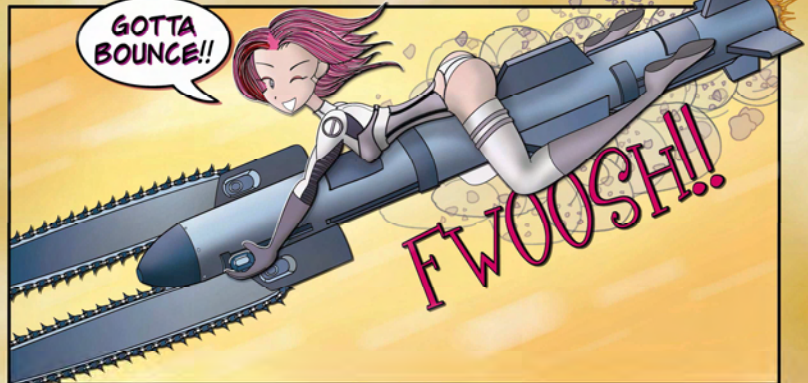
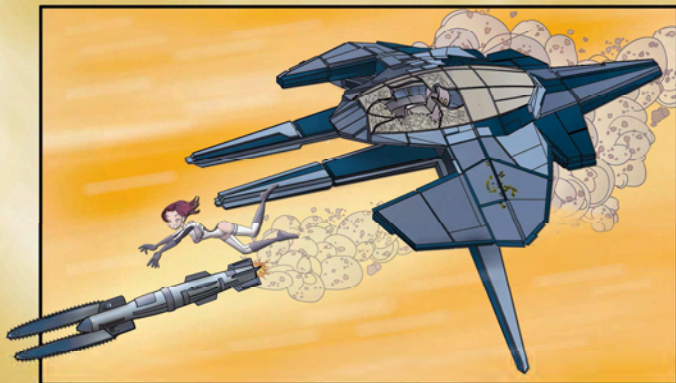
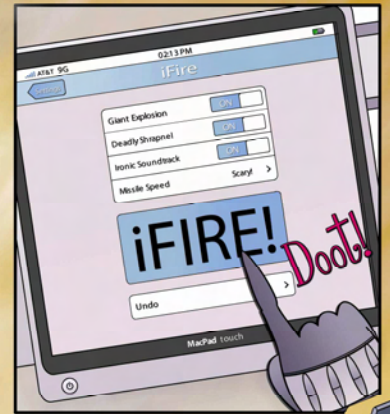
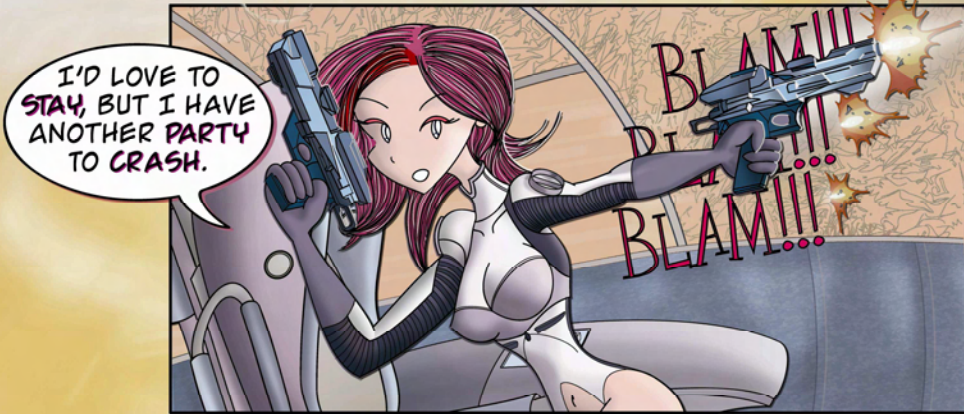
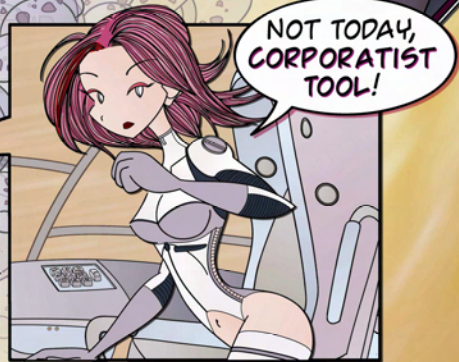
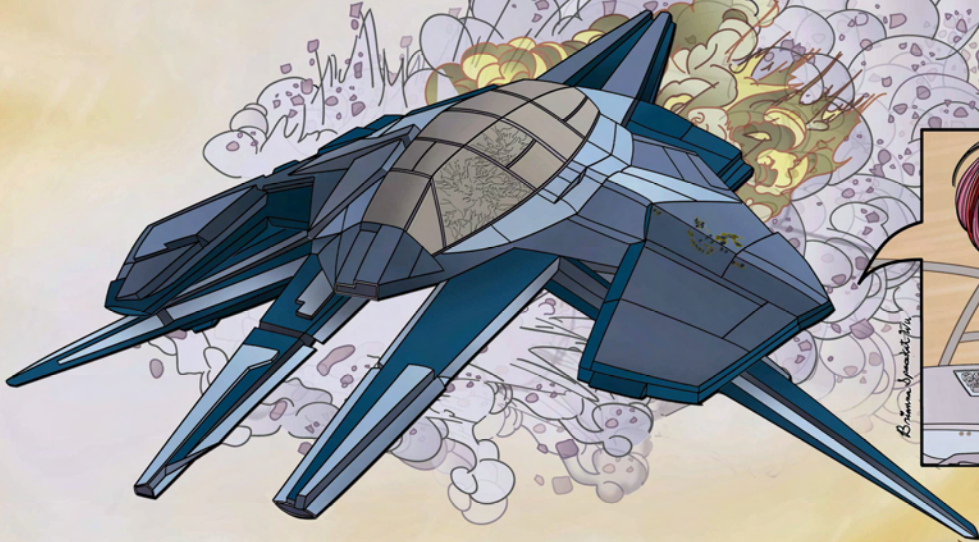
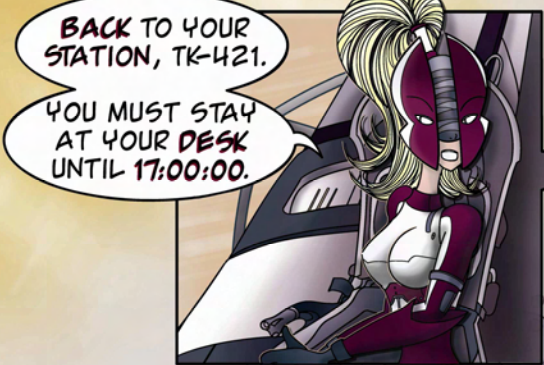


FILE 770 #157



Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer

LASFS at 75: The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society threw its 75th anniversary bash at the Castaways in Burbank on October 23. Perched high on a hillside our banquet hall had a vast scenic window opening onto a magnificent view of twinkling city lights, halfway to the stars.

Master of ceremonies John Hertz had not dressed like Beau Brummell (though he sometimes does) which he emphasized by pointing out "This is one of the rare occasions when Len Moffatt is better dressed than I." John did wear his beanie, however, when he introduced our first speaker, Roy Test.

Roy at last got the attention he's always deserved as one of the club's founding members. Test and the late Forry Ackerman both attended the club's first meeting in 1934. But Ackerman was such a legend and a polished raconteur that he was able to fully satisfy people's curiosity about the past. However, Roy's story is quite interesting in its own right.

After Hertz helped him up to the dais Roy joked, "I was a little more agile when I first started reading sf stories." He remembered a preliminary club meeting at a movie theater one afternoon. More of his memories were of meetings at Clifton's Cafeteria when he was 13 or 14 years old. He said his mother, Wanda Test, volunteered to be club secretary as a way to come to the meetings "and see what kind of oddballs I was associating with. Maybe it didn't occur to her I was the oddest one there."

(Forry wrote in *Mimosa*: "That very first meeting of all was attended by nine people. There was a young fan named Roy Test; he was interested in Esperanto, so we called him 'Esperan-Test'. His mother, Wanda Test, was our first secretary. In those days of the 1930s, *Thrilling Wonder Stories* was on our minds, so her minutes became known as 'Thrilling Wanda Stories'.")

Roy remembered discovering a used bookstore with a trove of very early sf pulps selling for 15 cents each. He worked at a gas station for 10 cents an hour, so every hour-and-a-half he could buy another copy from the magazine's first year of publication.

When World War II started, Test went into the Army Air Corps and trained to fly B-17 bombers. He is, in fact, still an active pilot in the Commemorative Air Force. Roy said he occasionally flies a Russian paratroop plane, the largest single-engine biplane in the world. By coincidence, I had toured the Planes of Fame museum in Chino a



year or so ago and I saw some items donated by Roy on exhibit — the first time I knew that part of his story.

Len and June Moffatt followed Roy. It was great to see them together - they've been part of LASFS for around 60 years. Other speakers included John DeChancie, Karl Lembke (Chair of the LASFS board of directors), Mel Gil- den, Laura Brodian Freas, Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle.

Larry Niven said in 1963 he decided he was going to be a writer and took the Famous

Writers School correspondence course. He was then 25 years old. Having met Ray Bradbury years before (they had the same doctor) he wrote him for advice, was referred to Forry Ackerman and ended up attending LASFS meetings at the Silver Lake Playground. That opened the way to all kinds of adventures, and to meeting his future wife at the 1967 Worldcon. Larry said that *Fallen Angels* (written with Pournelle and Flynn) embodied what he felt about fandom.

Jerry Pournelle quoted Heinlein to the effect that authors who read their own works in public probably have other nasty habits, but he agreed with Niven's sentiments about *Fallen Angels*. He too had joined LASFS in the Silver Lake days, when Paul Turner was promoting the idea that we'd someday own our own clubhouse. Jerry said he grew up with a future - "I knew in the 40s I would live to see the first man on the moon. I didn't know I'd live to see the last one." Although the future isn't what it used to be, "I think it's still there... One of these days we'll find people who do believe it and we will get our future back."

Fannish entertainers provided a change of pace between the speakers. Lynn Maudlin sang "Gotta Kill My Clone" and "High Frontier" (her response to the space shuttle tragedies). Storyteller Nick Smith spoke. Charles Lee Jackson II reminisced about Forry Ackerman. And throughout the evening letters were read from our absent friends: Ray Bradbury, Ray Harryhausen, Paul Turner.

I shared a table with Milt Stevens, Marc Schirmeister and Joe Zeff, and enjoyed seeing a lot of other long-time friends.

Thanks to Christian McGuire and Arlene Satin for their excellent work organizing the event. And also for publishing the incredible 75th *Anniversary Memory Book*. What a treasure that is!



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John King Tarpinian: (photos) 11, 57
Alexis Gilliland: 4, 6, 7, 51, 52, 55, 56
Alan White: 2, 46
Keith Stokes: (photo) 13
Andrew Porter: (photo) 15

JumpCon's Senter Pleads Guilty

Shane Senter appeared before a judge in Hillsborough County Superior Court (Nashua, NH) on November 23 to plead guilty to two counts of felony theft and two misdemeanor deceptive business practice charges in connection with his failed media convention, Jumpcon.

Through a previously agreed plea bargain he stayed out of jail, receiving four consecutive, 12-month suspended sentences - provided he demonstrates good behavior - and 14 years of probation on the four charges. Four of the years of probation on the two misdemeanor charges are to be concurrent with the 10 years of probation Senter received for the two felony charges. Senter was ordered to pay \$33,824.33 in restitution to victims of Jumpcon.

He was also ordered to not own or operate a business that would accept payment "prior to producing promised goods or services."

Court-ordered restitution in this criminal proceeding may not be dischargeable by Senter's Chapter 7 bankruptcy.

Kare a Winner at Space Elevator Games

Sf fan Jordin Kare and Thomas Nugent of LaserMotive won \$900,000 at the Space Elevator Games on November 6. Theirs was one of three competing teams which built prototypes designed to climb a one-kilometer cable held aloft by a helicopter.

LaserMotive's climber was a sheet of



photovoltaic panels 2 feet square topped by a motor and a pyramidal frame of thin rods. Ground-based lasers shined on the photovoltaic cells to power the electric motor.

NASA, along with the nonprofit organization Spaceward Foundation, sponsored the contest. A \$2 million purse was available, which might be won by a single team or shared depending upon the competitors' achievements.

What LaserMotive won was second-prize money. Later they made a final attempt to reach the 5 meters/second prize threshold for the rest of the purse. As the contest's blog reported:

"In their last climb, attempting 5 m/s, they modified their climber to decrease its weight (LM's Dave Bashford referred to this as 'Steamboat racing') and ended up removing too much structure - they got stuck to their launch structure and dragged it up the cable 75', with an additional

force larger than the weight of their climber."

The *NY Times* covered Kare's victory.

Guy Nearly Goes With the Wind

Guy Lillian III says he had never seen a twister and *regretted it*. Then on October 29, while the latest in a series of terrible thunderstorms was marching across his section of Louisiana, Guy started driving home from work down the Old Benton Road and got caught in something much stronger and more dangerous than he expected:

"A trashcan lid spun over my hood like a giant frisbee. The rain turned white. The white became opaque. I couldn't see the road. I hit my emergency blinkers and pulled over, hoping I wouldn't find a ditch... I remembered some of that twister [documentary]: the sudden white wind tearing hell out of the world. I said to myself, 'Hell, I'm in the middle of it,' because I knew what was coming inside that depthless white pall.

"Now I was heading away from the action. I floored Little Red and ran for it... I turned back to Old Benton Road. The tall sign of one of the car dealerships was twisted like a pipecleaner and leaning. That just happened, I said to myself...."

Guy assures everyone that he came through "Unscathed, both me and car -- except for a small crack in the windshield (the car, not me). Found out that the twister was a Force 2. I'm not rattled about it, just ... thoughtful." A complete write-up is coming in the next *Challenger*.

Dan Steffan Wins 2009 Rotsler Award

Dan Steffan has won the Rotsler Award, given annually for long-time artistic achievement in amateur publications of the science fiction community. Established in 1998, it carries an honorarium of US\$300.

Steffan's imagination, his marshalling of detail and his poignant satire have kept his reputation high for decades. He is renowned for his graphics, for example, the *Ansible* logo and the cover of the April 2008 issue of *Chunga*. He was an award winner for the design of *Science Fiction Eye*. His art and visuals for *Pong* and *Blat!*, as well as *Boon-*

Jordin Kare (third from left) holds prize check.



fark, are always part of any conversation about excellence in fanzine creativity.

The Rotsler Award is sponsored by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests, a non-profit corporation, which in 2006 hosted the 63rd World Science Fiction Convention. The award is named for the late Bill Rotsler, a talented and prolific artist over many years. Current judges are Claire Brialey, Mike Glyer, and John Hertz.

Haldeman, Varley Win 2009 Heinlein Awards

Dale S. Arnold of the Baltimore SF Society reports:

“Joe Haldeman and John Varley are the winners of the Robert A. Heinlein Award for 2009. The Robert A. Heinlein Award is for outstanding published works in science fiction and technical writings to inspire the human exploration of Space. Winners are selected by a committee of SF authors originally selected by Mrs. Virginia Heinlein and chaired by Robert Heinlein’s friend Dr. Yoji Kondo. The award prize consists of a wall plaque certificate, large sterling silver medallion and lapel pin. The likeness of Robert A. Heinlein, as rendered by Arlin Robbins, is featured on each of these items.

“The Baltimore Science Fiction Society provides logistical support for the award and maintains a website where winners are permanently recorded.”

New Hemming Award

The Norma K. Hemming Award has been created by the Australian SF Foundation to celebrate excellence in the exploration of themes of race, gender, class and sexuality in science fiction produced either in Australia or by Australian citizens.

The award is named for Hemming (1927-1960), a British author who migrated to Australia in 1949. She wrote for the pulp maga-



zine *Thrills Incorporated* and was an original member of the femme fan group Vertical Horizons who enthusiastically participated in the Australian fan scene.

The award may not be given annually, as ASFF will only select work that meets an appropriate standard of excellence. Assuming such a work is published this year, the award will debut at Aussiecon 4 in 2010.

Jurors selecting the first recipient will be writer/editor Russell Blackford, editor/publisher Rob Gerrand, authors Kim Wilkins and Tess Williams, and editor Sarah En-dacott.

Octavia Butler’s Papers Come to Huntington

Octavia Butler’s papers have arrived at the Huntington where they will join those of Robert Silverberg and other well-known writers including Jack London, Christopher Isherwood and Charles Bukowski.

Butler, the most prominent African American woman in the field of science fiction, died in 2006. Butler lived for decades

in the city where she was born, Pasadena, CA before moving to Washington state in 1999, and the city treasures her memory — Pasadena Public Library’s annual “One City - One Story” program selected her novel *Kindred* for 2006. It is fortunate for the community that Butler’s manuscripts, correspondence, notebooks, photos and other materials were acquired by a prestigious library so close by - in San Marino, the next town over.

The librarian responsible for Butler making the donation, Sue Hodson, the Huntington’s curator of literary manuscripts, is finding it a bittersweet experience. “In a sense I wish I hadn’t had the opportunity [to go through the papers],” Hodson said, referring to Butler’s untimely death in 2006. “I thought it would be someone who came after me. It’s a great joy, but I’m sorry, in a way, it’s me unpacking the boxes.”

Diana and I think the world of the Huntington. Diana spent a couple of summers using their facilities to work on her *Inklings* book.

2009 TAFF Ballot Released

Ladies and gentlemen, Frank Wu and the tandem of Brian Gray and Anne KG Murphy are your 2009 Trans Atlantic Fan Fund candidates. The winner(s) will go to the 2010 Eastercon.

Wu’s nominators are Guy Lillian III, John Purcell, Kevin Roche, James Bacon and Michael Rennie.

Gray’s and Murphy’s nominators are John Scalzi, Steven H Silver, Geri Sullivan, Paul Cornell and Cheryl Morgan.

Votes must reach the administrators Chris Garcia or Steve Green by December 22 before Chris Garcia’s watch strikes midnight. (Hint: it’s set to Pacific time).

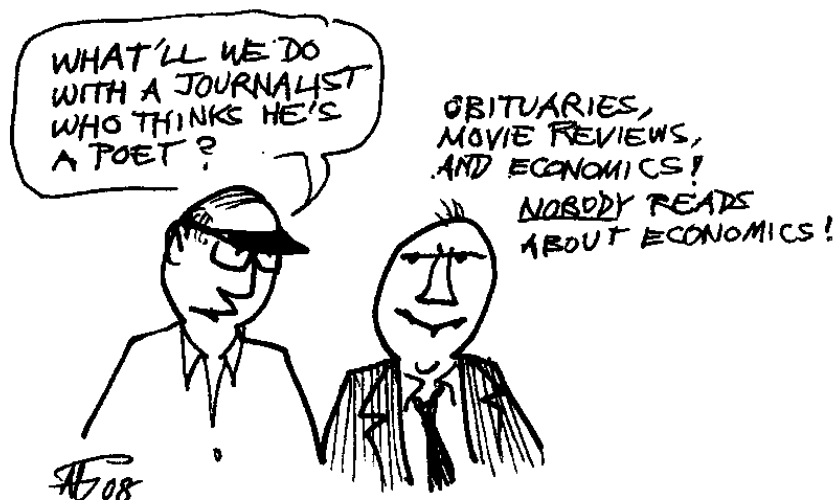
Medical Updates

Joe Haldeman spent 52 days in two Cincinnati hospitals after emergency surgery for acute pancreatitis on September 19. For part of that time it was touch and go, spent in a coma on a refrigerated mattress (to keep his fever under control).

Gay Haldeman provided frequent updates on SFF.net. Joe’s recovery was apparent in a verse he penned on October 24:

The pancreas, a curious beast
Has functions hard to scry.
It sits around for sixty years
Then tries to say “bye-bye.”

On November 4 Gay celebrated Joe’s best day since he was hospitalized: “He walked across the room without help, got himself in and out of bed several times, sat up for a long time, ate well, talked about the future



for the first time.” Rose Fox cheered Joe’s continuing improvement by answering his pancreatic poem with her own double dactyl:

Abdomen habdomen
Haldeman’s pancreas
Gave him a fever and
Twisted his guts.
Glad there’s no need for a
Pancreatotomy.
Get better soon, Joe—no
Ifs, ands, or buts!

(Reprinted by permission. Follow Rose’s commentary on *PW’s* *Genreville*.)

Joe was allowed to leave the hospital on November 10. He and Gay are living in a Cincinnati condo loaned by local fan Joel Zakem. Joe will remain under the care of local pancreatic specialists for weeks to come, possibly returning to Florida by Christmas, and he posted these sobering details to SFF.net on November 11:

“Speaking of woods, I’m not out of them, quite. I get tired walking across a room (but I can do it, without the walker). I have the clumsy ileostomy bag for another six months or so, and some pretty serious surgery in store then, when they reattach my large intestine. (They removed about 18” of it, including the appendix as a little bonus.) And of course there’s pain.”

Author and collectibles dealer **Jerry Weist** is battling multiple myeloma, reports Andrew Porter. The cancer was caught early, with no complications in his vital organs or other parts of his body. He’s just started on chemotherapy, an experimental program in which stem cells are used to fight the disease, presently being used to treat 15 people in Israel and 35 in the USA.

Weist is the author of *Bradbury: An Illustrated Life*, *The Comic Art Price Guide*, and *The Art of Frank R. Paul*. From 1990 to 2001 he was a consultant at Sotheby’s specializing in popular culture, overseeing the auction of Sam Moskowitz’s collection.

A few years ago Weist acquired the Harry Warner collection and sold the fanzines to James Halperin of Dallas, co-owner of Heritage Rare Coin Galleries. Not long afterward *Askance* editor John Purcell interviewed Halperin and reported Weist wanted to write a book about fanzines.

Bruce Gillespie was slowly recovering “from a knee effusion (sprain)” in October according to *Australian SF Bullsheet* #92. Take it easy and get well soon, Bruce.

Mike Glicksohn received an encouraging word: “Tests have shown no signs of cancer the last six months and if the test in two

2009 HUGO AWARD WINNERS

Best Novel

The Graveyard Book by Neil Gaiman (HarperCollins; Bloomsbury UK)

Best Novella

“The Erdmann Nexus” by Nancy Kress (*Asimov’s* Oct/Nov 2008)

Best Novelette

“Shoggoths in Bloom” by Elizabeth Bear (*Asimov’s* Mar 2008)

Best Short Story

“Exhalation” by Ted Chiang (*Eclipse Two*)

Best Related Book

Your Hate Mail Will Be Graded: A Decade of Whatever, 1998-2008 by John Scalzi (Subterranean Press)

Best Graphic Story

Girl Genius, Volume 8: Agatha Heterodyne and the Chapel of Bones Written by Kaja & Phil Foglio, art by Phil Foglio, colors by Cheyenne Wright (Airship Entertainment)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

WALL-E Andrew Stanton & Pete Docter, story; Andrew Stanton & Jim Reardon, screenplay; Andrew Stanton, director (Pixar/Walt Disney)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

Doctor Horrible’s Sing-Along Blog Joss Whedon, & Zack Whedon, & Jed Whedon, & Maurissa Tanchרון, writers; Joss Whedon, director (Mutant Enemy)

Best Editor, Short Form

Ellen Datlow

Best Editor, Long Form

David G. Hartwell

Best Professional Artist

Donato Giancola

Best Semiprozine

Weird Tales edited by Ann VanderMeer & Stephen H. Segal

Best Fan Writer

Cheryl Morgan

Best Fanzine

Electric Velocipede edited by John Klima

Best Fan Artist

Frank Wu

The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer

David Anthony Durham*

*(Second year of eligibility)

weeks continues that pattern I’ll start to believe in light at the end of the tunnel.”

Australian fan **Les Robertson** was hospitalized in August treatment of kidney failure, and will be regularly needing kidney dialysis. Les has also had to have three toes amputated in recent months, *Australian SF Bullsheet* reports.

Peggy Ranson is recovering from her heart attack and bypass surgery. When Rosy and Guy Lillian had brunch with her in October they found she was doing well, not up to par physically but in wonderful spirits.

Ken Konkol was hospitalized in Montreal during Anticipation. He reported afterwards that a battery of tests and X-rays led doctors

to conclude his problems had been caused by anemia. He was able to attend the balance of the Worldcon.

No (More) Time for Sergeants

St. Louis fan Tyler Harris joined the Army in November 2001 in response to 9/11. He signed up for eight years, with a four-year active duty commitment. He was trained in maintaining networking systems and deployed to Kuwait and Iraq before being released from active duty. He became part of the Individual Ready Reserves in 2006 to finish his eight year enlistment. However, he was recalled to active duty in December 2008 and sent back to Iraq with a unit of the Mississippi National Guard in June 2009.

Although his eight-year contract was due to expire in November, Harris was going

released from duty and faced the prospect of remaining in Iraq until his unit returns home in April 2010.

So Harris took the novel approach of blogging his protests and giving his story to a local newspaper columnist in an effort to get the Army to release him when his eight years are up.

On August 23 Bill McClellan of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch wrote a column about Harris titled: "Eight is enough, sergeant tells Army."

"His eight-year commitment will be finished in November, but for 'the good of the service,' his termination date is being extended.

"He is handling this the way you might expect a computer geek to handle it. He is blogging. He is asking people to contact senators and congressmen. You can read his blog at imbiginiraq.com. Be forewarned that some of the language is saltier than you'll find in a family newspaper."

I blogged about it, too. This past October Tyler Harris sent me an e-mail with the rest of his story:

"I just wanted to send you a 'thank you' for putting up the nice write-up on File 770 about me, and where I'm at in the world. I appreciate it immensely. The Army in its mechanical ways has decided that I'm staying in, until March or April of next year. Hopefully I'll be home well before that.

"I had hoped my mid-tour leave would coincide with Archon this year - alas, it wasn't meant to be - I was a week late. I heard that I didn't miss very much and Collinsville pretty much gave us the finger. Oh well -- registration was nice enough to just pretend that this year didn't happen and my wife got me all set for next year - which is now conveniently close to my house."

Time.com Spotlights Uncle Hugo's SF Bookstore

Time.com included Don Blyly's historic Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Bookstore on a list of "50 Authentic American Experiences," one for each state. Uncle Hugo's of Minneapolis was named Minnesota's authentic experience.

Short Waves

Tadao Tomomatsu announced his gafiation on Facebook on November 18, 2009. He did not give an explanation, apart from a reference to "a sad and unfortunate set of circumstances."



Does The Mouse Own Stu Hellinger?

Disney's acquisition of Marvel is affecting corporate giants and individual fans alike. The business consequences of the multi-billion-dollar deal are more obvious. Robert A. Iger, CEO of The Walt Disney Company, told the *Los Angeles Times*: "This transaction combines Marvel's strong global brand and world-renowned library of charac-

WELL YES, SENATOR, A LUNAR STARBUCKS WOULD BE EXPENSIVE... \$5⁰⁰ A CUP PLUS \$1200 FOR SCHLEPPING IT UP THERE! BUT IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR MORALE!



ters including Iron Man, Spider-Man, X-Men, Captain America, Fantastic Four and Thor with Disney's creative skills, unparalleled global portfolio of entertainment properties, and a business structure that maximizes the value of creative properties across multiple platforms and territories."

Disney will also have access to many characters and sub-characters that have never been exploited other than their appearances in comic books. That's why New York fan Stu Hellinger is asking: "Does this mean the Mouse now owns me?" Stu Hellinger's comic book alter ego is one of the lesser-known characters now part of Disney's inventory.

Hellinger is a dead villain in the Marvel Universe, part of the Deathlok story line. Stu says that Rich Buckler, who created these characters, based the villain's original look on him. Stu says, "Somehow, being a villain has always seemed appropriate to me, even to this day!"

It gets even better. Just like many super-heroes, the villain Hellinger has a "real life" identity. His first name is Harlan.

An online source describes Hellinger as a cyborg (cybernetic organism)," and as such is composed of a combination of mechanical and organic parts. His body is composed of his organic brain, contained within a protective shell, with a powerful exoskeleton protection his internal organs, and robotic limbs replacing his originals. He possessed a type of cybernetic telepathy, enabling him to control other machines and computers."

Stu also observes, "Hellinger got uglier over the years. At least I haven't aged as poorly!"

D'Ammassa's Adventure Fiction Encyclopedia

Don D'Ammassa's vast knowledge of genre fiction has been tapped for a third literary encyclopedia in a series from Facts on File. His *Encyclopedia of Adventure Fiction* actually appeared last December, but it's news to me.

This is a companion volume to D'Ammassa's *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Encyclopedia of Fantasy and Horror Fiction* in Facts On File's Literary Movements series.

The *Encyclopedia of Adventure Fiction* ranges from literary classics such as Charles Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities* and Joseph Conrad's *The Secret Agent* to tales that have enthralled younger readers for many years, such as *Treasure Island* and *The Wizard of Oz*, to the finest of today's adventure stories.

FANDOM'S TANGLED WEB

Halloween the 13th Part 1965 By Dian Crayne

With any luck, LASFS will never celebrate another Halloween the way it did in 1965. An assailant outside the building fired three shots into the party. No one was struck by the bullets, but Dian Crayne was cut by flying debris. And she hasn't forgotten:

Yes, I remember that incident VERY well. Bill Rotsler and I were sitting in a window seat, talking, and the bullet went between us. I had wood splinters in my cheek, Bill remarked later that he thought momentarily that for some reason one of my earrings had exploded. (He used to say later on that we had been "under fire together.") Of course, everyone in the room hit the deck, and I remember calling out to Bruce [Pelz], "Don't get excited, but I think I've been hit." Only splinters, though.

[At the time] I was pregnant with Cecy and she was born in March of 1966.

As for the location, it was wherever Don Simpson and his house mates were living at the time. Don dug the bullet out of the woodwork and I talked him into giving it to me. Alas, I lost it during one of our moves.

The surmise was that the shooter was one of a small group of people who had tried party-crashing earlier in the evening and been ejected. The police came and took statements, but no one was ever picked up for it.

Not J.R.R. Bond

Tinker, Tailor, Tolkien, Spy? Hardly. But that's what headlines are inviting readers to believe.

"JRR Tolkien trained as British spy" declares Telegraph.co.uk.

"Tolkien's Spy Past Inspires Hunt For Hobbit, Rings Spooks" says the *Wired* headline.

Britain's intelligence-agency Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ) is displaying documents from J.R.R. Tolkien's three days spent training at the Government Code and Cypher School in a new exhibit at its restricted, employees-only

museum.

The *Telegraph* reports: "According to previously unseen records, Tolkien trained with the top-secret Government Code and Cypher School (GCCS).

"He spent three days at their London HQ in March 1939 - six months before the outbreak of the Second World War and just 18 months after the publication of his first book, *The Hobbit*."

When the war started, GCCS deciphered Enigma traffic and broke other German ciphers and codes. That's the work Tolkien auditioned for - not to carry out espionage in the field.

Nor was this a deep secret. In 2006, Christina Scull and Wayne G. Hammond's *The J.R.R. Tolkien Companion and Guide* listed the information in the March 27, 1939 entry of the Chronology, which reads: "Tolkien begins a four-day training course in cryptography at the Foreign Office."

Whether Humphrey Carpenter, author of *Tolkien: A Biography*, knew about this is less clear. All he says about the beginning of the war is that Tolkien volunteered as an air raid warden: "There were, however, no German air attacks on Oxford; nor was Tolkien required, was were a number of dons, to undertake work for the War Office or other government departments."

If Tolkien wasn't required, we know he was asked. The GCCS offered Tolkien £500-a-year offer to become a full-time recruit. He turned them down.

Journalists wonder why he went through the process, since instructors notes show he he was "keen" for the work, then rejected

the offer. Nobody knows. Not even GCHQ's historian.

Then again, Anders Stenström has suggested that this is not a record of Tolkien's interest, but merely a note on how to pronounce his name.

Intending no reflection on Tolkien's patriotism (after all, he served in combat in WWI), could it be possible Tolkien just went through the process to see if they had any cool ideas he could filch for his created languages?

In Jeopardy with John W. Campbell

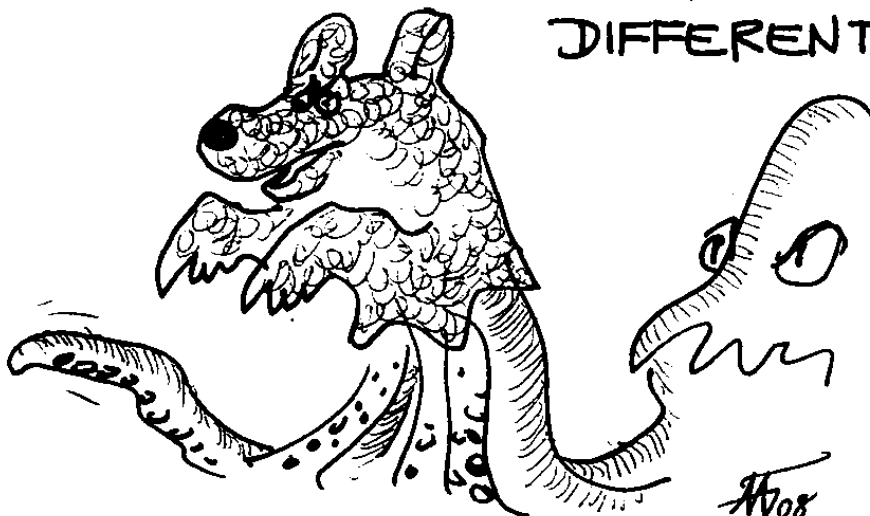
Ben Bova listed the people he credits for helping him make it as a professional writer in an article for the *Naples News*, saying "No writer stands alone. We all owe our success, such as it is, to those who taught us, inspired us, helped us understand and persevere."

Editor John W. Campbell figures prominently on that list. Bova sold him several stories before meeting him face-to-face at a Worldcon in Washington, D.C. After shaking his hand, Campbell provocatively said: "This is 1963. No democracy has ever lasted longer than 50 years, so this is obviously the last year of America's democracy."

Bova dredged his memory to come up with the Jeopardy!-style question that matched Campbell's bold declaration. And he guessed right. Can you?

(Answer: It had been 50 years since 1913, when the Constitution was amended so that U.S. senators could be elected by the people of their states, rather than appointed by their state legislatures.)

WHY IS THIS BEAR MARKET
DIFFERENT?



Lasting Impressions: News from the World of Fanzines

Blogs, Websites Now Eligible For Best Fanzine Hugo

Vincent Docherty, WSFS Division head and Hugo Administrator for Aussiecon 4, has confirmed that the rules changes ratified by the Anticipation business meeting explicitly permit works published in other media, such as blogs and websites, to be nominated in several categories including Best Fanzine and Best Semiprozine.

While this was the point of making the change, one commentator who had attended the business meeting claimed the new rules would be administered in a restrictive way leading to a different result. Docherty has made clear that is not his intention.

