I remember he gave me a one-shot he had done in 1966 protesting the "Best Series" Hugo, which was of course subsequently won by the Foundation trilogy. It consisted mostly of a 2-page list of series, many of them obscure, with his argument that since few if any people had read all these series, no one was qualified to vote. I regret not having pursued a deeper friendship with Mark, as we had a lot in common. Wooster's piece, by the way, was very informative and captured his spirit beautifully.

The most stunning discovery, however, was when I learned of the death of Paul Walker last summer. Fortunately, I had called Paul about six months before he died, at which time I learned that another old friend, John J. Pierce, had moved in to share expenses. It was on my mind to call them again (as it turned out, the time lapse was about double what I had thought it was), when I picked up in my used book store (again!) Dozois' *25th Year's Best*. There is the obit I saw the notice of his death.

October 20, 2011. Well, here it is three months later – exemplifying how hard it is for me to engage in correspondence any more.

Back to Paul Walker: I called his old number and got a default machine message. I left a message for John, but he never called back, so

I am guessing that some stranger must have the number now and got my message.

I would like to recontact John J Pierce, and would appreciate it if you could give me his current address or phone number. I am particularly wondering what Paul died of, as he seemed in okay health when I last talked to him. I went on the internet to try to find out more information, but found almost nothing, probably due to the fact that all the hits are for the Hollywood actor Paul Walker, who coincidentally has appeared in several SF movies.

One thing that is wrong everywhere on the web, including the *File 770* obit, is Paul's birth year. I had always thought that Paul was 10 years older than me, but according to the Dozois piece he was 11 years older (close enough) which means he was born in 1943.

I was really shocked and depressed by Paul's death. We were very close for about 15 years, from the mid-70s to the early 90s, and only lost touch because my life became very busy and took me in directions away from SF. About once a month, we used to have long phone conversations largely concerning SF, literature, and classical music. I visited him twice in the late 70s, playing my cello for him on the same trip when I met Ben Indick. On the second trip, we collaborated on a sonnet, already mentioned. More seriously, I had earlier set three of Paul's poems to music (tenor and piano). Through his poetry teacher at Montclair State College (now Montclair University), he arranged to have the songs performed at the college. Later he played a tape of it for me and Ben Indick.

Paul and I also collaborated on a play premised on a limited SF idea. Can't imagine what we thought we would do with it. I think we did it because the idea lent itself well to a play format. Or it may be that Paul was taking a class in playwriting at the college. In any case, we did finish the first act and had the other two acts outlined. We also collaborated on a ballet, with Paul writing the scenario. I composed all the themes and some bits for it, but never got very far into it – it was too overwhelming, I think.

Paul's first novel, *The Altar*, was a pretty good mystery-suspense story. It was very successful, selling more than 20,000 copies. I remember that years later he was still receiving small royalty checks on it. His second novel was *Who Killed Utopia?*, an SF mystery that was also enjoyable, although a little stiff in places, I think. It was published by a porn publisher that wanted to break into the legitimate fiction field. As a result, however, it had a very small printing and limited distribution. Paul wasn't even able to give me a copy. Around 2005 or 2006 I found a copy in a used book store and finally read it. (Ironically, I saw another one in a used book store recently.) This is what finally spurred me to get back in touch with

Paul, and I am very grateful that I was finally able to tell him that I liked the book.

Paul was working on a third novel, called *The Headsman*, in the early 1980s. This had one of the most ingenious murder-suspense ideas I have ever heard of. It was really tremendous. Over the years, I kept asking him how it was going, and learned he was having trouble with it. In my last phone call, I asked him again, and with a regretful sigh he said he had given it up because he "just couldn't get it to jell."

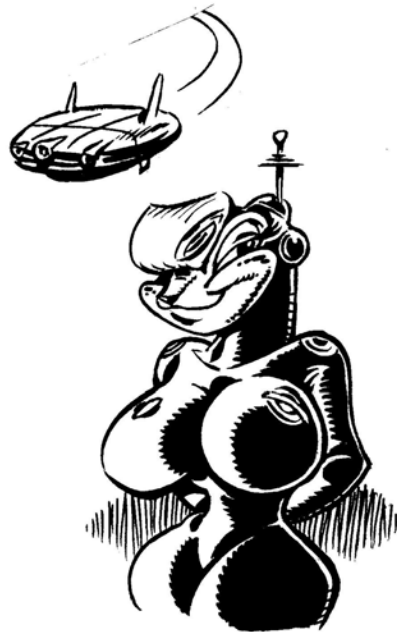
As you can see, I really miss him, and he remains on my mind quite a bit.