Docherty is working on some general guidance to help people apply the rules when making their 2010 Hugo nominations.

Sound and Fury Signifying Trivia

Today's trivia question: Every winner of the Best Fan Writer Hugo has made at least one professional sale, but two winners have never sold a science fiction story. Can you name them?

The winners since the creation of the category in 1967 are: Terry Carr, Richard E. Geis, Mike Glyer, Dave Langford, Cheryl Morgan, Alexei Panshin, John Scalzi, Bob Shaw, Wilson Tucker, Harry Warner Jr., Ted White and Susan Wood.

Most of the names are easy to rule out because their record in the sf field is so well known.

Wilson Tucker won the 1970 Best Fan Writer Hugo, then had *Year of the Quiet Sun* nominated as Best Novel in 1971.

Scalzi's novel *Old Man's War* and its sequels have received Hugo nominations.

Dave Langford's "Different Kinds of Darkness" won Best Short Story in 2001.

Bob Shaw's classic short story "Light of Other Days" received a Hugo nomination in 1967. He didn't get around to winning the Best Fan Writer Hugo until 1979 (and again in 1980).

Ted White's first novel was written in collaboration with another Best Fan Writer winner, Terry Carr. *Invasion from 2500* (1964) was published under the pseudonym Norman Edwards. Ted went on to write lots of other novels under his own name.

Terry Carr, in the middle of a run of seven other nominations for his fan writing and fanzines (*Fanac*, *Lighthouse*) had a short story nominated for the Hugo in 1969, "The Dance of the Changer and the Three." The



year Terry finally won the Best Fan Writer Hugo, 1973, he was also nominated for Best Professional Editor (in the category's debut), and it was as an editor he won his last two Hugos (1985, 1987).

Alexei Panshin won the first Best Fan Writer Hugo in 1967. He declined his nomination in 1968, hoping to set an example for future winners. He also had great success as a pro. His novel *Rite of Passage* received a Hugo nomination in 1969 and won the Nebula.

Harry Warner Jr. had 11 short stories published in the mid-1950s (and grumbled when that was discovered by his neighbors in Hagerstown.)

Richard E. Geis has sold any number of erotic sf novels.

I trail this parade at a respectful distance, with one pro sale that appeared in Mike Resnick's *Alternate Worldcons*.

That leaves two winning fanwriters to account for: Cheryl Morgan and Susan Wood. Cheryl has made nonfiction sales, but the *Locus* index lists no fiction. Susan Wood published scholarly work about the sf field, but no stories. So Morgan and Wood are the answer.

Does Curt Phillips Collect Australians?

Australian fan Nick Falkner (from Adelaide), while attending a series of Computer Science conferences in the U.S. (in the real world, Nick is aka: Dr. Nick Falkner of the School of Computer Science at the University of Adelaide), made a flying visit to see family and friends in Abingdon, Virginia on November 1 while en route to yet another Computer Science conference in North Carolina.

What made this a fannish event is that one of the above-mentioned friends was American fan Curt Phillips, who sent Nick home with a stack of American SF magazines.

Nick was the fourth Australian fan to visit Curt in 2009, following Melbourne fan Clare McDonald's surprise visit to Pulpfest in June (while on her way to the Worldcon in Montreal), and Damien Warman & Juliette Woods of Adelaide who attended Corflu Zed last March in Seattle where Curt was the "Corflu 50 Fan Fund" delegate.

Curt reports that he completely approves of this trend and is looking forward to seeing which traveling Australian fan drops by for Christmas. [Source: Curt Phillips, who wrote the original blog post.]

2009 Nova Awards

Banana Wings, Claire Brialey and Sue Mason won their categories in the 2009 Nova Awards announced at Novacon in November. Steve Green has released the full voting statistics.

Best fanzine: 1, *Banana Wings* (30 points); 2, *Journey Planet* (24); 3, *Head* (20); 4, *Prolapse / Relapse* (18); 5, *Plokta, Quasiquote* (11); 7, *No Sin But Ignorance* (7); 8, *The Descent of Fan* (6); 9, *Lost in Space* (3); 10, *Ansible, Procrastinations* (2), 12, *The Banksonian, Critical Wave* (1).

Best fan writer: 1, Claire Brialey (26 points); 2, James Bacon (15); 3, Doug Bell (14); 4, Mark Plummer (11); 5, Dave Langford (9); 6, Christina Lake (8); 7, Sandra Bond, Peter Weston (7); 9, Max (5); 10, Greg Pickersgill (4); 11, John Nielsen Hall (3); 12, John Coxon, Alison Scott, Nicholas Whyte (2); 15, Caroline Mullan, Yvonne Rowse, Alan Sullivan, Ian Williams (1).

Best fan artist: 1, Sue Mason (13 points*); 2, Alison Scott (13*); 3, John Toon (12); 4, Steve Jeffrey (8); 5, Steve Green (7); 6, D West (6); 7, ATom (5); 8, Clarrie O'Callaghan (4); 9, Dave Hicks (3).

[*Although Sue Mason and Alison Scott tied both for points and first-place votes, Sue received more second-place votes.]

ELIGIBILITY OF ONLINE WORKS UNDER THE AMENDED HUGO AWARD RULES BY VINCENT DOCHERTY

I am the WSFS Division Head for the 2010 Worldcon, Aussiecon 4, and Administrator for the Hugo Awards.

Mike Glycer recently asked for my opinion on how a couple of the newly-ratified WSFS rules changes will be administered. Specifically: *‘Will blogs and websites be eligible in the Best Fanzine and Best Semiprozine categories if they meet the general criteria of either category?’*

Hugo administrators usually refrain from commenting on general eligibility questions in advance, preferring to deal with actual nominations. There is a lot of interest in the Hugos among people with an interest in the rules and potential nominees, and feedback can be unforgiving of actual or perceived errors. However Mike did raise an interesting point in regard to the recent changes to the WSFS rules, which resulted from the work done by a sub-committee looking at the eligibility of web-based works: *“This coming year poses different problems, however, and fans will want to know in advance whether it’s a waste of a nominating vote to write down blogs and websites in the Best Fanzine category.”*

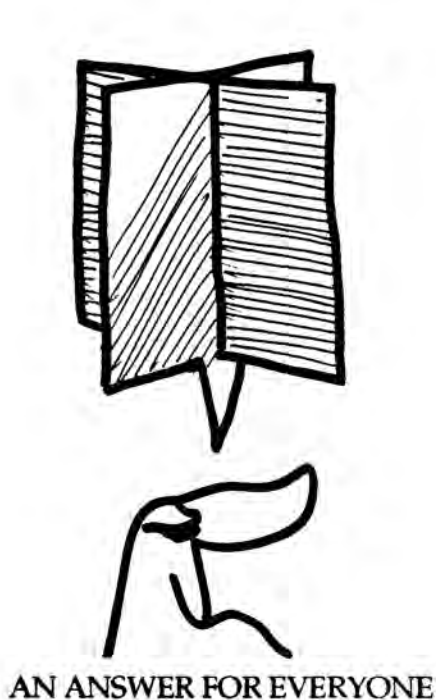
I’d like to make clear my approach to administering Hugo nominations. This is based on working with other Hugo Administrators and having been on the Hugo administration sub-committee in 2005. When looking at nominations:

1. first follow the WSFS Constitution as it applies to the Hugos;
2. where the rules aren’t sufficiently clear, be guided by the will of the voters;
3. consider, but not be bound by, rulings by previous administrators;
4. any mistakes I make are my own and not a precedent.

Let’s look at the relevant changes that actually occurred in the WSFS Constitution following the 2009 Business Meeting. Kevin Standlee, the BM chair, has updated the text which is now online at <http://www.wsfs.org/bm/rules.html>

The clauses which were modified, and relevant to the questions, are now:

3.3.5: Best Related Work. Any work related to the field of science fiction, fantasy, or fandom, appearing for the first time during the previous calendar year or



which has been substantially modified during the previous calendar year, and which is either non-fiction or, if fictional, is noteworthy primarily for aspects other than the fictional text, and which is not eligible in any other category.

3.3.12: Best Semiprozine. Any generally available non-professional publication devoted to science fiction or fantasy which by the close of the previous calendar year has published four (4) or more issues (or the equivalent in other media), at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year, and which in the previous calendar year met at least two (2) of the following criteria:

- (1) had an average press run of at least one thousand (1000) copies per issue,
- (2) paid its contributors and/or staff in other than copies of the publication,
- (3) provided at least half the income of any one person,
- (4) had at least fifteen percent (15%) of its total space occupied by advertising,
- (5) announced itself to be a semiprozine.

3.3.13: Best Fanzine. Any generally

available non-professional publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects which by the close of the previous calendar year has published four (4) or more issues (or the equivalent in other media), at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year, and which does not qualify as a semiprozine.

The substantive changes were: ‘Best Related Book’ becomes ‘Best Related Work’, and the addition of the phrase *‘(or the equivalent in other media)’* to the Semiprozine and Fanzine categories. These were proposed by the web eligibility sub-committee in 2008 and ratified this year.

When increasing numbers of genre works began appearing online, sometimes exclusively, two Worldcon committees exercised their discretion to add a “Best Website” Hugo category. These were popular categories, and the nominees can be seen here: <http://www.thehugoawards.org/hugo-history/> However, in at least one case, the same work appeared in both Best Website and another category, and several nominees were in effect containers for fiction, non-fiction or fannish work eligible in other also categories. There was a concern that the same content could be eligible in multiple categories. This was a trigger for the eventual creation of the sub-committee tasked with looking at web eligibility.

Even before 2009, the rules already permitted fiction, dramatic presentations, and in the last few years, semiprozines and fanzines, to be nominated regardless of media platform. The recent change brought the Related Work category into line and provided some additional clarity to Semiprozine, Fanzine, (and Editor Short Form, which isn’t in the scope of this article). The important thing is the content, not the container or medium or means of delivery.

The answer to the general question about whether genre websites, including blogs, are eligible in principle is clearly yes, since the rules now explicitly permit works published in other media in several categories. The follow-up question is which websites and blogs are eligible in which categories, and are there easy to understand guidelines for nominators?

Under the revised rules, a web-only publication of an individual work, or series of

issues of a work, would certainly be eligible as a Fanzine, Semiprozine or Related Work, depending on whether it satisfies the specific category rules. There are hard boundaries between Fanzine and Semiprozine: a work either meets two of the five tests, and is therefore a Semiprozine, or it doesn't, and so is a Fanzine. (For instance, a notable fanzine changed category in 2003, when its editor decided to declare it a Semiprozine., and it presumably satisfied at least one other condition for Semiprozine.). If a work is eligible to be a Fanzine or Semiprozine, then it is not eligible to be a Best Related Work.

Many genre websites, including blogs, are continuously updated with material, making them difficult to classify as individual works or 'issues'. 'Issues' of a magazine or fanzine have two characteristics: they comprise **discrete** blocks of **new** material. Reference, news, and SF club and convention websites comprise much-changing material. Other sites such as the various online fanzines and magazines are largely containers for individual works. Blogs and some other genre sites are somewhere in between – is each article/blog entry an individual work or issue in its own right or is it the whole that is the work? And how often does an update need to occur to trigger eligibility?

The eligibility criteria in Fanzine and Semiprozine include the condition: 'which by the close of the previous calendar year has published four (4) or more issues (or the equivalent in other media), at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year'. That's an easy test for works, whether paper or online, which comprise clearly labeled, separate issues, but less easy for continuously updated websites such as blogs or clubs and cons.

In regard to the requirements of discreteness, WSFS clearly wants electronic media to be included. Blogs are a vital part of the electronic fan writing scene just now. I suspect that 'issue' in this context is a proxy for 'new content'.

I would accept that any content update in the previous calendar year would be sufficient for the last eligibility criterion, but how to assess 'four or more issues'? One can imagine the extreme case of a blog with four short entries, by a popular genre figure, being eligible in the minds of some nominators, and arguably passing the 'letter of the law'.

I asked Ben Yalow to provide some additional background information on the eligibility rules and with his permission I have reproduced some of his key comments. (In one place I generalized a reference to a regular recent nominee):

Historically, there was a two-part test for a paper publication to meet for deciding its eligibility. The first criterion was

whether it was a "this year" work or not -- did an issue appear in the appropriate year? And that test is common to all of the Hugo categories. But for a web site, or something in some other medium that is continually modified (rather than having a quantized "issue"), the judgment has to be whether there is sufficient new material to trigger eligibility. And, for that, I would expect the guidance would have to be to follow the will of the voters unless it's so obviously wrong as to be absurd. For instance if a blogger had only one post to a sizeable existing blog in a year, then it would probably be considered too minimal an amount to re-qualify it -- but it should probably be something equally absurd to trigger that administrator action.

The second part -- the "four issues" test -- should be interpreted based on the parliamentary history of what that was inserted into the Constitution to do. Although we don't have minutes for the Business Meeting where that was adopted (Seacon, in 1961), we do know the cause. Specifically, "Who Killed Science Fiction?" (Earl Kemp's one-shot) appeared on the ballot, and actually won -- and the Business Meeting decided that one-shots shouldn't be eligible in Fanzine (and it was carried across to Semiprozine when Fanzine got split). So the "four issues" test -- which is easy to administer for things that proclaim themselves as having quantized issues -- needs an equivalent test, which is what the wording "(or the equivalent in other media)" tells the administrator to do. So, for a blog/web site, the question is whether it's a one-shot item (for example, a blog set up for people to post on at a specific Conflu should be considered a one-shot, and not eligible, even though it has lots of individual posts), or an ongoing item, which is the equivalent to the "four issues" test for continuous-posting media.

I think there is a lot of sense in that, which I would summarise as: a nominee must have substantial original content in the year in question, and that it be more than a flash in the pan, (the Hugo is designed not to be awarded to a one-shot wonder), and therefore had substantial material in prior years.

What guidance is available then, in terms of how much new material triggers eligibility? It is not my role to supplant WSFS and so I can't give a definitive minimum count of words, and I also can't declare that the concept of 'issue' is meaningless. Some guidance is needed to avoid a situation where a trivially small amount of work is considered sufficient. So I think a useful rule of thumb

would be that new material, comparable to the amount of new material in an issue of a typical small fanzine, appeared in the last year, and that substantially more than that appeared overall. Any blog, or news-site or other website which has new material each year, and which is popular enough to get enough legitimate nominations to get on the ballot, should be able to exceed this.

I hope these are perceived as reasonable suggestions, which will work in combination with the will of the nominators and a certain degree of judgment by the administrator. The Hugos don't run in a vacuum and most nominators and voters are familiar with the rules and aren't trying to game the system.

In summary, unless I feel very certain a work is technically ineligible, (which includes having only a trivial amount of new material), I will accept the will of the nominators. It is therefore up to the electorate to act as the jury on the facts and answer the question: *'Is this work a fanzine (or semiprozine or Related Work) or not?'*

I've found it useful to think through these questions, and I'm very grateful to Chris Barkley, Paul Dormer, Paul Ewins, Mike Glyer, John Lorentz, Mark Olson, Kevin Standlee, Ben Yalow and others, who took the time to offer opinions and background information. Some things are much clearer to me and others no doubt need further thought. New Hugo rules can take some time to settle down, and sometimes they need to be revised in order to provide more clarity. Some of the people I have talked to have also taken a line that we should be more prescriptive about what a Fanzine is, and that blog writers should only be eligible for Fan Writer. I leave that to those who can make a persuasive case at the WSFS Business Meeting.

I expect that the best guidance will be provided by the actual nominations from fans who genuinely want to celebrate and reward what they think has been best in the genre, which after all is really at the heart of both Worldcon and the Hugos. The members of WSFS are a very large jury, and it's up to each person to make their own individual decision about whether a work is a fanzine (etc.) or not.

I welcome comments and suggestions.

+Vincent Docherty wfs@aussiecon4.org.au



Ray Bradbury's 89th Birthday

89 And 10

by John King Tarpinian: Ray Bradbury had two birthday parties on August 22. The first one happened at one of his favorite places, a bookshop. This bookshop, Mystery and Imagination, is owned by dear friends of Ray of some thirty plus years. People that came to show their love for Ray were long time friends, William F. Nolan, George Clayton Johnson, Earl Hamner, Jr. and Bo Derek (she's still a 10 guys).

Many gifts were given, twenty-seven bottles of wine alone. Speeches were

made. Much love and admiration filled the room to capacity. It was estimated that 300 people joined in at the bookshop while another 100 attended the theatre that evening. It was a wonderful day and the 90th party is in the planning stages.

The following day Ray spent time with his four daughters and eight grandchildren. I wish to thank them for sharing their dad/grandpa with us on his actual birthday. Live Forever!

Good and Crowded

By John Hertz: If you thought an 89th birthday party for Ray Bradbury at a bookshop would be crowded, you'd be right. If you thought it would be an occasion to buy his books and get them signed, you'd be right. As June Moffatt said when I reported by phone, these were good things.

Bookfellows, 238 N. Brand Bl., Glendale, CA 91203 (also called "Mystery and Imagination", the name of their Website), is a new and used-book shop with a fine s-f stock. The party started at 1 p.m. on Saturday, August 22nd, Bradbury's actual birthday. The Cosmic Joker keeps making me type "Bardbury." This too may be a good thing.

On a giant greeting-card shopowners Christine & Malcolm Bell had written "You're a living book", so below I wrote "because you've set us all afire". A chocolate cake with orange icing was decorated with a Jack-o'-lantern wearing eyeglasses. We all sang "Happy Birthday".

Outside, which was no less crowded, only different, George Clayton Johnson was talking about heroes. I said, "You yourself are one of the heroes." He said, "You're observant as ever." I bowed. He did too.

Inside, Matthew Tepper and Charles Lee Jackson II told me they hadn't known about the party, just came looking for books. Tepper said, "This is the second time I've gone to a bookshop and found Ray Bradbury there." It was so crowded Tepper took out a hand-phone and called Christine Bell to ask whether she had a book he wanted.

I told Jan Bender I was sad she hadn't exhibited in the Worldcon Art Show at Montréal. She said she'd been daunted by the prospect of Customs problems. I asked if she'd tried the special procedure the Art Show had worked out, better, I'd heard, than Torcon III in 2003. She said she'd heard nothing from the Worldcon at all, indeed wondering if her Attending Membership payment had gotten lost, so that upon arriving she dutifully paid for an Attending Member-

ship only to be asked farther down the line "Why do you want two Attending Memberships?"

Bo Derek brought Bradbury a birthday present, which shows how little I know about celebrities. It was a good party.

Bradbury's Bullet Trick

From Gauntlet Press

Review By John King Tarpinian: If you are a Bradbury fan *Bullet Trick* is a must-have. This is a compilation of never-before-published material. Not new material *per se*, but never made available to the public in book format.

In this volume you get five teleplays written by Bradbury. These five teleplays were original to the small screen not translated from previous works. These stories appeared on TV from 1955 to 1969...during a more golden age of fear and paranoia.

A real treat are the two teleplays Ray wrote for Twilight Zone that never aired, *Here There Be Tygers* and *a Miracle of Rare Devices*. Included in the Lettered Edition is *I Sing the Body Electric*, which was Ray's only TZ program.

The Bullet Trick was written for Jane Wyman and is about the magician Ching Ling Soo. Included is a preface by Bradbury, the contract and the teleplay.

Christmas "The Gift" was aired as part of the Steve Canyon series, a very uplifting holiday story and aired December 20, 1958. This is a story in which Steve Canyon tries to explain Christmas to a little girl who has never celebrated the holiday.

Tunnel to Yesterday was inspired by an article Ray read in *Time Magazine*. In this case it is about Nazis that do now know that WWII is over.

The Jail was written for Alcoa Premiere. Included is a neat photo of Ray with James Barton, Norman Lloyd and John Gavin. Directed by Lloyd and airing in 1962. Oh yes, the narrator was Fred Astaire.

"The book contains two prose adaptations Bradbury wrote after he wrote the screenplays. Both "Bullet Trick" and "Hand In Glove" ("The Jail") are far different than the teleplays.

Dial Double Zero begins with ghost voices you never hear on a telephone and I'll leave you with the final line from the story, "The White House. Good Evening." I'll leave you wanting to know what is in-between.



People: (1) Ray Bradbury's 89th birthday cake; (2) Sylvia Mancini helps Ray blow out the candles; (3) Bo Derek poses for photo with Ray. (Photos by John King Tarpinian.)

Conventional Reportage

Capclave
October 17-19, 2009
Rockville, MD
By Martin Morse Wooster

This year's participants at Capclave, once again held at the Rockville Hilton, were greeted with all sorts of warnings. Roam the halls with a drink in your hand, we were told, and the hotel's alcohol cops would arrest you and send you to the slammer. The con suite items, we were told, were strictly limited by order of local food regulators. (These regulators apparently told the staff to "buy stuff at Costco" and "don't supply any non-caffeinated diet sodas.")

Despite all these warnings, I had my usual good time at Capclave. Like the past several Capclaves attendance was probably around 300. WSFA would love to get Capclave up to around 500 attendees, and there have been lots of complaints about how the low attendance was due to The Greying of Fandom. The WSFAns tried to boost attendance by placing a notice in the online *Washington Post* literary calendar and handing out fliers at the National Book Festival. These activities do not seem to have helped. WSFA also offered discounts of the \$65 at the door admission price to students and soldiers. I couldn't tell how many students showed up, but I didn't see anyone in uniform.

WSFA decided to revive WSFA Press, which produced four titles in the 1990s and one title in 2005. The goal was to provide Capclave with a second income stream from book collectors. WSFA proceeded with the project even though three of the four '90s books and the 2005 *Future Washington* anthology are still in print. The result, *Reincarnations*, collects seven short stories of Author GoH Harry Turtledove, one of which is original. It's an attractive little (5" by 8") book, produced by Sean Wallace of Prime Press and designed by the Australian book-packaging firm Linduna.

I only managed to get to one panel, called "Save the Magazines!" featuring former *Asimov's* and *Amazing* editor George Scithers, *Asimov's* editor Sheila Williams, the Editor GoH, and a bunch of people affiliated with webzines in some way. Williams said that her magazine and the three other Dell fiction magazines were among the first ones to sign up for the Amazon Kindle, and that the Kindle was sending new customers her

way. She said she now sees her magazine as a hybrid between print and electronic versions.

Williams noted that *Asimov's* circulation had been artificially inflated for years by Publishers Clearing House subscriptions, and that she expected the print version would be around for a good long while. She also discounted warnings that the prozines were doomed. "People say, 'You're going to die. You're going to die,' Williams said. "Magazines die all the time."

I asked the panelists how to get people under the age of 50 interested in print fiction magazines. No one provided a coherent answer.

WSFA held its Small Press Award ceremony on Saturday night. Capclave members were asked to wear "fancy dress, like Oscars and Tonys." No one dressed up except for WSFA president Lee Strong and Colleen Cahill, who chaired the committee overseeing the award. The winner was Greg Siewert's "The Absence of Stars: Part I," from the December 2008 *Orson Scott Card's Intergalactic Medicine Show*. Siewert thanked the "Washington Science Fiction Writers Association," a "super-talented" group. He also promised that Part II would appear Real Soon Now.



The guests of honor were then given awards. Harry Turtledove got a globe that floated above its platform thanks to electromagnets. (The globe, Turtledove explained, was "run by elves.") Sheila Williams got an engraved whisky flask, which complemented the bottle of single malt Scotch she had gotten earlier in a private ceremony.

Afterwards, Williams was explaining how before the Internet science fiction was hard to find. She explained that she was talking to Rusty Hevelin, who told her about how Back in the Day fans would use "hexographs" to Pub Their Ish.

"Hectographs?" I said.

"Yes, hectographs," she said. "In any case, you took this jelly and..."

I left for home, knowing that fans, even in the age of LiveJournal and cosplay, could still timebind.

Chicago in 2012 Adds Online Pulp

So many writers have been interested in contributing stories to the Chicago worldcon bid's series of collectible pulps that extra issues will be created and posted at the Chicago in 2012 website where fans can read them for free.

The series of paper issues are available to fans who buy \$20 for a "pulp collector" membership to support the bid. There have been five mini-magazines so far, each with a story by a well-known sf writer and a cover by a notable artist.

The authors and titles of the stories to date are: Frederik Pohl, "Bialystok Stronghead and the Mermen" (8/08), Mike Resnick, "The Paternal Flame" (11/08), Matthew Woodring Stover, "South Loop Whipsaw" (2/09), Phyllis Eisenstein, "Boltzmann Schiaparelli and the Lizard King" (6/09), Gene Wolfe, "Planetarium in Orbit" (8/09) and Roland J. Green "Root Canals at Lane Tech" (11/09).

The cover artists have been: Frank R. Paul, delphyn woods, Stephan Martinière, Randy Broecker, Deb Kosiba and Kaja Foglio.

The next paper issue will be released at Capricorn in February.

The first free online issue was posted in September, featuring Richard Garfinkle's "Eternal Quadrangle" and a cover by Alesandra Kelley. In October, Lois Tilton's "The Chapter of the Transfixing of the Heart" with a Brad Foster cover was released. Others will follow in the months no paper issues are scheduled to come out.

A WesterConChord

ConChord 23, the Southern California filk convention, will partner with Westercon 63, both to be held at the same Pasadena location over the July 4 holiday in 2010. There will be an Ace Double-style Program Book....

New Aussiecon 4 Rate

Aussiecon 4's membership rate increase took effect September 1. The new US attending rate is \$225.

BASFA 1000

The Bay Area Science Fiction Association celebrated its 1000th meeting October 4, during SiliCon.



Charles N. Brown

As reported last issue, *Locus* publisher, editor, and co-founder Charles N. Brown (1937-2009) died peacefully in his sleep July 12, 2009 on his way home from Readercon.

Charles Nikki Brown A Personal Perspective by Tony Lewis

*Reprinted from Instant Message #823
by permission of the author*

I first met Charlie in 1966. He was very interested in the Boston in 1967 bid – run by Dave Vanderwerf, Mike Ward and Erwin Strauss. The newly formed Boston Science Fiction Society was making the bid; members included Leslie Turek, Ben Bova, Alma Hill and others in the area. I was busy finishing my thesis and fighting my draft board so I never joined. BoSFS also started running Boskones to gain experience and credibility. Charlie was a major advisor. After all, I believe he and Marsha helped convert Lunacon from a one-day affair to a weekend convention.

After the defeat in the voting at Tricon in 1966 – Boston came in fourth of four, it was believed that a major restructuring was needed. By this time, Charlie's section of New York fandom (mostly Charlie, Marsha and Elliott Kay Shorter) were sometimes referred to as Boston South. Late in 1967, after NyCon III, NESFA was formed to bid for a Boston Worldcon. BoSFS turned over all its assets to NESFA – basically, one large coffee urn, the right to the name Boskone, and a small amount of money.

Charlie felt that one of the elements of defeat was the bad press Boston had gotten in the fanzine *Focal Point* and resolved to run a

strong bidzine for the next Eastern site selection. That was originally 1970 but moved to 1971 when Heidelberg bid for 1970. Charlie, along with Dave Vanderwerf and Ed Meskys were to be tri-editors with each responsible for one aspect – editorial, reproduction, mailing, etc. The first trial issue was scheduled for May of 1968; it featured news of Suford Lewis' auto accident – 10 days after her marriage to Tony – for the next few issues the main articles were of auto and other accidents in fandom. That first issue was run off in the Lewis's living room in Belmont, MA on Tony's AB Dick mimeograph.

There was some discussion on the name of the zine – in some alternate universe it was called *Pulsar* --- but it was decided to name it *Locus*. From the first, *Locus* was partisan and supported the Boston (and other) bids; it was only later, as the magazine segued to a more professional look that this aspect was dropped. Early on it was found that a tri-editorship didn't work and Charlie became the sole editor. Dave Vanderwerf eventually completely gaffed and Ed Meskys was having trouble with his vision. After two trial issues *Locus* went "official" and has continued on a regular basis ever since. As a fanzine, *Locus* used to produce an annual art issue with contributions from many of the major professional and fan artists of the day. This practice ended as the fannish aspect diminished.

That year a large group of "Greater Boston" fans took rooms and a large suite at Bay-Con – Charlie and Marsha, Elliott, Frank Prieto, Paul Galvin, Leslie Turek, Cory Seidman, et al. We rented a minivan and toured the area after the convention.

The next year, 1969, Charlie and Marsha were divorced.

In the Summer of 1970, a group of ten "greater Boston" fans rented a minivan and drove to Oromocto, New Brunswick to see John Mansfield and the Base Gagetown Science Fiction Club. This was the first – and only – OromoctoCon. Charlie was on this trip as was Dena Benatan who was to be Charlie's second wife. We joked as we passed into New Brunswick that Dena was no longer a

time zone virgin as, for the first time in her life, she left the Eastern time zone. Later that year, at the academic Secondary Universe III conference, Dena was the one who wrote on the blackboard "get science fiction out of the classroom and into the gutter where it belongs." That year Charlie and Dena were married and *Locus* was nominated for its first Hugo.

In 1972 Charlie and Dena moved to the Bay Area and I only saw them at conventions. Charlie kept editing, writing reviews for *Locus* and elsewhere. In 1977 he and Dena were divorced. I believe she went to South Africa with her parents.

Charlie kept working on *Locus*, now full-time, winning award after award. Charlie was Special Guest at Boskone 40, 2003, at the Sheraton Boston. He was never a Worldcon guest of honor which is a shame. [Soon after Tony wrote this obituary, Brown was named one of Reno's GoH's.] Charlie's later career is more "public" and will be printed in full in an obituary in *Locus*.

I last saw Charlie the Saturday of Readercon 2009. His parting words were "See you at Montreal." Alas, that will not occur.

Wrai Ballard

Legendary Seattle fanzine fan Wrai Ballard died July 24. He was 85 and very ill. He is survived by his wife, Carol and two children, Sylvia Pilgrim and Donald Ballard.

Ballard did his share of good writing in 60+ years as a fan. And he achieved immortal fame by inspiring Lee Jacobs' mock epic Ballard Chronicles, a series of genre parodies for SAPS. The installment named "Six-Gun Ballard, the Musquite Kid" became a fan-made movie. Al Lewis was the cameraman, Ron Ellik played the title character, and Ernie Wheatley, John and Bjo Trimble, Karen Anderson, Ron Ellik, Robert Lichtman, Terry Carr and Charles Burbee appeared in other roles.

Ben Indick

Ben Indick (1923-2009), popular and highly esteemed fanzine fan, passed away September 28 at the age of 86 after a period of shaky



OBITUARIES

health. He is survived by his wife, Janet, two grown children and two grandchildren.

In years gone by Ben was a prolific writer of letters of comment to fanzines, *File 770* luckily among them. He became one of the leading personalities in Donn Brazier's famous *Title* in the 1970s.

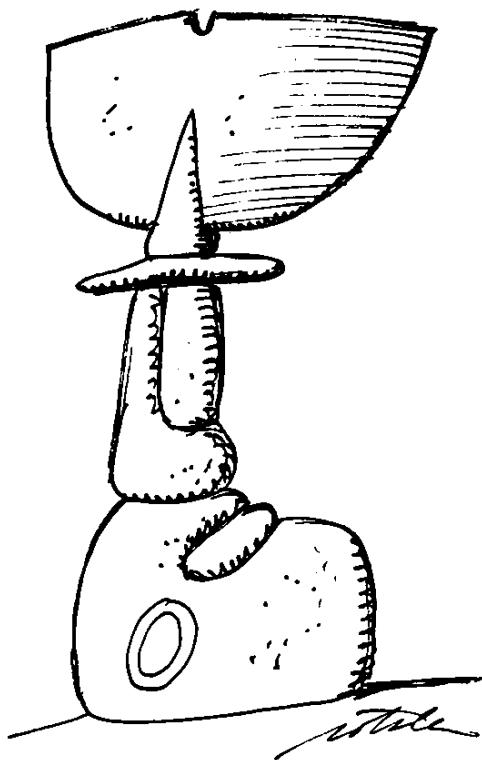
Ben received the First Fandom Hall of Fame award at Anticipation. Besides his long-running fanzine *Ben's Beat*, he wrote volumes of articles for other zines and participated in REHUPA, the Robert E. Howard United Press Association.

His nonfiction book *George Alec Effinger: From Entropy to Budayeen* appeared in 1992. He also wrote scholarly and pro articles, reviews and stories. "H. Russell Wakefield: The Man Who Believed in Ghosts" appeared in *Discovering Classic Horror Fiction* (Borgo Press, 1992) and his interview of Nelson S. Bond ran in *Publishers Weekly*.

Robert Lichtman advised the Trufen list: "Contributions in Ben's memory can be made to The Dramatists Guild Fund. The Guild, of which he was a lifetime member, is America's national organization of playwrights, and is a group that was dear to his heart." [Source: Andrew Porter]

Shel Dorf

Shel Dorf, one of the creators of the San Diego Comic-Con, passed away November 3 of kidney failure at the age of 76.



Dorf ran Detroit's "Triple Fan Fest" before moving to California. When he met Ken Krueger, owner of Alert Books in Ocean Beach, they gathered other enthusiasts and held the first Golden State Comic Con, at San Diego's U.S. Grant Hotel in 1970.

Dorf led the convention for about 15 years, but as Mark Evanier tells it on his "News From Me" site, "There's a long, uncomfortable story of how he came to be estranged from the organization. Many of us witnessed it (and tried to help) but it was one of those problems that just could not be solved, at least to his satisfaction."

Dorf confessed to the San Diego *Union-Tribune* in a 2006 interview "We had no idea it would get this big. To me, it's just become an ordeal. I don't know of any way to make it smaller, though. I guess in some ways it's become too much of a success."

There remained bonds of respect and affection, however. Six of the original Comic-Con committee members visited Dorf in the hospital on October 17. And many others posted salutes to the Shel Dorf Tribute site before he died.

Ken Krueger

Comic-Con cofounder Ken Krueger passed away November 21 from a heart attack, reports *Digital Spy*. While Krueger is best known for helping plant the seeds of the popular megacon by his work on the first Golden State Comic-Con in 1970, he had a long history in sf fandom before that.

Krueger attended the first Worldcon in 1939. He part of the group photograph taken at the Slan Shack that appeared in *All Our Yesterdays*, probably shot during one of the large fannish gatherings there during WWII, since he was living in Buffalo around that time.

During the 1950s Krueger had a small press of his own, Shroud. He published such books as *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath* by H. P. Lovecraft.

Gene Van Troyer

Poet and sf author Gene Van Troyer, 58, died July 17 of cancer.

Van Troyer worked as an English teacher in Japan. He served for a time as an assistant editor of *Star*Line*, newsletter of the Science Fiction Poetry Association.

With Grania Davis, he ed-

ited *Speculative Japan: Outstanding Tales of Japanese Science Fiction and Fantasy*, presenting stories by Japanese writers in English translation, a book launched at Nippon 2007.

He is survived by his wife Tomoko, daughter Miika, and sons Makato and Akito.

Hal Haag

Baltimore fan Hal Haag died from an apparent heart attack on August 12. He was a former Balticon chair and its regular gaming host. He served on the Baltimore Science Fiction Society Board of Directors. In recent years served as an officer of the Maryland Games Club. He was also involved in running the Farpoint Convention Gaming Room as well as multiple other gaming events in the area. [Source: Skip Morris]

Don Ivan Punchatz

Famed illustrator Don Ivan Punchatz (1936-2009) died October 22 of cardiac arrest. He was an acknowledged influence on the sf art field who did some of the most iconic sf book covers of his generation. As the *New York Times* noted: "Mr. Punchatz was a skilled hyperrealist with a penchant for the fantastic and absurd. His cover art for works like Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* trilogy and Harlan Ellison's *Dangerous Visions* anthology was a striking blend of romantic metaphor and supernatural fantasy - what one colleague called 'elegantly weird.' He worked for the paperback publishers Ace, Dell, Avon, Warner and NAL."

In Passing

Zanny Leach Dillson, a Chattanooga fan died from leukemia on September 25. She was on the Chattacon board for over 20 years, served as Treasurer and ran several departments over that time, including consuite. She was 56.

Barbara Bova died in September, reports *SF Site*. She ran a literary agency and had been married to Ben Bova for 35 years.

Melbourne fan, **David McDonnell**, passed away from cancer on 21 July. [Source: *Australian SF Bullshead*]

Specialty press publisher **Donald M. Grant** passed away in Florida on August 19 after an illness lasting some years. He is survived by his wife, Shirley, and his two children.

Don was member of PEAPS for a short time. (The Pulp Era Amateur Press Society founded by long-time SF fan Lynn Hickman). He'd been retired to Florida for the past several years.

Noted commercial illustrator **Edward**

Valigursky died September 7 at the age of 82. He worked as an art director or did covers for *Amazing Stories*, *IF* and *Fantastic Adventures* in the 1950s and 1960s.

British fantasy author **Louise Cooper** passed away on October 21 of a brain aneurysm at her home in Cornwall at the age of 57.

Mary Schaub (1943-2009) passed away September 25, *SFWA News* reports. She collaborated with Andre Norton on the Witch World novel *The Magestone*, and wrote many short stories set in Norton's fantasy universes.

It was recently learned that St. Louis fan **Bob Schoenfeld**, died in 2006. He was a member of The Saturday People (the invitational club in St. Louis), editor of the St. Louiscon Program Book, and publisher of two comics-oriented fanzines, *Gosh Wow* and *On the Drawing Board*. [Source: Joyce Katz, *Andrew Porter*]

Anne Janet Braude

by Ed Meskys & Bruce Arthurs

Anne Braude (1942-2009) died quietly in her sleep in Kindred hospital, Peoria, Arizona, Tuesday afternoon, August 25. Her friends Bruce Arthurs and M.R. "Hilde" Hildebrand were by her side.

Anne had been in increasingly poor health for several weeks when she asked Bruce to take her to the emergency room at nearby Banner Thunderbird Medical Center on June 7th. On June 9 she underwent emergency abdominal surgery, from which she was never able to fully recover. She remained in intensive care for much of the next two months, until she was transferred on August 18th to Kindred Hospital, an extended acute-care facility.

She entered the science fiction community in 1965 when fellow UC Berkeley graduate student Ruth Berman brought her to a meeting of the local SF club, the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Marching, and Chowder Society. Anne quickly became a regular contributor to my *Niekas*, Buck & Juanita Coulson's *Yandro*, and other fanzines, initially writing as "Nan Braude." By 1989, when *Niekas* was again nominated for the Best Fanzine Hugo award, Anne was listed as one of the editors, along with Mike Bastraw and myself.

Also in the 1960's, Anne expanded her interests into the new Society for Creative Anachronism, doing a column for their magazine *Tournaments Illustrated*, and the Mythopoeic Society. She attended a few west coast conventions before she returned to her parents' home, a condo in Scottsdale, AZ, where she continued to live after her parents' death. In 2002, she sold it and bought a home in



(Left) **Wrai Ballard**; (Right) **Donald M. Grant** (photo by Andrew Porter.)

Glendale, AZ, whose back yard connected to that of Bruce and Hilde, long-time friends.

She entered the internet late but with a vengeance. For her, a very formative book was Kenneth Graham's *Wind in the Willows*, and her favorite character was Mole. Later, William Horwood's *Duncton Wood* was another landmark book, and she fixed on moles as a personal icon. She took Talpianna, Latin for "mole" combined with her name, as her on-line identity, and collected mole figurines and other paraphernalia. She spent much time on the internet, largely on listservs and forums dealing with words, the English language, and romantic suspense novels. One of her most important lists was Delphi forum Dictionary.com, to which she contributed over 55,000 posts and comments.

Her father had been a West Point graduate and career Army, so Anne spent her youth all around the world, transferring from school to school and never establishing roots. In 1962, she was a member of the undefeated champion GE College Bowl (a predecessor of tele-

vision's Jeopardy) team of DePauw University. She read very widely and had a phenomenal memory.

She was an intelligent scholar and skilled writer, wrote some brilliant pieces for *Niekas*, and helped edit some issues. She was sole editor of the special issue, *Andre Norton: Fables and Futures*. With Fred Lerner, she compiled a glossary to all the literature referred to by John Myers Myers in his novel, *Silverlock*. This was later included in the NESFA Press reissue of *Silverlock*. She sold two fantasy stories, "The Quincunx Solution" in *Catfantastic IV* edited by Andre Norton, and "For A Transcript, Send Five Dollars" in *Olympus* edited by Bruce Arthurs, as well as an article to Ellery Queen Mystery magazine and some poems. She was a frequent correspondent with numerous fans and writers.

We are planning a special issue of *Niekas* in honor of her life and writing, and solicit reminiscences, and suggestions of items to reprint.



John Hertz Westercon Notebook

Westercon LXII “FiestaCon,” July 2-5, 2009

Mission Palms Hotel, Tempe, Arizona

Writer Guest of Honor, Alan Dean Foster; Graphic Artist, Todd Lockwood; Editor, Stan Schmidt; Fans, Doreen & Jim Webbert; Toastmasters, Teresa & Patrick Nielsen Hayden. Attendance about 600. In the Art Show, about \$5,200 sales by 51 artists.

Chris Garcia, who in my mind used to be Lightning Lad until I was shown how abysmally ignorant of the Legion of Superheroes that proved me, was to run the Fanzine Lounge. I looked forward to this. However mispoetically I had characterized his powers, it was within them. He would be electric. He proved unable to attend. I was asked to replace him, although I am more like – no, I won’t. Anyhow I agreed. I accumulated sample fanzines for people to browse through, decorations, and following the Geri Sullivan rule, toys. These I shipped ahead, or more accurately trucked. Fanzines are heavy, man. I considered packing myself in one of the cartons but in the event went by air. After Herb Kelleher retired as president of Southwest Airlines there wasn’t as much bourbon as there had been. But it was all right.

Also I had with Programming picked Classics of S-F to discuss. These were Asimov’s *End of Eternity*, Davidson’s “Or All the Seas with Oysters,” and Stevenson’s “Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” The Davidson was partly a tribute to Teresa Nielsen Hayden, who edited the wonderful *Avram Davidson Treasury* for Tor. I had a *tendre* for “Take Wooden Indians,” which is actually more of a science fiction story, though it’s not so easy saying what anything of Davidson’s is, but I realized what the choice had to be. I repeated a successful stunt from L.A.con IV (2006 Worldcon). There I got permission from the holder of rights to C.L. Moore’s “No Woman Born” for us to make a copy available on the con Website through Closing Ceremonies. For “Oysters” I was able to do likewise.

Eternity has been called the most unusual of the Good Doctor’s books, perhaps his best. A note about it by me is on the Web, <www.collectingsf.com/hertz/

end_of_eternity.html>. To “Jekyll and Hyde” the best guide I know is Nabokov, in his posthumously published *Lectures on Literature* (also has Kafka’s “Metamorphosis”), as usual perceptive, poetic, and powerful. “Oysters” won Davidson a Hugo and is probably his best-known. There’s an introduction in the *Treasury* by Guy Davenport. Reading is the root.

The Phoenix airport had aviative moments etched in glass panels along a slide-way. I noted Leonardo da Vinci. Nearby, Tempe was hot, but the con was cool. Or Tempe was cool, and the con was hot. Christian McGuire, with the truck, again brought spectacular s-f matte and illustration from Local 790, I.A.T.S.E. (Int’l Alliance of The-

Invulnerable good will clothed in oddity.

Fredson Bowers

atrical Stage Employees, Moving Picture Technicians, Artists, and Allied Crafts). I set up the Fanzine Lounge in the Cavetto Room next door. Mike Glyer, unable to attend, sent generous cartonsful of *File 770* free for the taking; several feet were gone by the end (hmm, sounds like a Tim Powers story). The hotel was set round a courtyard, titillating my sense of wonder each time I crossed between worlds of air. Restaurant tables in both worlds were populous.

Westercon is often the last chance to review the Hugo ballot before voting closes. With Anticipation (2009 Worldcon, Montréal) in August, votes had to be received by 9 p.m. Mountain Time on Friday. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. Programming chief Catherine Book, egged on by some propeller-head, scheduled the Westercon LXII Really Last Minute Nominees Review: Thursday at 5 p.m., Novella, Novelette, Short Story, and Short-Form Editor, with Kathryn Daugherty, Beth Meacham, Chris Paige; at 7, Pro and Fan Artist, with Tony Parker of Phoenix and me; at 9, Dramatic Presentation and Graphic Story, with James Daugherty and Parker; Friday at 6, Semiprozine, Fanzine, and Fanwriter, with David

Boop and me; at 7, Related Book, Long-Form Editor, and Novel, with Kathryn Daugherty and Paige – ending with an hour left, papermen long having mailed, electron-men still at it.

For me Thursday at 5 was “Jekyll and Hyde.” This and *Eternity* I led alone; for “Oysters” I joined Teresa Nielsen Hayden. Katherina Nability in the audience noted how holding Jekyll’s vices offstage had the effect for us of keeping them timeless. Hyde’s horror was heightened as he was gentlemanly in crime, avoiding a scene, paying up. We recognized three voices in the three narrators Utterson, Lanyon, and Jekyll, an achievement of the author’s; each drawing us farther on, lighting a new lamp, unveiling – though Jekyll thought he was veiling, to show us which was another achievement. See Jekyll’s marvelous hypocrisy, his minimization of his misdeeds. I asked, is he a scientist?

In the hotel lobby I met the Daughertys. James said it was too late to watch the Dramatic Presentation nominees. I said, anyone who’d seen them but was still undecided

Those infinitesimal jests that caused him at least such enormous merriment.

Patrick O’Brian

might be helped. Kathryn said, some who attend are readers, not voters, or at least not voters just now; they’re looking for things to read, to watch; I said, why not? A Classics of S-F talk is similar, some folks will re-read or read them, some won’t. Kathryn said, John Scalzi is reading the best-sellers of 1907. I later learned this was a specific set of books so marketed, namely F. Burnett, *The Shuttle*; R. Chambers, *The Younger Set*; R. Connor, *The Doctor*; F. Little, *The Lady of the Decoration*; G. McCutcheon, *The Daughter of Anderson*; H. MacGrath, *Half a Rogue*; M. Nicholson, *The Port of Missing Men*; Sir H. Parker, *The Weavers*; H. Rives, *Satan Sanderson*; L. Vance, *The Brass Bowl*.

Another gathering-place was a vestibule outside the Art Show and Dealers’ Room, with Site Selection, tables for con bids and for clubs, a big display about exploring

Space. The Webberts pondered the fate of their collection. Doreen said they'd been drawn to fandom by Bruce Pelz at the Tampa public library; he was reading fanzines and laughing. That never changed. I suggested they think of the Eaton Collection (Riverside campus, U. California). They knew his fanzines had gone there. I said, after seven years' labor a preliminary indexing was just finished. It can't be called the Rebecca and Leah collection, it would have to be Elayne and – no, I won't. Alice Massoglia ran the Hospitality Suite, which thrived with refreshment and conversation. Lee & Alexis Gilliland had come across the country, another East-West connection for Westercon.

Friday, 10 a.m. *Art Show* and *Print Shop* signs by the Southwest artist Sherlock, colorful and witty, had been preserved by local fans. I hadn't seen her work recently, but I later heard she exhibited at Armadillocon XXXI (Austin, 2009). Time for Sylvania Gish's Art Show tour. I remembered her wonderful bronze sculpture at Westercon LVII (*File 770* 144). She explained pit-firing pottery to the Gillilands: no glaze, lower temperatures than kilns, metals can emerge from the soil; once she'd wrapped a pot in a kitchen-scrubber to get copper. *Raku* pots by Brelyn Fidler, age 5, were the talk of the town. Gish said, her grandmother couldn't do these. "Zowie Pot," highlighted with copper, won Best 3-D. Art is not fundamentally dependent upon skill.

I know. But I kept the receipt.

Lisa Hayes

Kevin Standlee in a maple-leaf necktie for Anticipation rapped a model railroad car on the table to start the Business Meeting. *Absit omen*. A subcommittee of Standlee, James Daugherty, McGuire, and Ben Yalow pro-

posed deleting Section 3.4 of the Bylaws, the 75-mile Local Exclusion Rule. Glenn Glazer said his Westercon LXIV bid for San Jose, and Westercon LX in San Mateo chaired by Mike Siladi (who was present), although within 75 miles, were substantially different fan groups that should not be blocked from each other. Passed, subject to ratification next year. Tom Veal said it was the first time he'd voted on the prevailing side since Westercon XXXIX. Then *Eternity*. From the audience: "I love stories about moral choices. Asimov did that a lot." Another: "His longer fiction tends to bog down – except this." Another, female: "In *Eternity* he shows great insight into woman." I read aloud.

Right after, in the same room, I moderated "Masquerade Judging" with Sandy Manning and the Wombat. Programming didn't want to keep rooms stuck to "tracks," or assume only people with a special interest would go for a topic. We try, we said, to take everything into account. Manning said, show us the universe in which a character exists. The Wombat said, kings shouldn't slouch. John O'Halloran in the audience said, make it big. Chris O said, use the stage. I said, cultivate a sense of event. Another in the audience: what weight is given to music, to the Master of Ceremonies? We said, they can help you; we try not to let them hurt you. Another: what about mistakes? We said, recover well. At Bucconeer (1998 Worldcon, Baltimore) in "The Huntress" Jeanette & Brian Healey's living metal insectoid motorcycle collapsed, with its rider, but "Huntress" won Best in Show.

Three o'clock, "Oysters." Nielsen Hayden said Davidson was one of the great American writers of mid-century. I mentioned the *Treasury*. She'd helped sort boxes of Davidson's papers. She said, Davidson never gives the reader an opportunity to disagree. In "Oysters," at the moment when Ferd says he's afraid of bicycles as alien, it all sneaks up on you. Never tell things to an audience

before they want to know or before they know how it fits in. The meaning of a word is the negative space left by what the word doesn't mean. Gorg Huff in our audience

Perceptive analyses and the sparkling rallies of active minds.

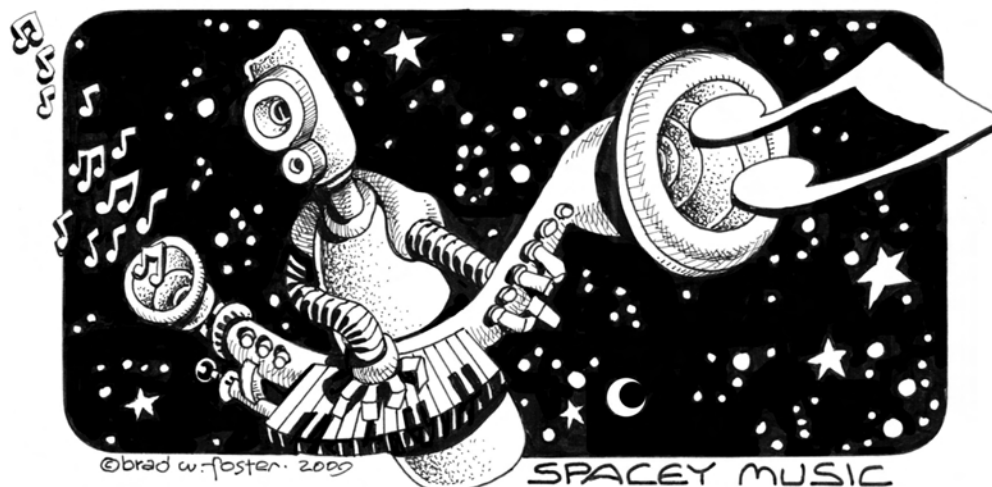
A.R. Humphreys

said, other words close down the meaning. Nielsen Hayden said, in dysfunctional prose the author doesn't close down anything. Davidson understood how talk works. Later I caught the last half of "Traditional Religions in S-F," which Nielsen Hayden moderated. I came in as she said "Remember, the Vatican's astronomer is a fan."

Boop liked *Weird Tales* among semiprozines, as others also eventually proved to; he praised its putting its original into today's world. Among fanzines he liked *File 770*. We discussed "amateur," and with a little time to spare he and I went to the Fanzine Lounge where he could look closer at some he'd scarcely seen. Regency Dancing at 8. I danced with Paige, reviewer for *ConNotations* and filker, who had been four years an Army medic, and knew Sean Smith from St. John's (founded 1696), the liberal-arts college that has a great-books program and means it. Later, to hear filking, until 3 a.m.; as I arrived, "Every act of creation is an act of love." Leslie Fish sang "Hard-copy everything that you do; hard copy lasts longer than you." I remembered to ask for the Don Simpson song "A Ship of Stone."

Saturday morning at 11, my Art Show tour (alas thus missing the Apollo XI 40th-anniversary panel). We saw in three black ceramic plates by Clay Martinez how his circles were subtly cracked, how he offset bright white lines by silver buttons. Joni Dashoff said, we're re-discovering artisanry. In Lockwood's "Twilight Realm," one highlight below a man's right ear invited all to notice the man's paintbrush and palette, though most of the picture was giant demons and death and an ambiguous frost goddess and flame. It won 1st place. A few minutes in the Green Room. Louise Kleba told of the American Indian Science & Engineering Society, begun by 2 men + 1 woman at Johnson Space Center. She is now a flight-crew representative for astronauts, had been on the Apollo panel.

Sarah Clemens' tour. Shadow is everything, she said; it's the anchor. Mark Roland's forests and magic cities looked lonely to her; he doesn't show



their people if they have any; the hinted face in “Enchanted Forest XVIII” seems no denizen – our dream? In “Dissent” and “Sunflower” we see he can do the human figure if he wants. Dashoff’s tour, 4 p.m. In a print of Richard Hescox’ “Space Vector” she pointed out the great diagonal marked by the missile magazine, the observer in his space-suit back-lit like the explosions on the planet, other detail allowed to fall away.

San Jose won the 2011 Westercon unopposed. Realizing we’d reached a Westercon

Indignation at such a mode of passing the evening, to the exclusion of all conversation.

Jane Austen

number that would for the first time require 7 binary digits, the committee modestly said it was going into seven bits on a two-bit horse. Regency clothes again to judge the Masquerade. I like the custom – it’s not required – that judges and the M.C. dress up, and since this is the funny-suit I’m known for, I wear it. Manning was Masquerade Director, Cary Riall the M.C., judges John O, Nyki Robertson, and me, workmanship judge Claudia Villa. We started at 6 so all would be free to watch fireworks. A week in advance the hotel sprang on the con that a cabaña would open on the swimming-pool deck selling food and drinks – not just to us – with an elaborate scheme of wristbands and maximum attendance. The committee negotiated.

Diana Gallegos as “Suki the Water Dragon” won Best Novice (also Best Workmanship in Class, self-molded fish heads, hand-painted armbands). John Autore as “Bachelor #1” (Journeyman), a Re-Creation entry from *Beauty and the Beast*, won a Workmanship Award for use of found objects; as a nice touch he carried a book *How to Have Sex in the Woods*. Best Journeyman was Tasha & Chuck Cady’s “Which Monkeys?,” the 1939 *Oz* movie’s Wicked Witch by cell-phone, two entrants who are always clever, showing in this case that a harvested field can still yield. Best Master was “He’s Just Not That Into You,” Angel Brent, Frances Burns, Diane Harris, Barbara Ratti, three Victorian ladies and a helpless Steampunk gentleman. A treat not in competition was “Destination Libation” from Costume-Con XXVII (2009, Baltimore), a Steampunk spectacular by Jeff Jennings, Nola Yergen Jennings, Jean Palmer, Jeanine Swick, and Gail Wolfenden Steib, with a brass engine and Guinness.

I drank four Ridge zinfandels with Linda & Rich McAllister, who had a good fireworks view. At the San Jose party, Glazer

acknowledged the danger to fankind of his having invited Mike Willmoth as Fan GoH, their known comic tendencies being likely to react. Perhaps there should be a Cadmium GoH. In the Hospitality Suite, the question *Are old or young more narrow-minded?* Some said *old*. I said *young*. During the con a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle grew together. Susan Potter Stone of Seattle, newly married to Tom Shaffer and recovering from widowhood, had come to help Massoglia with the blessing of her groom. Filking; a blonde in funny-animal shoes sang “Would you mind getting born somewhere else?” Simpson’s Jack London song, “I would rather be a comet sending out a shining spark than the mightiest of planets lost unheeded in the dark.”

Sunday noon, “The Effects of the World-Wide Web on Fanzines” with Jacqueline Lichtenberg. Some of us forget that the print runs of her *Star Trek* zines were 1,000 copies of 500-page issues. Her accomplishments are not to be sneezed at. She said fans deal with more mail than anyone else in the world, whether paper or E. I said, making a zine is

It came to be understood that where I was it was safe to turn your back.

Teresa of Ávila

an artistic act. From the audience, the Web is a distribution device. Lichtenberg said, fever drives people to the Web, like a gold rush. Plucking my same cord I said, art is not an extra; it’s woven in. *It’s easy* can be high but not highest. At Closing Ceremonies, the Nielsen Haydens said “Our first Westercon was Westercon XXXI,” famous in song and story. Two hours helping to load storage. Con chair Willmoth was everywhere.

Changes of Address

Ed Meskys, E-mail:

edmeskys @ roadrunner.com

Elayne Pelz, E-mail:

elayne@maileater.net

Alexander Slate, 4308 Ridgepath Drive,

Dayton OH 45424; E-mail:

alxsl8@yahoo.com

Garth Spencer, P.O. Box 74122, Hillcrest

Park, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V5V 3P0

Taral Wayne, E-mail: Taral@teksavvy.com

Garth Spencer changed his address a couple of years ago, I just overlooked it til now...

Kowal To Edit

Hugo Showcase Series

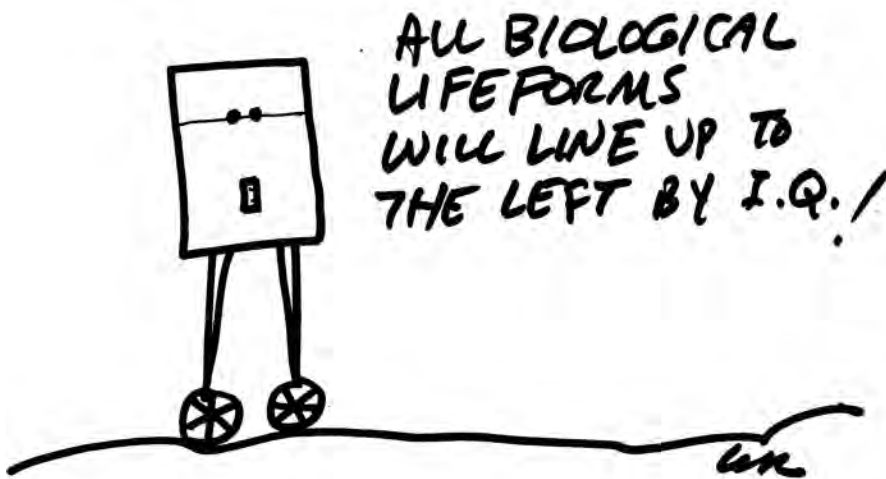
Next year Prime Books will publish the first volume of a projected Hugo Award Showcase series edited by Mary Robinette Kowal, beginning with the award-winning stories from 2009.

The official Hugo Awards site displays a beautiful mock-up of the proposed cover by Donato Giancola, winner of this year’s Best Professional Artist Hugo.

Beyond Bree 2010 Calendar

Beyond Bree, the Tolkien newsletter, is accepting orders for its 2010 art calendar. The theme is “Hobbits of the Shire.” There is new and reprinted art in both color and black-and-white by Ted Nasmith, Tim Kirk, Jef Murray, Sylvia Hunnewell, Louise Ying Chen, Octo Kwan and others. The calendar lists both Middle-earth dates and real-world holidays.

Proceeds go to benefit *Beyond Bree*, newsletter of the JRR Tolkien Special Interest Group of American Mensa



To Walk the Moon

A Convention Report

For the 2009 Worldcon in Montreal

by the Fan GoH

Taral Wayne

Part Un - Mercredi/Wednesday

A fan is Guest of Honour at a worldcon only once. It doesn't say so in the rules, so far as I know, but what are the odds of being chosen twice? In fact, the reality is that deserving fans far outnumber the select few who are actually honored. I joined an elite club of only three other Canadians. Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood in 1975, Robert Runté in 1993, and now *Taral Wayne in 2009*.

The story properly begins last year, when I received e-mail from the Montréal Worldcon bid asking if I was willing to be the Fan Guest of Honour if they won. I wasn't so burned out or disillusioned yet as to say "no," so I said "yes." The next few months were anxious ones, as I waited to learn whether the Worldcon would be held in Montréal or Kansas City, but for once the Ghods were acting on my behalf, and the voters chose another Canadian bid over the safe one.

By no means was this inevitable. I heard a lot of scuttlebutt before the voting, and it wasn't very reassuring. No one seemed terrifically enthusiastic about Kansas City, to be sure. But Canadian Worldcons are handicapped by a border that causes no end of petty hassles for dealers and artists trying to bring their material into the country. Worse, the border had been tightening up steadily since the destruction of the World Trade Center only two years before. American fans were faced with a possibility of having to have passports to enter Canada for the first time.

Worse, there had been a Canadian Worldcon not five years before. Torcon III had left few with fond memories, either. While short of a disaster, it was a

lackluster performance by all accounts, and behind the scenes were an unusual number of ugly little stories about personality clashes, arrogance, naiveté, and possible malfeasance. My own experience was one of frustration and disappointment. Efforts to contribute art to Torcon publications were rebuffed utterly, much to my astonishment. Although encouraged by some members of the con, there was no getting around the difficulty of a publications head who had not the least interest. Instead, the con relied almost exclusively on the con chairman's wife for art. Would it be rubbing it in too much to mention that Torcon III's program book was the most primitive looking since at least the early 1970s?

As if that weren't bad enough, I had been working with a furry fan named Tom to organize a presence of anthropomorphic fandom at the Worldcon. After months of fruitless e-mail that Torcon mostly ignored, the con made an unexpected announcement. They had nominated a third party (who did not even live in Toronto) as their liaison with the furries. At that point, I was so bloody furious I left the entire mess in Tom's hands, and swore off having anything more to do with Torcon. Tom, it has to be said, handled the matter with patience, and if nothing else at least manned a table for anthropomorphic fandom throughout the con.

You might go so far as to say that my acceptance of Montréal's offer was in part an unsubtle form of revenge.

The next year or so after Montréal announced its guests was a busy one for me. I've also chronicled it in great detail, in a number of articles such as "Looting the Worldcon," and "The Countdown,"

that appeared in several fanzines (notably in *Drink Tank*). There's no need to go over it again. Instead, we'll skip ahead to early August, a few days before Anticipation.

A number of things had to be rushed to completion, not the least being a colour drawing. Ultimately it wasn't used, but I couldn't know that at the time. I had things to pack, art to frame, banking that had to be done, arrangements to be made with a neighbor to look after my cat, and a new internet service provider to close a deal with before I could leave. Not the least of my problems was that I would have a houseguest.

Anticipation allowed me to bring a guest to the con. I wasn't married and didn't have a significant other, so I offered the freebie to Marc Schirmeister.

Schirm and I go way back. We first met at Iggy in 1978, and for many years I was his guest in LA whenever I attended ConFurence. He stayed here in 2003, for Torcon. Aside from a fold-out bed, though, I hadn't much to offer him that time. This time I could offer him his own bed in the main con hotel, a free membership, and the extra cost of travel from T.O. to Montréal.

The problem was, Schirm was arriving only the day before we left for the Worldcon. I had to pick him up at Pearson International as a matter of courtesy. Since the transit authority had begun regular bus service right to the terminal, getting to the airport had been cheap and easy. I arrived on time, and so did Schirm's flight. I hadn't seen him for a while. Let's say we'd *both* aged a bit... but gracefully. He was wearing a funny sort of pork pie hat he'd found at Target for under ten bucks. I had to smile more



The Toronto Islands were an archipelago that enclosed and created the harbor. Before the mid 19th century they hadn't even existed, but after a particularly violent storm, the sandbar across the Don River became a series of low, swampy islets. In time, plant growth solidified the sandbanks, and people moved to inhabit them. Most of the island chain was public parkland by the 1960s. Not only had there been a small town once, of which vestiges remained, but even a ball park. It was the original location for the old Maple Leafs team. Originally built in 1897, the grandstand was destroyed by fire and rebuilt several times. The 1910 stadium was officially Hanlan's Point Stadium, and known informally as the Island stadium. For the minor leagues, it was large and lavish. But its real claim to fame is that on September 5, 1914 Babe Ruth hit his first home run there. Unfortunately, the Leafs team left the Island for their new Maple Leaf Stadium on the mainland in 1925, and the Island stadium came down for the last time two years later. In 1939 the site was chosen for the King George VI Airport, and used for training in WWII. It's been in constant use for civil aviation as the Toronto Island Airport ever since.

at his luggage. Wherever he'd found that grip, it had likely once been the pride and joy of some teenage girl in 1962. Apart from being small – manageable as Schirm might have put it – it was bright red plastic. “Why don't you get one of those new roller board cases?” I asked. “You just pull those, and don't have to carry them.” “The wheels break,” he said. So do handles and snap fasteners, I thought, but being eccentric is what makes Schirm *Schirm*.

Most times, this would only mean a tight schedule. But at times I suffer back trouble, and naturally that Wednesday

after he left Toronto for Seattle – to take up a well-paid job with Microsoft. Although I had an official liaison with Anticipation for most things, I wanted someone who would keep an eye at me at the con and remind me what I should be doing, and when I was supposed to do it. Alan was my choice.

He made all my travel arrangements as well. Our first plan was to take the train. It wasn't all that hard to get to the airport, since public transit extended service via “the airport rocket.” Still, why spend an enormous amount of time in a terminal when I could catch a single

streetcar on the corner, and go directly downtown to Union Station to catch the train? As well, the station in Montréal was just across the street from the Delta Centre Ville, my hotel. The train would be more convenient, more pleasant, and cheaper by far.

So naturally, a few days before the con, VIA Rail went on strike.

Alan pulled strings quickly, switching my travel arrangements to Porter Air. Porter was a commuter airline that flew out of the Toronto Island Airport. It was a dinky airfield, but then it was a dinky island as well.

I'd never flown from the Island Airport before, nor on an inter-city commuter flight, so the change in plan wasn't unwelcome. It would even be a small adventure. So just as naturally as they went on strike, VIA Rail was back in service the same day Alan booked us all on the plane. We stuck with the plane.

Arrangements for flying were slightly more complicated though. Schirm and I had to meet Alan downtown, by the Royal York Hotel. Alan had his own guest, Jeanne Bowman, who I met for the first time. A shuttle bus stopped at the hotel and picked up passengers for the airport. It was a fairly short drive. Nevertheless, I thought we rode half way back the way we'd come before we finally pulled into a tiny ferry dock. The ferry itself was only a sort of floating bridge, with an open car deck below, and a one-room passenger deck above. It put out from the dock and crossed the 500-foot channel in about a minute.

From the ferry, we entered a lounge to wait for our flight. Waiting is waiting, but there was a whole world of difference between this, and the usual rows of not very comfortable seats and nothing to do at large airports. The Porter lounge was nicely carpeted, furnished with tables and comfy chairs, and had a self-serve refreshment bar stocked with snacks, soft drinks, juices, and coffee. Alan, Jeanne, Schirm and I had checked our luggage on leaving the ferry, and enjoyed a leisurely brunch with conversation before our flight was called. This was air travel as it was meant to be – not the mean, cramped, suspicious experience it's become in recent years. I had an opportunity to get

had to be one of those times. I managed well enough up to a point. Then random chance reared its ugly head. I had no way to know that streetcar service had been interrupted by repair, and the route diverted. We were left on foot about a mile from home, and had to carry Schirm's luggage the whole way. Much as I enjoyed the time together, catching up on gossip and old times, the walk back nearly reduced me to a cripple. If it had been any other time, I would have rested the next day, spending my time off my feet, hanging around the apartment, and that would have done the trick.

But it wasn't any other time. Next day, *early*, we were meeting Alan Rosenthal, downtown.

Alan was my “minder” for the con. Like Schirm, he was an old, old friend. In fact, I knew Alan when I think he was literally a kid. We were friends while he went through university for his engineering degree, and we remained friends

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to know Jeanne, and quickly learned that she liked my jokes. I *loved* her.

The flight took about ninety minutes, as I recall. The weather was good and at 25,000 feet it was easy to pick out salient landmarks along the way. We passed over Rice Lake, Southern Ontario's largest center of Hopewell Indian culture. I had visited the mounds once, and tried to paddle a canoe on another occasion, though I hadn't the least idea what I was doing. Next came a stretch of the Canadian Shield, identified by hundreds of tiny irregular lakes. The Shield passes under the St. Lawrence River, forming the Thousand Islands, and widens once more on the American side, where it is known as the Adirondack Mountains. Past the Shield, you could see a change in how land was surveyed. Instead of the more compact fields of Ontario, the farms in Quebec were laid out in long strips, a relic of seigniorial times. In those days, frontage on the river was life. Every farm had to front on the river, or it was cut off from transport and would not survive. So the riverbank was divided into narrow slivers, only a few hundred feet wide, but several times that lengthwise.

At last, Montréal. As if the urban build-up wasn't a dead give-away, the mountain itself hove into view. I could see other famous landmarks easily. The 1967 Olympic Stadium would be hard to miss. There was the St. Lawrence River too – a broad band of shallow water that marked the upper limit of navigation, and was the *raison d'être* for the city until the opening of the Seaway in the 1950s. In the middle of the river were the islands that had been the site of the Montréal World's Fair – Expo 67.