Offsetting all this deathly gloom is a happy coincidence. Last year I began participating in the monthly SF book discussion group at my local library. It is run by the local librarian and her husband, Jackie and Mike Riley. After a couple of meetings, it was clear that Mike and I were both in WSFA in the 1969-1975 period. Then it hit me, because I suddenly recognized his voice, that he was one of my favorite fans in the club. We used to regularly discuss SF at the meetings – like Owings, he was one of the few who actually did so. It has been very gratifying to be able to renew this friendship.

Some issue comments:

I enjoyed hearing about the LASFS 75th anniversary.

The Bradbury birthday item gives me an opportunity to mention that I reread most of Bradbury's collections a few years ago, including all his recent ones for the first time, and the experience elevated my opinion of him. He really is one of the best stylists in modern fiction. I was pleasantly surprised by



1998

his Irish stories, later incorporated into *Green Shadows*, *White Whale* and *Death Is a Lonely Business*, which has excellent characterization and atmospheric descriptions.

Hard to imagine a \$65 admission price for a convention, as mentioned in Wooster's Capclave report. I am hopelessly out of date.

I enjoyed Taral's Worldcon report, and I was especially amused by the reconstruction of his room – what an interesting, fannish idea.

About pros coming from fandom: it's very clear that this was common in the earlier days and that it explains the unique ambiance that SF fandom and conventions traditionally had. Even in later years, say the 60s and 70s, pros' participation in fandom (especially conventions) seemed to transcend commercial considerations, stemming from a genuine appreciation of the field and fans. However, since the 70s, this seems to have changed as the field has become overwhelmingly commercialized – as well expressed in the box on page 32.

I agree with your analysis of convention decline. Reading has been in decline for decades. Additionally, commercialism drives conventions in a way that wasn't the case 40 years ago. The real question is what do SF fans want. Who cares about the relative size, so long as the con is still viable. In the old days, people used to complain about conventions getting too big and losing their intimacy.

The Cheryl Morgan case provokes the thought that she should just sneak over the border, and then the feds would leave her alone.

Does anyone know why Tenn/Klass stopped writing? The Ballantine publication of his five collections and one novel was one of the most exciting publishing events of my youth. I did a dramatic reading of his "Brooklyn Project" for a speech assignment in my freshman English class in high school. Got an "A"; thank you, Mr. Klass.

Yes, as Bacon says, the scene when Batty saves Deckard and makes his dying speech is one of the greatest, most moving moments in SF film.

Great comment about the *Star Trek* theme music. Even at the time, I thought it was awful.

Schweitzer's comments about the border troubles were interesting. The biggest smuggling item, I think, is cigarettes.

The aging of fandom parallels the aging of rockhounds (collectors and hunters of minerals). When I joined my local club in 1995, I was one of the youngest, at age 41, in the club! The aging and attrition of rockhounds is a frequent topic of discussion among them.

M. Lee Rogers is right about the lamentable disappearance of the feeling of

"specialness" in SF and in SF fandom. It especially saddens me when people don't know any of the classics or history of the literature. Whatever happened to timebinding? At a library book sale, I heard one high school kid tell another about an excellent, but obscure, old-time writer he had just discovered -- Joe Haldeman!

Chip Hitchcock

I'm finally catching up and was surprised to see "Clark Rockefeller"'s trials discussed -- where was he connected to SF?

I find the photo of past chairs fascinating; if I haven't lost track, there are a smattering from the way-back but nobody from 1974-1979.

Taral sounds like he has a bad case of Ted White disease (as in "The Fen Who Murdered Mohammed", inter alia). There's still room for his niche, but he wasn't even active by the time fanzine fandom was outnumbered by fans who discussed SF and went to cons but didn't have anything to do with the self-limiting medium of "faanish" paper fanzines. If "writing, drawing, and publishing are what [he] like[s] doing", he's free to do this -- but why should the rest of us fund an award for his interests?

I find his model-railroad analogy unintentionally bleak. Before the start of this year's World Fantasy Convention (in San Diego), I went to Balboa Park to see a huge model-railroad setup (4 layouts for the 4 most-popular scales/models); the person who showed me around was rather older than I am, and wanted me particularly to note the model graveyard with a stone for each of their late members.

I'm not even sure what he has to complain about; his analogy seems unapt, given that there are conventions more devoted to fanzines than the Worldcon ever was. Possibly he needs to turn his frog/pond analogy around; is his real complaint the fact that a self-limiting sector of a much larger hobby is no longer the dominant paradigm in that hobby? (At least he's civil about it; other people have been outright rude about convention FGoHs being people who made huge contributions to fandom without touching a fanzine.)

His complaints about the circularity of voting are especially ridiculous; the Worldcon is the Worldcon, not the World Fmzcon, so all of the interests it represents have the right to decide what they collectively will give awards to. I'd say he has a tiny grievance in such awards saying "fanzine" -- but "fanzine" usually means the sort drooling-on-the-stars-from



Why the heck do most UFO pilots look like this?

SCHIRM
/ '12.

-below magazine corresponding to the giant media conventions, so the relatively-egalitarian Worldcon has IMHO a reasonable title to this use of it.

As I look at what's happening in Boston now, ISTM that the alternative to not closing the tent is becoming irrelevant while you're still alive; IMO that's worse, but Taral's explicit "Apres moi, le deluge" attitude suggests he disagrees.

I was dismayed to read Martin's description of Pratchett at Capclave; the little news I've seen hadn't suggested he wasn't up to reading. The conversations with others in similar fixes were shown on the video program at Arisia a few months after Capclave; what I could stand to stay for was moving. I guess I'm going to have to start hoarding unread Pratchett books -- like one of the *F&SF* reviewers, I look to them for sanity in dark times.

(PSs to his report on the 2010 Capclave: Coast Guardsman and new author Myke Cope has attended the last two WFC banquets in formal uniform (with the [encouragement] of his CO, he said), so the observation that off-duty military would be out of uniform isn't necessarily true -- possible it applies only to less-formal situations? And the Arisia video also included a steampunk *Ruddigore*, IIRC from ~Seattle)

(PS re *F770:159*, which I missed but went back to after all the lettercol comments about the trivia quiz: Are you sure Asenath Hammond was only 50? That would mean she was born in 1960 -- and she'd been married to Rick Sternbach for some time when he was co-AGoH (with Phil Foglio) at the 1978 PghLange.)

(PS re the quiz: - #31: isn't another John

Ford a well-known fan in the UK (perhaps not faanish)?

- #113: I ran into Marty in Canberra in 1985; wasn't that his DUFF trip (to Aussiecon 2)?

- #147: Didn't N3 publish an issue of the Strangers' fanzine >34 years later? (They'd been out of sight for ~40 years when they were the collective FGoH; I remember *something* with a "George Richard" cover that I arranged to have printed, but 23 years later I've forgotten the contents.)

- #148 is just wrong; Phil Foglio won in 1977 and 1978 as Fan Artist, and 3 times recently for Graphic Story. (Yes, that's not fan writing -- but the answer claims no winning fanartist has won *any* other category. Or is someone nitpicking over the

GS being to multiple people, or being for a work?)

- #149 is also just wrong; the bathtub was filled by someone else (?Susan Applegate?), while Gordon R. Dickson was keeping Joe distracted party-hopping. By Joe's own testimony (1977 Disclave), he never bathed in it; he just called the hotel asking what they were going to do about the mess in his room. (He also said "We made a promise never to talk about it -- 'we' being myself, the two girls, and the goat." I don't know anyone who has actually alleged that women were involved, rather than being part of the tall-tale aspect of the story.)

- #150: I'd be astounded if nobody else had ever cut stencils with a daisy-wheel printer; they were common at computer companies, where many fans worked, in the years before xerographic printers became available.)

We Also Heard From

Robert C. Peterson: Thanks for sending me your fanzine *File 770*. I think it is one of the best fanzines around. I would be glad to take it but I am 90 now and have macular degeneration and so it is hard to read. (Have had it for 8 years.)