Mont Royal gave the city its name, and stands over the city like a guardian. Before the French came, an Iroquois village named Hochelaga had rested in its shadow. Tall and as rugged as it may seem, the mountain is only a hill of some 750 feet at its highest point, but it is heavily wooded, and is protected as the city's crowning glory. In the 19th century, much of the mountain was designated a park. The trails and belvederes were designed by Frederick Law Olmsted, who had also been the genius behind Central Park in New York City.

Usually described as an extinct volcano, Mont Royal is in fact a remnant of a vast underground magma complex formed around 125,000,000 years ago. Clearly visible from its peak, or from any high building in the city, are a number of associated formations across the river. If anything, they are higher, more dramatic, and wilder than their urban sister. Looking out the window of the Bombardier, Schirm expressed a hope we could take a trip to the top. It was just what I was thinking. We would do it, but not until Tuesday following the con. Fortunately, too, we discovered that the Mont Royal Ave. bus drove through the park without so much as an extra fare.

Touchdown was at Dorval. We took a taxi direct to the hotel. Though there were cheaper means, my aching back convinced Alan that it was worth the expense. Through gritted teeth, I concurred. Check-in at the Delta Centre Ville was simple and easy; our bags were carried to our room by a porter who was spoiled something awful by the size of our tip.

The room itself was a bit of a surprise. I had been led to expect something like a suite when I was offered an "upgrade" to the 16th floor by the con. It was an averaged-size room, judging by those on whose floor I'd slept in past years. But since this time I had a bed to myself, I forgave the room its somewhat diminished proportions. What the room lacked in size, it did make up for in providing access to the top floor lounge, where free breakfast was offered from 8 to 10 every morning. It would have been wonderful if they had been "hot" breakfasts – bacon, eggs, toast, pancakes, sausages and the like – but

as "cold" breakfasts go, I had no complaints. Different cereals, fruit, bagels, rolls, yogurt, coffee and juice, mainly. We made good use of it, despite the ungodly hours... Who gets up before 11 at a con?

A surprising number of people were already at the con Wednesday. There was quite a lot of activity, too, though none of it official. Priority number one was registering. There was already a line, and it wasn't even dinnertime of the day before the con opened. As one of the Guests of Honour, I was escorted aside to be handed my badge and membership package right away, while Schirm, Alan, and Jeanne had to grit their teeth and join

The strange appearance of the 1967 Olympic stadium was due to a unique design. Created by a German architect, and probably built by a Mafia-owned contractor, it looked like something from an expressionist SF movie. A weird crane loomed over the bowl of the stadium, and gathered cables from the roof. The notion was that when the stadium was to be opened, the cables would haul the fabric roof up toward the tip of the crane. It was a futuristic design, and would have impressed the world if it had ever worked. Unfortunately, it didn't. I think it only operated successfully a handful of times, ripped more than once, leading to repairs that cost in the millions of dollars, and more recently parts of the concrete structure have detached themselves from the main building and crashed to the ground, narrowly avoiding killing numbers of people. From the air, it looked like Space City, or something from the Thunderbirds' island. If *they* had been real, no doubt, they would have been every bit as much of a hit with image-conscious Montréalers as the 1967 Olympic Stadium. But at least Gerry Anderson's table-top rotating skyscrapers, and launch pads hidden beneath movable swimming pools worked!



the end of the line.

This was the first time I saw the printed membership badges. Having done the art, I knew they were going to be gorgeous, but I couldn't know just *how* gorgeous. I had suggested using the same artwork as had appeared on the final progress report, but digitally subduing the background so that the con logo and names would be more legible. Lea Farr was in charge of the badges, and to my delight took me up on the idea. (As I've said before, what I mainly valued in being a GoH was the opportunity to work, and have my work seen.) I had already done the work once, in creating the proposal, so doing it again was quick and easy. I was less happy, though, about the need to keep the appearance of the badge confidential before the con. It was a concern that the badges could be counterfeited if revealed in advance. Seeing it for the first time, it was a pleasure delayed, but a *great* pleasure nonetheless. The badge was hung around the neck, in a fabric protector – in the back of which I discovered zippered pockets. I was like a child with a new toy. Why didn't *everyone* wear one of these, all the time? Well, for the weekend, everyone at Anticipation would!

Gradually, Allan and the others worked their way through registration, and were free. We were admitted early into the exhibit area, where the dealers room, art show, and fanzine lounge were being set up – another perk of being a GoH. If I had been curious about the badge, I was still more curious how my “virtual” room was coming along. It was about half up, and standing in it could hardly have been more surreal.

The idea was initially Murray Moore's. Murray was my official liaison with the con, who looked after my needs in the abstract. (My accommodations, for instance.) He suggested that there be an exhibit of my interests at the con. We could pack up my books, videos, toys,



collections, art from the walls, fanzines, and every sort of other colourful and absorbing clap-trap that set my place apart from the common run of habitation. The display would create a sort of “reproduction in the round” of the original room. Well, as an idea it was outstanding... but it had a number of very small flaws. First, it would take an enormous amount of work. Secondly, things would inevitably be broken, and some even lost – and many items, such as Hugo pins and hand sculpted figures, were irreplaceable. And thirdly, I said *no*. But I had another idea, based on

We flew in a Bombardier Dash8/Q400, a twin turboprop, medium-range airliner, still in production. It seats 70 to 80 passengers and has a reputation for being the most economical-to-fly airliner in its class. Although built by the same parent company that invented the snowmobile, I failed to note either handlebars or a rubber tread. The turboprops were surprisingly quiet, considering.



vague memories of museums and interactive features on DVDs. Why not photograph my apartment, I said, and digitally enlarge the images to create a 3-D montage? This version of Murray's idea got a green light, and late in 2008 a friend came over to take the photos.

The photographer was Paul Wilson. I'd know Paul literally since he was a babe. He was the first son of Janet, and Robert Charles Wilson. While not an active fan, he

grew up in an environment that could only be called fannish. Paul also had the job of digitally re-sizing and knitting together the resulting mosaic. Given how little space there is in my apartment, he did a great job. It was impossible to get more than a few feet back from anything without backing up against the couch, or the TV or shelves along the other wall. Distortions were inevitable. So, if much was left to be desired, Paul got the best possible results under the circumstances.

The job of creating my “virtual apartment” next passed to a team in Montréal. Who was in charge I'm not sure, but I think it was ultimately John Mansfield. I can't fault the industriousness I met when I walked into the partly built re-creation. At least four or five people were busy, buzzing around, cutting foam boards, fixing the huge printout strips to their backings with double-sided tape, and tying the prepared panels to a tube framework. It was unfinished, but the result was already surreal, even eerie.

The same cat appearing twice was a nice touch.

From the photos I took, it can even be hard to distinguish pictures of the real room from those of the “virtual room.” It takes a moment to notice things projecting into the room



Saara Mar in the inimitable cartoon style of Marc Schirmeister. I know it's inimitable. I've tried.

that in fact have no depth at all. Or things that point in impossible directions. Or other things that are out of scale, such as a small stack of "loonies." (Canadian dollar coins) that are nearly the size of poker chips.

Around the back of the "room" was a workspace where several more strips lay on tables. Schirm took me to an unoccupied space, and pulled some rolled paper out of a tube. I hadn't noticed him carrying it until then. While I held one end on

which were depicted some curiously rendered feet, Schirm unrolled the other end, using a pair of scissors to hold down the top. It was the cartooniest-looking drawing of Saara Mar I'd seen... at least since the last time he took a crack at her. It was delightful. A couple of the guys working on the "apartment" came over and looked at "Saara" on the table. After talking among themselves for a minute, it was decided they could double-tape Schirm's drawing on a foam board too, and stand it up outside the entrance. Probably no-one understood what she meant by being there, but it was the Only Sane Thing to Do.

Now that Anticipation is over, the question inevitably comes up -- what became of my "apartment?" I don't know. People have told me they saw the walls being disassembled, but they knew nothing more than I do about what happened to them afterward. Here are some suggestions that occurred to me, to be used or ignored as Anticipation sees fit:

- 1) Save it for the next time I'm GoH anywhere.
- 2) Donate it to the Merrill Collection in Toronto... if they'll have anything that fannish.
- 3) Send it to Aussiecon for fans Down Under, where it might be assembled upside-down.
- 4) Auction pieces of it for TAFF and DUFF. Give a special discount on buying an entire room.
- 5) (This suggested to me by another party), set it up in an alley for some homeless fan.

Part Deux – Jeudi/Thursday

Having had a long, eventful day, Schirm and I went to bed early Wednesday night. After all... we wanted to be up to have that free breakfast that came with the room. The beds had lovely, firm mattresses, and I would have liked to have slept several more hours, if I could. But the breakfast buffet ended at 10 on



Kevin Goodchuck in yellow. Bottom, far right, Alan Stewart and Alan Rosenthal discuss... what? The "virtual apartment?"

weekdays, so I made do with the sleep I got.

The lounge was a crescent-shaped room on the top floor, all glass on one side, with a view over downtown Montréal, and the buffet on the other wall. We gave our attention to both. Nursing juice and coffee, and digging into Muesli with a

mountain of raisins, we sat and watched the city below. The weather that day was lovely. It wouldn't remain that way, unfortunately, with thundershowers coming and going the whole weekend. It's funny, but the only conversation I remember is one about spiders. We were something like 20 floors up. Outside the windows, though, spider webs furled like sails in a limpid tropical breeze. And there were plenty of spiders to go with them. How did they get there? Did they climb the entire 20 floors? If so – why? How many flying insects were there for them to catch, so high above the ground?

Far off over the St. Lawrence River we saw blue-grey shapes of granite, like humpback whales on the horizon. They were the larger, sister mounts of Montréal's own.

The first time we saw the convention center, or Palais de Congres, was from a taxi on the day before. Thursday, we walked.

It was clear, by then, that the problems with my back weren't getting better. I needed at least 24 hours respite, in which I never walked farther than from the TV to the bathroom or kitchen, and back. But for the third or fourth straight day I was on my feet, and my back was getting worse, not better.

The convention center is a corner of an old city block, but unlike the Romanesque architecture around it, the center is a late-50s-looking cube of glass panels in bright prismatic colours. Although one side took up the whole block, the front seemed not much wider than your average urban supermarket. Even when inside, the floor space seemed inadequate. Little did I know that the old buildings on the street were only skin deep. The majority of the convention center lay behind them and took up the greater part of the block by far. The center was, in fact, deceptively, impressively enormous.

Entering from Rue Saint Antoine, you are immediately bathed in gold, ruby, or emerald light from the glass walls around you. The whole of the visible ground floor is a concourse – a wide-open space where large numbers of people can gather and break up, in which the only feature was a massive escalator. (There was a small elevator

around back, as I found out later.) Large as the concourse is, the true size of the center was concealed. At the back, it turned a corner and opened into a shopping mall that was still larger. That was only a preview of the way the entire convention center was laid out. Like a labyrinth, you would think you'd seen it all until you turned the next corner...

At the top of the escalator was another concourse. This was the first convention floor. Along the right side were several entrances to a much larger space, the main exhibition area. As seems increasingly common, there was no separate dealers' room, art show, and display space – they were all in one room, divided by movable partitions. If you stood in the entrance – blocking people coming in, by the way – you faced the dealer's area. It occupied the entire center and left side of the room. It had one small entry, more or less at the front. Right of that was the art show area. A little farther, in the corner was the fanzine lounge, laid out in the traditional way by the Penneys. A table for fanzines, including freebies. Some comfy chairs. A table. The mimeo itself was Colin Hinz's department. Paper, stencils and ink were available to create a one-shot, which was naturally run off on the last day of the con. The old custom of WOOF (Worldcon Order Of Faneditors) was also revived, though it weighed in with relatively few contributions compared to issues at Worldcons long past. A small gopher's space was tucked out of sight behind curtains at the back of the fan lounge.

Between the main divisions of the room and the near wall were a few odd features. There was David Hartwell's display of neckties, for instance. Hundreds... maybe thousands of brightly coloured, garishly checkered, vigorously striped, outrageously figured cloth neck pendants. My search was a hasty one, but I was unable to find one with Fred Flintstone on it, nor one that played "Nine to Five" when poked, but it was a small mercy.

There was the (by now) customary display of fan photos, and another of sample art by notable fan artists. More unusual was the exhibition of phone cards, individually illustrated from SF series like Babylon 5, Star Wars, and so

on. There were a few costumes on exhibit, and a display of "steam punk." At the far end from the fan lounge was a space set with tables for autograph sessions.

This lengthy space was also where my "virtual apartment" had been assembled. I gave an official tour of the room the next day. It had an embarrassingly small turnout, but, despite that, the "virtual" room seemed to be a hit. Later, I saw people going in and out of it on a constant basis. In fact, there were generally more people in it than when I gave the tour. I suspect it was curiosity that drew people in. No one had to be told what they saw – books, art, toys, figures, collectables of all sorts, computer, TV, and cat. Any fan must have instinctively understood it all.

One of my first thoughts was to see about the t-shirt I did for the con. I'd had a look at it the night before, but was unable to obtain samples. I had asked for three or four, and did eventually obtain four: one to wear, two for my collection, and one I wanted as a gift to give my friend Steven Baldassarra, who I usually and literally cannot do enough for. I would imagine that wearing it at the next Italian family wedding he attends, he can't fail to stand out. The actual printing and sales of the shirt were outsourced to OffWorld Designs, a deal I'm told is an advantage to the con and has become normal.

As well as the "official" Anticipation t-shirt, at the last minute I was asked for art for the con volunteers' shirt. A particular older piece had been picked out that I readily assented to. It was a simple job to touch it up as needed. Most of the work was done at Anticipation's end, though, and they did a better job than I had been led to expect. Instead of the traditional "red shirt," the design was against a blue background, on a black shirt, with the con logo picked out in red. I later obtained a couple of these for the collection also. By an exquisite irony, the art was a piece I had submitted to Torcon, which they had not bothered to use.

Perhaps this is a good time to summarize the work I did for the con. The Progress Report 3 cover is a good place to start – I'm particularly proud of



An aside here. Apparently it's become common for Worldcons to outsource their t-shirts. I didn't know this, and was somewhat surprised to find out that an outfit named Off Worlds had actually printed the shirt in a shared-profits scheme. I was half working for Off Worlds, in effect.

There were also two other shirts I knew nothing of. One was designed by the owner-operator of Off Worlds, who was also an artist. The other was the same design that appeared as cover art on the con's souvenir book.

Had I know that full colour was an option, I would have finished the hockey player design I did in full colour as well. Unfortunately, I was thinking "cheap." Fortunately, I don't think it came out badly in only four colours – red, blue, black and white, against grey.

Off Worlds had done a decent job as well with the Anticipation logo, and added a shadow below the players that was just about what I might have done myself. Off Worlds no longer seems to have the shirt for sale – I've been told the unsold shirts reverted to Anticipation, which has a few available yet.



that. The image of Saara on Mars evolved into the membership badge through the use of Photoshop. Then there were the two t-shirts. I also revised an old black & white drawing of mine for the Hugo Ceremony Guide. It was altered for its new use by adding a large box of "one gross/une grosse Hugos." The invitation card Pre-Hugo Reception also used a tiny cartoon of mine from years ago. I was surprised to discover that the original black and white drawing for the t-shirt had also been put to use on the Convention Guide cover. Naturally I approved. There had also been a very last-minute badge of some sort – a special pass for work, after the convention center closed for the night, I think. I finished colouring it only a few days before the con. This was apparently too late, though. Only the black and white original was used, although I haven't actually *seen* one to be sure.

There was, of course, a lavish amount of space given me in the progress reports. A couple of splendid little write-ups by Mike Glicksohn and Robert Charles Wilson, and a few of my illos appeared in the first report. The third PR ran a gallery of recent work, and more spot illos. And the gorgeous fourth, with the full-colour cover! I hope everyone saw it in colour, but the reality being what it is, the printed mail-out copies were in only in grey tones. To see Saara Mar stride the landscape of Mars (irreverently tossing away an Anticipation program book), you ought to download PR 4 from the Anticipation website.

Was the work done then? Happily, no! I was contacted for an interview for the Worldcon issue of Concordia University's student newspaper, *The Link*. The interview with Chris Olson itself was not as exhaustive as one conducted previously by Janet Hetherington for a comics news website *The Pulse*, but with it came an interesting opportunity. Chris asked if I could do the cover of the paper for that issue. I was pressed for time, but together we came up with a work-saver. I used a small portion of the background from the 4th progress report cover, and created a new foreground of Saara reading a copy of *The Link*. By no coincidence, I used the "After the Space Age" issue.

The same art has been revised for an upcoming *File 770*. For Mike, I replaced the newspaper with an issue of *F770*. With more time to work with, I improved a few small points in the art. And instead of drawing a rough copy of the zine, I mapped an actual image of an issue into the art digitally.

The work didn't end with only the art. I penned a new autobiography, "Better Than Life," for the souvenir book and revamped an old fan article called "Burden of Gilt" that had originally appeared in Mike Glycer's *Scientifriction*, years ago. My first submission had actually been "*The Last Mary Jane Story*," but rather late in the day I was asked for a substitution. The con had become worried that a spoof of *Star Trek* might draw unwanted attention from Paramount. This was unfortunate, as I'd substantially rewritten it, and thought it funny as hell. Unfortunately, a Worldcon is large enough to be within the sights of dedicated legal departments looking for people to sue.

Mike Glycer also wrote a glowing tribute that I could not have written better myself, though you might almost think I had. The piece was thorough, not merely flattering. Mike obviously researched his subject, or simply knew me well enough from decades of interaction. I'd been a contributor to his numerous fanzines since the 70s. His tribute did not cost me a dime, either... though you may expect to find a serious increase in the number of articles I write for *File 770* in future.

Maybe it seems odd to go on about what I did and what Anticipation published, but this is what I mainly valued about being the Worldcon Guest of Honour. Yes, the opportunity to stand in front of an audience, and hold forth like someone momentarily important is *nice*. For some people, the chance to be the center of attention is the chief appeal of fandom. I recall a short conversation I had with Lloyd Penney just after we presented two of the Hugos, that illustrates the difference. I believe I'd said something like I had never especially sought to appear in public. I was happiest with the opportunity to do creative work. Lloyd, on the other hand, said that the chance to make an important public appearance, and do something as

noteworthy as presenting a Hugo, was something he had looked forward to for years. To be clear about my motives, I *do* enjoy performing in public when I have a purpose and some idea of what I'm doing. I don't think I do a half-bad job of it when I do, either. But to be frank, I've walked out on more than one panel, when it seemed it was a waste of everyone's time. They aren't ends in themselves. I'm less a people-person than I am an artist and writer, and the chance to write and draw for a large number of readers was the *chief* honour of being Anticipation's Fan Guest of Honour.

Time for a digression, going back more than a year. Shortly after the announcement that Montréal had won its bid, I had a curious conversation over dinner. It was at a local Tibetan restaurant with Catherine Crockett and Terry Fong, who was in charge of fan program. The dinner was partly just to meet Terry, but also to discuss early details of being the Fan GoH. I mentioned that an Artist Guest of Honour hadn't been announced yet. Hoping to promote my special interests, I suggested a departure from custom. Instead of the usual cover artist, would Anticipation consider an animator? Terry waffled, saying it was an interesting idea, and dropped it. Oh, well, I thought. It had been worth a try. What I didn't know then was that the concom had already had the same bright idea, and had invited Ralph Bakshi. Later, Terry told me that he couldn't discuss it at that dinner because Bakshi hadn't accepted yet. He said it was only with great difficulty that he hadn't laughed out loud. Great minds do think alike, it seems, and so do fannish ones.

But no-one expected that, a year later, Ralph Bakshi would decline the honour, citing reasons of health. He cancelled his appearance at the San Diego Comics Con as well. While the con had hoped perhaps to honour Bakshi in absentia, nothing came of it, and the Artist Guest of Honour spot was quietly deleted from the website. I suppose it might have been a little tacky to have named a replacement, but I had two or three suggestions at hand had anyone asked. If any Worldcon is interested, drop me a line.

In a way, I benefited from the absence of an Artist Guest of Honour.

Ordinarily, an artist guest would have provided much of the con's illustrations, but this was one Worldcon without an "official" artist. Jean-Pierre Normand, a Quebec pro with impressive credentials in the field filled part of the void. I filled the rest.

Anticipation's Opening Ceremonies were held Thursday night, and were the occasion for my first official act as Fan Guest of Honour. The last time I had attended the opening ceremonies of *any* Worldcon were... uh... actually never. If they held any such formalities back in the '70s, it had escaped my notice. Before 1980 I had stopped attending almost all programming, missing the growth of any number of new institutions. So when I was prompted for the Opening Ceremonies for Anticipation, it was total terror incognita. While I was instructed on more-or-less what to do, no-one realized I had to be told basic things like *sit in the front row*, or *leave the stage* after you've said your piece by *exiting the wings*.

Naturally, the only thing that came to mind to say when I faced the audience was, "I have never seen an Opening Ceremony before, much less have any idea what I'm supposed to do." After that I seem to recall saying that I was delighted to be here, and that I regarded it as a significant gesture between English and French Canada for a Torontonian to speak as GoH to a Worldcon in Montréal. This was said only in English, which may have weakened my message somewhat.

It was actually fairly easy to do. I don't seem to be nervous in front of people as long as I know what the hell I want to say. And I'd managed to live long enough to learn to think about things before I go and do them. Consequently, I used the time sitting in the front row to work up something in my head. The strangest thing about facing a couple of thousand people and talking at them was that they were invisible. I could see the lectern in the bright light, and was conscious of the stage itself, lest I trip over some line of tape on the floor meant to guide me. I took care, also, to speak to the

microphone at the right distance to be heard and not cause feedback. But the audience was almost lost in the glare. I gave *them* no thought at all.

The ceremony itself was impressive, given that I'd never attended one before and can't be much of a judge. I was particularly impressed that the con had as a speaker Marc Garneau, the Canadian shuttle astronaut. But I think the gymnastic dancer who followed stole most of my attention from the astronaut's well-meaning remarks. She came out dressed in what looked like no more than flames painted on her body, then proceeded to flow and ooze all over the stage. After warming up, she performed the most provocative contortions with a suspended hoop that I'd ever seen live. She would have gotten us all arrested in Maurice Duplessis' Quebec of the 1950s. Thank Gawd we live in The Future. It was a unique pleasure to be backstage while the guests were being presented, and to be able to congratulate her. Also to get a much closer look. The flames *weren't* painted on, unfortunately. It was a body stocking.

I suppose it was usual to have video cameras and big screen displays of the proceedings on stage. It was strange to me. I'd look at the real person, then at the video image, and feel a cognitive double-take that one was the same as the other. Perversely, I found myself watching the video more often than the person on stage. It seemed more "real" because I could see their face and expressions,

Once it was all over, I was annoyed that I had no idea *what I looked like* on

Marc Garneau, 1st
Canuck in Space



those big screens – or even much recall of what I said.

I thought Julie Czerneda did a bang-up job as master of ceremonies. The elaborate horseplay between her and her translator seemed casual, but must have involved a lot of preparation, not to mention experience before a mike. I also learned, for the first time, how to pronounce “Czerneda” properly. I recall that Neil Gaiman spoke relatively few words, but that David Hartwell had a longer speech. All in all, I thought it was probably best that I hadn’t prepared anything and made only a couple of brief comments onstage. After all... I was well versed enough in the ways of the larger circle of fandom to know that the Fan Guest was rather low in the pecking order. These people were here mainly because they were *science fiction* fans, and not one in twenty people in the crowd was there to hear what I had to say.

René Walling and Robbie Bourget came onstage last of all, and declared Anticipation had *begun!*

I had only one other order of business on the first day. At 9 p.m. I was to give a talk and answer questions about my “private passion.” I don’t know who else may have given such talks, or what their passions were. Mine was collecting ancient coins, and I knew from experience that I could bore for hours about the silver content of first through third-century denarii, the problem of knowing the true names of Roman coins, and how to recognize various styles in depicting the Imperial bust. It didn’t matter a whit to me that only five or six people sat in the room to hear me pontificate. In fact, it served to draw them into the subject. I spoke for some time, and took a number of pertinent questions, particularly from an elderly gentleman and his *mother*. They were from Russia, I found out later. He wanted to know about counterfeiting ancient coins, giving me an excuse to talk for another fifteen minutes. A willing and engaged audience is always better than a merely large one.

There were parties Thursday night. Hell, there were parties Wednesday night, but they were nothing compared to Thursday and the rest of the weekend. The problem is that the parties are

mainly a blur in my mind. I recall specific parties, particularly lavish spreads, and intense conversations, but ask me what night they were and I can only shrug my shoulders. I’ll tackle the subject of parties later, if no one minds. I’m impatient to get on to Friday.

Part Trois – Verdi/Friday

Free breakfast again, naturally.

I was scheduled for four appearances in the program Friday. The first, at 2 p.m., was “In Conversation with Taral Wayne,” a vague name to describe a live “interview” conducted by Alan Rosenthal. We had rehearsed elaborately that morning, with Alan taking notes. As with the talk on coins the day before, there were only a few in attendance, mainly people who knew me well. Alan repeated most of the questions from earlier, and I gave much the same answers, but I would still rate it as a fairly spontaneous demonstration of the gift of gab. I hadn’t made notes of my answers, after all, nor made any special effort to repeat what I’d said earlier. Why would I need to? It was my life, and none of it had changed in the course of a morning.

In more ways than one, my 3:30 was a last-minute call. Only shortly before the Worldcon, Phyllis Gotlieb died. She was more or less the godmother of Canadian SF writers, and on a first-name basis with a lot of people in the fandom, too. I had called her a friend for a long time. Anticipation organized a last-minute panel as a tribute to Phyllis. They were understandably a little slow in realizing that I’d known Phyllis well, and put me on the panel last of all. Nothing of this is printed in any of the program schedules, unfortunately. Though for the record, the Hugo Guide is dedicated to Phyllis, and there is a full page obituary in the Program Guide.

The main speakers were Robert Sawyer, who spoke eloquently of his feeling, and John Robert Colombo. John Robert is mainly known in Canadian literary circles, and has edited a number of books about the SF and fantasy genres. His was the centerpiece of the tribute, talking about the change in the “geography” of local science fiction. I had to chuckle when he came to the

punch line, when Phyllis commented on his “geography.” “John, that’s bullshit, and you know it!” he quoted her. It wouldn’t be the first time she’d said that... sadly, it was one of the last times. I kept my own remarks simple, mainly paraphrasing from a written piece that had appeared in *Drink Tank* the month before.

At four, I gave a guided tour of the “virtual apartment.” Perhaps a half-dozen people turned up. I began explaining that the impressive armory on the wall was deceptive. Most were Japanese kits, a few were Airsoft guns that shot little yellow plastic balls, and the rest were cheap toys that I’d worked on, as a model builder, to make more realistic. “But there’s real brass in some. No live ammo, but real spent brass.” One or two people drifted away. I moved on the 1/24 scale fire engines under the firearms. “These were originally very expensive die-casts – the company’s premium line. Seats lift to show hidden valves, fire hoses are made of real rubber, the ladders can be taken from their hooks and extended, there are fully detailed engines under the hood, completely detailed under-carriages, fire extinguishers that you can remove from their brackets, and one of the trucks has a rack of actual rubber boots! Usually I can’t afford such things, but Wal-Mart had them on sale, you see...” A couple more people wandered off. I moved on to the DVD shelves and started talking. After a minute I noticed that only the elderly mother and son from my talk on ancient coins were left.

It seems no one really needed anything about the “virtual room” explained. That was all right with me, since the continual traffic in and out showed it titillated people’s curiosity. It was a success in this, at least.

I wish I could say the same for my six o’clock. I was able to recall nothing of it until I consulted the program guide, and read that it was a “kaffeeklatsch.” Then it all came flooding back, but there was *nothing* to recall! My minder, Alan, came with me. One or two other friends turned up for a coffee, but otherwise there was no audience at all. We chewed the fat for little while, in case anyone came late. After a quarter of an hour, or so, it was obvious there was no need to



stay around.

At this point I began to suspect, there was a bit of a problem with how many people were attending my program events. Still, it was only Friday. And the kaffeekatsch was a pretty rinky-dink program item, even for the Fan GoH.

Most of the rest of the time I was free to cruise around. “Cruise” was the appropriate word. I had complained steadily throughout Thursday about the state of my back. Whoever I was with at the time would cluck sympathetically, and then march off at a brisk pace, expecting me to follow. I’d been dragged to Chinatown, and I think Friday was the day I was dragged to another part of the city, to sample one of its best-known delicatessens. At least we went by car, and the amount of walking I had to do was minimal. Not zero, but at least much closer to my actual capacity. By Friday, though, I was in a state of near agony whenever I had to move much farther than arm’s reach. No amount of sitting or resting did much good – walk a hundred feet, and I was incapacitated again. A suggestion had been made Friday that I use one of the con’s electric scooters. I don’t have much pride about things like that, but I hesitated. Surely, someone needed the assistance more than I did? I wasn’t permanently disabled. But by Saturday I faced facts, and gave in.

It was a revelation. Once you get used to it, you realize you could *really* get used to it. With a scooter like this, who

needed legs? You could outrace anyone walking, and it was no obstacle to getting as close as you liked to dealers’ tables. If I needed to sit down at a table, or bend over a display, I just stood up from the scooter and took a few steps. Okay, I wouldn’t be able to climb the trail up Mt. Whitney, or hike in Death Valley in one of these things, but the odds were that my days in the wilderness of desert California were long over anyway. Of course, backing up was tricky. People not only milled around me, as though I would never depart from moving in straight lines, they did worse – they distracted you by talking. Naturally, I ran over one or two unwary pedestrians. But I don’t recall permanently crippling any.

While speaking of eating out, I confess I didn’t indulge every day. The first meal out of the convention center was probably the day before, Thursday, because I still have the emotional scars from the walk to Chinatown on Friday. “Not far,” Alan or one of the others had said. By normal standards they were quite right. By my standards of that moment, it was like a hike over red-hot, waist-high boulders. I think it was Jeanne who noticed my lagging behind, and volunteered to stay with me whenever I found a convenient curb or step to sit on and take a necessary break.

From the outside, the restaurant seemed promising enough. Schirm and both the Stileses were with us, as well as a friendly guy named Brad, who I didn’t know. We ordered what we ordered, with some confusion over whether we were eating New York style (two teaspoons of everything), or ordering just for ourselves. The others ate New York style, while Schirm and I ate our own choices. It was decent fare, but Schirm and I thought it nothing special.

What did stand out was being almost literally collared by the waiter after paying my bill, and his *demand* I tip him. The way he put it was “his service charge”, and I said “what?” He repeated himself. What the hell was a *service charge*, I wondered. After three or four repetitions, someone at the table said, “you *have* to leave a tip.” Maybe I was being cheap, but I wasn’t that impressed with either the food or the service, frankly. And I distinctly bridled at

having to tip anyone. I do? Sez who? Is leaving a tip a gratuity for good service, or isn’t it? On another day I might have stalked out. But on this day I didn’t want to create a fuss, and, what the hell, I was on a daily stipend from the con anyway. So I left the minimum tip possible, counting out the pennies one by one like an offended Scotsman whose purse that hadn’t been opened since Jim Hawkins slept at the Benbow.

Friday was the day we made safari to a famous deli. Six or eight of us crammed into two cars and drove to who knows where – the Jewish part of town one imagines. I don’t remember the name of the place, but enthusiasts of smoked meat and bagels probably have it tattooed on their backsides, the place is that famous. According to Alan, and the clippings in the window, at least. We had to stand in line outside, so that was a good sign. Once in, we were naturally seated at a crowded table at the very

During the deli expedition, some of us ducked into a pharmacy for snacks or drinks to take back to the con. I picked up some interesting flavours of pop, and had the sudden notion to buy a Vachon “Jos. Louis.”

The Jos. Loius is a Quebec-made, cream-filled chocolate cake confection about the size and shape of a hockey puck. Nothing, except maybe hockey itself, is more Canadian. Superficially similar to a Ding-Dong, it is as unlike the Hostess confection as maple syrup is to the table imitation. The calories in a Jos. Louis will kill you. But at least not preservatives, palm oil, or corn syrup.

I hadn’t seen them around Toronto lately, and expected that in Montréal, of all places, I should have no trouble. Oddly... I couldn’t find one. Has anyone checked to see if the end of the world is nigh?



back of the deli. The menu was limited to smoked meats, pickles, and a few side dishes like slaw or French fries. Most of my party ordered Montréal smoked meat and because I love good salami I dared to be different. I must admit – the sandwich was good. The smoked meat might have been better than the salami. Whether or not that was, I've had as good in Toronto in my opinion. Either there's some nuance I'm missing in the matter of smoked meats, or the ambiance counts for more in the minds of deli fans than it does to me. I'm glad for any excuse to stuff my face with good salami, though.

The dealers' room wasn't large by the standards of a Worldcon. It wasn't large by the standards of many major regional cons I've been to, in fact. But the tables were groaning with good books, leavened with enough trinkets and toys, and sufficiently interesting that you could focus your attention for hours on this or that. I made a point of scouring the dealers' room several times, finding some new point of interest each time.

It was while wandering around from table to table that I bumped into Andrew Porter. He was talking with Robert Silverberg. I was still all agog with the nametags and had the inspiration to photograph Andy and Silverberg together, wearing my art. The flash was a bad idea, apparently – my shot was disappointing. I had been fooling around with my digital camera for only a few months, and still couldn't claim any mastery over it. I turned off the flash and got one decent shot of Andy alone. It was almost the last photograph of the con I remembered to take, before I effectively forgot I was carrying the camera. Andy and I have known each other for many long years. I'm always glad to see him. This time I was happy to have more than one, more or less coherent conversation with him too. Often I feel I've missed a point somewhere, when talking with Andy.



Despite having a per-diem from the con, I was reluctant to buy very many books. You can easily spend \$75 a day in a dealers' room. Three hardcovers would be enough to run through the whole day's budget, and I had to eat with that money as well. Besides, most books I saw could be easily found at home. I don't live in a small town in a predominantly agricultural province or state. In fact, Bakka Books is not very far from where I live. Ironically, Bakka had a table at Anticipation – just about the only table I never bothered to look closely at, thinking I could see the store at any time.

Because Neil Gaiman was the Pro Guest of Honour, it entered my head that I ought to have him autograph some books for me. I'd read the Sandman stories, *Good Omens* (with Terry Pratchett), and quite enjoyed *American Gods*. When I saw the film version *Coraline*, I recognized a favourite. Of course I hadn't brought anything with me, but one of the tables had several editions of *Coraline*, so I bought a trade

paperback edition and the graphic novel as well. I splurged and bought a paperback copy of *Stardust*, which had been adapted to another very enjoyable film.

At the NESFA table I bought the hardcover second edition of Harry Warner's *All Our Yesterdays*. In a talk with Joe Siclari, I learned that it was very little different from the first edition I owned. Harry wouldn't allow changes other than correcting typos and a couple of other trivial details. Joe said that his attitude was that the book was what it was, a moment in SF history that shouldn't be revised. "Why buy it, then?" I asked Joe. "There are many more photos added," he said. Fair enough. I got the last copy at the table that wasn't water stained.

Another table had an interesting selection of custom-made pewter pins. A number were shaped like classic spaceships. I bought one for \$10, that was based on a Von Braun design identical to a model kit I built as a kid. Another pin that caught my eye was unusual because it used *two* pins and clasps. It was a finely done version of the submarine *Seaview*. I wasn't much of a fan of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* and its ludicrous seaweed monsters and insipid spy plots, but I had a fond spot for the sub. And the pin was only five bucks, half the price of the others.

Along the back of the dealers' room was the outfit that had printed the Anticipation t-shirts. They had a large assortment of their own designs also, but I only had eyes for my own artwork. Along with the regular shirt there was a variation without arms – I didn't press a point about having one of those for my collection too.

I resisted pretty much everything else the dealers had, barring one Smurf book in French. – and lucky thing that I bought it on a whim. It turned out to have an unknown petrification story in it that I had fun sharing with some other fans of statue spells.)

The dealer was named Denis, and his business was in collectable cards. He had some sports cards, but his display leaned



toward TV series, movies and odd-ball stuff – the sort of things that interest me, in fact. I have no use for pictures of overpaid professional athletes. Looking over the table, I spotted a set of photographs of hot rods and racing cars that I remember having when I was twelve or so. It's surprising after all this time, how many sets I have clear memories of. These particular cards had pretty much defined for me what a hot rod was and was supposed to be – not the streamlined post-modern “Boydsters,” or urban “dubs” of the modern day.)

I spotted a few other sets I remembered as well: Photo captions from crappy monster movies. Ugly cartoon faces. Stills from the *Batman* TV show. None I felt a great need to possess again, though.

I collected cards during the '60s and had quite a number of really curious sets. One was of jazz musicians. I didn't know jazz from 14th century motets, or Arapaho death chants, but I liked the gum. Most gum that came with cards was stale, flavorless, and brittle. It broke into little shards that lacerated your gums. But the gum with the jazz cards was actually fresh and tasty. You didn't

bleed after chewing it. The cards themselves were a bit puzzling, but intriguing. I vividly recall one card with a photo of some bird named Lionel Hampton. It was probably twenty more years before I had any idea who he was. Sure wish I still had them, but so far I haven't encountered anyone who even remembers such cards every existed. Cards like those, I would very much like to have again.

Another great set depicted the Indianapolis 500 winners. I could name each racing car from the painting without turning over the card. Hardly less favourite were Pirates of the Caribbean. Years later I managed to buy a few at high prices in California. As a kid I had owned the whole set – at only five cents for a pack of four or five.

Some cards came with boxes of tea-bags instead of gum. I was lucky enough to have kept those, and still have the complete collection of Brooke Bond's beautifully painted dinosaur cards, along with the album they were meant to be pasted into.

There were “Space Age” cards too, sometimes sold as “Target: Moon.” Printed in the years right after Sputnik, they were nearly all pure speculation.

There had been no man-made objects in space in 1958 except the two Russian satellites. Vanguard had not yet been successfully launched. The cards looked as though three or four different artists had rendered the paintings – several were clear rip-offs of Chesley Bonestell, in fact. Boy! Did I love those cards! Nothing can explain how I could ever have been bone-headed enough to have parted with them. Fortunately, sometime in the '80s I found a dealer at a con who sold me about three-quarters of a set for a reasonable amount. It didn't seem reasonable at the time, but, compared to present prices, it was. I had never managed to complete the set as a kid, so it didn't bother me *too much* that I still didn't own a full one.

But *one* set of cards on Denis's table caught my eye, and tormented me for the next two days. Even when I was far away and it was after hours, I could see those cards in my mind with painful clarity.

It's a real crying shame that I had ever parted with my complete set of *Civil War News* cards. I found no replacements for many years. There were 88 in the full set, and the paintings were every bit as gloriously bloodthirsty



One thing I still haven't been able to find anywhere are the reproductions of Confederate paper money that came with every pack. There were seventeen different designs, ranging from \$1 to \$1,000, and they were authentic. Although only about ¾ the size of real Confederate bills, the detail was superb, better than most “archival” quality reproductions I've seen since. In fact, the paper money from the card sets might have been “better” than the real thing. I never

found any of the Civil War News paper bills, but I did buy some real Confederate money a number of years ago. That was in the era when their price was still comparable to face value. The real McCoy was badly printed, cut from the sheet with scissors, and each one signed by a flunkey of the Secretary of the Treasury in India ink. The reverse sides were blank, and the paper exceedingly cheap.

as the unfairly famous *Mars Attacks* set. By comparison, *Mars Attacks* was just gaudy crap, revived in an orgy of bad taste by '80s yuppies. The *Civil War News* cards were painted realistically and depicted genuine events in the War Between the States, not ridiculous stuff about living brains on a spree, blowing up school buses and disintegrating stray pooches. They showed John Brown's raid, the wall of corpses at Fredericksburg, the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, steamboats exploding, trains going off their rails, Indian irregulars scalping fallen Confederates, spies being hanged, and Lincoln being shot by the wretched John Wilkes Booth. To quote a letter I wrote to Mike Glycer, shortly after the con:

I won't mention what he wanted for it — the price was outrageous of course, but reasonable for what the market would bear. Nor will I go into how I raised the money. I did, and took home with me all 88 glorious pasteboard paintings of men being bayoneted, shot, blown up, impaled, burned to a crisp, and occasionally playing the harmonica.

Indeed I did raise the money, thanks mainly to Alan Rosenthal, and in part due to the per-diem paid by Anticipation. I may yet mitigate the cost by selling back to the same dealers a few duplicates I had scraped together over the years. While I had never been able to replace the entire set I lost when I stupidly "grew up," I did manage over the years to acquire about 35 of the entire 88. To find a complete set for sale, and moreover manage to *buy it*, made my entire Montréal experience even more special than it already was.

One reason I may have subsequently forgotten about my camera is that I ran out of memory just after taking the shots of Andy and Silverberg. I asked to have it downloaded to my USB drive by one of the staff in the art show, but it reminded me how quickly a 128-meg chip is filled when each shot is about one-and-a-half. Sixty shots? Forget it. Seemed more like forty. As well, I tended to be over-conscious about how quickly a digital camera eats batteries. I had rechargeables with me, and a recharger, but they were back in the hotel and no use to me if I ran out of juice during the day.

Which brings me to the subject of the art show. Odd as it seems, at least one person had trouble finding it. It wasn't quite *that* small, but it was probably no larger than the art show at Torcon III. That was small by Worldcon standards too. The reason for this is simple and frustrating, and it applies to the dealers' room as much as the art show.

The border between Canada and the United States was for many generations all but invisible. In just about one generation we've wiped out that civilized arrangement, and erected highly impermeable barriers to the movement of people, goods, and services. The reasons are varied. Washington's policies appear to be based on a groundless fear that Canada is an open door to terrorists of every cant and colour. They fear, too, that Canadians are huddled up against the border, waiting for an opportunity to sneak in and take a job away from an honest, hard-working American. Although past administrations have shown complete indifference to Mexicans *actually* doing exactly that.

Ottawa, on the other hand, seems to believe that gun-crazy Americans are organizing mass shipments of illegal weapons into Canada. Also in their thinking, the underclass south of the border would quickly overwhelm our health care system if they could assail our hospitals. *Both* governments are deathly afraid of drugs — though just why anyone would bother to smuggle coke or meth into Canada from the U.S., or vice versa, I can't imagine. Both nations have unlimited national resources.

The bottom line is that taking a van-load of books, or a number of paintings across the border, *in either direction*, has become a serious hassle. There's paperwork, to start with. Then there are sales taxes and duties where applicable. I've heard of dealers and artists being forced to pay large sums in advance on possible sales. Refunds could only be applied for, later, after still more paperwork. Perhaps matters are not so dire as the positively prevent a border crossing with art or books. The perception that it is, though, likely accounts for small turnouts whenever the Worldcon is north of the border.

To return to cases, the art show *was*

fairly small. I didn't recognize many of the artists, but among those I knew were Jean-Pierre Normand's paintings, Brianna Wu's coloured drawings, and a good selection of Steve Stiles' work. John Hertz had put up a somewhat hasty assortment of other fanartists. One of the more interesting displays was a huge cartographic study of an imaginary planet. A few hand-made starship models caught my eye — I always enjoy trying to identify what kits the various parts came from. But whatever else there might have been in the show has mostly escaped memory.

I brought 14 pieces and it was barely enough to cover the space given me. The panels at the front of the exhibit area were huge, and I could have added another four without crowding the display in the least. Showing an unusual amount of prescience for once, I framed only prints. Laziness was one reason. I didn't want to be bothered with removing the originals from their protective sleeves and zip binders, and then having to replace them all later. I could only have the other reason in the new century. Several pieces that I wanted to show had no originals. There were only a pencil sketches that I had enhanced and coloured digitally — and one print made at Kinko's was the same as any other.

As it happens, I was fortunate I hadn't brought along such originals as there were. The luggage must have been bounced around in handling. A couple of the new frames I bought for a dollar-and-a-half each — modern, all-glass designs — had broken. The prints were only slightly damaged, but imagine if they had been the original art! Worse, two more frames broke on the trip back, and another one just while unpacking them at home! The old-style plastic frames all survived. Guess which kind I intend to buy in future?

I found the art show staff particularly helpful. In the last few days before the con I was extremely pressed for time. While I had filled out the on-line bid sheets and control form, I had no opportunity to take them to a Kinko's for printing. I brought the paperwork with me on my USB drive, so that the staff was able to download the paperwork directly to their own computer. Printing

ran into a snag, but the staff worker was persistent and eventually ironed out the difficulty.

The art I picked to bring was an assortment of humour, erotica, science fiction and fantasy. Among them were the various pieces created for *Anticipation*, a couple of covers for recent fanzines, and some comic pages. Ironically, no one challenged the hanging of the nudes. The same art taken to a furry con would have to be hung in a specially curtained-off area where no-one under 18 would be admitted. The same prints sold from a dealer's table would have to have red stickers placed in strategic spots so as not to warp young minds. At a science fiction Worldcon, though? No problem.

Now wait a minute! Isn't furry fandom supposed to be *obsessed* with pornography? Yet it seems that it's furry cons that are actually more prudish than SF cons. That's one way to be obsessive, I suppose. I had a very good laugh over that.

Although I hadn't marked any of the prints for sale, there was interest. I should probably have added a quick sale price. The only reason I didn't is that I never had an encouraging record of art show sales, and preferred to avoid the complications. As it happened, I made a sale anyway... to that Russian couple. The prints were mailed to them a week or so later. Even more unexpected, I walked into the art show the next day and found something new hung next to one of my pieces. A blue ribbon.

I'd never won an art show prize of any sort before.

That's not quite true... way back in 1972, I think, I entered a cardboard stand-up figure in the art show of a local comics con. Vaughan Bodé awarded me a prize as Judge's Choice. No ribbon – just a small check. I cashed it, of course, and kept a xerox. The prize at *Anticipation* was another Judge's Choice, and the first-ever actual ribbon. Now where shall I wear it?

It was likely that night that I had my third real meal. As before, it was in good company. I went with Schirm, Alan and Jeanne, and also Bob and Sharry Wilson to a steak restaurant not far from the Palais. Right off, I noticed the awning said (in French) "bring your own wine."

I thought that particularly strange. Someone told me that it was a normal policy in the wine-conscious province. We *didn't* bring our own bottle, but they showed us to seats anyway. I found the steaks were a little pricey, but not remarkably so. They were very, very good, though, and went a long way toward justifying the over-\$25 check. The all-you-can-eat chips were less satisfying, but what can you really do with a potato to make it worth more as much as a dollar more?. Despite the many times I declared I was through, I saved the bottle my Coke came in for Moshe Feder.

Following dinner we went our different ways – Schirm and I to the Delta, to dump our things and freshen up a bit before cruising for parties. As before, I won't try to deal with parties on their proper nights. They're a blur. I'll deal with them all together, later.

Part Quatre – Samedi/Saturday

By this time, I admit, I was getting a little tired of cold cereal and fruits, but I hadn't become disenchanted enough with a free meal that I'd pass one up. My first gig on Saturday took place at eleven. Not really early, but it didn't leave much time to dawdle over the granola. Schirm and I made a beeline for the convention center right after breakfast.

Chris Garcia was moderator. I'd met Chris a day or two earlier, and I found him to be completely as advertised. Who else could wear a Fred Flintstone shirt (with printed tie) and get away with it? The hair and beard only added to the effect of prehistoric vigour and enthusiasm.

Ostensibly the program item was "Fanzine Cover in One Hour." In reality it was an underhanded effort to get several of fandom's best to produce several covers for Chris's upcoming issues of *Drink Tank*. Besides myself, the participants were Steve Stiles, Frank and Brianna Wu. Chris called for ideas from the audience, and some wise guy came up with "tentacles" and "dirigibles." No doubt he thought it would stump the artists. Far from it... I peeked to either side of me, and it looked as though we had all pretty much

come up with the same idea. Check Chris's next issue to see if I was right.

At 3:30 p.m. I was penciled into a panel called "Ready, Set, Draw." It was to have included Schirm, Sue Mason, and Brianna Spacekat Wu as participants, and to have taken suggestions from the audience. Yet I'm nearly unable to remember anything like this. I have just a dim recollection of sitting at a table with Schirm near the art show. I don't believe Sue was there at all, or that I met her at any time. It's only an exercise in filling in the blanks, but what likely happened is that nobody turned up for "Ready, Set, Draw." Once the drawing was on the wall, so to speak, we left, and there *was* no such panel.

This is probably as good a time as any to discuss a problem with *Anticipation* that I had begun to recognize earlier, and was by now convinced of. For a Worldcon its size, *Anticipation* it was ambitiously over-programmed. One rumour I heard was that there were around over 800 different program items scheduled. Around one for every four attending members! In any single hour, the program guide shows there were as many as 30 items listed, rarely fewer than 10. Once most of the attendees had been sequestered in major events featuring one of the pro guests or a topical subject, there were few warm bodies left over for minor events like "Ready, Set, Draw." Typically, I saw only a few friends at any of my program items, and the largest audience I faced was likely no larger than the 25 or so I counted at "Fanzine Cover in One Hour." I also came to certain conclusions about my place in the pecking order at the Worldcon. Regardless what the con may have hoped for, there seemed little curiosity about the Fan GoH.

Fortunately, I found at least one party who took a lively interest. Sometime during Saturday, Schirm and I bumped into a TV journalist from the CBC. She asked a couple of questions, and when Schirm pointed out I was the Fan Guest at *Anticipation*, she got excited enough to call over her cameraman. I was interviewed on the spot. I likely didn't cut a very dashing figure – what with

one droopy eyelid, sitting in a scooter, and dressed in the customary fannish uniform of t-shirt, buttons, badges, and shorts, but at least I wasn't wearing rubber ears or carrying a Bat'leth. I was able to discuss fandom in words of more than two syllables, though, and that seemed to be what the lady was after.

Her question was, "what made *science fiction* conventions different from other kinds?"

The answer I gave was that there was an organic relationship between the pros and fans, and a greater sense of participation in the con. I explained that, in the past, many prominent writers and editors had grown up in fandom, spoke the same language as fans, and kept many close ties with friends they made in fandom. In comics, *Trek*, or anime cons, this was much less so. Most pros had little or no contact with fandom before going to cons, and made ties with fans only after becoming celebrities. I also said that SF fans put on their own cons, and were as much a part of the program as the writers and editors.

At the time I said this, I probably believed it. I've had plenty of time to think about it since, though, and I'm less certain now that I was speaking the absolute truth. On the one hand, not all media conventions are run by studios or profit-making organizations. Many do still treat fans as consumers of entertainment, rather than participants in entertaining themselves. But some media cons are surely as fannish in their own way as ours.

Another point I've reconsidered – how many pros in past decades *did* come up from fandom. Asimov, Ellison, Pohl, Dickson, Clarke and others are usually

Just as an aside, here's a short list of SF pros I knew locally, who I can confidently identify as once being fans – Some of the names might surprise you. Robert J. Sawyer, Robert Charles Wilson, Tanya Huff, John Douglas, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Gar Reeves-Stevens, Sheila Meier, and Steve Stirling. I also know a number of local pros who I *don't* regard as ever being fans, but that's a matter still waiting for an argument.

named. Look at them more closely, though. Ellison certainly passes scrutiny. His 1950s fanzines are proof enough. Pohl was a Futurian, and up to his elbows in fan politicking during the first Worldcon. That seems pretty genuine. Asimov attended early Futurian meetings before his first sales, but that seems to have been the limit of Asimov *the fan*. Dickson I can't say, but think he and Poul Anderson drank together in the early days of Minneapolis fandom. Clarke belonged to some fusty rocketeer group in London. You could say almost as much of Werner von Braun, if you substitute Berlin for London. Ray Bradbury also comes to mind, as an active member of the early LASFS. Clearly, it doesn't take much thought to produce a longer list. So there *is* some truth to the notion that pros emerge from fans. But are these examples the rule... or the exception?

Was R.A. Lafferty a fan? Thomas Disch, Roger Zelazny, Ursula K. LeGuin, Robert Heinlein, Orson Scott Card, Philip K. Dick, Leigh Brackett, Joanna Russ, Alfred Bester? Were Theodore Sturgeon, Philip José Farmer, Joan Vinge, John Varley, Larry Niven, Greg Bear, Brian Aldiss, James Tiptree, or Harry Turtledove ever fans? I suspect most weren't, but the final word would have to go to someone far more interested in SF biographies than I.

It may come down to who you call a fan, and why. Are you entitled to the status of fan if you took a course in journalism, and attended a couple of local cons? If you were a regular at the local writer's workshop? If you review books on your blog? How deep do fannish roots have to go before they produce the distinctive flower we know as a blooming fan?

The myth took another blow if I observed correctly at Anticipation.

Let me get to this indirectly.

I attended most of the parties on the 5th and 28th floors, at least briefly. (The con suite was on the 5th and fan room on the 28th.) I've said before they were largely a blur, but I can at least put a name to a number of them, even if I can't say when I was there, or in what order.

I was in the fan room many times. I met Sharee Carton there, Rich Coad, Bill Burns and a number of British fans

including the TAFF delegate, Steve Green. The event that made the fan room truly indelible in my memory, though, was Steve Stiles' illustrated talk, "How to be a Cartoonist." It was very reminiscent of *Mad Magazine* in the Good Old Days, with all the classic twists and cynical turns. The jokes may not have been new, but the delivery was sincere. Steve had lived through most of the ironies and humorous situations he described. At one point he called me to the easel and charged me with performing an artistic exercise. I failed miserably, of course. (It was pre-arranged that no matter what I did, I'd fail. We both hammed it up hugely.)

There was a party thrown by a French-Canadian publisher. Another one by the Canadian small press. And a third by Japanese publishers. I can't possibly tote up the many parties run by cons wanting to sell memberships, nor others run to drum up support for their Worldcon bids. There was a Texas party that stood out for wonderful chili, and another I can only recall as the Smoked Meat party. (Must have been the Montréal fan group.) I confess that I wasn't entirely comfortable in the party for Gaylaxicon, though they assured me you didn't have to be gay to attend. (I just wasn't sure what the point of the con was, if you weren't.) I might or might not have gone slumming in a Tor party, as well. Possibly, I'm confusing that with the Worldcon Chairman's party – also off limits to most of the crowd.

I got in by pulling rank. Being a GoH has its privileges, I 'm happy to say. Having seen the lavish spread, I know why Worldcon memberships these days cost \$200 and more. Not even the Hugo reception had free alcohol, but at the Con Runners' party I could drink as much as I asked for.

What I noticed about the parties was that, by and large, there seemed little presence of pros who I recognized. Exceptions there were. I saw George R.R. Martin several times, notably at the *Brotherhood Without Banners* party. Robert Sawyer and Carolyn Clink popped up at the Canadian writers' party. I saw John Douglas and Ginger Buchanan here and there throughout the evenings. But... that's about as many as come to mind. Where were the other

pros? Although I met Elizabeth Vonarberg once, I honestly don't think I would have recognized her a second time. But where was Bob Silverberg? I saw him by day, but not by night. Neil Gaiman, the main Guest of the con, was also conspicuously absent after hours. Robert Charles Wilson was conspicuous in programming. But I don't recall seeing him once the convention center closed for the night.

So *what of* this famous equalitarian relationship between fans and pros? Is it real or not?

Admittedly, I wouldn't recognize a great many writers and editors. There might have been Michael Swanwicks and Nancy Kresses and Greg Bears at every turn, wherever I went, and I likely wouldn't have a clue. "Collecting" pros was never a hobby of mine.

But offhand, I think not. Whether it was ever really so, older fans than I would have to answer. At present, it appears to me, that the pros are a sub-

There have also been provocative on-line discussions that frankly owned up to there being fewer pros at the Worldcon. The contention of some pros is that it makes little sense to spend money to attend a *small* convention of a few thousand members, when giant media cons with 20,000 or even 100,000 members is more cost-effective.

The argument is that if Worldcons are to attract any professional attention at all, they must make radical changes to grow to a size comparable to Dragon Con or SDCC.

The contrary argument is that pros also come to the Worldcon for other reasons than business, and that such changes would be fatal to the Worldcon as we know it.

My position is that we are nowhere near a crisis yet, and such concerns are premature. In the end, though, I think it would be preferable to let the Worldcon slowly die than alter it into something unrecognizable, that serves no-one's interests but a very few. Whose Worldcon is it, after all?

fandom of their own. They have their own interests and circles, and have little in common with everyday fans. From what Bob Wilson later told me, I imagine I might have been chowing down on corned beef on rye in the Montréal party, while Bob had dinner with his Hungarian translator. This may be more or less the general case. While I quizzed the TAFF winner about British fandom, perhaps Rob Sawyer was discussing with his editor the release date for his next two books. As I watched Steve Stiles' easel demonstration, maybe David Hartwell was having a tête-à-tête with Patrick Nielsen Hayden over budgets.

The pros have their own circle of cronies and their own shared interests. They're no different, in their way, from The Klingon Boarding Party or other special-interest groups in the erratic, amorphous body known as fandom. One could go out on a limb and say pros have even less common ground with fans than most other groups. Costumers often work on cons. Fanzine fans may also filk and love Star Trek. Comics fans game. Not too many pros would seem to have a hand in any fan activity, except perhaps a little writing for fanzines.

The main basis for claiming an easy and equal relationship between fans and pros is probably the common ground of science fiction. In that regard, we do speak the same language, and do share broad swathes of the same history. It's thin grounds, though. Fans and pros don't approach science fiction the same way. They write and sell books – we buy and read them. Do you feel you're on same basis with the man you bought your Toyota from as you are with the guys you bowl with? The Toyota salesman is friendly, to be sure. You wouldn't expect him to invite you home for dinner, though. Isn't he really just trying to sell you a car? Doesn't the writer just want you to buy his book?

No, not entirely. He'd happy to talk to you about his book. I doubt he would be quite as happy to listen to you talk about your fanzine. And while a hundred people can listen to him at the front of the room, he couldn't possibly listen to a hundred people individually. This gets to the core of the unequal relationship between fans and pros. We're there to

see him, but he's not there to see any of us.

A professional writer may attend a con to promote a recent book. He may enjoy being popular. He may even feel he owes his readers a look at him, and a chance to speak to their favourite author. But there is a profound difference between a sense of *noblisse oblige* toward one's fans, and actually *being* a fan.

As they would say on Myth Busters, the myth of equality between fans and pros is mainly busted.

I wasn't going to try to explain any of that to the CBC interviewer. She wanted sound bites that were easily digested by the television viewer. By definition, a sound bite contains one idea (or fewer) that is simple enough to grasp in ten seconds. Giving the viewers of the CBC News a little more credit than the average watcher of Fox News, maybe simple enough to grasp in *thirty* seconds. Whether or not the material made it to the air is another question. There was no sign of it in a couple of news stories that I saw on YouTube. It wouldn't be the first time I ended up on the cutting-room floor.

One of the film clips that did make it to the air, though, lingered long over some fan's badges, and the Anticipation name tag was gloriously visible for several entire seconds.

My final program event for Saturday was "The Tools of the Trade" at five o'clock. My guess is that the item was created for Alan Beck, who was the little-known final nominee for the Best Fanartist this year. I say "little-known," but he is evidently well enough known to have gotten whatever number of nominations it takes to appear on the ballot in that category. (I'd say about fifty, possibly forty.) In any case, I had no idea who he was when I first heard the name. This led to a Google search to discover that Beck was a freelancer who specialized in cute animal renderings of famous paintings. He sold them as posters, coffee mugs, and calendars. I came to the panel expecting to talk about my pens and pencils, since I use little else. Alan came with a lap top, and a complete PowerPoint presentation that took a considerable time to show. His main point was that no amount of

preparation was too much, and he proceeded to show about twenty steps in the construction of one of his book cover paintings. One of the other artists came similarly prepared, and followed much the same line. In one of only a couple of opportunities to speak, I subverted the entire message by stating I only needed a pencil, pen, paper, and sometimes a ruler to do my work. In my opinion, tools were far less important than the idea... and knowing how to put it across. This didn't seem to fit the party line very well, and I could see I didn't really belong there. I made the excuse of a conflicting program item – we had already gone over an hour and no end was in sight – then hurried away.

Part Can – Demarche/Sunday

It was likely on Sunday that we went to the egg place for brunch. Finally, Schirm and I started a day with something hot and savory, not rich in fiber and good for us. The restaurant was named something like “Eggs-actly” or “Eggs-istential” and served only hen fruit in one fashion or another. I was a bit skeptical about this, but it turned out that my ham & eggs on bagels were eggs-cellent.

At 12:30 I had to be in a certain room without knowing why. That was the theory behind the “roast” prepared for me. In practice, I knew all about it. Originally scheduled for Monday afternoon, it turned out that only one of the participants of “The Life & Times of Taral Wayne” would still be in Montréal on Monday afternoon. The single survivor of the remorseless need for people to catch trains and planes going home was Robert J. Sawyer. Rob and I have known each other for quite a number of years – longer than he's been a published writer, in fact. But we could hardly say we were close, and there was some doubt he could conduct a proper “roast” on his lonesome. It became necessary to tell me about it. I asked if “The Life & Times” could be rescheduled. Laurie Mann was good about this, and managed to reschedule early Thursday. We ran into the same problem. One of the panelists would be on hand, but the rest weren't expected until Friday. Finally Laurie squeezed “The Life & Times” into Sunday, when

Rob Sawyer, Bob Wilson, Alan Rosenthal, Catherine Crockett and Schirm were all present and accounted for. The necessary change came so late, though, you unfortunately won't find any mention of my roast in the program guide.

It was one of the better-attended events I was part of... excepting the opening, and closing ceremonies, of course, and the Hugo presentations. Twenty-five or thirty bodies sat through the whole hour, as we reminisced, joked and kidded around. While not strictly a “roast” – I took my turn embellishing old stories – it seemed to keep our modest audience entertained. I wondered where other people were. The Stileses for example. Or Guy Lillian. But the last minute scheduling ran afoul of other program events. Steve, I later learned, was giving a presentation on the Rotsler winners with Sue Mason at exactly the same time my “Life & Times.” I would have liked Steve to be there, and for that matter (as a past Rotsler winner) I would have liked to see his presentation.

To be honest, I saw *no-one else's* program appearances. I was so busy over the five days of the con that it never even entered my head to look through the lengthy program guide to find if there was anything I wanted to see. Likely as not, there would have been schedule conflicts in many cases. Or I might have had to skip more meals. But mainly I just didn't *think* of it, and this I deeply regret.

I also missed all of the Convention events, and the presentation of the Canadian Aurora awards. I can't say I regret *this* very much.

Sunday was the day for big-ticket program events. It was the day of the announcement of next year's Worldcon, when the new Worldcon logo would be revealed and, of course, the day for the Hugo ceremonies. At two o'clock I joined the elite in the main program room for the rehearsal. I was mainly baffled. Remember, the last time I would have seen the Hugos presented it was at a banquet (of the traditional rubber chicken) in the early 1970s. Some special instructions had to be given to keep me off my feet as much as possible, complicated by the unusual circumstance that, immediately after presenting the Hugo for best fanzine, I might win one of

the awards myself. Instead of leaving the stage entirely, I was directed to wait in the wings in the event I was called back. So far, so good.

At 3.30 p.m. I gave a tutorial on drawing. The tutorial was based on an article I wrote, a few years ago, called “Pencil Points.” It was the result of quite a long period of thought in response to a friend asking me if I could help him with his drawing. I felt that the usual approach – drawing stick figures and circles – wasn't very helpful. The real issue as an artist isn't hand-and-eye coordination so much as observation, and judgment, which no amount of geometrical exercise will teach. So, when I finally came to giving my friend lessons, I took a different approach. Instead of pencil exercises, I asked him to act out a number of scenarios. The purpose of this was to force him to discover the essentials of a scene, and then organize them in the most effective way on paper. Never mind that the draftsmanship might be wretched. Can you identify what makes an elephant an elephant, and not a camel? Can you communicate an angry expression that doesn't look like an evil grin? The lessons seemed to satisfy my friend, and later I wrote a successful article about the experiment.

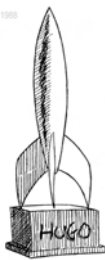
I had hoped to repeat the experiment on a larger scale at Torcon. But as usual, no-one was interested in my suggestions. Anticipation was a different matter, and the “Pencil Point” article made the translation to “Drawing Seminar with Taral Wayne.”

It drew a fair crowd, measured by any other program event I'd been on so far. They were all prepared to sketch, which was a good sign also. In the course of the seminar I challenged the participants to act out a double-take, climbing a ladder, an angry encounter with sailors goofing-

It may seem odd to most of fandom that I've been nominated for Best Fanartist 8 times so far, won the Rotsler award, run for TAFF and DUFF, been toastmaster at one Corflu, and was Fan Guest of Honour at the Worldcon – but I've not once been nominated in any fan category for the Aurora Awards. I think it speaks volumes for the provincial outlook of most Canadian fans – pun unavoidable.

The printed invitation used a tiny excerpt from an old drawing of mine. Catherine Crockett asked if I had ever drawn any Hugos that she could use.

Wracking my memory came up only with a couple. A third was wholly unusable. Of the two, Catherine had picked one that was from a pastiche of cartoonist George Herriman. Looks like a hood ornament on a corned beef tin, doesn't it?



off and other scenarios that would awaken them to how the face and body moves. In pursuit of relevant but sufficient detail, I also asked them to draw Spanish galleons, fruit stands and other distinctive subjects. Then I walked around the group to see the results. Where I could, I showed how the drawing might have been better staged. I pointed out when too much detail was distracting, and when necessary details were lacking. Whether or not anyone gained from my tutorial I can't say. But it kept the participants concentrating on their sketch pads, and they seemed

content.

The big event began at six o'clock with the pre-Hugo reception. You needed a printed invitation for this, and could bring one guest with you. I brought Steven Baldassarra, since it was bound to be a once-in-a-lifetime event for him. For that matter it was a once-in-a-lifetime event for me this time. In spite of seven previous Hugo nominations, I had never been able to attend a Worldcon for the occasion. I'd never been to a Hugo reception either, so it was just as novel to me as to Steven.

It was a bit of a disappointment too, really.

The room the reception was held in could have been a hanger for the B2 Bomber, and enjoyed a view of the city from the all-glass back wall. A small bar was set up in one corner, and each guest was issued a single ticket. No hard liquor or any liqueurs were available, just white wine or red. Fortunately, there was plenty of coffee from a self-serve table. From time to time a vested busboy walked by with a tray of whaddayacallums... hors d'oeuvres? Appetizers? Pricy snack food.

To tell the truth, I had no idea who most of the other nominees were. Many were formally dressed to one degree or another, but a few were casual enough for the gym. I ran into Karl Schroeder, who I knew from a few years ago in Toronto. He was up for the Hugo in Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form. (The award's *name* is sure long enough.) I'm pretty sure I saw David Hartwell, one of

the nominees for best editor. Chris Garcia was there, of course. I heard that John Scalzi was schmoozing somewhere, but wouldn't have recognized him on sight anyway. Somehow I met one of the nominees for Best Graphic Story, and spoke a while about his hopes. Not Phil Foglio. I would know Foglio. He would have spit in my eye, from what I've been told. This man I didn't know, and I'm embarrassed to say I've already forgotten his name. And there was the energetic Frank Wu.

Frank I had met earlier in the con, of course. Or more accurately, he met me, since I recall my name being called from behind, and Frank introducing himself. I have to admit, Frank is the second-most-friendly guy I met at the Worldcon. Chris Garcia just nudges him from first place. But Frank's a bit unnerving when you don't know him. He high-fived me, bounced off the walls, and performed fellowship rituals too arcane for me to recognize while I was still making up my mind to answer "hello." He introduced his wife, Brianna, somewhere between that and my next word, and then was off again. Frank must have found the pre-Hugos intoxicating. He shifted from what passes with Frank as cruising mode to *high energy*. Before I knew it, I was being pushed and pulled and prodded into photo ops, outdrawing each other like gunslingers. "*Outdrawing*, get it?" It sank in, but Frank was off on another trajectory by then. I don't know what he



was having, but I could have used a little.

After a while, a table was wheeled into the middle of the room. An announcement was made. This was the first unveiling of Anticipation's take on the Hugo award – as Beautiful People, we got to see it first. It was a moment of truth. Whatever lay beneath the white sheet might be mine in an hour's time. Would it be a figure of grace and dignity? Or would it be a hideous piece of claptrap like the Nippon Hugo – a pairing of the traditional rocket and Ultra Man that was so cheesy you didn't know whether it was enough to push it behind the bowling trophies, or such an outright embarrassment you could only stick it under the bed.

I think you could hear every breath in the room being let out. The Hugo was gorgeous. For the first time, I realized I *wanted* this one. The silver rocket was mounted on a piece of silvery granite representing an asteroid. The top of the stone base was polished flat, and looking down the boresight you saw a "blast pit" whose flames were Autumn-coloured maple leaves. Around the circumference of the base was a metal strip that reminded me of Jeordi La Forge's visor, with the name of Anticipation engraved on it. A little bit like Jeordi's visor, it also tended to fall off at awkward moments. Nevertheless, it was not merely attractive, it was stunning.

Not long after the unveiling came the photo session. Groups were formed of nominees in each category. In Best Fanartist, Frank did the gunslinger shtick again. If you can't tell, I found it a little embarrassing to draw attention that way. Get it? Draw.

It was soon time to leave for the Hugo Presentation itself.

Up to then, I had seen nothing of the Guest of Honour, Neil Gaiman, except for a few minutes at the opening ceremonies. I see 17 listed program items Neil Gaiman took part in. Kept busy with my own schedule, I missed them all. I have no idea where he was the rest of the time, so there were no casual encounters. The way it looked, he just about missed the pre-Hugo reception. Gaiman arrived five minutes before everyone was formed up to move to the main program area for the award ceremonies. I was beginning to suspect I

would not have the chance to speak to him at all. It wasn't that I was a sworn fan, but I did like his writing and thought that under the circumstances it would be appropriate to at least meet him.