Letterhacks Addresses

Brad W Foster, P.O. Box 165246, Irving, TX 75016' E-mail: bwfoster@juno.com
Chris Garcia,

E-mail: garcia@computerhistory.org

Chip Hitchcock,

E-mail: cjhi@newcastle2.com

Robert Kennedy, 1779 Ciprian Ave.,

Camarillo, CA 93010-2451;

E-mail: robertk@cipcug.org

Joseph T Major, 1409 Christy Ave.,

Louisville, KY 40204-2040;

E-mail: jtmajor@iglou.com

Tim Marion,

E-mail: timothy.marion@rocketmail.com

Eric Mayer, E-mail: groggy.ales@gmail.com

Lloyd Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke,

ON, M9C 2B2 Canada

Robert C. Peterson, 1950 S. Dayton, Apt. 234,

Denver, CO 80247-3455

Marie Rengstorff, 2860 Ohina St., Kihei, HI

96753

M. Lee Rogers.

E-mail: mleerog@bellsouth.net

Michael T. Shoemaker, 8322 Rolling Road,

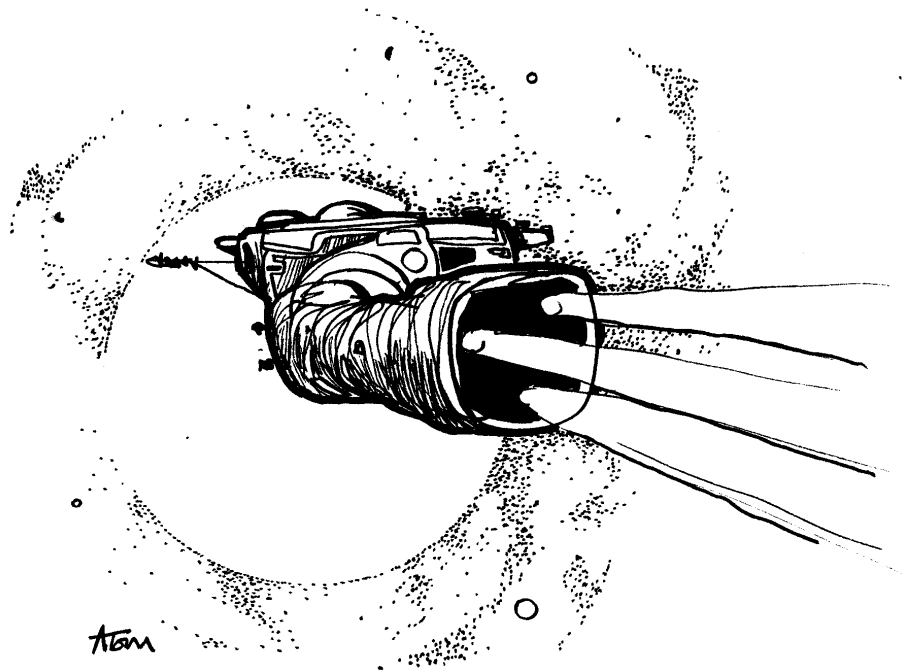
Manassas, VA 20110

Joy V. Smith, E-mail: Pagadan@aol.com

Erwin S. (Filthy Pierre) Strauss, 10 Hill St.,

#22-L, Newark, NJ 07102

John Thiel, E-mail: pablolenis@frontier.com



Tolkien's "Arthur" Due in 2013

J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Fall of Arthur*, a never-before-published poem 950 lines in length, will be released by HarperCollins in May 2013. HarperCollins says Tolkien set aside this work to write *The Hobbit* and it was left untouched for 80 years:

Mike Resnick and John Scalzi before Chicon 7 Opening Ceremonies. Photo by Mike Glycer.



"*The Fall of Arthur* recounts in verse the last campaign of King Arthur who, even as he stands at the threshold of Mirkwood is summoned back to Britain by news of the treachery of Mordred. Already weakened in spirit by Guinevere's infidelity with the now-exiled Lancelot, Arthur must rouse his knights to battle one last time against Mordred's rebels and foreign mercenaries."

Christopher Tolkien edited the manuscript and wrote three essays for the book, (1) about the literary world of King Arthur, (2) the deeper meaning of the verses, and (3) his father's work to bring it to a finished form. The full book is over 200 pages long.

Mythbusting Bakka

[Continued from page 14] "never once was it suggested I open a mystery bookstore ... even though I was a closet Sherlockian of many years."