As at the opening ceremonies, I was a bit bewildered by the Hugos. I had a better grasp of what to expect, thanks to the rehearsal earlier, but it was nothing like the last time I had seen the awards given out... likely 1976, when I heard a misanthropic Heinlein booed from the audience. But in 1976 I didn't have to actually hand someone a rocket from the stage. I thought it unlikely I'd mess up so badly, that I'd be booed, but it was a distinct possibility.

One thing that was definitely in my favour was my shirt. Unlike David Harwell and his technicolour ensembles of stylishly mismatching off-the-rack shirt, tie, pants, socks and underpants, I wore a custom-made garment. My original intentions were unpretentious. When asked by Catherine Crockett what I'd wear at the ceremonies, I said I hadn't thought about it, but probably the same t-shirt and short pants I wore the rest of the time. What else did I own? Some years ago, though, Catherine had made a couple of custom shirts for me that I often wore to conventions. They technically still fit – but not well. She offered to make another along the same lines. Having now thought about it, it seemed like a good idea. The shirt she made was a dark, twilight blue, the colour of the clear sky before night begins to fall in earnest, with black facings. Instead of buttoning or zipping, it was tied in kimono fashion, and had short sleeves. Catherine fitted it only days before both us left for the convention, managing to finish it just in time. The fit was great, and I really loved how it turned out. Paired with ordinary black cotton pants, at least no-one would boo how I was dressed.

The place was packed, and the lights turned low just as the opening ceremonies had been. The video screens lit up and Julie Czerneda appeared on stage with her translator. The show had begun. One by one, they went through the warm-ups. Andy Porter was presented with the Big Heart award. I clapped hard for that one. Next came the First Fandom award.

The new official logo for the Hugos was shown for the first time. I have to admit I couldn't have designed better – it was perfectly simple and simply perfect. Then the actual Hugo for 2009 was revealed to the public. Finally, the site selected for the 2011 Worldcon was announced – Reno. Better work out your right arm, if you're planning to go. Those slot machines will be in the dealers' room if I know Nevada, and the Hugos will probably have a handle. With the John W. Campbell award, the preliminaries were over.

The Penneys were up first, to present the Hugo for the Best Fanwriter to Cheryl Morgan.

Then came the cue for me to climb the stage. As before, I really couldn't see much of the audience, only the brightly lit stage and the few people on it. Someone handed me an envelope. I think Julie pushed me up to the mike. Then I spoke off the top of my head.

Okay, I haven't got a transcript, nor did I make any notes, but it's unlikely I'll ever forget what I said.

I said that I had *published* fanzines, I had *written* for fanzines, I had *drawn* in fanzines, and on occasion I had *bled* on fanzines when I cut myself on the staples, so I *knew* it was an artform. Then I opened up the envelope, read the nominees – *Argentus*, edited by Steven Silver; *Banana Wings*, edited by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; *Challenger*, edited by Guy Lillian III; *The Drink Tank*, edited by Chris Garcia; *Electric Velocipede*, edited by John Klima; and *File 770*, edited by Mike Glycer. Then I said, "interesting."

My first thought was "damn," actually. I knew who'd *I'd* voted for, and would have been quite content if *Banana Wings*, *Drink Tank*, *Challenger*, or *File 770* had won. But who the heck was John Klima? I read out the name of the zine I'd never heard of. I wasn't to learn it was a fan-fiction website, of all things, until later.

Someone held the Hugo out so I could take it and pass it to the winner. For about five seconds, I actually held the bloody thing – and I can't remember those five seconds at all! Did the base feel rough? Was it cold? Was it heavy? No shred of the experience survives. I should have left the stage at that point.



Frank's Victory Dance. A more complete dialog between Frank, Brianna and I about the Fanart Hugo can be found in *Drink Tank* 223, and downloaded from Bill Burns' website, eFanzines.

Since I was a nominee in the next category, I retired behind the wings. And there I waited. For me, the next few minutes were the most nerve-wracking of the whole affair.

The Hugo for Best fanartist was presented by the trio of fan-fund winners – Steve Green for TAFF, Emma Hawkes for DUFF, and LeAmber Kensley for CUFF. The nominees must be pretty familiar by now: Brad Foster, Sue Mason, Frank Wu, and yours truly. The newcomer to the group was Alan Beck.

I met the somewhat obscure Alan A. Beck briefly at the pre-awards reception. Until the nominees were revealed in the summer, I'm guessing not too many people had heard of him. Google directed me to Alan's website, where I quickly learned that he was a freelance artist who appeared to specialize in animal renditions of famous paintings. "American Gothic" with mouse heads, for example. He sold these by mail as t-shirts, calendars, coffee mugs and other such perennially favourite media in shopping mall culture. Like any enterprising freelancer, he evidently also takes his work to SF conventions. Naturally, he had a display of his prints at Anticipation. Sometimes I have balls of brass, so I had to ask Alan why he thought he was on the Hugo ballot as best fanartist. By his answer, I assume he was almost as puzzled by it as I was. He told me he had no idea.

From a practical standpoint, the only answer was "because Steve Stiles had

withdrawn his name."

The contest was basically down to Frank, Sue, and me. Frank had won three times before. Sue twice. This year seemed to be the one in which I held my strongest hand, since I was a GoH at the same year's Worldcon, enjoyed its backing in numerous ways, and had had a number of showy things published in fanzines in the previous couple of years. If I could not win in 2009, it stood to reason that I couldn't win at all, no matter what I did. The moment the envelope was torn open, my belief in work and effort was hanging in the balance.

Well, there is *no* reward for hard work, and effort does *no* good.

Horatio Alger's boys-who-made-good were just the figment of a lying writer's imagination. Good fortune comes to no one simply because they deserve it.

Putting it another way, Frank won his 4th Hugo. I guess I can't blame him for being elated, but I took his victory dance rather badly. He swooped around the stage, playing with his Hugo as though it were a toy rocket, raising more than one eyebrow among the other winners who preferred more reserved expressions of satisfaction. I merely started breathing again. The stage helpers didn't shoo the other nominees away, but drew the winners apart for the photo op. I've seen one shot of the winners in which you can see a bit of me at back, and off to one side. It must have been a little while after that, when things were breaking up, that I decided I didn't need my newly-written acceptance speech. Lacking anything better to do with it, I gave it to Frank. I felt he had everything else. Why not have that, too?

In time, I regained some perspective and put away the sore-loser face. After all, I was a Guest of Honour at a Worldcon, wasn't I? I had been blessed with any amount of egoboo over the previous year or two, including an introduction written by Mike Glyer that I couldn't have been improved if I had dictated it. I'd have a ton of stuff published, which is what fanac is supposed to be all about. I'd won the Rotsler last year. And eight nominations for the Hugo is nothing to sneeze at,

either. A lot of people would give an eye-tooth for *one*. So I had the whole cake except for one slice, and had no good cause to complain. But it was *such* a beautiful Hugo...

No, I have no complaints... except for one thing. If not this year, can it be *any* year? To repeat a question posed by Chris Garcia in a recent issue of *Drink Tank*, "what does it take to win a Hugo?" If not work, then what? I certainly can't compete for popularity when I attend no conventions and have little personal contact with other fans. It would seem as though the fan Hugos measure those virtues more than any others.

As for the professional Hugo categories, I paid little attention. I'm not very interested in that minor-league stuff. Surely Mike will have the details somewhere in this issue of *File 770* – if not, try *Locus*. I hear they've even won an award for that sort of thing.

Still, I wonder where the Hugos are going. At worst, I fear the distinction between the SF genre and the outside world is breaking down as we watch. Two of the fan Hugos were taken, not by traditional fanac, but by their internet offspring. Best fanzine was a website. Best fanwriter was Cheryl Morgan, by virtue of her blog. John Scalzi took home another rocket in the category of Best Related Book– not for his blog this time, but for a collection of his blog writing. Best Short Dramatic Presentation was some gim-crack amateur production on a blog called "Dr. Horrible's Sing-Along," that conjures up the truly horrible question of whether the "Dancing Baby" could have been a nominee a few years ago.

The problem I foresee is not the new medium itself. The internet is a tool, and I use it myself. But the internet potentially reaches millions, where the print media reaches thousands. And the twiltone medium reaches several dozens. At the same time, many of the plots and symbols of science fiction are diffusing into the mainstream culture. Chances are that anyone under the age of 40 knows what a Vulcan nerve pinch is, or a faster-than-light drive. They understand the time-paradox because they saw it on an episode of *Third Rock From the Sun*. And they know A.I. made their Toyota,

because they saw one transform into a battle robot on a television ad. If everyone understands SF, and anyone can access the internet, what difference will there be between fandom and the mundane world in the future? What sense of “community” will there be? Could a digitally animated Captain Crunch commercial win a Hugo for Best Short Dramatic Presentation someday?

Growth can be a good thing, but it’s not always equally good for everyone. A select few may benefit enormously, while everyone else sinks to the level of the mass consumer.

So far as I know, the limiting factor in the growth of the Hugos is the cost of a Worldcon membership. It’s already higher than many old-time fans will pay just for the right to vote. The Hugo in the foreseeable future is almost certain to be defined by the few thousand people who will pay for the privilege. It already is. But who will those people be, one wonders.

After the Hugo ceremonies I stumbled down to the post-awards reception with Steven.

Steven didn’t want to stay long. I can’t say I blame him – he’d already seen the genre’s royalty at the pre-award ceremonies, and wasn’t too enthusiastic about seeing them again. Nor was the ambiance, created by dim lights and a crowded room, as friendly. Tables were well-stocked with canapés, but unless you anted up at the cash bar there was only water to drink. I had water.

Yet I had a couple of lively conversations that I recall as enjoyable. One with John Hertz, about the Hugo rules, was largely in confidence. Another was with John Douglas. I’d known John since he edited OSFiC newsletters, more than 35 years ago. Oddly enough, I think I grew to know and like John more after he moved to New York and began to edit professionally. We talked about the Best Editor category. My point was that the award was certainly deserved, but that it was too much to expect of most readers to be very aware of what editors do. John added that most editors unfortunately do fly under the readers’ radar, and that the Hugo tended to go to certain names that were highly visible. Gardner Dozois’ *The Year’s Best Science Fiction*, for example, or Terry Carr’s *Ace Specials*. I think we

both shook our heads, then, and conceded there was nothing to be done about it.

I also spoke with the René Walling, the con chairman- for a little while. I wanted to thank him (and the committee) for a wonderful experience, and a well run convention. Timed almost like a comic turn, Patrick Nielsen Hayden picked that moment to come bristling up to René. He complained in a very loud voice that it was a *badly* run con, one of the worst he had ever seen. I’d known Patrick pretty well during the mid-’70s, after he had suddenly moved into Toronto, and then I largely fell out of touch when he almost as suddenly moved away. He had always been excitable, and had a Puckish sense of humour that was sometimes hard to distinguish from his straight delivery. So at first I thought he was pulling René’s leg. But Patrick had had a quick temper when I had known him, too, and eventually it sunk in that he was dead serious.

The gist of his complaints was about the elevators, and limits to people’s moving to and from the upper floors. There had also been complaints about noise, causing the SFWA party to be moved. After dismissing the Delta as a totally unsuitable choice, and ranking Anticipation as one of the worst-run Worldcons he’d seen, Patrick bristled away again. It’s good when people let their minds be known. But, like a lightning strike on the last green, there was no time for an apology *or* a rebuttal.

The elevators had, in fact, been slow. There were line-ups. I’ve heard, too, that a pronouncement of the fire marshal had kept some people from reaching the party floors. I saw nothing of this myself, but the expedient of keeping some elevators free for use of guests going to and from their rooms may have had uncertain results. Did it help the movement of people, or hinder it? I can’t say. But what Worldcon doesn’t have problems with the elevators of one sort or another?

Then, there were the closed parties. Although the con had arranged two party floors, evidently noise carried through to the floors above and below. It was possible to relocate the SWFA party at least, but how well it carried on

afterward is not for me to say. All of this I learned later. It seems to me, too, that this wasn’t in the least foreseeable.

What Worldcon hasn’t made mistakes? As far as it went, there were adequate reasons for complaint. But to publicly tongue-lash the chairman like some gold-bricking employee seemed more like a bit from some sitcom. René seemed to shrug it off in true Gallic fashion, though. I had to admire him. A little later, Teresa came over and made soothing noises. I don’t recall what she said, but she seemed concerned that a faux pas had been committed and it needed to be set right.

While circling the room, I noticed several people were carrying an odd-looking box, about the size of a CD case. After a time I noticed a table where someone was minding a stack of them. I assumed it was more of the same disks, and paid them no mind. Next day, one of the concom asked if I had gotten my Hugo nominee’s gift from Aussiecon. Not that I noticed, I said. What was it? Apparently those “CDs” I saw the night before were limited-edition, bone china dishes. The designs were based on an Aboriginal painting by an artist named Ruth Napaljarri Stewart. They are handsome – I’ll give them that. And the Australian connection is obvious. But I’m not at all sure why a dish. Except for the card pasted on the box, it might be a souvenir brought back by a tourist. I gave Aussies A for taste, but I’m forced to mark them lower for relevance. Thanks for thinking of me, though.

As it happens, I also received a small gift from Anticipation. It was a small, wooden, faux-Japanese box. You might wonder at the relevance of that, but “Anticipation, Worldcon 2009” had been painted by brush inside. And there were five glorious maple syrup candies! The

“Tim Hortons” is the correct name of the eponymous chain of donut stores. It used to be Tim Horton’s Donuts, but in Quebec that contravened the notorious law known as Bill 101. It is illegal to advertise on a sign or in a store window using English. The possessive apostrophe is forbidden. So Tim Horton’s became simply Tim Hortons.

I bet even Hazel Langford didn’t know that.

only thing more Canadian than maple syrup candy is Tim Hortons donuts.

And of course, I didn't share a single one. They were my precioussssss.

One of the more popular parties with the cool crowd was the fan lounge. It was well stocked by Catherine Crockett, and seemed to be the preferred hangout of British fans. It's probably worth mentioning the odd layout of party rooms at the Delta Centre Ville. There were basically two floor plans, and square was not an option. The larger rooms were at the ends of the building, and were shaped somewhat like a croissant, with the door to the hall in the middle. The other sort was split-level – a small and cramped lower area, stairs, and an upper level bedroom with bath. The fan lounge was one of the second sort. The downstairs area was just large enough for a sofa and chair, and much of the action took place upstairs. The Worldcon one-shot was, in fact, mainly typed in a closet nook across from the bathroom, while the bed provided space for loungers. Crowded though it was, Steve set up his easel for his "How to be a cartoonist" talk in one corner downstairs, and somehow packed them in.

By comparison, the con suite was large, fairly rectangular for a change, and had a full bedroom on the same level. I recall spending a good deal of time there on more than one occasion, but particularly one late night with Steve Stiles, Andy Porter, and Steve Green. Andy was doodling fake Rotslers on a marker board, while Stiles and I discussed our discovery of a wonderful light fixture based on a drawing by Ken Fletcher. No party could rival the Montréal and Texas parties, though. Mounds of savory smoked meat and rye bread competed with vats of spicy beef-or-chicken chili.

I mentioned the Con Chairman's party earlier, though not perhaps the long and astute conversation about American politics I had with Kevin Standlee's wife. In the other room, Joe Siclari and a few others tried to think of anyone who had earned a hat-trick by having been a Worldcon Chairman, Worldcon Guest of Honour, and a major fan fund winner. No names emerged, though plenty in fandom had managed



Illumination by Ken Fletcher

two out of three.

There were more than two dozen parties running at any one time, I'm sure. Some I probably never set foot in, there were so many. Concentrating them on two floors seems to have worked well – almost as well as having those floors one above the other would have worked. I wonder why there were twenty-one floors between them?

Part Six – Lundi/Monday

Monday was a time of winding down. Almost of leftovers. I don't even have a clear recollection of what I did most of the day. Perhaps Monday was when I watched John D. Berry and Steve Stiles meet on the lower concourse? Otherwise I wouldn't have known Berry had even been at Anticipation. There were others at the con that I never saw either – such as Lise Eisenberg, who I was only later told had been there. It was likely Monday, too, when a small number of my friends found an agreeable Chinese restaurant for dinner. It was less pretentious than where we dined on the first day. This one was a hole in the wall in Chinatown, not far from the Palais. We ordered from shabby menus and were quickly served on a plastic tablecloth. But the food was as good as at the classier joint, and cheaper to boot. Nobody put a hammerlock on me for a tip, either, so I left one willingly.

Monday was also the last day there was any possibility of getting Neil Gaiman to autograph books for me. Normally, I don't collect autographs. I do have any number of books signed or inscribed by writers I know well – Robert Charles Wilson for one, Phyllis Gotlieb for another. And I would make

exceptions for writers I don't know if I admired them tremendously. But your run-of-the-mill Clarke, Asimov, or Heinlein – no thank you. On the other hand, one doesn't share billing with a name like Neil Gaiman's every day, so I was willing to make an exception. I had asked just before the Hugo ceremony, but this was ruled out. If Gaiman started to sign a book there in front of thousands of people, thousands of people would be also swarm him to ask for autographs. The ceremonies might end up starting an hour or two late.

It was Monday or never, then. There was a table set up for autograph sessions just in front of the curtain separating the dealers' area from the rest of the main exhibit room. Gaiman wasn't there yet, but about two hundred people were already lined up. While perhaps I should have just taken my place at the end of the line, I really couldn't justify tying myself up for however long it might take to work to the front of the line. Not to put too fine a point on it, I was the Fan Guest of Honour. So, for the first time, I actually took advantage of my status, and asked to be jumped to the head of the line. The staff person in charge saw no problem with it, so I motored my scooter right up to the table and in front of someone who found out he was now only *second* in line. I waited. Gaiman was due in about ten minutes. He arrived in about fifteen. We had a few words and he signed my three freshly purchased books. The copy of *Coraline* he inscribed "Taral – Fellow G of H, Neil, Anticipation," just as I was nervy enough to ask him to. It wasn't a first edition, but where would I get one of those? Honour had at least been satisfied.

As it was the final day of the Worldcon, I also had to return the scooter that afternoon. By then it had nearly grown to be a part of me. It was second nature to hop on and off, plug it in whenever I was stopped for any length of time, and back up without running over too many toes. I had had an interesting encounter once with another scooter that reminds me of that old story about the only two cars in some Midwest state back in the early 19th century. Despite having the whole state to avoid each other in, they still

managed to collide.

Steve Stiles had been having problems with his legs at work, and was seeing a therapist for them. He had many questions to ask me about the scooter – had it taken long to get used to, did I find it useful, how agile was it? If his therapy didn't begin working better than it had so far, he said, he might needing one himself. Then again, he also said that the amount of walking he'd been doing throughout the con seemed to have done more good for him than the therapy. Before I turned the scooter in and bade it a sad farewell, I let Schirm have a go. He zipped up and down the hall outside the main exhibition area, trying for an indoor land speed record. I let him drive it into the scooter park enclosure. Thinking it was his scooter, they began to bill him for the rental. Fortunately I was there to step to explain, and the rental was waived. I really could use one of those around my Parkdale neighborhood. But unless my back actually gives out for good, it'll be quite a few more years before it comes to that.

I also ran into Lea Farr, who had one last present for me – a box about the size of a car battery, with the last of the membership badges in it. She had promised me the leftovers, to use as I wished. I had no idea how many that was. Two stacks of cards filled most of the bottom of the box. The label outside read 6,000. Each of the three layers must have originally held 2,000, so my Mk. I eyeball gauged the remainder to be at least 1,500! I could give these out on street corners for a week, if I wanted.

I had no programming to do Monday, except to attend the closing ceremonies.

As before, the ceremonies were held in the huge, main program hall. As before, I had never witnessed a modern closing ceremony at a Worldcon. And once again, I had prepared nothing to say. There was one difference, though. This third and final time I faced the audience, I was really conscious of them being there. I looked at them on purpose and told them it had been such a unique experience to be the Fan Guest of Honour at a Worldcon, that I was tempted to move into my virtual "apartment" here, and never leave. Why not stay too? I asked the assembled members of Anticipation.

Pity I had to go home, but that's how it is.

Sept – Mardi/Tuesday

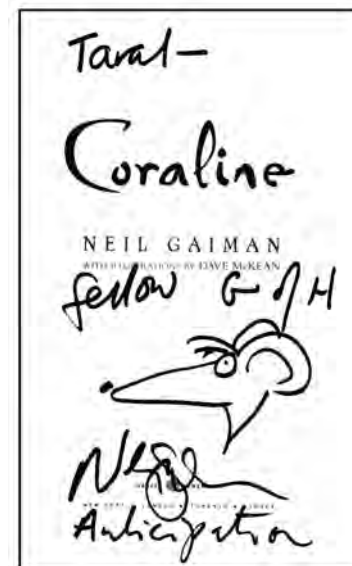
It was astonishing how fast everything came down after the ceremonies on Sunday. Even if I had been serious about camping in my virtual apartment, it was already too late. Disassembly probably began even before everyone had left the program area. By Tuesday morning, it was as though the Worldcon had never happened. Schirm and I walked over to the convention center and found no sign of it. Now and then, we encountered another sole survivor, or a couple of fans who hadn't left yet. There were a surprising number, really. But compared to the kaleidoscopic emptiness of the Palais, a handful of fans were only a few half-deflated balloons bobbing in the wake of a circus parade. Schirm and I had little idea what to do, but we were determined to do something with our last full day in Montréal.

It was Schirm who suggested there was a Métro stop nearby. He reminded me that we both wanted to see Mont Royal, if we found a way to get there. I hazarded an obvious guess that getting off at the Mont Royal Avenue stop would most likely get us where we wanted to go. Some of the smartest ideas I have are that obvious.

The subways, or Métro, in Montréal are unlike any I know in the world, that I know of. Where the cars in Toronto, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, or Seattle all run on steel rails, the cars here ran on rubber wheels! The experience of riding them is unique, too. Instead of a jolting, rocking ride, you swayed back and forth. The Métro differed in one other respect as well. We had decided to buy six fares for the discount, and I would save the two we didn't need for Moshe Feder's collection of subway tokens. When we bought the fares, though, all we got were six cheap little red and white cards with magnetic strips. I was quite irritated on Moshe's behalf, but even so the six were cheaper than buying four.

We arrived at Mont Royal Avenue station after only a ten-or-fifteen minute ride, and at street level found ourselves in a small plaza. We could

Title page from my copy of *Coraline*.



walk east or west, but which way was the mount? The first passer-by spoke perfect English and directed us west. From where we were it wasn't obvious there was a rise, but we trusted the natives to know the lay of the land. Mount Royal was a main street – not the commercial center of the city by any means, but both sides of the avenue were lined with interesting stores all along the way. We noticed a bus go by a minute later. We'd probably need it, I guessed.

My back had grown considerably stronger since I have begun using the scooter, but it was far from strong yet. As long as I took it easy, I managed well enough. It helped that we were in and out of little stores. I was fine as long as we didn't march in a straight line without stops.

We spent some time in an art supply store where we picked up a couple of mechanical pencils, and not much else,



More or less life-size.

then moved along. For some reason everything of real interest seemed to be on the other side of the street. Schirm spotted a place that advertised poutine, for instance. He was feeling a little peckish and wanted to try it. He wasn't hungry enough to start criss-crossing the road, though.

We wanted to get to the mountain straight away, and consigned the other side of the street to the walk on the way back. For now, we caught a bus headed west. The cheap little cards showed their worth then – we were instructed by the driver to insert the tickets into a fare box and wait until they popped back out. Apparently the cards were good on any line for two or three hours. We hadn't far to ride – in only two or three minutes, we were at the foot of the mount.

I said much earlier that Mont Royal is only about 750 feet high. From a distance it's hardly noticeable from the ground, but from close up you just thank your lucky stars you aren't riding a bicycle up. The mount is a rocky, craggy knob, and heavily wooded. Mont Royal Avenue snakes up it in lazy S curves. All thought of urban development halted the moment the grade grew too steep for a street bum to sleep and not roll down the grade. We asked the driver for the first stop with a good view out over the city.

That turned out to be about half way to the top, and gave a very good view of downtown Montréal from the Olympic Stadium in the east, the old French city to the south, the distant granite mounts flung across the horizon over the river, and the International district to the west. It spoiled the atmosphere somewhat that some advertising agency was shooting a lottery commercial. Actors and snazzy cars cluttered the parking lot behind us. After a few minutes we caught the next bus to come along, and rode the rest of the way to the top.

The summit was rather more of a swale, a gentle basin and an open area where the road divided. There was a tourist building built of stone that had evidently been a home at one time, a glass bus shelter, a profusion of sign posts, and several foot paths. We picked one to "The Pavilion," with its grand overlook of the city. Except for constant

complaints from my back, the slope we climbed was gentle, and wound through well manicured parklands and forest, arriving after about a quarter of a mile at a much larger stone building, built in a European château style. It was hard to believe it hadn't been a dance hall, or, if not that precisely, then surely the architect had some other definite purpose in mind. I asked an attendant, but I was wrong. The Pavilion seemed to have been built for no more reason than to give tourists shelter from the weather. And a damned good thing it was. We'd be needing it, presently.

We admired the city from a flagstone terrace spacious enough to drill a Scottish regiment. It was the same city as before, but from a greater elevation and a somewhat different angle. I noticed that dark clouds that had been far in the north before, were now nearly overhead, and quite threatening. Sure enough, thunder echoed among the moving towers and battlements of sullen cumulus. In moments, the front was racing over us and across the city. We headed for the Pavilion with little delay, reaching shelter just in time. The rain pelted the flagstones so violently it raised a spray from the ground that Schirm called "water smoke." (I never heard the expression, myself.) It went on that way for about half an hour, while a hundred or so tourists huddled under the pavilion eaves, or stood inside, fascinated by the passing storm.

It was a spectacle that Schirm enjoyed immensely, coming from a city where rain is a winter affair of nothing better than drizzle and gloom, and genuine storms a rarity. Living in Toronto, I saw my share of storms every year, and so I mainly wondered how long we'd be stuck there.

It's probably worth mentioning that it rained several times during the Worldcon. By far, Monday was the worst. But it had come down in buckets for a quarter of an hour one afternoon, and there had been short periods of light rain on several other occasions. For that matter, a terrific thunderstorm and shower hit Toronto a few days after the con, driving through chinks around my air conditioner, to puddle on the floor and soak my telephone jacks!

But at that point in time, I needn't

have been too concerned. The rain slackened, gradually diminished to spitting, and after an hour stopped entirely. There was only the water dripping out of the trees to gripe about while we hiked our way back down the trail to the bus stop.

Later, I discovered on a map we had driven about halfway through the Mont Royal park.

We left the bus, as planned, and walked the other side of the street on the return. Limiting ourselves to the short distance from store to store, my back eased up considerably from the stress put on it by the hike. For some reason, the south side of the street was the more interesting. We poked into one costume shop, where I examined stage money and plastic swords, but sensibly passed up frivolous purchases. We spent more time in a couple of places that sold used CDs and vinyl. One was more hip by far, but too hip for me to find any music I wanted to buy. Very little on CD was older than a few years. The décor was a little of the country general store, and a little from *Forbidden Planet*. The cash register sat on a counter, with four maroon-coloured leatherette-topped bar stools in front.

The second store was much the smaller of the two. Records and CDs nearly crowded the customer out. It was simply a makeshift box with racks and shelves that you walked into, and lacked the carefully contrived élan of the other place. Fortunately, however, it was more indiscriminate in its taste – I quickly found three used CDs of Gentle Giant that I had been wanting for some time. A little farther down the street we dropped into an unpromising gift shop, just on a whim. At first there was nothing of interest, but then I noticed a rack of "wall hangers." These were imitation samurai swords – the sort stamped out of stainless steel that won't hold an edge. They're assembled by thoroughly untraditional methods, but if you don't know any better they look authentic on the wall.

Most were \$35 or \$40, which is cheap as these sorts of things go. As well, a 20% discount applied. I looked at two or three overly-ornate blades, but one sword particularly caught my eye. It was only \$25 to start, and with the

discount it would be cheaper still. It was sheathed in a gold-lacquered scabbard that was battered and chipped. The sword hilt was missing the finial cap. Otherwise the scabbard was solid and the blade unscratched. Considering that I had examined a plastic stage sword not half an hour before that cost just as much, I made the decision to buy it. What else are per-diems for, I reassured myself. I carried my new samurai sword back to the subway wrapped in paper.

It wasn't a *katana*, as the full length Japanese sword is commonly known, but a *wakizashi* or *shoto*. These are the shorter "companion" swords, typically around 20 inches long, that a samurai wore through life. Of the two, it was the *wakizashi* that was handier for beheading a prisoner. Also called the "honour sword," it was sometimes used in committing seppuku – ritual suicide. To show he was unarmed, a samurai removed the larger sword of a *daisho* (pair) when he entered a home. But he never removed the *wakizashi*. He didn't go *that* unarmed, ever. While my shabby "wall hanger" would never impress a true warrior or even a true collector, it felt like the perfect toy sword in my hand. And what the hell... if I pushed hard enough, I could still kill someone with it.

We never did find that poutine place we had noticed earlier from the north side of the street. As a result, we went without dinner until we got back to the hotel. We discovered a few lingering fannish types in the Delta lobby and introduced ourselves. It grew slowly dark as we chatted. After a while I decided to go up to the room, and read a while. I left Schirm behind in the lobby, too absorbed by gab to leave. When he came up about an hour later, I said I needed to eat, and we went out again to see what was open. All we could find at that hour, though, was a Tim Hortons. A mini-sub and a couple of cream-cheese on bagels hit the spot dead on, even if it wasn't exactly Montréal hospitality at its best. Schirm and I didn't have a full day on Tuesday. So we turned in early.

Part Huit – Mercredi/Wednesday

It had been a long week, and we needed a full eight hours sleep that night... or

even longer, but eight hours was what we got. We had packing to do in the morning, as well, so the ten o'clock closing of the free breakfast never entered our minds. Instead, we found a fast food court in the underground. There was an unremarkable choice of

Chinese stir-fry, sub sandwiches, McDonalds, Thai noodles, donuts, Greek kabobs and fried chicken. I had an unremarkable but filling falafel from a Middle Eastern place.

If the food was pretty much the same fare as anywhere in St. Louis, New York or Toronto, the underground wasn't. Some wag once remarked that Toronto was built on clay, so naturally it grew upward – but Montréal was built on granite, so naturally they grew downward. It's almost true. Montréal does have an extensive network of underground tunnels, connecting most of the downtown buildings so that you never have to resort to street level. In Montréal winters that's a godsend. We found they were not especially wheelchair-or-scooter-friendly, though. One route from the Palais to the Delta failed us mid-way when we finally came to an escalator down, with no provision for the disabled. We plotted another route on the map, but found it ended a couple of blocks short of the hotel. We were forced to use an elevator to street level, and emerged into a light rain to finish the trip.

Toronto has an underground as well, though far less extensive. It too connects downtown buildings. But the space to either side of the tunnel is leased commercially. You can shop in an Indigo bookstore, buy fresh fruit and vegetables from a carriage trade grocer, have your clothes dry-cleaned, buy a radio-controlled toy Hummer, pick up a chocolate bar from a newspaper stand, or enjoy a piping hot cheese croissant. Not in Montréal. Not in the Centre Ville section that Schirm and I explored, at least. Instead, the long tunnels were vacant, alienated spaces that echoed with the footsteps of people hurrying through. The Krell left behind warmer, more



The perfect toy sword is a real toy sword!

welcoming tunnels than the Centre Ville district of Montréal. We finally found one short section of tunnel between two insurance towers with a small number of shops. But it was so insular that it was the one place I actually found it difficult to make myself understood in English when I asked for directions.

A note about the use of language. Although I had been slightly concerned, it turned out that almost anyone an English-speaking tourist is likely to encounter in Montréal will answer your enquiries in English. Some of it, spoken by taxi drivers, may be a little colourful, but it is completely intelligible. I tried to sprinkle in the little bit of French I knew – mainly "merci" and "pardon" – and only once found it necessary to try "je ne parle Français pas." When I did, the bookstore clerk came back with perfect English. Considering how bad my "ne parlez" must have sounded, I felt like a bit of a fool. But I understand that most Montréalers are pleased you made the effort. They know *they* can do better...

One thing I have to say about French language bookstores – they have fabulous sections on French comics – *Lucky Luke*, *Asterix*, *Tin Tin*, *Spirou*... even *Les Schtroumpfs*. (*Smurfs*, to the Anglophone.) Unfortunately I can hardly read kindergarten-level French, and at something like \$16 each, looking at the pictures wasn't value for the money. At least all the *Asterix* and *Tin Tin* volumes are translated into English, and I have read them many times. With *Lucky Luke* I've hardly been as lucky. I know of only a handful of the more than sixty adventures of the French "poor lonesome cowboy" in English editions. *Spirou* I hardly know at all, but for one translated volume.

We spent a little more time in Chinatown on our final Wednesday. You

enter through a Manchu-style gate, to find yourself in a narrow pedestrian alley with the usual medley of restaurants and gift shops. Most had about what you would expect in Chinatown anywhere – vases, Ben Wa balls, chimes, incense sticks, more tableware and cookware than you can shake an incense stick at, paper fans, gimcrackery of every kind, fake jade, and very little of actual value. There were one or two modern Chinese shops as well, stuffed to bursting with plastic anime toys and Taiwanese manga. I bought a cheap figure of Sailor Mercury, who I've always liked because of her blue page-boy hair. The day had to be cut short, though. Our train pulled out of Montréal at 5.30 – dinnertime.

Fortunately, the station was practically across the street from the Delta. We had already checked out. All we had to do was retrieve our baggage from the concierge and pay yet another tip.

Although we had flown from Toronto to Montréal, we retained our return tickets for passage on the train. We had “business class” seats, which entitled us to more leg-room, hot meals, and uninterrupted service. We settled leisurely into spacious seats, our baggage already checked, and pulled out of Montréal Central Station more-or-less on time. The seats were very comfortable and adjusted in at least three dimensions. Slowly the station fell behind us, then the city, then the suburbs and we were gliding comfortably through the countryside. We had our first round of drinks – coffee, juice, or pop the hostess asked, leaving a packaged snack to work up a thirst. Menus followed moments after the last salted peanut disappeared. While not exactly in the five-star class, the chicken (or the trout Schirm ordered) wasn't too shabby. After dinner we were offered coffee, juice, or *liqueur*. I didn't hesitate to require all of the above... and more than once. If there was a limit, I didn't reach it. I remember when flying was this civilized. If ever you have the choice of air or rail, and don't mind paying a little more, I strongly advise taking the train and going first class.

While the daylight lasted we saw a number of ominous-looking islands of

cumulo-nimbus drifting East as we sped West. I guessed there was more bad weather in store for Montréal in the coming day or two, but at the moment their billowing crowns, gilded by a setting sun, were Dutch Masters falling slowly behind us. Gradually it became dusk. We caught glimpses of Lake Ontario past the Thousand Islands stretch, but mist and the deepening darkness made it hard to discern where lake ended and sky began. Then it was black altogether. We pulled into Toronto's Union Station around 10:30. We were not so much tired as languid. The five-hour ride had been neither too long, nor an uncomfortable ordeal, but a restful pause between the Worldcon and arriving home at last.

There was a streetcar line virtually at the station exit, and it would have taken us right to my street, a block from my apartment. But rather than wrestle with our baggage and spend another hour in travel, we took a taxi. Once home, I didn't quite pull the fold-away bed from the couch and turn out the light on Schirm – I compulsively checked my e-mail – but that's near enough. Schirm was staying a few more days in Toronto and there was plenty of time for a good night's sleep first.

Part Neuf – Jeudi/Thursday

Little of the next few days until Schirm was booked to fly home are properly part of a con report. But, in one respect, Thursday really did continue from Anticipation.

The next afternoon we spent pattering around my neighborhood. First brunch at the nearby Skyline Restaurant, an early-60s-style sit-down grill, with leather benches, Formica tables and menus that featured cheeseburgers and minute steaks. The Breakfast Special every morning was a good deal. Despite a total absence of pretension, the Skyline was a well-known institution in Parkdale.

Having eaten, we poked into a the local furniture shops. Schirm had surprised me with a “mattress fund.” He'd begun collecting for it when it became obvious during the con that my back was still troubling me, and I'd remarked that the very firm mattresses

in the Delta were a great relief. My own mattress, new only ten years ago, was already beginning to sag and wear through. Though I hadn't given it any thought, it obviously needed to be replaced. Schirm collected damn nearly \$400 that he presented to me at the end of the con, more than enough for a new mattress. Now all I had to do was make up my mind whether I wanted springs, or perhaps even a futon.

Later that evening we had an invitation to drop in on Steve Green. He was this year's English delegate for TAFF, and was passing through Toronto. Steve was at Catherine Crockett's and Colin Hinz's place for the one day, then leaving on Friday. Schirm and I promised to drop by, and spend a few hours in an attempt to represent the local fandom honorably. I had spoken with Steve a couple of times at the Worldcon. The word “garrulous” was made to describe Steve Green. He simply loved to tell long stories, so that it was a bit hard to get a word in edgewise. I remember asking him to explain Plokta and the Plokta cabal to me. Were they part of British fandom or not? Apparently only sort of. The explanation was somewhat tortuous, but I think I finally got the gist of it. “So Plokta is like an off-Broadway show, and the rest of British fandom is the audience and only gets to applaud?” I don't recall his answer to that.

When Schirm and I arrived, we found Steve quite at home. He and Catherine had gotten quite mellow beforehand, enough said. I believe Colin arrived from work a little later, and something Thai or Chinese was ordered in for the lot of us. Schirm got along with Colin well, a little to my surprise. Schirm is raucous, but Colin rather reticent of speech. Once Schirm had a good look at the old pulps shelvesd along two walls of the dining room, though, they seemed to find plenty to talk about. We sat in what was ostensibly the dining room. Catherine's drums took up too much of the living room for company to sit. Switching from pulps to cartoons, Schirm carried on an animated conversation with Steve as well. In fact, there seemed rather a lot of talk about science fiction, too. What is fandom coming to?

I don't remember much of the evening very clearly, though. I assume I held up my end of the conversation, but sadly it was a bit of a strain. Likely, I was crashing from the weeklong con and stay in Montréal. Normally I spend one week to the next with little contact with anyone, except by e-mail or telephone. Once it began to grow decently late, I suggested calling it a night. Schirm was having a great time, but I was afraid we might hang on until we were both exhausted, and only then realize we still had an hour's travel by streetcar to get home and to bed.

The remainder of the week, well... this and that, but since the second Thursday truly marked the end of Anticipation, I'll pass over the rest in silence. I had a good time and hated to see Schirm go. Then again, it was nice to return to my usual peaceful existence with only a cat and my computer for company.

Part Dix – Réflexions/Afterthoughts

Regrets? I have a few.

For one, I was so busy that I only realized when the Worldcon was over how little I saw of Anticipation. Other than programming that I was part of, I saw no panels, attended no seminars, listened to no talks, saw no presentations, and missed a number of significant events such as Elizabeth Vonarberg's birthday, the Aurora awards, and the fan funds auction. There were several fannish panels I would love to have been on instead of my abortive kaffeeklatch, or the "Tools of the Trade" panel that I clearly didn't belong on. I would almost give money to know if my name had been brought up by anyone discussing "fanwriters," or to have sat on the fanhistory panel. But in many cases, even if I had known, my own schedule would have precluded it.

On the other side of the same coin, many people that I missed seeing during my panels were busy with their own. Or else they had been tempted away to other program events. I was sometimes competing with name pros or one of the other Guests, and it takes little imagination to guess how that worked out.

The conclusion is inescapable. There

is too much of a good thing, when nearly a thousand program items compete with each other for warm bodies.

I regret that I didn't take more photos. The camera was with me all the time. But after the first day, I seemed to forget I had it. The habit of noticing photo opportunities is one I never formed. I moved through crowds or watched events happen, totally lost in the moment, and no thought formed in my head that I should reach for the camera. Not until I returned home did I ever realize how many opportunities to save a photo record of my experiences had been lost.

Anyway, even if I *had* thought of it, how in the world could I have photographed myself presenting a Hugo, or a giving a talk to an audience?

Once I had time on my hands again, I began to search the internet for photographs.

My first searches were frustrating. Most photos were of friends over dinner, or writers at panels. There was understandable interest in Neil Gaiman and the other Guests of Honour. But, so far as I could tell, there were more photos taken of the Dave Hartwell's ties than there were of the Fan Guest of Honour. Eventually the situation improved. Friends gave me addresses on Flickr and FaceBook, where I finally found what I was looking for. No matter how creaky my memory may become, someday, I have the means now to remind myself of my moment in the limelight.

A very big regret was that I never really met any of my fellow Guests. I spoke to Julie Czerneda as well as Elizabeth Vonarberg for the first and only time while on the stage. Gaiman I had a few words over the matter of having my books signed, and then I only saw him again when he actually signed them.

I expected more, for some reason. A dinner with the committee and other Guests, perhaps? Or at least one panel

The Hugo Presentations – Best Fanzine



Photo credit – Christine Mak, (pxlbarrel)

with all the Guests together. It was too much to hope that the Pro Guests would show any interest in the Fan Guest, probably. But *might* it be that *they* were as curious about me as I was about them? It may be as well if I never know. I suffer profoundly egalitarian feelings.

My biggest regret by far, though, was that more of my old friends and acquaintances in fandom couldn't have been at the con. It was my biggest moment, but it seems that only a few of the people who mattered to me in fandom were there. Where were you Moshe Feder, Ken Fletcher, Linda and Ron Bushyager, Stu Shiffman, Jerry Kaufman, Avedon Carol, Ted White, Dan Steffan, Don D'Amassa, Dave Langford, Marty Cantor, Arnie Katz, Robert Lichtman, Edd Vick, Victoria Vayne, Bob Webber, Dick and Leah Zeldes-Smith, Eric Mayer, Art Widner... the list is disappointingly long. (Where, for that matter, were *you*, Mike Glycer?) But then I have to stop and smell the coffee. Travel costs a lot. Hotels cost more. Worldcon memberships aren't exactly pocket change, either. What all those people did over the Worldcon weekend was, unfortunately, what I do over almost every Worldcon weekend. They stayed at home.

But this year I didn't have to stay at home over the Anticipation weekend. Instead, I had an awesome experience



that was like no other, that I had never expected, and that I'll never experience the like of again. It's a thought that fills me with pride... and then I'm brought down to a terrible realization. Having lived through an epiphany and arrived sober on the other side, I'm in very good company.

After years of preparation, a spidery claw of tubes and foil reached down to the surface of the Moon on June 20, 1969. It was a near thing. With only seconds of fuel left, the Apollo 11 lander touched down in a cloud of dust that hadn't been disturbed in a hundred million years. Two men emerged and spent a precious two-and-a-half hours on the Moon's surface. And then they left – forever. After returning to Earth, astronaut Buzz Aldrin had trouble adjusting to the fact that he had nothing more to do with his life that will ever be that



important again. He had walked on the Moon, and he had no more goals.

Like Aldrin, I too have walked on the moon. Now what do I do with the rest of *my* life that could possibly equal the experiences of the 6th through 10th of August, 2009?

Perhaps nothing can match the five days I spent in Montréal this summer. Perhaps something greater and unguessable lies ahead. But whatever goals I set for the future, whatever I accomplish, one thing will never change. The footprint I left behind on the industrial carpeting of the Palais de Congres will always be there, and I wouldn't have missed my moonwalk for the world.

Finis

A **LIST OF PEOPLE** that I had the pleasure of working with during Anticipation that I wish to thank, in no particular order:

- Rene Walling, Robbie Bourget,
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- John Mansfield, Diane Lacey,
- Laurie Mann, Catherine Crockett,
- Lloyd & Yvonne Penney, Ponsonby Britt.

Doubtless I've missed many people who assisted me or dealt with my unreasonable demands with great forbearance. I never knew the names of every one, and moreover I have a bad memory for people I meet in moments of frenetic activity. I often recall the faces, but placing a name to them I cannot do. Those people also deserve my thanks.



What If?

(The Hugo Acceptance Speech I Never Made)

It says here, "Best Fanartist" – a minor category.

All the same, there's no such thing as a "minor" Hugo. It is still the supreme recognition fandom can confer on anyone in the field.

Although I have been nominated several times, this is the ***first and only*** occasion that I've been able to be present for the award ceremony, win or lose. So it is special (with a capital S) that I am actually here to receive the rocket with my own hands.

As if the Hugo wasn't enough, I'm also a Guest of Honour at a Worldcon – the other great honour fandom confers. If I weren't a rather phlegmatic s.o.b. I'd be dazzled.

For a long time I've thought that, if I did win a Hugo, it would bring closure to more than 30 years of fanac. But oddly enough, I don't feel that I'm at the ***end*** of anything at all. Instead, my best work may well be ahead of me.

If I work at it a little, I may even be able to break into a ***grin***.

I've been lucky. Every year there are many richly deserving fans who might be nominated for the Hugo, but never are. I've wondered for years why some of the most creative, yet under-appreciated artists in fandom haven't been given one of these nifty paperweights for their own. Among them I number Marc Schirmeister, Ken Fletcher, and (perhaps most of all) Steve Stiles.

I'd happily step aside next year for one of these old friends, or for any of many unrecognized fanartists.

After all... ***I'm*** certainly not going to Australia.

Thank you.



When Mike Resnick raised questions about the Worldcon's future in an SF Signal comment chain his approach there was to describe symptoms, assess possible causes and urge intelligent changes to fix them. Yet in crafting his editorial for Baen's *Universe* about the same topic Resnick inexplicably took a radically different approach.

Readers of *Universe* presumably now believe that Worldcon's inept volunteers cheated posterity out of 120,000-member Worldcons by scorning gamers, anime and comics fans, and have ruined the Worldcon brand by sending it out of the U.S. too many times. Worldcon now reaps what it has sown. Attendance is flat and Resnick says publishers are abandoning the shrinking Worldcon. Writers inevitably will follow them to Dragon*Con and Comic-Con as he has.

A bidder for a future Worldcon says he recently received a similar warning from an unnamed past Worldcon guest of honor. (That would have to be someone different than Resnick, who hasn't been GoH.)

Conrunners would worry about these warnings and criticisms anyway, and a few are especially anxious about the unopposed Chicago in 2012 bid's plan to hold the con over Labor Day weekend. That would be the first time a U.S. Worldcon has been held opposite Dragon*Con since 2004.

These are hard times for conventions that cater to the written word as Worldcon does. Worldcons in the 1990s typically had around 6,500 attendees. Since 2000 only two Worldcons have drawn 6,000 and the others rarely topped 4,000. I'd like to stop the incredible shrinking Worldcon so I agree it is a good idea to identify and address the

genuine problems. They are not the ones Resnick chose to dramatize, and there are good reasons why worrying about Dragon*Con won't contribute to solving them.

Where Did the Publishers Go? Resnick lists 11 sf publishers that didn't go to this year's Worldcon in Montreal. Since he made a point of this I checked the Dragon*Con website expecting to find them listed among the dealers and exhibitors - but they weren't. Is the list wrong or did they not go to Dragon*Con either?

It's well known that the publishing industry is ringing from the twin hammerblows of a technological revolution and a world economic crisis.

The demand for print sf was shaky even before electronic publishing took off. Jerry Pournelle once could count on libraries for a

Sowing Dragon's Teeth

by Mike Glyer

steady 5000 hardcover sales before their government funding was eviscerated. Magazines have been in serious decline for decades: *Analog* had a circulation of 104,000 in 1980, by 2008 it had dropped below 30,000. Written sf can be distributed electronically in the internet age, yet electronic magazines fail all the time despite their reduced costs. Baen's *Universe* itself plans to quit publication in 2010.

Publishers are retrenching. Some of the traditional work of marketing books has been cut back, phased out, or dropped in the laps of individual writers.

Even without technological change the publishing business would be hard pressed by the present economy. Those same economic factors are a drag on Worldcons.

The two major economic downturns of the past decade have directly affected Worldcon attendance.

The dot-com boom ended in March 2000 and bottomed out in October 2002. The economy reached low-ebb in the hard-hit Silicon Valley right as it was slated to host a Worldcon (ConJose, 2002).

The subprime mortgage crisis began in 2007. Unemployment in the U.S. literally doubled from 4.8% in April 2008 to 9.6% by August 2009, obviously affecting attendance at the two most recent Worldcons, Denvention 3 and Anticipation. When fans are losing their jobs con attendance drops.

Then, the Toronto Worldcon was certainly not helped by the outbreak of SARS there in early 2003, which put a dent in the city's tourism for the rest of the year. Post-9/11 changes to airport security also affected travel decisions.

A Question Begged: The impact of the economy on Worldcon attendance is backed up with anecdotal evidence from fans who say job loss is why they skipped some Worldcons they'd planned to attend.

So why don't the two most famous megacons seem to be suffering?

San Diego Comic-Con International has drawn more people every year of this decade, growing exponentially from 48,500 in 2000 to upwards of 140,000 in 2009.

Dragon*Con's attendance is more difficult to research because its history page simply lists "20,000+" for 2000-2005, increasing to "30,000+" in 2007, the last year reported. It suffices that the most conservative number is still enormous. Much larger numbers are thrown around in the press but denied by Dragon*Con staff ("those numbers just could not happen, as we did not order that many badges from the printing company.") Conspiracy theorists wink and assume the official number exists to keep the fire marshal from shutting down the con. Whatever number you believe, Dragon*Con is somewhere between 5-10



times the size of most Worldcons.

Why isn't the Worldcon following *that* trend?

An Answer Given: The Worldcon's linkage with the market for written sf is the reason for this state of affairs.

Last year Book Expo America in LA drew 5,800. In the early 1990s when it was called the ABA event attendance was closer to 25,000. The Internet and other innovations over the last 15 years or so have begun to eclipse personal meetings and the physical showing of upcoming books, which is a primary purpose of BEA.

BookExpo Canada was cancelled altogether — in the same year that its corporate owner successfully launched new Canadian shows for the jewelry and pharmaceutical industries!

Events built around the written word generally are suffering a decline in attendance.

Worldcons follow that trend because written science fiction is the Worldcon's first priority, if not our only love. That's not the way to build an empire in 2009. To become a proprietor of a huge sf/fantasy con you must devote your attention to the media that draw the largest audiences — movies, tv and comics, not books and magazines.

Worldcon Identity Community: It would be nonsense to suppose writers and publishers only *just recently* discovered there are megacons many times the size of Worldcon when that has been true for a couple of decades. And they don't necessarily have to pick just one: Tor Books has been known to have a major presence at both Comic-Con and Worldcon. But why have writers and others in this business been coming to Worldcon all along?

Fans' passion for written sf is the reason

for writers to come to the Worldcon. Fans work hard to perpetuate the Worldcon's traditional culture of being a place where they interact with the remarkable men and women who write the fiction we like, who see the world a bit differently, anticipating and sometimes creating its changes. Fans get to interact with writers at panels, in the bar, at room parties.

While Worldcon surely needs to rebound in size, and ideas for attracting fans are constantly sought, let's not lose that vision. Worldcon is not a business, it is a community of fans and creative professionals with a common interest and it is a shared trust that is handed on from one organizing committee to the next.

Dragon*Con is a popular culture event that simultaneously houses several parallel conventions for various special interests. While it is very successful, the Worldcon is trying to do something different. Let's keep that sense of community which is the main distinction that leads fans to *this* con.

Special Interests: Shaping Worldcons around the creativity of writers, editors, artists and publishers and doing that as well as we know how is our foundation. Whenever that is said in so many words a few people promptly condemn it as a decision to exclude media, gaming, comics, etc. despite the evidence in front of their eyes that all these things *are* included - are in fact *courted*, but in a way that harmonizes with the focus on written sf.

There's a world of difference between turning a ballroom over to a special interest and making that special interest the primary focus of Worldcon. Gaming, comics, anime, etc. are involved at Worldcons because these, too, are interests shared by fans who read books and stories.

Gamers have been included by Worldcons for as long as I can remember - given space to meet and play, and more. I've even run a Worldcon department with Steve Jackson's help. From Aussiecon 2 (1985) through Noreascon 4 (2004) most Worldcons provided dedicated facilities to gamers. Every time I walked from my hotel to the convention center during the 2004 Worldcon in Boston I passed the open doors of a vast ballroom which had been turned over to gamers and hosted a whole suite of tournaments.

The idea that fans of these special interests turned to other conventions out of resentment is less logical and likely than the simple explanation that they heard about what was happening at the megacons and were attracted to their abundance of mass media sf/fantasy related features.

A Worldcon Too Far? I also want to respond to the notion that circulating Worldcon out of the U.S. is to blame rather

than the economy and state of the publishing business.

Through 2010, the Worldcon will have been out of the U.S. five times in eight years. Resnick considers that deeply significant. But two of those five Worldcons took place in Toronto and Montreal, at distances from New York publishers of 491 miles and 331 miles, respectively. Why would such a trivial distance keep anybody away? I doubt that it did. That happened because of the economy and retrenchment in the publishing industry.

When you look back at those domestic U.S. Worldcons of the 1990s whose robust attendance inspires Resnick's nostalgia, you'll find they were scheduled around *four* out-of-country Worldcons (1990, 1994, 1995, 1999.)

The notion that out-of-country Worldcons are detrimental to the relative size of U.S. Worldcons doesn't hold water. So I expect what the people who raise this argument are driving at is they believe the Worldcon *ought* to be growing like Dragon*Con and holding so many Worldcons overseas hurts the development of Worldcon as a brand — out-of-sight, out of mind.

If it is true that being in the same country every year is important to sustain the desired level of domestic Worldcon attendance - which I believe I've just shown it is not — that's antithetical to what the Worldcon does, it's never going to be an option. We're not going to quit circulating it around the world.

Worldcon members themselves vote on where future cons are held. The "World" in its name has been kept a reality by voters at U.S. Worldcons — from 1995 to the present, bids from outside North America have been chosen 4 times, each of them selected by a vote held at a Worldcon in the United States. It's that darned democracy thing.

The choice may go against the usual wisdom of "branding" but it is true to other values fans respect.

Nippon 2007, in particular, was the realization of a long-held dream to use the Worldcon as a bridge to Japanese-speaking fans.

Thinking About the Real Problems: The fragile health of book-oriented events and the cratering of the economy are the main reasons for the shrinking Worldcon. On the other hand, I don't think fans have done everything possible to overcome them.

There's a focus on written sf but if that's all Worldcon was about it would be a lot smaller. The last Worldcon held before *Star Trek's* first episode aired — when the Worldcon was the only game in town — drew a total of 850 people. At the 1972 Worldcon there were about 80 pros on the program. Attendance and the number of pros available to participate in programming is so much larger now. In other words, the Worldcon has

enjoyed the benefits of being a hybrid writing/media convention for a long time.

Hold the con every year on the same date? No. Hold it in the same city every time? No. Have major media guests from movie, tv, comics. Yes, that can be done if they'll come as GoHs (just their travel expenses paid.) In fact, this year's Worldcon picked guests with that kind of appeal. Neil Gaiman is a major sf writer who also has a great history in comics. Filmmaker Ralph Bakshi originally agreed to be another of Anticipation's guests, but backed out. Other Worldcons have had Roger Corman, J. Michael Straczynski, Gerry Anderson. Sometimes it can be done. (I wonder how Roger Ebert stacks up as a media guest, someone who can appeal to more than one part of the fannish spectrum having once published a fanzine.)

I disagree that Worldcon has run off the fans with a variety of interests — since most Worldcon members fall into that category. Readers who are also fans of media and gaming are around and every Worldcon committee should be making a concerted effort to take advantage of their talent, fresh insights and energy. They are the best bridge between the various special interests and the Worldcon for the obvious reason that people who already like Worldcons have the best chance of interesting others in attending them. The best place to look for Worldcon members is among convention-attending fans.

And believe it or not, this doesn't represent a big change from what most Worldcon committees already want to do.

The Worldcon may offer these other fans

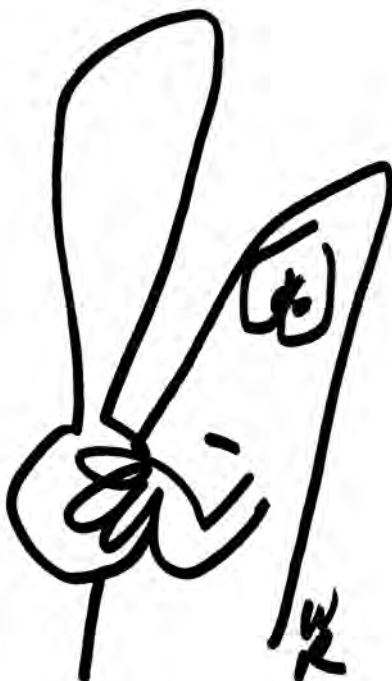
something they're not finding at the cons they already attend. Alex Von Thorn points out, "A lot of the large media conventions aren't 'welcoming' in any meaningful way; having a dealer's room and a big room with a stage doesn't build community or provide attendees with much opportunity to connect to each other."

It remains a fact that the appeal of events celebrating print sf has waned continually. When the Worldcon is in the U.S., I think the work of reaching people who are interested in our kind of event would be a lot more effective if the cities being selected had a large fan population that already supports sizeable sf cons (of whatever type). Would it not have been easier to draw well in Chicago instead of Denver? And won't Reno in 2011 be forced to swim against the tide, having to educate the public about cons, which they have little money to do well? But what can I say, it's that darned democracy thing again. Where the Worldcon goes is determined by a vote of the fans willing to join the future Worldcon. People are making these choices with their eyes open.

Finally I come back to ask what response Resnick and the unnamed former Worldcon GoH want from these messages (assuming they meant something more than "So long, and thanks for all the fish.") If everything we can reasonably do to enhance and market the Worldcon succeeds, it will still be only a fraction the size of Dragon*Con. Worrying about relative size is pointless.

Let's concentrate on doing the things this community exists for in the best possible way, a community of which the writers, editors, etc. are a big part, and a potent one with a vision of a Worldcon's future. I think that statement was clearly made by the people who turned out to oppose the repeal of semiprozine Hugo and the others who voted the Best Fanzine Hugo to a fiction magazine. I take that as a sign many more pros are investing their blood, sweat and tears in the Worldcon than are abandoning it.

Committees need to keep working with all the individual pros who pay their own way (virtually all of them) and find out what it takes for the Worldcon to maintain a good mix of business and social reasons for them to attend. Their imaginative help is the con's most valuable asset.



The Fanivore

Robert Lichtman

The star item in *File 770* #156 is definitely Taral's "Flash Memory 1.1," and not just because he had nice things to say about my *Trap Door*. As you probably know I was privy to the earlier versions of this and made various corrections and suggestions as Taral revised and polished it. One correction that doesn't appear to have made the transition from me through Taral to you is that John Bangsund was the editor of *Philosophical Gas*, not Bruce Gillespie. Another is that one of the fanzines he lists of Arnie Katz's is correctly *Swoon*, not *Swan*. (And for historical accuracy, I note that it was coedited with Joyce.) Finally in that paragraph, I notice that Taral must have *really* liked Rob Jackson's *Maya*—it's listed twice.

In his commentary on *Trap Door* Taral writes that "Mysteriously, the flow of fanzines slowed to a trickle" after 1964. It wasn't all that mysterious—I graduated from UCLA in 1965 and moved to the Bay Area, where between holding a full-time job, having a live-in girlfriend, and being on the front lines of "the '60s," fandom and fanzine publishing took something of a back seat compared to the place it had held when I was a student living with my parents (although I was active on the Bay Area fannish social scene).

He also writes, "The first couple of issues were a little thin... Around the fifth issue, *Trap Door* assumed a heft of 30 to 35 pages. Then the Redd Boggs-Charles Burbee tribute issue, number 16, ballooned up to 48 pages, becoming the norm." Actually, only the first issue was small—only twenty pages—because my original concept of the fanzine was as a small, fairly frequent genzine that could be mailed for one stamp. This was based on Richard Bergeron's *Wiz*, which was ten legal-length pages weighing one ounce. Unfortunately, that first issue was run off on Shay Barsabe's mimeograph—and the difference between copy and mimeo paper pushed it an eighth-ounce over. So the next five issues were 32-36 pages, to send for the two-ounce rate. But as I published them I realized I was chafing at the size; I wanted to do a larger genzine. The seventh issue—a memorial to Terry Carr—was the largest of the legal-length ones at 52 pages; I backtracked to 32 pages for the eighth (the first to be done on computer, and with fonts that were just too small); and with the ninth issue I went up



to the three-ounce mark with 48-page issues through the conversion to half-lettersize when I got a new computer in 2000 (except for 13 and 14, which returned to 36 pages). No doubt you (and/or your readers if you print this) are well asleep by now with this fascinating minutiae.

[[Can't speak for the others, but I've lived through some of this fascinating minutiae too. So I'm keeping it in the lettercol.]]

Somewhat outside the scope of Taral's focus, but since he mentioned both *Psi-Phi* and *Frap* it might be noted that I did one other genzine. In September 1959 I produced my first and only issue of *Outworlds*, a full six years before Bill Bowers began using that title because he was unaware I'd gotten to it first. It was a scrappy hybrid employing three different means of reproduction: ditto on the front and rear covers and an article by Lee Hoffman, "I Remember Keasler," which was at the time the first thing she'd written for a fanzine other than her own in many a year; mimeograph on my editorial, a faan fiction story by Bob Leman (reprinted from his SAPSzine), Ted Johnstone's long Detention report, Harry Warner Jr.'s article about the Earl Singleton death hoax, Len Moffatt's "Forgotten Fans of the Forties" (about one Clyde Haggsworth), and Terry Carr's "Trufen's Blood" (faan fiction reprinted from his SAPSzine); and handset letterpress for an article by Bill Danner. The issue was

well-received, but after the work of doing it I realized that one genzine at a time was enough for me. Also, the mimeo I used belonged to the church of one of my high-school friends, and they suddenly withdrew my access to it. I suspect a crudsheet might have been noticed with ungodly content.

One final note: In his letter Chris Garcia writes, "Harry Warner stopped doing his FAPazine, the longest running of all time, shortly before his death." Actually, only Harry's death put an end to *Horizons*—the final four-page issue appeared in the February 2003 FAPA mailing. Harry died on February 17, 2003, nine days after that mailing's deadline, and may have just received it prior to his demise.

Terry Whittier

It's always nice to see that you are giving Taral cover space. I get paper and electronic copies of most of his work anyway, but I like it that he is getting fannish exposure.

You are still publishing Rotsler illos. Are they unpublished ones you've had in the vault? Or are you recycling? Heaven forbid the alternative -- that you are getting them from beyond the grave.

[[After Bill's death, Bill Warren found an envelope Rotsler had written my name on which was stuffed with illos.

[[Warren also gave me a share of the unsorted illos. Rotsler drew A LOT you know. I will be able to run Rotsler illos for a long time to come.]]

Gregory Benford

Good piece by Taral on the best fmz, and a real honor to be included with *Void*.

So many others, though... Cliff Gould's *Oblique*, for instance. Ted White generated so many great fmz, with his acolytes, that he deserves his own category. I was a *Void* guy at a distance, not meeting any of the other editors till I came to California to grad school and went to my first Worldcon in 1964. Don't forget brother Jim's role, either...now that Pete Graham and Terry Carr are gone, the Voidboy chorus sings a bit thin.

Point is, with fandom, you had to be there. Each era spawns its own legends and jokes. Some survive through superior writ-

ing. Same with literature itself, even with the capital L.

[[Thanks Greg. You're right about each era. So the value of somebody's "best ever" list is more in spotlighting some really good zines – and if they happen to be zines we've read, momentarily reminding us of the pleasure they gave.]]

Alexis Gilliland

Thank you for *File 770:156* which was, as always, nicely turned out. You have an emphasis on the semi-prozine Hugo, an interest that I don't really share, but pubbing your ish does entitle you to ride your favorite hobby horses. Taral's cover and back cover are well-executed, but too similar (i.e., being the same size and totally Taralesque) to each other. Perhaps if you had reduced the back cover to provide wider margins it would have provided the contrast I felt was missing.

[[That's an interesting idea. I will remember it.]]

Taral's lists of his ten favorite fanzines was interesting if a bit idiosyncratic, though in his first list I was bemused to see his assertion of unfamiliarity with several Geis edited fanzines, to which I had been a regular contributor. He definitely should have mentioned Bergeron's *Warhoon* #28, a fanzine in book form consisting of 614 elegantly mimeographed pages, devoted to the writings of Walt Willis with illustrations by Lee Hoffman. Published in 1978, it is a spectacular example of timebinding, and also includes a lot of really witty writing. All by itself *Warhoon* #28 deserves a place on one of Taral's little lists, meaning no disrespect to the regular run of *Warhoons* of course.

Other stuff. Lee had a really good time at the Montreal Worldcon, meeting old friends, and working at the Raleigh NASFiC table while mediating a family dispute in Florida; the maiden aunt had given her 17-year-old niece her credit card to shop for school clothes, with predictable results. By the time the battery in Lee's cell phone ran out, nobody was happy, but at least they weren't yelling any more.

Lee was also a den mothr at the Masquerade, where her knowledge of French came in handy. Alas that the party hotel should have been three long blocks from the convention center and our own hotel across the street. After walking over and back on the first evening, we subsequently commuted by cab, catering to the weakness of the flesh.

Sunday [August] 23rd, we went up to the BSFS club house to attend the wake for Hal Haag. Most of the gossip was trivial, but the usual unreliable sources tell me there is a study group, the Baltimore Washington Area

fans Hoping for Another Worldcon to Hold Again, otherwise BWA HAW HA. Their effort was doubtless inspired by the fact that one new hotel is finally being built opposite the new Washington convention center, with a second one having been authorized. I suppose everyone needs a hobby.

Joseph T Major

The Future of the Best Fanzine Hugo. Arguably, the Hugo administrators would rule List C (a group of websites run by professional publishers) to be Best Related or even ... ghasp ... *Semi-Prozines*. But I think that a Best Blog category may finally be in order. Which in turn brings us to what happens when the blogger has a change of heart and starts blogging, say, only mosaic photos by the time the nominees are out. Or even has had an attack of Nydahl's Disease and pulled the thing.

WHC: But weren't they pulling away from other cons because they didn't want to be swamped with all these people who weren't into horror the way they were into horror? The few, the proud, the horrid?

Hugo Award Logo: I wonder what the losing contestants were. If experience is any guide, some of them must have been grotesque.

Norton Estate: And I wonder how much is left after this prolonged (and expensive) legal contest. I was not surprised to learn that the legal action in *Bleak House* was based on a real dispute over a will.

Why I Favor Dropping the Best Semi-prozine Hugo: How soon we forget. After a long hiatus (and a marriage) I went to my first WorldCon in twenty-one years, LoneStarCon in San Antonio. The argument

du con was now about the doings of *Nova Express* and *Tangent*, both of which were "professionally-printed, high-circulation" zines like *SFR*, *Algol*, and *SF Chronicle* of old. (And both of which had run campaigns for themselves, but that was another story.)

[[Ah, the golden days of yesteryear when all we had to worry about was the appearance of a big fish in the pond and not the incapability of the pond itself to produce a Hugo contender.]]

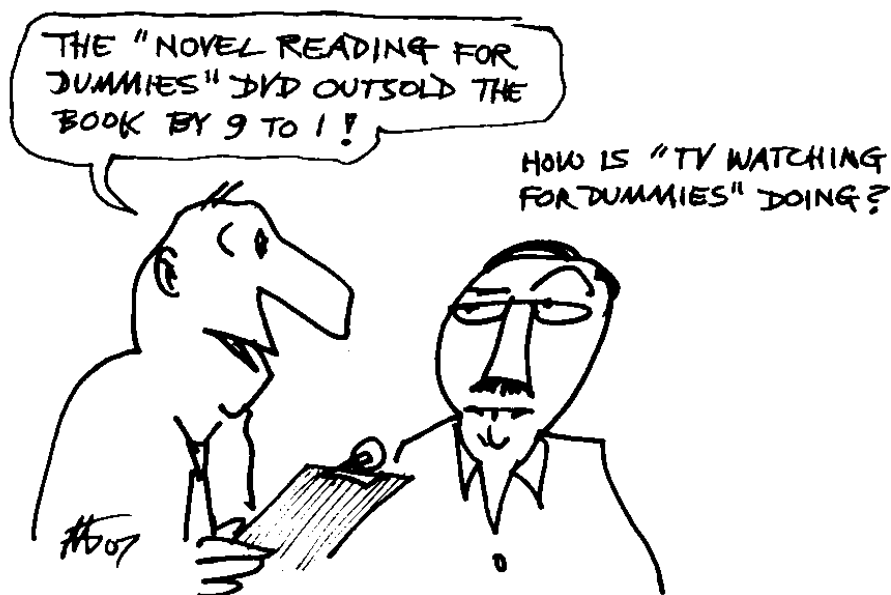
The semipro fiction zine problem used to have another solution, back when there was a "Best Prozine" category. Now that the surviving prozines have print runs and frequency approaching that of semiprozines, perhaps a "Best Fictionzine" category may be in order, where *Analog* can compete with *Electric Velocipede*.