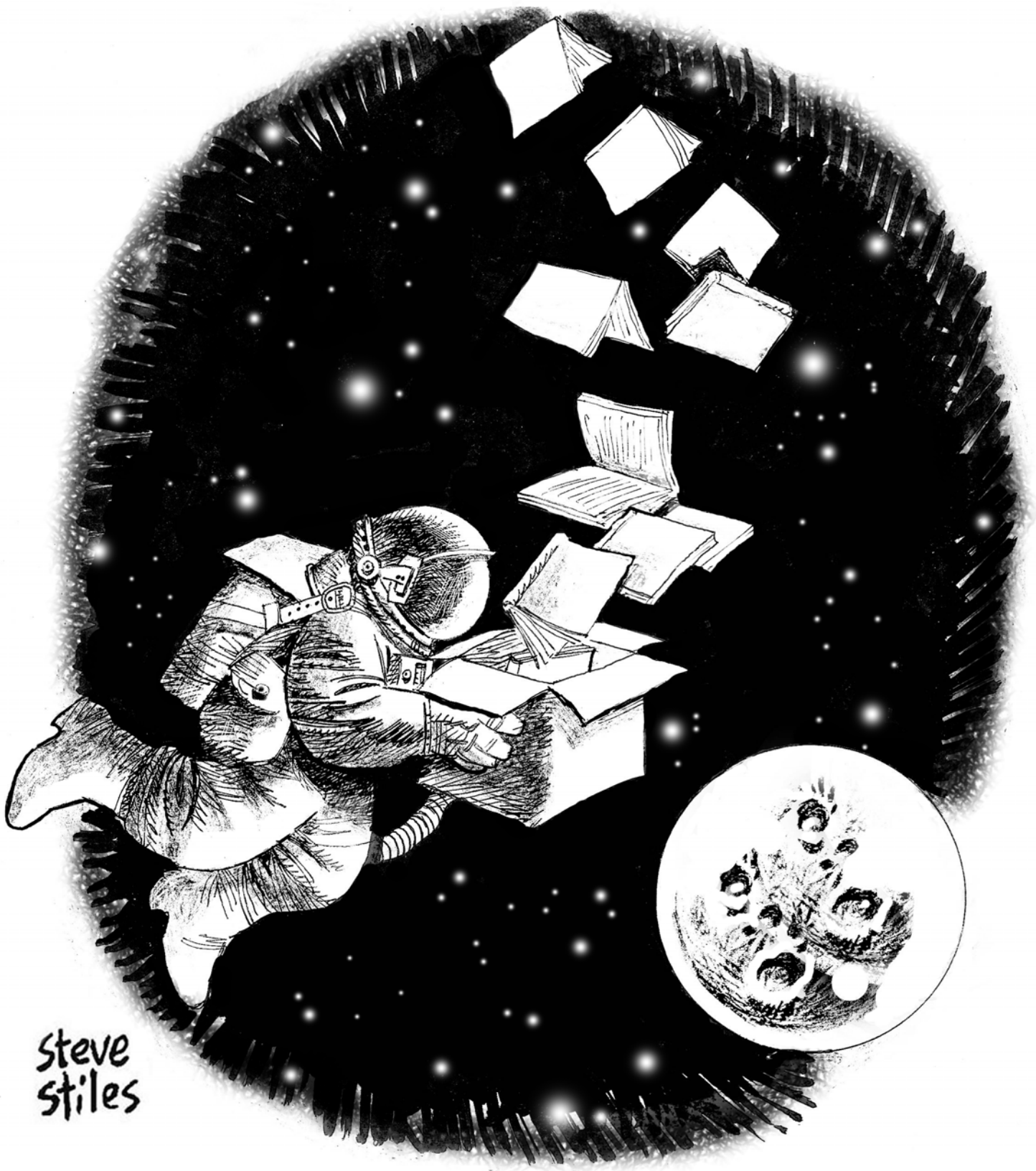
Not in the closet for very long, though. A few years later, Charlie was confident enough with Bakka's profitability that he opened Bakka II, a specialty mystery store on Yonge Street, a little north of Bloor. Unfortunately for the budding businessman, and for mystery fans in Toronto, the second Bakka was not a success. Some ingredient was missing. Whatever it was, years went by before someone opened a successful mystery bookstore in the east end of town.

By then, Charlie had become a publisher, and printed a lot of red ink before reluctantly stopping the presses. Bakka retreated from the original 282 premises to occupy the larger 284-286 store by itself. Finally, Charlie decided to sell the business to his assistant manager, John Rose, and left Toronto for the utopian promises of British Columbia.

Under new management, Bakka has continued to sell books for many more years and has undergone a minor name change (to Bakka-Phoenix) and several moves until arriving at its present location on Harbord Street, near the university. What Charlie McKee did in all this time, during all these changes, however, is a story he has not yet told. Not to me, anyway.

I suppose Charlie was lucky that no one ever tried to explain how he only opened the Mystery bookstore because he was talked out of opening one for Westerns.

Myth busted.



Steve
Stiles