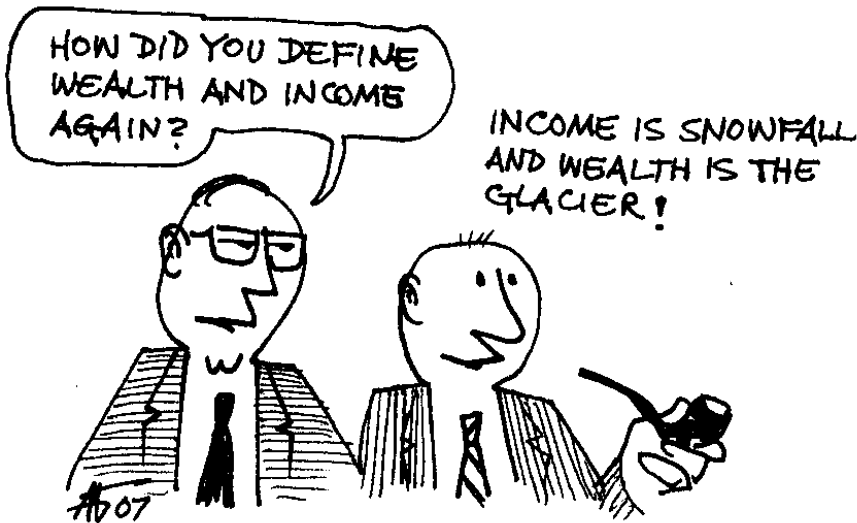
The Fanivore: Brad Foster should have seen the "Player v. Player" strip on "Lost", which had them getting to the other side of the island, where they found the Gilligan and the Skipper, who said, "We've been waiting for you."

Sheila Strickland: The WigWam Village in Kentucky isn't a dump, but it is rather low on business. Times and ways have changed. Our parents thought that such a place was cute, but it lacks a swimming pool, a free breakfast, Internet access . . .

Mike Rogers: If you want to combine "The Phil Silvers Show" and furies, just remember that the "Top Cat" cartoon was based on "The Phil Silvers Show."

Martin Morse Wooster: The one time we went to Bloomington for their SF club meeting, there was a trivia contest that turned out to be a draw. Grant McCormick (the guy who sleeps on our couch) could answer every one of the print SF questions, but none of the Doctor Who questions. The other guy could





answer every one of the Doctor Who questions, but none of the print SF questions. The list was split that way, fifty-fifty.

Steve Davidson: Yes history is context. And all history is rewritten to meet present standards. If you noticed, in the movie "Pearl Harbor," nobody smoked cigarettes.

Brad Foster

I saw that *File 770* #156 went up on line a few weeks ago, but waited until my hard copy arrived this week to actually get into it and enjoy the read. I'm not a total Luddite when it comes to ezines, but have yet to get as comfortable reading a lot of stuff on line, over being able to read it in print. Thanks for still doing both! (And I love the bonus we get with the print version of your smiling, waving visage on your return-address sticker!)

[[Diana had those made, and I had a lot of fun with them.]]

In the "Medical Updates", you mentioned Peggy Ranson having undergone bypass surgery. I'm assuming the lack of any other news means that all goes well, but have been unable to find any other info on line. Can you give us an update next issue on Peg?

[[I'll keep trying. At the last minute before closing this issue I received some info.]]

Regarding Forry's Retro-Hugo going for \$1,500 as part of a sex of six awards, and your comment that this implies the market value of a Hugo isn't all that much, I would like to observe: (1) It is worth enough that we don't even know what the other awards were for, so (2) I would like to assume that those other five, unworthy of being named, would go for only \$10 each if offered separately, and that it was the Hugo that pulled in the other \$1,450. I particularly, at this unfortunate time, would like to think that, since funds around here are getting

tighter and tighter these days, with little of any value that could be sold. While it would be a last ditch effort to keep out of the poor house, knowing I do have *something* in this place with a value over two figures would be nice!

Another cool, hugely, insanely in-depth article from Taral. He keeps this kind of thing up, he will be the go-to guy to settle questions of a fanzine nature, since he seems to either already know it, or have access to the original source for just about any of these. But then, after seeing his cool photos of his abode, and the amazing organization of just about everything he collects, it shows he's got a great mind for this kind of stuff. (Oh, and that Steffan logo for *Blat!* is still, in my opinion, one of the best zine headings ever designed!)

Christian McGuire

Just finished 154-6 and are my arms tired. The excellence of your fanzine continues to keep my interest fresh. I am particularly impressed by the Taral's article on the Rotsler winners. I was so impressed that I want to ask Taral if we can put it up on the Scifi site under the Rotsler page.

I am also very impressed by the James Bacon Cosplay/dance article and pix. His writing is improving by leaps and bounds. Makes me want an event like that here in L.A. There may be something but I'm not aware of it. That sort of "let's rent a barn and put on a show" attitude is what Chaz is trying to foster among the anime fans. The Forry obituary was very well done, sad that it was finally necessary, but well delivered.

Oh, it took me a couple of minutes to connect the dots between the picture of you and then the picture of Chris Garcia wearing the 6-time loser shirt.

Mike Glicksohn

As always, Mike, *File 770* is my best source of news about fandom and my main interaction with fanzine fandom nowadays which is why some subscription-renewal money will be snail-mailing its way to you later today.

There's a great deal I could react to in #156 but those days are long gone. However, I must point out that while Steve Green's assertion that his will be/was the first TAFF trip to a Canadian worldcon IS TRUE, several previous TAFF winners have made it here and met with local fandom. One even stayed with me for a few days. Unless, of course, Greg Pickersgill is indeed a figment of my drunken imagination.

Keep up the excellent work!

If there's a list of criteria for eligibility for The Rotsler, I've never seen it but of the ten winners Taral writes about I'd have no trouble agreeing that five of them deserve the honour. The other five I'd be at least a little dubious about. Especially since the one person I'd think ought to have won the first such award has never won the award. I mean Tim Kirk of course.

Admittedly I played a part in making Tim's work known to fandom but it was a small part indeed. I can think of no fan artist who was more prolific or more talented or more generous or did more to raise the standard of fanzine artwork than Tim did. His failure to win a Rotsler is as great a travesty as *Outworlds* never being recognized as Best Fanzine.

[[Well, the Rotsler Award in concept is both a lifetime achievement award and an encouragement to keep doing fanzine art. When the award started we couldn't have said the award was going to encourage Kirk to keep doing fanzine art because he had stopped many years earlier. Now that he's show a bit of interest again, the judges ought to think about your recommendation.]]

By the way: I agree with those who have noticed that in addition to being a fine artist, Taral is one hell of a fan writer. (He was a truly excellent fanzine publisher as well but I guess his chance for acknowledgement in that area is long gone.) A nod on both the Best Fan Artist and Best Fan Writer Hugo ballots would not be amiss. And might even be a first. But that would require fanzine fans to buy memberships and vote and we've long known that doesn't happen.

Do we really want to leave the fan Hugos in the hands of people who haven't a clue what fanzines and fanzine fandom are all about?

Gary Farber

A couple of tiny notes on Taral's fine overview of some of the best fanzines since 1979, mostly giving credit where due:

1) It's "Terry Garey," not "Terry Gary."

2) *Hyphen* had various co-editors; it wasn't solely Walter A. Willis; I don't have a full list handy, but memory tells me Chuch/Chuck Harris was first a co-editor, and then Ian McAuley, and later also Madeleine Willis. Also Vinç Clarke early on; as I said, I can't break it down at the moment.

"Void – "The Void Boys", Ted White, Greg Benford, et al" also doesn't mention that the first fourteen issues were purely the Benford twins, Greg and Jim. Only then was Ted added, and then more co-editors came along, and then more.

Similarly, *Innuendo* had Dave Rike as a co-editor for some issues.

On the more recent list, "*Plokta* –Alison Scott, Steve Davies, & Mike Scott," it's worth pointing people to <http://www.plokta.com/plokta/>

"The *Plokta* cabal includes Steven Cain, Giulia De Cesare, Sue Mason, Flick, Marianne Cain, Jonathan Cain and (formerly) George the cat (RIP)."

Telos: Issues #2 and 3 were also co-edited by Gary Farber; issues 3 and I think 4 (I don't recall) were also co-edited by Fred Haskell. (I also contributed a long co-editorial to issue #2, as well as the piece in #3 that Taral mentions.) Patrick and Teresa, to be sure, deserve at least 92% of the credit for the issues, overall.

"Suzanne Tompkins" is aka "Suzle," though not "Suzle Tompkins": one or the other.

Terry Hughes' *Mota* was also co-edited at times, including at least once by Bob Shaw and Dan Steffan.

"There was a bit of a rough hewn quality to *Spanish Inquisition*. The fuzzy twiltone pages are stapled together a bit higgledy-piggledy."

Hey, I was at a lot of those collating parties, and it's true that there were no whippings for imprecise stapling, much though obviously there should have been.

"Even though Jerry and Suzle were living in Seattle by this time, Stu continued to give the zine a distinctive New York flavour."

Now, really, can there be a "New York flavour," I ask you? A Toronto flavour, a London flavour, a Manchester flavour, a Canberra flavour, yes, but New York would have a flavor, unless perhaps the zine were done by Charles Platt.

"...and of course Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins themselves." Whoops, and there it happens; as I said: either "Suzanne Tompkins," or "Suzle," but not the two combined.

"Particularly worthy of mention was the first installment of Dan's own illustrated version of Walt

Willis' *The Enchanted Duplicator*. We had to wait until *Boonfark* 6 for it, unfortunately, but it was unquestionably worth a wait. Chapter Three didn't appear until issue 8. Disappointingly, no other installments have ever been completed that I know about."

Dan illustrated the edition of *TED* put out for *Constellation*, the 1983 Worldcon, which edition I was initially going to do, and which I got started, but petered out on, as what I later learned was major clinical depression had begun manifesting a couple of years earlier.

On that *Star Trek* slot machine: "Everyone seems to really like the fact that they can save their game at one casino and pick it up at another. This is the real technological advance."

I know diddly about slot machines, so maybe it's some kind of "new advance" for slot machines, but it's ancient history for computer games. I couldn't begin to list the number of multiplayer games which have functioned this way for -- well, it depends on your definitions, but running off servers that retained your identity and scores and where you can pick up again from any machine that can access the internet, as opposed to a LAN or WAN, has been commonplace, since, er, sometime in the Nineties, at least. *Ultima Online* in 1997, at least, I guess. Earning medals and perks, etc., has a commonplace, again, for many many years, in multiplayer computer games.

"This slot machine takes it up to the cult

level because it puts people into the universe, almost at the level of Virtual Reality."

And we're not even talking about MMORGs (<http://www.mmorg.com/index.cfm?bhcp=1>) This article reads as if the writer has never encountered computer games or online games. Weird. Also try <http://www.isotx.com/wordpress/?p=142>

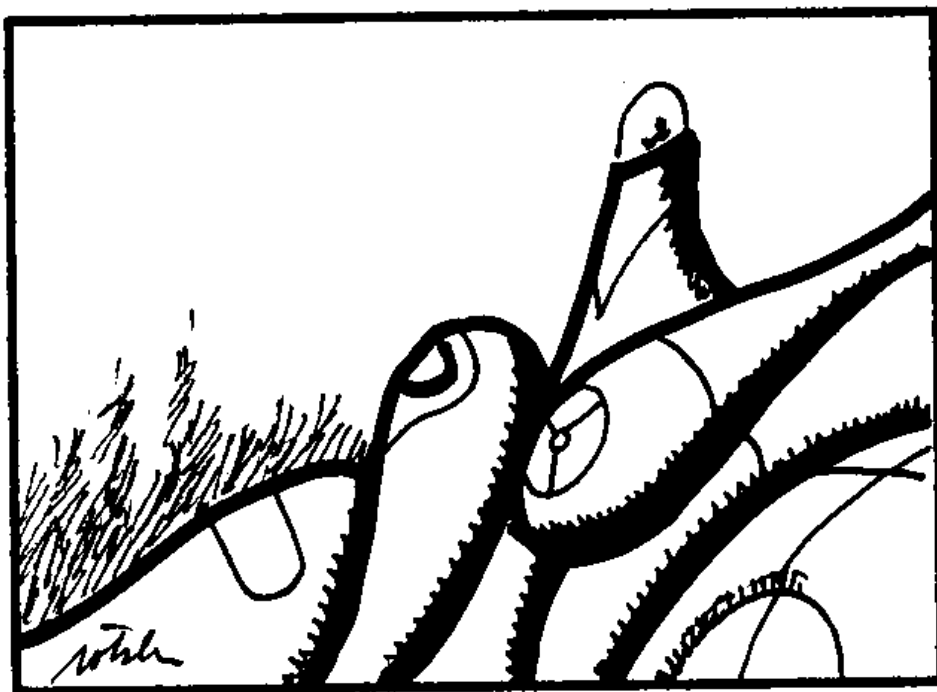
Sheila Strickland's loc mentions an "Amy Thomason": was that a typo for "Amy Thomason," or some other person?

[[A typo. I wonder if there's some magic dust I can sprinkle over the finished issues to fix them? Proofreading is not my giftedness. I hope you didn't make any – honestly, I haven't deliberately left any in.]]

Chris Garcia says that "Lucas was more of a bookworm and probably read a lot of those guys."

In one of the many mini-documentaries on one of the DVDs for the *Star War* prequels (which I believe first appeared on the official website) was an interview in George's office; I naturally used the "zoom" feature to make out what I could of what books one could identify on Lucas' shelves, and noticed at least one Jack Chalker book. I mentioned this in an email to Eva when I noticed this several years ago, but don't feel like digging out my DVDs right now to try to reproduce this process, but anyone else is free to try.

Chris also writes "I'm glad to see that Fred Pohl has himself a blog." Really, it's a personal memoir/journal, in journal/serial format, rather than a traditional blog with links (for the most part), but there's plenty of fine writing on it (including some by Elizabeth Anne Hull) that fans shouldn't miss out on.



Joseph Major writes: "The Fanivore: Chris Garcia: You should have been at that panel where Jack Chalker was talking about the nightmarish Hugo Banquet (they had banquets in those days) that ran well past midnight. In an un-airconditioned banquet room. Surrounded by rioters."

Major is clearly referring to the famously long Phil Farmer GOH speech at Baycon in 1968 about "REAP." Farmer talks, among many other things, about that speech in this interview: <http://www.pjfarmer.com/interv.htm>

Among other things, Farmer says:

"On the subject of the REAP speech, we understand that Randall Garrett, unannounced, got on the stage and did some sort of song that lasted for an hour. We were wondering if that was really true.

"He might have gotten up there and sang, I don't remember. It wasn't too long. Actually, Silverberg and Ellison, I love these two guys, but they got up there and fucked around for a long, long time. However, part of that was my fault, because it wasn't until I gave that speech that I realized that all these people had eaten, and the room was very warm. If I'd had the experience then that I'd had later, I would have ripped the speech apart and just given part of it or maybe tried to switch over to something else very short, because they were sitting there (heads lolling to the side). I didn't blame them, it was just too much."

Martin Morse Wooster writes: "We need some discussions, perhaps on the Trufen list, where gardening has become king, about which of us deserve Wikipedia entries."

To which I have to say, good luck to the Trufen list in convincing the mass mind of

Wikipedia that they're a credible source of authority for who should be mentioned on Wikipedia, unless most Trufen members plan to start working on Wikipedia and earning credibility there for themselves. (This is not any value judgment by me; it's an observation on how Wikipedia works, which is not by accepting recommendations by outside groups, especially self-defined ones.)

Gee, you have a loc by Tim Marion where the last section starts off "And the rest of this is not to be printed," and then you print it. I kinda wonder how Tim feels about that.

[[Aaaagh!]]

Jerry Kaufman

Taral got my attention by including *The Spanish Inquisition* and *Mainstream* into his top ten favorites of the past thirty some years. It was a nice burst of egoboo.

I'm sorry I irritated him by leaving off any dates in the first two issues of *SpanInq*. They were the first two fanzines I ever produced, and I was thinking only of the same number of people who would see it, and not of posterity. I produced them for a brand-new apa devoted to movies, called the Cinema Amateur PPress Association (capitalization sic), aka CAPRA. The outside circulation was miniscule.

Suzle became the coeditor and copublisher with the third, and this was the first issue to get widespread circulation outside CAPRA. (And I soon started an apazine specifically for that apa.)

The final two issues of *Mainstream* weren't offset, but photocopied. Mimeography had become too difficult, and we couldn't

seem to get decently cut pages from our electros-tenciler. The Rex Rotary mimeo and estenciler sat in our basement for another decade, until a few weeks ago, when Chris Wrdnrd came and happily took them away.

The list of contributors impresses me now - I have forgotten that we published so many of them. I'd like to correct one name to Terry Garey, and not "Gary" as Taral has it.

I've enjoyed all the other zines

Taral includes, but if I were starting such a list from scratch, one fanzine I'd include almost immediately would be *Idea*, from Gerri Sullivan. She included some very good material by various Minneapolis writers and artists, and wrote excellent material herself. *Chunga*, from Andy Hooper, Randy Byers, and Carl Juarez also would make my top ten or fifteen. But I may be prejudiced in their favor because they're all Seattle boys.

Lloyd Penney

I was a little surprised that you weren't at the Montréal Worldcon last month. It was a great time. Anyway, some comments arise...

[[*Judging from my experience in Denver, I didn't feel sure I would be physically equal to a Montreal trip plus several days of hoofing around the con. I'm working back up to it.*]]

Great Taral art as always...as the Fan-GoH, Taral's artwork was everywhere at Anticipation, and we had a lot of Files in the fanzine lounge. I brought them home with me, and will be sending them out to people who want them in exchange for a donation to the fan funds.

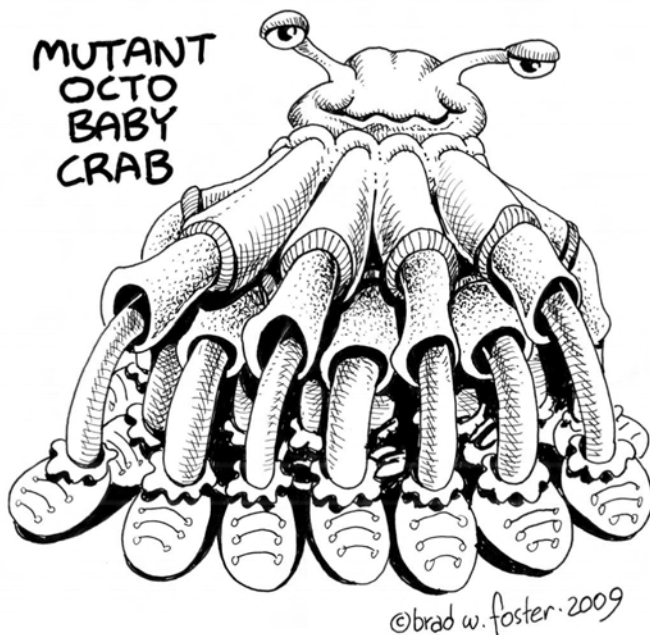
Part of the great time in Montréal was meeting the fan fund winners. Hugs to DUFF winner Emma Hawkes and to DUFF candidate Alison Barton, who was also at the Worldcon. CUFF winner LeAmber Kensley was there, as was TAFF winner Steve Green, who we transported from Montréal to Toronto on the first leg of travel on his TAFF-ish conquest of the continent.

Once again, far too many obits to list. More and more, they are familiar names, which makes me feel a little old. I know of Gary Bateman, but did not know him personally. I'm sure I walked past him at numerous local conventions.

A shame the Ackerman collection had to be broken up like that. Why couldn't it have been purchased outright, and made into a public museum? A collection like that, we'll never see its like again. I am convinced that the age of the collector is coming to an end, so I must wonder if these ancient movie props will be kept in good repair, or if they will rot to dust.

[[*Good question. Considering what's happened to the economy generally and the financial struggles of the state of California, I don't know if you could have counted on a publically funded museum to give things in that collection the needed care.*]]

If there ever was a decision made about the ten best fanzines of all time, of course, someone with a sizable and comprehensive collection of zines would be the one to make that decision. However, it would be best that that decision be announced with .pdfs of the



fanzines announced. I'd love to see these old zines, and we are always told that we should read them, but if all extant copies are tucked away in private collections, the chance of ever reading those zines we should read are pretty slim. I am glad I bought a copy of *Warhoon 23*, but few others from that era are available.

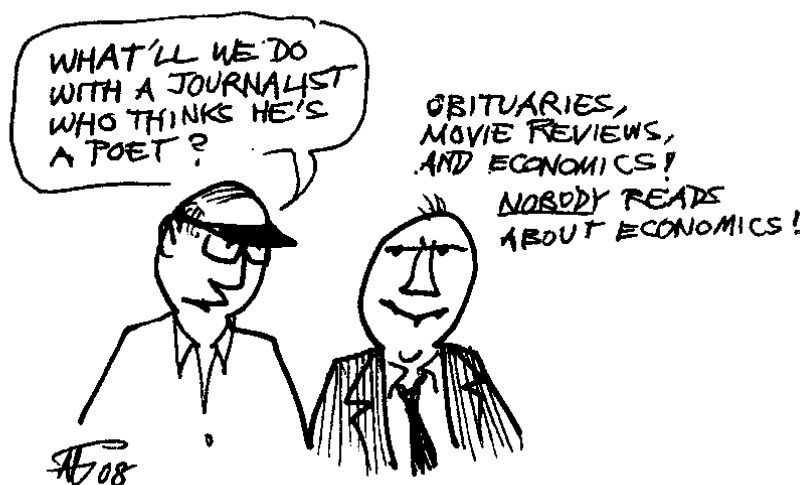
In some ways, I am not surprised that a hotel will not tolerate room parties. This past July, Polaris, the big fan-run media SF convention in Toronto, was the site of only one private room party, to promote Astronomicon 2009 in Rochester this coming November. Many of the party signs were taken down, and one convention security found out about it, they knocked on the door, saying there was a noise complaint. (We were behind closed doors, talking and having the odd laugh.) Fifteen minutes later, hotel security shut the party down. I guess only convention-sanctioned fun was tolerated.

I hope you had correspondents taking lots of photographs of the Montréal Worldcon. I wish I'd been able to get to Denver, but Montréal was terrific. Any Worldcon we can drive to is a good one, to start, as arrival and departure are up to you, not an airline or railway or busline. We stayed at the Embassy Suites, right beside the Palais de Congres, and not only did they offer rooms with a kitchenette, but they also offered a complimentary breakfast each morning. To sum it up...the fanzine lounge was smaller than promised or imagined, but we made it work fine. Funds were raised for TAFF, DUFF, CUFF and Corflu 50, and we sold about C\$200 of fanzines.

At a couple of times, there were 12 to 15 people in this little 200 sq. ft. area, chatting, reading, checking e-mail, snoozing on the sofa, or cranking out zine pages on Colin Hinz' Gestetner. A great room.

I finally got to my first faneds' feast, at the Ferguet Fouchette restaurant in the convention centre itself, we attended the Aurora Awards banquet, a fine time indeed (I was a nominee for an Aurora, but did not win), and we awarded the Best Fan Writer Hugo to Cheryl Morgan during the Hugo ceremony. This meant that we were also attending the pre- and post-Hugo celebrations, and again, a fine time. I found out that I was a single nomination away from being on the ballot for that Hugo myself. So many old friends, a few new ones, lots of hugs and smiles...Any non-American Worldcon is going to suffer in the art show and dealers' room departments, but as far as organization goes, this convention did very well. We couldn't see the seams, but then, we weren't really looking for them. All around, a good time and a fine convention.

Chris Garcia showed off your old Six-Time Hugo Loser t-shirt at Worldcon, and now it fits him, in more ways than one. Us cranky types might snark at this Garcia kid



suddenly coming up quick and snapping up Hugo nominations, but he's got a lot of good friends in the BArea and on his distribution list who like his stuff. It's tough to be cranky with that, but we do try hard.

Dale Speirs' loc...I am very interested to see what Canadian fans are doing elsewhere. That's one reason I wanted the clubzines in Montréal, Ottawa and Vancouver. The problem is that I have little disposable income, especially these days in my continuing under-employment, and as much as I'd like to go and see these folks on a regular basis, I simply can't do it. A loc to the clubzines keeps me in touch.

Nearly at the end of the second page, so wind it up I will. I am nursing a sunburn cause by being outside and watching the Canadian National Exhibition's 60th annual Canadian Air Show. Because of that 60 number, not only were the Snowbirds stars of the show, but the Blue Angels were there, too, and aerial acrobatic groups like these two are rarely together for any event. Now that Worldcon is past, we will be working on Astronomicon in Rochester this coming November, and that may be it for this year. We could use the break. Take care, many thanks for another great issue, and see you with the next one.

Martin Morse Wooster

Many thanks for *File 770*. I didn't mean any ambiguity in my description of the Bouchercon's Batman panel comparing Batman to Monk. It's very clear that they meant Monk the television character and not Monk the Doc Savage sidekick. In fact, I would be very surprised if the panelists knew anything about Doc Savage!

I went across country last month on a long train trip and had eight hours in Los Angeles.

Thanks to the Lonely Planet guidebook, I found out that Clifton's Cafeteria still existed and resolved to have a meal there. I found that while the third floor (which is where LASFS met in the 1930s, right?) was closed, the rest of the building was a splendid tacky time capsule, a place where it was always 1948. The décor was sort of a Northwoods Lodge motif, and the waterfall—which I dimly recall the teenage LASFSians, gluttoned with ice cream, found entrancing—is still there. The food was still good home cooking, and I thoroughly enjoyed my visit—at least until I discovered that the bathroom had no toilet paper.

I think I must have been the first fan in Clifton's in decades. Why haven't the faanish fans visited it? Where are the articles by Andrew Hooper and Randy Byers explaining how this place, blessed by Ghu, FooFoo, and Roscoe, be made a National Faanish Landmark? I did read, thanks to the Intertubes, a *Los Angeles Times* story that noted that Ray Bradbury had his 89th birthday in Clifton's. Good for him!

I see that in Montreal (and where were you, by the way?) that the semiprozine was preserved. This seems to me to be the right call. Why can't the semiprozine be the Hugo award for the small press? I subscribe to *Weird Tales* and, quite frankly, the fiction is not to my taste. But *Weird Tales*'s win shows that the magazine does have a constituency, and there ought to be a place in the Hugo ceremony for zines that help young, struggling, or esoteric writers get on their feet and get some recognition. The Semiprozine Hugo is far more valid than, say, the Best Long Form Editor Hugo, (How many Hugo voters know the difference between good book editing and bad editing, or know how much editing the Long Form nominees actually perform on books?)

If you want to make a change, how about



closing the loophole that allowed *Electric Velocipede* to get a fanzine win? My understanding is that *Electric Velocipede* is a "fanzine" because it had a paid circulation of 200, even though contributors are paid. Bear in mind, *Electric Velocipede* is a perfectly reasonable zine—a AA version of *F&SF*—but it's not a semiprozine.

[[I'm waiting for Australia's Hugo ballot to tell me whether we have the luxury of worrying about loopholes anymore. Will all the nominees for Best Fanzines be blogs or websites?]]

Sheryl Birkhead

Thank you for the news bit about Peggy Ranson. I had mailed her something about six weeks ago but it bounced — saying mailbox full. I figured she was on vacation or something else... Just as I was going to start queries *File 770* arrived and I knew what had happened. I called her that evening just to be sure things were okay — or at least as okay as they could be under the circumstances — yes.

Henry Welch

I enjoyed the interesting commentary on the fanzine/online Hugo issue. I suspect that no classification is ideal and that it may take a while to iron this out in practice. If those people who were truly interested could be determined (the Hugo voting electorate is rather fluid) I could propose a multi-step idea and information gathering process that might actually come up with decent line between the various categories. This, alas, is not possible - so we'll get what we get and it hopefully won't need too much tweaking in the

years to come.

Joy V. Smith

Lovely cover, though I'm not sure what happened here. Nice back cover too, though again I'm wondering what's happening. She's armed, but then I saw that her arms might be tied behind her... (I want to know what happened!)

Thanks for all the news. It'll be interesting to see what happens with the Hugo fanzine category (ies). Pitting print zines against e-zines doesn't seem fair or practical. Thank you for the background. Whatever the decision--and I suspect the decisions have been made and I'm out of the loop--I'd like to see more variety in the winners.

I enjoyed all the illos and photos; I'm glad I got to see "The Condiments They Keep." And Sierra's picture. She's growing up! I love learning background info, so I enjoyed Whence Wombat, though I hoped for a picture of a wombat. As I recall, they're cute little critters.

Taral Wayne's article on early fanzines was most impressive! I'm glad the covers were included. This would make a useful chapbook or a chapter in a fanzine history. We need such a round-up for reference.

And I appreciated the con reports, the article on the Star Trek slot machine (more history), the news about Len Wein's comic book collection effort; and I hope *Leviathan 99* was recorded. Re: con reports, I was glad to read Joe Haldeman's quote about his war experiences. And I think John Hertz did a great job on the Rotsler Award exhibition; it's important to remember the accomplishments of the past.

And more info in Fanivore re: the Campbell letters, do write about them again, Mike. I'm not aware of the "arrogant insults." (Btw,

I have a collection (book) of Campbell's editorials.) Thanks to Dr. Rengstorff for her comments on early SF stories and writers.

Marie Rengstorff

I have now sent two packets of anthologies to Terry. I still do not know if he can read them. However, I hear from his daughter that he loves them. Perhaps he is only enjoying the art. What the heck. He is an artist. The old line drawings had to be good. There was no xerox to help fix the art for size or to remove an error, etc.

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Bill Warren's Updated Skies

Bill Warren's *Keep Watching The Skies: The 21st Century Edition*, a detailed study of hundreds of science fiction movies released from 1950 through 1962, can be ordered from Macfarland now.

Bill devoted five years to this update (*Keep Watching the Skies* first appeared in two volumes about 20 years ago), drawing on remarks by the filmmakers that have emerged in the quarter century since the original edition. He gives a detailed plot synopsis of each film, lists cast and credits, and summarizes its critical reception. The best part is his discussion of the movies, studded with anecdotes about the people who made them. Now it's in one volume that Bill says seems "as thick as a Manhattan phone book."

Another attraction is a foreword by Howard Waldrop.

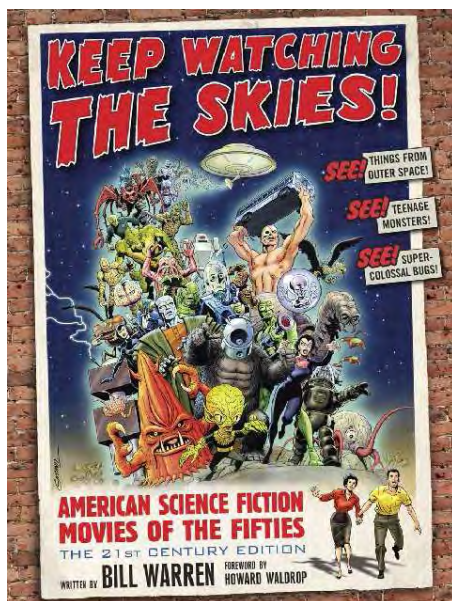
And Kerry Gammill has done a beautiful cover - exactly what Bill was looking for, only better. Bill says:

"Isn't it great? Kerry Gammill is a comic book artist, living in Texas. He lived out here for a while when he worked for a makeup effects company, and we often had lunch. Originally, McFarland was going to use, yet again, a shot from *The Day the Earth Stood Still* for the cover (Klaatu and the robot on the front porch of the flying saucer—which was already the cover for the paperback of the original *KWTS*). I told Kerry I wanted the cover to resemble a poster from those movies—most of which were done by one guy, Reynold Brown—but he demurred at first, saying that he didn't do oil paintings like Brown did. I said that I *wanted* a comic book look because comic books also underwent a big change in the 1950s (and were very important to me). I said maybe show the Robot Monster (the gorilla in a diving helmet) wrestling with the Man from Planet X, giant sized, people fleeing in the foreground. Maybe add some other icons of the 50s in that kind of cornucopia effect that Jack Davis and Frazetta sometimes used in their movie poster work.

"I was gob-smacked by what Kerry turned in. Talk about taking a flimsy idea and running with it — he galloped off for a full touchdown."

Bradbury At Big Read

By John King Tarpinian: Santa Barbara hosted the National Endowments for the Arts Big Read program during Banned Books Week. Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* was their book of choice. Ray was introduced by Thomas Steinbeck, son of John, to the capacity crowd. While we were in



the green room Thomas Steinbeck told a story that brought tears to my eyes. For Halloween his father would read *Something Wicked This Way Comes* to him and his brother John, Jr. Think about that, John Steinbeck reading a story by Ray Bradbury to his boys. How cool is that?

Apollo 13 Anniversary

Fans will make a pilgrimage to the Kansas Cosmosphere and Space Center in 2010 to mark the 40th anniversary of the Apollo 13 mission. Roger Tener and readers of *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol* have circled the April 16-17 weekend on their calendars when Astronauts Jim Lovell and Fred Haise, Flight Director Gene Kranz and other Mission Control and NASA personnel are expected to join the celebration.

The Cosmosphere did the Apollo 13 command module restoration and keeps it on display along with Jim Lovell's flown space-



Ray Bradbury and Thomas Steinbeck at the Santa Barbara Library Big Read program.

suit.

The 40th anniversary weekend will include panel discussions, screenings of the Apollo 13 movie and other documentaries, a gala dinner, a chance for photos with the Apollo 13 Command Module, and autograph opportunities.

Hand-to-Hand Selling

Francis Hamit, in "Street Level Views of Book Marketing" at SelfPublishingReview.com, uses stories from his latest *Shenandoah Spy* book tour to teach that if you want to get paid to write, then you have to get out there and sell:

"I engage most of [the customers at my book signings] with a friendly greeting and a pitch line. This is something I learned in 1988, the year I was a Factory Representative for the Hoover Company, working in department stores. Most people did not come in to buy a vacuum cleaner, and most are not at a signing specifically to buy your book, no matter how much advance publicity you have done. Most have never heard of you or your book. You have to introduce yourself, and even if you don't close right then, have a bookmark or other sales tool to hand them. It's not the books you sell that day but the number you sell afterward that really counts and keeps your book on the shelves."

Pohl's High School Graduation

Fred Pohl left high school at the age of 17 without graduating. That didn't noticeably handicap his writing career. Just the same, he was very touched when one of his readers from his old high school's alumni association recently offered to present him with a diploma.

As Fred said on his blog: "I was flabbergasted. It was one of the kindest things that any total stranger had, without warning, ever stepped up and done for me. I showed the letter to Betty Anne and she was as touched as I was."

In an interview published in the *New York Times* Fred explained why he didn't finish high school:

"Mr. Pohl tested easily into Brooklyn Tech back when it was new. Then, sometime around his junior year, he hit a wall. 'I largely stopped paying attention,' Mr. Pohl recalled by phone from his home outside Chicago. He failed two drawing classes, one of them twice, and a math class. His father and mother were divorcing at the time, which he thinks probably explains his troubles at school. 'I can scarcely believe I was so dumb as that,' Mr. Pohl said.

Incidentally, Fred never attended college either.

